

The Bully Tin

June 2004

WA Bush Poets

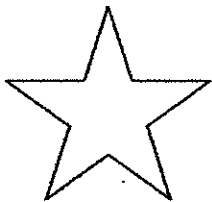


& Yarn Spinners

Monthly Muster at the Como Bowling & Recreation Club cnr Hensman & Sandgate Sts, South Perth
Next meeting: Friday 4th June, 2004 at 7.00pm for 7.30pm start.

Western Australian State Poetry Championships

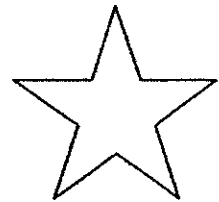
2004



WA Champion Poet – Kerry Lee

Second - Rod Lee

Third - Peter Blyth



Own Humorous

First - Kerry Lee
Second - Rod Lee
Third - Leigh Mathews

Own Serious

First - Kerry Lee
Second - Rod Lee
Third - Peter Blyth

Classic

First - Kerry Lee
Second - Rusty Christiansen
Third - Peter Blyth

Open Contemporary

First - Kerry Lee
Second - Rod Lee
Third - Barry Higgins

Yarn Spinners

First - Rod Lee
Second - Peter Capp

Junior

First - Elise Rosenberg

Novice Own

First - Tim Chambers
Second - Ann Tracy
Third - Rosemary Sharland

Novice Other

First - Ann Tracy
Second - Erica Lumsden
Third - Trish Yensch

Congratulations to the place getters and a huge *thank you* to all who competed and assisted in making the competition the success that it was.

You are all *Champions!!!*

Droppings from "The Boss Cocky"



G'Day you friendly folk.

What a top day our inaugural state championship was! To me it was the culmination of a dream come true, plenty of quality starters in the open heats, ten in the novices and an appreciative audience that came and went throughout the day, all in the comfortable confines of the Fremantle Arts Centre. Plus the weather gods were kind to us.

It is reassuring to know that our art form is percolating out to country areas – Chris Sadler down from Wongan Hills – the Wongan Harvest is late this year – Phil Strutt from Yallingup – John Pollard from Dardanup – Chris Lumsden from Boss Glen (near Margaret River) – Tiny Tim Haffeman and the Albany Peters – Drayton and Blyth – a big "Thanks" to you all for making the effort to come to the big smoke. I sincerely hope that you went home enriched and imbued with the spirit and friendship of Bush Poetry.

There were a few faces missing, "The Late" Ron Evans, John Hayes, Beth Scott and that bundle of fun, Val Read, to name a few. It was good to see Peter Capp still alive and sinning. I am confident that everyone – audience and competitors – enjoyed the day, not to forget the excellent show in the heritage listed Victoria Hall in the evening. It augers well for future occasions.

Of course there has to be a winner in any such competition, "congratulations" to Kerry Lee for scooping the pool in the open events. Kerry showed what dedication, practice and talent can achieve and those who ran places to her can be assured that they had run the good race against top opposition. Congrats are also in order for Ann Tracey and Tim Chambers, winners in the novice sections. I was particularly heartened by the numbers and the standard of those taking their first steps.

Full marks to the brave young lady, Elise Rosenberg, sole entrant in the junior event. She can be assured that she will have company in the future if the response we are getting from the various schools is any indication. A huge vote of thanks to schools and juniors facilitator June (knock on any door) Bond for making direct approaches to schools and being so very well received. Through June's efforts Australian Rhyming Verse has been enthusiastically introduced into several primary schools and with plans proposed we will see this facet of Bush Poetry take off so – watch this space.

Keep writing, reciting and inviting (your friends), but above all, have fun and enjoy – Bush Poetry

Rusty visits Pickering Brook

Early in April Rusty brought Bush Poetry to the children at Pickering Brook High School. Judging from the content of the letters of appreciation he received he definitely achieved the aim of our club – to stimulate interest and enthusiasm in the younger generation for Australia's special art form.

I will share a sample of their letters with you –

Dear Rusty

Thank you for coming to our school. We thoroughly enjoyed your visit.
I learnt many things from your visit.
I hope you liked our small school. I absolutely loved your expression in your poetry. I also loved the play you had organised for us to act out. The Man From Ironbark was absolutely hilarious. I learnt that a balladeer is a poet.

Your friend
Keegan.

Dear Rusty

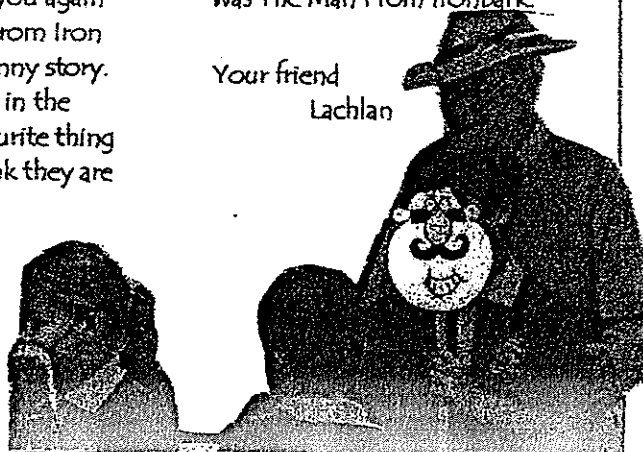
It was great that you came to tell us poems. I really enjoyed them. I think you're one of the best poets I have ever heard.
I hope we can hear from you again and I thought The Man From Ironbark was a strange and funny story. I found the stuff that was in the bag fascinating. My favourite thing was the rabbit trap. I think they are great.

From
Daniel Hall

Dear Rusty

Thank you for coming to our school and telling us the poems. I think the things in your sack were interesting. My favourite poem was The Man From Ironbark.

Your friend
Lachlan



"A walk with the Masters"

Andrew Barton (Banjo) Paterson

1864 - 1941



THE MAN FROM IRONBARK

It was the man from Ironbark who struck the Sydney town,
He wandered over street and park. He wandered up and down.
He loitered here, he loitered there, till he was like to drop,
Until at last in sheer despair he sought a barber's shop.
"Ere! Shave my beard and whiskers off, I'll be a man of mark,
I'll go and do the Sydney toff up home in Ironbark."

The barber man was small and flash as barbers mostly are,
He wore a strike-your-fancy sash, he smoked a huge cigar,
He was a humorist of note and keen at repartee,
He laid the odds and kept a "tote", whatever that may be,
And when he saw our friend arrive, he whispered "Here's a lark!
Just watch me catch him alive, this man from Ironbark."

There were some gilded youths that sat along the barber's wall
Their eyes were dull, their heads were flat, they had no brains at all;
To them the barber passed a wink, his dexter eyelid shut,
"I'll make this bloomin' yoel think his bloomin' throat is cut."
And as he soaped and rubbed it in he made a rude remark:
"I s'pose the flats is pretty green up there in Ironbark."

A grunt was all reply he got; he shaved the bushman's chin,
Then made the water boiling hot and dipped the razor in.
He raised his hand, his brow grew black, he paused a while to gloat,
Then slashed the red-hot razor-back across his victim's throat;
Upon the newly-shaven skin it made a livid mark -
No doubt it fairly took him in - the man from Ironbark.

He fetched a wild up-country yell might wake the dead to hear,
And though his throat, he knew full well, was cut from ear to ear,
He struggled gamely to his feet. And faced the murderous foe:
"You've done for me! you dog, I'm beat! one hit before I go!
I only wish I had a knife, you blessed murdering shark!
But you'll remember all your life the man from Ironbark."

He lifted up his hairy paw, with one tremendous clout
He landed on the barber's jaw, and knocked the barber out.
He set to work with nail and tooth, he made the place a wreck;
He grabbed the nearest gilded youth, and tried to break his neck.
And all the while his throat he held to save his vital spark,
And "Murder! Bloody murder!" yelled the man from Ironbark.

A peeler man who heard the din came in to see the show;
He tried to run the bushman in, but he refused to go.
And when at last the barber spoke, and said "Twas all in fun-
'Twas just a little harmless joke, a trifle overdone."
"A joke!" he cried, "By George, that's fine; a lively sort of lark;
I'd like to catch that murdering swine some night in Ironbark."

And now while round the shearing floor the list'ning shearers gape,
He tells the story o'er and o'er, and brags of his escape.
"Them barber chaps what keeps a tote, By George, I've had
enough,
One tried to cut my bloom'n throat, but thank the Lord it's tough."
And whether he's believed or no, there's one thing to remark,
That flowing beards are all the go way up in Ironbark.



Editor's Report

A large proportion of this edition will focus on the WA Bush Poetry Championships held at the Fremantle Arts Centre on the 15th May 2004. From my perspective the event was a huge success. While things rarely go fully to plan and expectations can fall a little short, the positives that came out of the day are so great that the negatives pale into insignificance. The positives for me were the people involved in the event - the competitors, the audience, the judges and the workers who tied the whole event together. I must also mention the loyal band of supporters who sat out the day and braved the lousy weather to attend our concert at Victoria Hall.

Twenty-six people competed in seven categories. Most encouraging was the Novice Category. We had ten novices present their own work. Bush Poetry in Western Australia has a great future with these people coming through. The Open Categories for our overall state champion had thirteen competitors. My thanks and appreciation goes out to all of them. Competition Poetry is an art in its own right and is not always the best stage for our established, entertainment-focused poets. These people came along and put their reputation on the line for the betterment of Bush Poetry in Western Australia and I applaud them. Thanks again.

A special mention is due to our country Bush Poets (Some may say the *real* Bush Poets). It was a long day to which they contributed whole heartedly. They then banded together to support and provide wonderful entertainment for

the evening concert. Thankyou Chris Sadler (Wongan Hills), Peter Blyth (Albany), Tim Hefferman (Wickerpin) and John Putland (Darkan).

To judge the variety of material and presentation on display was a daunting task. Our judges, Gary Creary, Charles Goodridge, Beryl Silvester, Helen MacIntyre and Brian Woolfenden, brought together an array of experience including literature, writing, theatre, education and a love of bush verse. A review of the judge's sheets indicated a very consistent view of proceedings with no major variance of opinion. Thank you, judges.

Last but not least those tireless ladies who ensured that Kerry and I could forget about the running of the day and concentrate on competing. Lorrelli as time-keeper and fill-in judge, Edna Westall & Robbie Litster on scoring and June Bond and Jean Ritchie as gate keepers, entry form administrators and product table sellers. Thank you, ladies.

One of the objects of this event was to give us some experience of running a competition the way the National Championships will be run. If any members noted areas in need of improvement please let us know! We have identified some ourselves but there may be areas which were not evident from our perspective.

Rod

Way Out Back - of Perth!

Nature has worked her miracle again. Every year it is the same and it always fills me with wonder. Several days after the first good rain a faint haze of green appears in the barren paddocks. The growth is so rapid I am convinced at times I can see it grow. The dust is laid to rest until summer scorches the paddocks bare again. The horses and sheep no longer need to be hand fed. Troughs no longer need filling daily. The reticulation is turned off. Isn't nature wonderful!

The green haze thickens into a brilliant carpet and it grows. And it grows! And it GROWS! Suddenly we are knee deep in winter grasses. The horses and sheep can't munch fast enough to keep it under control. If they pause a while and dare to stand and dream it threatens to entwine itself around their legs. It is time to gird our loins for battle. Time to mount up on the ride-on mowers and reclaim our land!

Then, while we stand and admire the freshly mown paddocks a kaleidoscope of hues appear - the soft purple of Patterson's Curse, the bright orange of Cape Tulip, the gay little yellow faces of the Cape weed following the sun in it's orbit, the tangle of vines from the paddy melon. And it is time to dig and weed and slash and poison. Some years we are the victors. Some years we stand defeated. But, even in the years of our defeats there is a satisfaction and a contentment to be found working on our small patch of land.

Every season has its curses. Every season brings its blessings. God is in control and all is well.

Kerry

Wickie the Keweenawpet

THE WICKIE KEEWENAWPET

Letters to the Editor

Dear Bully Tin

I wholeheartedly agree with Evie's letter to keep smut out of our Bush Poetry recitals.

It is indeed a shame that, to capture an audience's interest, especially High School children, that we lower our standard to entertain.

Humour does the job very well, and I do not object to a bit of risqué fun in a recital, but downright smut and coarse language is definitely not on!

Let's try to raise standard by refusing to lower ours!

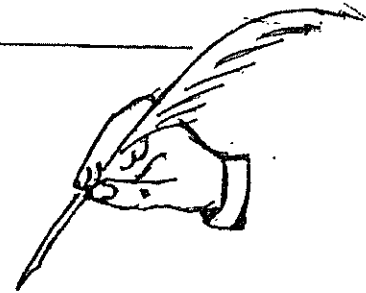
Sincerely

Val Read

NB. The Australian Bush Poets Association has compiled a list of terminology and definitions which have been voted on and accepted by club members

Bush Poet – one who writes only, or writes and performs Bush Poetry.

Australian Bush Poetry is poetry having good rhyme and meter, written about Australia, Australians and the Australian way of life (urban or rural)



The Editor

It seems **Keep It Clean** has become quite a theme. This is now moving us into the area of what is and what isn't Bush Poetry.

When we talk *Bush Poetry* we must look at the word "Bush". To me it can have a different meaning than an expansive area of land with or without vegetation. The term "Bushy" need not necessarily apply exclusively to a person from the *Bush*. It describes the style, the appearance and the attitude of that person. Maybe an outfit of neat but functional clothing, a laid back carefree style with a dogged determination in the face of adversity. A strong community spirit and just a bit of a larrikin with the ability to find a laugh in any situation.

I think it is the same with Bush Poetry. It has many faces. Take the most extreme of our comic Bush Poets, Neil Macarthur, Donny Lloyd and even our own Peter Capp. These blokes are Performance Poets and when they perform their job is to entertain. They know from experience that the misery of war, political injustices and suffering in harsh Australia has minimal appeal to their audience. These men are very capable and do write very inciteful material and they are *true* Bush Poets. I would consider all their work Bush Poetry.

As an interesting footnote, when Kerry and I were promoted as the entertainment at a fundraising event out near Mukinbudin we were referred to as *Yarn Spinners*. The organisers felt if they advertised "Bush Poets" it would have a negative effect on crowd numbers?

Better Now than Later

When I quit this mortal shore
And nose around this earth no more,
Don't weep, don't sigh, don't grieve don't sob.
I may have found a better job.

Don't go and buy a large bouquet
For which you'll find it hard to pay.
Don't hang around me looking blue –
I may be better off than you!

Don't tell folks I was a saint
Or anything you know I ain't.
If you have stuff like that to spread
Please hand it out before I'm dead.

If you have roses, bless your soul,
Just pin one on my buttonhole.
But do it while I'm at my best
Instead of when I'm safe at rest.

(Anon)
(Poem supplied by Silvia Rowell)

Graffiti from a Toowoomba Bus Shelter

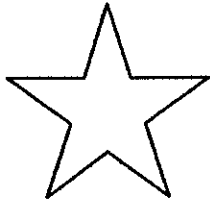
Where can a man find a cap for knees
Or a key for a lock of his hair?
Can his eyes be called an academy
Because there are pupils there?

In the crown of his head what gems are hid?
Who walks the bridge of his nose?
Can he use, whilst shingling the roof of his mouth
The nails from the tips of his toes?

Can the calves of his legs eat the corns off his feet
Or live off the salt of his tears?
Can he rest in the shade of the palms of his hands
Or play on the drums of his ears?

If the crook of his elbow was sent to gaol
Then what would he do?
How can he sharpen his shoulder blades?
I'm blowed if I know. Do you?

(Anon)



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.

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

THIS EVENT HAS BEEN DEFERRED DUE TO A CONFLICT OF DATES

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

National Championships Update

The pace is really picking up. Over the past week Kerry and I have addressed the Kenwick Rotary Club, KSP Writers Centre and the Fremantle Sailing Club Ladies Luncheon in an effort to drum up support and ticket sales.

The Rotary Club of Kenwick has committed to being partners with the WA Bush Poets in the running of the Championships. They will also liaise with other Rotary Clubs through out WA to gain the maximum assistance Rotary can provide. If the Championships are run well and marketed well there is the potential for a surplus at the end. These funds would all go to Rotary projects. Some beneficiaries may be decided prior to the event so supporters will know which causes they are supporting.

For two weeks from 31st May until 12th June, 2004 Kerry, June, Jean and myself and, hopefully, some other volunteers, will be manning a display promoting the Australian Championships. This will be located at the Belmont Forum Shopping Centre. The stand will be manned from 11.00am -12.00am and 1.00pm – 2.00pm each day. The position has been made available to us at no charge as a part of Celebrate WA's 175th Birthday promotions. Please contact Rod or Kerry if you have some time available. There is no need for poetic skills as we have an extensive range of CDs available to play.

Many thanks this month go to Tom Conway who has given us a recommendation for a potential sponsor. To Silvia and Harold Rowell for their support and encouragement even though they can't make some events. And again, to Phil Strutt for his recommendation to his niece at the Sunday Times. This article unearthed some solid support.

Any information we can receive on potential ticket sales will help us with marketing. If you know your intention in this regard could you please advise us as soon as possible.?

May Monthly Muster

This month John Hayes was our very capable MC, hosting a great night and treating us to some of his poetry.

It was terrific to see Phyllis & Trevor Tobin amongst the audience. They have been having a wonderful time holidaying in New Zealand. Peter Drayton was another pleasant surprise. Always an enthusiastic performer his presence was missed by the regulars. Peter has bought a house in Albany and is into collecting lanterns. As an aside, I also have a keen interest here so if anyone has, or knows about, any old lamps or lanterns could you contact either Peter or myself? Whatever you do don't dump them! They can be in lousy condition.

Rusty updated us on Keith Lethbridge after having received a massive letter from him from the great north west. One interesting comment Keith made was that John O'Brien uses *twelve* different rhyming patterns in his book "Round the Boree Log". I think most of us would be hard pressed to identify that many! It certainly set me thinking.

Val Reid's protest poem was also thought provoking making comment on the content of *Bush Poetry* and keeping the standard up. The thought that flitted through my mind was "Thank goodness for Milton Taylor!" He is virtually unbeatable with the high standard and quality of his poetry, serious or humorous.

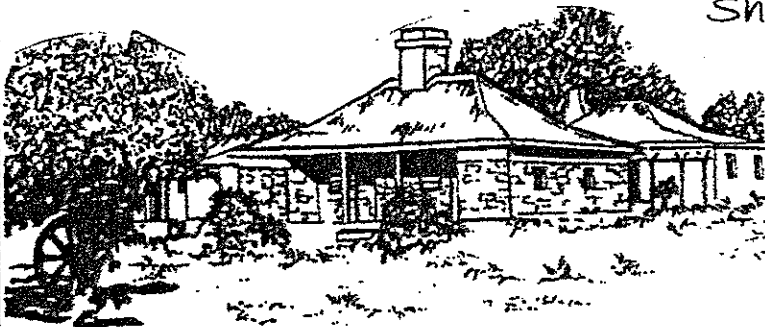
Verona Daniels and Beryl Sylvester gave interesting and entertaining performances. We can always count on Barry for a few laughs and it was fun contributing to Rod's *Poet-athon*. Parts, if not all, of the poem "Said Hanrahan" appears to be known by the majority of us. I wonder which poem will be next?

In closing I like to ask members to be mindful of the generosity of the Como Bowling Club. They have looked after us very well since the move from The Raffles. They open up their facilities to us, including the kitchen, free of charge for our meetings and events and hope, in recompense, for some return from the bar. The benefit of this to our club is enormous. I'm not expecting you all to turn into alcoholics but an occasional soffiie or packet of chips, etc would help show our appreciation.

See you at the next Muster

Kerry

Mangowine Homestead (c1875) Shire of Nungarin, Western Australia



The homestead was built by Charles & Jane Adams as part of an extensive pastoral lease.

It was licensed as a wayside inn during the goldrush period.

The Homestead has been fully restored & furnished by the National Trust

It is opened to the public 6 days a week

For enquiries & bookings Ph: (08) 9046 5149

The first weekend of May Rod and I were invited by Leslie and Graham Coppin to Mangowine to entertain on the Saturday night at the Homestead. As seems to be the norm when we venture out to these country areas I wonder just who the entertainers are? We stayed with Norm Bates on his property at Welbungin. He delighted us with his stories and gave us an extensive tour of his tractor and machinery museum. My favourite was the first caravan registered in WA. Thank goodness designs have changed since then!

The evening was held beside the historic Mangowine Homestead which has been restored by the National Trust. An enthusiastic crowd of around 130 people

defied the cold and gathered around a huge bonfire to be entertained. They were a wonderful friendly group who made our visit there very special.

During the break there was a torch light tour of the Homestead. Rumour has it that a ghost usually is in attendance but I think the ghost was warming itself by the fire, much to my disappointment.

Unfortunately, time commitments dictated our return to Perth Sunday evening but we came away enriched by the experience.

Kerry

Rhymes from the Times

Think and Stay Rich

Well dressed he was in suit and tie
Polished shoes and stylish hat.
Hardly the sort you expect to find
On a pawn shop's front doormat.

"I need fifty bucks" he said
But security was sought
So he agreed to leave his brand new Rolls
That earlier he had bought.

The deal was done. He took the cash.
Two weeks later he came back,
Repaid the loan plus a \$10.00 charge
Got his keys down from the rack.

"Now hold on sir" the broker said.
"You're clearly well-to-do.
How come you chose to pawn your Rolls?
It seems not right for you."

He turned and smiled so modestly
And raised the stylish hat.
"Where else do you think I'd park in Perth
For two weeks as cheap as that?"

Clive Adams ©

Buckets of Time

There's a product that I'm hooked on
And I'll need forever more
That's delivered every morning
In a bucket by my door.

It matters not which town I'm in
Or wherever I may go.
Every morning when I step outside
It'll be there -- this I know.

Sometimes I use it wisely
Maybe slowly or in haste.
Sometimes I just abuse it
And the whole lot goes to waste.

But regardless, I'm rewarded
Every morning when I see
My four and twenty hours
In that bucket there for me.

For that's exactly what we're given
No matter what's just passed
To use them as we please to,
Maybe waste or make them last.

Yes, that's how it is for all of us
Until that fatal day
When we finally kick the bucket
And our time just runs away.

Clive Adams ©

My Native Land

The Irish love their native leaf that in their island grows.
The Scottish and the English love their thistle and their rose.
But greater than these flowers and dearer far to me
The emblem I love best of all is the native blue gum tree.

It sheltered me when I was young, beneath its boughs I played.
The house where I was born was built beneath a gum tree shade.
And often in the days gone by, the days when we were boys
That old gum shared my childish thoughts, my sorrows and my joys.

And if perchance that I should fall, beneath a foreign sky,
I hope some passing wind will blow a gum leaf where I lie.
A gum leaf fresh and fragrant blown from off a wild gum tree
That grows in far Australia, the Island of the Free.

Private J H Bryant ©

*Private James Henry Bryant, 1301,
3rd Battalion AIF, was killed in
action on 12th August, 1915 during
the Battle of Lone Pine at Gallipoli.*

Junior Poetry Section

poem by

W A Junior Bush Poetry Champion

Elise Rosenberg

Bush Poet's Breakfast

It was a Sunday morning.
The sun was shining bright.
The sky was a brilliant blue,
Drowning out the night.

My dad and I were expecting
A "Poet's Breakfast" in the park.
What we really found
Was really quite a laugh.

We walked up to an old codger
And asked him for some grub.
He said, "Sorry mate.
I'm not a member of your club!"

Then we suddenly realised
We'd made a bit of a blue.
There wasn't any eggs or bacon
Or even a sausage or two!

Though the situation
Was looking pretty grim
The goodness of those poems
Filled us to the brim.

By late morning the sun was overhead.
No longer hungry were we
Listening to all those poems was food enough for
me!

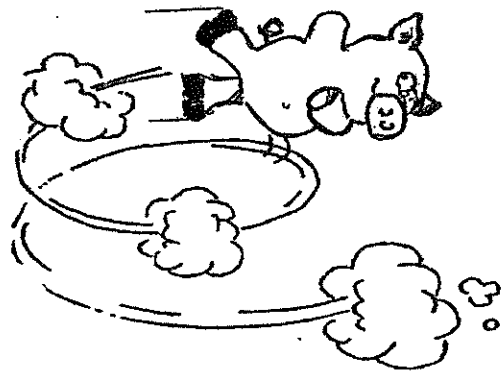
The Poets Breakfast Elise is referring to was held at Heathcote Park in March as part of the Melville Mini-Literature Festival. Elise overcame her hunger and joined in the workshop run by Glenny Palmer. It was a thrill to have her then continue on to writing a poem and competing at our State Championships.

Mt Pleasant Primary School

Figs Can Fly

Swirly the pig ate a pie.
He felt so happy he wanted to fly.
A few days later he got his wish
Then fell in the pond and swam with the fish.
Figs can fly!!!!

Sarah, Eryn, Loz & Ellie



When Rod and Kerry gave a presentation at the Mt Pleasant Primary School the pupils formed into groups and had fifteen minutes to write a small poem.

For some this was their first attempt.

Their quick grasp of the concept of rhythm and rhyme is apparent in this little poem

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.

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

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

The Sensitive New Age Cowpersons

Confirmed for
Australian Music Concert
Wednesday 27th October, 2004



Although they are a well known Perth band Rod and I first saw them perform at Tamworth. They were so entertaining that when the opportunity arose to see them again we leapt at the chance. They are sensational!

The four piece comedy *bluegrass* band entertains with a mix of musical virtuosity and insane onstage madness, appealing to audiences of all ages and tastes.

To see them perform at Camp Wattle Grove in October along with Pat Drummond, Dave Lee and Peter Capp is an opportunity not to be missed!