

The Bully Tin

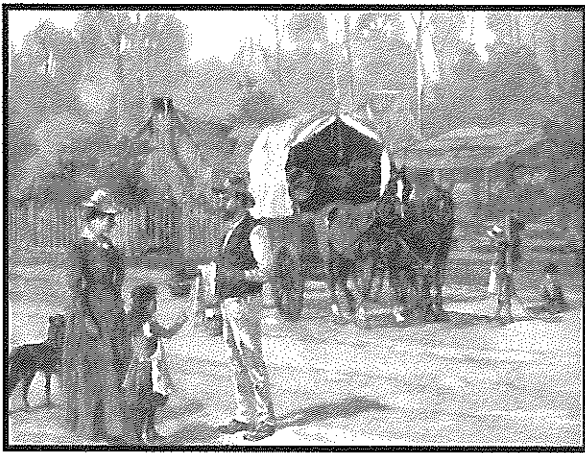
June, 2005



& Yarn Spinners

Monthly Muster at the Como Bowling & Recreation Club cnr Hensman & Sandgate Sts, South Perth
Next meeting: Friday 3rd June, 2005 at 7.00pm for 7.30pm start.

Mother's Day 8th May 2005



An annual day of commemoration of mothers and motherhood.

A day to remember and honour that special woman in our lives-

Mum.

Most Mums want nothing more on their day than a hug and a kiss and simple "I love you", a recognition of their presence and to know they matter.

For the Bush Poet there can be no better tribute to a Mother's love than **Henry Lawson's**

BLACK BONNETS

A day of peace and innocence
A glorious sun and sky,
And just above my picket fence
"Black Bonnets" passing by.
In knitted gloves and faded dress
Without a spot or smirch,
Her worn face lit with peacefulness—
Old "Granny" goes to church.

They called it "Service" long ago
When her old eyes were strong;
But now they're dim, because we know,
Her service lasted long.
By flowing stream the bushman loves,
By stockyard, hut and pen,
The withered hands in those black gloves
Have done the work of men.

Her hair is richly white like milk-
Tho' long ago was fair-
And glossy is the old black silk
She keeps for "chapel wear".
Her bonnet of a bygone style
That passes not away
She may have kept a weary while
or bought but yesterday

The road is rather rough and steep-
She tackles it with will,
For since she hushed "her first" to sleep,
Her way has been uphill.
I feel inclined to doff my pate,
(A sinful one alas!)
Each time I see above the gate
Her old black bonnet pass.

For she has known the cold and heat
And dangers of the track,
And fought bush fires to save the wheat
And little home Out Back.
Long lonely weeks of fear she knew
The menfolk all away;
And she has faced bushrangers too
And wild blacks in her day.

Her grim old faith is firm as when-
The great floods rising round-
She dragged the children to the roof
And saw their father drowned.
And for her loved ones and her dead
She'll not have far to search,
'Twas only yesterday she said
She "sees them all in church".

The eager children—large and small-
Upon their way have gone.
Ere "Mother" passes, last of all,
To put her apron on.
Black bonnets of the days gone by,
Black bonnets of the Past!
The mother love that cannot die;
The one love that will last.



Droppings from "The Boss Cocky"



Received an interesting article ex the ' Weekend Australian, Financial Review ' from a stalwart member Barry Higgins J.P. headed ' Tough Days For Poets ' .

The piece was about how poetry, in all its forms, has declined from way back in the early 1800s when the legendary writers Lord George Byron and Sir Walter Scott et al, could sell 10,000 copies of a new poem they had written, within a few days of its release .Whereas, today, when the English speaking population is some 1,000 times larger, an average run of a book of verse would be from 250 to 500 . The audience demand for poetry has shrivelled dramatically in the ensuing 200 years .

The good news, according to Melbourne based academic Ron Pretty, who, in 2002, founded the Poetry Australia Foundation, and claims that for the last 20 years, the popularity and demand for poetry has increase enormously . The article refers to the various forms of contemporary poetry, with Bush Poetry leading the way in this poetry renaissance .

A. B. P.A. President, Frank Daniels, rates a mention and is quoted as saying " It is a different form of entertainment, with a lot of humour and great stories . It's all about Australians and the Australian way of life, and really taps into nostalgia .There's been a huge resurgence in it ."

As we here in the ' real west ' approach the 10 year mark of our founding, it is reassuring to know that we are a part of this resurgence of retaining our Aussie heritage, handed on the icons, Paterson and Lawson plus the many other writers, stretching back to Adam Lindsey Gordon through to the late, Bobby ' the larrikin ' Miller, Bob Magor, Veronica Weal, our own Keith ' Cobber ' Lethbridge and the many, many other writers, performers and supporters of this re-emerging art form .

Speaking of newspaper pieces, there is an interesting one in Sat .21st . West's magazine by Tony Barrass headed ' Fair Dinkum - Save Our Strine ' which gives the contact for a FREE clever little newsletter, email- ozwords.au@oup.com or write to G.P.O.Box 2784y Melbourne 3001 . Should be worth having a look [or a Captain Cook] .

The A.G.M. will be on August 5th. at 6.30 at the Como Camp, make the effort to be there, remembering that we can always welcome clear headed lateral thinkers to join with the other C.H.L.T.already putting their shoulder to the wheel, plus there will be vacancies for a treasurer and that plum job of Bully Tin Editor .

It's excitin' to be writin' or recitin' -- have fun with Bush Poetry . The Boss Cocky . Rusty C.

WA Bush Poetry Championships!

*Time for the Writers to be Writing and
the Spruikers to be Spruiking.*

Written Competition

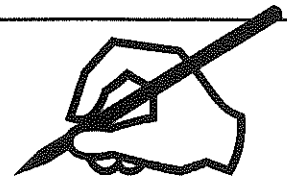
While details have not been finalised there will be Junior and Open Sections in the Written Competition.

Entry Forms are available by sending a SAE to: The Secretary
5A Bruning Road
Manning WA 6152

Closing date : 30th July 2005

Performance Competition

Letters to the Editor



**Membership Fees
Due NOW!**

WA BUSH POETRY CHAMPIONSHIPS Incorporating a City V Country Bush Poetry Challenge

The Committee of the WA Bush Poets and the Serpentine-Jarrahdale Tourism Association, along with Rod & Kerry of Diggers Camp, are working together to create an event which will provide stimulating competition for our performance poets and an entertaining experience for the Bush Poetry enthusiasts.

Rod and Kerry were approached by the committee of the Serpentine-Jarrahdale Tourism Association to explore the possibility of providing Bush Poetry entertainment in conjunction with a planned fund raising event. This will be held at Tumblegum Farm. The WA Endurance Horse Riders and Rodeo Riders were also approached to be a part of a weekend of country style events for our near city audience.

Planning for the weekend of combined activities is in the early stages but the date has been set for the weekend 22-23 October, 2005.

It has long been felt that the WA Bush Poets Association is a city based group which does little for our poets in the country. An attempt this year to stage our State Championships in a regional centre proved to be too difficult to achieve. Rod & Kerry felt that if we could bring our ten best Bush Poets from the Bush to Tumblegum Farm, near Byford, to challenge our ten best Bush Poets from the city, this could help to spread our following further out. It was also felt that a State Championship could be incorporated into the event.

Most of Western Australia's best Bush Poets have been contacted and have indicated their enthusiasm for the event. If the organisers can make it happen this will be the best gathering of our state's Bush Poets ever! It should create a unique Entertainment experience.

So, pencil in the date on your calendars and watch for further updates in the Bully Tin or on the web site - www.wabushpoets.com.au.

If any members feel they could have an input into the planning of the event Rod & Kerry and any members of the Committee would love to hear from you.

Rod Lee

**Website
Update!**

www.wabushpoets.com

My most heartfelt thanks go to Brian Langley for taking over control of our website. Until recently it has not been updated since the National Bush Poetry Championships, much to my shame.

This is an area where my skills are lacking and I have not had the time to fumble my way around the site. It is a relief to know it is now in competent hands and regular updates will follow.

Brian has the following requests -

- Information about any bush poetry events, competitions, etc.
- Details of any known commercial poetry websites providing similar poetry to our Association. This will be set up as links to our site.
- Poetry submissions from members, particularly from people who perform regularly.
- Profiles of WA Bush Poets & Yarn Spinners Assoc members who are available for public performances.

To submit the above please contact Brian of
Ph: 08 9361 3770
Or email: briandot@tpg.com.au



IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT!

Members please note-

AGM

5th August 2005

**All positions open 3
Treasurer & Newsletter Editor required**

March Monthly Muster



A good crowd turned up for the May Muster—many probably feeling they had missed out because of the filthy night in April!

Tom was MC for the evening and started off by calling on Rusty who presented us with Paterson's *Geebung Polo Club*. Rusty had a bit of a problem to start with but quickly picked up as only a pro can do.

Barry Higgins was next and the query was made as to whether he needed a visa and passport to South Perth having come so far. Barry told us it took him nearly 2 years to get up the courage to stand before an audience. After giving us *Local Government* by Blue the Shearer, we are very glad he found his nerve.

A yarn about *The Dead Horse Excuse* was told by Bob Chambers where everyone used a dead horse to get off an offence. The last one said he could not be guilty of being in the wrong place at the wrong time as he couldn't get past all the dead horses.

Top Secret, a poem written and presented by Brian Langley, told about his special place, his shed, and all those impish fairies who are responsible for the disappearance of bits and pieces and the mess left. He then read the poem *Dolphins* written by his granddaughter Niamh (pronounced "Neve") Carthew for all the visitors who do not get a copy of our Newsletter. Obviously Niamh has picked up a lot of clues about poetry writing from Brian.

As Grace Williamson's grandfather was born the same year as Paterson she has a great affinity with the grand bard. While the volume of the mike was adjusted, she took a deep breath and then presented that very moving poem *Lost*.

Syd Hopkins pointed out "it was good to be hear this week as next week is Friday 13th! He then told us about *The Loser at Landor* who was given a 'rear vision mirror' when an unexpected horse beat him. Hmmm! Just where would one put it???

It was good to see John Hayes back after many weeks 'out of action' and he gave us his rendition of Paterson's *Clancy of the Overflow*.

A first time visitor, Dave Stroud, also needed a passport and visa as he hails from Moore River. He read us two of his poems—the first was *Under the Southern Cross* that shows as a Pom he has really taken to his new home. The second was a short one he called *A Night in the Bush*—he said his wife liked this one, probably because it was short!

Just a Dog was presented to us by Barry Mori which was about a dog that wanted to know why he was always tied up when he was wanted so much as a puppy—really makes you think.

MC Tom told us about a cat which on arrival in Heaven was given soft cushions to laze away the time on. Then some mice also reached Heaven and their request was to have some roller blades. When the Lord passed the cat and asked how it was enjoying its rest, the cat replied it was just great, especially the meals on wheels!

A friend of Rosemary Sharland was honoured when Rosemary wrote *A Tribute to Mouna* that told how the friend faced life when, after being near death, saw a light and a voice told her to go back as there were things she still had to do.

Rusty gave us a commercial but said things were going bad when you have to write things on your hand to remind you, but it was better than speaking "off the cuff". The commercial was a thankyou to Neil McLennan for framing the official poster of Pecos Bill from the 21st National Cowboy Competition in Elco USA.

After the break Brian told us how e-mail is a great way to 'meet' people all round the world. When asked what sort of poetry he wrote he composed on called *The Creatures of Oz* that explained what Australia was like. He read this one and it told of the native animals to be found here and I don't think there were any that did not get a mention—well done. He then told of a poem published in the Kings Cross Whisper newspaper what he recently rediscovered—a very funny *Sonja Snell* written by Cyril Fletcher.

Barry H and Syd H then got together to entertain us with some 'shorties' - 6 to 8 line quickies! Barry asked Syd who wrote them only to be told he didn't have a clue, but it was pretty obvious it was Syd as they had us in stitches—naughty but oh so funny. I was enjoying it so much and couldn't stop laughing long enough to take notes so I am sorry for those of you who were not there—you missed out!

Barry M ;came back again and told how he had been so impressed by a poem written on a bookmark he found in a Christian book shop that he learnt it and so he gave us *The Wooden Cross*.

Paterson's *The Man From Ironbark* was performed by John Hayes and he followed this by reciting one of his own, *The King and Queen of Heart*, which he wrote as a tribute to his parents, his mum and stepdad.

Dave Stroud was keen to show how he has taken to his adopted country by giving us two more of his poems. The first was *The Boundary Rider* and the second, which he said he wrote in 25 minutes, *A Pom Has Arrived* with the last line saying "a Pom looking Aussie and he's just arrived." Dave really entertained us and we hope that he will come back again.

Rusty had run out of skin to write on but he mentioned the AGM with the urgent need of a Treasurer and Newsletter Editor and committee people. Rusty was soon to be heading off up the Kimberley, not the Kimberleys, where he would catch up with Cobber. As he was going to the races the next day, and it made him think of Paterson who was a racing man, he recited *The Day the Favourite Beat Us*. He followed this with Bob Magor's *Who Gives the Bride Away?* And many a father of the bride could sympathise with what this poem portrays.

The night finished with Tom reminding everyone it was Mum's Day on Sunday and 'whatever you do, don't forget the card!'

Where would I be without those two wonderful ladies, June and Jean. April Muster June stood in for me and did the write up and this month Jean has earned by undying gratitude. Thank you, thank you, thank you!
Hopefully I resume my duties June Muster.

Way out back of Perth!

The storm blew a big Lemon Scented Gum down near our house. It used to shade our entertainment shed. Luckily it fell onto a clear patch of ground and nothing was flattened. Cats, dogs and humans are all still in tact. Rod and I have planted hundreds of trees on the block over the years and tenderly nurtured them but this one was here when we moved in. And I have never liked it. It's not one of those trees that you lie under to contemplate life or to read a good book. It is one of those trees you walk way, way around, because it has a bad habit—it likes to drop great big branches! And it doesn't only drop them in a howling gale. It will drop them when all is peaceful and quiet. You just can't trust Lemon Scented Gums, so I'm not sorry to see it flattened. I am very pleased actually. At least until I get the tree lopper's bill!

As I looked at it lying down instead of standing up it occurred to me that the tree is as unpredictable and useless as most of the animals at Diggers Camp. Take Ben for example, our border collie cross. He was born without a tail. The old adage "you don't miss what you've never had" doesn't hold true for him. I think he either fancies himself with a long flowing horse tail or, consumed with envy, longs to relieve the horse's of theirs. No horse (or donkey) is safe from attack. Unexpectedly, unaccountably, Ben will launch himself at their flowing appendages, swing through the air until unceremoniously dislodged, then proudly scuttle away with a mouth full of tail hair! The poor horses are nervous wrecks waiting for the next *tail strike* from **psycho dog!**

Then there's Caddie, the Blue Heeler—our 15 year old geriatric sheep herder. Months ago she could barely hobble around but, since we mortgaged the house to finance her pill supply, she is an *active working dog* again, albeit in slow motion. That is of no great consequence as the sheep she rounds up is as old as she is. Not many sheep achieve the ripe old age of 15yo. I have tried to discover the life span of a sheep without success. On reflection I think I have been enquiring at the wrong source—farmers. Three to five years they tell me. But then how many farmers nurture their flocks into their twilight years?

And now there is Elmo, the donkey—the latest addition to this excentric mob. When it comes to training animals I am a strong believer in the gentle loving approach. To date this has failed miserably with horses, dogs and husband, so why did I foolishly believe Elmo would be any different? My efforts to become a *horse whisperer* are more akin to a *horse screamer* but donkeys are sweet and compliant and, unfortunately, very, very smart. Which is why I found myself in a rather interesting position when *training* Elmo to pull a cart. I tacked him up in his harness, attached the cart and climbed aboard. In response to an encouraging expectant "walk on" Elmo promptly laid down! He didn't just lie down—he stretched out and closed his eyes. Any problems this created were my problems and of no concern to him. And he lay perfectly content in this comatose position while I struggled to free the cart and remove the harness. Then he only deemed to stand up when I offered him peppermints. No doubt he was just establishing his position in the pecking order—and mine—for then he allowed me to tack him up again and generously took me for a pleasant, uneventful ride down the street in the cart.



At least life isn't predictable here at Diggers Camp. Especially now our 4th grandchild has arrived two weeks after little Oliver. Charlotte Grace Meredith arrived without fan fare on 3rd May, 2005 and, naturally, is totally gorgeous. Her arrival has also heralded extra *quality* time, for us, with her brother and sister and their great over-size galloping ridgeback, Jay! A toddler tamer I am not! Supper NannyHELP!!!!!!

Kerry

A long life is barely enough for a man and a woman to understand each other;
and to be understood is to love.

The man who understand one woman is qualified to understand pretty well every-
thing.

Member's Contributions

Jack Gilbert



Jack Gilbert was a villain, the devil in disguise.;
Something kinfolk and his neighbours failed to realise.
He'd sneer contempt at women walking on the street-
Shout abuse in their direction as though dirt beneath his feet.
Parents lived in terror that one day they would find
That their child had fallen victim to his warped and twisted mind.

He spent many years in prison but it never changed his ways
And broke his mother's heart, 'till, in grief, she passed away.
But they found Jack Gilbert dead on day 'neath a bush beside a track
With his life's blood spilled around him from a knife wound in his back.
No-one came to mourn him as he rested in his grave.
Instead the towns folk prayed to God—their children now were saved.

They never caught the guilty one. No one was brought to trial.
Slowly the dust then settled on Jack Gilbert's file.
Until one night an old man, with a haunted memory,
His hair turned grey with anguish through years of agony,
On his death bed said "I'm guilty. I confess before I die.
It was I, his dad, who held the knife the night Jack Gilbert died

Ron Gill

I'm Awfully Well For The Shape I'm In!

There's nothing the matter with me,
I'm as healthy as can be.
I have arthritis in both knees
And when I talk I cough and wheeze.
My pulse is weak and my blood is thin-
But I'm awfully well for the shape I'm in!

All my teeth have been pulled out
And my diet I hate to think about.
I'm overweight and I can't get thin
But I'm awfully well for the shape I'm in!

Sleep is denied me night after night
But every morning I wake up alright.
My memory's failing, my head's in a spin
But I'm awfully well for the shape I'm in!

Old age is golden, I've heard it said.
But sometimes I wonder as I go to bed,
With my ears in a drawer and my teeth in a cup
And my glasses laid down until I get up.
And when sleep dims my eyes I say to myself
"Is there anything else I should lay on the shelf?"

The reason I know my Youth has been spent
Is my *get-up-and-go* has *got-up-and-went!*
But I don't really mind when I think with a grin
Of all the places my *get-up* has been.

I get up each morning and dust off my wits,
Pick up the paper and read the obits.
If my name is missing I'm therefore not dead
So I eat a good breakfast and jump back in bed.

The moral of this as the tale unfolds
Is that, for us all who are growing old,
It is better to say "I'm fine" with a grin
Then to let people know the shape we are in!

submitted by Mick & Gloria Leedham



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	Treasurer / Editor	9397 0409
Rae Dockery	Committee	9356 7426
June Bond	Schools Coordinator	9354 5804
Edna Westall	Committee	9339 3028
Lorelie Tacoma	Immediate Past President	9310 1500
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

- June 3 WABP&YS Assoc Monthly Muster Como Bowling Club Rusty 9364 4491
- June 4-6 Pinjarra Festival. Bush Poets Breakfast 9am (Sunday 6.6.05) Lees 9397 0409
- July 1 WABP&YS Assoc Monthly Muster Como Bowling Club Rusty 9364 4491
- July 1-3 Bundy Bush Poetry Muster Written Comp closing date 27.05.05 (07) 4153 5397
- July 19 20 21 Winter Fireside Concerts Diggers Camp 11.30-3.00pm 9397 0409
- July 29-31 Far North Queensland Bush Poetry Festival—Written Competition 07 4159 1868
- July 30 WA Bush Poetry Championships Written Competition closing date (refer p2)
- Aug 5 WABP&YS Assoc AGM & Monthly Muster Como Bowling Club 7.30pm Rusty 9364 4491
- Sept 2 WABP&YS Assoc Monthly Muster Como Bowling Club 7.30pm
Traditional Night Rusty 9364 4491
- Sept 10-18 Winton Bush Poetry Muster 07 4657 1296
- Oct 7 WABP&YS Assoc Monthly Muster Como Bowling Club 7.30pm Rusty 9364 4491
- Oct 22-23 WA Bush Poetry Championships and Country City Bush Poetry Challenge
Tumblegum Farm - for details refer Page 3
- Nov 4 WABP&YS Assoc Monthly Muster Como Bowling Club 7.30pm Rusty 9364 4491
- Dec 2 WABP&YS Assoc Monthly Muster Como Bowling Club 7.30pm Rusty 9364 4491

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