



# The Bully Tin

April 2006

& Yarn Spinners

Monthly Muster at the Como Bowling & Recreation Club cnr Hensman & Sandgate Sts, South Perth  
Next meeting Friday 7th April, 2006 at 7.00pm for 7.30pm start.

[www.wabushpoets.com](http://www.wabushpoets.com)

25th April  
1915



## ANZAC DAY



25th April  
2006

### Hic Jacet

I buried a Turk in a darksome gorge by officer's orders one evening grey -  
I had finished my 'twenty-four hours on' and was leaving the trench at the close of day.

"You must dig him in" and the officer smiled. "He'll need no volleys or muffled drums.  
He's been in the sun for a week or so, and it's perfectly awful the way he hums!"

So I filled my pipe ('twas a needful thing), and I got in a blast ere I ventured near.  
And I found him lying in shape grotesque 'neath an ominous cliff what was grey and sheer.  
He had crawled to a shelter of prickly scrub—and I never could tell you how looked his face -  
But his horrible eyes were blindly turned to a thing he held—'twas a portrait case!

'Twas nothing I troubled for sights and smells, but this was a sight that it hurt to see,  
For I fancied he clutched it in mute appeal.... And he seemed to be holding it out to me.

And little and all as I liked the job, ere I started to cover him up with sand,  
I dropped my shovel and pick, and stooped and took the thing from his grisly hand.

Oh! Piteous thing in the clasp of death—'twas the face of a beautiful dark-eyed boy;  
A kiddie of six years old or so, who hugged to his bosom some childish toy,  
And his teeth peeped out with a roguish smile, and on his forehead the dark curls clung—  
As pretty a picture as ever was seen of cherubic innocence sweet and young.

Some wonderful writing in big, wide text was scrawled on the back of the photograph.

And I said, "Old fellow" - to him who lay - "would you ask for a lovelier epitaph?"

"'Twas Turkish of course, and I could but guess but in good British I'll swear 'twas this:  
'With love to daddy, and please come home' ... and marked with a crescent to mean a kiss.

There's little sentiment one can feel when it's each for himself in the firing line  
But I couldn't but mutter a useless prayer that he hadn't gone under to shot of mine.  
And I pictured the face of the woman who waits and yearns with a longing supine and dumb  
For the 'daddy' who lay in the darksome gorge—for the steps of a husband that ne'er will come.

The shadows of evening grew apace... and a soldier has always work to do.

But I laid the picture upon his chest ere ever a shovel of dirt I threw.

And I fashioned his mansion as best I could and patted it even and smooth and fair,  
And stood to attention and raised my hand in a last salute as I left him there.

Tom "Crosscut" Wilson (26/11/1916)

"Lest we forget" ...  
the heroes, their courage, their compassion .....and the futility of war!

# Droppings from "The Boss Cocky"



G'day my friends in Bush Poetry.

Since we last communicated, things have been really moving on the Bush Poetry scene. In particular the early part of the month when we had our guest, Cowboy Poet Dick Warwick among us. As you are aware, Dick came to Perth courtesy of the US. Government brought about by the American Consul General, Robin Mclellan, on experiencing Bush Poetry, re-cited by the finalists of the Nationals in 2004 [was it that long ago? ] became an immediate fan of the art and set the wheels in motion to secure an equiviliant performer from the US. to come out to downtown Perth in what could be termed, a cultural exchange. Dick was the end result.

After much effort and planning, Dick ultimately arrived in time for our March muster. Those of you who had the pleasure to have heard and met him, I am sure, would agree with Robin's comment to me in her typical Kansas country girl style, on hearing him perform " You done real good Rusty"[unquote]. It could be said that our Association ' had done real good ' every where I went with Dick we were well received. Apart from the muster, we went to five high schools in four days, Edith Cowan University, a Poet's breakfast at the Commodore Hotel in Perth, a couple of receptions, the Magin Woolarama and finishing with the wonderful show for the Festival of Melville in their Limestone [amp] Theatre on Sunday the 12th. Dick flew out the next day, it took me a week to recover from the constant go-go-go. Looking at the event in perspective, it was a win win result for all parties.

April Muster should be interesting, we have arranged for Chris Holyday to give a presentation of his book about Henry Lawson in Western Australia and other well known early Western Australian poets, I hear you ask, ' who is Chris Holyday? '. I've never met him, we have spoken on the phone, sounds like a nice bloke, has a good grip on his subject, which should make it interesting for students and those who appreciate Australian Rhyming verse. To compliment the innovation the committee decided to make the evening a traditional night.

About all for now folks. AGM coming up soon, still a bit light on at the committee table - quality still there -but you can only get the willing horse to so so much before it needs a spell, if you get my drift. SO, if you want the show to continue in its present form, give it some serious thought. Oh yes! Cobber is on his way down from the Kimberley by road, left the day the cyclone hit, don't know if he can swim or if his van is amphibious, knowing him, he will just relax until the water subsides - or walk. He'll be down for a couple of weeks.

See you all soon. Keep writin' and recitin'. The BossCocky 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,

In view of the correspondence you received last month in regarding the discontentment of members and guests I felt it was necessary to make some response to the same. I am in fact pleased that members and others do protest about the quality of our work if it is not up to standard. As I have not attended for many months I was unaware of their displeasure, however I was informed of such at our March muster.

There is no doubt we will incur the displeasure of some people, regardless of what we may do to please yet we should always be open to suggestion.

I know that reading of poetry is frowned upon by many and yet this perhaps could be the launching of a new performer who with encouragement will gain confidence and thereby tackle the more demanding aspects of delivery. I believe it is the same with written material and we can all improve with a positive outlook.

I thought our March muster was a great night out and of course the icing on the cake was our talented American "Cowboy Poet"

Writing inspiration has dried up at the moment, but I am sure if we can travel and meet new people I will find new material.  
I enclose a one minute poem on travel.

Sincerely yours

John Hayes

Dear Kerry

Thank you for the march and, before that, January, Bully Tin.

What happened to February???

Kerry, why did you say "Hi" to Brian on page 6 March edition? That is very Yankee, not Australian.

Stuart Marshall

Rockhampton

Good 'Aye Stuart

Sorry you missed February's Bully Tin. I don't have a clue why you never received your copy but will make sure one is sent with this edition.

As for saying "Hi", well, it just never occurred to me the expression was a "Yankeecism". What do the other readers think? Am I being a traitor to the bush poets cause. How about writing in with what you consider to be an acceptable Aussie greeting?

Kerry

Thought this poem might be appropriate for the Bully Tin Sylvia

We Were the Few

We were the few who flew in hostile sky  
To keep this land of ours forever free,  
While mates below tramped on foreign soil  
Or sailed their ships on unforgiving sea.

We are the few who strafed the aerodromes  
Or dropped our bombs on ships and distant lands,  
While mates below shipped in our supplies  
Or spilled there blood on shifting desert sands.

We are the few who watched the traced lights  
Define the path of death and swiftly pass,  
While mates below bombarded enemy shores  
Or fought in jungle swamps and kunat grass.

And when the guns were stilled across the sky  
The doves of peace once more safely flew,  
Record our names with the names of mates  
Who fought below. Together we were *the few!*  
George Robertson (c)

Thanks Sylvia. Very appropriate with Anzac Day this month.

On Sunday, 26th March, 2006, after a hectic show here at Diggers Camp Saturday night, Rod and I took a leisurely drive to the Dardanup Pub to check out the bush poetry competition. What a beautiful old pub and delightful setting. The competition was held out the back of the pub on the manicured lawns under the shady trees. It has been run for several years now and is enthusiastically supported by the locals, both as performers and audience.

Rod and I didn't feel inclined to compete but were delighted to be asked to do a cameo performance. We were also delighted to share our table with Ron Evans.

The event is held as a fundraiser for the 'Val Lishman Health Research Fund' with the major prize being the **Tin Billy**. This was awarded to Ann Barker for her poem "Rough Justice". She very kindly gave me a copy of her winning poem to share with you all.

One of the judges described poets as 'people who love using words', a wonderful analogy I thought.

Category winners were-

Senior Recital	Ron EYans
Recite Own	Ann Barker
Junior Original	Emma Smith
Junior Others	Emma Smith
Judge's Prize	Kate Wilson (Jnr)
Tin Billy Award	Ann Barker

Though only two Juniors performed their standard was very good. Both girls are enthusiastic about poetry and writing and hope to start a writer's group in Bunbury.

There will be more of the Aussie type entertainment in the future at the Dardie Pub when Phil Strutt takes over as manager. Well worth the visit.  
Kerry

## UPSIDE-DOWNERS

*Stringer Nettleton's band who entertain the Australia Day crowd at Wireless Hill will be performing at the*

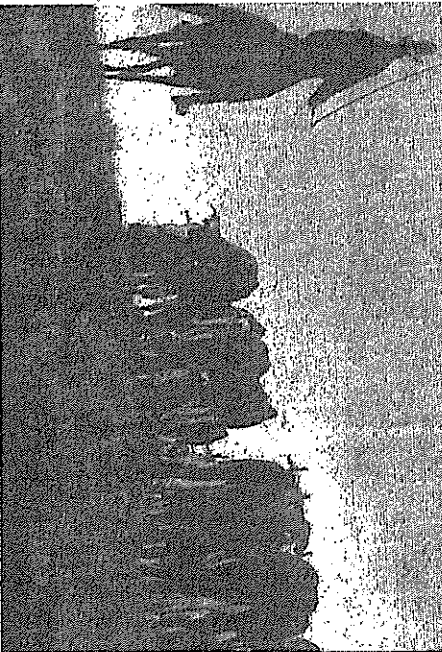
*Dardanup Pub*

*On*

*Anzac Day*

*25th April 2006*

# March Monthly Muster



This was long awaited Cowboy Poet evening. Rusty was our MC for this special evening which opened with a few words from Robin McLellen, the American Ambassador in Perth. She is a very charming and articulate lady, despite having the flu which caused her to leave at half time.

We were pleased to see John Hayes well enough to be back again performing. He delivered quite an epilogue with Lawson's "A Month in the Jailhouse", a story of spending time in Darlinghurst jail for not paying maintenance. It was very well delivered.

Then Wayne Pantell took the mike. He is a lively and enthusiastic performer. He performed his own poem "Bluie McNabb", which was written for the Mandurah Crab Fest. It finished with a sinister warning - if you fish illegally and don't behave Bluie will get you!!!!

I selected a classic, *The Pack Horse*, written by my favourite poet, *Will Ogilvie*.

I thought Syd Hopkinson was going to perform a serious poem when he announced the title *The Last Supper*. But not so. In typical Syd style this was a quirky poem of a dying man being denied a taste of his favourite cakes his wife had just baked as she had made them for his wake! Honestly Syd, is nothing sacred?

Brian Langley shared a poem he had written progressively over several years, beginning in 1993 and being finished in 2006. "*The Moore River Blues Revisited*" began with happy times at this Guilderton paradise, the fear of its destruction when plans for development of the area were released and ending with the joy of the urban plan being scrapped.

It was great to hear "*The Sick Stockrider*" being presented by Ron Ingham. This poem was written by Adam Lindsay Gordon, who provided the inspiration for the classical bush poets.

hopper of the Spring drowning in his swimming pool. was caught up in the plight of the little insect and the Arthur a hero when he rescued it, but then he squas with a "die you bastard, die!"

It was then time for Dick Warwick, the cowboy poet entertain us, which he certainly did. We had a mixtu his own works, American classics and songs accomnied on the guitar. One old Aussie favourite, "I've B Everywhere", he rewrote for Western Australia as c state was left out in the original. It was an entertaini mix of the original, the American adaptation and the one.

Brian brought us into the break by reminding us of th Moondyne Festival at Toodyay. There will be a Poe Breakfast and also a competition for the best poem i Moondyne Joe.

The second half commenced with the reading sectio Beryl Silvester showing a poem can be delivered w expertise despite being read. Her choice was Henr Lawson's "*The Drover's Sweetheart*". Well done Beryl.

Rod then delivered *Green and Gold Malaria*, by Ri McCall, a patriotic poem whose sentiments are und stood and shared by all true blue Aussies.

Trish Joyce got "*Caught in the Act*" but lost it so I laughing with "*Blue Moon*", a warning on the dangr weeing and skiing!

Barry Higgins recited Lawson's clever poem, "*O'J JP*" after congratulating Beryl on her delivery, sayin "there is reading and reading". Beryl had done her l work well.

Grace Williams gave us a short history lesson on h amble leading into Lawson's "*Bush Fires*".

The evening was then finished off in grand style by I Warwick. It was a pity we couldn't hear more of hir Maybe, upon reflection, we could have chosen shor poems to present to give him more time. Fortunatel though, there were other opportunities to hear Dick it would appear, many of you took advantage of.

## Kerry

When Robin welcomed us to the Consul General's i dence on the evening of 7th March, 2006 part of he speech contained the following quote from Preside nedy when he spoke in honour of the late Robert Fr Robin very kindly gave the quote so I could share it you all.

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"The men who create power make an indispensable contribution to the nation's greatness, but the men w/ question power make a contribution just as indispens .. When power leads man toward arrogance, poetry reminds him of his limitations. When power narrowi areas of man's concern, poetry reminds him of the rit and diversity of his existence. When power corrupts, poetry cleanses, for art established the basic human t which must serve as the touchstones of our judgmenr artist becomes the last champion of the individual mi

# Way out back of Perth!



Having an audience when I'm cooking usually makes me very nervous as I am not what one would call a *Chef Extraordinaire*. So, imagine how I feel these nights with up to six pairs of eyes peering unblinking through my kitchen window while I'm whipping up culinary delights? I'm coping surprisingly well, actually, as the owners of these black beady eyes are more interested in spotting moths and bugs for their own dinner than puzzling over what concoction I am creating. That little brain teaser is for Rod to solve! These little night time marauders, if you haven't guessed by now, are frogs. Peeling spuds and carrots and washing dishes takes on a new dimension with these tiny amphibians to entertain me as they leap and slide on the glass or just sit grinning inanely through the window. We have hundreds of them in all shapes and sizes enjoying their summer holidays in the pond. They overflow into the surrounding agapanthus and even onto the branches of the shrubs. Some of the reclusive ones who are not into pond cramming seek solitude and peace away from the mob. One favourite spot is inside the boots and shoes outside the back door. Slipping a foot in without checking usually results in an indignant squeal followed by a wet sock. The dog's water bowl is another favoured spot where they lazily float around, legs out stretched, until rudely disturbed by a thirsty pooch.

They provide entertainment not just for me but for the rest of the family as well. Ben, the border collie, gets his kicks sneaking up to the pond and scaring them. This causes major panic as they all try to leap into the pond at once. Gremmies, the cat, derives immense satisfaction from patting them around with her paw while the harassed "chosen one" squeals in protest. And the grandkids attempt to catch them in the fish scoop. One the rare occasions when they actually scoop one up the frog sends them running, giggling and squealing as it high dives out of the net.

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Frogs aside, I'd like to share with you a poem I have written about Arthur Leggett. There would be few people in the bush poetry circle who don't know and admire Arthur. It felt appropriate to include the poem in this issue with Anzac Day being the focus as Arthur is a war veteran and has written some stirring poems on the subject. This poem, however, is not about war but is based on a story Arthur told me which really tickled my fancy and says a lot about the character of this special man. The ages stated and events may not be chronologically correct but the basic story is a Arthur told me.

## Growing Old Disgracefully

When a man reaches eighty it's generally thought  
He should take life easy with slippers and port.  
But Arthur's not one to let age hold him down,  
For life is for living not sitting around.

At seventy-two he started up running.  
Several years later the old sod got cunning.  
He'd tone up his muscles the way the girls like  
But he'd do it in style. He'd ride a push bike.

He peddled along 'til he reached eighty-two  
Then traded his bike for a brand new canoe.  
With muscles now rippling and sporting a tan  
He needed a challenge. No stopping this man!

He won gold over East at the Veteran Games.  
There was no competition, or so he claims.  
As most of the races he ran on his own  
For those in his age group had lost all their tone.

So he searched for a challenge among the young blokes  
And even his grandkids thought it a joke  
When he proudly announced, in tones adamant,  
That he's entered himself in the Avon Descent.

"You silly old bugger" declared his grandson.  
"You'll be out of the race before you've begun!"  
But Arthur stood firm before this tirade.  
I'm riding those rapids and I'll make the grade.

Now, the Avon, in winter, swells to a torrent  
Which most sane canoeists condemn as abhorrent.  
This white-water racings' not for the faint-hearted  
And many young blokes from the water are carted.

Well, Arthur trained hard. He knew he'd excel  
For paddling a boat is what he does well.  
The day of the race dawned foggy and cold  
And the wind chilled the bones of those young and old.

A crack of the gun and the boats sped away  
And Arthur was first. He led the melee.  
He was also the first to upend his canoe.  
When pulled from the water his colour was blue.

Two uniformed ladies then striped him bare.  
Wrapped him in blankets and towelled off his hair.  
They massaged his hands. He thought he had died.  
"I must be in Heaven!" the old codger sighed.

Back with his mates he started to gloat.  
"I'll enter next year but I won't bring a boat.  
I'll leap into the drink and those ladies once more  
Will massage and spoil me as they did before.

But, what next for Arthur? Is he insane?  
Will he now swim to Rotto or jump from a plane?  
One things for certain, his family are vexed  
Groaning "what will the silly old bugger do next?"

# Written Contributions

## "TIN BILLY" AWARD WINNING POEM DARDENUP

### Rough Justice by Ann Barker

Now Kummura lads are . . . independent to a man.  
As for rules and regulations there, they do not give a damn.  
And to upbraid outsiders who pull rank and play the boss,  
They will very quickly demonstrate that they don't give a toss.

A wildlife documentary crew, with cameras came to town.  
The locals smiled and rubbed their hands and passed the word around  
For such welcome visitations raise the hopes of dreamers who  
Long to make it big on telly - or just make a buck or two.

First among the lads recruited, there were Frog and Crocco Ward,  
Who made quite a decent living taking tourists down the Ord,  
Where they ran a first rate bush camp, and the jewel in their crown  
Was their cook, a sweet blond student, by the name of Ellie Brown.

She was pretty as a picture and was only five feet tall  
And her kind and sunny nature made her much beloved by all  
As Frog and Crocco quickly learned, few felahs could resist her.  
So they kept protective watch on her as if she were their sister.

Now the film crew and the locals all cooperated well,  
And the magic of the river and the wildlife wove their spell,  
And the total operation would have been a huge success,  
Had not Tarquin Otley Davis caused young Ellie much distress.

With an artificial suntan and a hairdo long outdated,  
This director of the doco had an ego much inflated,  
And he held the fond illusion that his quickly fading charms  
Would make any nubile female long to fall into his arms.

So when Ellie dished up dinner for the crew at close of day,  
His lascivious eyes fell on her and he marked her for his prey.  
First he paid her pretty compliments and finally he said,  
He would make a movie star of her, if she would share his bed.

She rejected his proposals, gently blocked each crude advance,  
But this only fanned his ardour, he would have to wait his chance.  
It befell one drunken evening, when he found her all alone,  
That he grabbed and tried to force her, driven by testosterone.

Good old Crocco, ever watchful, came a-bursting on the scene  
And the villain much deflated slunk away with oaths obscene.  
"We'll fix that bugger", Crocco cried, to Frog, as late that night  
They sat and planned a sweet revenge for Ellie's nasty fright.

### Geriatric Gypsy

They call me geriatric gypsy because my hair is grey  
And every year I hit the road to places far away  
From bright lights of the city and uproar of the push  
To an isolated camp in the quietness of the bush  
I take the missus with me for I always need a cook  
And she can do some driving if I happen to get crock.

I've been into the Bungles and up to Kakadu  
The ranges of MacDonnell and also Uluru.  
I don't do any hiking for I can't stand the groans  
Of my aching muscles and my arthritic bones

My hearing's rather muzzy, my eyesight's growing dimmer  
My teeth are few and far between, my hair is somewhat thinner.  
I can't read a road map do they print them upside down  
For when I need provisions I cannot find a town.

My children say I'm crazy and I should stay at home  
But I love the bush land and I was born to roam.

They say I should act my age and use some common sense  
But I am having lots of fun, spending their inheritance

John Hayes

So when all the camp was silent and the rangers soundly slept,  
They pushed off from the jetty and down river slowly crept.  
And they headed for a muddy creek where lurked a ten foot croc,  
Once there, its namesake looped its snout, from the safety of a rock.

How the ugly creature thrashed and lashed and swung its mighty tail!  
And even gallant Froggie shook and tumbled and turned pale.  
But hot-hearted Crocco on its scaly back did light  
And quickly bagged its ugly head - The croc gave up the fight.

Then they heaved it up into the boat and beaded back for camp,  
Where they hid it in the fuel store that stood beside the ramp.  
And still bedecked with slime and mud and Kummura clay,  
Our heroes fell into their swags and slept 'til break of day.

'Twas the last day on location, cast and crew were winding down,  
Just one more night in bush camp, they'd be heading back to town.  
And since bumptious Otley Davis got up everybody's nose,  
There were lots of willing helpers for what Crocco next proposed.

And they set to work with paper bark and white mosquito netting,  
And every thing was ready by the time the sun was setting.  
A wind-up party'd been arranged beside the Ord that night  
And soon the grog was flowing fast and Otley D. was tight

Then while everybody partied, Croc and Froggie crept away  
And they headed for the boat ramp where the captive monster lay.  
Next they jugged it to their target's tent and put it in his bed  
In a mozzie netting nightdress, with a blonde wig on its head.

Otley D. stood by the campfire getting everybody's goat,  
'Til a well primed gaffer sidled up and handed him a note  
And no sooner had he read it than he quickly left the scene,  
With the smirking satisfaction of an aging libertine

For the note that he'd been handed and which filled him with such glee,  
Simply read: "Your tent, I'm waiting" and was signed, "With Love from E."  
So he dashed off in the darkness, shedding clothing as he went  
To a longed - for consummation in the dimly lighted tent

He saw the figure lying there and then he was a goner  
"At last!" he cried, with drunken bliss and threw himself upon her.  
A brief, expectant silence fell, before the air was rent  
With hideous howls and curses as O.D. burst from the tent.

And a grinning crew was treated to the quite revolting sight  
Of the would-be Casanova fleeing naked, through the night.  
While by the campfire, Frog and Crocko cracked a tin and sipped  
With pleasure at a job well done, and honour satisfied.

# Wanted!

## Newsletter Editor

Work and family commitments are forcing me to resign  
from this position.

A new Editor is urgently required before June.

This is a challenging and rewarding position and, after two  
years of producing the Bully Tin, a new hand at the helm  
would be a refreshing change for members. It is also a  
chance to support the WABP&YS Assoc.

Please contact myself or a committee member with  
expressions of interest.

# A Walk With The Masters

## Tom 'Crosscut' Wilson

1865 - 1925

Born in Kent, England he came to Australia in the 1880's. The lure of gold drew him to the Coolgardie/ Kalgoorlie area of Western Australia in 1895. Many newspapers sprang up at this time but the Kalgoorlie Sun was the leading literary paper in W/A, eagerly encouraging people to submit works of poetry or prose. A former literary editor of the Bulletin, A G Stephens, described the poetry being printed as "the most virile and characteristic poetry in Australia today" both "humorous and tragic" not "from a head to a head but from a heart to a heart". Both the Bulletin and the Kalgoorlie Sun published Wilson's poetry and prose.

Some of his work was topical for the day and others of life on the gold fields. In a review of his poetry in 1911 Stephens wrote "...good humour, good sense, good melody and good moral make his verses readable and memorable..."

At 50 years of age he joined the AIF and saw service in Gallipoli. "How I Won The VC" was published in the Anzac Book but "Hic Jacet" (cover poem) is regarded as one of his best.

Between 1894 and 1921 approx. 160 of his poems were published. While a few are included in Western Australian anthologies most of his poetry is, unfortunately, unknown today. Bob Rummary as attempted to elevate "Crosscut" to his rightful place amongst the famous 'bush bards' of the time by producing "The Boulder Block and other verses", an interesting collection of Wilson's works.

### Simpson's Donkey

You have heard of the way that Simpson died with a spirit unbent and glad-

No sorrowful verse of mine shall mock his soul with a requiem sad: But I'll tell you the tale of the bravest mate that ever a soldier had.

He was only a tiny half-starved moke, about three feet high or so, With a ragged mouse-grey coat bescarred with many a wanton blow, And wonderful big brown eyes that gazed on a world of strife and woe.

His pitiful little shanks were like the stock of a drover's whip, And the hand of a child might span his slender fetlocks in its grip. So small the hooves that climbed the hills with never a fault or slip, Unfettered and free over fields of death he was wont to idly stray,

'Till he and Simpson chanced to meet on a ridge-path grim and grey, And the two big strong undaunted hearts found each its mate that day.

For Simpson laughed as he crossed his back with a man that was sorely hit,

"You're small, old chap, for an ambulance, but I think that you've got the grip."

The donkey wiggled its ears to say, "I'm willing to do my bit!"

The "Man with the Donkey", Private W Simpson, devoted (and lost his life) saving, single-handed, wounded men. Until he met his donkey, Duffy. From then on he was rarely separated from his tiny equine friend, venturing into danger areas shunned by most, rescuing as many as 15 to 16 men in a day. The donkey was so

small it seemed impossible he could carry a full sized man, but he never faltered. When a casualty could hang on they would both carry one. Duffy would wait patiently under fire while Simpson searched for fallen soldiers.

When Simpson was eventually shot through the heart his faithful little friend quietly walked to safety with the burden he carried in trust for his mate.



"'Tis a glorious thing to charge the foe thro' a smother of smoke and flame-

To crave for our children's children's pride a mark on the scroll of fame Or to win the prize that a few may win and live with a Hero's name.

And 'tis fine to work in a steadfast way for a purpose that may be hid While glory veils her glittering wings the faithless mists amid; Unguarded, simply to serve and save—and that's what the donkey did!

Was never burden too great to bear, was never to far the way, No road too rough for the tiny hoots and never too long the day... And the richest prize in the world to him was a wisp of ration hay.

Thro' stony creek and unyielding scrub in thirst and in heat and cold, He picked his way with unerring feet and a spirit serene and bold...

And ever the wounded men gave thanks for the two great hearts of gold! And I think that angels walked beside as they marched in their lowly state;

Day in, day out, where the red earth smote, they carried their precious freight; And the sunshine's glow is in hearts today that else had been desolate.

You have heard of the way that Simpson died; Oh the world is well with him; He needs no psalm of sounding praise, no croon of a requiem hymn.

And where is the eye that would shed a tear his lustrous shield to dim?

But I'd like to know that his trusty pal might stand for a guerdon, too, When the Last Post sounds in the silent night and the weary day is through-

In a land of fields that are always green, and of skies that are always blue. For there must be some place far away where the tired dumb brutes go; Where fragrant hay-stacks scent the morn and placid rivers flow, And vernal grasses fetlock deep and immortal thistles grow.

Oh, the world will mock at my foolish rhymes—the praise of a brute to swell;

He is only a dumb unreasoning thing that fared as his lick befell...

But I'd thank my God upon bended knees had I done a tithes as well!

Tom "Crosscut" Wilson 16/4/1916

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

- 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 Classical Night**  
**Special guest speaker Chris Holyday on Henry Lawson Jean 9450 3111**
- Apr 28-1 May QUT Urban Country Music Festival Written Competition Caboolture Qld 1800 810 400 \*
- Apr 24-28 Charters Tower's Australian Championships 07 4787 3211
- Apr 28 Shorelines Writing For Performance Festival Bunbury <http://www.bunbury.wa.gov.au/> \*
- May 5 **WABP&YS Assoc Monthly Muster Como Bowling Club 7.30pm Jean 9450 3111**
- May 6/7 Moondyne Festival Toodyay Bush Dance Sat Night Poets Breakfast Kim Watts 9574 5009
- May 21 Pleasant Sunday Afternoon Diggers Camp featuring "Dublin Up" Irish Folk Duo  
plus open mike opportunities 9397 0409
- May 26 Closing date Bush Lantern Award for Bush Verse PO Box 4181 Bundaberg Sth 4670
- June 2 **WABP&YS Assoc Monthly Muster Como Bowling Club 7.30pm Jean 9450 3111**
- June 5 Pinjarra Festival Bush Poet's Breakfast. Open mike opportunity. Rod Lee 9397 0409
- June 16-18 Pincher Creek Gathering entries close 15th March 2006 Fax: 1-403-627-5440
- July 7 **WABP&YS Assoc Monthly Muster Como Bowling Club 7.30pm Jean 9450 3111**
- Aug 4 **WABP&YS Assoc Monthly Muster Como Bowling Club 7.30pm Jean 9450 3111**
- Aug 24-29 Wildflower & Bush Poetry Writer & Performance Tour Murchison Keith Cannon 9387 7475

\* Some entry forms and competition details available from Kerry Lee 9397 0409