

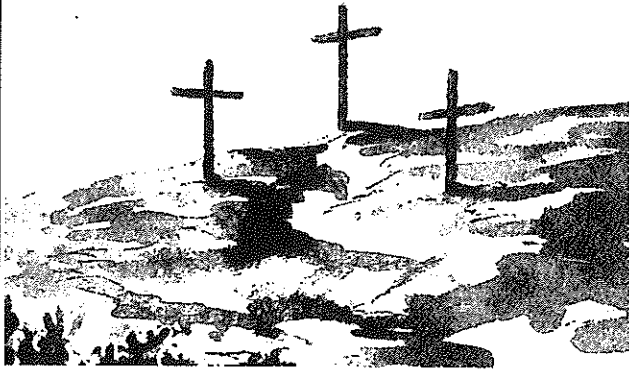
# The Bully Tin



April, 2005

& Yarn Spinners

Monthly Muster at the Como Bowling & Recreation Club cnr Hensman & Sandgate Sts, South Perth  
Next meeting: Friday 1 April, 2005 at 7.00pm for 7.30pm start.



## Easter

The Easter Break has different meanings for us all. Mostly, we enjoy the Holidays and the chance to relax and spend time with friends and family.

For the Christians it is a very significant date when we remember the sacrifice Christ made for us all.

Many people don't realise that most donkeys have a cross on their backs. I was told, in a beautiful story, how this came to be and have turned this story into a poem. It felt appropriate to share it with you at this time.

### The Sign of the Cross

Just the little donkey, long eared with gentle eye?  
Most people simply smile, then they pass me by.  
But if you pause a moment and gaze upon my back  
You'll be amazed to see a cross, etched there, in black.

It is a badge of honour and I carry it with pride  
Awarded long ago, the day the Master died.  
When God sent down His Son, no proud and graceful steed,  
But a humble little donkey was the one to meet His need.

I was there to carry Mary to that stall in Bethlehem;  
Saw the Miracle of Christmas, then hastened off with them  
From the tyranny of Herod into a foreign land.  
I carried them with honour. It was the Lord's command.

Then, early on a Sunday two men led me away  
And smiling told my owner "The Lord needs him today".  
With pride I carried Him along the palm strewn street.  
"Hosanna!" cried the crowd, their cloaks thrown at my feet.

A day of joy and wonder. Oh, how special did I feel!  
I brayed to all about. I made the heavens peal.  
Until that fateful Friday, the day the sky turned black;  
Christ struggled to Golgotha - a cross upon his back.

Into town I hurried. My body shook with fear  
At the angry mob. I heard them scream and jeer.  
Saw your battered body, thorn crown on your head;  
Saw you fall and stumble; saw the way you bled.

I tried to reach you, Master to help you bear your load  
But there was no way through the crowd along the road  
With heavy heart I waited until the evening came.  
Then crept up to the cross, weeping tears of shame.

I should have borne that cross. I could have eased  
your pain.  
I heard you softly whisper, a gentle sweet refrain.  
"God will reward the humble. They shall rise up tall.  
And you who seek to serve, God blesses, most of all."

From behind the cross, as I sadly turned away,  
The setting sun sent forth a final brilliant ray.  
And the shadow of that cross fell upon my back.  
Now I carry it for Jesus, forever, there, in black.

Kerry Lee ©



# Droppings from "The Boss Cocky"



Now that Easter is behind us and winter is looming largely (well eventually), the next major event on the Bush Poetry horizon is the State Championship. Now that Wireless Hill is not a contest, it is felt that there is a need for some form of competition to encourage performers to improve and whether we enjoy competitions or not, it is the only way that participants in any discipline will improve.

The purpose of an annual state open championship, held at a variety of regional and near city venues, is to bring the fun and fellowship of Bush Poetry to as many people as possible and, as a secondary aim, to encourage followers of our hobby (both city and rural) to meet greet and mingle, thus building up the Bush Poetry network.

The Association is in touch with several prominent towns with this aim in view—should any members have views on the subject we would be delighted to listen—as they say in the classifieds—'watch this space'.

For the writers of Australian Rhyming Verse, the discipline deal also applies. The APBA is not only encouraging the states to conduct their own championship event, but want a written competition to be held in conjunction with it.

So there you are! Get writin' or recitin' - it will be exciting'. Don't forget to tell (or bring) your mates to the Monthly Musters at the Como Camp, it's the cheapest live entertainment in Perth—see you there.

RUSTY aka The Boss Cocky

## 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.

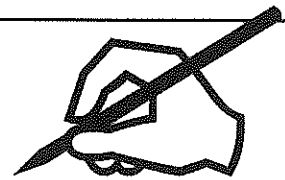
Entry Forms are available by sending a SAE to: The Secretary  
5A Bruning Road  
Manning WA 6152

Closing date : 30th July 2005

### **Performance Competition**

As negotiations are still underway date and venue are yet to finalised.

# Letters to the Editor



**Dear Editor**

It is with great joy I wish to advise that I have returned to WA and, especially, Jurien Bay, where I have been given my old job back at the Doctor's Surgery.

I have been wondering when your book will be out as Irene has told me about it and I would really like to know where we can get a copy.

I am looking forward to getting more involved in doing my writing, etc, and look forward to The Bully Tin every month.

Kind regards

**Dot Smith**

PS. Have you been able to find *The Horse With The Chestnut Mane*

**Hi Dot**

Welcome back to WA.

I too have been wondering when our book will be out. It has been almost ready for months but time constraints have halted progress. I think we may produce a *book before the book* and lower our sights a little.

If the poem is the one I think it is it will be in the book  
Thanks for the letter

**Kerry**



Following that fantastic response from the Members to my request for poems by Dorothea Mackellar I am once again asking for assistance.

Several people have asked me about a poem titled

***An Australian Christmas.***

Can anyone help me locate this poem?

Terry is one of our country club members in Moora. She wrote this beautiful poem several years ago in response to a loss by a friend. It is relevant to those of us who have suffered loss or are involved with those who have suffered loss. It is a poem of hope.



*Allow Me*

Allow me time to shed a tear  
Today, next month, next year.  
Allow me time to have my space  
And sometimes your kind ear.

Please do not tell me "Get in gear,  
Pull up your socks and go."  
And please don't let me hear you say  
"Your pain was long ago."

A butterfly must spend some time  
In silence dark and still  
Before emerging brilliantly...  
Like bulbs to daffodils."

So leave me sitting here awhile  
To ponder things I've lost,  
In my good time my wings I'll spread....  
My winter will defrost.

Perhaps you have not suffered loss  
Nor had no need for cries.  
So please allow me time to weep  
And time to dry my eyes.

Allow me to make sickish jokes,  
To laugh at things obscure.  
Allow my mind in times ahead  
To make a small detour.

Allow me time for blessing counts  
(Just now they're hard to find)  
And let me have my grieving times.  
It's how I will rewind.

I need to SLOWLY wriggle out...  
Don't push me, drag or pull.  
I need to CAREFULLY dry my wings,  
And then...I'm beautiful.

Terry Ackland

# March Monthly Muster



Rod took control of the mike, blasting people to attention and welcoming all the new people. He does have a knack for organising people. He touched on that sensitive area—joke poems—reciting a funny one by Glenn Palmer about a magician and his parrot.

Do any members have an opinion they'd like to share in this regard? Personally, I feel as long as the rhythm and rhyme are correct and the content is fine, does it matter if the poem comes from a joke? A good laugh has to beat political correctness any time!

Rusty regaled us with his travels in America before reciting Bobby Miller's emotive poem *The Wrong Place, the Wrong Time*, about an aboriginal raised in Redfern, Sydney. Then Margaret Taylor shared one of her little gems that many of us could relate to in some fashion, *Off To Work*, with the trials and tribulations of moving house and trying to be organised in a caravan.

After informing us we have now gone 106 days without rain Bob Chambers recited *Anthony Frope*. Thank you Bob for both the information and the poem.

Verla Weston treated us to a few jokes before sharing *Life is a Bed of Roses* with us. David Sears followed with another joke poem *Mixed Emotions*. I would have liked to know the final outcome after the young lady received the card with the wrong present. Is there a sequel?

Trish Joyce is always entertaining and didn't let us down With *In My Defence* followed by more laughs with Syd Hopkins reciting *Football Bladders*.

Rod performed Will Olgilvie's beautiful poem, *Solitude*—a tribute to a carriage horse, and Grace Williams shared another of Val Read's poems, *What Grandad Had To Say*. Then Barry regaled us with a few jokes before giving us a good laugh with a few of Syd's poems *The Insects V The Eagles* and *Animal Cunning*.

I did K Knuffe's *The Sydney Jillaroo* before Rusty took us into the break.

Verla opened after the break with her insightful poem, *Mother and Son*, on how helpless we are at times to help our kids when they grow up.

It was great to see Sylvia back in one piece and able to take the mike this time. I was interested to hear how she was encouraged at school to learn poems from the Australian Masters, earning a badge for her efforts. It would appear the format has not changed a lot over the years with some schools very focussed on the Australian Heritage through verse and others giving it little attention. Sylvia then recited Banjo Patterson's *Great Grey Land*. Thank you Sylvia.

Syd was the man of the moment when Rosa dedicated a poem to him, accompanied by lots of blown kisses, for his 80th Birthday. Well done Rosa!

We were then treated to a first timer, Taffy, who is doing Bachelor of Arts at Edith Cowan. It appeared his love of animals is mostly related to their taste as he gave us a selection of his very clever, well constructed poems—*Ute, No More Pooping, No More Mooing, Traveller* and *Telecom*. They were short and sharp and well worth hearing. Hope to see you back, Taffy.

Trish took the mike again with *Literally Speaking* followed by Rod with Colleen McLaughlin's *Redundant*.

Syd tickled our ribs again with *The Bush Poet*—a reply when asked to cancel rhyming words (heaven forbid!). Then he and Barry performed a duet, followed closely by David Sears with *Ouch!*, a tale of a painful experience when an unsuspecting bloke mistook the mop bucket for the loo and caught his tackle in it! Then that tasteful classic (???) *Macarthur's Fart*.

We were running well for time so I performed *Second Time Round* and B Kearne's *Peddling Pete*. Rod gave us a good laugh with the late Bobby Miller's *Bingo* before Rusty closed off the night with *The Legend of Mother McQ* by Keith Lethbridge.

Kerry

# Shhhhh!

I heard a whisper that a certain member of our club is actually an unsung, bashful hero! Many years ago this *member* rescued a child from a bear at the Perth Zoo. I was extremely impressed by this show of courage but my source requested I keep the Hero's and his name secret.

Because I am such a trustworthy soul I won't mention our Hero's name, except to say he had a birthday poem read to him last Muster.

I hope that is alright with you, David F?  
Anyone else got some hot news they don't want printed?

# Way out back of Perth!

Why was I sitting in the car out the front of our house, late one evening, sobbing over a large paper bag crumbled and crushed on the road? Littering is a disgusting habit and it is always upsetting to see people's garbage strewn around our streets, but, should it be cause for this much distress? Well, it is if you believe the bag to be the recently deceased body of a beloved moggy. In my defence I wasn't wearing my glasses and I was not the only occupant in the car who thought it was a squashed moggy.



We never need to seek out a resident rat catcher. One always seems to appear when a vacancy occurs. At times we have had up to three on the payroll. When Meggsie arrived late one evening we were down to one dainty little tabby, Gremlins, who is a total failure as a rodent exterminator. On the rare times she does manage to catch a mouse she triumphantly brings it inside the house, drops it to tell us how clever she is and off the mouse scurries. Unperturbed Gremmies then fronts her dinner bowl demanding food. There is something she has failed to grasp in the expected sequence of events here.

Meggsie, on the other hand, is an accomplished hunter, as well as being a big sook and an extremely handsome fellow with a fluffy ginger coat. He strolled in one night, checked the place out, decided we were highly trainable and settled in for a lifetime. Unfortunately there is one rule we enforce and to which he had to comply—sterilisation! And that is when I had one of those *you-are-getting-old* slap in the face moments. The vet was horrified to think we would call him *Meggsie*. "That's a girl's name!" I tried to explain about Ginger Meggs and about the red-hair thing but she just didn't get it and left the space for his first name on his card blank—in case I wanted to change my mind. Well, I didn't. Fortunately the receptionist, being of an older genre, understood and his yearly vaccination reminder comes correctly address to *Mr Meggsie Lee*.

So please, if you ever feel inclined to discard your rubbish spare a thought, not only for the environment but also for the over-emotional short-sighted geriatric living in down-town Oakford.

Kerry

## Great Folk Are We!

We're Aussie Community of our land wide,  
Such great folk from Moora are we.  
We're farmers and shopkeepers, crafters and mums,  
Kids, carers, more workers... and ME!

In darkness and danger we've waded and weeped  
As our river has swallowed our town.  
Though books and our photos and treasures are gone,  
Our spirits and souls did not drown.

Our gardens, farm fences, our sheep, chooks and pets,  
And house spiders, snakes, rats and mice,  
And furniture, furnishings, floorings ...all gone.  
Our river, with tears, she washed thrice.

Our flames they have flickered when struggling with grief.  
We've cried, and we've cursed, laughed and tried.  
God bless everyone who has given us strength...  
We're butterflies taking to flight.

We're Aussie Community of our land wide,  
Such great folk from Moora are we.  
We're farmers and shopkeepers, crafters and mums,  
Kids, carers, more workers...and ME!



# A Walk With The Modern Masters

Don Lloyd  
Pillar Valley  
NSW

Don is living proof that an academic background is not a basic requirement to be a successful bush poet. What is required, however, is to have a poet's heart, for the pen of a poet is lifeless without a poet's heart to guide it. With a big heart that can equally relate to the innocence of a small child and the despair of one who has spent all their tomorrows yesterday, Don is well qualified. Another requirement is a sense of humour and although Don's humour is a little weird at times, he is again well qualified.

**Bill Kearns**

Don is one of the most entertaining writers and performers of Bush Poetry of these modern times. All those who have been privileged to see this performer live will testify to this.

His casual style is fairdinkum bush Aussie and he is well known for his humorous repertoire. His poems are written from the heart and from real life experience.

**Sam Smyth**

Don is self educated man living in the small community of Pillar Valley near Grafton, NSW. He has produced several books and CDs which will not disappoint. If you would like to purchase some of his product please contact me. **Kerry**

## BRINGING FLOWERS

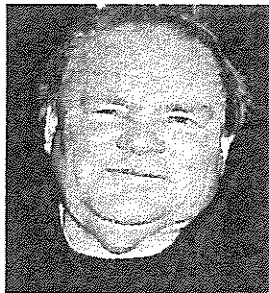
*Well Mum, I'm finally here at last to have our little talk,  
I even brought you some flowers as I came for this walk.  
Yes, I know it's been a long time and I have things to say,  
I should have said them long ago. I'll try again today.*

*I'm sorry for the abuse, I remember it with dread,  
The words I used to hurt you, they still echo in my head.  
You gave up your all for me getting nothing in return,  
While I went on my willful way, life's lessons still to learn.*

*You always said it's the little things that will bring you joy,  
Back then you were all my world and I was your little boy.  
Your patience showed you loved me as you gave me your hours,  
And all you ever wanted was that I bring you flowers.*

*But no flowers were ever given, just a cutting tongue,  
And from the one you loved so much, my God, that must have stung.  
Well, the past is gone, I can only change the way I live,  
I need to know, do you love me yet and can you still forgive.*

*It's taken time to face my shame and come to visit you,  
Although you've got a pretty spot, I guess you're lonely too.  
Mum, I must be on my way, it seems I've been here for hours,  
Before I go, look on the grave, see Mum, I've left your flowers.*



## Once I Could

*Once I could walk on water but a stranger passed me by.  
Said "It's not natural to do that. You shouldn't even try."  
For a while I stood in thought then I slowly came ashore,  
Thinking him a wiser man-I don't do that any more.*

*Once I had eyes so clear that I could see things far away,  
Like angels flying to Heaven and dragons at their play.  
Then, foolishly I told someone. They said "Such things aren't wise."  
So, to be like all the rest I let them take my eyes.*

*Once I had ears so keen I could hear a butterfly's wings,  
The sound of dew on grass and the song a rainbow sings.  
But they said "If word gets out it will confirm our fears  
That you are not quite like us." So I let them take my ears.*

*Once I could sing all day long. I did it just from joy,  
Always when I was alone and no-one was there to annoy.  
But by chance I was overheard and then I had no choice.  
They said "Such happiness isn't good". So I gave up my voice.*

*I once wrote in a simple way the things I thought and heard,  
Of fairy gold and pirates bold—sometimes made up a word.  
Again the people disapproved, but it was easy then  
For I knew how to fit right in, so I gave up my pen.*

*I once was happy all day long for then my thoughts had wings.  
Then someone said "Stop thinking. Your thoughts are foolish things."  
Now I spend my days in boredom, like all other sheep.  
No-one wants my misery as I sit alone and weep.*

## Bad Memory

*Now, Tom and Joe shared a house but Joe's memory was dim.  
Tom was Joe's best friend and remembered things for him.  
Joe stood at the bottom of the stairs, his face it wore a frown.  
He said "Tom can you help me, was I going up or going down?"  
Tom said "Mate, you were going up. You were going to have a scrub."  
"Well" said Joe. "That explains the towel—I'm going to have a tub."*

*But barely had he gone up stairs when he raised such a din  
"Tom" he yelled. "I'm at the tub. Was I getting out or getting in?"  
"Getting in" said Tom with patience. "And wash behind your ears."  
Sadly he said "I'm glad I'm not like Joe. I fear he's going queer."  
Tom then knocked on wood as superstition made a quick attack.  
Then jumped up saying "Now, was that the front door or the back?"*

# Junior Poetry Section

## Mt Pleasant Primary School



### The Stupid Pig

A little pig went into town  
 And ate a mouse and then a clown.  
 The pig rolled down into a car,  
 Then was knocked into a bar.  
 He drank the plugg and then more beer  
 Then he left with a female deer

Tysen, Jared, Murray & Andrew



Lizzie had a little pig  
 It's skin was pink and brown  
 Everywhere that piggy went  
 People were sure to frown  
 One day piggy was not to be found  
 And Lizzie wondered why  
 She saw more bacon in the butchers  
 And she began to cry.



Names:  
 Lauren  
 Lizzie, Jess

Meg + Asibiah

### The Colourful Elephant

I once had an elephant that was awfully pink.  
 I used to bath him in the sink.  
 One time he turned a shimmery blue.  
 I'd had enough, he was off to the zoo.

Jaccie, Allysha, Nicole, Claire  
 Elise, Alice & Amy

### Sam the Lonely Penguin

There once was a penguin called Sam  
 Who lived in a big ice dam.  
 He ate lots of fish  
 And then made a wish  
 The have a friend call Cam.

He knew he was very lonely  
 But then found Cam the pony.  
 A few days later Cam died  
 Because of all the times he lied.

Again Sam was very lonely  
 As he dug a hole for the pony

Kalee, Sammy, Eryn, Steph, Natalie, Sarah

This is a selection of work from  
 Year 6 & Year 7.

After a quick introduction to the use of rhythm and rhyme  
 they had 20 minutes to write and then present their poems.

I think their grasp of the basic concepts and imagination shown is highly  
 commendable.

I will share more of their work with you next issue.

Poems by  
 Emilie,  
 Emma, Lauren  
 & Jessica

I had a little dog  
 Its name was Fred  
 It ate my homework  
 And now its dead!



I bought a fat cat.  
 I hit it with a bat  
 My Mum found out  
 And now its flat.



I had a little fish  
 It couldn't swim.  
 I put him in a dish  
 And then ate him.



### 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

### Events Calendar

- Mar 5** Closing date **Ipswich Poetry Feast** \$2,600 Written Competition 07 3810 6761
- Mar 10** Closing date **Henry Kendall Poetry Award** SSAE Central Coast Poets Box 276 Gosford NSW 2250
- Mar 10** Closing date **Grenfell NSW Short Story & Written Verse Comp** SSAE PO Box 77 Grenfell 2810
- Mar 17** Narrandera NSW **John O'Brien Festival & Competition** 1800 672 39
- Mar 31** **Bronze Swagman Written Verse** closing date PO Box 120 Winton QL 4735
- Apr 1** WABP&YS Assoc Monthly Muster Como Bowling Club 7.30pm Rusty 9364 4491
- Apr** **Bewdys & the Bards Tour** featuring Pat Drummond, Karen Lyn, Rod & Kerry Lee & Peter Blyth
- Apr 1** **Diggers Camp**—Peter Capp, Dave Lee, Leigh Mathews & dancing after the show.
- Apr 2** **Diggers Camp**—Pat Drummond, Karen-Lynne, Peter Blyth, Rod & Kerry
- Apr 5-6-7** **Diggers Camp—Daytime Seniors Concerts** with Lunch &/or Afternoon Tea
- Apr 8** **Bewdy & the Bards Concert**—Albany Town Hall
- Apr 10** **Bewdy & the Bards Concert**—Marybrook Winery, Margaret River 08 9397 0409
- Apr 1** **Waltzing Matilda Tour**—Classic Holidays 08 9316 2277
- Apr 1** Closing date **Katherine Country Music Muster Written Comp** SSAE KCMM Stockman Award PO Box 8211 Bargara Qld 4670
- Apr 2** **Dunedoo Great Dunny Classic** 02 6375 1975
- Apr 5** **Corryong Man From Snowy River Festival**
- Apr 26-28** **Charters Towers 2005 National ABPA Championships**  
SSAE PO Box 38 Charters Towers Q 4820
- May 6** WABP&YS Assoc Monthly Muster Como Bowling Club 7.30pm Rusty 9364 4491
- May 26-29** **Casino Beef Week** 02 6644 8285
- May 27** **Bush Lantern Award for written verse** closing date PO Box 4281 Sth Bundaberg QL 4670
- June 3** WABP&YS Assoc Monthly Muster Como Bowling Club Rusty 9364 4491
- 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 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)
- Sept 2** WABP&YS Assoc Monthly Muster Como Bowling Club 7.30pm Rusty 9364 4491
- Sept 10-18** **Winton Bush Poetry Muster** 07 4657 1296

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