

# WA Bush Poets & Yarn Spinners

\$2.50



Newsletter : November 2003



**Ideas required:  
We'd like to change the CAY name**

**"Come All Ye" at Como Bowling & Recreation Club  
Cnr of Hensman and Sandgate Sts. South Perth  
Next Meeting Friday 7/11/2003 at 7.30pm**

## The Boss Cocky's Bully Tin



When I realised that last weekend was the last of October '03, a voice from somewhere said quietly "It is exactly one year, twelve months, fifty two weeks, three hundred and sixty five days" – it didn't go into hours or minutes or seconds- "to the final show at the Regal Theatre, of the National Bush Poetry Championships."

The voice was correct. Just thought I'd pass the message on to you all out there in Bush Poetry Country. At the risk of repetition I will convey another message to all members and their friends: to keep your eyes on the road, your shoulder to the wheel and your nose to the grindstone – it won't get you anywhere and it's damn uncomfortable. {kidding}

I do know that when the pace quickens next year, the organiser(s) will get full and unreserved support from our members and friends. I keep referring to members as friends for the very reason that the point has been made at the last few musters at the Como Camp that the more folk you bring along and expose (if that is the word) to our rapidly expanding and entertaining art form the more supporters we will have to spread the word and share the load in '04.

Preliminary planning has been underway and will continue up to and beyond Australia Day '04. I see that day as the official launch of the championship year's activities, leading up to the last weekend in October, which, as the little voice quietly said "it's only three hundred and fifty five days to go" and the clock is winding down.

## The Boss Cocky

Dear Readers,

It's good to be back home.



This month I shall be bringing you the new A3 format newsletter. It has been challenging setting up the new machine with her new templates. "She" - I called her Natasha – (after one of our few glamorous female politicians, before she ended up hounded out of office). The reason for this naming is that "she" is indeed a really expensive beauty but like all politicians her LCD panel was very cagey and hard to interpret and unless I spoke the same language to induce her to do my bidding she wouldn't budge. I think we have an understanding now. If she doesn't compute, I just turn her off at the power point.

Thank you to all the contributors to this issue. Some people even took the trouble to email me work while I was overseas. This gave me plenty of time to sort things out in my head before I even got back. Please continue sending me poems and interesting snippets or events news in this way – nice and early in the month. I need works for next issue; I only have one poem so far. The Melbourne Cup may be a source of new inspiration along with Spring in general. Or how about our latest Presidential visit from George W.? has that stirred up anyone enough to write a poem??

With your poems please send a head and shoulders photo of yourself if I haven't received poetry from you before. I keep them on the computer for future poems.

Written Poetry for Keith Lethbridge and our **Wireless Hill Championships** is also due in by the end of November.

Please remember that entries are to be sent in to me – with your name **separate** from the poem as I will number all the entries and package them up together for him to judge anonymously. Remember the entry fee of \$5 per poem as well. Maximum 5 poems per person.

See you next CAY (with any of your ideas about a new name for this 'muster', 'gathering', 'get together', 'poets collective', 'shindig'...).

Cheers,

Michelle

## October Come All Ye

The monthly "musters" are never predictable. This one proved to be rather special. For starters we managed to have the evening rolling along for over half an hour without a single poem being performed! Now, that is different.

**Rusty Christensen** had tomato plants to give away and gave us a rundown on the Royal Show. All performers at the show needed a sense of humour to cope with diminishing "crowds", loud speakers and bag pipes. At times it was hard work but I think everyone enjoyed performing and being there. Bush poetry is great but there is a lot to compete with at the Royal. Rusty gave us a poem about mateship "Good On You Mate" written by a friend of Arthur's. And the man himself - **Arthur Leggett**-did a brilliant delivery of Rudyard Kipling's "Gungadin".

**Syd Hopkinson** gave us a few rib-ticklers revolving around dunnies and perfume - a good combination and "Testing the Water". It can be a challenge trying to anticipate where Syd is leading us. Love his sense of humour!

**Rod Lee** changed the pace with a beautiful nostalgic poem by Henry Lawson "Cherry Tree Hill". Later in the evening he achieved a complete mood swing by reciting Bobby Miller's very funny "Raymond".

Rusty brought two guests along - **Doug Shepherd and Graham Thorey**.

**Doug** has written a book on "words" and co-edited several other books. He gave us a short talk on his book and his experiences with iron ore exploration and Len Hancock. I found this very interesting.

**Graham** treated us to an entertaining yarn based around the Pilbara and a "Jack Turner". As Graham had lived and worked in this area and been involved with the special characters the outback creates the authenticity of his story telling and his sardonic laid back humour blended into a very humorous and fascinating yarn.

Then, to keep the yarns rolling, Lorelie Tacoma, fresh back from her travels, gave us a fascinating and funny insight into weddings in Amsterdam. They certainly know how to turn a wedding into a huge occasion! Well done Lorelie for keeping up with all the celebrations. I was exhausted listening to it all.

**Erica Lumsden** took the stage twice entertaining us with a variety of poems. And **Trish Joyce** recited a funny poem about answering nature's call. Great to have a few women up in front of the mike.

I tried out a new one from my now most favourite poet, Will Ogilvie, "The Riding of the Rebel" and then made everyone miserable with Barcroft Boake's "Jim's Whip". Another well-attended, successful evening.

**Kerry Lee**



"Hi Lorelie,  
Can I bring you over  
some Aussie tomatoes  
from the Show ? ...  
and perhaps some  
Aussie poetry?"

"Thanks Rusty,  
I've been so busy  
with the wedding  
I haven't had  
time to cook."

## The Quandong Café

While travelling to Arkaroola one day  
I happened to stop at the Quandong café  
In the shade of the lean-to Kenny sat there  
When he said "G'Day mate" then I pulled up a chair

With a battered guitar that was perched on his knees  
He offered to play one of his melodies  
And the lyrics he voiced reflected the pride  
Of the great love he has for his countrywide

Then he listened as I spun a ballad or two  
Which clearly confirmed what both of us knew.  
No matter where else in this world you may roam  
There's no other place like Australia our home.

Then his brow for a moment became overcast  
As his mind wandered down the tracks of the past.  
Though the pools of his eyes were a mystery to me  
The lines of his face displayed his life's history.

He told me of how from the path he did stray  
By drinking and gambling his young life away  
On the road to destruction we all know too well  
As blindly we drive to our own private hell.

Then he found salvation or salvation found him  
Now he sings with a voice that has wisdom within  
Every note that is struck from the heart will record  
In a voice that is joyfully praising the Lord.

He abstains now from drinking for he's knows it's fear  
To be looking for courage in whisky or beer  
No more does he gamble for he knows that it's greed  
To want more than your share, take more than you need.

He said I must listen for when the sky speaks  
Then the lightning will surely riven the peaks  
And the four winds will wail while the stars and the sun  
Will fall from the heavens for thy kingdom come.

Kenny Mackenzie says both black men and white  
Know that truth lies within you can't hide in the light  
For in darkness he walked for many long years.  
Now peace he has found and conquered his fears

It came time to depart from the Quandong café  
And the small town of Copley on the northern byway  
Where we paused for a moment on life's rocky road  
Just sharing our thought thereby halving our load.

No more penance does he for joy he has found  
By singing the Gospel and spreading it round  
So if you are weary and your journey is long  
Spend a moment with Kenny and join in his song.

©John Hayes



John in his Sheep Shearing  
clobber at Wireless Hill last  
year.

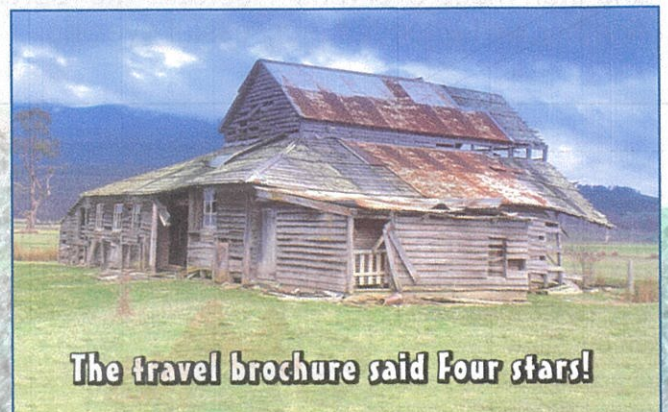
Great poem - great gear  
A winning combination!

Anne and John sent me this little postcard  
from their travels. I'm glad they had the  
camper!

Kenny, the subject of this poem is a real  
character they met in a cafe in Copley (North  
of Flinders Ranges nearly into the Gammon  
Ranges) in South Australian on the last leg of  
their 6-month journey around Australia.

Isn't it wonderful how inspirational travel  
can be and what interesting people you meet!

Michelle



**The travel brochure said Four stars!**

## Anne and John Hayes' Travels

*You may remember that Anne and John had to stop their travels and return to Perth as John's brother passed away suddenly mid year. Well they retrieved their caravan from Toowoomba and after replacing the provisions and a couple of tyres they carried on several months later – the excerpt below is the continuation of their adventures - the adventures which inspired the poem on the previous page.*  
Ed

...On to Stanthorpe and the Girraween NP. There was a lot more hiking to be done but I found the going a lot harder because I had caught the flu when we had been in Perth and I now had a bout of asthma which had been aggravated by the my heart medication. Nevertheless we did a lot of walking and the peace and quiet was a blessing. Across the border into New South Wales and Tenterfield. We had a couple of days hiking Bald Rock and Boonoo Boonoo.

On to Glen Innes but we did not want to stay in the town so went up to a mountain retreat and it was BLOODY FREEZING. At Minus 18 it would have killed a brass monkey. We had a bucket of water inside the van –it froze. The curtains were frozen to the windows and the bananas under the bed froze and were still frozen at lunchtime. We bolted for the hot spring at Mooree.

It was crowded with tourist and we did not like that. Camped out in the forest for a couple of nights before heading on to Mt Kapatur National Park. We stayed at a farm van park at the foot of the mountain and journeyed the five k's into the park each day to do our hiking .At this little known secluded place was some of the most beautiful walks and the snow gums were the best I have ever seen.

From here it was on to the Warren Bungles out from Narrabri and this was the hardest walk we did on all our tour. It was a 17 k hike to the Grand High Tops, returning the Spirey Creek trail. We were only less than a kilometre from the end of our walk and I was dragging my feet a bit and tripped and fell. Although I did not hurt myself I had hit the video camera on a rock and it was now kaput. We continued our hiking (minus video camera, but no worries Anne has the Pentax and she has taken more than a thousand photos of our journey)

On to Gulgong not far from the original Black Stump, on through Mudgee and Poets Corner studying the history and geography. On to Lithgow and into mountain country. We caught the train to Lawson to visit an old friend before making our way to Grenfell (Henry Lawson's birthplace) more history lessons then on to the Wedden Mountains and bushranger country. Forbes was our next stop where I did a recital and we recorded some of our life story and poetry for the Canberra archives of Australian Folklore. On to Dubbo after passing through Parkes and stopping at the big dish to learn about the stars. Fantastic free roaming zoo at Dubbo where we wandered around for a day talking to the animals It was then further west to Broken Hill where there is a lot of history of mining and many interesting characters.

Our time was running short, as we had to be home by October 5<sup>th</sup>, so we headed into the Flinders Ranges where we did five days exploring, we then packed our tent and headed of to the Gammon Ranges and Arkaroola. From Arkaroola we returned on the back roads to Chambers Gorge and after two days camping back through Parachilna and Blinman to Hawker. It took us another week to reach Esperance where we stayed three days before heading to Merredin to see the eldest daughter Kerry and her family on our way to Perth. We were just in time to see the wonderful crops that are throughout the wheat belt after two very bad years. Home base 19058 kilometres.

Anne and John Hayes

### Edith Fisher Memorial Award Short Story and Poetry Competition

Hosted by Yanchep Sun City Writers  
Group W.A.  
Meetings every Wednesdays 1:30pm  
At the Community centre 7 Lagoon  
Drive Yanchep 6035  
Ph: 9561 2039

#### Short Story and Poetry Competition

1<sup>st</sup> Prize - \$200

2<sup>nd</sup> Prize - \$100

3<sup>rd</sup> Prize - \$ 50

#### Format and Entry Details

– [www.2Cities.com.au](http://www.2Cities.com.au)

– or Comm Centre 7

Lagoon Drive, Yanchep W.A. 6035

### WA Bush Poets – Wireless Hill Written Competition 2003

Don't forget our own written competition either. Remember to get these entries into the Editor who will package them up and send them on to Keith Lethbridge.

As they say you have to be in it to win it. See results of the national written competition for this year in the coming pages. This could be you next year if you enter now.

## On Finding Phil

I finally managed to track down my partner in crime, Phil (Rottnest Monster) Strutt. He is currently working at Canal Rocks Resort, Yallingup, as the after hours caretaker. (See photo - he's the one in blue). Since he's been there, he has painted about a dozen landscapes and written about 50 poems, so expect a deluge of 'down south' poetry for the heats this year.

Any members happening to camp at Smith's Beach should look Phil up and perhaps swap a yarn or two with him.

### **Peter Nettleton**



## ABPA WRITTEN POETRY CHAMPIONSHIPS 2003

### MERV WEBSTER TAKES OUT ABPA CHAMPIONSHIPS

#### WRITTEN BUSH POETRY COMPETITION

The Australian Bush Poets Association Inc. is proud to announce the winner of the 2003 written bush poetry championships is Merv Webster, 'The Goondiwindi Grey', of Bargara Queensland.

The written competition was omitted from the Australian Championships this year and, until ABPA President Frank Daniel decided to do something about it, was almost a non-event. Support from executive members and a number of leading writers approached, brought the written section back to life.

Inaugural ABPA member, Carmel Randle of Preston Q. was appointed judge and came up with the following results.

**First.** 'The Passing of Stumpy Shore', Merv Webster

**Runner-up.** 'The Day Dad Dug the Bore', Leanne Jeacocke of Thangool Qld.

#### **Very Highly Commended:**

'Jump on Twenty Three' by Veronica Weal of Mt. Isa Q and 'The Toll' by Ellis Campbell of Dubbo NSW.

#### **Highly Commended:**

(no specific order)

'Five Days a Week' by Ken Dean, Marrangaroo NSW      'Give Us This Day Our Daily Bread', Doug Hutcheson

'Pioneer Woman' by Ann Griffiths, Penrith NSW.

'It's a Dogs Life' Janine Haig Eulo Q.

'Counting on Daylight', by Graham Fredriksen, Kilcoy Q.

'Final Journey' Ellis Campbell.

'Bill Drummond', Doug Hutcheson, Logan Central Q.

'The Shearing Shed Speaks' Brian Bell, Glenbrook NSW.

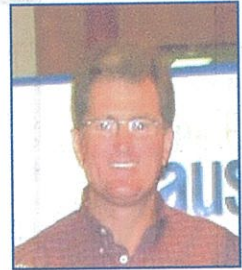
## 2004 National Championships Update

Momentum and interest is growing for the 2004 National Championships in Perth.

- Eastern states poets have already started booking chalets and caravan space in the Wattle Grove Camp.
- The Regal Theatre has been secured as main venue for the shows.
- Rod and Kerry are putting finishing touches to their "Great Poetry Shed".
- Eastern States poets have put their hands up to perform and to help in the judging.
- Our membership is increasing monthly. (Please keep encouraging your friends to join up.)

### "Boss Fat Pig."

I'm gunna train me thinkin' muscle; reckon it'll work.  
 And throw away me shovel, cos I'm sick a diggin' dirt.  
 I'll learn it proper, how to squeeze, the grey stuff in me brain.  
 I'll be like an office bloke, and never work again,  
 I'll 'ave a lot a cuppa teas, 'n sit 'n read the paper.  
 It's took me nearly fifty years, to crack this little caper.  
 I'll have to get blood flowing to the muscles in me head.  
 So I'll hang meself up like a carcass, dangling in the shed.



I'll whack me head into the vice, to show I handle pressure.  
 Then squeeze a bit more every day, until I'm made to measure.  
 I'm gunna wanna getta lotta that Omega threee.  
 You get it out of fishes, and I want a bit for me.  
 Well, anyone who's fishin', 'stead of workin' must be smarter.  
 And anyway, I like a bit of Snapper with tomata.  
 I've already got a thinkin' cap; bright red with ABC.  
 Me head is like a monkey's bum. It glows on top of me.

For me to get the boss's job, me brains will be a factor.  
 Although I don't write reading fast, I'm quick on the compactor.  
 I reckon now I've earned the right, to climb out of me hole.  
 And prove a point to everyone. I wanna get a goal.  
 I dig it, shovel, crowbar it, and like me nose, I pick it.  
 Finally, me mind's made up, to tell 'em where to stick it.  
 I'm gunna train to get me I Q up, to double digits,  
 So I can arks 'em clever things, and watch THEM get the fidge



If I drink the boss's whisky, it'll kill me weak brain cells,  
 Me strong ones will be smarter, and me mind as clear as bells.  
 Me eyes may look like road maps, and they'll be a trifle red,  
 But I'll show 'em there's not only, fertiliser in me head.  
 I won't have to knuckle walk, me back will straighten out.  
 Me jaw is all I'll need to use, to rant and rave and shout.  
 When I bees the boss, I'll tell 'em how much holes to dig.  
 Me title will command respect. They'll call me "Boss Fat Pig."

Wayne has been really prolific in his writing, lately. He sent some of his poems overseas to my roaming email. This brought a little bit of the Aussie sense of humour to far-flung places. Some of these places certainly could use a bit of humour.

Wayne recorded this poem on the ABC a few weeks ago.

Ed.

© Wayne Pantall 16/10/03

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### Doctor Please Doctor

"Doctor Please doctor come take a look quick  
 The child isn't thriving, I'm sure he is sick  
 He should be much taller, he looks much too thin  
 Please make an appointment; I'll bring the boy in."

"How's he eating and drinking, does he sleep well in bed."  
 "He eats all we give him and he's being breast fed."  
 After checking the baby he said with a sigh  
 "The child is not thriving, I cannot think why."

"I'll check out the milk and see what is there."  
 He felt all around and gave her a glare  
 "There's no milk in there and none in the other"  
 "Well there won't be she giggled, cause I'm the grandmother."  
**BUT I'M GLAD I CAME**



© By Thelma Claydon 4/8/2003



Thelma is one of our new members. She lives at Walkaway, in a beautiful country spot where she says she can see the sea from her kitchen window. The sea is 14 kilometres away.

Thelma has just finished a poetry performance for the "locals" (near Geraldton) and is, this minute, compiling her funny poems, into a book. She says her printer is working overtime and had to buy a second one as backup. Great work Thelma, keep these poems rolling off the presses

Ed.

The Members of the Editorial Sub-Committee  
Would like to thank all those,  
who contributed to this Edition of The Newsletter.

Without their support and enthusiasm,  
a Newsletter like this would not be possible.

Many Thanks

The Editor

## WA Bush Poets and Yarn Spinners Association Inc

### Coming Events

| Date                                   | Event   | Co-ordinator                      |
|--|---|-----------------------------------|
| Friday<br>14 <sup>th</sup> Nov<br>2003 | Monster Camp Fire Concert<br><br>160 Blair Rd, OAKFORD                    | Rod and Kerry Lee – Ph: 9397 0409 |
| Saturday<br>15 <sup>th</sup> Nov 2003  | Main Stage Concert<br><br>As Above  | As above                          |
| Sunday<br>16 <sup>th</sup> Nov<br>2003 | Poets Breakfast<br><br>As Above   | As above                          |
| Monday<br>24th Nov<br>2003             | Kimberley My Son<br>A Public Reading<br>Nexus Theatre Murdoch Uni. 7:30pm | Peter Nettleton: Ph: 9417 8663    |



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