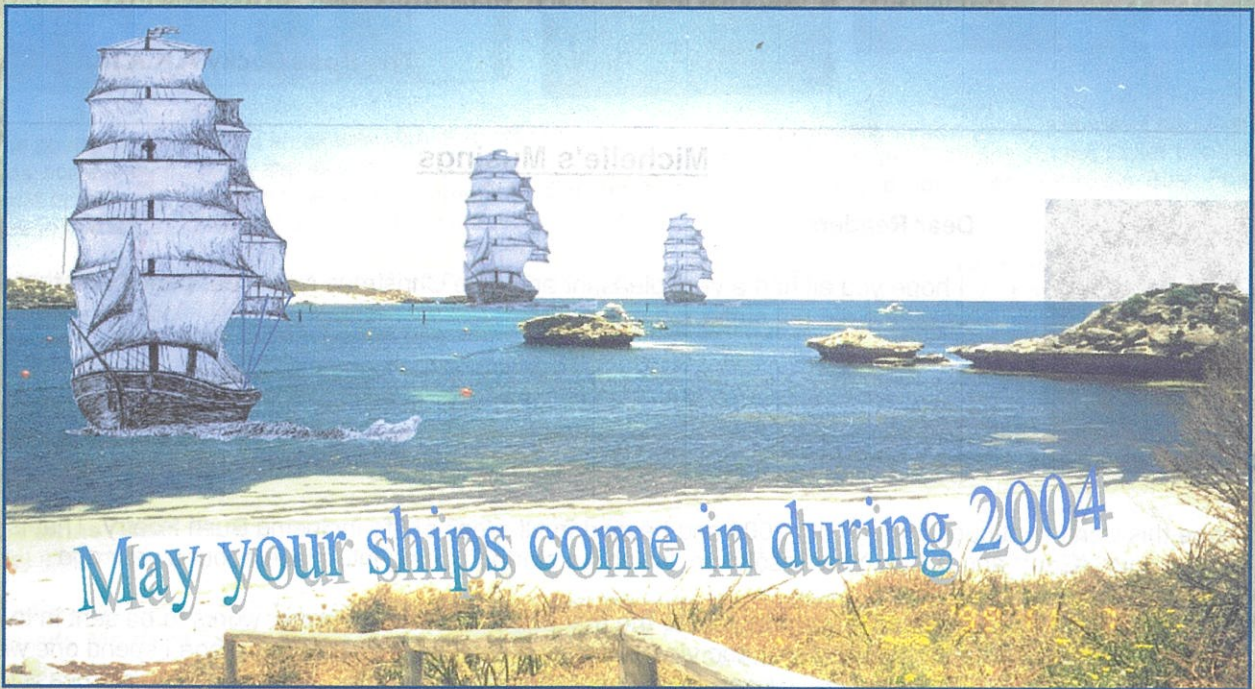


WA Bush Poets & Yarn Spinners



Newsletter : January 2004



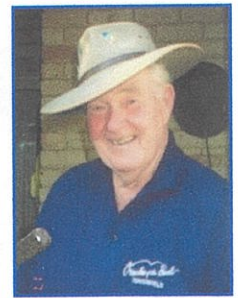
An Arthur and Michelle
joint art production

**"Come All Ye" at Como Bowling & Recreation Club
Cnr of Hensman and Sandgate Sts. South Perth
Next Meeting Friday 2/1/2004 at 7.30pm**

The Boss Cocky Bully Tin

With Xmas rapidly becoming an expensive memory and the New Year dawning we can look forward eagerly to an interesting - to say the least - year of Bush Poetry.

As with most pursuits in life, one can say as little or as much as one may choose: 2004 promises to be a smorgasbord for the devotees and supporters of our art form. Beginning with the 'muster' at Como Camp on January 2, a Bush Poetry Showcase at Wireless Hill on January 26 at the usual time of 1:30 plus an open mic. at 9:00 am with a very reasonably priced breaky supplied by Rotary again



Late February sees the stalwarts at Boyup Brook Country Music festival where Bush Poetry is gradually gaining a foothold, thanks to the untiring efforts over some ten years by the true believer, Brian Gale, the Margaret River Maestro. This year Brian will have the assistance of our man on the spot 'the late' Ron Evans. I have been down there for the last two years and have enjoyed both occasions.

The monthly meeting at Como Camp will see us through to May when the Association will conduct the inaugural official State Championships at a venue yet to be decided. The primary objective will be to have a competition open to all comers from anywhere in the State who can come to the city for a weekend of fellowship, fun, frolics and even poetry where we can meet, mix and mingle with writers and performers from all over.

The State Championships will be a State preliminary for the main event in late October. At the end of a week that we are hoping to be officially dubbed 'Bush Poetry Week'. A Written Competition is proposed with a substantial cash prize which will conclude at the same time, plus, I anticipate, many Bush Poetry events in and around the Swan coastal plains as well as regional areas throughout the State, with an influx of Bush Poetry adherents from t'other side.

With all the above happening, as well as the interesting side shows on the horizon, with your support, 2004 promises to be one heck of a year for Australian Rhyming Verse in 'the real West' so as the man said 'Make yourself comfortable, do up your seatbelts and hang on' It should be a great ride.

The Boss Cocky A.K.A Rusty C.

Michelle's Musings



Dear Readers,

I hope you all had a very pleasant and safe Christmas New Year period and that the waistline did not suffer too much.

My main reflection over this period is that more people around me are trying to make a conscious effort to de-stress this 'end of year festivities' time by spacing out social events, cooking simpler and healthier meals, sharing the tasks at hand more evenly and generally taking things more easily whilst planning more thoughtfully.

I hope this trend continues through out 2004 and beyond in all areas of life including Bush Poetry. That is certainly our (Geoff and I) New Year resolution, which we started putting into place about a year ago.

With this in mind could I remind all contributors to the magazine that I would prefer works to be sent in to me round the middle of the month (or before) and via electronic means ie e-mail. At this stage I spend one week and one entire weekend per month typing, processing and collating the newsletter. I'm sure that this process could be made more efficient with contributions not having to be retyped and left to the last day of printing.

Having said that, I have had some marvellous contributions to date, from a variety of authors. This variety is reflected in the poetry pages this issue.

Our poetry competition numbers came in at 31 rather than 26 as I stated last month. A really last minute entrant boosted the numbers. The standard looks good for 2004. There has been a further suggestion of poetry writing workshops to raise the current standard even further. What do readers think of this idea? Give us an indication of interest in that as well as a vote for a new name for the CAY. Phone 9367 4963 (See following pages).

Thank you to all the people who sent me lovely Christmas emails and cards. Much appreciated.

Michelle Sorrell

December Come All Ye

What a colourful night it was for our 100 or so Pre-Christmas Audience. The 40 odd member choir, **The Westcoast Chordsmen**, resplendent in white tuxedos, filed in, in a surprise entrance from behind the audience, singing an introduction to the show. They wowed everyone with their great harmony and unusual adaptations of tunes we could all foot tap and sing to. As well as traditional songs (the ones we can actually sing to) they offered us their own compositions; arranged by **Bruce Okley** their conductor. A trip to Broome during the time when the moon is full and forms a ladder over the ocean inspired "Stairway to the Moon". "Up There Gazalee" adorned in football scarfs of many colours really made the audience cheer. The joyful singing was infectious.

A quick costume change allowed a small trio to perform a comedy number about a gentleman being tricked into the ladies loo – all with disastrous circumstances (to the tune of God Rest Ye Merry Gentleman for the Christmas occasion). Sounds like the choristers have similar writing experiences to the poets – ranging from the spiritual and nostalgic through to the comic.

The quick change brought the choir back in sparkling, sequined waistcoats to sing a medley of Christmas songs, Songs which were quite out of the ordinary and of various flavours. The "Echo Carol" from Poland was particularly beautiful as was the 50 year old Australian "Christmas Bush for his Adorning". The infectious "Jingle Bell Rock" and "Go tell it on a Mountain" got the whole audience singing and clapping as they rocked off after 40 minutes to their rehearsal for numerous Christmas gigs around Perth. Thanks gentleman for a wonderful and uplifting performance. Hope you can work together again with the Bush Poets and stop to listen to some of our poetry next time as well. As **Bruce Okley** indicated; give him a call if you feel like singing, as they have vacancies in the choir. They are also available for bookings and have a \$10 CD of their work available as well. I'll leave you with some photos of the night.



On the poetry front we had a small selection of poets tonight led by MC **John Hayes** who also gave us some of his classics as well as some new ones on the joys of being outback "In Paradise" on their recent trip "Longing for the Quiet Life". **Arthur Leggett** in the rusty/ trusty "Holden Ute" was ready for Christmas and the bush too. **Syd Hopkinson** recited his 'Bush Poet' (see feature in this issue) to remind us of what Bush Poetry is all about.

Geoff Bebb opened with his latest poem, about his powerful and painful true experience as a 4 yr old - witnessing the crash of a wooden twin engined plane. The horrible truth of that incident was quashed for 50 years, creating much trauma. Planes then also came to mind for **John** recalling a character of his youth who flew a tiger moth and **Rusty Christensen** who recited Murray Martin's "Turbulence" with gusto. Rusty was in full form with more letters and poems he read to us from Cobber and was as "Fit as a Mullalyup Bullfrog" (to steal one of his Cobberisms) when he launched into his annual American Songfest. I now really suspect folks, that Rusty is a frustrated cupboard Rocker. Judy you should really let him sing in the shed occasionally! The crowd loved it. **Ron Ingham** also topped the score with Mc Dougal.... What a phenomenal memory and easy style you have Ron.

Evie Perrins recited her true story of a baby monkey and mother acting very 'humanly' featured in "Smarter than Joey" (Avoca Press) a NZ publication to raise funds for the RSPCA (\$ 19.95 at Dymocks and big book sellers if you wish to help the RSPCA)

Our other poetic ladies had Christmas on their mind and the great responsibility of providing Christmas dinner to a cast of thousands. **Margaret Taylor** recited her own true story/ poem of the ill-fated Christmas turkey that was fly blown when the little blue devils came "Down the Chimney" of the stove instead of Santa Clause. **Edna Westall** recited 'Santa's Whisker's and her wicked "Not the Man he Used to Be" apart from organising the raffle for tonight. (By the way **Margaret Taylor** won this raffle. (Hope there's a turkey in it to replace the last one) **Rosemary Sharland**, a guest, recited her own very funny "Twelve Days of Christmas" featuring the ubiquitous turkey once again. **Carline Kellers** – read her own really heartfelt 'Christmas Colours' poem to add to the truly Australian festive atmosphere, ready for 'Aunty Inta's Christmas Dinner". That cheery selection put our rocking, rolling audience in the Christmas and New Year mood without a doubt They danced out the door. See you in 2004



The Bush Poet

An Outback poet Sam had been, since the days of horse and cart
He wrote good stuff, and all of it, came from a bushman's heart
But bad news came from his publishers, in a long rejection note
With a message quite disturbing, and this is what he wrote

"Like politics and fashion, poetry changes over time
And nowadays for it to sell, it must no longer rhyme
We do know that bereavement cars, Christmas, birthdays too
Need those touching little rhymes, so they are not taboo.

The same applies to tombstones, and any time you see one
And a nursery rhyme that doesn't rhyme, simply wouldn't be one
We also know that's it's a must, if you were writing song
So picking on our poets, you no doubt think is wrong

The Seekers and the Beatles, Elvis frank and Bing
Always used some clever rhyme, whenever you hear them sing
As compensation you may write of violence, sex and crime
And other ghastly subjects, with never a thought of rhyme

"Please don't get the feeling that you are being put upon
But it's my job to tell you – rhyme is just not on!
We hope that you will understand, and the new style you will try
It would be fine if your first attempt, came back with your reply"
The Publisher © (Syd Hopkinson)

Plain Sailing

I'm not the wind that fills your sails
Nor the seas o'er which you fly,
Nor the far-flung spray or the rigging's song
Or the circling seagull's cry.
I'm not the blue sky on a summer's day
Or the distance drawing nearer
As the mainland gradually fades astern
Whilst Rottnest's shape grows clearer.

I'm not the sea breeze through your hair
Or the strumming mains'l – taut set;
Nor the carefree laugh from the shoreline
Sounding clear in the still of the sunset.

So let me be the moment when
You furl your sails to rest
After some foray on the Sea of Life
That's put you to the test.

Let me firmly grasp your hand
As the ebb is swiftly flowing,
Then plant your feet firm on the ground
And work out where you're going.

© Arthur Leggett

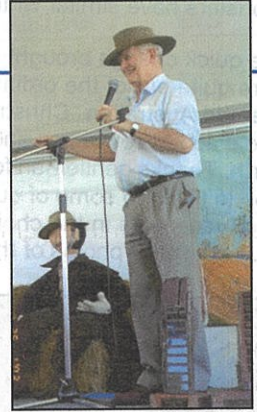


Reply to the Publisher

Poor old banjo Paterson would have fairly raised a quiver
To take up pen and write about The Man From Snowy Creek
How down by Koscuisko he'd had some nasty falls
And his hardy mountain pony had kicked him in the shins

Or when Clancy of the Overflow, a rider of high class'
Had been pelted from his brumby, and landed on his ear
To write this sort of ballad would tear my soul to bits
For poetry that doesn't rhyme, gives this old man the shivers!

Sam © (Syd Hopkinson)



SEAN THE SHORT SIGHTED SECURITY GUY

*Worked in the caravan park, and lived nearby
Quite small in stature - not the obvious choice
But he had the world's most powerful voice!
Short and thin with thick glasses - a real skinny fellow
Not imposing to look at, but boy could he bellow!
"Oi You! What's your game?! Cut that out! Go away!"
Meant instant compliance with what he would say
Big bikers would run, and roar off on their bikes,
The minute he hollered - "We won't mess with his likes!"*

*A dozen US Marines after warring and whoring
Came Yallingup way, but they found it quite boring
They started a riot - fists and bottles did fly
'Til along came Sean the security guy.
"Oi You! Cut that out!" - that made their spines shiver
And they all took off to Margaret River!*

*One night, Sean had left his glasses behind
Which was tough as without them he was virtually blind.
A large shadowy figure lurked near the loo
But he didn't realise it was a kangaroo!
"I'll shift this intruder with a yell" he decided
Although his assessment was fairly misguided.
"Oi you! What's your game?! Cut that out! Go away!"
Unmoved the roo blinked, and thought "No, I'll stay"
But out of the bushes, and from the back seats of cars,
Leapt startled lovers, clutching y-fronts and bras.*

*"Oi you! Are you deaf? Do you think its a joke?!"
Torch in hand he thrust out with a prod and a poke.
The roo jumped in the air, from where it was crouched
And bounded away with Sean's torch in its pouch.
A strange sight in the bush on the ridge late at night
A kangaroo with an in built courtesy light.
The Duracell batteries lasted more than a year
And Sean sure got fired up if ever it came near.
With a voice that people in Augusta could hear
He'd yell out "Oi you! What's your game?! Come back here!!"*

Longing For the Quiet Life

I'm going where the sky is blue and the sea is always calm,
Where white sand 'round the sheltered bay, stretches on and on.
Where I can feel the gentle breezes blowin' through my hair,
Watch the waves come rolling in, and white birds in the air.

I've grown tired of city life, all its rush and tear,
was never meant to be a big tycoon, or a millionaire.
Never learned to wheel and deal, had to serve my time
In the city holdin' down, a job of any kind.

Had enough of traffic jams and busy freeway lanes,
don't like the morning buses or the crowded evenin' trains.
I'm lonin' for the quiet life by a peaceful shore,
'cause life just doesn't suit me in the fast lane, any more.

Don't like the whinin' wheels or diesel motor roar
of big trucks on the four lane, rumblin' past my door.
They say it's the wheel of progress rollin' down the road,
With thirty tonnes of cargo on the semi trailer load.

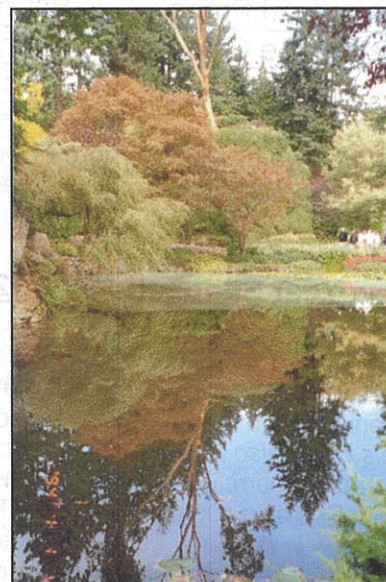
I know that time are changin', though it seems to me,
our city's not the friendly place once it used to be.
Perhaps I'm runnin' out of spirit, 'cause I'm flat to the floor
And can't seem to keep up in the fast lane like before.

I'm grateful for the friends I have, they seem to understand,
Take me for the deeds I do, and take me as I am.
But now that I'm am leaving' perhaps I ought to say,
"Thank you for the good times and help along the way".

I guess I'm a lucky man to have a woman of my own
who has helped me all these years, on the straight and narrow road.
When she holds me close and loves me, it's good to be alive,
she gives me all the strength I need and courage to survive.

So we're packing up our cares and woes and leavin' them behind.
Going' to watch the sun go down as the world rolls by
through a cottage window, on a peaceful shore,
'cause life just doesn't suit me in the fast lane any more.

© John Hayes



**Our latest 'Quiet Life'
discovery
Butchart Gardens
Vancouver Island**

Happy New Year 2004

A Quick Little New Year Ditty from Peter

Here's wishin' youse
a belly full of tucker
go easy on the booze
if you wanna drive home

Gather in the mob
spend time with the kiddies
listen to the olds
sing some silly ditties

This year's almost run
another's on the way
it's bound to be more fun
what more can I say?

Cheers folks,
From © Peter (Stinger) Nettleton



What's In a Name? Continued from last month

It seems that there has been some interest stirred in the renaming of the "Come All Ye".

I have received some real beauties in the last few weeks. Here are the examples given so far:-
From **Phil Strutt, Lesley Coppin and Carline Kellers**

The Yarn Barn	Campfire (Camaraderie or Chat)	Muster
P.A.Y. Time	Friday Wongi	Bush Bards Anonymous
Y.A.P Time	Poets Corroboree	Bush Balladeer Hunters
Rhyme Time	Bards-on-Cue	Rural Raconteurs
At the Shed	Bards on the Boards	Bowlerins Bushbards
Verse or Worse	City Bush Bard	The Swagman's Soiree
Poems and Prose	Bards on the Bush	The Overflow
Bush in the City	Bush Comes to Town	Mike Night
The Campfire	A Bard in the Bush	Bush an' Town

Perhaps we can have a vote? If you send in your favourite **three** by email, phone or mail to me I could collate and come up with the most popular ones for a final vote. **Michelle**

New Year Suggestions for 2004

Phil Strutt has some suggestions for adding variety to the CAY format. Why not have the first part of the evening **Featuring 2-3 poets for 20-30mins each**. They could be members or visitors or both. The second half of the evening could be off a list as we do now. This could show the audience the depth of repertoire of particular poets. *This could also mean that it makes it worthwhile for poets who come from afar to have a recognised spot of more than one poem.* Ed. Throughout the year the more prolific poets should get 2-3 chances to feature throughout the year. Phil also suggests a **Ladies Night**. With the first half being exclusively for ladies. *We have had great success with this in the past.* Ed. **A Request Night**- where the audience requests their favourites, original and traditional, which can be performed by poets present.

Thanks for these suggestions Phil. It's good to introduce a variety of formats. We just have to think of the organisation a month ahead of time to advertise it in our newsletter for the next meeting.

Blue Kakadu

When the cool breezes come drifting through
Tranquil, blue, Kakadu,
The ghostly paperbarks sing an ancient song,
While they admire their proud reflections in the billabong.

They were new in the time of dreaming,
As they saw this country's making,
And they sheltered the native elders
Round the campfires late at night.

When the great monsoons come surging through,
Tranquil, blue, Kakadu,
The ghostly paperbarks tell a story long,
While rain disturbs their soft reflections in the billabong.

They are old in this time fast moving,
And they see this country changing,
As they shelter the tourist buses
Round the campfires late at night.

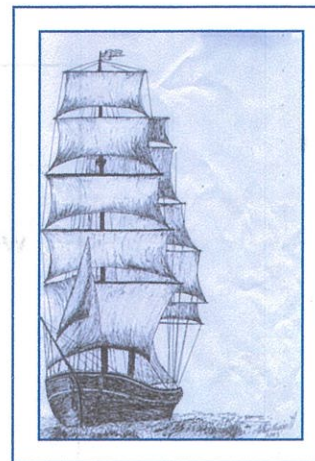
When the growing throngs come tramping through,
Tranquil, blue, Kakadu,
The ghostly paperbarks wonder just how long
They'll see their lone reflections in the billabong.



© Michelle Sorrell

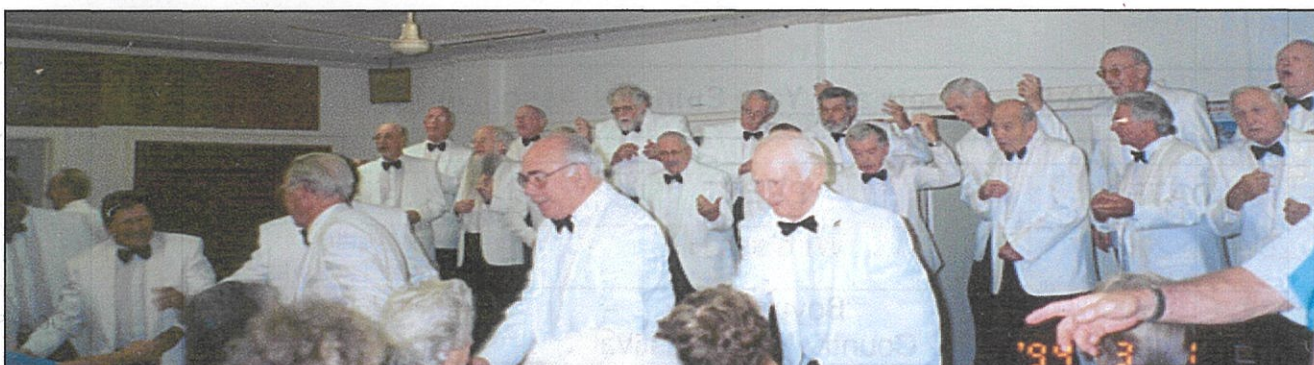
Fund Raising Efforts

Arthur Leggett came up with a novel fund raising idea. He had sketched a lovely sailing boat and he auctioned autographed copies of it. I now have a lovely little collection of your sketches Arthur. Thank you.



Our Christmas Raffles was very popular. **Edna Westall** and her elfin helper **Joan Donaldson** raised **\$82.50** for the association. Thanks again Edna for suggesting and organising this timely event. **Congratulations** again **Margaret**. Bet it came in handy for Christmas

If you have any ideas for fund raising just bring them along next CAY and or "just do it" as Edna, Arthur and Joan have. Every bit helps.



The Westcoast Chordsmen Farewell the audience for Christmas 2003 and New Year 2004

There's a blank space for articles, which didn't materialise on time this issue

Too much Christmas Cheer I guess !

New Year Resolution – follow through!

Make this space **yours** this year with articles, ideas, poems, adverts.

The magazine will only stay 'the best' with your contributions



**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 Assoc. Inc Coming Events

DATE	EVENT	CO-ORDINATOR
26 th Jan 2004	Wireless Hill	Peter Nettleton: 9339 1894 Lorelie Tacoma: 9310 1500
13 th – 15 th February 2004	Boyup Brook Country Music Festival	Brian Gale: 08 9757 2431 Ron Evans: 08 9761 7006

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