

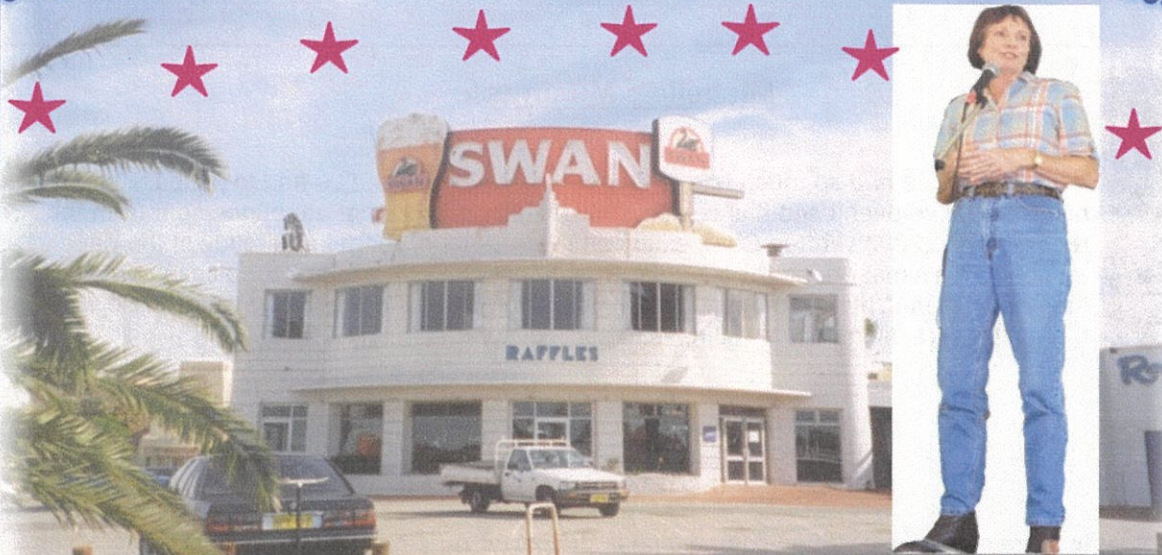
WA Bush Poets & Yarn Spinners

\$2.50



Newsletter : June 2003

Congratulations Kerry Lee on becoming National Bush Poetry Champion 2003



Farewell to the Raffles, thanks for a great 7 years

"Come All Ye" at the Raffles Hotel
cnr Canning Highway and Canning Beach Rd Applecross
(Upstairs in The River Room)

Next Meeting Friday 6/6/2003 at 8pm

*This is the
last meeting at
The Raffles
See page 5 for
details

Lorelie's Letters



Our hearty congratulations to KERRY LEE on becoming the Australian Bush Poetry Women's Champion 2003. This was contested at Mulwala N.S.W. last month. I think this is the first time the Champion has come from W.A. Rod Lee came fourth with a mighty rendition of Mother McQ.

Our COME ALL YE on Friday 6th June will be our last at the Raffles Hotel. A presentation will be made to the Manager and I hope all the writers have been composing a short piece about our seven years at the Raffles, which they will recite or read on Friday.

Nominations are still being called for the 2003-2004 committee. As previously advised the **ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING** will be held at the **Como Bowling Club** (our new venue) on **Friday 4th July at 6.30 p.m.** Finger food will be served. This will be our annual **PATERSON/LAWSON** night at 7.30 p.m. To avoid duplication of pieces, please let Kerry Lee know what you are planning to perform.

The committee is working hard on preliminary plans for the 2004 Australian Championship and we will keep you informed as things progress. The date of 30th October has been confirmed.

Let's farewell the Raffles with a really good show on 6th.

Lorelie.

Michelle's Musings



Dear Readers,

I've had so much late, important information that I've had to put back some articles to next issue. I've even used this column to highlight an important announcement from the ABPA regarding the 2003 Written Competition as I've run out of room in the body of the paper. I've tried to highlight a similar need for our 2004 Championship. Will a top writer please come forward to judge our 2004 Written Competition?? It is difficult because most good writers also want to enter themselves (a dilemma we will have to sort out soon.)

Australian Bush Poets Association Inc.
AUSTRALIAN CHAMPIONSHIP
WRITTEN BUSH POETRY COMPETITION 2003

The disappointment in there not being a written competition at the recent Australian Bush Poetry Championships in Mulwala has caused much concern. Written competitions are another means of allowing poets who do not perform, or live too distant from the venue, to still be a part of the Australian Championships.

We need an Australian Champion writer in 2003. As President of the ABPA, with the consent of executive officers who could be contacted at this late minute, I have taken it on myself to ensure that there will be a Champion writer in 2003.

Writers of bush verse are asked to send an email in reply or a DL size Stamped Self-Addressed Envelope to
POBox16
Canowindra NSW 2804.

In return entry forms, full details of the competition, prize-money, and award presentation will be advised. This has been a very last minute decision and one that I know will be appreciated.

Closing date for entries July 31st.

Regards,
Frank Daniel

May 2003 Come All Ye

We had a small turn out this month of about 55 people. The audience was not less enthusiastic for its size though. **Kerry Lee** was our MC for the evening. We then farewell Kerry and Rod for a while as they go in search for 'poetic gold' at the National Poetry Championships at Mulwala. Break a leg and wow them Kerry and Rod.

Rusty Christensen opened the night with a joke that takes a little while to sink in "Life is a sexually transmitted disease with 100% mortality rate." I don't often share the jokes and non-bush poetry interludes but that one makes you think a little.

Anyway back to Bush Poetry. Rusty recited an anonymous shearers poem called "Hard Tack" about the 'difficulties' of shearing sheep for 6 weeks when there is a great winery next to the sheds. Rusty then waxed nostalgic for the rest of the night with a medley of songs from some greats like Frankie Lee, Bill Daniels, Nat Cole, Crosby and their ilk. Great voice Rusty. Back to the Bush Poetry with "Fuzzy Wuzzy Angels" by Bert Beros. As the name indicates it's about the gentle tattooed black angels that saved so many of the Australian soldiers on the Kokoda Track. Rusty indeed did it 'his way' which set the scene for a mixed night as far as 'Bush Poetry' goes. We wish Bon Voyage to Rusty as well – going with Ron Evans to visit Cobber up North in June. Say hi ! to Cobber for us.

Brian Gale - (mit hat!) came all the way from Margaret River. It was one of his very rare visits, which may be his last for a while as he is contemplating his future; perhaps in colder climes. He began with the past, thinking back to the times he wished he could jump on an old diesel train that used to thunder past his place in Augusta. However, his heart definitely seems to be with the Indians in Alberta. He especially remembered Jeremy Potts - one of the best trackers and warrior in the Rockies as well as a fine lady he met on "The Hudson Bay Blanket". Perhaps you'll finally catch that train to a different destiny Brian. Good Luck for the future wherever it may be. The thing with poetry is: it's light and you can take it anywhere.

Ron Evans also came from 'up from the country where he went'. He recited a few oldies and goldies before his trip up North. (Is anyone staying home?). These included "Poor Old Grandad" and the long drop and "Solace" about Martha Mary Regan and her four sons – burying her husband before her 'indiscretions' were discovered. And one last "Man From Snowy River" for the road. Before we all went home. Great to see you Ron.

Let's see whom else can I catch before they go? **Bruce Saunders** gave us a poem before he made his way back to Queensland via the North West - A Bob Miller poem, "House Husband". I hadn't heard that one from the East yet. It's about men fighting back against the encroachment of their role – in a lighthearted sort of way. Good On you Bruce and Bon Voyage too.

Rod Lee and **Kerry Lee** gave us a preview of their style for the Championships with some classic Keith Lethbridge and Richard Magoffin. I won't give away the poems but they were both very moving and flawlessly delivered. They have both been polishing and honing their works and it really shows. As all poets say, you have to recite your poetry *hundreds* of times to give them that effortless finish. It's my opinion that Rod and Kerry are the most dedicated poets I know in the West today.

Now for those of us who are left in Perth for a while. **Geoff Bebb** delivered his brand new (two hours old) poem "the Association". A timely, inspired poem, which is on page 4. A plea from those who are indeed 'left' to run our Bush Poets whilst everyone else is away gallivanting. His second poem was also a reminder that bush poetry is about our classics. Only one classic bush poem was recited tonight apart from Geoff's recitation of "Man from Ironbark". Makes you think doesn't it?

Ben White; a visitor, recited - "If " by Rudyard Kipling. This was the philosophical part of the night. A classic and complex poem with some immortal lines, written to a son, delivered in a very beautiful English accent. This one is so lovely I may print it in the newsletter despite it not being Bush Poetry. Thanks Arthur for the full text. Thanks Ben for your recital, hope to hear more from you too in the future.

Margaret Taylor one of our newest members recited her own "Fancy Footwork. As Kerry said a 'real life poem' about life on the farm with a voracious 80lb goat called Gertie stepping gently over the baby basket in the microbus to get to the months worth of groceries. Delightful and very gently, ably delivered. Thanks Margaret. We hope to hear more from you as well.

Val Read also recited her new poem "The Flag Burners". A very topical poem inspired by the anti war protest incident that stirred the nation. The burning of an Australian flag. Val reminded those young protestors of the sacrifice that led to their freedom to be able to burn the flag in the first place. Val keeps on winning award after award for her very thoughtful and sensitive poetry. She is now preparing a book of her poems. Look out for it: it will be worth treasuring.

Beth Scott reminded us of Mother's Day coming up with her "Hand that Rocks the Cradle" as well as spicing up our evening as always with one of her naughty jokes about George and his bride of 50 yrs on their 'honeymoon'. Her poem is in this issue also.

Syd Hopkinson recited his own "The Primary Producer" – about Freddy who was sent down to the coast for a holiday to find a wife and sow some wild oats with the aid of some Zippy Pills which 'Viagravated' him. (I hope they weren't recalled Pan Pills!). On his return to the country his neighbours wondered why he was the only farmer that ever prayed for a crop failure! Ah! Another Syd twist.

David Sears recited Victor Courtney's "The Man from Marble Bar". About a shearer residing in this notorious hot spot making his final journey to Hell and asking for Satan to 'chuck on an extra coal or two' because he gets cold. Here's another innovative poet who sees the funny side of life. Thanks David that finishes our journey into poetry tonight.

Bon Voyage again to all. Come back with some exciting new poetry for us from your travels. To all those staying behind "Nominate" so that all these wonderful poetry evenings can carry on regardless.

Till next month. Last at the Raffles – LET'S MAKE IT A GOOD ONE!

Michelle

The Association

You can find 'em up on Wireless Hill, or down at Boyup Brook;
 You can hear 'em at the Royal Show, midst cattle and the chooks.
 You can see 'em out at Oakford there, at Rod and Kerry's place,
 Or hear 'em on the ABC, at slow laconic pace.
 And in the bar at Wave Rock's Pub, you'll find our own John Hayes,
 Still piping water from the Ord, on hot and steamy days.

Our poets wander far and wide, performing as they go,
 For sometimes just a "cup of tea", they still put on a show.
 Small wonder that they pack 'em in; our poets are the best.
 They still conserve our heritage of rhyming in the West.
 And now they've crossed the Nullarbor, and brought the title here
 Our Nation'l champion, Kerry Lee - the one we all hold dear.

We've been blessed by many champions, like Cobber, Capp or Syd,
 And we've marvelled at Ron Evans with that floppy pommy lid,
 We've laughed along with Leggett; been amazed by Val'ry. Read,
 Been ambassadored by Rusty, rendered deaf by Rodney Lee.
 Gone along with Lawson's look-alike, Leigh Matthews, down the track,
 Telling tales from our beloved West, across the great outback.

And once a month at Raffles, they've performed for you in rhyme;
 The cheapest show in town you know; a great night ev'ry time.
 Those wonderful performers, with their brand of rhyming verse,
 Coming here to entertain you; some for better; some for worse.
 They're the ones whom we remember; they're the stars - the gold -the cream;
 But we just ignore the silent few, who work behind the scene.

When you've come here to the Raffles, or attended Wireless Hill,
 Have you ever paused to notice, the committee's planning skill?
 Have you sat there nice and cosy, laughing loud, and entertained?
 While the few who make it happen are exhausted, stressed and strained.
 Have you felt a little guilty, sitting comfy in your seat,
 While the undermanned committee have been run right off their feet?

See our great Association, hatched in 1996
 Has a most vexatious problem that we need your help to fix.
 We've a hist'ry that we're proud of; we've got members by the score,
 But we're really short of workers, short of doers, and what's more
 With the National competition looming large, a big event.
 We still *haven't* found a person, who'll become our President.

Those who run our *small* committee, well they've simply had enough;
 Overwhelmed by tasks in number; with few workers, that's real tough.
 There have *got* to be some people, who could simply lend a hand;
 Say they'll do it; be committed; make a statement; make a stand.
 'Cause it isn't rocket science; it's not genius we need,
 Just enthusiastic people short on words but big on deed.

In this audience I'm facing, there must surely be a few,
 Who will rise to the occasion, cast aside their lassitude;
 Who'll supply the missing numbers to the manpow'r that we need;
 Be a *giver* not a *taker* in this world of lust and greed;
 Give some *strength* to the committee, and relieve its discontent;
Volunteer to be the person who'll become our President.



Geoff reciting at
 Yanchee Writers
 Group

Geoff is absolutely passionate about his poetry and keeping the Bush Poetry alive.

In order to conserve Bush Poetry the poets are out there reciting all over the country but they need your willing help and skills to make happen events like Wireless Hill and The National Championships.

After this poem was recited at the last Come All Ye, three new people pledged their support and help that night. Will you join them at the AGM next month?

Remember the old adage(s)
 "You only get as much out as you put in."
 and
 "Many hands make light work".

They still apply in
 2003

Farewell to the Raffles

As this coming Come All Ye is the last at the Raffles we should make it a really special one. We have invited the management to join us and we are making them a presentation of a poster (The last one of 'The Year of the Outback') that Rusty Christensen has donated and Geoff Bebb has had framed.

As some of our members who have attended for a number of years may already know; The Raffles has accommodated the Bush Poets free of charge for 7 years. It's sad to see the old building go.

Joan Macneall has suggested that our poets may wish to pen a quick poem about the Raffles that we may judge to be another tribute to give to the management. Anyone who wishes can recite it on the night. Sorry it's short notice for members who weren't at the last meeting but the idea only sprang up after the last newsletter.

Another issue that has come out of our moving is that some members who come by bus may find it more difficult to get to the new venue. **Beth Scott**, who lives in Hilton is one such person **Wendy Mayer** of Ferndale is another - There may be others. Please let us know and we may be able to tee up lifts for these members with other members living close by. We'd hate to lose you for such a minor diversion. If you are able to give Beth, Wendy or someone else a lift, also call us, and we may be able to do a match. We could possibly arrange a pick up point from busses that run along Canning Hwy (eg at the Raffles or the Como Hotel as Hensman St. is not far from there.)



Reminder: AGM and Paterson/Lawson Night at new Como Venue 4th of July

The AGM is to be held at 6:30 pm and the Come All Ye is to start at 8:00pm

Address: Como Bowling and Recreation Club, Hensman Street, South Perth



I have invited the members of the Como Bowling Club to the Come All Ye so we should have a full house. Fancy dress of the period is appreciated as that really lends to the atmosphere and I can get some great photos for the newsletter. It needn't be fancy or expensive: even an extravagant hat would do. I get my outfits from the GSI and it helps a good cause as well.

Reciters please call **Kerry Lee on Ph. 9397 0409**, who has kindly offered to **coordinate** the poetry so that we don't end up having a dozen Patersons and no Lawsons or a deluge of "Man from Snowy River" etc.

Nominations please

Championship 2004 – Billeting

There has been a request from the ABPA members in the Eastern States for us to give them an idea of people over here who would be willing to billet individuals or families for the 2004 Championships. **At this stage it is only an expression of interest.** This may include people who have room in their house or outside to accommodate a camper or caravan with electricity, shower facilities etc. The actual Championships are to be staged over several days at the end of October, with perhaps other linked activities to make our interstate guests feel welcome.

Please ring **Joan Macneall** on 9390 0063 if you are interested in any way. Progress on the Championship organization will be posted in this magazine and the ABPA magazine over the coming months

Fairbridge Festival News from Peter (Stinger) Nettleton April 24-27 2003

Over 3000 braved the threat of bad weather and made their way to Pinjarra for the annual festival at Fairbridge Farm. Among them, an intrepid group of bush poets & yarnspinners, bent on having a fun weekend, rain, hail or shine. After a damp start on Thursday night, the sun rose on a brilliant bush Anzac Day Friday and a special poet's breakfast in the dining room hosted by the Mandogalup Yahoo, aka myself and Phil Strutt. The Fairbridge dining room is of course well set up as a performance area with an excellent stage and seating for about 300.

A healthy crowd greeted us and grew as the morning progressed. The theme was of course essentially military. I took on the character Brigadier Brigadarling while Phil played Private Parts. We had a special guest visit from Corporal Punishment, otherwise known as Peter Capp as well as a healthy roll-call of floor poets and other ranks.

Saturday morning saw us back in the dining room, this time sharing the stage with some of the members of Dingo's Breakfast for an informal concert of 'Yarns and Poems'. Phil and I again adopted alter egos, this time I was O'Hara JP while Phil became Constable Clancy for a two-handed version of Lawson's hilarious take on wowsersism. A great co-operative effort by all concerned and great fun. After a very late Saturday night,

Sunday morning dawned and we religiously turned up again at the dining room. This time, Phil donned a dog collar for the Vicar of Dribbly while I wore the purple of the Bishop of Fishop. Thus attired, we took to a two-handed version of 'Said Hanrahan' before turning the stage over to British poet and funnyman Les Barker. Other special guests included the hilarious Mr Martin Pearson from Melbourne, Cappie of Hammy Hill and Dusty the heckler who followed us from Nannup. In between of course, we got to check out many other world-class acts – my particular favourites being Monsieur Camembert, Fred Smith and Mary G from Broome – drink many cups of tea and get told off for carousing until the small hours in the artists camping area. All in all, another wonderful weekend at Fairbridge and an open invitation to come back bigger and better next year.

Mothers

She's the hand that rocks the cradle
At the onset of your life
She's the finger, which you cling to
When your first steps cause you strife

She's the doctor that you turn to
When you fall and scrape your knee
She's the chef who brings the magic
To those luscious treats for tea

She's the mediator standing by
Throughout your sibling fights
She's the storyteller by your bed
Before she dims the lights

She's the maid who brings some order
To your messy cluttered room
She's the shoulder there to cry on
When the schoolyard bullies loom



She's the teacher close to guide you
And offer her advice
She's the hostess with the mostest
Who you friends all think is nice

She's the patient silent sentinel
Through your testy teenage years
She's the free and willing counsel
When you face your adult fears

She's the babysitter at your call
When life becomes a rush
She's the money - lender when need
be
And hands it with a hush

She's many skills rolled into one
A class above the others
So all the things to thank God for
Thank God that he made Mothers
©Beth Scott

Hope all our Bush Poets Mothers had a lovely Mother's Day.

This sketch from 1910 depicts a Mid Victorian mother; by Charles Dana Gibson, Entitled "No Time for Politics"



Grandpas

Grandpas come in many shapes
And multitude of sizes,
Some have got no brains at all
While some win Noble Prizes.

While many are extremely old
Ninety years or more,
The youngest one I ever met
Was only thirty-four.

Grandpas can be lots of things,
Pompous, poor or posh,
Those who are immaculate
And those who never wash.

We see the intellectual ones –
Deep profound and wise,
And then the little reprobates
Who tell a pack of lies.

Grandpas, grandpas everywhere,
The splendid and the sordid
And here in all their glory
Their deeds are thus recorded.
© Peg Vickers

Grandpa and the Tiger Snake

When grandpa saw a tiger snake
Asleep besides the shed,
He felt it was his duty
To see that it was dead.
Grandpa said, "They think I'm daft
And deaf and partly blind
But if I kill a tiger snake
They'll have to change their minds."
Grandpa went and got he axe
From in amongst the wood
Then crept up past the tank stand
As softly as he could.
Grandpa raised the axe aloft
And gave a silent laugh,
Then rendered an almighty blow
To cut the snake in half.
When grandpa told what he had done,
Unlovely the words were said-
He'd cut the hosepipe clean in two
And drained the tank instead.
© Peg Vickers



Here is the beginning of our 'grandpa series' from Peg Vickers.

As I said last issue, Peg sent me an entire book.

Geoff and I love your sense of humour Peg and Geoff loves being a grandpa so we can relate to your poems. I trust our readers will too.

Does anyone have a grandma series?

From Kerry Lee , Oakford WA (as written in the June / July ABPA magazine)

As we drive out of Mulwala into the sunrise I'm euphoric. To win the Australian Bush Poetry Championship is fantastic. I'm still in a state of disbelief. But what is even more fantastic is the genuine warmth and friendliness of the bush poets, the supporters and the people of Mulwala.

Rod and I came to the championships to forge a link between the East and West to promote the Championships in Western Australia next year, and to gain a better understanding of the intricacies of running the competition.

We gained so much more. From the time we walked into the Services Club we were amongst friends. There was always someone to chat to, to share a concern with, to give support. We knew we were amongst a very special group of people. We will treasure these memories even more than I treasure my magnificent trophy.

Thanks to all to for making us feel so welcome.
We look forwards to seeing many of you in our State in October 2004.

Kerry Lee



**Women's Title : Kerry Lee
Men's Title : Noel Stallard**

Congratulations to Rod Lee as well for coming 4th in the Men's Division. According to Rod the competition was huge and any one of half a dozen people could have won. Rod and Kerry were also invited to sit in on a committee meeting of the Club who is to organise the Victorian Championships and from these experiences and first hand knowledge they will greatly assist our WABP Association in organising our 2004 National Championships. Ed.

A heartfelt letter to the Editor from Brian Gale 13 May 2003

It was lovely to meet you all again at the CAY at the Raffles. I've been invited to Alberta, Canada Poets gathering in mid June this year, but may not be able to make it.

I'd just like to mention to readers how I have been touched and had my life changed by poetry, as I'm sure a lot of you have.

Here are some of the incidents I would like to share:-

- After an attack by a large kangaroo near a waterhole, a new avenue of life was opened. A poem came by that incident, followed by many more from events at school and on the farm in boyhood days.
- People and legends who have touched my life along the way. The likes of Jim Thorpe; the Olympic hero and Russell Mockridge; Australia's great cyclist.
- Then there was Curio the famous buckjumping mare and Alan Woods who eventually stayed the ten seconds on her back. Other great horses and their owners I've met and written about.
- The five year old girl with whom I shared a fire, poems and stories at a bush camp. A very talented girl who was already writing plays for her school, plus poems and songs.
- The poem "For My People" that has got me out of trouble with the Aborigines both in Boyup Brook and Canada.
- The five year old boy I met on the streets of Tamworth who stopped to read my books. He'd been reading for two years already.
- The fellowship of other poets which gives me the chance to visit places like Canada where I get invited to perform with eight others, some from the USA as well.
- The poems I've written for various people and the stories of the Indians, their culture and their history. I manage to relate well to them on my previous visits. They have a great sense of humour once they take a liking to you.
- There was a the poem I wrote for a family friend in troubled times, he's still alive and doing well, things could have been different.

I'm sure you all have many similar stories of love, life and laughter.
Keep up the good work, I'm here to help when I can.

Best wishes to You All, **Brian A. Gale**

The Nutcracker Suite on Ice 15th July 2003 - discount tickets

WA Bush Poet Members can avail themselves of tickets to this wonderful spectacle by the Russian Ballet for a great discount. Tickets for \$59 are \$5 less then pensioner prices if we can make a party of 10 or more people.
If interested please call **Joan Macneall on 9390 0063.**



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
6 th June 2003	Last CAY meeting at the Raffles	MC - Lorelie Tacoma Coordinator - Joan Macneall
4 th July 2003	AGM and Paterson and Lawson Night At Como Bowling and Recreation Club	Coordinator - Kerry Lee

Return Address

The Editor
WA Bush Poets and Yarn Spinners Assoc.
Unit 1, 8 Hill St
South Perth WA 6151

Postage Paid

Australia

PP No: 607 742 100 42

Edna Westall

Unit 2, 10 McKimmie Rd
PALMYRA WA 6157