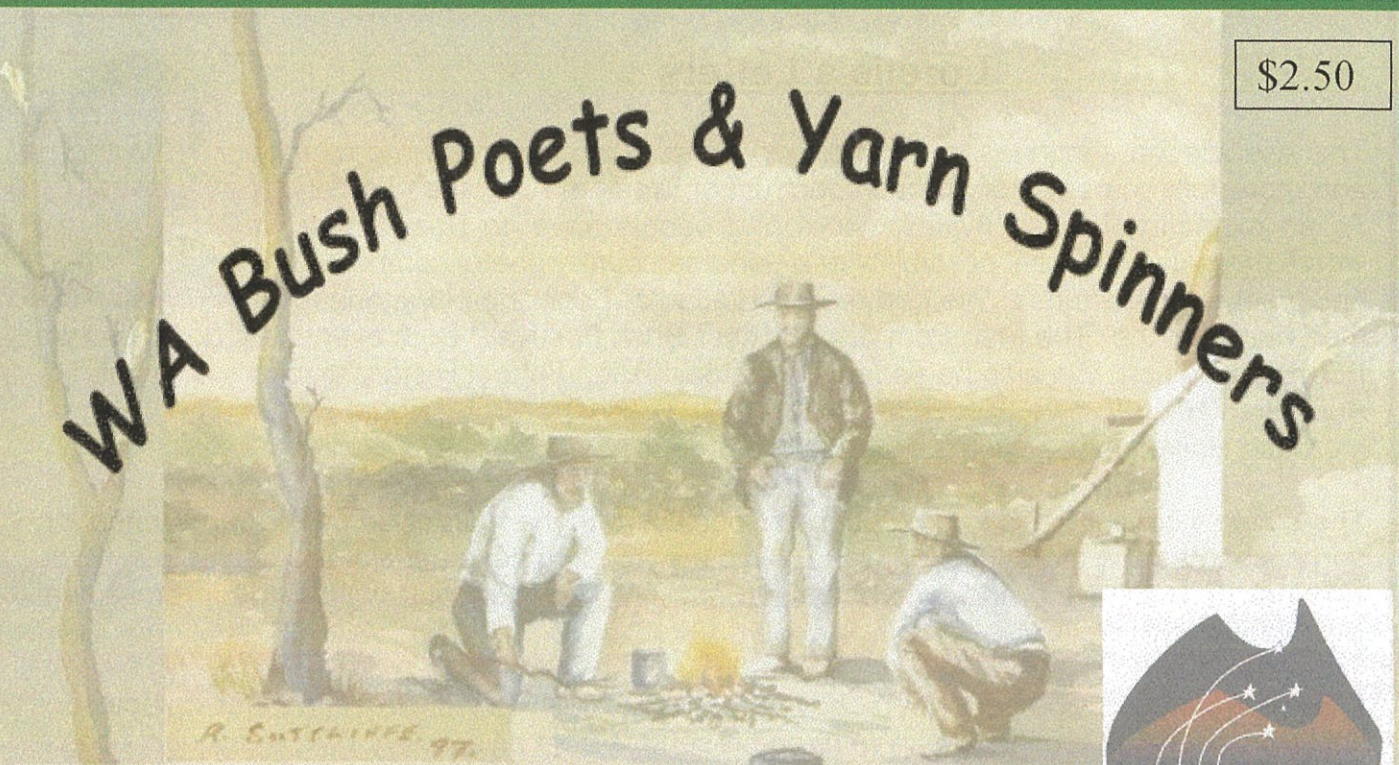


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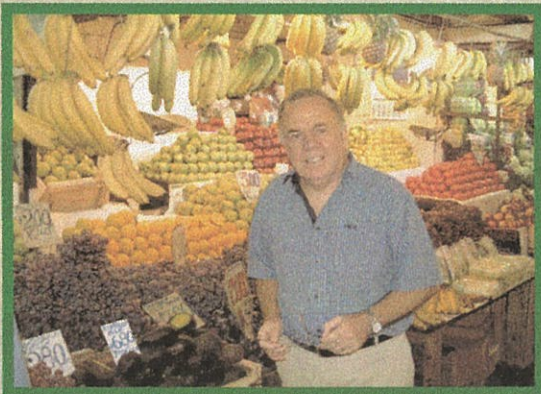
WA Bush Poets & Yarn Spinners



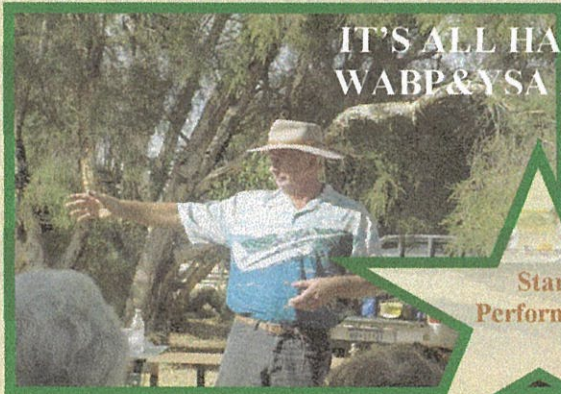
Newsletter : May 2002



Connie's hairy experience at Corryong



All the rest is all -OK in Chile with Geoff



IT'S ALL HAPPENING AT THE WABP&YSA..... SO JOIN IN!

Star Performer



Who will be our Committee for 2002-2003 ?

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

Next Meeting Friday 3/05/2002 at 7:30pm

Lorelie's Letters



The Association continues in its efforts to bring Australian poetry to more and more folk across a very broad spectrum of Western Australian Society. As an example of our activities, we've had people travel to Dandaragan, where there is a very real possibility of a genuine country poetry competition being set up in the future. We had representation at Corryong in Victoria for the Launch of the "The Man from Snowy River Bush Festival." Both events are described on P5 of this Edition. We also had some poets teach High School History teachers how to bring Australian History alive with Bush Poetry at a Teachers' Professional Development Day at Murdoch University.

The schools committee is forging ahead especially with the help of "ring in" Brian Wolfenden and his contacts in the education world. We are about to have a major promotion to schools offering performances and presentations not only to students but to the professional organisations as well.

If members, writers and performers, have a bent and ability in this direction please place your name on our list of presenters. We need presenters from all areas of WA, as requests come from far and wide.

The future looks bright and broad with Australian poetry gaining interest in the country areas. Of course, this is part of our aim and we encourage participation and interest from everyone.

After the great success of the Paterson and Lawson night after our last A.G.M. we propose to extend the writers this year to Paterson, Lawson, C.J. Dennis, Thomas Spencer and Veronica Weil. The date is 5th July and some sustenance will be served after the A.G.M.!

Lorelie



G'Day, Everyone,

Well we are coming to the close of this committee year as we present the last of our featured performers in this month's CAY. Peter Capp's legion of fans will be delighted to see him perform for about half of the program along with support from the Champion poets from this year's Australia Day.

Let me turn your attention to the Committee Nomination form on P7 of this month's Newsletter. Please give thought to nominating yourself (or someone else) for next year's committee. Three of the current committee will not be standing next year – Michelle will be relinquishing the Secretary's job to concentrate on the Newsletter, I will not be standing for Treasurer and Phyllis Tobin will not be nominating nor will she and Trevor carry out the door collection function. These are all really important functions. We must have people who will take on these tasks.

So please consider being part of the development of our Association during its next important phase as we reach out more and more into the community to spread the word about conserving our heritage and the Australian Idiom.

The work associated with the committee is described on P7. Go on give it a go!!

Geoff Bebb

Come all Ye Meeting – April

As I was unable to attend the April Come All Ye (due to old age - crook back) I thought I'd ask the audience for a response to the night. A sort of testimonial page to the Bush Poets. I thought you may also like the change.

From one of our elder statesmen and raconteurs

"Apart from a few hiccups with the amplifying system, the evening went off with a bang and was capably steered along by David Sears as our MC for the occasion. We missed some of our well known performers (away at other fixtures) but were thoroughly entertained by a variety of new contributors, who were well received by the audience. Over all we were treated to some great entertainment, including some very humorous items.

No better medicine then some good laughs!" Best Wishes from **Syd Hopkinson**

A new member and reciter

"Joining bush Poets and yarn Spinners has introduced me to like-minded people with skills I had thought were fading out in the community – I enjoyed my night amongst confident, creative (and extroverted) folk!!" Cheers from **Hadley Provis**

A new member and reciter

" At the April meeting at the Raffles I took my 'other' mother (Stepmother) and her friend along for the first time, they thoroughly enjoyed themselves and although they are unable to attend in May they are looking forward to coming to future evenings. My 'mother' has been involved for many years with play writers, writers' groups as well as theatre groups." **Trish Joyce**

Long-time members and wandering troubadours

Though it was a smaller gathering of performers at our last come all ye, it did give us the opportunity to introduce a couple of new faces. Anne Tracey - A friend of Val Read 's produced an excellent poem, which was titled "The Hand of the Master", and though she was microphone shy, she delivered it well.

Geoff Bebb related some of the troubles that he encountered while overseas. He also recited, "Rum and water," which is quite a long poem but seemingly quite effortless to such a talented person. Geoff has a marvellous repertoire and his enthusiasm does much to encourage others. I would not liked to be in Geoff's shoes in a strange county trying to obtain money to depart the airport. If you have not heard the story ask Geoff to repeat it for you.

Val Read gave us two of her poems. The first was on "Aussie barbecues" and the second one about "Bushfires" that are deliberately started and the ho writers. Keep up the good work Val!

Syd Hopkinson gave us the "Illiterate Jackeroo" which goes to prove that you do not require a college education t be successful. We had a stout performance from one of our last year's workshop students- Bob Stace, who recited his first explosive poem of the shotgun prankster.

John and Anne Hayes

I hope you enjoyed these testimonials and if you haven't been to a CAY for a while join us this week for a Peter Capp extravaganza. Cheers, **Michelle**

Grandpa's Last Ride

When their luck ran out in the Eastern States,
The family, undaunted by failure
Put all their belongings onto the train
To travel to Western Australia.
Now grandpa possessed an old T Model Ford
He also had rocks in his head
And against the advice of his family and friends
He decided to motor instead.

Grandma, quite rightly had something to say,
"You are absolutely insane,
I'll say it right now, you can go by yourself,
I'll be with the rest - on the train"
The road when traversing the Nullabor Plains
Was no more than a track made of gravel.
With multiple hazards each step of the way
For those who decided to travel.

Cantankerous spiders, camels and snakes,
Dust holes without any bottom –
Perils far greater for travelling folk
Than in days when the bushrangers shot 'em.
There were hundreds of miles of desolate plains
Without any vittles or water,
Three times as far on a bitumen road
Certainly would have seemed shorter.

Grandpa drove on through the dust and the flies,
The joys of his journey were few-
He had only gone about two thousand miles
When he knocked down a big kangaroo.
The animal lay on the side of the road
A terrible lump on his head,
Grandpa assessed the state of affairs
And decided the creature was dead.

He deftly positioned the T. Model Ford-
Then dragged the inert kangaroo.
And propped it alongside the car
To be taking a photo or two.
The camera he owned was the finest around
With a time lapse button no less,
But first he decided to dress up the 'roo
For it did look a bit of a mess.

With skill he attired the big kangaroo
In his hat and his coat and his scarf,
When he got into Perth and developed the film
It would give everybody laugh.
He set up the camera and posed with the 'roo
But he found he was really in strife,
When just as he got himself nicely in place
The kangaroo came right back to life.



It leapt in the air like Rudolf Nureyef
And then bolted off like a rocket,
In the hat and the scarf and grandpa's coat
With two hundred pounds in the pocket.
Grandpa took after the panicking beast,
He must get his money for sure
And they both disappeared in the dust and the haze
And never were seen any more.

The T. Model Ford was found on the road
The camera providing the clue
As to just what happened to grandpa that day
And the cleverly dressed kangaroo.
But travelers out on the Nullabor Plains
Whose numbers now seem to quadruple
Speak of the ghost of a funny old man
Chasing a giant marsupial.

It is clad in a hat, a coat and a scarf,
And leaping in gigantic bounds,
While the funny old man is crying in vain,
"Give me back my two hundred pounds."
So do take a lesson from grandpa's demise
Where the means of survival are few
Be sure you're aware of what can go wrong
When you dress up a dead kangaroo.

© Peg Vickers



The Launching of The Man from Snowy River Festival Corryong Victoria

By Connie Herbert

This festival is a tribute to Jack Riley ("the Man himself") and the men who tried to carry him to hospital in 1914, when he was terminally ill. It is an experience of the history and culture of the Upper Murray. It is a gathering of people, who love the Australian High Country. More than that it is a celebration of the Australian Spirit.

The story goes that Jack Riley, an Irish tailor couldn't get a job as a tailor in the high country, so took a job on a station where he learned his legendary riding skills. After falling foul of the law, he ended up at "Tom Groggin" station, where as a feeble old man he met Banjo Paterson, telling him the story of "the ride". He requested anonymity in case the police found out where he was!

In 1914, after falling ill, Jack became part of another heroic ride, when some stockman tried to carry him over the mountains to receive medical attention. Sadly he didn't survive the trip and it took the stockmen five days to reach the cemetery from the station.

The Bush Poets started the day with breakfast at Banjo's block and empty plot of land in the heart of town. It sported a smouldering campfire, in the center, an old black kettle hanging from a trivet with the performers and spectators sitting on logs, stumps and folding chairs.

The official launch, which started at 4pm was *in the cemetery!!* (yes really). Riders who had re-enacted the five-day ride with Jack Riley, rode into town to the cemetery, where crowds were sitting on folding chairs, or *grave stones* or just stood about watching. The microphone crackled "Good Afternoon Ladies and Gentlemen. Welcome to "The Man from Snowy River Bush Festival."

It could only happen in Australia – the launch of a festival in a cemetery!! A round-up of the poetry competition will follow soon.

The Dandaragan Experience

By Kerry Lee

Just thought I'd give you a run down on the trip that Rusty, Rod and I made to Dandaragan. It was a great weekend with more highs than lows and we met many warm, friendly and entertaining people.

Originally, we had three schools to perform at on Friday, two at Moora and one at Dandaragan. Unfortunately we had to cancel Moora, when the fuel pump, on our trusty Commodore "Susie", failed after filling up with petrol about an hour out of Perth. Rusty and I tried to hitch a ride to Moora, but we must have looked strange (was this because Rusty showing a leg to get a ride? (Ed.)) as everyone waved but no-one stopped. Rod finally bullied "Susie" into life by bashing her tank; an exercise, which had to be performed every time we started her up.

Rod and I then did a quick dash back towards Perth to intercept our daughter, who was bringing a replacement vehicle. But when we arrived back at the breakdown spot, Rusty had deserted camp, being on his way to Moora by truck! We finally caught up with him in Dandaragan, with enough time to gobble down a huge lunch, which our host Christine had provided. Then it was time to perform for the kids, who were wonderful.

Half way through our tour of Dandaragan, with our host Christine – a walking encyclopaedia on the area, we were out of time. We were welcomed by our billets, who instantly felt like old friends. Rusty was luck enough to share his bed – with the cat's host and the neighbour's cat as well. That night we performed at the local club to a very enthusiastic audience. A fabulous night.

The next morning's workshop turned into a think tank for future events as we only had one interested party. So we sat on hay bales outside the local store, entertaining and being entertained by the locals. A poet from Three Springs, by the name of "Sand Shoe", rode a homemade penny-farthing, while reciting his revamp of "Mulga Bill's Bicycle".

That night we had an impromptu gig at the Gin Gin Hotel. The audience was the only thing missing at this beautifully restored hotel. Just as I was ordering tea, we got word that my horse had died. That kind of finished me for the evening. That was the low spot.

The funniest part of Gin Gins was the mobile beds. They were on castors on a wooden floor. Even a cough set the bed in motion. At the best of times, it isn't easy finding your way around in the dark in a strange place. But when your bed meanders around the room, it becomes a challenge! Anyway it was a great weekend and we look forward to repeating it.

Burakin Quakes

It happened back in sixty-eight at Meckering and then
In seventy-nine in wrecked Cadoux, now it's happenin' again
The earth's bowels are a tremblin' there's a stirrin' down below
When all hell is going to break loose the devil only knows.

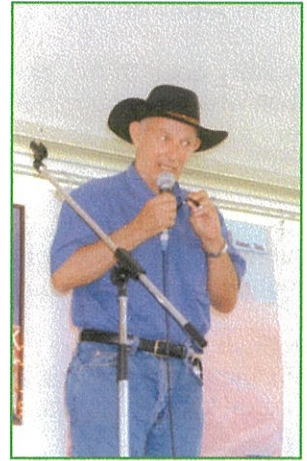
There's a rumblin' round Burakin and ther's documented proof
On the richter scale of Ballidu and shakin' in the roof
Ten thousand tremors have rocked this lonely outback town
Folks sleep with one eye open 'n case walls come tumblin' down.

I once lived close to Burakin and at Kulja too
The only rumblin' that I heard was from Nat's home brew
Or when Corkscrew Jack struck water it thundered loud and clear
Like the Bonnie Rock express or exploding bottled beer.

But if all reports are dinkum we should investigate
The possibility of a shifting tectonic plate
But there's no cause for alarm yet and unless I'm barmy
You're unlikely to be swamped by a tidal wave tsunami.

I must go to Burakin to witness the contortions
Though it may be prudent to take a few precautions
I'll search for faults in the earth, probe every nook and cranny
And camp beneath the stars at night, somewhere near Kalannie.

© John Hayes



The above poem was written after the last tremors that occurred in that area a few months ago.

John told a yarn spin about Norfolk Island and it's cows, very true when you see the slopes and how the cows are standing. The Children at Norfolk Island Central School enjoyed a lesson for half a day on how to write poetry and then in turn the children entertained us with their play on singing of the Magna Carta at Runnymede which was preformed extremely very well as the grades were from year four to seven. John and I are looking forward to be home for a while so we can support the Bush Poets and Yarn Spinners in Perth. **Anne Hayes**



Lest We Forget



Frank Craxier, The Beach at Anzac Cove, 25 April 1915. Australian War Memorial.

ANZAC Cove

There's a lonely stretch of hillocks, there's a beach asleep
and drear,
There's a battered broken fort beside the sea.
There's are sunken trampled graves and a little rotting pier
And winding paths that wind un-cesslessly

There's a lone and silent valley, there's a tiny rivulet,
With some blood upon the stones beside its mouth.
There are lines of buried bones and an unpaid waiting debt.
There are sounds of gentle sobbing in the south.

© Leon Gellert

Qantas Waltzing Matilda Bush Poetry Championships - Change of address

Graeme and Louise Dean – the organisers have changed their address to
P.O. Box 287 Winton Q. 4735

Rhyme of their lives

TAKING a punt on picking the Bush Poet of the Year before the judges made their decision last Friday night extended my record for exercising the dreaded black mock. My pick, Western Australia's Victoria Brown, received a warm wave of applause from the audience – but the judges gave the nod to Victoria's Greg Scott for his poem *Mulligan's Mob*, a rollicking verse about the unexpected arrival of quads. The best thing about the evening was that the silvertail Sydney audience, types normally bored to sobs by everything but a weekend in St Anton or Martinique, found the bush verse to be terrific entertainment.

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Committee Nominations

Nominations for the WABPYSA committee are now being called. We **need** people who are committed to the aims of the Association and wish to be involved in making those aims become reality. The time commitments (including the committee meetings) are stated below. We need a total of 9 Nominations. The positions below be **become vacant** on 30/6/2002

Secretary	Take the minutes of Committee meetings, look after correspondence to and from the Association and be the chief point of contact. It would be desirable for the secretary to have basic computer skills and access to a Fax or the Internet.	12-15 hours/Month
Treasurer	Bank the takings after CAY meetings, collect the membership subscriptions and issue receipts, prepare a statement of accounts for the committee every month.	8 hours/Month
Committee Members	Attend Meetings, volunteer for any of the following:- to organise or help organise special events, Co-ordinate CAY meetings, collect the takings at CAY meetings, person the Product Table.	5 Hours/Month
Newsletter Editor	Correlate information from the Committee, receive poetry entries from members, produce the Newsletter. MUST have advanced computer skills in word processing and graphics.	33 hours/Month

The following Positions are up for re-election

President	Currently held by Lorelie Tacoma
Vice President	Currently held by Connie Herbert

W.A. BUSH POETS & YARN SPINNERS ASSN. INC.

COMMITTEE NOMINATION FORM

I, _____ Hereby Nominate _____

For the position of _____ in the W.A.B.P. & Y.S.A.

SIGNED:

NOMINATOR

SECONDER

NOMINEE

Please return form to

**Hon. Secretary,
Unit 1, 8 Hill St,
South Perth 6151
by Friday 28th June 2002**

**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

Geoff Bebb - Editor

WA Bush Poets and Yarn Spinners Association Inc

Coming Events

Date	Event	Co-ordinator
Frid 3 rd May 2002	Special Come All Ye Meeting Featuring Peter Capp and supporting Local Poets	Barry Higgins - 94075311
20-24 th June 2002	Waltzing Matilda Bush Poetry Awards	
28 th June 2002	Nominations for committee positions 2002-3	Michelle Sorrell – 9367 4963
Frid 5 th July 2002	AGM and Traditional Poetry Night	To Be Advised
Wed 2 nd - Sat 5 th October 2002	National Rally in Northam (Caravan and Camping Club)	Rod and Kerry Lee – H. 93970409

Return Address

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