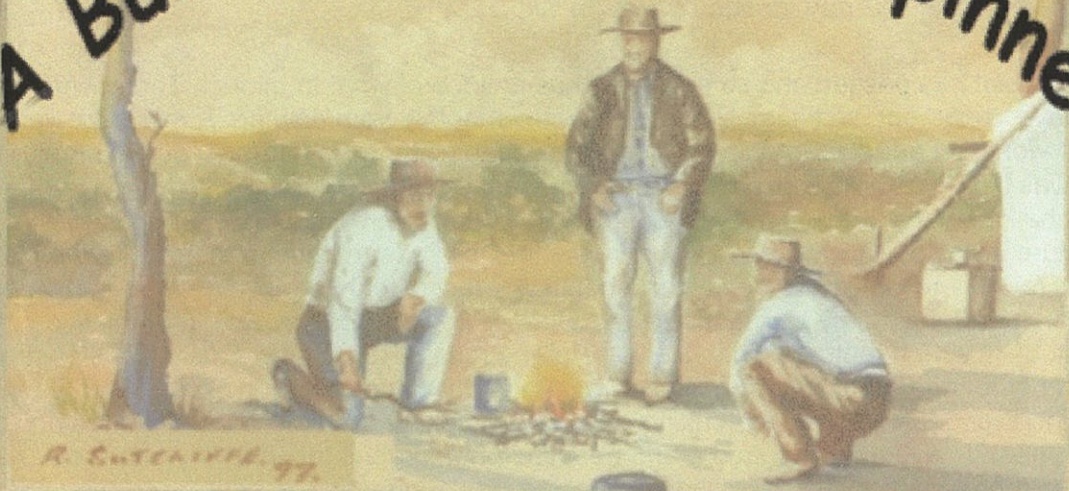


\$2.00

WA Bush Poets & Yarn Spinners



Newsletter : October 2000

RULES OF ENTRY FOR COMPETITION

As with all competitions and challenges, rules are formulated so as to give guidelines to participants, and to make for simpler judging. The Rules for each club or association tend to differ to one degree or another, so we have tailored the W.A. Bush Poets & Yarnspinners rules to resemble, in the main, the other Associations that are involved in the interstate heats that we are endeavouring to reach, i.e. Winton for poets.

AUSTRALIAN BUSH & URBAN POETS SECTION

Two Categories -- (1) Original/own compositions (2) others' works (author to be acknowledged)

All poetry must be performed from memory (not read).

Three to seven minutes including 'preamble' (introduction to poem) to use the definitions of the Australian Bush Poets Association.

Australian Poetry is relevant to Australia and the Australian way of life; Work must have rhythm and rhyme consistent with traditional Australian Poetry.

YARNSPINNERS

All yarns must be performed from memory (not read).

Three to seven minutes per contestant.

"The yarn is a narrative, long and convoluted rather than short and direct, that uses exaggeration and other devices to stretch the credulity of the audience. Wit, humour and wry observation colour the tale, and in the Australian form it is often delivered in laconic or deadpan style to encourage belief in the 'marvellous' or incredible events told"

**"Come All Ye" gatherings at the Raffles Hotel
(Upstairs in the River Room)**

Next Meeting Friday 3/11/2000 at 7:30pm



AROUND THE TRAPS with the Top Dog



G'day, or should that be WOOF!

Well, the first heat has passed and so everyone has an idea of what to expect. There were some glitches which we have ironed out, so things should run quite smoothly from now on. A few more yarnsters having a go would be good. Our team performed creditably at the Royal Show poets' breakfast and a great time was had by all. The powers that be promise they'll have us back next year, perhaps doing an exhibition 'challenge'. Hope we don't have to compete with the clydesdales! 'Spring in the Valley' was a bit of a venture into the unknown and from my point of view, a learning experience. I would welcome any suggestions for how to tackle this next year, should we decide to try again. I have recently unearthed 'The Wongan Tape', being my amateurish effort at recording the concert we did at the Wongan Hills Hotel in October 1998. It features Chris Sadler, Peter Gralton, Ron Evans, Rusty Christensen, Peter Capp, Keith Lethbridge and yours truly among others and includes the world premier of Cappie's immortal "The Wongans" poem. I'm thinking of getting it digitally remastered and printed on CD if there is sufficient interest. I have also acquired some beautiful photographs taken by my late brother at Sadler's woolshed the morning after, which I will display at our next gathering. As I said in my first column, I am keen to see our association expand into culturally diverse sectors of our society. Last year we were treated to a visit by an aboriginal yarnspinner from Queensland whose stories were both unique and hilarious. As an association, I would like us to take affirmative action to encourage more participation by aboriginal Australian poets and storytellers in our activities. So let's get on with it, eh?

Oo roo, Stinger



G'Day everyone from Switzerland

Michelle and I are enjoying the last week of our visit to Michelle's birthplace, prior to departing for the USA, where we will be visiting my newest grandson. This has been a wonderful trip thus far, full of lots of personal growth experiences and the sheer joy of being in such a picturesque country. The last two weeks have stimulated the creative juices in both of us, with Michelle producing art work that integrates her European and Australian heritage and me producing poems that

I've stewed on for some time. I look forward to sharing some of these with you during the last Heat in December. I've also started work on a novel that's been ten years in the melting pot.

We hear that lots of good things are happening both at the regular meetings and at the new events that have attracted our members' attention. Well done to the performers at the Royal Show and those who attended "Spring in the Valley".

Whilst in the UK, on our way here, we were fortunate enough to attend a performance by Roger McGough, who is generally regarded as the UK's foremost poet. It was interesting to compare the quality of his works, with those that we hear at our "Come all Ye" Meetings. In our view, quite a number of our poets could match or exceed the quality of Roger's performance or the works in his newly published book. It's heartening to be able to evaluate the relative standards against an overseas performer.

Good Luck to all those who are performing at the 3rd November Heats. See you all in December.

Geoff Bebb

Come All Ye for September 2000
By Tess Stubbs

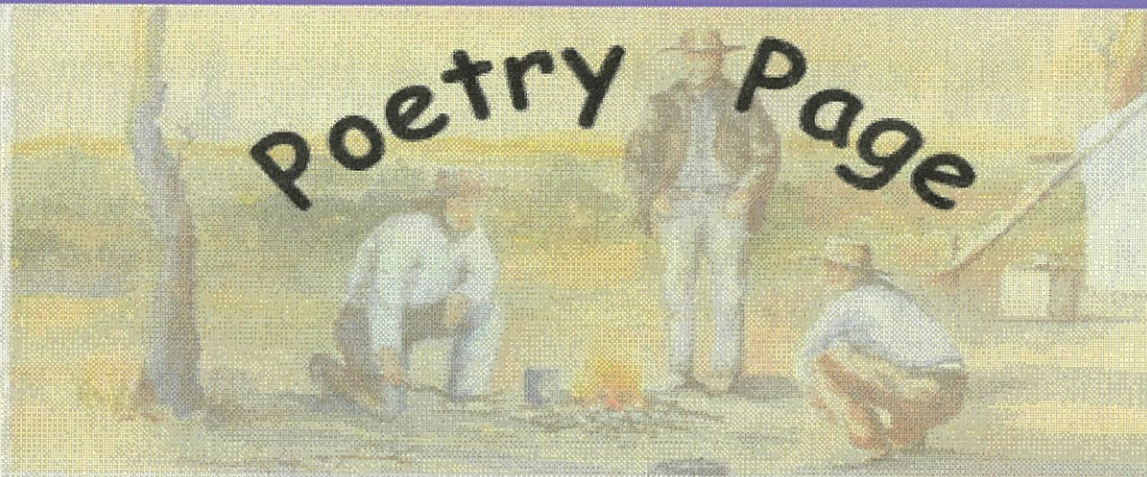
They were restless at the Raffles for word had got around
 That Geoff and Michelle had flown and were far away from town.
 The job of writing 'Come All Ye' has somehow come to me
 A new kid on the block, but here goes, whate'er will be will be.

Mike Davey was coordinator, resplendent in Jacket red,
 But assistant Joan was late, and Maisie helped instead.
 With notes stuffed in his pockets, and papers in his hand,
 He struggled to make it look as though that was what he planned.
 A night of life in the bush and on the farm, with animals and birds
 And even a wistful river put it's feelings into words.
 There were a few firsts that night as well, apart from Mike and me
 First time coordinator, first-time readers, first time ...let's see.

Reading for the first time, Ann Hayes told a verse by husband John
 Of the idyllic life as a farmer's wife. but then she continued on.
 Another tale, also by hubby, of the loneliness and fear
 As wife of a volunteer firefighter, in the bush they all hold dear.
 We needed the laugh from Barry, words by Syd Hopkins, supplied,
 About the bloke and the donkey, and why the donkey cried.
 Connie Herbert told her 'story true', of justice in the outback
 Where the town has two JPs, whatever else they lack
 What happens when they're gaoled for fighting In the street outside the
 pub And appear before each other, Where's the justice? There's the rub.
 John Hayes told a far-fetched yarn about the Pub at Ballidu . And Joan
 a tale of Australia's growth, from a river's point of view. Mike lamented
 on his misfortunes in "Christ, it's not my day". And then another
 'first' took the floor, As the evening got under way. A new face, name of
 Hedley, who changed before our eyes As he put on a Noel Coward persona
 and
 took off the evening's prize. Collecting the morning paper became a tricky
 affair When a seductive, 'married' neighbour, tried to lure him over
 there. A yarn from Paul Cheffers, "this is true" he was quick to assure Of
 what can happen with a crack in a wall that only an ant can get through.

We had musical entertainment, from Mike's group OSLOT
 And Maisie, with guitar and written word, displayed the skill she's got.
 Then we settled back for the competition entrants With Gary Cleary in
 control, wearing the Judge's pants.

Continued page 5



New Boots

My old boots were worn out- They'd seen better days.
 So I bought a shiny new pair and stashed the other pair
 away.
 It's not that they weren't useful - they'd served me rather
 well.
 But they were old and scratched and scruffy and had a
 slightly noxious smell!

The new ones were a picture - unmarked and squeaky
 clean.
 As I slipped my feet inside them my face lit in a gleam!
 I strutted round the paddock attending to my chores
 Casting admiring glances at these new boots that I wore.

I know the dog's were awestruck as they gave them both
 a sniff,
 And the horses in the paddock looked a little miffed,
 That they were not so privileged, to wear such fine attire.
 And I placed each footfall carefully not to soil them in the
 mire.

As the daylight ended and I went to get undressed
 I was slightly agitated and not at all impressed
 To find the boots unmoving - they seemed fixed onto me
 And no amount of tugging would pull the blighters free!

So I called out for my hubby to come and lend a hand.
 With a look of wry amusement he at once assumed
 command.
 He dragged me round the floor with great loss of dignity,
 Then, with squeals of pain and horror, the boots slid off
 of me.

I was not discouraged - They just needed wearing in.
 Next day, with confidence uncalled for, I slipped both
 feet back in.
 And they were just as awesome as they were the day
 before
 Though I was slightly bruised and battered and just a
 smidgen sore!

I gave them quite a workout. I stayed out half the day
 Cleaning out the paddocks and stacking up the bay.
 But there's jobs inside the house that I just had to do-
 Washing, cleaning, ironing and cooking dinner too.

So I brushed off all the hayseeds and shoved my foot
 into the jack,
 Gave a mighty heave and landed on my back!
 And as my feet flew up heading skywards past my
 face
 I was a little disappointed to find the boot was still in
 place

The day was warm and sunny; My feet had swelled
 inside.
 I couldn't move those wretched boots no matter how I
 tried.
 I fought a mighty battle and thought I'd won the day
 As one foot started moving - but then it stuck halfway!

I couldn't pull it out and I wouldn't push it in.
 I swore those lousy bits of rubber were headed for
 the bin!
 I hobbled round the house as I pondered on my
 plight.
 I longed to free my poor trapped feet. I had to win this
 fight!

If I couldn't win by fair play I'd have to win by foul.
 So I grabbed the kitchen scissors and with a mighty
 howl
 I slashed those stubborn boots from calf down to the
 heal
 And threw them in the air in a fit of joyful zeal.

I love my scruffy old boots. I love their friendly smell.
 Their scratched and battered surface is a story that
 they tell.
 I love to put them on when I go out to do my chores.
 But I really, really love them when they slip off at the
 back door!

© Kerry Lee

Come All Ye Continued.....

Beth Scott won gold with a true 'bush poem', her first attempt she said 'twas a tale of a Dunny Down the Back, and it wasn't faces red. Rod Lee read Keith Lethbridge's Talking Dog and then another verse How sad country music sounds better played in reverse. Stinger Nettleton, took Peter Capp's epic poem, with the audience sounding great As we all cried out together "Are the Wongan's ripe yet Mate?"

Joan lamented on the ruination of our Ozzy speech and expression While John Hayes was back to the Good Old Days, Ballidu and the Depression. In the days when pubs closed at six, they called it the 6 o'clock swill Men drank like there was no tomorrow, they had to get their fill. Roger Montgomery's reminder was The Death of Uncle Jimbo's Dad, Who's one delight in life was drink. It was the only sport he had. Long time member Lorreli, lamented on the trials of country driving With bugs and insects on the windscreen, none of them surviving. I had a go then, wishing I could swim, and making my complaints About the trials of being a medical typist, we really must be saints. Ron Evans did the Man From Snowy River, and Stinger got up too To recite The Ballad of the Bushie's Club, he said that it was true. Another turn from Oslot and then Barry Higgins returned With that wonderful yarn of the chimp and stone fruit, and how his bottom burned. We were all impressed with his revelations on how to save paper in the loo As devised by a golfing pro. Now we all know what to do.

Forgive the mistakes in this humble contribution
I hope nobody's after me seeking retribution.

Profile – Rod and Kerry Lee

Rod and Kerry have been married for thirty years. They have a son and a daughter. They live on 10 acres in Oakford with numerous dos, cats, sheep, horses chooks and ducks. (Sounds a little crowded but lots of fun). They run a furniture manufacturing business in Maddington.

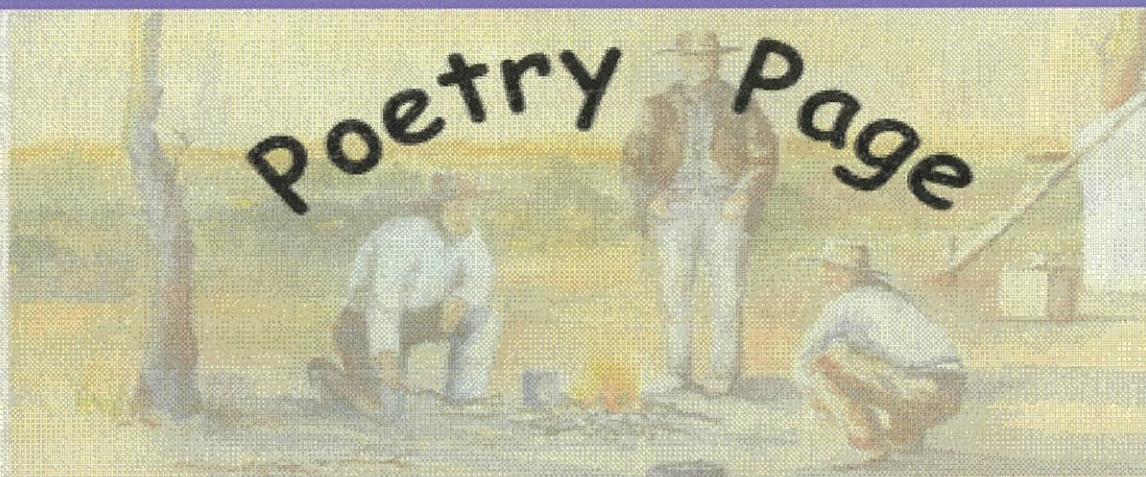
A year ago they found the joy of 4wheel driving and camping and have since done a few trips in the "Beast" (Troopie) with the dogs. (See photo above).

Rod is from Perth. He joined the Airforce at 15 and was sent East. He spent 15 years in the Airforce before being discharged in Perth. Rod was not interested in poetry until he heard Keith Lethbridge recite at a Rotary Club meeting. He went to the Australia Day performance at Wireless Hill in 1999 and joined the Yarn Spinners and by the end of the year he was performing for Wireless Hill 2000. "Boyup Brook" is the second poem he has written.

Kerry is from Grafton in northern NSW. She met Rod in Newcastle while attending Art School.

She now works in the business with Rod. Her main interest is horses and is a member of the mounted SES. Kerry hadn't written or recited a poem since school but Keith reignited the interest.

Both recited at Boyup Brook this year and recently at Rowethorpe Retirement Village.



Boyup Brook

I went down south to Boyup Brook, to the Country Music Show
 Sat myself in the swelling crowd, and let the Music Flow.
 Out-back Bob was on the stage – as the program showed.
 He played his old steel string guitar, and sang his songs of woe.

He sung about his old sheep dog, Shep, got bitten by a snake.
 Had to spend all his drinkin' dough, for his dying old dog's sake
 He sung for about three minutes, of remedies true and tried;
 But no matter how much he warbled and whined, the old dog up and died.

Then he sung about the drought, laid barren all his land.
 He lost his stock and all his feed, had nothing left but sand.
 Then it blew for weeks on end, he wasn't sure how long,
 Then one morning he looked out the window – and even the sand was gone

Then another cheery number. Sung about the missus – couldn't stand the lack of rain
 So she packed the cat and the kids in the car and he never saw them again.
 By this time the crowd were crying, feeling sorry for this clown,
 When low and behold, in the next bloody song, he burns the farmhouse down

I looked into my program. Bob had a thirty minute set.
 I wondered how much more miserable can this country crooner get?
 Then he sung about the rain. I thought things were looking up.
 But a wash came down from the hill-side and drowned his sheep dog pup!!

Then he sung about the bank – the old country "coup-de-grace"
 When you think that nothing else could go wrong, they come and auction the farm!
 Then thank the Lord it was over, these sad songs of misery,
 I felt so damned sorry for Out Back Bob, I went over and bought his CD.

After a long drive home, through traffic and heat, I played the CD through,
 But I really should have known better – it did nothing to improve my mood!
 So I put it back in the player, with the label facing down,
 And what this does, if you're not aware, is it turns the music round.

The music sounded brighter, Bob's words were full of cheer.
 The banker dropped round with the Title Deeds and stayed to have a beer!
 Insurance bought him a nice new house, the pup swam back to shore;
 Then the car pulled up, the missus, cat and kids walked back through the door!

It rained for a week and soaked the ground paddocks changed to green.
 And Out Back Bob sang on and on and even yodeled in between.
 Then a flock of sheep came over the hill, for the pasture made a trail
 And at the back of the mob was the old sheepdog, bringing up the tail.

So when go to a country music show, stand with your back to the stage,
 Or stand on your head, whatever it takes, to get your perception to change.
 Cause I really gotta tell ya, Country Music and Country Verse
 Sure sounds a whole lot happier, when you hear it in reverse.

Committee Contacts Year 2000 – 2001

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Heat One – Competition Winners

Own Poetry Section

Beth Scott and Roger Montgomery

Reciting Another Author

Peter Nettleton

“First Timer”

The winner of the initial “First Timer” was Hadley Provis of Bicton.

Hadley wins one years free membership of the Association. CONGRATULATIONS!!!!!!

Coming Events

Sunday Times Margaret River Wine Region Festival – 10-19th November

Jeff Swain, Rusty Christensen, Brian Gale and Peter Capp will be performing on the evening of Tuesday 14th November at the Bootleg Brewery.

For the general visitor there will be much entertainment. There will be buses to the wineries for tastings, bands, galleries, special meals, banquets, jazz jam sessions and outdoor activities.

Australia Day Challenge at Wireless Hill 26th January 2001

We are seeking a Member who would like to coordinate this function – arguably the most important function on our calendar. The coordinator is not the person who does all the work, but rather the one who delegates the work and supervises it all so that it comes together on the day. We have written guidelines that can be used to lighten the load. Please contact **Peter Nettleton** if you would like to volunteer.

Advertising

Available in our newsletter. \$5.00 for members \$10.00 for Non-Members

WA Bush Poets and Yarn Spinners Assoc Inc**Receipt****[00087]****Received from Edna Westall**

**the sum of Ten Dollars
being Members' Subscriptions of
WA Bush Poets and Yarn Spinners Assoc Inc
Until 30/06/2001**

\$10**Calendar of Events for Australian Bush Poets Association,**

In June 2000, we joined the Australian Bush Poets Association, a.k.a. ABPA, so as to keep in touch with events that are happening in other parts of Australia. Here is a brief calendar of their events to the end of October 2000. We will keep this updated so that if you are interested you may enter their competitions or just attend.

Nov 5	Land of the Beardies Festival , Glen Innes, NSW 7:30am town Hall Poets Breakfast and Performance Competition
Nov 25	South Bank Poets Mini Competition , 1pm Board Walk Theatre. PH Wally or Mary Finch 07 3886 0747
Nov 30	Closing date for The Blackened Billy Verse Competition for Written Australian Bush Verse
2001	
Jan 24-26	Tamworth Bush Poetry Competition Heats
Jan 27	Tamworth Bush Poetry Competition Finals
Jan 27	The Blackened Billy Verse Competition , 11am at the Imperial Hotel, Tamworth NSW

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