

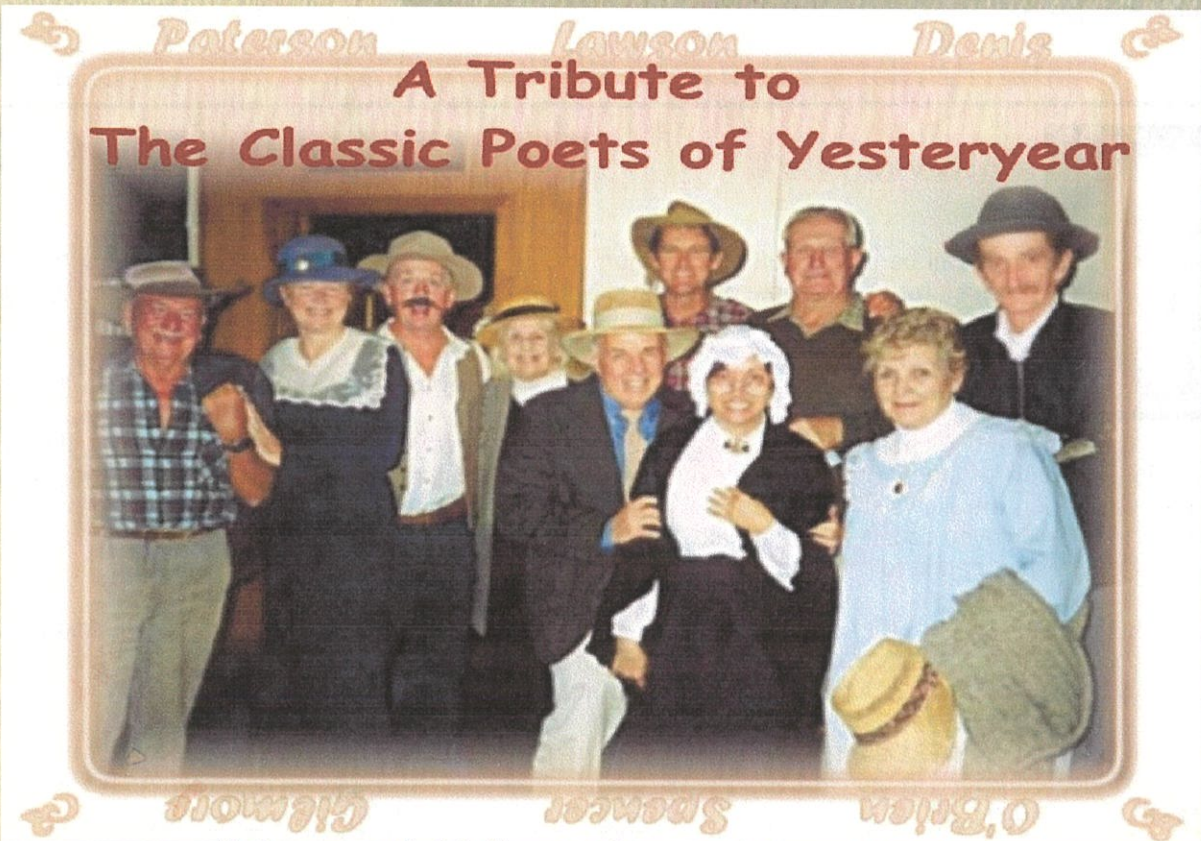
\$2.50

WA Bush Poets & Yarn Spinners



Newsletter : July 2002

Come to the AGM and nominate for the committee



"Come All Ye" at the Raffles Hotel

cnr Canning Highway and Canning Beach Rd Applecross

(Upstairs in The River Room)

Next Meeting Friday 5/07/2002 at 7:30pm

Lorelie's Letters



Friday 5th July at 6.30 p.m. at the Raffles is an important date for your diary! That, of course, is the Association's Annual General Meeting. Finger food will be served so no need to dine before coming. We are delighted to have received a nomination for the important position of Secretary from Peter Williamson, and another new face for the committee will be Rae Dockery. We still have room for more, so do come and put in a nomination. There is always a need for new ideas to promote new directions. **ALL MEMBERS ARE ENCOURAGED TO ATTEND.**

The annual general meeting will be followed by the COME ALL YE at 7.30 p.m., this time a Paterson/Lawson/Traditional night. Please wear costume befitting the era! It was a nice piece of fun last year, and the more participants the more fun. No doubt Michelle will take some photos for the newsletter. Past President Peter Nettleton will be coordinating the program as well as being our M.C.

Good news from the Waltzing Matilda Championships just held in Winton, Queensland. Foundation President Rusty Christensen was a finalist in the Men's Open and he won he Masters Yarnspinning! Our visiting poet from last March, Milton Taylor, won the Men's Open again. Congratulations to them both. Well done!

See you on the 5th.

Lorelie Tacoma



G'Day Everyone,

This will be my last effort as Editor, as I will be bowing out of the committee at the AGM, to concentrate of a couple of business opportunities and to get my recently finished first novel to the publishers.

I need to thank a number of people, firstly Trevor and Phyllis Tobin for doing the front door at the CAY's. Their attention to detail has made accounting for the taking a real breeze. Secondly I'd like to thank Michelle for her efforts in designing and producing the monthly newsletter. It's no secret that she does the bulk of the work. A measure of how successful this has been can be judged by the fact that we can always tell when the Newsletter has arrived in the post. The phone starts to ring with people calling to say how much they've enjoyed receiving it. I'd also like to thank my daughter Rachael and our committee member Barry Higgins, who stepped in to produce the Newsletter while Michelle and I were overseas in 2000.

The schools program has got off to a good start. In early May, Michelle and I went off to Murdoch Uni to teach the teachers about teaching poetry as a way of making History come alive. That apparently went down well, as Rod and Kerry Lee have been invited to do a follow-up presentation during the July School holidays.

I was asked to go to the headquarters of the Education Department – silver city – to entertain at lunchtime. It was quite weird to be performing in the centre of the building, with people looking down on you from the floors above. But it seemed to go down OK.

Finally John and Ann Hayes went to York High School, where an "entertainment" session fast became a teaching session to a crowd of talented year 9's. Well done John and Ann.

Don't forget to come to the AGM.

Geoff Bebb

June 2002 Come All Ye

This was my first CAY for three months, having been laid low by one thing and another. Thank you to all the people who filled in this column for me during that time. Well, I wasn't disappointed with the show. It was like visiting for the first time. In fact it was the first time for quite a few people from various groups of Bush Poets' friends, associations like Rotary and quite a few new faces reciting as well. We had over 80 people in the audience, including a few younger people. **Kel Watkins** was our MC for the night. It was good to see him after a long absence as well. We've missed Merve and his friends from Elsewhere too.

Firstly, **Lorelie Tacoma** made an impassioned plea for someone to step forward as secretary next term as I won't be filling that role any more. I hope that anonymous "someone" heeds the call as we cannot have an association without a secretary and that would mean all the fun would end.

John and Anne Hayes who are to be stay-at-home renovators and CD makers for a while, began the evening. John's real and thoroughly researched stories like the one of "Corkscrew Jack" certainly set the bush scene. It seems unbelievable that these resilient, eccentric characters are still around. **Anne Hayes** also took the plunge, with one of John's poems painting a vivid artist's impression of the magnificence of the bush scenes. Recited with real feeling. Congratulations! Anne, now you have two bards in the family plus a flautist, you'll have to roster stage time for your busy show- biz family.

Leigh Matthews read a poem on behalf of a member of our audience- "Chappelli of the Underarm". A very funny one. I think the author was from Adelaide but, unfortunately, I didn't get his name. There's talent out there that remains untapped. Which brings me to "Rod's Challenge"- This unique ploy by Rod ensures that two new faces win a cassette or book from the product table in return for learning a simple poem for the next meeting. Anne was the first to courageously take up Rod Lee's challenge next CAY. A second unknown member of our audience did the same. This is perhaps the only way to ensure new talents emerge and don't hide their light under a bushel.

Other new brave faces this week were **Carleen Kellis** with her own whimsical rendition of a poem for poor ailing Macca on Sunday- called "Sweet Relief". It has a great twist Carleen. **Florence Elsa** reciting her own soul poems. One for her mother and one inspired by Michael Finnigan which entreats us to be "light hearted and you'll never grow old". Too true Florence. **Peter Drayton** was also a relatively new face with recitations from the immortal Lawson "The Light on the Wreck", Patersons' "In the Droving Days" and "The Traveller" as well as a powerful one of his own "Contrast of Days" (about the devastation of fire and drought in a southern community), all recited with incredible speed, which left us breathless.

There was indeed a minor theme throughout the evening:- A tribute to Parents and the Older Generation.

Peter Capp paid tribute to his dad, "Ecker", also an entertainer, through poem and song. Peter later entertained us with more tales of Eric's epic journey across the Nullabor. Peter has actually been invited to Ted Egan's 72nd birthday in Alice Springs to recite. You'll need to bring out Eric again Peter, hope he's up to it? More outrageous poems and tales followed later in the evening with Graeme Jenkins' "Birdsville Drover" (droving kegs down the Cooper River) and "on the Dole" with Rex's Magnificent Metal Detector to find car keys lost at the beach.

This reminds me what's happened to Trish Mathews. Are you still with your metal detecting friend? Call us, Trish, we've lost touch.

Syd Hopkinson also with the "grey power", recited Graeme Watts' "Poor Old Grandad" who met his demise by holding his breath too long in the dunny and 99 yr. old Ernie, in trouble from the wife for filching the ginger cakes from his own "Last Supper". Syd, the twists you put into your poems are always magical, how do you do it?

We were then treated to a treatise from Kel about a poem which has become a classic amongst the "intellectuals"; travelling Australia wide, from way back in the 60's. Heaven only knows why, but it really appeals to many. It's even been recited in Parliament we're told. It's a favourite of our ex-president Peter Nettleton. Have you guessed which poem yet? Well as Peter wasn't present tonight, **David Sears** thought he'd give it a go,- "Mac Arthur's Fart" by Rob Bath and Andrew Bleedy. It was said with real vigour David, I must say, I couldn't fault the reciter. As the Churchillian quote sort of goes "I may not like what you say but I'll defend your right to say it". That's Australia for you, all about democratic rights: right down to the last fart!

Rod and Kerry Lee are back from Beef Week in Casino where they met many poetry celebrities. The "Blower Vac" went down very well apparently, with Kelly Dixon who writes tracks for Slim Dusty. Rod did one of Donny Lloyd's "Teddy Bear". This is a very poignant poem, also about fathers (especially absent ones). Lloyd is obviously one of these lucky individuals who never ages and not only *remembers* his childhood, but can relive it through his poetry. Your sensitive side is really showing Rod.

Kerry also gained from her travels and recited an extremely humorous poem by Veronica Weal - "The Rat". This was reminiscent of her own farm exploits with rats, ineffective cats and traps. She also did "Paterson's evocative "Mongrel Grey". This is becoming a signature poem. P.S. Hope that your mother/mother in law is better soon Kerry and Rod.

Geoff Bebb recited his "All the Rest is all OK in Chile". Unfortunately, Geoff was not quite OK and indeed still travelling poorly, so we look forward to a more customary vibrant rendition of his excellent true story/poem later in the year.

Rusty Christensen Rod and Rusty have almost crossed paths as Rusty is on his way over to the East for the Winton Competitions in a couple of weeks. We wish him all the best of luck, in advance, from his pals in the association. Rusty was going to practise the Droving Days on us, as a recital of one of the classics is required for the competitions, but it had already been done this evening. He then gave us an expert rendition, (complete with actions) of "Broome Dreaming" by Bob Magor. A very powerful piece, well polished, Rusty. P.S. Brian Gale gave me a tip for the Western Poets going over East. The trend is towards lots of exaggerated actions, to be a winner over there. That's all folks!

Cheerio for this month. See you at the AGM

Michelle Sorrell

Said Hanrahan

John O'Brien

"We'll all be rooned", Said Hanrahan
In accents most forlorn,
Outside the church, 'ere Mass began
One Frosty Sunday morn.

The congregation stood about,
Coat-collars to the ears
And talked of stock and crops and droughts
As it had done for years

"It's lookin' crook," said Daniel Croke,
Bedad its cruke me lad,
For never since the banks went broke,
Has seasons been so bad

"It's Dry all right," said Young O'Neill
With which astute remark,
He squatted down upon his heel,
And chewed a piece of bark.

And so around the chorus went,
It's keeping dry no doubt.
"We'll All be Rooned", said Hanrahan,
"Before the year is out".

"The crops are done; you'll have your work
To save one bag of grain".
"From here way out to back o'Bourke,
They're singin out for rain."

"They're singin out for rain," he said
And all the tanks are dry.
The congregation scratched its head,
And gazed around the sky.

There won't be grass in any case,
Enough to feed an ass.
There's not a blade on Casey' place,
When I came down to Mass.

"If rain don't come this month", said Dan
And cleared his throat to speak,
"We'll All be Rooned", said Hanrahan,
If rain don't come this week.

A heavy silence seemed to steal,
On all at this remark
And each man squatted on his heel
And chewed a piece of bark.

We want an inch of rain, we do
O'Neill observed at last
But Croak maintained we wanted two
To put the danger past

If we don't get three inched man
Or four to break this drought
"We'll all be rooned", Said Hanrahan
before the year is out"

In God's good time, down came the rain;
And all the afternoon
On iron roof and window pane
It hummed a homely tune

And through the night it pattered still
And lightsome gladsome elves,
On dripping spout and window-sill
Kept talking to themselves

It pelted, pelted all day long
A singing at its work
Till every heart took up the song
Way out to back o'Bourke

And every creek a banker ran
And dams spilled over top
We'll All be Rooned said Hanrahan
If this rain doesn't stop

And stop it did, in God's good time
And spring came into fold
A mantel o'er the hills sublime
In green and pink and gold

And days went by on dancing feet
With harvest hopes immense
As laughing eyes beheld the wheat
Nid-nodding o'er the fence

And oh, the smiles on every face
As happy lad and lass
Through grass knee deep on Casey's place,
Came riding down to Mass

While round the Church in clothes genteel,
Discoursed the men of mark
And each man squatted on his heel
And chewed a piece of bark

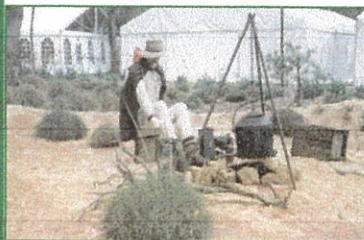
There'll be bush-fires next year for sure me
man,
There will without a doubt
We'll All be Rooned said Hanrahan
Before the year is out.

A Tribute to our first Paterson and Lawson Night - 6th July 2001

Though my heart was all a flutter, so much so I began to stutter as I willed a handy parking space, when we approached the Raff.

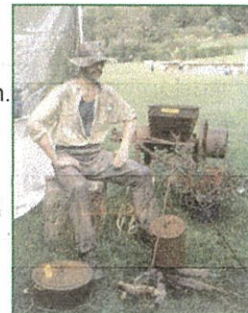
The stairs were not a strain, I didn't notice any pain as I hurried to a chair, I hoped would be waiting there. Those dressed for the occasion increased the spectacle- so raising the extra special atmosphere of this long awaited night. Amidst the numbers there, the organizers floating, mumbled voices, late-comers queuing- the speaker system came alive!

Oh! How wondrous were these words that flowed from each disciple stirring our hearts and filling our ears. Telling the pains of the bush was not a trifle. Sometimes we laughed, other times we felt the tears, how could the human spirit bear those tragic years? Yes, truly unbelievable, how could it have been achievable?



Then the youngest one's poems were far beyond her years!
Such wonderment, such inspiration. absolute proof of pride in our nation.
Through all their sorrow and their pain, our spirits live on again.
Thank you for the passion stirred, enriching us with every word.
All too soon we were jolted back to see, so much of our history
is there to find in the works of those who walked the way long gone.
So to the Raff we'll just have to keep on coming from now on!

Rosa Celenza



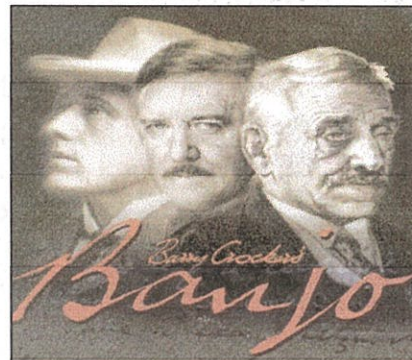
Rosa Celenza sent in this story/ poem and photos from the Kings Park Wildflower Festival in 2001. Rosa is one of our most dedicated members. She is present most Come All Ye nights, usually with a group of friends, cheering every poet on enthusiastically till the very end. Last CAY Rod had to remind Rosa and her friends that the show was finished, I think she puts out the cat and the lights every Friday. Thanks for your total support Rosa.

Dear Michelle,

As a 'new chum' to both Australia and WABPYS I thought I'd drop you a line to let you know how much I enjoyed Barry Crocker and his tale of Banjo Paterson, the man who virtually started it all, at the Playhouse. So much so that I went twice during the week, on the second occasion taking a visitor from England who is a retired headmaster. While I am an enthusiast for Bush Poetry I wasn't sure how he would take it at all but he was absolutely fascinated, both by the story and the presentation. We agreed that it was a wonderful way to take this fascinating area of Australian culture to a wider public.

I understand that Barry Crocker may be bringing the show back to Perth next year, if so I heartily recommend his presentation of Barry Patterson to anyone who missed it. I'll certainly be there again!

Regards, **Jim Lloyd**



What's happening at Winton?

Milton has just dropped Lorelie a line to say that Rusty was a finalist in the Waltzing Matilda Open and he won the Master Yarnspinning!!

Milton won the Men's Open again this year.

Congratulations ! Milton and Rusty from your WA Bush Poets. You are



Our poets have been spreading the word about poetry in schools and the Education Department over in WA .

John Hayes went to York and enthused a group of year nines to write poetry after reminding them of the history of the area (which amazingly enough they had never been taught!) What's the world coming to?

He regaled them for over an hour with his own poetry and then had 15 minutes to teach them how to write with rhythm and rhyme. Apparently the results were amazing. I hope they join our schools competition. On that note please remember that your own grandchildren can join in this annual competition.

Geoff Bebb went to the Education Department and recited Bush Poetry during one of their Wednesday entertainment sessions at Silver City and was well received. This may become a more common event.

THE WIND'S MESSAGE



There came a whisper down the Bland* between the dawn and dark,
 Above the tossing of the pines, above the river's flow;
 It stirred the boughs of giant gums and stalwart ironbark;
 It drifted where the wild ducks played amid the swamps below;
 It brought a breath of mountain air from off the hills of pine,
 A scent of eucalyptus trees in honey-laden bloom;
 And drifting, drifting far away along the southern line
 It caught from leaf and grass and fern a subtle strange perfume.
 It reached the toiling city folk, but few there were that heard —
 The rattle of their busy life had choked the whisper down;
 And some but caught a fresh-blown breeze with scent of pine that stirred
 A thought of blue hills far away beyond the smoky town;
 And others heard the whisper pass, but could not understand
 The magic of the breeze's breath that set their hearts aglow,
 Nor how the roving wind could bring across the Overland
 A sound of voices silent now and songs of long ago.

But some that heard the whisper clear were filled with vague unrest;
 The breeze had brought its message home, they could not fixed abide;
 Their fancies wandered all the day towards the blue hills' breast,
 Towards the sunny slopes that lie along the riverside,
 The mighty rolling western plains are very fair to see,
 Where waving to the passing breeze the silver myalls stand,
 But fairer are the giant hills, all rugged though they be,
 From which the two great rivers rise that run along the Bland.

Oh! rocky range and rugged spur and river running clear,
 That swings around the sudden bends with swirl of snow-white foam,
 Though we, your sons, are far away, we sometimes seem to hear
 The message that the breezes bring to call the wanderers home.
 The mountain peaks are white with snow that feeds a thousand rills,
 Along the river banks the maize grows tall on virgin land,
 And we shall live to see once more those sunny southern hills,
 And strike once more the bridle track that leads along the Bland.

Snowy River, 20 October 1895

Banjo Paterson

I chose this poem because I thought it fitting in view of our "Tribute to the Classics of Yesteryear" evening.

I also noticed on a TV special that the Snowy River is about to be returned to its original condition after many years of neglect and erosion. May the rains come and all our rivers run healthy and clear.

All About Arthur

Just in case no one guessed that life does now begin about 80. Arthur has just published his first poetry book, entitled (in Arthur's usual modest and understated way) "A Book of Poems". Peter Capp actually bumped into Arthur at Rottnest a month ago and immediately enlisted him to recite some poetry at the Dome Café where Peter had a gig. Well, Arthur it seems like there is no rest for the wicked when it comes to bush poetry, even when you try to escape to Rottnest for a well earned break.

All About the Lees' travels East

Rod and I spent 3 terrific weeks over East in May. Most of the time was spent in the Northern Rivers region of Upper NSW. We'd barely walked off the plane when we discovered a fund raiser for cancer research – "The Big Cuppa" was being held in a tiny town called Tucabia at a place called "The Squatters Rest". Allen and Jenny have built a little pioneer village on there three acres. To visit is to step back in time to our pioneer days. They serve bush bread and cockies joy with tea and coffee in an "old" barn. While their guests enjoy this fine repast they entertain them with Bush Poetry and music. Rod and I joined the performers and where invited back that afternoon to entertain a coach load of tourists. I think Rod took up residence from then on and the golf clubs never got an airing!

"Beef Week" was also being held in Casino. For three mornings there was a Poet's breakfast at the Cecil Hotel. I only made one morning's performance as I had come to visit family but Rod stayed for all the Shows and Competition on Sunday, where he managed third place. One of the performers and judges was Milton Taylor. It was great to catch up with him again. He feels like an old friend after his time in Perth and has more than proved himself a great poet by taking out the Australian Championships.

Poetry is "Huge" over there, though we are certainly starting to catch up here. It was interesting to listen to and study the variety of performers and styles. I was disappointed to find the general feeling seemed to be to disregard the Classics. We never heard a single Paterson or Lawson being recited so we were pleased to come home to Perth and discover we are having a classic Night. To me these people are the foundation of all Bush Poetry and set a standard for modern writers to aspire to. It is good we still extend them the status they deserve.

Love Kerry



W.A. BUSH POETS & YARN SPINNERS ASSOCIATION inc

AGENDA of Annual General Meeting

To be held at the Raffles Hotel on Friday 5th July 2002 at 6.30 p.m.

OPENING

APOLOGIES

MINUTES OF LAST A.G.M. 6th July 2001

CHAIRMAN'S REPORT – To be presented by Lorelie Tacoma

TREASURER'S REPORT – To be presented by Geoff Bebb

To be approved:

Applecross Caterers for AGM Food	\$150.00
Kreative Image Technology	343.64
Geoff Bebb for Newsletter Postage	54.90

ELECTION OF COMMITTEE

GENERAL BUSINESS

1) Constitutional Review

ANY OTHER BUSINESS:

CLOSE OF MEETING

STOP PRESS: In previous pages of this magazine I suggested that we had not received nominations for secretary. This is now outdated; Mr Peter Williamson has kindly nominated for the position. We still, however, welcome any other nominations in any capacity, **and will make forms available on the night.**

**A Swag of Aussie Verse
by John Hayes
Volume 1**

**\$7.00
normally
\$10**

**Special Launch
John's 1st CD**
*Music arranged
by A. Beagley*

**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
20 th July 2002	Shark Bay Poetry Festivals	
Frid 5 th July 2002	AGM and Traditional Poetry Night	Peter Nettleton - 9417 8663 evenings
Frid 6 th Sept. 2002	CAY special guest Ron Evans + supporting cast	TBA
Wed 2 nd - Sat 5 th October 2002	National Rally in Northam (Caravan and Camping Club)	Rod and Kerry Lee – H. 93970409
Sat. 12 th Oct. 2002	Yealering Bush Poetry Heat	Peter Nettleton – 9417 8663 evenings

Return Address

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Edna Westall

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