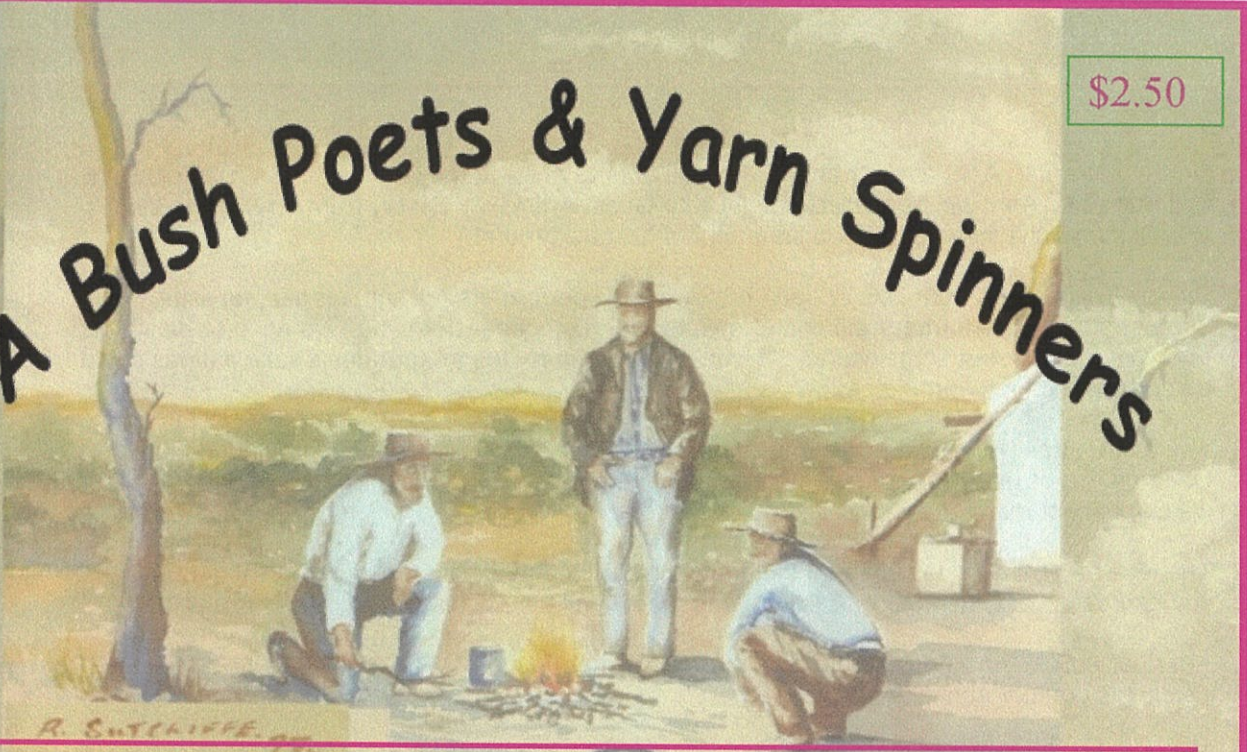


# WA Bush Poets & Yarn Spinners

\$2.50



Newsletter : April 2003

Don't let the sun set on this coming weekend without seeing two of the "Naked Poets" & the best from WA



**"Come All Ye" at the Raffles Hotel**

cnr Canning Highway and Canning Beach Rd Applecross

(Upstairs in The River Room)

**Next Meeting Friday 4/4/2003 at 7:30pm**



## Lorelie's Letters



Here we are into April already and luckily still able to meet at the Raffles. The COME ALL YE this Friday 4<sup>th</sup> April will be a special night with Guest Artist Ray Essery from New South Wales. (See last month's newsletter for a summary of his background.)

Shirley Friend, also from N.S.W., and our own local performers will support him, as usual. We hope some new performers will come forward too. Let's hear from you. No need to be shy as everyone has to start somewhere. It would be helpful for the programme's sake if items could be no longer than five minutes.

The committee is moving ahead with investigations for suitable venues and dates for the A.B.P.A. National Championships in 2004 and next month should begin some more definite news. From reports we hear from the East we can expect many to be crossing the Nullarbor.

The latest A.B.P.A. magazine and their new rules will be available for your perusal at the desk at the C.A.Y. For \$25 you can become a member of A.B.P.A. and receive all their news direct.

After our A.G.M. on Friday 4<sup>th</sup> July, we plan to have our usual PATERSON & LAWSON night. Do remind your friends about this popular annual event.

The A.G.M. will commence at 6.30 p.m. and the **COME ALL YE will start at 8 p.m.** Finger food will be provided at 6.30 p.m. for those attending the A.G.M. Please give serious consideration to nominating for the committee – we need YOU!

Cheers for now,  
Lorelie.

## Michelle's Musings



Dear Members,

Welcome to April. I was singing in the rain on the weekend. I hope it landed in the right places for every one and didn't flood any of you out. Our water tank is full - now for the dams.

Our committee meetings are full too. Full of ideas for the next eighteen months and all the exciting events ahead. Some of our committee are reviewing the ABPA rules for competitions. Some are looking for venues. Some are looking for fund raising possibilities, sponsors and publicity. Others are trying to dream up social programmes (especially for our interstate poets). As there are only seven of us we need more people thinking of what makes Perth special for our guests. If you have any expertise in any of these areas (or know people who have) please contact us.

If you wish to share any of your ideas with the members as a whole please write to me to add these to the newsletter. The bigger the ideas pool to choose from the more original and varied the programmes will be.

Thanks to the people who sent me poems. This issue I have a very experienced writer and a first time writer. I need more new works from experienced writers to keep up the balance.

Please keep a careful eye out in the coming issues for our 'new venue alert' as Lorelie suggested.

I hope you enjoy my new risqué cover page. I'm looking for a page 3 girl for next month, any volunteers?.

Just kidding , it's April Fools day after all. See you on Friday.

Cheers,  
Michelle



### March 2003 Come All Ye

This edition is proudly presented by **Anne Hayes** (who volunteered for the 2<sup>nd</sup> time this year – I hope you enjoyed doing this one despite the computer crash) and **Chris Sadler** (on her rare city visits down from Wongan Hills). Chris says she enjoys being back at the Raffles with its friendly happy atmosphere and she found it a double bonus feeling very comfortable with pen and paper “having a say”. She wishes “All the best to each and every one of you in our world of Bush Poetry and Yarn Spinning.”

Geoff and I were in Sydney enjoying the National 2003 Horticultural Conference. We had a great time cheering on WA in their version of the Nursery Oscars. Two of our nurseries – “Zanthorrea” in Kalamunda and our own “Garden Affair Garden Centre” in South Perth won a National prize. It was great to see our neighbours rewarded for their hard work in the toughest drought in a century. Lets hope WA does it as well in our Bush Poetry National Championships 2004.

Without further ado as they say – we’ll present the evening attended by about seventy people; MC’d by **Phillip Strutt** from Rottnest Island. He was in good form reciting his verse of two Quokka poems. Following this he recited a poem about the “Tasmania Thylacine {tiger} and finished off with the Kimberley Pheasant and Raven On Rottnest.

Lorelie started the night off by talking about spots, not the type that come up on your skin but where you sit to get cool. Then **Syd Hopkinson** was presented with his trophy for his performance at Wireless Hill.

**Leigh Mathews** recited Banjo’s Gee Bung Polo Club. He never gets tongue-tied and we felt like we were there watching.

**Chris Saddler** recited Banjo Patterson “Old Australian Ways “ Banjo wrote this poem on the way home from visiting England. He described the Australian Outback through the eyes of Clancy (We can also picture this lovely sight when this poem is so well recited. Later in the evening Chris recited her own poetry “The Day Mum Fed The Sheep”. Well done Chris you indeed didn’t forget a verse and no one notices the odd word out.

**Kerry Lee** recited a new poem that she had written Called “Urban Farming”. This was about City Farming and keeping ten acres and having to work to supply the up keep of the property. The electricity went off, the water would not flow out of the tap, the toilet wouldn’t flush and she feeling down, Hubby complains because he can’t watch the cricket and then he say’s pick me up I’m down! But when the sunsets and the birds are singing and peace comes Kerry is happy with her lot. The audience was captivated and the funny twist at the end made for a very funny poem.

**Syd Hopkinson** recited about the “Railway Hotel”. Father advises his son to heed his words and stay clear of the girls at Railway Hotel as they ‘fleece you and seduce you’. (I bet he doesn’t take the advice!) Syd also recited “ Ernie’s Wake”. How grandma’s cooking smells lured grandpa from his death bed to pinch two of his favorite biscuits but grandmas fury came upon him.(There’s always a very inventive twist in Syd’s poems)

**Ben White** a new face recited “ Man In The Hour Glass” When You Look In the Mirror looking at yourself. Well done to a new face. Chris felt that having the prompt there was fine (we encourage this too) to give new comers the confidence and to give the “old timers” a little memory jog at times when necessary.

**John Hayes** recited a series of his new poems. “Distilled Or Distorted”, This poem is about the Kalannie farmers producing oil from the Mallee tree, but somehow Nats Home Brew recipe finds it way into the distillery. Death On The Sydney Line about the Youth painting graffiti on moving trains (very foolish young people). “Where Peace Abides” - this is a moving piece of poetry. Generous Jester is about farmers in the Pinjarra area sending sixty bales of hay to drought stricken areas. It’s great to see amongst all the despair and greed there are people willing to go out of their way to help others John finished the nigh off by reciting “Longing For the Quiet Life” as we are going away for six months and won’t be back until September. After all these new poems you need a break. Bon Voyage and all the best from us all John and Anne.

**Rusty Christensen** tried to give us a ‘three prong progress up dates’ but ended up with retelling Billy Hayes’ yarn about the Squatter that leaves his Aboriginal worker to look after his interests while in N Z – then comes home to a story of fire and through bred race horse dead, dog dead, mother dead, wife gone with the overseer. Later in the evening Rusty recited Bob Magor poem, “ Who gives the Bride Away”. Rusty shows he can capture his audience with these two very humorous stories.

**Rod Lee** recited a story about the Funnel Web Spiders, which comes back to life to haunt its victims. Very creepy. This was a prelude to going to Kel’s Ghost night. Chris said it sent shivers down her back.

**Peter Drayton**, recited “Johnson Antidote”, “Hey, Hell and Booligal”, he also gave us tips on what to say if your pulled over by the law. Chris says they were delivered with Peter’s customary enthusiasm and clarity “Exhausting for him and us.”

Continued P7



## Jenny of Tangletree

Dear Jennifer of Tangletree, such memories I hold.  
My girl with dancing eyes of blue and shining hair of gold.  
You were a bright and happy girl. Your laughter rippled free.  
And I'll always remember those sweet years at Tangletree.

By light of kero lantern I still visualize you there,  
Light streaming from the mantle, shadows dancing round you chair.  
As you wrote your story and verses of your life,  
The happiness and tragedies; the humour and the strife.

When dancing heat waves shimmer over devastated plains,  
And glittering mirages promised miracle of rains.  
You great imagination ran so wild and fancy free  
As you penned each story in descriptive poetry.

Whirlwinds causing havoc as they raced o'er ravaged land,  
Trees and bushes blackened under drought's relentless hand.  
Farmer's hearts so hopeless, praying, desperate for rain  
That would save their stock and farmland; give them faith again.

Your verse took me through the seasons, showed me Autumn's touch,  
The bitter heat of summer, how it tortures earth so much.  
And when fate turned against you, you cruelly racked your gentle form,  
You wrote about your homeland, of the place where you were born.

Sharing painful yearnings, your sad dreams of gibbered plains,  
Lying in the hospital you fought your dreadful pains.  
Fled to sheltered valleys where you vainly sought release,  
And rode beneath the coolabahs in search of bush land peace.

You raced o'er tussocked Mitchell grass that shivered in the breeze,  
Salvation Jane on hillsides, growing wild in purple seas.  
You heard the mopokes mourning in the darkness of the night,  
And watched the timid wallabies go scampering in fright.

You followed pads of grazing sheep to crystal water drains,  
Where flocks of cheeky finches sang their chattering refrains.  
Where pelicans and honking geese serenely floated by,  
Watched by circling eagles from the blazing arc of sky.

I felt the ache within you as you yearned to see your home,  
Shared the sorrow you were feeling – suffering alone.  
My soul was crying with you as our hearts flew side by side  
O'er the awesome beauty of our sun burnt countryside.

We heard dry grasses whispering; the bellbird's morning trill,  
And lonely dingoes howling fro a far-off stony hill.  
Dreamtime voices chanting from the hidden rocky caves,  
Where shades of painted figures danced in undulating waves.

Through your time of suffering I felt so truly blest,  
The poetry you left me is regarded as the best.  
I'll always see you writing in the lamplight's golden glow,  
I miss the girl who gave me the Australia that I know.

© V. P. Read



**Val has been writing for many years and has won numerous Bush Poetry written competitions. This poem won the Murrundindi 2002 Dusty Swag Award.**



## Performers Public Liability Insurance Cover

The ABPA has offered low premium public liability insurance for performers. This is becoming more important since new legislation on January 31<sup>st</sup> this year. Some venues will not allow performers on stage without it. – Especially in the Eastern States. Cost is \$25 (for ABPA membership) plus \$60 per year for the cover. Partners of a duo group only pay \$10 for the actual cover after joining the ABPA. **Please call Michelle if you wish to have a form brought to the CAY or sent to you.**

## ABPA Magazine to be tabled at CAY's

To make the magazine more readily available to members we will bring a copy to the CAY evenings. The magazine appears bi-monthly and is full of events and competitions for interstate travellers to attend - held in all the Eastern States. It also contains poetry, writing tips, gossip as well as ads. for bush poetry books and CDs you may wish to purchase.

## The Hole in the Wall Theatre Company

in association with the Returned & Services League (WA)

proudly presents

# Rusty Bugles

by Sumner Locke Elliott

Directed by **Raymond Omodei**

Designed by **Jake Newby**

With a huge cast of top Australian actors

**Under canvas on the Perth Esplanade**



*The larrikin comedy of Aussies at war*

## WABP Theatre Party for Thursday 10<sup>th</sup> April to see "Rusty Bugles"

To join the party for a great discounted price of:

**\$29.94 (pensioners)**

**\$19.90 (veterans)**

Hand in money in to Joan Macneall at the CAY on the 4<sup>th</sup> April or before.

This is a commemorative Event, which leads to Anzac Day 2003. Written by a young playwright Sumner Elliott who was serving as a supply clerk in the supply camp south of Darwin 60 years ago. (*Unfortunately, probably as real today in Iraq as it was then, a perfect play for our times Ed.*)

Here is a compilation of the revues;

"It is a joyous and irreverent protest against bungling bureaucracy: a tribute to hundreds of men – hard-headed, sweating, grubby, generous mates – left idle and useless at a god forsaken camp, yet full of beans and desperate to take a more active part in the 'real' war with their mates at the front. They sit joking, singing, squabbling, trying anything to make a quid on the side whilst making fragile contact with their families on a crackling party line, with both shattering and hilarious results."

## Wireless Hill Championship 2003 Results Sheets

Some performers have requested to see their written results. Lorelie will have the results sheets from the judges at the April Come All Ye. If you wish to see these please feel free to go and ask her for your sheets. These could be great feed back for your next competition.

## CAY and "True-Blue ,Dinky-Di Concert Night at the Lees" 4<sup>th</sup> and 6<sup>th</sup> April 2003

We are pleased to have the Company of **Ray Essery** and **Shirley Friend** from the "Naked Poets" over from the East for a weekend to entertain us. First they will feature at our CAY this Friday night along with the best of our WA talent: - **Rod and Kerry Lee, Geoff Bebb, Syd Hopkinson, Val Read, Beth Scott, Leigh Matthews and Rusty Christensen** who will be doing a special presentation of **Keith Lethbridge** poems. Arthur Leggett was invited but he's busy cycling down south. Oh! For this man's energy - and at such a young age too.

An apology to **Beth Scott** is in order here. I couldn't find a photo quickly enough to put on our front cover. Beth you're a star.

Please send me another photo of yourself when you can.

I had no photo of Shirley either. Michelle

Saturday night at the Lees Selection will also feature the popular Natural Horsemanship Display pre-concert and BBQ. **Peter Capp** as special WA artist as well as **Dave Lee** in a special request later night slot, after the poetry, for the young and risqué. In the morning for the staunch campers staying over will be a bush breakfast and open mike.





## The Stockman

The stockman is a loner,  
Who rides the rugged plain  
Driving all his cattle  
In the dust or pouring rain

His horse is strong and able  
With brumby in his blood  
Confident and sure footed  
On flat or in the scrub

He slowly moves along the trail  
His lips all dry and cracked  
Saddle bags hang heavily  
The journey's stores all packed

The billy in which he makes his tea  
Bangs to the beat of the hoof,  
Calloused hands hold the reins  
The horse he rides called "Boof"

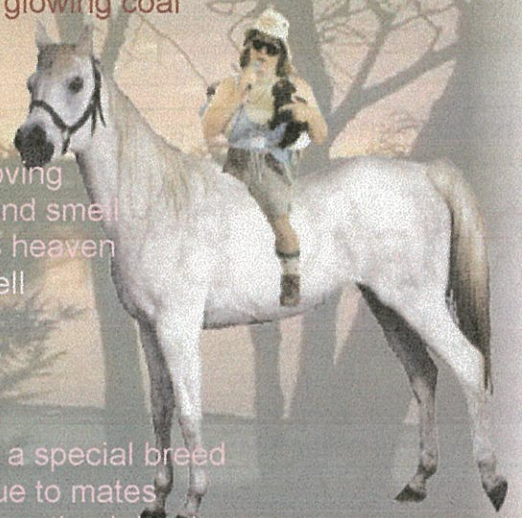
His clothes are creased and weathered  
Akubra hat on tight  
Dragging logs to yard the scrubbers  
The swag's out for the night

A campfire lights the scrubby bush  
His weathered face glows bright.  
Hoping stock will settle,  
Not stampede from a fright.

Early morning comes around  
A hot tea warms his soul  
Hobbles off the horses  
Dust thrown on last glowing coal

Once again he's moving  
The flies, the dust and smell  
To the stocky this is heaven  
To others a living hell

But the stockman is a special breed  
Hardworking and true to mates  
Passing through the outback land  
Never forgetting to shut the gate.



## Outback Pool

Many a time the water tank  
Would save us from the heat.  
As the summer sun grew hotter  
It was the public place to meet.

All our friends from next door  
Would all come for a swim  
The sides were green and slimy  
But we would jump right in.

The outside was all rusty  
But it held the water well.  
Termites feasted on the stand  
A matter of time before it fell.

A piece of shade cloth over top,  
Suspended by binder twine.  
To us kids it was heaven.  
To us our pool was fine.

Dad would always say to us.  
"Now don't you leak in there  
For we wash and cook the food with that."  
So to pee we wouldn't dare.

Sticks adorned the outside  
With silicone around.  
With age and weather against her  
She was starting to break down.

We used to watch the sunset,  
As we swam around the tank.  
The field of golden colours,  
The mounds of grassy bank.

We swam till we could swim no more,  
And climbed down to get some tea.  
Tomorro' then, we'll pump the bore,  
And in our outback pool we'll be.

©By Tania Parker

**Tania, from Yealering, won our Yarn Spinning Competition at Wireless Hill this year. These are her first attempts at poetry. Good onya Tania !**





## Come All Ye continued from p3

**Hadley Provis** was Dave from from "Dad And Dave" on the Eastern Sea Board. Dave and Mabel had just been married and after a while they could not produce little pattering feet. So after twelve months it was decided to send Dave to WA for a rest, but before leaving home he heard them talking in whispers about 'Into fertilizing programme' and reckoned that the grass in the paddocks will be six foot tall before he comes home! This one was great fun and made every one sit up and listen.

**Margaret Taylor** wrote a poem about the day The Day The Truck Caught Fire. This was one of her own recently written poem about her own farming exploits and a near tragedy that occurred many years ago whilst hay baling. *I must say I really admire you country ladies and your courage to face continual uncertainty and life threatening situations Ed.*

**Rosa Celenza** read us her new poem, "Female Observations"; inspired by the last Come All Ye when we had more females reciting than men. But she admits we can only do without our men for a while. *Too true, where would we be without our men – especially the poetic ones? Ed. Rosa has a poem for every occasion.*

**That's all folks for tonight. Look forward to seeing you in the next Come All Ye with Ray Essery and Shirley Friend (another of the Naked Poets) who decided to come over just for fun.**

## Nannup Music Festival 28 February – 3 March 2003

Bush Poetry & Yarnspinning was well represented at Nannup again this year. Quite a few people I spoke to over the course of the weekend mentioned that they had been to Wireless Hill on Australia day or the Raffles at some time or other. Then again, the line-up of talent, both old and new, was impressive to say the least.

After a few car problems on the way, we arrived in Nannup about midnight Friday night and further put our patience to the test by trying to pitch the tents on rock hard ground by the light of a feeble moon and a tiny torch. When it was done, it was too late to do much else except don our nightcaps and retire for the night.

Saturday morning saw us exploring the surroundings and consuming copious quantities of tea and toast before finding our way to the Town Hall for the 10-00 am workshop on Bush Poetry, hosted by yours truly with help from Phil ('Rottnest Monster') Strutt. We covered the subject from various aspects, amply illustrated by examples, both well-known and novel, all the while heavily plugging this association. The crowd was receptive and appreciative, as Nannup audiences invariably are.

A brief break and then the same venue was turned over to a poetry come-all-ye, hosted by Roger Montgomery and Peter Capp. About half-a dozen 'floor poets' gave it a go, which is an impressive response by any standard. Also, while there was no restriction on the type of poetry performed, it was pretty well all 'bush' with a bit of Pam Ayres thrown in. Just goes to show how popular our variety of performance poetry is and how readily bush poetry lends itself to being performed.

After lunch and siesta, we were back at the Town Hall for Dingo's Breakfast and their musical production number 'Drowning in Lunatic Soup'. These blokes have a wealth of talent and experience both as a band and individually and their work is so authentic and ground-breaking, it's a wonder they don't command a higher profile than they do. Still, give them time...

The rest of the afternoon, Phil and I shared duties as MC and stage manager at the salubrious outdoor concert venue at historic Holberry House. Our brand of humour fitted well in between the headline overseas and interstate music acts (Capp dubbed us the Laurel & Hardy of Bush Poetry) and it was great to work with so many talented and professional people.

After a huge barbecue meal at the campground, the evening was devoted to cruising from venue to venue – mainly from the Bowling Club to the Pub and back again – and generally drinking in the festival spirit. Funnily, we kept bumping into the same group of people wherever we went.

Sunday morning, we were up bright and early and heading back to the Town Hall for the Poet's Breakfast, hosted by Greg Hastings, Roger and yours truly, with assistance from Phil and Capp. Once again, a strong showing of floor talent was well balanced by the 'pros' and we were all left wanting more when our time was eventually up. The food (barbecue again) was great as well!

The 'Stinger & Strutt' team spent most of what was left of the morning sharing MC and stage management duties at the Town Hall, followed by lunch, siesta and a quick drink at the pub before yours truly took the stage at the Village Green for an hour of bush balladry, both spoken and sung. I was hot, as was the weather, so it won't surprise anyone to hear that once my spot was done, I was lured back to the pub for a wind-down in the beer garden.

While so doing, we were approached by a group of semi-locals who said they had intended catching one or other of the Town Hall poetry spots but had somehow missed them all. One thing led to another and we ended up accepting an invitation to a barbecue at a private residence in town that evening. That turned out to be a real blast and one of the highlights of the weekend.

Staggering back toward our camp, we managed to catch the late concert at Holberry House on the way, followed by a late party-come jam-session in the campground itself. A fine way to cap off a Sunday - and a festival.

Monday morning was rather subdued. We ate our barbecue breakfast quietly as we waved goodbye to the early-starters, such as Dingo's Breakfast. Then we headed back to Holberry House for the big breakfast concert, featuring a huge line-up of headliners and the customary massed choir of performers.

All too soon it was time to say 'oo roo' to friends old and new and head out on the long and winding road back to reality. It is a bitter sweet feeling one gets at such times, when you know you have partaken of a very special and unique experience which can never be repeated but will live long in the memories of the participants.

Now, it's onwards to Fairbridge for the Anzac long weekend!

**Peter (Stinger) Nettleton**



**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**

<b>Date</b>	<b>Event</b>	<b>Co-ordinator</b>
Fri. 4 <sup>th</sup> April 2003	Ray Essery - special guest at CAY	Rod Lee - 9397 0409
Sat. 5 <sup>th</sup> - 6 <sup>th</sup> April 2003	Ray Essery Concert Weekend - Lees Farm Oakford (inc.B.P.Breakfast Sun)	Rod or Kerry - 9397 0409
Thur. 10 <sup>th</sup> April 2003	'Rusty Bugles' Theatre Party	Joan Macneall - 9390 0063
Sat19- 20 <sup>th</sup> April 2003	Moora Country Camp Out. Interested poets call for extra details, times and rates	Sheryl Bryant - Ph 9654 9064

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