

\$2.00

WA Bush Poets & Yarn Spinners

Newsletter : August 2000

RULES OF ENTRY FOR AUSTRALIA DAY 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 & Yarn Spinners 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 bush and urban poetry relevant to Australia and the Australian way of life.

YARN SPINNERS

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"

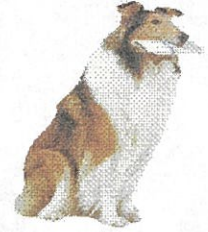
Material of a tasteless nature will be penalised or disqualified. Remember the Wireless Hill finals are a family event.

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

Next Meeting Friday 1/09/2000 at 7:30pm



AROUND THE TRAPS with the Top Dog



G'day again all,

First let me add my congratulations to the many of you who were so justly impressed by the last newsletter, both its format and content. Well done editorial subcommittee! You will now also note that it is a monthly (instead of bi) publication - just one of the many small ways in which we aim to enhance the value of membership for our members.

Another way is by increasing the entrance fee for the monthly come-all-ye for non-members to \$5 (including door prize), as of October 2000. Financial members will be entitled to the concessional fee of \$3 (including door prize), a saving of \$24 over the year. Great value!

In pursuit of our mission policy, we are also expanding our sphere of influence geographically. Our voice was heard recently from Derby and is shortly to be heard from Dalwallinu and Geraldton. Before the end of the year, we hope it will be heard from Albany, Boyup Brook and Margaret River as well - moving closer to the day when we have organised heats in country and remote areas.

I would also like to see us expand demographically as well - into other community groups, as a significant part of the multi-cultural organism in which we all live. Anyone who has good ideas about this can contact me at stinger@iinet.net.au or on 93141313.

**Cheers,
Stinger**



Editorial

G'Day All,

Thanks to all those who took the trouble to give the Editorial Subcommittee such valuable feedback on the first issue of the new-look Newsletter. In this issue we will be starting a series of profiling some of our performers (in this case the irrepressible Maisey and Mike Davey).

Over the next few issues we will feature, Kel Watkins and Keith Lethbridge as well as Kerry and Rod Lee. We are indebted to all of the above-named who compiled their material well in advance, so that the Newsletter could be prepared before the Editor goes overseas.

The President referred to increasing the value of membership to our Members. Another initiative that the new committee decided upon, is to limit the "Product Table" to financial members.

The committee is also considering social gatherings, poetry writing workshops and visits from some of the well known national performers from over east. The Editorial subcommittee would love to receive your comments in the form of "Letters to the Editor" on any or all of the above issues

Geoff Bebb

Come All Ye August 2000 By Michelle Sorrell

It seems that the Come All Ye's although unrehearsed and unplanned seem to develop a theme and life of their own each month. Last month it was marriages. This month it seems to be death and body parts. Perhaps the association should register in the births, deaths and marriages bureau.

These potentially gruesome topics were anything but that, in fact the whole night was hilariously funny and incomparably managed by **Peter Capp** in a brilliant tapestry sofa shirt. I think he won the prize for the dress up section and CD selling extraordinaire section as well. **Peter** got the evening rolling with his barrel of fun, "The Drum"

On to our next major topic involving death and near death experiences.

Kerry Lee gave us her own poem "the Gold and Grey" a beautiful and sensitive story of a girl and her horse. Death parts them in the end. More bereavement followed with our national hero "Ned Kelly" by an unknown author, recited by **Connie Herbert**. Connie is also a legend in theatrical circles as we found out at the Vaudeville Show for the Deck Chair Theatre last month. If you ask her about some of her experiences I'm sure you would be fascinated.

Geoff Bebb carried on with his version of Ron Evans' near funereal experience rendered with accent, rhythm and style faithful to CJ Dennis (Ron's alter ego I think.) Once the seed was set this theme was continued by **Mike Davey** with his own poem "The Old Crow" surrounded by amorous and humorous kookas and galahs on the electric wires, who all met untimely deaths.

Roger Montgomery, not to be outdone in the deceased and delightfully funny department, gave us his own "Uncle Jimbo" who meets his end at Rottnest mistaken for a walrus and killed by falling shark. Shark and victim both ended up "taxidermied (perhaps st*#*ed is not befitting a family newsletter!). **Rusty Christensen** was later stirred to carry on these grave matters with Claude Morris' "A Grave Mistake". By this time the *audience* was threatening to die from continuous laughter.

Peter Stinger Nettleton gave the audience no respite from the relentless humour with his 'stinging' "Kangaroo Shooter Dreaming" yarn/poem, which has an underlying serious message about the treatment of our wildlife. It's wonderful how poetry can bring the serious and humorous together so successfully.

The late **Ron Evans** recited for us "Where the Pelicans Build their Nests" which could be a version of paradise. For seconds he recited CJ Dennis' "the Play" about the Sentimental Bloke's viewing of the embattled Romeo and Juliet play and comparing it to a stoush in Little Lons.1930s style.

Barry Higgins gave us Syd Hopkinson's poem "Denis the Menace" who was caught in the Carnarvon floods and almost met his demise but managed to escape from his sack at the punch line. Once again a very funny poem to which most parents could relate in a secret sort of way. Barry also clarified the legend of Cock-Eyed Bob and how the name originated - which brings us onto our second impromptu theme Body Parts. How those two are linked I'll leave you to ponder. If you didn't attend the Come All Ye, come next month and discover all.

Trish Matthews actually bravely incorporated this theme with her risqué and humorously treated poem of "Pierre and Suzanne" and their perilous involvement in l'amour and the oldest profession.

Sex may sell, however **A P Herbert** perhaps overstepped the mark of decorum set for a family newsletter when sending us his poem so we regret we could not print it or even finish saying it at the Come All Ye. This was quite timely as Guidelines for reciting and sending in poetry will be a subject in this and coming newsletters.

Continued page 5

Maisie and Mike Davey



COMMON SEAGULL



Common seagull by the sea,
what's it like to be so free.
Swirling round in sun all day,
a lousy screech is all you say.

You'd scoff the lot I have a hunch,
if I should chuck out half my lunch.
Go and catch some blessed fish,
Leave me alone is all I wish.

I see no chains upon your knee,
It ain't the same, the wife's with me.
I'm dragged down here in boiling sun,
gulls like you get all the fun.

Don't see you with screaming kids.
The rubbish bins should all have lids,
hope your head gets all black and sooty.
Wish I could go and watch the footy.

© Michael Davey

CASA GLORIA

In Spain there is an Orange Grove
which isn't very grand.
There's only twenty orange trees,
but it's our own dear land.
There is an old house stands nearby
which we have been restoring.
It was bereft of sun and light,
it hadn't even flooring!

But now we've put a window in
and a door to keep out draughts,
and though it brought us near to tears
we still had many laughs.
We sit around the old log fire
as many have done before,
but no longer will the old grey mule
come through that large front door.

And soon the house will be complete
and we will there reside
cut off from all the worldly rush
and safe and snug inside.
Although we've had to alter it,
it's old charm is still there,
and now it looks so beautiful
it's quite beyond compare!

© Maisie Davey - October 1969

Maisie

I first started to write 'real' poetry when we went to live in Spain in 1970. Mike's Dad had bought an old 'casa' which we

Mike

Maisie introduced me to bush poetry about three years ago when she read her poem *The Rabbit Fence Mender* at Wireless Hill. I had a Chev club meeting and came by to hear her recite and heard several other poets. From then on it snowballed, poetry competing with my love of old Chevrolets. Sometimes the two blend, as you will see if you read *The Other Woman* in my new book *Bush Poets Pocket Wally*. That's her and me above (Chev 29). Maisie has now managed to remove her from the scene, the poor old girl has been sold and now has a new man friend (the Chev 29

stayed in temporarily, and it's 'mod cons' consisted of only one tap for cold water and that was in the living room beside the fire-place. My 'washing machine' was the baby bath and a rubbing board! We had a 4 year old daughter and a 2 month old son so my hands got pretty raw! But we loved the old casa and the poem *Casa Gloria* epitomises it. After that I began to write poems for friends and family events.

When we moved to WA in January 1983, I only wrote poetry spasmodically and turned my talents to short stories instead for a while and it was not until the first Wireless Hill competition, where I recited

The Rabbit Fence Mender, that I got back to poetry and finally put a selection on them into my booklet *A Pocketful of Rhymes*. This little book is made up of mostly humorous poems including some on my experiences of a hysterectomy. A couple of my favourites from the booklet are *Libido and Walks and their Consequences*.

At the moment I have temporarily given up writing poetry and am concentrating on writing my own words and music for songs, and used one of my poems, *Often*, for the first song I wrote. Mike and I, and sometimes a small singing group we have formed called USLOT, perform these at the Peninsular Folk Club, the Armadale Folk Club, which is now based in the Hills at Falls House, and old peoples homes. *Maisie*

that is not Maisie.)

I still have my other love, a Chev 53.

Hand made books

Maisie and I write our poems, then format our books and get the pages printed. Then I cut, staple and glue the pages of each one.

On a Telethon run with the Chev Club we met Judy Nunn (Elsa from Home and away), Martin Sacks, Rupert Reid, (PJ and Jack from Blue Heelers) and Kate Sacks, and we had given each a copy of Maisie's *A Pocketful Of Rhymes* and my *Pocket Mike*. One of the highlights has been receiving a signed photo from Judy Nunn thanking us and saying how



much she had enjoyed them. We had met on a cold morning and had driven them from the Parmelia Hotel to Whitford City Shopping Centre, where they were to sign autographs. We gave them a long cold but pretty ride along the coast and had arrived more than half an hour late. Oh Well!

Poets are never good timekeepers are they?

Boyup Brook country music festival last year would be another highlight. Here I performed *The Other Woman*. Everyone seemed to want to buy it. It is now in *Bush Poets Pocket Wally*. I of course was tickled pink especially when one of the country singers wanted me to put it to music. (Talented Maisie has now done this for them and we sometimes sing it at the folk club too.)

I was lucky to get back home next morning as the water pump went on the Chev. I had a ball though, so why don't you come and join us next year? *Mike*

Come All Ye Continued

Michelina Field, a new member braved the faulty microphone and first time nerves to give us her tale of lament about another body part that often infuriates us all "Hair". We can all relate to that I'm sure. Her second poem was equally well received by all and very close to my heart as well, being a migrant. The subject of this poem was her strong patriotic feelings towards "Australia" her new homeland. Michelina hails from Sicily.

We welcome a trio of new poets from our *really* senior's set, proudly in their late 80's and brave enough to face errant microphones and a crowd of 80 plus people with their own compositions. Congratulations to **Phyllis Wild** with her witty poem on aging called "Adjusting" as we all must in the end. Also to **Joan Williams** with her very clever revamped nursery rhymes about genetic engineering. This lady likes to keep up to date on things. Also **Vic Williams** with his "Luffer Crane" to the tune of "Click go the Shears". I suspect this was from personal experience .

Tess Stubbs also had to endure the unruly microphone with her "Riding on the Bus", an environmentally friendly poem about giving up her car. Thanks Tess for persevering.

To finish we mustn't forget our stalwarts, who always come up with something new and interesting.

Rod Lee gave us his clever fishing yarn about "Barramundi Bob" and **Kel Watkins** gave us more tales from elsewhere. Both these yarn spinners are experts at giving us an almost believable tale with a dead pan face while the audience are in stitches. Beats me how they do it.

Maisey Davey also gave us her own poem about "Moving". Something we all hate and love at the same time. **Syd Hopkinson** gave us his own "Ladies Trust Your Man" about Rosie trying to get out of mowing the lawn - another hilarious one. **Peter Capp** rounded off the evening with his "Vo Rogue at the Melbourne Cup" said in such a racy, race - caller style that I feared he'd burst.

These three poets gave us poetry, to which we can easily relate and recognise. Poetry is definitely a fine mix of the real and the incredible, which is thoroughly entertaining. Nothing beats a live performance so please do join us next month if you can.

Tales under the Trees - Bassendean Council

The Council's Leisure Services Department will be treating children to an unforgettable series of storytelling presentations in our parks by the Swan River. This is a new and exciting storytelling adventure for Bassendean children, and storytellers are needed to help shape and develop this program.

Are you vibrant, enthusiastic, creative, humorous and entertaining? Can you capture the imaginations of children aged 3 to 6 years old? If you can picture arriving in a boat to start your tale, or perching in a tree above your audience, this is a project you will love!

The storyteller will base their readings on a book selected from the Bassendean Memorial Public Library. What's more, an artist will work with you to visually create pages of your story in front of the audience.

The program will include 4 to 6, 30 minute sessions between 17 to 27 October 2000. A remuneration fee will be discussed with the selected storytellers.

If you are interested in being a storyteller for the inaugural *Tales under the Trees* series, please contact Jude Bunting in the Leisure Services Department on 9377 8000 *before Friday 1st September 2000.*

Poetry Page



Ode to Stinger

Stinger was a singer, a yarn spinner and guitarist
 Who drank fine ales and told fine tales, far-fetched, farther and farest
 His jubilee approaches, so with great anticipation,
 I'm honouring this historic thing, with poetic recitation

He started life, consuming crows around the city of churches,
 Now time to reflect and be circumspect as towards 100 he lurches.
 When I met him, he was playing a bumbling oaf, with a string of unwanted wives,
 It's funny how our roles on stage, so often reflect our lives.

Folksy shows at Albany, Toodyay and Kalamunda
 Brought great reaction from the crowds – mainly, yawns and groans and chunder.
 With his imposing frame and his quirky name, he was destined to go far,
 Frequently to the toilet and often to the bar.

We all have faults and foibles, some madness and some folly,
 While Jeremy Irons has a teddy bear, Peter has a dolly.
 Politics, Poetry, Performing revelry and romancing
 He could have been a senator, Freo's answer to Pauline Hanson.

Still nifty at fifty, a very good mate, the finest of all the blokes
 Nearly as old as his songs,
 Nearly as young as his car,
 But MUCH younger than his Jokes!!

© Phil Strutt

This poem is to celebrate Stinger's 50th birth month



Coming Events

Spring In The Valley - October 14-15th

The Bush Poets have been invited to perform at Whiteman's Abroad restaurant as part of the Swan Valley Festival. The venue and our association will be advertised in a brochure for the festival. The event is very popular and well publicised by the Tourism Commission. If this year is successful for us we may expand into having our own venue next year. **Please contact Michelle (Hon Sec) 9367 4963 ASAP**

Corrigin Agricultural Show - September 9th-10th

A reminder for interested performers that you are invited to perform during this day/night event after lunch in their pavilion and in the evening during band rests and to be guests/performers at their Sunday sausage sizzle. **Please contact Mrs Lyn Ling on 08 9063 2021 ASAP**

The Royal Perth Agricultural Show - 30th Sept – 8th Oct

The organisers of this year's show have approached Brian Gale to see if any Bush poets are willing to perform at the Show's cultural events. As there is a lot of publicity surrounding the Show, it could mean high profile exposure for performers who would like to further their reputations. **Please Contact Mr Glen Wheland 9384 1933 if you are interested.**

If you get to perform at any of the above events, please let the Editor know so that we can include some details of how you were received and what opportunities exist for more performers to be involved.

NB Anyone planning a trip over East in the next year, please don't forget to contact us if you wish to know about the numerous Bush Festivals and Bush Poetry groups on the East Coast. We only have room to publish a few in these issues. The ABPA has many more events you may wish to enjoy.

Advertising

For Sale
Kelvinator 300L Refrigerator
Works Well
 In good condition



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.

Sept 1-3	Millmerran Bush Poet's Roundup , Millmerran Qld. Contact Kev Barnes, Ph 07 4695 4209
Sept 3	Coofs Harbour Gardens Poets' Brunch . Enquiries George Arnett 02 6658 2867
Sept 10	Kempsey CM Festival Poets' Brunch Moon River Hotel Kempsey. Ph Gwen 02 6562 2937
Sept 14	Kyabram and District Bush Verse Inc. 7:30pm Kyabram Club Ph Betty 03 5852 1993 or Mick 03 5853 2265
Sept 29 - Oct 2	Coosee Festival Gilgandra NSW. Phone Visitor Centre 02 6847 2045
Oct 7-8	Australian Camp Oven Festival MillMerran
Oct 28	Dorrigo Mountain Top Poets Spring Festival Bush Poetry . Ph Murray 02 6657 2139
Oct 31	Closing Date Dubbo Outback Writer's Centre Library Competition. PO Box 2994 Dubbo NSW 2830

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