

# WA Bush Poets & Yarn Spinners

\$2.50



Newsletter : March 2003

**National Bush Poetry Championships 2004 to be held in WA**



**Your Association Needs Your Expertise NOW for 2004**



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

cnr Canning Highway and Canning Beach Rd Applecross

**(Upstairs in The River Room)**

**Next Meeting Friday 7/3/2003 at 7:30pm**



## Lorelie's Letters



The year is moving on quickly and much is happening.

Billy Hay, well respected elder poet from N.S.W., arrived in time for Rusty to take him to the Boyup Brook Festival and then a tour of the favourite spots in the South. Rusty reported that the B.B. Festival was very successful except for the heavy rain on the Sunday morning, just as the Poets' Breakfast got under way. Brian Gale will be reporting to us on this event. Joan Macneall and Arthur Leggett also made the trip. Ron and Pam Evans made everyone extremely welcome in their new home.

Unfortunately, Billy Hay's tour dates did not allow us to have a general get together with him but we hope he really enjoyed his visit to the West. Perhaps he will be able to come over for the Australian Bush Poets Assn. Championships to be held in Perth in 2004 and 2005.

The committee is working hard on preliminary plans for these big events. We will need a lot of membership involvement. Please give your name to me or to a committee member if you can see your way clear to make a contribution, even if a small one.

Our annual general meeting will be held on 4<sup>th</sup> July and all committee positions will be vacant, so do give the matter some serious thought. Our committee has been really depleted these last few months for various reasons and we need a lot of fresh, enthusiastic members to come on board.

We all enjoy our bush poetry but our events don't just happen!

I look forward to seeing everyone at the Come all Ye at the Raffles on Friday 7<sup>th</sup> March at 7.30.

Lorelie.

## Michelle's Musings



Dear Members,

2003 is definitely on the march – in fact in March and galloping along. As you will see in this issue, a variety of events, not only at the Raffles, are being organized for you to enjoy. The organizers are delighted with the audience response to such events – so much so that our fair city is now being recognized as an attractive venue for Bush Poetry, in several states.

Perth's appearance on our front cover, comes curtesy of a beautiful morning's walk on the South Perth Foreshore. (Your editor is becoming health conscious and she is lucky enough to be able to enjoy this view daily - now that she gets up a little earlier.)

Apart from the cover, this issue is not quite as colourful as usual as a great deal of late news arrived a day before production and the makers of that news had no time left over to take photos. It is indeed a busy life we lead. As Lorelie says, please make time to send in what you can to the editor.

In this issue you will also see that I have concentrated on a newcomer and an Eastern States poet, whose poems were introduced at the February CAY. New material (and the people who produce or recite it) revitalizes our association and allows it to grow. I thank our audience for applauding and encouraging these works to flourish. I ask our mature poets to assist these new people by providing considered recommendations on writing and delivery as well as nurturing the passion for poetry which they all share.

I really appreciate a large variety of works to chose from, but the deadline for delivery is at least two weeks before printing date which is always the week before the next CAY – ie mid month. Perhaps make it a diary entry.

Enjoy this issue and the next CAY. See you in April

Cheers Michelle



### February CAY 2003

Hi! It was nice to see sixty people turn up for the February CAY. Lorelie opened the night by thanking everyone for the great performances at Wireless Hill on Australia Day. The night's entertainment was coordinated by **Joan Macneall** who gave us a poem of her own - a cow's account of a disappointed pregnancy - cheated by artificial insemination and roughly handled. Ladies can sympathies from the outset. Thanks Joan for your delicate touch as MC..

The recount of this CAY is presented by **Anne Hayes** and **Jeannette Rodda** as our editor was unwell. Thanks ladies, you're a God send. I hope you and the readers will find it a satisfactory meld of two styles. In fact in March I'll be in Sydney for the CAY. **Anyone wishing to start his /her literary career writing that CAY could give Lorelie or me a call any time for the job.** As Jeanette said it helped her to focus on the performances more deeply. It certainly also adds variety to our magazine. Who's for it?

There were a number of new faces tonight. Wireless Hill seems to inspire budding poets. I'll mention them first for their courage in getting up in front of an audience for the first time:-

**Peter Duprey** gave us a topical poem about his wife's naturalization ceremony on Australia Day. **'Onya Peter and Jan.**  
*I stepped onto Fremantle's lovely quay on the 26<sup>th</sup> January 1958 and have never regretted it.Ed*

**Jan Andrews** recited two of her own poems "Is It O' re: an ABC programme which really got up her nose and "Praying for Rain" which is what they finally felt in their faces. Both humorous and well read. We join you in the prayer Jan.

**Jim Smith** gave us his own composition "the Race that Stopped a Nation" about the 2002 Melbourne Cupwinner Damian Oliver who rode to win in the memory of his recently deceased brother, Jason. A very realistic and emotional poem for everyone.

**Margaret Taylor** with "A True Story" of the trials and tribulations of a caravan trip from Canberra to WA over 30years ago.  
*Wow! Do I remember the Nullabor track in those days. 13 car trips later across this country and I say, never again .Ed.*

**Rosa Celenza** gave a heartfelt tribute to Connie Herbert, a much-respected fellow member who died last year. Rosa does not get up often to recite so she must have been really moved to write and recite such touching words - "One Minute's Silence is not enough..." this says it all.

**Thanks one and all for you maiden performances. Please keep writing and reciting. Next Wireless Hill we would love to see you on stage.**

Now for the performers who are the backbone of our association. People with wonderful memories, dedication to their craft and much experience to share.

**Rusty Christensen** W.A's "Ambassador of the Outback in 2002" also recites other's poetry, in quiet times. Tonight he recited 'Cobber' Lethbridge's poem "I Don't Play Darts with Digger" (I wonder why not?). A great laugh was had by all with this one. However, he did 'lose his way' with anecdotes about lost nuts. Anne wondered *who's* lost nuts but he met some others on the way with replacements, apparently. He finally found his way back at the end of the night with "Snakes Alive" by Bob Magor. Great poetic fun, delivered with gusto.

**John Hayes** our roving ambassador with his own "The Roving Wool Buyer" A true story of the sale of wool clip to Jackie the Jew. John had just written this one with wet ink of scribbled inserts still between the lines. (*It seems from my experience that poets- in fact most artists, can never be fully happy with their works and would change them forever if not stopped by their spouses. Ed*) However he was in great form with "Old Dick" and the "Ballidu Pub" where the message is that you must never look down your nose at the boys from the scrub.

**Kerry Lee** also had an encounter with "Fearsome Deadly Snakes". (Were they Rusty's?) Whilst fixing a fence on her property. As well as Anonymous "Good Deeds". (Indeed the best ones.) Observations and reflections on 'What have I contributed today to the common good? Have I touched someone's life today?'. If we all lived with these reflections each day the world would indeed be a better place. A very poignant poem delivered with practiced polish by our 2003 Open Champion.

**Rod Lee** was in fine form from his win at Wireless Hill too, with a multitude of yarns and poems from his travels. Ron Gill's poetry featured with his poems on Jack Gilbert's misfortune arising from his father's lies. "Orphan Child" and "My Memories of Australia". Once again very poignant poems, well written, well delivered and enjoyed by all. Has that man mellowed? Kerry what have you been feeding him lately?

Following were two "Yarns Misunderstanding"; The first about his brother's meeting with Arnie Schwartznegger and Steven Spielberg and the second about an Aussie tourist's experience as a shop assistant in a London Department Store. Both were delivered in the more expected 'Rod Lee manner' to lighten the mood. He's back!

**"Splinter Lawson" Leigh Matthews** (with hair cut and chop sticks and minus moustache) was in good form with his verse of eastern culture called "Chopsticks". At no time did he come the 'raw prawn' and it was nice to know that he is not deformed either physically or mentally. Leigh also recited "The Ball" at Greenmount Hill depicting the foibles of youthful passions. Also "Football" (Fear of fever without favour). Both extremely funny and delivered with Leigh's usual practiced laconic style.



## Poems from Ron Gill ©

Ron was born in Windsor NSW, he married a Tamworth girl and now lives in Tamworth.

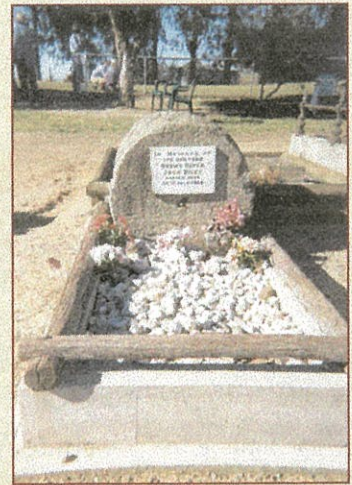
The quintessential bushie; he has done numerous practical jobs including droving and horse breaking. He became an Interservice Welter Weight Champion boxer while serving in the army and traveled with Sharmon's Boxing Troup and Side Show. He is still going strong at 83.

I believe Ron's son found these poems in "the bottom draw." I am delighted and privileged to be able to print them so that they finally see the light of day. Thank you Ron for allowing your wonderful work to be shared by our WA Bush Poet's Association and thank you Rod for suggesting that they be printed. I would love to publish another book for all you cupboard writers out there.

Michelle

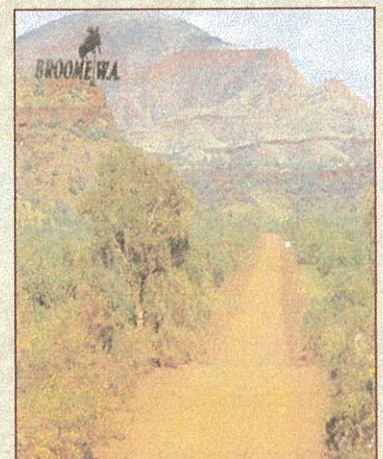
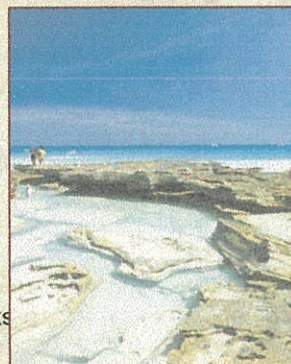
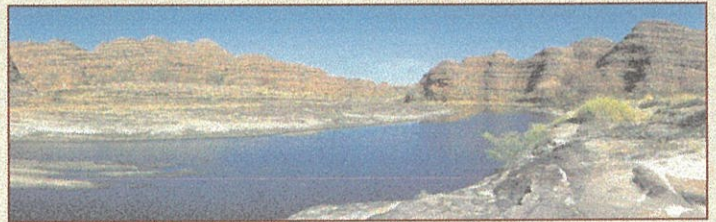
### Jack Gilbert

Jack Gilbert was a villain, just a devil in disguise  
 Something his kinfolk and his neighbours failed to recognise  
 He'd sneer contempt at women, walking down along the street  
 Shout abuse in their direction, as though dirt beneath his feet  
 Parents lived in terror, that one day they could well find  
 Their child had fallen victim to his warped and twisted mind.  
 He spent long years in prison, but it never changed his ways  
 And broke his mother's heart in grief until she passed away  
 They found Jack Gilbert dead, beneath a bush beside the track  
 His life blood spilled around him, from a knife wound in his back  
 There's no one left to mourn him, as he rested in his grave  
 Instead the townsfolk prayed to God, their children now were saved  
 They never caught the guilty one, there was no one brought to trial  
 And the dust has slowly settled, on Jack Gilbert's aging file  
 Until one night an old man, with a haunted memory  
 His hair grown grey with anguish, through the years of agony  
 On his deathbed he confessed "Before I go die  
 'Twas I, his dad, who held the knife, the night Jack Gilbert died."



### My Memories of Australia

I've searched for gold at Tennant Creek and down at Ballarat,  
 Drove taxis in Toowoomba and road trains in Surat.  
 I've dived for pearls in Wyndham, shorn sheep at Dunedoo,  
 Shot buffalo in Arnhem Land, and crocs at Humpty Doo.  
 I've waltzed Matilda through the West from Perth to Marble Bar  
 And mustered strays on the B.R.D. and loved at Larrimar.  
 I've broken yangs at Boulia, picked cotton at St. George  
 And swam the Katherine River, right up there to the gorge.  
 I've driven many jumbuck all along the Condamine  
 And sweated in the canefields up from Ayr to Prosepine.  
 I've seen those camel races and the Henley- on- the-Todd,  
 The regatta of the beer cans and those famous jumping frogs.  
 I've drove big mobs of cattle in Australia far outback  
 From Maree into Queensland and across the Birdsville Track.  
 I've seen the town of Darwin bombed by the Japanese  
 And was there in Cyclone Tracy on that fateful Christmas Eve.  
 I've seen the wild goat derby on the streets of Lightning Ridge,  
 Caught Cod and Yellow Belly just below the Walgett Bridge.  
 I've had a go at most things, and even had a try  
 At driving buggies in the mud at Collarenebri.  
 I've seen the Warrumbungles and I've worked down on the docks  
 Seen the beauty of our sunset change the colour of Ayres Rock.  
 I've seen most of Australia, so I know you'll understand  
 Why I marvel at the beauty of our great and wondrous land.



© Ron Gill

Note from the Editor: Through Rod Lee, Ron allowed the editor to "clean up" the verse. The internal rhyme and rhythm of the first poem was adjusted; the second poem required very little modification. I asked Geoff Bebb to perform this task. Geoff, has to date written and published two poetry books and given workshops on Bush Poetry writing. Internal rhythm is his forte. Geoff, when performing such a service takes great pains to ensure that the poem's meaning and integrity remains unchanged.

If any of our future writers for the newsletter would like the same service, pre-publication, please give Geoff a call and, time permitting, he will be glad to assist in this area.



### Wireless Hill Challenge Results

It has been suggested that some contestants may wish to have feedback from the judges about their performances on Australia Day. If you were a contestant and you wish to sight your results sheet please give Gary Crierie a call on 9364 2634.

### Waltzing Matilda Bush Poetry Awards 26<sup>th</sup> June- 30<sup>th</sup> June 2003

These are to be held in Winton Queensland again this year. Please note that there has been a change of rules regarding the Open Championship in 2003. "Any competitor can only win the Open Competition two (2) years in a row, then they must retire for the next competition, after which they are eligible to re-enter."

enquiries to : **Louise Dean – organizer "Waltzing Matilda Bush Poetry Awards" P.O. Box 120, Winton Qld. 4735**  
**Ph: 4657 1296 Fax: 4657 1541**

In conjunction with The "Bronze Swagman Award" written competition for the writers of poetry.  
 Entries close **31<sup>st</sup> March 2003**

I have a copy of the entry forms and rules, which may be duplicated. Please contact me early if you wish these to be made available at the next CAY. Michelle ph: 9367 4963

### Moora 4<sup>th</sup> Country Campout - over Easter 19<sup>th</sup>- 20<sup>th</sup> April 2003

This year they are having **Casey Chambers** and **Adam Brand** for their concert on Saturday. There will also be a street festival and ute parade in the streets on the 11am- 3pm on the 19th 2003. There are three local women poets who will be giving poetry sessions. There is camping available as well as a motel and B&B's .A breakfast is also to be held on Sunday the 20th.

If you are interested in this event please call **Sheryl Bryant** (poet and chairperson of Moora Promotions who organise the festival.)

**Ph: 08 9654 9064**

**Fax: 08 9654 9070**

**E-Mail: [pryefarm@agn.net.au](mailto:pryefarm@agn.net.au)**

### Attention! Attention! Attention! All C.A.Y attendees

Some of you may already know that at some stage the Raffles Hotel will be redesigned and rebuilt. Until further notice we are still able to book the River Room for our C.A.Y'es but at one stage we will have to find a new home.

Please watch this space for further notification of changes in the coming months. 'Do not change your habits, just keep on enjoying yourselves, but just be alert!' (Does this sound like John Howard? ... Non! Perhaps the accent's too French?)

### Visiting Poet Ray Essery 'The Mullumbimby Bloke'

RAY ESSERY IS ONE OF THE NEW BREED TO EMERGE ON THE AUSTRALIAN BUSH POET SCENE IN RECENT YEARS. RAY IS A "NORTH COAST MAN" THAT IS, THE NORTH COAST OF N.S.W. WHERE DAIRY FARMING AND CANE CUTTING FORM THE BACKGROUND OF HIS EARLY MEMORIES. APART FROM NINE YEARS IN THE NAVY AND TWO YEARS RUNNING A PUB IN SYDNEY, HE HAS REMAINED IN THE AREA ALL HIS LIFE.

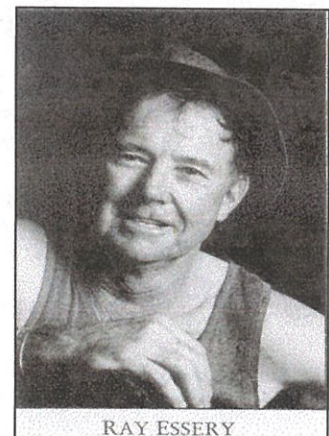
A MAN WHO HAS KNOWN JOY AND ADVERSITY, RAY TRANSLATES HIS EXPERIENCES INTO VERSE. HIS DROLL SENSE OF HUMOUR AND UNIQUE STYLE OF PERFORMANCE MAKE "THE MULLUMBIMBY BLOKE" A FAVOURITE WITH AUDIENCES ALL OVER EASTERN AUSTRALIA, IN A MANNER THAT ALL AUSTRALIANS CAN RELATE TO. HIS SPECIALITY IS HUMOROUS VERSE, YARNS AND JOKES.

RAY ROCKETED TO FAME IN THE EARLY 90'S IN TAMWORTH WHEN HE TREATED THE CROWD AT THE IMPERIAL HOTEL TO THE MEMORABLE STORY OF OPENING "THE MULLUMBIMBY SHOW". SINCE THEN HE HAS ACHIEVED THE FOLLOWING:

GOLD MEDAL WINNER—TAMWORTH 1994  
 OVERALL BEST POET – GYMPIE MUSTER 1995  
 OVERALL BEST BUSH POET – TOOWOOMBA CARNIVAL OF FLOWERS 1995.  
 PAT GLOVER AWARD FOR STORY TELLING—PORT FAIRY FESTIVAL 1997.  
 APPEARED ON 11am TV SHOW – 1995

REVIEW ABC TV  
 ELEVATED TO "WALL OF RENOWN" LONGYARD HOTEL TAMWORTH FOR AUSTRALIAN BUSH VERSE 1996.

RAY IS NOW A MEMBER OF THE VERY SUCCESSFUL "NAKED POETS' GROUP" WITH SELL OUT SHOWS AT TWIN TOWNS, TWEED HEADS, BRISBANE, WARWICK, MARYBOROUGH AND MANY OTHER VENUES.



RAY ESSERY

**Rod or Kerry Lee are organising this April event:-**

**Ph: 9397 0409**

**eMail: [adamdale@inet.net.au](mailto:adamdale@inet.net.au)**




 AUSTRALIA DAY
 

Australia Day -26th. January 2003

My wife Jan- had to go to the Australian citizenship ceremony

We had to be up at Wireless Hill Park by 10

Cause that's when all the festivities will begin.

Jan's been practising frantically - both night and day

To come up with the right way to say - G'day.

I said "If you get called up and don't say that right

To become a real Aussie - you might forfeit the right"

"I think you're in trouble though before you begin -

Have you told the council you're vegetarian?

When they transplant the meat pie and tomato sauce

Your head will reject it as a matter of course.

Plus - you've been here over twenty-two years

And never touched a stubbie or can of beer~

She said ""Hey-I won't have to sing will I -

don't know the words to their songs -

Waltzing Matilda and the Anthem are much too long".

"God - I've got no idea what to wear to a billabong

Am I supposed to dress up - or just wear some daggie shorts

and a pair of those thongs

Well- we arrive up at the park at about 9.45

And if this heat keeps up - we're going to get fried.

There's already a crowd of people there

A marquee - a stage- and thank God - some chairs.

My wife says - ""Oh no-will I have to go up those stairs

and on to the stage - what if I trip - it'll cause an outrage."

I said "Don't worry - tell them you had a six-pack

before you left home

And - if I were you - I'd switch off that mobile phone."

Those nice lads and lasses from the Rotary Club

Were already hard at it on the barbies - cooking up grub.

A choir then formed and started to sing

And the crowd was invited - on some songs - to join in

I could hear me missus mumbling away

Leaning closer - I heard - "Good day - No - Gerdaa"

But wait - here's our lovely Mayor with councillors

and politicians in tow

She must be baking with all that fur on those robes.

Perhaps she's got an air-con unit tucked under that lot.

Must have - cause she don't look the slightest bit hot.

Our Mayor makes us all welcome with her little speech

Then calls up the new citizens - their goal now in reach.

Up goes me missus and stands in the line

And repeats the oath of allegiance- and she performs it just fine.

No tripping over - no having to say G'day

No meat pie and sauce transplant was coming her way.

She shook hands with the mayor and all her entourage,

Received a plaque and Kangaroo Paw - it wasn't that hard.

After all the applicants had been sworn in

The councillors and politicians had their chance to join in.

My wife sat down- breathing a big sigh of relief

Said -"I could go a cup of tea and something to eat"

Well - those Rotary folk on the barbies were cooking up a real treat.

Egg-bacon-tomatoes -snaggers in a roll

The smell of that food would tempt any soul.

For the new citizens though - a special lunchtime treat

A basket -salad - cold chicken - fruit and bread rolls to eat,

A can of cold drink - magic - just what we need

Cause the temperature was now getting to me.

We also got in our lunchbox - an Aussie flag on a stick

Was that to use as a fan or to give the flies a quick flick ?

Well - we pick out a table that's just in some shade

And start on our lunch that some kind soul has made

Now who's this lady coming to join us for lunch,

Very fit looking - reckon she'd drop Tyson if she gave him a punch.

Why - it's our Mayor - minus chain of office and fur trimmed robes

Looking very relaxed now the ceremonies had come to a close.

""Hello your worship" - "No please - call me Kate"

Then the missus - in her best Aussie accent says 'G-DAY me old mate"

So - we're all just relaxing - talking about this and that

'Bout Australia Day - fitness - you know - just chewing the fat.

After lunch we went and sat back under the big marquee

There to be entertained by the folk of bush poet's -yarn spinners society,

I said to me missus ""Blimey - they're good"

How they remembered all the words - I never quite

understood

My memory's so bad - I write my own name on me wrist.

Then I spied Rusty of 'Bush Poets' fame

I said to me missus - I must go and meet him and tell him my name.

So up I go and introduce myself to this young birthday boy

I have to read from me notes - I could never do this

And tell him that writing some verses is what I enjoy

He'd received an award on behalf of the 'Wireless Hill" mob

On account that these poets had done a mighty fine job.

Of course - my poems - I said - are not in your class

But I'm getting better though - as time goes past.

He said 'No worries - you should come to our meetings

held at the Raffles Hotel

So - here I am - really nervous and boring you all to Hell.

Now I see your failing asleep from my ungodly drone

And think it's about time for me to rush home.

But - a big Thank you - is all that I've got left to say

For allowing me to read my verse about Australia Day.

© Peter Duprey 2003



I'd like to thank Peter and Jan (our newest members) for sending us their first story/poem. Glad to see you enjoyed our Australia day so much and that you decided to become a fully-fledged Aussie Jan. A couple of workshops on internal rhythm and rhyme and you'll be joining the WABP on stage next year at Wireless Hill Peter. The members of the CAY last month all commented on how much they enjoyed hearing your work. Hope you have recovered well from your illness and that we will see you next Come All Ye.

Cheers, Michelle



## Boyup Brook Country Music Festival 14-17<sup>th</sup> February 2003 - Report by Brian Gale

"The Annual Boyup Brook Music and Poetry weekend ( held on the 3<sup>rd</sup> weekend in February) went off again with great success.

My thanks once again go to the poets who supported me in this country event. With a line up comprising of:- **Chris Sadler, Joan MacNeill, Ron Evans, Arthur Leggett, 'Splinter Lawson (Leigh Matthews), Rusty Christensen, Bob Fraser** (from Perth for the 2nd time), **Bill Gordon** (our first Boyup Brook local), **Billy Hayes** (visiting from Queensland )and **myself**.

Saturday morning in the Hotel's Beer Garden went quite well. It was a time for meeting the artists, trying new poems and entertaining a changing crowd of visitors.

Sunday morning we got under way early under leaden skies, but by 7:30 rain was imminent, so we shifted the venue under a large marquee plus a tent at the rear of the Hotel. By the end of the morning both were filled to capacity.

It was near 10:30 am before the music took over. The quality of the entertainment was first class, all the artists did very well. The event went off without a hitch with very few forgotten lines. Jim Haynes from the East lent a hand and had the crowds in fits of laughter, as did our poets.

Once again, thanks again to all those involved - Please return next year." **Brian Gale**

### Come All Ye continued from page 3

**David Sears** recited an old favourite "The Cremation of Sam McGee" depicting the last moments of Sam Mc Gee's life in the icy wastes of Alaska. His lively rendition brought the poem to life when Sam was warm instead of cold for the first time ever as he went up to glory.

That was the end of yet another very enjoyable evening at the "Come All Ye".

**Anne and Jeanette**

### Wandering Brook Winery Dinner and Concert Report by Rod Lee

Wandering Brook Winery dinner and concert was held on Saturday 14th February 2003. From reports recently received it would appear all who attended had a great night.

Kerry and I called in at Wandering Brook Winery late last year to catch up with the owners after sampling their delicious wines at the last event at our place. The idea of the concert evolved and we came away as co-organisers. At first there appeared to be little local interest so we became active in promoting the event in Perth and soon had enough people to put our heads on the line and hire a 45 seater coach. Fortunately the coach provided seating for 55 people as the extra seats were needed and all who hoped to travel by coach were accommodated. Some chose to drive themselves. The Perth contingent totalled around 65.

The first pickup for the coach was at the Raffles, then out to Oakford where most of the people boarded. Some had arrived early to partake in a pre-coach party. The trip took 1 hour and 20mins. It was a five star long distance coach and very comfortable. On the way Kerry and I entertained with a variety of lighthearted poems.

On arrival at Wandering drizzle and a backdrop of black storm clouds greeted us. Around 50 locals joined our crowd at the last minute - so we had a concert!

It was an informal night with people enjoying a good meal, very pleasant wine, folk music; bush poetry and an impressive lightning show staged by Mother Nature.

The trip home produced a few negative vibes as some people had had a little too much good cheer. To be in close proximity to them for over an hour caused a little discomfort.

From outings such as Wandering Brook Winery and the Bush Concerts we conduct at Oakford Kerry and I are on a huge learning curve. We are stepping out into unknown territory - for us - and greatly appreciate any feedback, negative and positive, and the understanding from you all when we don't get it quite right. We feel we are improving with each event. So keep your eyes on the newsletters for our next event. Hope to see you there.

#### 2003 Committee WABP&YSA

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Joan Macneall	14 Arbour Place Kelmscott,WA 6111	Secretary	9390 0063	jakkimac@bigpond.com.au
Kerry Lee	160 Blair Road Oakford,WA 6113	Treasurer	9397 0409	adamdale@iinet.net.au
Rusty Christensen	51 Coogee Road Ardross,WA 6153	Committee	9364 4491	
Rachel Dockery	124 Hollis Road Wilson,WA 6107	Committee	9356 7426	raedockery@yahoo.com
Peter Nettleton	3 Ashwood Place South Lake,WA 6164	Committee	9417 8663	stinger@iinet.net.au

**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>
Sat. 8 <sup>th</sup> March 2003	Kel's Ghost Night	Kel Watkins – Ph: 04 1248 8131
Fri. 4 <sup>th</sup> April 2003	Ray Essery - special guest at CAY	
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 – Ph: 9397 0409
Sat 19- 20 <sup>th</sup> April	Moora Country Camp Out. Interested poets call for extra details, times and rates	Sheryl Bryant – Ph: 9654 9064

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