\$2.50

NA Bush Poets & Yarn Spinners

Newsletter: February 2002

Wireless Hill Challenge 2002 - Results

Novice Others' Poetry			
EMSTRALL SACELY	Kerry Lee	1st	The Night Bird
	Constance Herbert	2nd	My Country
	Leigh Matthews	3rd	Not Too Bad
Novice Own Poetry			
	Leigh Matthews	1st	Burragundal
	John Hayes	2nd	Just Re-Capping
	Rod Lee	3rd	Bush Poetry and Me
Open Others' Poetry			
	Rod Lee	1st	Turbulence
Onen Own Best	Rusty Christensen	2nd	What 'Waltzing Matilda' Means to me
Open Own Poetry	0#0		
	Geoff Bebb	1st	The Indomitable Spirit
Open Written Poetry	Chris Sadler	2nd	Feeding Sheep
open witten roetry	Val Read	1st	Our Tourist Attraction
	Don Hamilton	2nd	So I'm Told
	Kerry Lee	3rd	The Gate with no Fence
图1810年 福度到6.4.3.6.	Peg Vickers	3rd	Il Cavallo
Open Yarn Spinners	r eg violers	Sid	II Cavallo
	John Hayes	1st	
	Leigh Matthews	2nd	
	Rod Lee	3rd	
School Children's			
	Shane Durlik	1st	Footy Dreamer
	Aedan Pope	2nd	Modern Fate
School Children's Senio	or		
	Alan Gill	1st	The Shack

"Come All Ye" at the Raffles Hotel

cnr Canning Highway and Canning Beach Rd Applecross

(Upstairs in The River Room)

Next Meeting Friday 1/02/2002 at 7:30pm

Lorelie's Letters

Our annual highlight, the Australia Day Championships, was certainly a day of excitement, interest and thorough enjoyment. Great credit must go to all the performers who presented such a diverse and polished program.



It was wonderful to have Keith Cobber Lethbridge with his inimitable performances and Beth Scott brought tears of mirth to many eyes.

The five wooden trophies were presented to Kerry Lee, Rod Lee, Leigh Matthews, John Hayes, and Geoff Bebb. Val Read was the winner of the Written Competition. The three judges, Gary Crerie, Bill McAtee and Val Mazalevskis had an unenviable task and we thank them for their continuing diligence. Our thanks also go to Joan Macneall's brother who produced the two new trophies, fencing wire holes and all. I hope you had an opportunity to inspect the trophies.

Another year, with all its worthwhile and enjoyable events, is now behind us and we look forward to the Year of the Outback, an intensified program of Australian poetry in schools, the Boyup Brook Festival 15-17th February, the visit of Milton Taylor 15th March, the Marybrook Vineyard (Vasse) weekend 23rd March and of course, all the Come All Ye's on the first Friday of each month at the Raffles. I hope to see you there.

My thanks to all who contribute so much towards the success of the Association.

Lorelie.

G'Day everyone,

What a great day Australia Day turned out to be! A crowd in excess of 300 people were on hand to watch a truly professional show, with all our poets excelling themselves. We also enjoyed a very wide media coverage, on Radio and the Newspapers. Thanks to Lorelie, Rusty and Rod Lee for their participation in this publicity.

I must particularly thank all those who submitted entries into the Written Competition. The 33 entries were of a standard that shows that Bush Poetry is alive and well in WA.

Due to the proximity of the long weekend to the printing of this Newsletter, we are unable to produce a full technicolour account of the events at Wireless Hill but, as I write, Michelle is already starting to put together another artistic masterpiece worthy of such a great event. We'll all look forward to that.

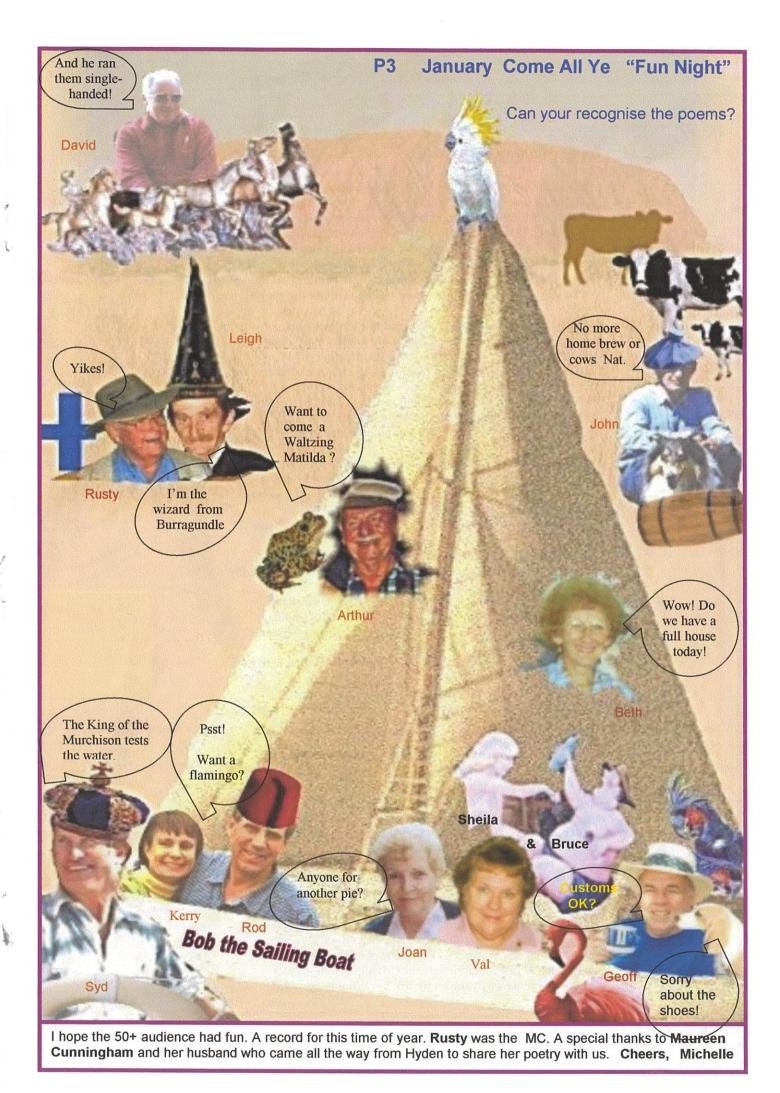
Now that the tumult and shouting has died down from Wireless Hill, we can turn our attention to other events that are on the horizon. In the next few days, we should know whether or not we have been successful in our bid to stage the 2003 Australian Bush Poetry Championships here in Perth.

Given our experiences down the years and in particular the way this latest Wireless Hill competition was run, we will certainly have no problems in being able to organise and run such a prestigious event. We hope to be able to bring you news of this at the next CAY on 1st February.

Welcome to all those people who joined the Association on Australia Day. We look forward to your active participation over the next few months. An especially big welcome goes to the Mayor of the City of Melville, Katie Mair, who accepted Honorary Membership for her continuous support over many years.

See you all at Raffles on Friday 1st February

Geoff Bebb



OUR TOURIST ATTRACTION.

We'd suffered great misfortune; drought had nearly wrecked our farm. Then floods had come and washed us out. They did a lot of harm. But Dad was optimistic as he gazed o'er flooded land, "I'm darned if I'll be beaten while we've got the flamin' dam. It's full to overflowin', and the water's pure and sweet, We'll take on breedin' yabbies. There's some good stock in the creek. They reckon there's no labour, for the blighters tend themselves, We're sure to make a fortune when we get them on the shelves.

We sat down in the kitchen making high-fallutin' plans. We'd call in a contractor who would dig out ten more dams. We'd build ourselves a mansion. Buy a shiny limousine. Our life would be so diff'rent from the way that it had been. The path to easy money! No more worry, and no toil. We'd scoop out all the yabbies, and we'd put them on the boil. We'd rest upon our laurels as the connoisseurs came in To haggle o'er our produce, and put money in our bin.

We soon retired from farming and we leased the paddocks out,
Our neighbours were so grateful for they'd suffered flood and drought.
They moved in sheep and cattle so they'd fatten round our dams,
And ev'rything was dandy till Jack Williams lost some rams.
"They were me prize Merinos, and they'll 'ave ter be replaced!"
We told him not to worry, we'd put ten more in their place.
Then Sorrel lost a heifer, and McWaters lost a bull.
"They must 'ave drowned," McWaters yelled. "Yer dam's so bliddy full."

We dragged the murky waters, not a single bone was found, But underneath our dinghies we all heard an awful sound. "Click, clack," it went in chorus as we sat there mesmerised, The water started boiling, and our boat began to rise. Dad's eyes were fairly bulging, and I'd never seen such fear Until I saw the blighter from the foaming water rear. I've heard them tell the story of the Man from Galilee, That day I ran on water! Will they tell such yarns 'bout me?

I heard a clacking nipper only inches from my ear,
And felt a strange sensation as another grabbed my rear.
I shrieked just like a banshee, flapped my arms and fairly flew,
While Dad, the strongest swimmer, dragged me screaming from the brew.
I thought I was a gonner like Jack Williams fav'rite ram,
Those yabbies were determined that they'd gulp me down like Spam.
In time, when we'd recovered from the traumatising shock,
Dad started advertising our most unusual stock.

You've never seen such yabbies like the ones we now export. We now get worldwide cov'rage as a popular resort. The tourists come in thousands-it's a shame we've lost a few, But when adventure beckons, man does what he has to do. So, if you're feeling jaded, and fed up with city life, Try riding on our monsters. Bring the children, and the wife. Ayers Rock is just a pebble. Sydney Bridge a minor span Beside the monstrous yabbies we are breeding in our dam.

Bush Poetry Awards 2002

The QANTAS Waltzing Matilda Bush Poetry Awards 20th June – 24th June 2002

This is the biggest competition of the year held in **Winton**, Queensland. It is held over several days to accommodate all the divisions and rounds leading to the finals. Full details and running sheet has been sent to the secretary including accommodation details. The Matilda County Caravan Park even offers special rates for poets. (I will photocopy some for the next CAY.)

Part of this competition is the thirty–first "Bronze Swagman" written competition for the writers of poetry. Entries Close 31st March 2002. (I have also received an entry form, which may be photocopied)
There is also a junior competition "Little Swaggies Award" which will be available from the start of the school year.

All enquiries to
Louise Dean – organiser
Waltzing Matilda Bush Poetry Awards,
P.O. Box 84
HUGHENDEN. QLD. 4821 or Phone/Fax: (07) 4741 5041

News of other competitions, awards and festivals are also continually flowing in through the ABPA magazine. If you are interested please give Michelle Sorrell a call on 9367 4963.

Nannup Festival 1st – 4th March I don't have any more information on this one, the news came from Lorelie Tacoma – perhaps you could ask her if you are heading down that way.

Boyup Brook Country Music and Poets Weekend Frid., Sat. and Sun. 15th – 17th February Friday 15th during the day is a relaxing get together afternoon and free evening at the Town Hall. Buskers are requested in the main street or the Town Oval Friday evening.

Saturday 16th is the usual gathering of Poets at the Pub. In the beer garden of the Boyup Brook Hotel. From approx. 9am – 1pm. Graham, the manager is doing his best for the poets with more shade, drinks and eats available at least. It's another informal get together of reciting, singing and general camaraderie.

Sunday 17th . (Ninety – Two Years Commemoration of Geronimo's Death) according to Brian. Poetry at the Town Oval in the morning between 7am-9:30am. The Poet's Breakfast. This is the big one and Poets get paid for reciting. All monies split between the performers

This is a great weekend in the country. Free passes to the poets also for the music and dancing each day and night.

For your support in this event, please contact Brian Gale ASAP (evenings best) 08 9757 2431

SEE YOU THERE
Brian Gale Margaret River

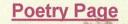
More on Brian Gale and his travels....

Brian has just returned on his almost annual cycling pilgrimage in the North West Territory of the US and British Columbia – Canada. Here is an excerpt from his letter (ask him more about it at Boyup Brook).

"The photo is taken from my tour of British Columbia. A lot of cycling and poeting, starting with the Pincher Creek Gathering. About 100 of us poets over 4 days. All from Canada and USA. plus myself, who got invited for the second time. They like my style and I'm one of the few who writes about the Indians". See you soon. **Brian**



I think Brian is a reincarnated Indian – he certainly is honoured amongst them. He was invited to a hunter's evening meal by the Mohawks from Ontario and presented with a pair of moccasins at a gathering on the Peigan Reservation where they had an Ice Hockey match (a first for Brian) and a masquerade dance. **Ed.**



The Old Tin Shed

No more the sound of feeding or the thud of horse's hoof, The tree branch scrapes a scratching sound across the rusty roof. Nowadays I wander up there with a step that's rather slow. To the old tin shed where we once fed the Clydesdales, years ago.

My sons say I should pull it down before it blows away.
"It serves no useful purpose." I've often heard them say.
A tractor now sits coldly 'midst the harness in the shed
Which smells of oil and dusty soil where Clydesdales once were fed.

I blow the dust off collars hanging on the gimlet post, Hear the thump of Bonza's hoofs and sense his friendly ghost, As he snuffles in the feedbox and shakes his massive head, Then, without fail, scratch the rail where Clydesdales once were fed.

©Arthur Leggett

Wild Horses

They pound the mountains in their plight Splendid in their frenzied flight Black and white and dappled grey Doom forever on its way

Hooves like thunder in the dust Dodging 'ere the hunter's lust Helicopters whirr on high Death comes from a well-trained eye

Shattered peace as bullets rain Neighing now in fright and pain Spirits broken bodies weak Shooters turn the other cheek Flying manes no longer fly
Hit the dust and quickly die
Black and white and dappled grey
Still splendid as in death they lay

Bloodied manes hooves at rest
No reason now to run their best
If only man would hear their plea
Wild horses let their manes run free

© Beth Scott

Bowman Furniture Industries P/L



158 Maddington Rd Maddington WA 6109

Ph: 9493 4333 Fax: 9493 4933

Email:daverodkerry@bigpond.com

This month's advertiser:

Rod and Kerry Lee, who would like to offer you quality furniture for your home or holiday cottage.

Sponsors of our Wireless Hill Competition









Would you like to sponsor our association?

For only \$5 an advert. Your business or organisation could gain exposure to 120+ members and their family.

CAY continued:

Also present but not in the picture were Trish Mathews and Hadley Provis.

Performers, please bring me an up to date, clear photo of yourselves for future issues if you desire to be placed visually in the newsletter for poems or CAY pages. Promise I won't use them for any nefarious purposes.

If you are the first person to recognize all the poems recited at the Jan CAY, bring the list in to me at the Feb. CAY or by mail to receive a **bottle of wine.** (No cheating allowed by asking all the performers!)

Cheers, Michelle

Committee Contacts Year 2001 – 2002					
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Barry Higgins	140 Bernard Road Carabooda, WA 6033	Committee	9407 5311		

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
15 -17 Feb 2002	Boyup Brook Weekend	Brian Gale - 9757 2431
1- 4 th March 2002	Nannup Festival	Lorelie Tacoma – 9310 1500
Frid 15 th Mar 2002	Special Come All Ye Meeting at Piney Lake	TBA
16/3	Reserve Melville, featuring Milton Taylor from East Coast and supporting Local Poets	Rod + Kerry s. Milton Lyle Lorelie Tacoma - 9310 1500 Tells - Shurs
Sat 23 rd Mar 2002	Marybrook Winery poets evening and	Lorelie Tacoma - 9310 1500 Tello - Shurrs
	breakfast.	Buy Tea + Wine
31 March 2002	Bronze Swagman Written Comp entries close	Louise Dean - Ph/fax: (07) 4741 5041
Frid 3 rd May 2002	Special Come All Ye Meeting Featuring Peter	Barry Higgins - 94075311
7. 2.	Capp and supporting Local Poets	
20-24 th June2002	Waltzing Matilda Bush Poetry Awards	
Frid 5 th July 2002	AGM and Traditional Poetry Night	To Be Advised

Return Address

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Australia

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