



The Australian



Bush Poets



Association

No 2 MARCH 94.

2
*** AUSTRALIAN BUSH POETS ASSOCIATION. ***

P.O. Box 77 DRAYTON NORTH Q 4350.

1994 STEERING COMMITTEE.

PRESIDENT..... MERV (Bluey) BOSTOCK. (070) 568262.
SEC/TREASURER.. RON SELBY. (076) 301106.
PUBLICITY. GEOFREY GRAHAM. (054) 691312.
EXECUTIVE. MAX JARROTT. (076) 641115.

MEMBERSHIP, \$20.00 per year.

*PUBLICATION OPPORTUNITIES. *

Today magazines such as the Writers Network Australasian Folk and several newspapers Australian Country Music and the Courier Mail Brisbane to name but a few are encouraging people to submit work. It is heartening to see this interest and support to bush poets and song writers.

With the advent of the computer into our lives another publishing opportunity has opened for the poet who would like to self publish on a small scale. If people are interested in self publishing "GONE BUSH" would be happy to send along information on how this form of reasonably affordable type of publication can be achieved. Many of us would like to publish a collection of our poems to share with family, friends and our local communities and to do this via the computer is becoming more popular. Please send SSAE and we will send along details to any folk who are interested.

GONE BUSH POETS OF QUEENSLAND

c/o HANNAH ORION

238 Branyan Drive

BUNDBERG 4670.

PS You may also enquire about the GONE BUSH Newsletter. It is great reading and I'm sure for a small donation they will include our members in their mailing list.

Ron Selby.

1994
THE NATIONAL OUTBACK
PERFORMING ARTS

IN CONJUNCTION WITH

"THE RINGER'S MUSTER"



LONGREACH CULTURAL CENTRE

28th April to 1st May, 1994

A unique annual gathering of bush entertainers
performing traditional contemporary
and original works.

Congratulations

** CREDITS COLUMN **

Congratulations to CHARLEE MARSHAL who held another great poetry and country music night and poets breakfast at MONTA on 4/2/94.

Attended by Merv(Bluey) Bostock, Ms Gail Hill Ms Muriel Courtenay, Ms Janet Obrien Vize, Mr Bob Miller and of course Mr Charlee Marshal and wife Beryl. Another success for poetry.

(PS \$1000.000.00 Martian dollars for finding all my typing errors!!!!)

* BOOK BUYERS GUIDE. *

BLOOD ON THE BOARD.

BLASTED CROWS.

By BOB MAGOR.

Available at ABC shops in
capital cities. Or from:

BOB MAGOR

P.O. MYPONGA

S.A. 5202.

\$11.00 for one or \$21.00 both

Including postage.

**BLASTED
CROWS**SECOND
PRINT

HUMOROUS BUSH VERSE

by
BOB MAGORILLUSTRATED BY
PETER BROELMAN

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Born and bred near the small publess blink and miss town of Myponga on the picturesque Fleurieu Peninsula south of Adelaide, Bob Magor grew up (some say he hasn't) with a love of the land.

Inheriting his father's warped sense of humour and spending his early working years in the ribald atmosphere of shearing sheds, he developed an outlook on life which allows him to see the funny side of most situations.

After 17 years as a dairyfarmer in conjunction with sheep on the family farm he developed P.M.T. (Perpetual Milking Tantrums).

This personality clash with the cows ended when he leased out the dairy side of the farm to concentrate on writing.

Encouraged by success in a number of bush verse competitions he put together his first manuscript. When told by publishers around Australia to 'come and see us when you're well known' he went ahead and self published. Three prints of his first book 'Blasted Crows' later, he added his name to the list of successful 'unknowns'.

In his new book, he has again tapped into the bottomless well of situations that could only occur in the country. He makes no apologies in the fact that not all his ballads are endorsed by the RSPCA.

BLOOD ON THE BOARD by Bob Magor

*Blood On
The Board*

HUMOROUS BUSH VERSE

by
BOB MAGOR

ILLUSTRATED BY PETER BROELMAN

Poets & People

In 1884 a poet was born at Lewisham in England. His name was James Elroy Flecker, and he died young, aged only 31 years. He was not a prolific writer, leaving behind him only a few noteworthy poems and one verse play, *Hassan*. So what has he to do with folklore?

Well, he wrote a poem called *The Golden Journey to Samarkand* which begins:

*"We who with songs beguile your pilgrimage
And swear that Beauty lives, though lilies die,
We poets of the proud, old lineage
Who sing to find your hearts, we know not why -
What shall we tell you? Tales, marvellous tales
Of ships and stars and isles where good men rest,
Where nevermore the rose of sunset pales
And winds and shadows fall toward the West ..."*

And in his verse play, he has two of the characters, both poets, discussing poetry. One says:

*"What shall become of a nation where
... poets have forgotten the people
and the people have forgotten the
poets?"*

and the other replies:

*"That country will be a dark place
upon the face of the earth."*

And so, what about poetry in Australia at the moment. Historically we have been blessed with many fine poets. They did their job, they told us "tales, marvellous tales", they "sang to find our hearts", they comfort us in our despair when we see the lilies die. They swore to us that Beauty lives on. Ogilvie, Paterson, Stewart, Wright, the near-blind Neilson and the urbane Slessor - only some of the names that spring to mind when we remember our singers. Many others of course. Their words are in our mouths, their breath is in our nostrils. They can lead us along the Golden Journey to Samarkand if we let them. They are the people who find words for us to say when we are too overwhelmed to be able to speak for ourselves. They are the universal voice that lets us find our meanings in a language we ourselves cannot speak.

What of our poets today? Those who works are published in the literary magazines, in newspapers, once a week as a gesture to "culture"? Have they forgotten the people? The People seem to have forgotten them, certainly. When one has finished reading one of their poems, does any unforgettable image stay in the mind? Are the poems memorable? Do we feel impelled, upon reading one of the

poems in a newspaper to go out and look for more of the poet's work to enjoy? My guess is that we don't, that many of the verses we read are personal rather than universal; significant to the writer but possibly meaningless to the reader.

How did this happen? Australians have a long tradition of listening to poetry as entertainment. While the musicians at dances refreshed themselves between dances, was it not the proper thing for the local reciter to stand and deliver a poem or two? Of course it was, and the poems they chose at the time remain popular with present-day audiences.

by Bill Scott

We all begin life with a strong delight in rhyme and rhythm. Listen outside any school playground and you will hear the chanted skipping rhymes, the regular metres of counting-out rituals and even parodies of carols, hymns and TV ads. Children have this wonderful faculty of enjoyment of words arranged so they beat time and rhyme at the end of the lines. Yet by the time they are twelve years old most seem to regard poetry as boring and useless, and, if they are male, by the time they reach fifteen years, as something that is to be avoided as being somehow detrimental to their burgeoning manhood. Faintly sissy, in other words. What causes this change so that something which once brought delight becomes something to be avoided? Does the way poetry is "taught" in schools have anything to do with this change in attitude?

I believe that poetry was introduced to schools with the best of motives. One can imagine a Syllabus Committee in Victorian times saying: "Poetry is an enjoyable thing and the sentiments expressed may have great character-forming influence. Let the children enjoy this while they are learning." Unfortunately, many pedagogues seem to believe that you must be able to set an examination about any subject that forms part of a syllabus. But how do you examine the enjoyment of poetry? The answer is that you cannot. Poems are made from words, and words are notoriously slippery things. Also, there are as many different kinds of poems as there are poets and the same poem can mean different things to different hearers. Therefore all you can "examine" about poetry is the nuts and bolts - the mechanism of word arrangement used by the poet to convey his message. But in poetry the medium is *not* the message, and in the examination of the machinery the joy or message or entertainment of the poem is no longer of much consequence.

I said that words are slippery things, and so they are. Many Australian poems contain the words "gum tree". What is a gum tree? Well, gum can be something pink from which teeth grow, it can be the solidified ooze from sap, it can be an adhesive and it can be a eucalypt. "Tree" can be a palm tree, a desert oak, a mountain ash or a chestnut. All these meanings lurk in our minds that know about words. But when a true poet says Gum Tree then, from the context of his poem, most of us see the gum tree the poet had in his head when he wrote the poem. It is this use of words to convey

meaning from one brain to another that makes a poem; and the success of the poet in making us see his tree and not our own is the measure of his skill and talent as a poet. Read Judith Wright's great poem called "Gum Trees Stripping" and the chances are that you will see those trees as the poet saw them, such is her great talent.

It's my belief that children ought not to be taught poetry at all. Poetry is not written to exemplify the varying metrical forms and devices which shape it on the page. A poem may be written to make us laugh, comfort us in sorrow, hearten us in despair or say for us those tender words of love which we feel so deeply yet cannot find in our own capacity to form for ourselves. Certainly children should be encouraged to read poetry; to hear, enjoy and share poetry. I should emphasise the word *hear* because poetry should be read aloud.

Quite often the actual noise made by the words adds to the understanding of the verses.

Certainly poetry should stay in schoolrooms so the original ideals have a chance for fulfilment. Young people should be given the chance to discover the pleasure and comfort poetry offers.

So what does Flecker's dialogue have to do with us? With folklore? Have we become a "dark place on the face of the earth"? There is no doubt that folk need poetry and their poets. There remains part of us as it was in our childhood. We want to hear and enjoy that love of rhymes and rhythm that so enlivened our earliest years

- the nursery rhymes and parodies, the skipping songs with their skipping words and the clapping songs with their marked beat. If "orthodox" poets can no longer supply us with these, what are we to do? The void, the vacancy must be filled from somewhere. We must find our own bards to speak for us. And we have. They have come from out of the folk, these so-called "performance poets". As the old-timers rose around the fires or on to the stage between dances, so now do our new poets read and recite for us their poems, and their audiences are enthusiastic because here are people like themselves bringing them laughter and stories they can share in a way they can easily understand.

Their verses will never be reviewed in literary magazines. They will be dismissed by the Establishment as facile, shallow and not true poetry at all. The attitude seems to be that light verse is something peurile, something easily accomplished and hence to be ignored by serious literati. But is it in fact easier to write a truly funny poem than one which tells of personal misery and heartbreak? I would suggest that it may in fact be more difficult! There is no doubt in my mind as to which poet has the larger and more enthusiastic audience for their work. Who is to define just what is and is not a poem? Perhaps one answer to this might be that if the writing offered is a poem for even one hearer then it is indeed a poem. We are back again in that slippery realm of words and their meanings.

The fact is that the folk have found and

applauded their own bards after the "poets forgot the people", as Flecker said. People need poetry and here it is, being given to them once again, poets from the folk writing poems for the folk. The enormous enthusiasm of the Poet's Breakfasts at all festivals bears me out in this observation - last weekend at the Glen Innes Bush Band Festival, the Poet's Breakfast which began at breakfast time was still going at almost midday, and the poems offered were written and presented by nearly all members of the audience! The quality of the verses offered varied widely from poet to poet, yet the enthusiasm of the audience for each offering remained undiminished despite rain, gusty wind and chilling cold. One could not imagine a poetry reading by the Establishment succeeding under such trying circumstances.

More power to the elbows and pens of our folk poets - Keith McKenry, Mark Gliori, Charlee Marshall, Denis Kevans, Keith Garvey, Colin Newsome, and the many, many more people who read or recited their own verses and shared their thoughts and dreams and stories with the enthusiastic hearers. I venture to think that Flecker would have understood that people want and need poetry and they are getting it in their own way and to their own taste.

We can all make that Golden Journey To Samarkand in our own hearts and it is the poets among us who can show us the way there.



G, day



BREADCRUMBS FROM THE BULLADEER.....

(The Victorian Public Officer of the Australian Bush Poets Association Committee) Gawd what a mouthful!

First off, Congratulations to Bluey in particular for getting the ball rolling on this long overdue Association. And to Ron for being so quick off the mark with the Newsletter. He's doing a top job and getting stuck into this like a good Blue heeler. The quicker we spread the word, the better.

After my first real visit to the Tamworth festival, I'm still getting over the shock of seeing so many talented performers, poets and writers. I had no idea. And what a collection of fair dinkum Aussie ratbags and dags. Please take that as a term of endearment. Now, the best dags I've seen are the ones that stick together and I reckon this association aims at doing just that.

Living in Victoria we have to let those Northerners know that there is life below N.S.W. (even though my childhood town is Robertson, N.S.W.). The Northerners may have a head start, but I expect all Victorians to rally to the cause so we can get things happening in this neck of the woods...ah bush.

This is not to say there is nothing happening here! We have of course Port Fairy festival, Maldon, Mildura and a heap of others. Still I think we need to push the prominence of Bush Poetry up a lot higher in the areas of entertainment, education and good old fashioned fun. Remember life before television.?

The big event in the near future for Victoria is the book launch of Noel Cutler, the Bard of Milawa. This started out to be a book launch but is degenerating...whoops ..turning out to be a Poets convention/conference/summit/assembly/gettogether/beer with the boys/girls.etc

It all happens in May, the seventh it is.

The Bard and his fresh book of verse.

Out of the bush with words to delight,

Come or you'll never feel worse.

Grab your mates, make for Milawa

be there on that day.

You've seen the movie come buy the book,

I know your time will be gay...ah happy!

Lots of poets, a beer or two, mates,

what more could you need?

See you there on that day, on foot or on your steed.

For more information contact Noel or give me a tingle.

Folks, what I would like to see happening is 2 or 3 meets each year in Victoria, not necessarily in the same place, but aimed squarely at Poets and with the aim of bringing together all those interested in "the verse how she is wrote and how she is spoke". A celebration and a way to bring out all the Closet poets. Any ideas out there please, give us a call.

*NOT TO BE MISSED!!! 'POETS AT THE WOOLSHED' SAT. 21st & SUN 22nd MAY.
JONDARAYAN WOOLSHED, COUNTRY MUSIC MUSTER. Full Info next newsletter.

On a different tack I have to tell you of the excitement in our household last week. My other half Rose expecting our second child, was a little too eager....and well we didn't make the hospital did we. So the birth took place on a beanbag in a farmhouse en route to Bendigo. Delivered by Dr "Graham." Let me tell you friends I have been terrified before in my life but never so much as during this episode. A magic experience and if anyone out there lacks a little excitement in their life I would guarantee that delivering a baby on someones kitchen floor will bring back a spark or two. An exhilarating time and mother and baby Sarah weighing in at 8.1 lbs are just fine. Great appreciation to Beth Henderson of Llanelly for fantastic support.

If anyone wants to find out more in Victoria, or join up or just say G'day, please call me on (054) 691312. or write :Geoffrey Graham, P.O.Bealiba 3475.

Keep smiling, Geoffrey G.

IMAGES

Bush poet wins fourth title

By NEIL LYON

QUEENSLAND bush orator, Mark Ghori, scored yet another win in the Original Bush Poetry contest held in Tamworth during the annual Country Music Festival.

Mark, who has taken the title four times since the competition began in 1986, won this year's award with a rendition of his moving poem, "Queenie".

Only five points separated the first three placegetters in the final which was held at the Imperial Hotel in Tamworth.

Second place went to Ray Essery from Mullumbimby and third prize to Bob Miller from Mungar.

More than 50 poets from throughout Australia travelled to Tamworth to perform at the Country Music Festival.

They drew large crowds to The Longyard Hotel where they staged six, early morning performances of "Breakfast with the Poets".

At the Australia Day concert held in Tamworth's Bi-Centennial Park, well-known poets, Bob Miller, John Phillipson and Murray Hartin featured on the program.

Bob's presentation of his poem, "The True Australian", brought the crowd of about 10,000 people to their feet. All three poets received a standing ovation.

At the Imperial Hotel, eleven finalists competed in the Traditional Poetry Section where Ray Essery once again performed well, taking first place.

Noel Cutler, from Milawa in Victoria, took second place in the traditional section and third prize went to Geoffrey Graham, from Bealiba, Victoria.

The bush poets gatherings were sponsored by the Imperial Hotel, M Printine Davidson Bross and the



Placegetters in the original bush poetry contest at the Tamworth Country Music Festival: Ray Essery, Mullumbimby, 2; Mark Ghori, Warwick, Old, 1; and Bob Miller, Mungar, 3.



Placegetters in the traditional poetry competition at Tamworth were: Noel Cutler, Milawa, Vic., 2; Ray Essery Mullumbimby, 1; and Geoffrey Graham, Bealiba, Vic., 3.

The Welcome Record

Dunolly/BetBet Shire News

9
Feb 11th

94



ARE YOU A CLOSET P...OET?

... the Bealiba Bulladeer

Well, the Tamworth Country Music Festival is a fantastic event. Don't assume the music is simply "Country and Western". The sort of old tunes that sing about your wife leaving, your dog dying, or some sort of strange relationship with a truck, or all three events combined. There are all extremes of country music, including Australian Bush music, traditional Celtic tunes, Bluegrass, Hillbilly, Hoedown, Linedancing, Modern "Country" tunes, Rockabilly, Yodelling and Country Rock. The artists ranged from people like Col Elliot to

Williamson, Bogle, Kernaghan, Slim Dusty, Chad Morgan, Jimmy Little, Greg Champion, Brent Parlane, Beccy Cole and several hundred other artists.

What intrigued me more than any of the above is something that's escalating at an amazing rate. That's Bush Poetry. Do I hear a couple of little sniggers out there? I kid you not.

Five years ago, ten people gathered to watch a couple of poets perform at a breakfast. This year on six mornings at 7.30 onwards, there were several hundred watching spellbound for two and a half hours straight, as poets did their thing. With people like Jim Haynes and Mark Gliori at the forefront of a mob of very unique and talented performers, this form of expression is catching on quicker than Aids. Ranging from the very funny to the very poignant, it combines original material with the more traditional material. People ranged in age from nine to a lady of 84 who only started when she was in her seventies. The most common ingredients appear to be that these poems come from the heart, they are "straight up" or fair dinkum and they are succinct. (Polities take note). Not only that, a nicer bunch of people you'd never meet.

At another venue there were over 50 competitors in a bush poet competition. Competitors coming from all parts of Australia. In the same week we formed a bush poet association of which yours truly is the Publicity Officer.


It seems that there are a lot of folk out there who have scribbled lines of verse over the years and buried them under the bed or at the bottom of old tax files. Well folks, now is the time to come out of the closet!

If there is some entrepreneur out there with a venue who is interested in this concept, let me know, and all would-be poets please contact me, no matter how inexperienced, and any connoisseurs of performance bush poetry, please contact me.

Keep smiling,

Geoffrey Graham (691 312)

Jondaryan Woolshed



COUNTRY MUSIC MUSTER

Saturday 21st - Sunday 22nd

MAY 1994

You shouldn't be averse to a bush verse or two



Kavanagh

WHAT'S all the fuss about the big parade down south tonight? This is a democracy — all and if grown men want to something perfectly natural like into frilly skirts and pretty undies and flounce around Sydney on an absolutely delirious time, don't?

leave them alone while the rest get on with more mundane Australian things... things like bush poetry.

I doubt you don't know about it. Not bush verse finally has a body, the Australian Bush Poets Association, formed earlier this year during the Tamworth Country Festival.

A Tamworth festival was an appropriate birthplace because bush poetry readings attracted some of the most crowds at the festival, even passing those gathered to hear the of the nation's top country and iron singers.

A crowd of 10,000 crammed Tamworth's Central Park to hear three poets while other fans queued in the room at the poet's breakfast. You wouldn't they finally form a national association? Actually it's an association that should involve us all, use few Australians would not tried their hand at writing some verse during idle moments at school.

You are such an ignoramus not to tried to write it, then surely you didn't have escaped schooldays

without having read Banjo Paterson, Henry Lawson or Will Ogilvie?

No? Well surely someone in your family jotted down a verse that is tucked away in a safe place you can't remember but which is sure to be the bottom drawer of the old wardrobe? That's what the new association is all about, seeking to preserve grass-roots poetry granddad may have written 100 years ago as well as that from more skilled and modern poets.

The association will provide a publishing forum for ordinary people who can't get into print under normal circumstances. It will produce magazines and books devoted to bush poetry of every standard.

It will also organise state and national poetry reading contests with poets competing for selection in a national team to compete in countries like the United States where western poetry contests are extremely popular.

Although the poetry must be bush verse, that doesn't exclude city dwellers. In fact one of the first poems likely to be published under the association's banner is *I Am I Any Less Aus-*

tralian? about a city bloke who drives a backhoe for a living.

Another is about a truth-picking family whose husband and father blows the combined season cheque in a two-up game.

How do I know all this? Because an old mate named "Bluey" Hoscock cornered me yesterday. Bluey is the sort of bloke you tend to listen to even today at 60 and having his use-by date extended through a quadruple bypass just a matter of months ago.

He is also the least likely bloke to be founding president of a society devoted to poetry. In fact, it's much more likely he would be the subject of bush poems, like the *Man From Ironbark*, say, than be a leading light in a society devoted to promoting bush culture.

We were chuckling over his life yesterday. Like the time, back in the 50s, when Bluey was emerging as one of Australia's top bulldozers. He was young, the money was coming in, he was nudging selection in the national rough-riding team to tour the US and National Service was calling.

Nasho posed too much of an interruption to his career so he didn't show up. Then one day, easing himself on to a mad horse at Chinchilla rodeo, one of the handlers took him two well-dressed blokes looking mighty like cops were asking after him.

"I had a quick look before they opened the chute and they were cops all right, so I stayed on the far side of the arena until it reached the back of the arena, then I dived over the fence and kept on running, clearing fences

and logs and whatever got in my way," said Bluey.

As you might expect, he was eventually carried off to Wacol where he put on a few turns until they put him in charge of the company boxing team and he settled down.

Oh, yeah, I forgot to tell you, Bluey was a bit of a pug too, fighting main events in Brisbane and Sydney. He was a bit of a stunner also. That's how he upset then Brisbane lord mayor Clem Jones... something he regrets today.

I've always had a lot of regard for Clem and if I met him today I'd shake his hand and say I was sorry for mucking up the big day he was supposed to open the Kine Gage Square car park back in the 60s. Bluey said rather sheepishly.

Clem was due to cut a ribbon to open the park when Bluey came galloping along on a grey charger and sliced the ribbon with his sword.

If Clem will shake his hand, Bluey will tell him which one of his business associates paid him to put on the stunt.

But he's not going to sit down and mope if he doesn't. Can you imagine the world's oldest rodeo bullfighter sitting down moping? Nah! I can imagine someone writing bush verse about a character like Bluey Hoscock, though.

You can find out all about the poets association through the secretary, Ron Selby, P.O. Box 77, Dryden, 4350, or Bush poetry... it beats the hell out of slipping into frilly skirts, eh?

Henry Lawson awards offer \$2000 prizes

TIME is running out for budding writers to enter the Henry Lawson Society of NSW Literary Awards, sponsored by Rural Press, publishers of Queensland Country Life and The Land.

Writers will be recognised through a number of sections including short story and poetry awards as well as a journalism award. Almost \$2000 in prize money is being offered as well as prizes in five sections. There are even special categories for Year 6-12 students.

First prize winners in the short story (adult), poetry (adult), short story (Year 6-12 students), and poetry (Year 6-12 students) receive \$200. The winner of the journalism awards will receive \$400 and a trophy.

The winners will be announced at the Henry Lawson weekend on June 10-13 at Gulgong, NSW.

Visitors will not only be able to take in the awards but will be able to join in other celebrations including markets, a bush dance and poetry readings.

Entry forms can be obtained from the secretary, Henry Lawson Society of NSW, PO Box 255, Gulgong, NSW 2852.

Lost poem:

Ron Selby, secretary-treasurer of the Australian Bush Poets Association, says he has had an inquiry about a poem titled "The Tipster".

A bloke in North Queensland Register in the 1930s, and he would like to know who wrote it and if it was ever published in a book. "Mr Selby said.

If you travel out to the famed Black Stump
you will find a group cast down
near some humpies bleak as a rubbish dump
on the outer fringe of town.
Whilst your camera clicks and you sniff askance
it might cross your mind - Do they stand a chance?

It's the children plagued by the swarming flies
that are hardest to forget
for their laughing play in the dirt belies
the depressing hidden net.

A dependence blanket and stifling grants
will deprive the youngsters of half a chance.

Yet despite the odds an escaping few
will retain their pride intact.
They'll avoid the hazards of sniffing glue
and pursuit of 'getting whacked'
as an anodyne for the circumstance
they'd been coloured black, so have little chance.

'In the nineteen nineties' you might object,
'in a land ignoring race,
where each man and woman may walk erect
with democracy in place?
The elected leaders provide finance.
Don't the Koori kids have a decent chance?'

No, the politicians are satisfied
that the plans become great deeds
as they fly above on their way to guide
a benighted world on needs
of the underdogs. At UNESCO, France
there are champagne toasts to the equal chance.

It's a lesser world in the dirt below
than the jet-sets' overhead.
Where the tanks run dry when the creek is low,
where you trudge eight miles for bread
and your floor's a haven for Bull-Joe ants,
you will crouch and savour the breath of chance.

So the city beckons, as cities will,
as an all redeeming goal.
It will capture some with its neon thrill
and its fabricated soul.
They daub graffiti and mouth the chants
that demand the right to receive a chance.

There are kindly voices in city slums
who would gently guide these kids.
There are louder ones whose resounding drums
send them headlong on the skids.
As a twig is bent, so the sapling slants
but a tree transplanted has little chance.

You have heard perhaps of exceptions here
who deserve unstinting praise
for they reached the top of their chosen sphere
through a cold repressive maze.
White Australians basked in the Blacks' advance
and were smugly proud that they'd had a chance.

It was sport that offered a substitute
for advantages of school:
in the ring, at the footie (but not the route
of apartheid council pool.)
Champions Goolagong and the brothers Sands
are diverse examples of sporting chance.

You may wonder how this courageous race
has been battered so far down.
Well, intelligence and native grace
could not match the British Crown.
They resisted (nulla and flint-tipped lance)
but against the gun they had Buckley's chance.

Yet as Buckley found (you should read that tale)
whilst the natives' quest for years,
they had attributes that can still prevail
when a tribe's beset by fears.
It is loyalty and a common stance
that today engenders a better chance.

And the pivot point is the matriarch
with compassion drawing in
to commission home or to hut of bark
her endangered distant kin.
If a child is soothed at her breasts' expanse
it will feed on love and a fighting chance.

So the scene I've painted is not all gloom
for the outback Koori youth.
I can only stress that your hotel room
is no place to seek the truth.
You should shun the cities' high rise romance,
head towards the Stump if you get the chance.

At the blackened Stump, see the old men dance
in the dust of thousands who had no chance.
At the blackened Stump, watch the children dance
to the song of hundreds who need a chance.

.....

Blackened Billy contest hotly contested

TAMWORTH - A rhyming epic about the plight of outback Koori youth has earned bush poet Ron Stevens the coveted blackened billy trophy for one of the city's most prestigious verse competitions.

Mr Stevens, of Hornsby, was named the winner of the Blackened Billy Verse Competition at a special presentation this week.

The trophy, hand-crafted by Moonbi artist Fred Hillier, was hotly contested by 135 poets, the

largest number ever to enter the competition for Australian bush verse.

Second prize went to Brisbane poet Johnny Johnson and third prize to Tasmanian wordsmith Shirley Pearse.

*BOOKS AVAILABLE
Containing all
prize winning
poems by
RON STEVENS.

'A TOUCH OF HISTORY' 108 Pages 1991.
'A LIGHTER TOUCH OF HISTORY'. 1991.
from: RON STEVENS.
70 Galston rd HORNSBY NSW 2077
Cost (incl. postage) \$12.00 each.

Ms K Nelson

Dear Ron Selby

Well I woke up in bed with a pain in my leg
And I said "Look like rain, love, today
It was Sunday you see, and my main squeeze and me
were just doing old's great pray
Though our land held, is small three acre
that's all, it's a kingdom and I am the queen
But the King and I know that the whole
bloody show, needs money to grow & improve
So we'll travel over to Exotic Bazar while our
ages allow us to do.

Nelson my radio says that it's not just a clone
the voice of the Bush poet true, and I tend to agree
since we found out for me, it's just something I'd ~~like~~
love to do. To stand and recite fills me fit to excite
all the flutter of public review, AH but what fun
to pass a poetic repast in the voice of the Bush people re
Did I make myself clear? Is it true what I hear?
On the TELEGRAPH wire today?

"Association" they say, of Bush poets! Hoofah
Can I join you & sign on the line?

Signature

MS K NELSON

M/S 162

Callender Road,
Elton Valley via Warwick
QLD

Ron Selby.

1st MARCH 1994.

***** AUSTRALIAN BUSH POETS ASSOCIATION. *****

P.O. Box 77 DRAYTON NTH.
QLD. 4350.

Dear Ms K ? Nelson.

Well! I woke up in bed with a pain in my head,
And I said " It is raining to-day!"
It was Monday, You see, And I said to me,
I should type this letter this way.

My land is also small- 1/3 of an acre is all,
And money and maintenance are short.
Now I'm nearing fifty, and having a ball,
For the bush poets I write the report.
Your radio has'nt lied, And I like how you tried,
For your letter, Sublime! Is written in rhyme,
And a poet, Like us, You must be without fuss.

Without too much notation,
Just by your letter, I reckon you'd better,
Be part of our association.
Extract \$20 from your pocket & post on a rocket
Sent care of the DRAYTON P.O.
You'll receive information, From across the nation,
And the answers that you want to know.

If you travel around, From city to town,
Another Poet you may never find.
But through this newsletter, I hope you'll feel better-
To know there's lots more of your kind.
Whenever you converse just write it in verse,
For there's truth in the written word.
So keep writing rhyme and you'll find in time,
That A POET will always be heard.....

Yours Poetically,

Ron Selby

NOTE * An example of the types of letter we are receiving and
(in this instance) the answer! .ron.

Successful blend of poetry and music



At the poets' gathering at Monto last weekend were (from left) Mr Bluey (Merv) Bostock, from Cairns, Ms Muriel Courtenay (Bundaberg), Ms Gail Hill (Baffle Creek), Mr Charlee Marshall (Monto), Mr Bob Biller (Mungar) and Ms Janet Obrien Vize (Rockhampton).

Poets from as far afield as Cairns, Rockhampton, Bundaberg and Mungar attended a poetry and country music night at Monto on Friday.

The evening was followed by a poets' breakfast at Harts Cottage on Saturday morning.

President of the Australian Bush Poets Association, Mr Merv (Bluey) Bostock from Cairns, told the gathering of the aims of his association.

"We want to help bush poets in general and to lift the image of poetry back to what it was in the 20s and 30s."

Mr Bostock said history was being created at Monto.

"How many times have you been in a coffee lounge full of people who love poetry?" he asked.

Among those present were president of the Bundaberg Writers Club, Ms Muriel Courtenay, Ms Gail Hill of Gone Bush Poets, Baffle Creek, the "Larrikin" Mr Bob Miller, Mungar, and Ms Janet Obrien Vize, co-ordinator of

Camelot poets, Rockhampton.

Monto was represented by Mr Charlee Marshall, and wife Beryl, Mr Ian Henderson and Mrs Betsy Chape.

A great deal of information was exchanged between poets and a crowd of 40 visitors and locals enjoyed recitations.

Visiting country music artists also entertained the gathering.

LONGREACH MOTELS

Albert Park Motel	Ph. No. 076 582 411
Longreach Motel	Ph. No. 076 581 996
Longreach Motor Inn	Ph. No. 076 582 322
Starlight Motel	Ph. No. 076 581 288
Jumbuck Motel	Ph. No. 076 581 799

LONGREACH HOTELS

Royal Hotel	Ph. No. 076 582 118
Welcome Home Hotel	Ph. No. 076 581 361
Lyceum Hotel	Ph. No. 076 581 036
Central Hotel	Ph. No. 076 582 263

LONGREACH HOSTELS

Longreach Swaggies	Ph. No. 076 583 777
Town Lodge	Ph. No. 076 581 516

LONGREACH CAR RENTAL

Avis	Ph. No. 076 581 799
Hertz	Ph. No. 076 581 155
Konomy	Ph. No. 076 583 222
	Ph. No. 076 581 594

BP AV. GAS

Longreach Airport	Ph. No. 076 581 520
	Ph. No. 076 581 313

Mapleton Poets
1st Wednesday of every month
At Blinky's Billy Mapleton

6.30 - 7.30 Poets Dinner \$6.00

7.30 - 10.30 Entertainment \$4.00

B.Y.O. Wine. Verse.

ph 457588

***** PRESIDENTS REPORT. *****

Success has followed the inaugural meeting held at Tamworth in January. With the enthusiasm of the media surpassing my expectations.

My detour to MONTGOMERY, on my way home to CAIRNS, for a poets night and a poets breakfast at Charlee Marshalls', was very well covered by the local paper, the Central & Burnett Times.

Sunday found me in the studio of A.B.C. Radio with David Anderson on Queensland All Over, once again our newly formed Poets Assoc. was welcomed with enthusiasm and an invitation to keep sending updates of our progress.

I contacted The North QLD Register at Townsville and once again they placed a great article in the paper with a request to keep sending in poems and news items, on the progress of our association.

The response coming from these news items, by the general public, has been very positive, with a lot of new members joining up, and some of these gifted people are very well established song writers and it is great to see such talented people taking an interest in our assoc.

Every discussion I have been included in, bears out the overdue need for an Australian wide Poets Assoc.

Mr Lawrie Kavanah of The Courier Mail, which has QLD distribution, thought so much of us to warrant a half page story in the Saturday edition, again with a request for further poems and articles.

I have prepared a Media Release that should be readily accepted by all the tabloid press in all towns throughout Aust, outlining the aims and objectives of our assoc. and the contact number of Ron our elected Secretary/Treasurer, who is a very worthy choice for the position.

As our membership is Australia wide, I would like to ask every member to please give a copy of the Media Release to your local paper, with perhaps your phone number as local contact. This will save an enormous amount of work for us in trying to contact each paper, from our base in Toowoomba.

I will have more exciting news for the magazine but for now,
"Keep up the good work".....

Merve. (Blue) Bostock.

DAVID'S PUBLISHING

*"Helping You
Control Your
Interest"*



Director
David East
B.Ed Dip. Teach

Ph: (076) 36 2355 Fax: (076) 36 1298
1 Crotty St Toowoomba (The Garden City)
P.O. Box 7430 Toowoomba Mail Centre 4352
A.C.N. 010 901 747

Entries to:-
Box 50
Thangool, Qld. 4716

and



Competition for Rhymed Verse

Once again these two Prestigious Publications in the Cultural Centre of Queensland call upon all Gogitative Calligraphers who still revel in the reproduction of:

Rhyme

Here are the rules of our Annual Poetical Pinacotheca for Paranoid Poets.

1. No Entry Fees. We are all quite rich.
2. No more than 32 lines. Ancient Mariners need not apply.
3. No more than three entries. We sort over 100 poems a year.
4. No prize money. There is a BEAUTIFUL permanent trophy kept with the organisers that will have your name engraved on it, and a MAGNIFICENT personal trophy that is sent to the winner each year.
5. No later than 31st December.
6. No need for double spacing. I can read.
7. No return of poems without envelope enclosed. We aren't THAT rich.
8. No nominated theme.

Each year we select a different judge, who is well removed from the area we represent, and in March we hold a Perpilocutionary Poet's Pannage at the BILOELA CIVIC CENTRE to which all entrants are invited, the Judge, the organisers, the Shire Chairman, Glitterati and Literati, where the trophies are presented and the commended entries read.

We thank you for your interest and hope you will assist to make this year's competition as enjoyable as the others have been. The organisers request the right to publish any poems selected in The Central Telegraph and in Slope, should the Editor of the latter regain the energy to put out a SPECIAL EDITION.

Name and Address: -

Title (s) of Poems:-

This information should be attached to each group of entries.

DO NOT PUT YOUR NAME ON THE ACTUAL POEM. THE JUDGE MAY BE YOUR UNCLE.