

# The Australian



## Bush Poets



# Association

No 3 APRIL 94.

\*\*\*\* AUSTRALIAN BUSH POETS ASSOCIATION \*\*\*\*

P.O. BOX 77  
 DRAYTON NORTH.  
 QLD. 4350.  
 Telephone Enq. (076) 301106.

PRESIDENT.	M. BOSTOCK.	MEMBERSHIP
SEC/TREASURER.	R. SELBY.	\$20.00
EXEC/MEMBER.	M. JARROTT.	
EXEC/MEMBER.	G. GRAHAM.	

Monday, April 4, 1994

## Beating around the bush

with John Morris



### ● Bush poets

The Australian Association of Bush Poets (AABP) has been greeted by bush poets and fans alike as a major step forward.

A second newsletter has been published full of news about forthcoming poet events around Australia, how to self-publish, and news from the States including a book buyers' guide.

One book really caught my attention in view of the recent ruckus about crows in Toowoomba. Titled *Blasted Crows*, it is in its second print and is available at ABC shops in capital cities or direct from the author, Bob Magor, PO Myponga, SA 5202, for \$11 including postage.

### ● Poets at the Carnival

Plans are in hand for the second Bush Poets at the Carnival of Flowers in September. Judging by last year's success when many of Australia's top bush poets performed, this year will attract even more entrants.

### ● Spin us a yarn

Readers who have interesting yarns, news or coming events in the country are invited to write to "Beating Around the Bush", PO Box 40, Toowoomba 4350 or fax (076) 38 1373.

### ● Drovers' feats

Here's a yarn from Jim Lewis at Amby.

In the late '50s a big mob of Channel Country bullocks, about 3000 head, was brought in to Quilpie railhead. During the four-day loading period the huge herd stirred the Quilpie dust so much that it almost blocked out the sun.

The thirsty drovers worked hard and washed the Quilpie dust down by drinking beer from a two-gallon (nine-litre) bucket after each wagon was loaded.

They would give a young kid 10 bob (10 shillings or \$1) to fetch the beer. The kid kept the change.

At the end of the day most drovers were so tight they would offload their saddles and sleep with the horses.

### ● Disappointed Jim

Jim Lewis is the outgoing councillor for Division 2 in Booringa Shire, after serving six years.

"To say I am disappointed at losing this position would not describe how I feel," Jim said.

Philosophical as ever, though, he has thanked all those in the division who allowed him to represent them and present their ideas and problems to council over the years.

He wished the new Division 2 representative, Brian Brumpton, a "hassle-free term".

### ● Big on debating

More than 40 Clifton High School students have indicated a willingness to represent the school in debating this year. Surely quite a response from a school population of 278!



*Born in 1938, below the Murray River,  
To Albert and Daisy Jarrott a son they did deliver,  
Born in Wangaratta, a Victorian by birth,  
At eight, he moved to Queensland where his parents bought  
some earth.*

*He's not highly educated, now, that's not hard to see,  
Uses very simple words for his funny poetry,  
Rita is his only wife, a food shop they now run,  
Residing in Killarney town with Dan their youngest son.*

*Ken works in a Melbourne bank and Lynelle has his  
only grandson,  
Grandad often talks to him of things that grandad's done,  
He's been a dairy farmer, he's worked on the Darling Downs,  
Built Squash Courts in Goondiwindi and lived in other towns.*

*He'll write more funny poems to entertain the folks,  
Who'll laugh and have a chuckle at his poetic jokes,  
More serious poems, too, could flow forth from his pen,  
Sometime there in the future from his creative yen.*



**THE  
KILLARNEY KID  
and other  
Fair Dinkum  
Australian Verse**

by

**MAX JARROTT**



G'day mate! In this book, I hope you will find many poems that tickle your funnybone, some that touch your wishbone and even your backbone.

You'll read about two wonderful little people: The true blue, whip-cracking wizard, Christopher McGregor and my gorgeous grandson, Christopher Giacca. You'll read about characters I have known and events I have witnessed and whilst most tell a true story, one or two portray the way it could have happened.

Forget your worries, go to the Races, pedal with the Killarney Vet and visit Heaven with Paul Keating.

*max jarrott*

Available from: M.JARROTT, 15 PALM ST, KILLARNEY QLD 4373.  
\$9.00 plus \$2.00 Postage.

A party of five left Chinchilla on Monday the 4th April en route to Birdsville. Aboard was Bill Hay in his Nissan 4wd with a trailer loaded up to the eyes. Bob Miller (The Larrikan) John Major, (The Voice of Baralaba) Hank Cosgrove, (Manager and cook) and Artie Woodbridge, (Gate-opener, Book seller & Overseer). We arrived at Quilpie first night and stayed at the hotel/motel and offered our services, but nothing doing on that night, though we were booked for Sunday 10th April on the way back.

Tuesday the 5th of to Windorah and met up with President Bluey Bostock we spent two days fishing and were invited to do an impromptu performance at a party for a local identity in Windorah and we had a wonderful time.

However the River or Cooper CREEK was falling and leaving muddy banks, the flies and mosquito's drove us out. So Thursday we left for the 400K trip to Birdsville. At BEETOOTTA to an audience of ONE! the Proprietor Simon; and as he loves bush poetry, Bob obliged and did a solo of 'The Brew'. On to BIRDSVILLE, looked up John Menzies of the museum and found all arrangements made for our accomodation.

On Friday we went sightseeing and climbed BIG RED, the huge sand dune 40 k west of Birdsville. Saturday 7.30am, Poets Breakfast, Big tender steaks, spare ribs, oodles of damper and great coffee. There was a big crowd about 60 or 70 to start and more came in as the morning progressed, Bob Miller, our M.C. for the event got things under way and kept it lively. Both the Breakfast and the Competition were well recieved and appreciated by the competitors and audience.

That was the start of a big day as the next item was the opening of the Museum by Debra Trantor of Cobb & Co - Toowoomba. What a great job Debra did and great was the acclamation for her "Off The Cuff" speech.

After the opening the traditional Cuppa-tea and a look through the Museum. One can only scratch his head and wonder at the enormous job, so well done by John Menzies. It is a working museum, many of the gadgets start up and can be operated. John should be very highly commended for establishing such a wondrous place of great interest way out there. His dedication is remarkable and a credit to him. Well Done John!

The next item was the opening of the Caravan Park by a local member and another cup of tea provided by the P & C Committee they had every conceivable sweet meat you could think of.

Then at 1pm, a nice lunch again provided by the P&C and the 'Yarn Spinning Contest, then a breather to talk to folk at the bar (What a bunch of liars they are out there) as the yarns came over.

Next was the Poets Dinner at the hotel, HOT! curry and rice, savoury mince etc plus sweets, the place was busting at the seams!

What a great night in the beer garden of the Birdsville pub for the poetry competition and might I add all these events were ably handled by Bob Miller (The Larrikan Compère????)



5  
To finish of the evening, after the Poets Brawl, Bob put on an Audience participation sketch of The Man From Ironbark and it really bought the house down. They all battled on afterwards till 3am but at 5am I had them rolling up their swags as we had a 700 k to go back to Quilpie & more than half on gravel and stoney roads.

We were away by 7am and five hours later we arrived at the Windorah Pub to collect our fish then onto the store for a sandwich from Paddy Gordon. We then called into Hammond Downs Station, compliments of Joe and Nancy Geiger, to have a look at the ancient mud hut built well over a hundred years ago and still intact.

Then we were guests of Sarah and Sam the proprietors of the Imperial Hotel. What a great night we had, the locals really enjoyed it and Bob Miller had them laying in the aisles while John Major won them over with his very distinct style of bush poetry, Those two had that audience captured with their antics even though that audience were, for the first ten minutes, absolutely disinterested.

Another late night but up at 7am and breakfast over we were on the road again for the 660 k trip back to Chinchilla. After a bath and a cuppa, Bob left for Sydney and John headed to Baralaba. We, who were left sat down to re-cap on the whole trip, all agreed it was a quite a success and are totally satisfied we had done justice to the Bush Poets Association. Also there were Boulia Bates and Campbell Irving and many others from all over the country. We talked to people from Adelaide Longreach, Boulia, Bedourie, Quilpie, Windorah and many places also the locals swarmed in to Birdsville to hear us perform. It really was quite a gathering I would roughly estimate there being around three to four hundred there (There was even a plane load from Winton!) and this event was a hit with all and a credit to the organizers.....

*Bill Hay*

\*\*\* SECRETARY/ TREASURER REPORT. \*\*\*

A very short report this month due to limited space. Letters and poems have been rolling in (average 3 a day) all wanting more info on Bush Poetry. We now have 65 members and a healthy \$800 in the bank. I have received many poems from people all over Aust and as we do not have the space to print them all I will donate a trophy that will be awarded to the best poem of the year and also print them all in one volume that will be available at a modest price to anybody interested. (the cost of printing and postage) Thanks to Bill Hay for the report on Birdsville and all who sent in material for the news letter. All competitions I have on the books is in this issue and I hope most members take the time to support these events and competitions. Thankyou also to John Morris of the Toowoomba Chronicle for the publicity he gives us and for the permission to reprint his column for you to read.

*Ron Selby*

## **The Bush Poet**

*The time was early evening - the sun was going down  
Aussie souls all together in a park at Tamworth town.  
The date was significant to the history of our nation  
People all together for the Australia Day celebration.  
Happy Birthday to Australia all had come to say  
Every person different and unique in their own way.*

*To the stage came a Bush Poet to tell lyrics from his heart  
Honoured was his homeland with the words he did impart.  
Impassioned he asked. "What is an Australian through and through,  
Where does an Aussie have to live to be thought of as true blue?  
Does a person's national spirit depend from whence he came  
Could a townie and a bush man love his homeland just the same?"*

*The populous before him thought and mulled his queries through  
To symbolize equality what can an Australian really do?  
Then emotion ran amongst the crowd and forward burst their pride  
Hearts filled with patriotic feelings usually kept deep down inside.  
"Stand up if you're Australian" Bobby Miller did implore  
Twelve thousand souls rose up together - Australian to the core.*

**Janet O'Brien Vize**  
**Copyright 1994**

Dear Ron

I submit the enclosed poems for publication in a future newsletter. I enjoyed the first newsletter, the feeling of communication and connectedness with other poets was very real.

A special thank you to yourself and the other office bearers who willingly took on positions of responsibility in the new organization, without you there could be no Bush Poets Association.

Thanking you

HI There! Brother poets!

We've gathered once again

To speak our poems and spin our yarns

Enjoy our Bush Refrains.

We're seeing a revival - It's what the critics say-

But really, love of poetry has never gone away!

We bards all band together and draw strength from one another

We're friends! We feel we're family! a sister and a brother!

Up and down Australia, like troubadors we travel,

undetered by searing heat, or cold, or dust, or gravel.

We lend each other empathy: We goad each other on,

and this fellowship of like souls is what makes our art so strong.

Our poems are the songs that our hearts sing

and It's grand to think each song is being heard.

Longreach, Birdsville, Tamworth or wherever,

We bring tradition to you thru the spoken word.

For centuries the arts have thrived and flourished

when kindred souls could meet and share idea's.

Will the future see the nineties as an apex

and call it 'Bush Poetry's Golden Years'?

You'll be part of that great era and remembered!

You calmed your nerves and spoke your song aloud,

And the words were heard, and met a like vibration

in the heart strings of the folk who make us a crowd!

You may not write a symphony,

or ply SLIM DUSTY's art.

But the poem each one is speaking

is the MUSIC in his HEART.....

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# Winton to celebrate its Waltzing Matilda

**W**ALTZING Matilda - the unofficial Australian battlers' anthem - is destined to put the outback town of Winton on the tourist map.

In April, 1995 it will be 100 years since the song was first performed in a Winton hotel by Banjo Paterson and Christina McPherson.

To celebrate this centenary Sydney historian Jonathon King is organising what he describes as "a major western event".

Dr King says the song has a special place in the hearts of Australians and deserves to be protected and preserved.

So the former Queensland jackeroo and Ph.D graduate has been appointed by the Queensland Special Events Corporation to oversee the Waltzing Matilda Celebrations.

"The song has a very special place in Australian history - it emphasises the character and the spirit that made this country that terrific place it is," Dr King said.

It tells the 1894 story about the suicide of renegade shearer Samuel Hoffmeister at the Combo Waterhole, outside Winton.

It is a story that sympathises with the heart and soul of the battlers, who carved out a living in the rugged Australian bush.

"The song and the centenary are significant for all Australians, so I am open to suggestions about celebrations," Dr King said.

"I want people to feel that they can be involved, especially people in the western regions."

The climax of the centenary celebrations will be the opening of the Billabong Theatre in Winton. Externally this theatre will look like a larger-than-life homestead, inside it will feature three-dimension displays of shearing and an assortment of other rural activities.

"I believe this theatre could become a major tourist attraction for the Winton district," Dr King said.

"Up until this point the town has not really had a major tourist drawcard, but next year we are going to change all that."



Dr Jonathon King, organiser of next year's Waltzing Matilda celebrations says the song has a special place in the hearts and souls of Australians and deserves to be preserved and protected.

LATE NEWS ITEM.

HEARD ON THE GRAPEVINE  
THERE IS ANOTHER LITTLE  
"LARRIKIN" TO RIVAL  
THE MAN FROM MUNGAR  
RON.

# Jondaryan Woolshed



## COUNTRY MUSIC MUSTER

Saturday 21st - Sunday 22nd

MAY 1994



### PROGRAMME INCLUDES

- \* Junior, Juvenile, Male and Female Vocal
- \* Open Yodel
- \* Open Junior Gospel and Senior Gospel
- \* Junior and Senior Bush Ballad
- \* Open Instrumental
- \* Country Rock
- \* Four Club Shows

AND

### OPEN DINKUM AUSSIE SECTION

Poetry, Vocal or group  
(Material must be Australian)

### PLUS MUCH MORE Including:

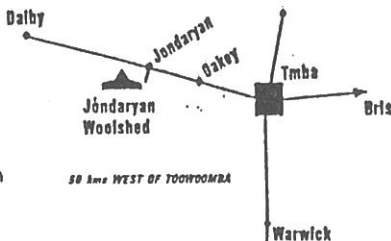
- \* Shearing Demonstrations
- \* Blacksmithing, Wheelwrighting
- \* Antique Farm Machinery
- \* Working Horses and Vehicles
- \* Steam Engines, Old Tractors
- \* Country Style Meals and Takeaways
- \* Billy Tea and Damper • BBQ •
- \* Pies from the Pie Cart • Food Stalls •



### LICENCED BAR

	DAILY ENTRY	2 DAY PASS	SAT. NIGHT BUSH DANCE	WEEKEND PACKAGE 2 days entry Bush Dance/camping
ADULT	\$8-00	\$12-00	\$7-00	\$20-00
CHILDREN	\$4-00	\$ 6-00	FREE	\$10-00
PENS/STUDENTS	\$7-00	\$10-00	\$7-00	\$18-00
FAMILY	\$24-00	\$36-00	\$14-00	\$50-00
Family(2 adults and their school aged children)				

Guest Artists including  
BUSH POETS



ENQUIRIES, NOMINATIONS, BOOKINGS  
Jondaryan Woolshed Association  
P.O Box 25  
Jondaryan, Q. 4403

Telephone 076 922229



# You shouldn't b to a bush verse

**W**HAT'S all the fuss about the big parade down south tonight? This is a democracy after all and if grown men want to do something perfectly natural like slip into frilly skirts and pretty undies and flounce around Sydney having an absolutely delirious time, why not?

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

No doubt you don't know about it yet but bush verse finally has a national body, the Australian Bush Poets Association, formed earlier this year during the Tamworth Country Music Festival.

The Tamworth festival was an appropriate birthplace because bush poetry readings attracted some of the biggest crowds at the festival, even surpassing those gathered to hear some of the nation's top country and western singers.

A crowd of 10,000 crammed Tamworth's Central Park to hear three guest poets while other fans queued for more than an hour just to get standing room at the poets' breakfast.

Why wouldn't they finally form a national association? Actually it's an association that should involve us all, because few Australians would not have tried their hand at writing some bush verse during idle moments at school.

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



Kavanagh

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 grassroots poetry granddad may have written 100 years ago as well as that from more skilled and modern pens.

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 *Am I Any Less Aus-*

*tralian?* about a city bloke who blows a backhoe for a living.

Another is about a family whose husband blows the combined seeds of a two-up game.

How do I know all this? Well, I know all this because I was cornered by a bloke yesterday who told me that sort of bloke you tend to find today at 60 and having extended through a career that passes just a matter of minutes.

He is also the least likely of the founding presidents of the association to poetry. In fact it is likely he would be the one to write poems, like the *Man I* say, than be a leading light devoted to promoting it.

We were chuckling over this yesterday. Like the time, I think, when Blue was emerging as Australia's top bull rider. Young, the money was being nudged selection of a rough-riding team to the National Service was called.

Nasho posed too much of a disruption to his career to show up. Then one day he showed up on a mad horse named rodeo, one of the hardest two well-dressed blokes in the arena, mighty like cops were him.

"I had a quick look at the shute and all right, so I stayed on the horse until it reached the arena, then I dived and kept on running,



# e averse or two

oke who drives

fruit-picking  
and father  
ason cheque in

is? Because an  
uey" Bostock  
ay. Blue's the  
o listen to even  
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ok before they  
they were cops  
on that bucking  
the far side of  
d over the fence  
clearing fences

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

As you might expect, he was eventu-  
ally carted 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, Blue  
was a bit of a pug too, fighting main  
events in Brisbane and Sydney.

He was a bit of a stuntman 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 sup-  
posed to open the King George  
Square car park back in the 60s," Blue  
said rather sheepishly.

Clem was due to cut a ribbon to  
open the park when Blue came gallop-  
ing along on a grey charger and sliced  
the ribbon with his sword.

If Clem will shake his hand, Blue  
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  
Blue Bostock, though.

You can find out all about the poets  
association through the secretary,  
Ron Selby, P.O. Box 77, Drayton, 4350;  
or phone (076) 301106.

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 prizemoney 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 sotry  
(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 235, Gulgong, NSW 2852.

### ● Lost poem:

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

"A bloke in Laidley said it was  
printed in the 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.





**AUSSIE DAMPER:** About 100 guests hoed into a monster damper in the shape of Australia at the Australian Bush Poets' Night at Hodgson Vale at the weekend. Licking their chops before the carve-up are damper baker Don Mcagher, from Windmill Bakeries, bush poet and rodeo clown Bluey Bostock, bushman R.M. Williams and reciter and retired cattleman Randal Chandler.

## Bush poetry-lovers gather for yarns, recitals and damper

They say bush poetry's having a revival, they say it's on the climb. But what the hell are they talking about, it's been here all the time.

That redraft of the Slim Dusty *Country Revival* standard was pretty well summed up by the Australian Bush Poets' Night at R.M. Williams's Hodgson Vale property at the weekend.

A crowd of 100 turned out at the new clubhouse of the Queensland Polo Club in Ramsay Road, 8km south of Toowoomba, to hear recitals by Bluey Bostock and Randal Chandler.

Mr Bostock, Australia's best known rodeo clown, and Mr Chandler, Barcaldine cattleman and driving force behind the Stockman's Hall of Fame, are old mates of R.M.

Now there is a gentleman whose love of poetry has hardly been kept under his ever-present hat.

"Fifty years ago I went to Scotland to ask Will Ogilvie if I could gather and present all his poems," R.M. said.

"Which I did and it was called *Saddle for the Throne* and sold

10,000 copies."

As editor of *Hoofs & Horns*, R.M. gave rein to many a budding bush bard.

Latterly, he produced the "dearest book ever" — the \$1000-a-copy *This Beloved Land*, a collection of Australia's best-loved ballads and poems.

Supper on Saturday night was that stockcamp stalwart — corned beef — with sections of one of the most ambitious dampers ever seen on the Downs.

Don Mcagher, from Windmill Bakeries, had whipped up a monster loaf in the shape of Australia.

Then Mr Chandler, in between dissertations on the Stockman's Hall of Fame and Mabo, let loose with Kipling's *If*, Essex Evans's *Women of the West* and Dorothea McKellar's *My Country*.

Mr Chandler, along with Ted Egan and Bill Gunn, has represented Australia at American Cowboy Poets' Conventions in Nevada, USA.

"We were like the Beatles over there — it was wild," said Mr Chandler, 70.

Mr Bostock, 60, a former rough-rider, is credited with defining the art of rodeo bullfighting in this country.

He retired from rodeo after he got a horn down his throat and is now working on a new career on the bush poetry circuit.

He stopped into Hodgson Vale en route to Tamworth from his base camp in Cairns.

Last year 110 poets from all over the country descended on the Capital of Country Music. The poetry finals were as big as the headline music acts, Mr Bostock reckoned.

An Australian Bush Poets' Society is to be formed in Tamworth this year with the aim of sending teams to take on the American cowboys.

"This was the way they told their stories years ago," Mr Bostock said.

"There were always poets amongst the old-timers around every camp fire.

"Now there is another era of bush poetry coming into Australian literature."

Being the secretary of the AUSTRALIAN BUSH POETS ASSOCIATION I have been asked this question in every second or third letter I have recieved, Do I qualify as a bush poet? is another question.

I could begin to answer these questions with a multitude of other questions, What is a doctor? a person that heals the sick? a mechanic? is he a person who only fixes cars, a lawyer? a judge? a labourer? a politician? or an Australian? The one great ingredient in any profession or nation is they are all people, people from all walks of life, people with as many varied nationalities,idea's, belief's, needs or dreams as the stars in the sky on a clear summers night. What is a poet? is he just a person who can write down words that rhyme, is he a person that can tell a story in verse or someone who has the ability to convey his/her message to another person,be it friend, relative, enemy or loved one.

All the great singers of the world from opera to punk, rock & roll to country & western all have the talent or ability to convey their message in a song to convey a feeling, be it happy or sad, from the heart. with feeling and emotion to entertain his/her fellow man.

Banjo Patterson, Will Ogilvie or Henry Lawson all had this same ability to convey their feelings. The Man from Ironbark, Waltzing Matilda The Drovers Wife, The loaded dog and many other great poems come to mind as 'Bush Poems' but there is just as many stories from modern day poets such as Bruce Dawe, Meagan Redfern, Bob Miller and Mark Gliori that have a message, a feeling or a story straight from the heart that they want to express. They do it in rhyming verse or in pros or in any way that they feel can convey what they are thinking. And they do it well.

I personally have found that chapters in peoples lives happy or sad can cause a person to want to put it down on paper and most people turn to verse to express themselves. Personal tragedies, lost love ones, the birth of a child, the love of a pet or just simply love can turn an ordinary person into a poet. Some people write it down and then hide their poem in the bottom of a drawer, never to be seen, but if that is what they want then thats okay. Others would love to share and to pass on a facet or chapter in their own life so that just maybe in years to come they might be remembered, to know that their short duration in life has not been in vain.

So again we ask what is a bush poet? It is YOU.....

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

P.O. Box 77 DRAYTON NORTH. Q.L.D. 4350.

# I NEED YOUR SUPPORT

Dear Poet.

You may have heard that I am in the process of compiling a book titled *Anthology of Australian Bush Poetry*.

The idea for such a publication has already gained considerable support from bush poets from Queensland and New South Wales.

Charles Marshall travelled to Dungog NSW to discuss my plans for a book and suggested I contact as many poets as possible asking for them to support this publication by forwarding the best of their work to be considered for publishing. I would like you to forward, say 6, of your poems along with your written approval for your poems to be included in the *Anthology*.

Please number your poems in preference of choice.

The Federal Member for Paterson, Mr Bob Horne, is very excited about the book and also a muster planed for later in the year. Mr Horne, an ex schoolteacher, sees the benefit of an anthology in the school system. Poets however see the book as a means to promote themselves and their own work and thus increased sales of their already published books. But, above all, everyone is excited about the idea.

I do not have every address of every poet in Australia so if you help to spread the word it will save time for me. And time is of utmost importance.

Please forward your typed poems to: Alan Gollidge, PO BOX 31, DUNGOG, NSW, 2420.

If you include a stamped address envelope I will return your poems and also keep you informed of progress with the book and the muster.

Thank you for supporting this very special project.

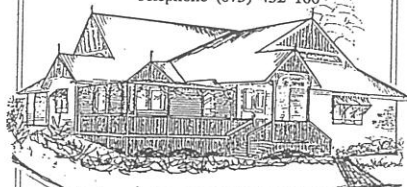
*Alan Gollidge*

*My* soul was an old horse  
Offered for sale in twenty fairs.  
I offered him to the Church – the buyers  
Were little men who feared his unusual airs.  
One said: 'Let him remain unbid  
In the wind and rain and hunger  
Of sin and we will get him –  
With the winkers thrown in – for nothing.'

PATRICK KAVANAGH  
*Extract from Pegasus*

Capo di Monte

Main Street, North Tamborine  
Telephone (075) 452 100



## Something Special

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*Doreen Wendt-Weir,*

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### DOWN TO EARTH PRICES

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Johnny Johanson' poem 2nd place in BLACKENED BILLY  
at Tamworth 1994.

#### JUST A WIFE

Tha skyline's all hazy, throu heat an' tha drought,  
whilst tha trees are all grey frum tha dust,  
as tha sun toughened face of tha farmer looks up,  
dear Lord, help me please, or I'm bust.

His land is as dry, as tha proverbial bone,  
there's not one blade of grass to be seen,  
a tuft of wool here an' there, on a barbed wire fence,  
to show where his flock, once had been.

Not a cool drop of water for hundreds of miles,  
with tha creek beds all cracked throu tha sun,  
he had just shot tha last of his ten thousand sheep,  
now he slowly walks home with his gun.

He stopped by tha gate of tha homesteads front yard,  
leaned his gun, by a stout corna' post,  
knelt down an' he patted, old Leo his dog,  
in tha soil wot was dry as burnt toast.

He sat on tha ground, with his back 'gainst tha gate,  
his strong arms, round tha dogs shaggy mane,  
unashamed rolled tha tears, as they dropped to tha earth,  
t'was tha closest, in five years to rain.

Tha bank had foreclosed on his outstanding debts,  
it was either he leave or he pays,  
a mortgagees auction, tha sign read at tha gate,  
to be held here, in just three more days.

Everything it must go, read those words big an' bold,  
no offers refused, tha board said,  
there's farming equipment, contents of tha house,  
plus a big double four poster bed.

On tha homesteads verandah, his wife stood an' watched,  
with a sadness that burned in her breast,  
her husband she knew, was a very proud man,  
this heart break, he must get orf of his chest.

She went into tha house, then picked up tha phone,  
rang neighbours an' friends near an' far,  
gather here one an' all, at tha auction that day,  
come by horseback, by foot, or by car.

Then with womanly wiles, she outlaid her plan,  
to tha wives of those farmers outback,  
now let's face it, we know, that tha men do hard work,  
but their wives, steer 'em down tha right track.

Now, you must bring all your sons, with their big brawny arms,  
to mingle an' glare at tha crowd,  
we will let it be known, to folks one an' all,  
there's no bidding, 'cept those what's allowed.



On tha day of tha auction, tha homestead was packed,  
everyone there, they knew what's tha score,  
tha minimum bid, for each item on sale,  
with only one bidder, what's more.

Tha auctioneer, read out tha mortgagees rules,  
That all must be sold on tha day,  
he'll accept any bid, that is offered he sez,  
with what ever a punta' might pay.

While those big brawny lads, that strolled throu tha crowd,  
who whispered in all strangers ears,  
might be best you don't bid at this auction today,  
or regret it, for many long years.

Next, this sale's underway, with one single bid,  
on each item that they did release,  
two dollars was bid on a registered truck,  
ten cents, on a gaggle of geese.

Five dollars old chap, cried a voice frum tha back,  
though not worth a damn, for I know,  
it's been sitting right there, for many long years,  
good sir, that tractor you sell, does not go.

Well right down tha line, be it harness or horse,  
those plows, with all gear in tha shed,  
fifteen dollars, for all tha contents of tha house,  
with only forty five cents, for tha bed.

Well no matter how hard, tha auctioneer tried,  
to up tha first bid just a bit,  
ten cents was tha least, five dollars tha most,  
whilst one bid, was tha best he could git.

When all goods an' chattels were finally sold off,  
tha last on tha list was tha land,  
well with a five year drought an' no water or feed,  
it's knocked down, to a mate, for a grand.

Then, with all bids settled up, tha auctioneer gone,  
men lined at tha homesteads front gate,  
they told tha old farmer, they'll lend him tha gear,  
that you kin keep it ferever old mate.

Now with tears in his eyes, he watched his friends leave,  
while clouds rumbled dark overhead,  
don't worry, me darlin', he told his good wife,  
I've fixed everything up! he then said.

There's no way I can fathom, you mens business ways,  
it's to tricky, for tha likes of poor me,  
come inside, let us finish tha last of tha scones,  
while I make us, a fresh pot of tea.

\*\*\* BUSH POETRY AT THE JONDARYAN WOOLSHED. \*\*\*

Bush poetry will feature at the inaugural JONDARYAN WOOLSHED COUNTRY MUSIC MUSTER, to be held over the weekend of MAY 21-22 at the historic complex centred around the 134 year old woolshed. on Queensland's Darling Downs, just 50 kms west of Toowoomba.

At this stage Bush Poetry will feature as part of the "OPEN DINKUM AUSSIE" section, which includes poetry, vocal or group and must obviously be Australian Material. But if enough interest and entries are received the Bush Poetry will be draughted off as a distinct section, incorporating the following sub-sections:

- TRADITIONAL BUSH POEM.
- ORIGINAL BUSH POEM.
- CAMP FIRE YARN.

If so, the Bush Poetry section will be run at a distinct location on the complex away from the COUNTRY MUSIC Talent sections.

To make this event happen, you are encouraged to write to the Jondaryan Woolshed nominating which section you would like to enter. A good response will ensure the Bush Poetry section will happen.

Entry fee for each section is \$5 (Solo) \$6 (Duets & Groups)

Send entries by MONDAY 2nd MAY to:

JONDARYAN WOOLSHED  
COUNTRY MUSIC MUSTER  
P.O. Box 25  
JONDARYAN QLD 4403.

What better venue for BUSH POETRY could you find!!!

\*\*\* MONTO DAIRY FESTIVAL \*\*\*  
announces

The Inaugural Cream Can Award for Rhyming Verse.  
Usual conditions:- Unpublished, Original Rhyming  
Verse closing MAY 31st 94 \$2 per poem entry fee.  
Winner announced at Harts Cottage Poetry Night  
7th JUNE during Festival Week.

Send entries to: POETRY AWARD  
45 NEWTON ST  
MONTO QLD 4630.

\*\*\*\*\* EINBUNPIN FESTIVAL JULY 1994. \*\*\*\*\*

Australia has a rich history in what is now termed Bush Poetry. Many a campfire, shearers hut and miners digs were enlivened by the recitation of a ballad. The great exponents of Bush Poetry, Lawson and Paterson reflected this movement.

Our unofficial anthem 'Waltzing Matilda' is deep in our national psyche as are 'Clancy of the Overflow', 'The Man from Snowy River' and dozens of others, if we delve. A dog does sit on the Tucker Box, the track winding back is the much travelled road to Gundagai and we know where the pelican builds her nest. But Lawson also took the ballad form in to the city and wrote great verse from there. Ballads have always reflected our culture, so what is termed Bush Poetry is a part of our being Australians.

To celebrate this heritage the Australian Bush Poets Assoc. will be sponsoring an evening of Bush Poetry at the SEAVIEW HOTEL Pier Avenue, SHORNCLIFFE on Saturday JULY 23rd from 7pm as part of the Einbunpin Festival. It is the night before the festival at the lagoon-- not the night before the races at TANGMALANGMALOO!!!!!!!!!!

President of A.B.P.A. and compare extraordinaire Mr Merv (Bluey) Bostock will conduct the evening and invites locals to have a go, so start scribbling and present your own or recite one of your favourite ballads, whether it be about Bush, Country or City.

Starting with a writers week-end and Poets in the Pub on the 10th & 11th July, the poetry competition and Book, the Bush Poets Night and Poets Corner at the festival, scribes are in for a good time.

For more info on the events at the EINBUNPIN FESTIVAL contact:  
PEG PENBERTHY, 45 Swan st, SHORNCLIFFE, 4017. ph (07) 269 5236.

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\*\*\* THE POETS ARE COMING TO.....BOYUP BROOK....\*\*\*\*\*

Brian Gale has sent a letter from W.A. with news of a COUNTRY MUSIC FESTIVAL at BOYUP BROOK on the 25th SEPTEMBER. Brian has a book out 'STRAIGHT FROM THE HEART' retail at \$9.00 or would be interested in swapping other poets books for the same value. He can be contacted :  
25 GEORGETTE DRIVE, MARGARET RIVER, WEST AUST. 6285.ph (097) 572431.

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'JUST WAIT TILL I GROW UP' by JACQUELINE HILARY BRIDLE.

A collection of modern contemporary verse covering a wide range of issues from the reflections of an innocent child to the more risque!  
Available from: J. Bridle c/o MAPLETON P.O. 4560. \$10 inc. post.

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

AUSTRALIAN BUSH POETS ASSC  
P.O. BOX 77, DRAYTON NORTH, QLD. 4

Calender of competitions 1994.

\* 1770. COMMEMORATIVE POETRY COMPETITION.

Sponsored by 'GONE BUSH' Magazine & 'COASTAL RAG' Miriam Vale QLD.

Entry forms available from: 'GONE BUSH' EDITOR HANNAH ORION.

238 BRANYON DRIVE BUNDABERG Q 4670.

CLOSING DATE. 5th MAY 1994. Phone Enq; (071) 520353.

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\* THE BRONZE SWAGMAN AWARDS FOR BUSH VERSE. 1994.

Entry forms available from: THE SECRETARY.

WINTON TOURIST PROMOTION ASSOCIATION.

P.O. Box 44 WINTON QLD 4735.

CLOSING DATE. 31st MAY 1994. Phone Enq; (076) 571502.

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MARYBOROUGH GOLDEN WATTLE FESTIVAL LITERARY COMPETITION. SEPT. 94.

Entry Forms Available from: LITERARY COMPETITION

GOLDEN WATTLE FESTIVAL

c/o N. FIELDS

CLOSING DATE; 31st MAY 1994. P.O. Box 221 MARYBOROUGH VIC. 3465.

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COOEE BAY LAMMERMOOR PROGRESS ASSOCIATION..

NO Entry forms needed. Conditions of entry available from:

COOEE BAY LAMMERMOOR PROGRESS ASSOC.

P.O. Box 181 YEPPOON QLD 4703.

CLOSING DATE. 30th JUNE 1994. Ph Enq; (079) 391366.

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HUNTER REGIONAL FELLOWSHIP OF AUSTRALIAN WRITERS.

1994 DENIS BUTLER MEMORIAL COMPETITION.

NO Entry forms needed. Conditions of entry available from:

THE CO-ORDINATOR

F.A.W. HUNTER COMPETITION

P.O. Box 404 MORISSET NSW 2264.

CLOSING DATE; 31st JULY 1994.

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POETS AT THE CARNIVAL. TOOWOOMBA CARNIVAL OF FLOWERS. SEPTEMBER 94.

Dates and entry forms yet to be finalised.

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NOTE.... As most competitions have printed entry forms and entry fee it is advisable to contact them BEFORE sending entries.

If you are aware of any other competitions or events concerning bush poetry. Please send them in so they can be included.

Ron Selby.