

No.4. Vol.3. April. 1996.



The Australian



Bush Poets Association



Australian Bush Poets Association

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**Volunteers needed for
Northern Territory
Western Australia and Tasmania.**

Greyhound Pioneer Australia

Cloncurry Bush Poetry Festival

7TH. - 9TH. JUNE 1996

**Presented by the
Cloncurry Telecentre
Phone. 077 422 380**

Fireside Festival

**LONGYARD HOTEL
TAMWORTH**

**First weekend in June
State of Origin
Poets Brawls
Workshops
Poetry**

1996

**THE NATIONAL
OUTBACK**

**PERFORMING ARTS
IN CONJUNCTION WITH**

"The Outback Muster"

LONGREACH

3rd 4th 5th May

Ph. 076 58 3601

Presidents Letter.

Dear ABPA members.

The one thing I admired most when I first became involved in Bush Poetry in 1993, was the fellowship between poets from the absolute raw beginner to the top professional. The sharing that was evident gave me a great sense of feeling and appreciation for my new found friends.

Sadly I find that in 1996 it appears that a lot of this comradey is being lost to those few that feel there is not enough room for the growing ranks of bush poets in this country.

New, and sometimes, even better poets are coming out of the woodwork and the only thing they ask is a chance to recite. One chance to have a go. One chance to let others hear what they have to say.

I was given this chance in 1993 and well and truly appreciated the opportunity and the invitations that followed to further enhance my presence as a bush poet.

Now we see that a lot of festivals and so on have not allowed sufficient space on their programmes for the swelling ranks and find that there is not enough space for those still to come new faces. Those novice poets who deserve the same chance that we all had.

Competitions are mostly to blame for this. Competitions certainly have their place, but do we need so many? Are they such a drawcard? Do they attract large audiences at all such venues? I don't think they do. I believe that the real drawcard is the bush poet and his or her bush poetry itself. Not the competitions. Bush poetry is poetry from amateurs as well as professionals.

This year at Jamberoo for example, many very capable novice poets, were turned aside, not even given the chance to recite due to lack of planning.

Insufficient time was permitted on the programme for the number of poets that flock to this festival.

I am sad to say that I have had far too many people contact me stating their disappointment in not being able to fit in to this poets breakfast.

I suggested that they should write voicing their opinions to the organisers as I also plan to do.

Apart from the poets breakfasts, there was a segment for new voices. I consider this very good. However, those new voices from 1994, who did not fit into this years breakfasts, were not new voices this year, and missed out.

I don't blame them for being unhappy. I too stand at fault in some respects in that I was given plenty of time on the programme, time which I now regret could have been shared with others.

I apologise to those who are unhappy about this, but thank them for letting me know. An old dog will learn some new tricks here.

One good example of sharing was seen at the well organised National Folk Festival in Canberra over the Easter holidays. Right from day one, the poets breakfasts were a hit, both with the poets and the audiences. The Wine Bar was packed to capacity and overflowed each morning as reciters, one and all, were given the opportunity to 'share' with each other in rhyme and prose. Three-hour daily breakfasts have been planned for next years festival.

Yes, somebody has to do the work; yes, we do need a drawcard; yes it is good to see somebody great on the stage. But can't we just start having fun again and stop putting our new friends out of the scene all together. I thought that was what it was all about.

Regards, *Frank Daniel.*

—oooo—oooo—

National Folk Festival Canberra. 4th- 8th April 1996.

Four days and five nights of Australias best song, music, dance, verse, crafts, street performers, workshops and endless sessions plus a full Childrens Festival saw over 1200 performers from all over Australia and overseas at the National exhibition grounds over the Easter Holiday period.

The Poets breakfasts in the Wine Bar were the highlight of the weekend, with full houses and more daily. Breakfasts were hosted by Col Nesome, now eighty years young from Glen Innes, Frank Daniel, The Queanbeyan Bush Poets led by Elaine Delaney and Ron Brown of Newcastle..

A reciters workshop hosted by Jim Smith of Melbourne, was well attended as were the two sessions of Yarns Spinning and Poetry featuring Jim Smith, 'Blue the Shearer' and Frank Daniel.

Another workshop entitled 'Court Napping' saw the talents of 'Blue the Shearer' as he took the audience through an hour and a half of court procedure in satirical verse and song as seen by him in his days as a Welfare Officer.

Members of the cast included Ted Egan, Peter Bate and Tony Suttor from the Northern Territory, with Victorians Denis O'Keefe, Keryn Randall and Enda Kenny, with Keith McKenry from the ACT and Frank Daniel.

'Blue' made an unfortunate and unscripted exit from the stage during the show creating a lot of anxious concern.

This left 'Blue' unavailable for the debate that night between Victoria and the rest of the World. Frank Daniel filled in for his old mate in the World Team with Gerard McKewin and Vicki Maree Trevancon defeating the Mexicans Denis Okeefe, Keith McKeny and Myron Lysenko who argued that we were not getting our words worth in poetry today. The audience certainly got their words worth from Vicki Maree in no uncertain terms. A great move by the organisers and a good crowd pleaser over all.

'Blue the Shearer'.

We are very happy indeed to say that 'Blue the Shearer' is still with us after a very unsavoury fall from his Judges podium at the **National Folk Festival**.

Some say it was just another stage he was going through.

'Blue' was conducting a workshop where he brought to light, many of the happenings, true to life, as seen in the courts during his time as a Welfare Officer.

'Blue', the Magistrate, had just passed sentence on one 'Damian Sparrafart' committing him to prison. Returning to his seat, 'Blue's chair engaged reverse mode as he sat, and slid backwards across the stage, with it's unexpected passenger unable to apply brakes or prepare himself for the downfall to follow.

A sudden drop of about two feet and a resounding clunk on the wall behind him saw our old mate out like a light for a couple of worrying minutes. All suspected the worst, and rightly so, he didn't exactly look a picture of health.

Paramedic, John Harpley (of Wongawillis fame) was quickly on the scene, followed by a local nurse, and the St. Johns ambulance officers. (What a difference mobile phones make in summoning help.)

After a short spell in the **Calvary Hospital** at Belconnen, news came back that 'Blue' was no longer in any trouble and was allowed to go home.

Then it started. 'Blue' jokes and 'Blue' Poems. There were plenty of them.

One inventive fan, **Cec Cox**, of **Brogo** on the far south coast, a former TAFE teacher, gave a lesson in physics dealing with equilibrium at the next breakfast. Cec drew up a series of charts to indicate to the unfortunate victim and to those who were not at the scene of the accident, how the forces of the centre of gravity overcame the angle of the dangle when blues chair was tilted from the perpendicular.

All is well that ends well and one is able to laugh afterwards. A lot of fun was had by all at 'Blues' expense. 'Blue' of course had the last laugh when he claimed that he had 'finally upstage, downstaged and backstaged Ted Egan'.

Tenterfield Saddler ORACLES OF THE BUSH

**A Celebration of Australian Bush Poetry, Plays, Ballads, Music
4th, 5th, 6th MAY 1996**

**Jim Haynes - Bobby Miller - Marcus Holden - Marion Fitzgerald
- Gary Fogarty - Mark Gliori**

Phone..067 361 082 Fax..067 363 388

CHANGES EXPECTED AT FIRESIDE FESTIVAL

The Fireside Festival will be held in Tamworth at The Longyard on the first weekend in June and Festival organisers have decided that there is need for some changes to be made.

The original aim for the Fireside Festival was to create a special festival for spoken word and to build on the interest that wordsmiths were producing at The Longyard during the Country Music Festival.

The Fireside Festival is now a well established annual event and the new leasees at The Longyard are keen to have it continue. If it is to progress, the organisers believe that each year the audiences should be presented with something different and if that does not happen, we can expect our audience numbers to diminish.

Since the inception of the Fireside Festival, bush poets from many states have come to regard it as a re-union time and there is no reason for this to change. However, the priority for the Fireside Festival has always been to increase audiences for our craft and promote Tamworth as a centre for bush poetry.

All performing poets and writers have contributed over recent years to advertising and promoting the craft with great success, and we need to concentrate on continuing to build on that success. Bush poets from every state will ultimately share the benefits, as together we build a wider base of interest within the community.

The festival will open on Friday 31 May with Poets in the Pub and the Poets Brawl beginning at 7 p.m. This is a fun event and one where performing bush poets will entertain the audience, and, for the Poets Brawl will be required to write a poem for recitation within a one minute time limit.

On Saturday it is proposed that a workshop be conducted prior to a concert by school children from local schools, followed by the first opportunity for New Voices to be heard. Next Frank Daniel will host The Great Yarn Event and in the afternoon, there will be a presentation of Jim Haynes Best of the Bush Concert.

The Fireside Festival Galah Evening will include the announcement of the names of poets who this year will be honoured on the Poets Wall of Renown, a performance from each of them and selected young poets and invited celebrity, John Derum, will be the star of the show.

On Sunday a second session of New Voices will open the day followed by The State of Origin and a Farewell Concert.

It is anticipated that a small charge will be made for admission to some sections of the Fireside Festival this year.

Judith Hosier.

The Unknown Soldier

He is father, son and brother, singled out and like no other
Former stockman, public servant, office clerk and rouseabout
Spiffy lair and larrikin, man of God and petty crim.
And to home we welcome him ... The Unknown Soldier.

Firebrand and even handed, first ashore when our boys landed
Immortalised as life was stranded in the No Man's Land of War
Soldier slogging, airman flier, sailor seaman, line of fire
Greater love will never tire for Him ... The Unknown Soldier.

With drumming hearts we carried him through mourning fields in
France
The bugle stirred his ancient heart, his ageless eyes to dance
Along the cross enscriptured ranks of Named and Unnamed sleeping
Of single breath, allied in death and all in Christ's safe keeping.

The time has come for the long home run, as the tears begin to flow
Aufwiedersen, Good-bye Mate, Adieu and Cheerio
Unquantified, unidentified, unmarked, unknown, unclassified
From all the wars that ever were, You're marching Home at last.

Robert Raftery c
Picture Writer
Brisbane Australia

LOST POEM.

A Gympie lady has written to us looking for the words to a poem her father sometimes recited. The title could be "The Snake Bite At Harvest Time" Author unknown. It was a popular humorous recitation about the time of WW1, though it had nothing to do with the war. It was written in the vernacular of 'Dad and Dave' and it seems Dad thought he had been bitten by a snake. The boys eventually got him home and Mum got the carving knife (to cut the snake bite out) and discovered Dad had a thistle in the seat of his pants.

Any member knowing the words to this poem could you please send them in and I will forward them onto the lady.

Thankyou.

TRADITIONAL POETRY ?

Traditional poetry as written by the traditional poets such as LAWSON, PATERSON, OGILVIE, SPENCER, HARRINGTON etc seem to be recited a lot less at the many gatherings and competitions lately.

Two years or so ago you would hear 'The Man From Ironbark' or 'A Bush Christening', 'How McDougal Topped The Score' and many of the older type poems recited many times over in almost every gathering of poets.

The basic aim of our Association is to preserve these poems and to bring Traditional poetry to the public eye so that our Australian way, (as it was recorded by the masters in poetry) is not lost for future generations.

Today's competitions are mostly won by poems from modern poets and the 'Traditional' poems are less often heard. Maybe our many competitions should have a rule that the poems in traditional should be at least fifty years old (as in the rules of Cloncurry Festival) and another section for modern.

We will try to print some of the old masters poems in the magazine from time to time to try to encourage more poets to recite them at future gatherings.

Ron Selby. SEC.

Roy Briggs' contribution.

The few runs I have had to bush poets get-togethers has been very interesting to say the least. I picked up three trophies for coming third in four events at Jandaryn but we won't say anything about the fact that I think there must have only been two competitors in each event, one of them being yours truly.

It was good though cos I usually just get a kick in the rear end for yakking.

Tiring run to Roma over Easter but a sight worth seeing. There were folk there from everywhere and for a town that claims to be the real gateway to the west, it is a credit to the Shire and the locals.

I have the first of my twenty odd family saga cattle country novels of the Neverending series titled Neverending Adventures being launched at the Heritage Country Western Music Assoc. at Grandchester on the 28th April 96 between 1 and 5 pm so I hope to see a few of me bush mates there. Grandchester is near Laidley on the edge of the Lockyer and Fassifern Valleys. You can't miss it.

It will be my first novel ever published and of course I have four volumes of the Trackrider Poems available. One published last year and three different books of more that I printed and bound myself and they can always be purchased direct from me at PO Box 118 Esk Qld 4312.

Drive carefully and please watch out for Bobby Miller's scourge; that ratbat Volvo driver, especially if the driver has a mobile phone. Take care till we meet again. Roy Briggs.

From the Trackrider Volume One.

Have you ever felt the quiet of a watercourse at night.
The birds at dusk all settle down. The splendor is a sight.
Reflections of the campfire across the waters gleam.
Illuminate and silhouette just like a perfect dream.

CLANCY OF THE OVERFLOW

I had written him a letter which I had, for want of better
Knowledge, sent to where I met him down the Lachlan, years ago;
He was shearing when I knew him, so I sent the letter to him
Just on spec, addressed as follows, 'Clancy, of The Overflow'.

And an answer came directed in a writing unexpected
(And I think the same was written with a thumb-nail dipped in tar);
'Twas his shearing mate who wrote it, and verbatim I will quote it:
'Clancy's gone to Queensland droving, and we don't know where he
are.'

In my wild erratic fancy visions come to me of Clancy
Gone a-droving 'down the Cooper' where the Western drovers go;
As the stock are slowly stringing, Clancy rides behind them singing,
For the drover's life has pleasures that the townsfolk never know.

And the bush has friends to meet him, and their kindly voices greet
him

In the murmur of the breezes and the river on its bars,
And he sees the vision splendid of the sunlit plains extended,
And at night the wondrous glory of the everlasting stars.

I am sitting in my dingy little office, where a stingy
Ray of sunlight struggles feebly down between the houses tall,
And the foetid air and gritty of the dusty, dirty city
Through the open window floating, spreads its foulness over all.

And in place of lowing cattle, I can hear the fiendish rattle
Of the tramways and the buses making hurry down the street;
And the language uninviting of the gutter children fighting
Comes fitfully and faintly through the ceaseless tramp of feet.

And the hurrying people daunt me, and their pallid faces haunt me
As they shoulder one another in their rush and nervous haste,
With their eager eyes and greedy, and their stunted forms and
weedy,

For townsfolk have no time to grow, they have no time to waste.

And I somehow rather fancy that I'd like to change with Clancy,
Like to take a turn at droving where the seasons come and go,
While he faced the round eternal of the cash-book and the journal —
But I doubt he'd suit the office, Clancy of The Overflow.

A. B. ('BANJO') PATERSON

SKYDOCTOR

A book based on the adventures and experiences of a flying doctor in the 1950s. 312 pages with many black & white photos, maps, memorabilia and colour plates.

"This is a story of the Channel Country in Queensland's Outback. It details with feeling the lives of real people in real places who bravely battled against the odds in an unforgiving but starkly beautiful land."

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Entry to: Sun
2 X Best of th

BUSH

POETS

BREAKFAST

HOSTED BY: NORTH PINE BUSH POETS GROUP

COMMENCING ON 7th APRIL 1996

BETWEEN 9.00 & 10.30a.m.

AND INITIALLY THE

1st & 3rd SUNDAY

OF

EACH MONTH

AT

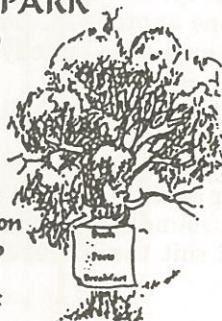
'DAD & DAVES BILLY TEA & DAMPER'

NORTH PINE COUNTRY PARK

(PETRIE MARKETS)

Come join the old tradition
and speak your verse out loud
Give the reins to your imagination
Maybe make the 'Banjo' proud

Russell Plunkett



• Poetry Olympics

Here are some of the competitors in the Poetry Olympics to be held at Matilda Bush Poetry Centre on April 26-28.

There will be no hormonal teams which can consist of anyone who. There are five categories: open, junior, male or female.

One poet from each team will perform a poem up to two minutes long in some manner to a sport or aquatic poem could be about fishing, boats, ships or surf boards.

In true Olympic tradition, opposing teams or their members are not sanctioned. Any competitor with a blood alcohol level in excess of 0.05 will receive a one day's suspension.

No lawyers are allowed and immunity will not be granted.

If you've got \$3 to spare in April and want to join in, send a cheque marked "Winton Poetry Association" to: The Office, Matilda Bush Poetry Association, Toowoomba Mail Centre C

For further information contact any of the following:
John and Patti Coultis 'Dad & Daves Billy Tea & Damper' 3886 1552
Russell Plunkett and Susan Taylor 'The Poets Place' 3203 3252
Graham and Louise Dean 3260 5506

PRINTING DE
of the month to a



Tenterfield Saddler Oracles of the Bush, in Tenterfield May 4 5 & 6. a colourful celebration of Australian bush poetry, literature, music, song and dance. Bush Poets Breakfast at the Criterion Hotel 8 am Saturday May 4, Bush Poets Brawl, main street park, Sunday morning sometime between 8am and 11am. Two evening concerts by Jim Haynes and his Best of the Bush team..... Bobby Miller, Mark Gliori, Marion Fitzgerald, Gary Fogarty and Marcus Holden. They will also participate in a Sundown Concert at the Railway Station between 4pm and 6pm on Saturday May 4 and again breakfast on main street 8am to 11am Sunday May 5. Information from Patti at the Tenterfield Visitors Information Centre, telephone (067) 36 1082.



Living Poets Society

Carpe Diem!

ditions of entry for
held at the Waltz-
Awards at Winton

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and a few days off
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Tourist Promotion
rganiser, Waltzing
ards PO Box 7714
Q4352.

Jill Coath Ph: (052) 56 2610

John Green Ph: (052) 55 4480 Fax: (052) 55 4813

Shane Benning Performance Poet

P.O. Box 300 Ocean Grove 3226

TAOBUD. (trivia and other bits useless data.)

- 01/5/67 Elvis Presley & Priscilla were married.
- 02/5/1729. Catherine the Great was born.
- 02/5/1904. Bing Crosby was born.
- 02/5/1936. Arnold George Dorsey.(Englebert Humperdick) born.
- 05/5/1821. Napoleon Bonapart died in exile on ETNA.
- 15/5/1994. Henry Mancinni. died.
- 22/5/1859. Sir Arthur Conan Doyle.author of Sherlock Holmes. born
- 24/5/1966 at 3pm Private Errol NOAK became the first national
Australian Serviceman to be killed in Vietnam War.
- 12/5/1820. Florence Nightingale was born.
- 12/5/1924. Tony Hancock was born.
- 29/5/1903. Bob Hope was born.
- 29/5/1923. John. F. Kennedy was born.
- 31/5/1994, Volkswagon produced it's 15 millioneth Golf car in
Wolfsburg, Germany.

DEADLINE; Items for the magazine must be recieved by the 15th
appear in that months issue!

The Bush Townie

By Budgeroo

Some people insist that I'm round the twist
For leaving the great Aussie Bush
For persuading my wife to join city life
And line up in the ques and the push.

So I'm telling the truth not being uncouth
When I say it was wife who was ~~was~~ moving
She'd had quite enough of the boss being rough
With the trees when they didn't need pruning.

Then its off to the land where the people demand
You go quicker when you are in town
And a hurry up goad when you're on the road
From a horn with a flashy new sound.

The faces I see mean nothing to me
Just "Hello" when I see them at K-Mart
The big city streets are blacker than peat
And the houses all sprout the same art.

I need a new car - the kilo's too far
The gearbox about to drop out
Groceries and needs keep the wallet in seige
And the pressure on job working hours.

I still have some hounds, they've been thinned though I've found
And a backyard that always needs mowing
But I'm not one to grizzle when the weather is mizzle
Or the snails stop pertunias from growing.

Brothers over the road have the music up bold
Slim Dusty and Chad Morgan rule
The neighbour beside has the chooks flying high
The motel at the back has a pool.

Now before all you folk go jostle and joke
And search for excuses and reasons
Please just consider I'm not in a dither
The decision to move took a season.

So with all these pretences just over the fences
Really what else could be fun
I live by the sign of "One Day At A Time"
For tomorrow may just never come.

Fireside Festival — May 31st — June 1 & 2.

The Fireside Festival will again be held over the first weekend in June at the **Longyard Hotel in Tamworth.**

This Festival - an 'Annual Pilgrimage' for many bush poetry lovers - has become an event not to be missed.

With so many Bush Poetry Events popping up around the country, organisers feel there must be constant development and new ideas as well as the Fireside favourites - '**State of Origin**', '**Poets Brawl**'. '**Yarn Event**' and '**New Voices**'.

The big news is that a special guest star in the shape of **John Derum**, a great Australian actor and TV host. John has a fantastic track record of performing and preserving Bush Verse - especially the works of **C.J. Dennis** and **Henry Lawson**. It is a great boost to the Festival and the City of Tamworth to have John as the special guest for the Galah Night, organisers **June Smythe, Judith Hosier, Carole Stannard and Jim Haynes** are really excited.

The only cost will be the Saturday night Show and the Workshops. Thanks to the poets, the organisers have been able to keep all other sessions free. Raffle ticket money will go to the Poets - just like January.

There will be a charge of \$10 for the **Performance Workshop** conducted by **John Derum**.

The cost of the Galah Concert has been reduced to \$15, but this does not include a meal. Due to the huge demand for tickets to this evening a meal will not be included with the concert. However the Goonoo Goonoo Room will be open at 6pm and normal meals will be served until 7.45 with the concert starting at 8pm.

For bookings to the Galah night send \$15 per person to **Golden Gumleaf 112 Crescent Rd. Hamilton. Qld. 4007**

THE QUART POTBRISBANE.

Brunswick street Newfarm park..

Wednesday 15th MAY 7.30 pm.

WITH; Mark Gliori, Bobby Miller, John Major,

Carmel Dunn & BUCKLEYS CHANCE.

Tickets & Info; Judith Hosier (07) 32682812.

The following poem is a dedication to all of those people who gave to me so kindly as I travelled throughout Australia as a busker, and continue to do so today.

THE BUSKER.

I've been from Cairns in the north, down to the Apple Isle
And all of the places in between, was always greeted with a smile.
Just like a modern day nomad, follow the food and work
I've met so many beautiful people, and the occasional prejudice jerk!

Yeah! I was out at Winton, At Tamworth this year too,
Me and my best mate, The Box Tree Didgeridoo.
You'll always see us together, Me and my hollowed log,
The two of us are inseperable, like a drover and his dog.

Were you one of those people? So generous in your ways,
Who gave to me so kindly, and made much easier my days.
Maybe you were just an old battler, who gave what you could afford,
To you I say "Thanks a lot mate!", and your actions I'll forever applaud.

Always managed to keep a full stomach, no matter where I was at,
Whether in a city or small country town, Overflowing would be my hat.
Yeah! I'll keep on travelling this land and certainly continue to play
So next time I am in your parts, Come up and say "G'day"

And don't be so afraid of me! 'cause you have nothing to fear
Just 'cause I've got different coloured skin, I'll still shout you a bloody beer.
So when we next meet, My friends, I surely will regale ya,
As I travel through this marvelous land, of great generosity, AUSTRALIA!

c 1996 Roy Newman
Gomila-Roy-Didge.
MOREE. N.S.W.

Banjo's letter fetches \$34,500

MELBOURNE: A private buyer yesterday paid \$34,500 for a one-page letter penned by Australian poet A.B. "Banjo" Paterson, the only known document confirming his authorship of *Waltzing Matilda*.

The interstate buyer, who declined to be named, negotiated the sale after the letter only fetched a top bid of \$16,000 at Christie's auction in Melbourne.

The document was among more than 300 literary, pop and sport memorabilia pieces to go under the hammer.

Written to Canberra headmaster Laurie Copping in 1939, the letter confirms for literary enthusiasts the

authorship of the de facto national anthem *Waltzing Matilda*.

In it, Paterson describes writing the song while travelling to Queensland.

"... About the song *Waltzing Matilda* ... I wrote it when travelling in Queensland," the letter says.

"A Miss McPherson ... used to play a tune which she believed was an old Scottish tune but she did not know the name of it."

"I put words to it. It may interest your literary circle to know that the tune is played in the continent of Europe, as it is supposed to be the only existing Australian folk song."

POETIC NIGHTMARE

Last night I lay in rough-made bed and dreamed a stupid dream
of sixteen crazy poets gathered round a mountain stream.
Their voices echoed rocky cliffs and fluted mid-night breeze -
their soulful dirges moaning strange through sighing bushland trees.
There Blue The Shearer's chainsaw was the cause of skeptic's mirth;
and Campbell droned a soulful tale - the mournful "Mother Earth".
And Glenny Palmer's "Bloody Love Affairs" (told again in full) -
while John (the Tamworth Mayor) spoke well about "The Cross-eyed Bull" -
another epic often told, and from the pen of Blue.
Then Frank said, "'God'll Get Ya', if tales you tell aren't true."

"The Man From Snowy River" echoed through those mountains black;
the Timor pony floundered bad, with Michael on his back!
Then Neil told us of Mulligan - a tale to make you sick -
and his awful angry missus and her bloody thrashing stick.
Poor Bobby Miller's fortune lost, because of Auntie's ring;
and Bob again was asking, "Who Gives?" - every bloody thing.
Then Noel's reluctant heifer, with old Brutus on her trail,
came plunging up the valley with a fiercely switching tail.
And Carmel Randle took a turn - "Henrietta And The Roo".
John Major's "Two Old Gentlemen" were drinking plonk anew.

Marc told of Mrs Simpson and the fly--blown kangaroo;
while Ray Essery's Cane Cutters chopped the mountain half in two.
And Milton Taylor's mongrel dog - invading utes just near -
then yapped and cocked his crooked leg - and pissed near Milton's beer.
Ron Selby, slave as always, manned the keg and poured the rum.
We heard a distant whining and a kind of ghostly hum.
Among the group a vision came, with long white hair and beanie.
"I've come to 'Wash The Dog,'" he said, "but tell no one you've seen me."
I woke up feeling groggy, to the starling's noisy cheep -
and realized I'd written all this garbage in my sleep!

Ellis Campbell 1996

AUSSIE FACES & PLACES

BUSH VERSE STYLE by Janet O'Brien vize,
Available from; P.O. Box 5310 R.M.C. ROCKHAMPTON 4702.

Profile.... Tammy Muir. "G'day, I'm Tammy Muir," is the greeting you will receive should you come across this friendly Victorian poet and yarn-spinner. Full of fishing stories and yarns about his mates and the happenings around his home town of Picola, yarns about his kids, the school bus, and the Murray River.

Forty year old Tammy has been a farmer 'out next to the Barmah Forest' for most of his life, and includes tobacco picking, rouseabouting and working behind a bar as only a few of his many talents. He has no lack of talent in front of a bar either.

Like a lot of his fellow farmers he found that he was slowly going broke at the start, and now, after a lifetime he has adapted to living on nothing. This helps. It helps even more when you are a 'bush poet', the conditions of work are very much the same.

Tammy doesn't mind being called a 'bush poet', it is a lot better than some of the things people have called him over the years, so he says in his introduction to his book, "Bush, Bulldust & Bindii".

In his foreword to Tammy's book, Mick Kelsall, (author of "A Riverman's Story") describes Tammy as a man with an iron fist who could hold his own in any sport, while still possessing a natural ability to write about his love of humanity, love of the land, environment, nature and family. Tammy is in demand for functions both far and wide in the Murray region. The Muir family consists of wife Sue, and sons Thomas and Timon.

A great defender of the bush, Tammy once had to set a lady of some literary talent straight, who at a function in Melbourne was putting the country down in no uncertain terms, calling it a cultural desert. After which he wrote his "In Defence of the Bush".

"The Birthin' of the Boy" is another revealing look at mans insight into the arrival of his first born. Poems about sleeper cutters, shearers, sheep and farmers keep the reader glued to the pages waiting for more.

"Where Do the Lids Off Eskies Go" is a poem about another of lifes great worries for many a fisherman.

Much of Tammy Muir can be heard on Cassette which is available along with his two books, 'Bush Bulldust and Bindii' and 'When the Kookaburra Laughs'. Give him a bell and say 'g'day' at his home on 058 683227 or just write to him at RMB 2011, Picola 3639.

FULL CIRCLE.

A collection of Aussie verse by Sandra J. Queensborough Binns.
Available from; P.O. Box 13 KINCUMBER N.S.W. 2251.

Tit for Tat By Tammy Muir. ©

My old tit for tat, I don't wear it just for show,
 Though I've seen some jokers, fair dinkum they wouldn't know.
 It's not just something ya' poke on ya' scalp,
 It's got 101 uses, a bloomin' tremendous help.
 Not only does it keep the sun from entering the eye,
 It also substitutes as a water dish when my dog gets kinda dry.
 Stops the rain from gettin down my neck, and stops the Barcoo rot,
 And lifts the billy off the fire, when the handles sizzlin' hot.
 You can use it as a swat, to whack the pesky fly,
 Or wave it at ya' rellies as ya' sayin' your good-byes.
 Or give the dog a beltin' when he splits the bloomin' mob,
 Or hand it around the pub, when ya' short a coupla' bob.
 You can fill it full of mushies, after an Autumn rain,
 Or doff it at a lady, if ya' in the charmin' game.
 And if you're off to a do, and runnin' short of time,
 Just whip your ol' titfer off, and give your shoes a shine.
 And if there's a funeral passin' or even on Anzac Day,
 Just slip her over ya' ticka', in a most respectful way.
 Or if the wood's a little damp and the fire's pretty low,
 You can use it as a bellows, to get the flames to go.
 After a hard days toil, you can give ya' duds a dust,
 Or if you've made a blunder, you can pelt it in the disgust.
 It's not just show thing, you can put it to good use,
 Kick it like a football, it'll take plenty of abuse.
 For it doesn't take much to keep it, just hang it on a hook,
 And it'll be there in the morning without even going crook.

So if ya' see me with me titfer on, don't think I'm puttin' on side,
 It's maybe I don't want to know ya', and I'm doin' me best to hide!

Greyhound Pioneer Cloncurry Bush Poetry Festival, June 1996

Attached is the latest information on the Festival. Changes to note include:

- The closing date for written entries is now 16th May.
- Poems may be submitted (by a trustee or a beneficiary) on behalf of a deceased author. One aim of this provision is prompt the appearance of poetry of historical value which might otherwise not come to light; for example the work of pioneer women; or poems written during wartime by Servicemen.

Dick Warwick. Cowboy Poet.

During February this year, ABPA President, Frank Daniel received a letter from Dick Warwick of **Oakesdale Wahsington, USA.** asking about future music festivals and poetry gatherings here down under about March 1997.

Information to hand was duly returned in the next mail and further details will be submitted to Dick as it comes to hand.

If members or readers are aware of, or have any literature or poetry that they would like to share with our new mate, they might be so kind to forward it to him via our President or direct mail to **Rt. 1 Box 52 Oakesdale, Washington 99158. USA.**

Dick lives in the hilly Palouse Country of eastern Washington where he operates the family farm, while his wife Sue, breeds horses.

His checkered career includes stints as a fire look-out, surveyor, flea marketeer, type-setter, construction worker, parking meter feeder, header driver (Western Australia - 1980's), and sometimes antique dealer.

He has enjoyed writing poetry for many years and has been a featured performer at several gatherings.

His hobbies include entertaining with the Urban Coyote Bush Band, tossing the javelin in masters' track meets, arts & crafts, reading, and trying to keep his equipment running. Most of his spare time is

spent sleeping.

In his latest letter Dick sent a few posters for a local cowboy gathering in September.

Any members or subscribers who will be in the USA at that time of year may be interested.

More information may be obtained from the Secretary,

Palouse Country Cowboy Poetry Gathering, ..C/- Marlene Ryan R. 2, Box 330 Pullman WA 99163 USA. (509) 334-1029.

This will be their first annual show and will be held in conjunction with a Western Art / Tack Show at Moscow, Idaho, from **September 13th - 15th. 1996.** featuring 'Plowboy', 'Lumberjack' and 'Sourdough' poetry performers, along with Western Musicians, artists and Craftsmen.

Dick has one cassette of his Poems of the West entitled '**The Jacket**' which deals with western life, self employment, an inherited **Dollar Watch** (a hand-me-down from his grandfather who purchased the watch in 1904) and a top poem on the **King of the Rodeo** (a story about a Rodeo Clown).

Dick and the **Urban Coyote Bush Band** get together and sing a lot of old Australian Bush Songs in his other cassette, "**Bound for West Australia**".

Dick will have a book of Cowboy Poetry out for Christmas.

p.s. He is also a member of the ABPA. **Good on ya mate!**

The Dollar Watch. by Dick Warwick. ©

(Don't Pinch It.)

He bought it in nineteen hundred and four,
One day when he went to town.
He walked into the general store
And layed his money down.
"I wanta buy that pocket watch,
That one that costs a dollar!"
He payed and felt he'd grown a notch,
And he walked a little taller.

It had a white enamel face,
Hands and numerals black,
A smooth and shiny nickel case,
And when he pried off the back,
The workings, they were minuscule,
Too tiny to invasion.
One bearing was an actual jewel
And it ticked with pure precision.
'Twas the first thing he had ever bought
That he didn't really need.
Except a book or two he got,
'Cause he did like to read.

He kept it lightly oiled and wound,
Away from damp and grime
And the hands they spun around and round
Always right on time.
For years that watch that cost a buck,
He kept safe in his pocket.
'Cept once or twice when out of luck,
He was obliged to hock it.
But he always got it back from pawn,
None the worse for wear,
And as seconds, minutes, years went on
The time they both would share.

The dollar bought more time back then,
The supply of time was greater.
But time runs out even on good men,
And he went to meet his maker.
The watch - it better stood times test,
Or perhaps was not as strongly stressed.
And I recall my Gran-pa best,
For his sturdy ticker's in my vest.

• Bush poem to music

Hot off the press this week is Carmel Randle's bush poem, *A Better Way*, set to music composed by Mary Mageau.

It is one of five songs for school choirs commissioned by the National Choral Association, and will be circulated through schools through-out Australia.

A few years ago, Mrs Mageau's 13-year-old son was reading a bush poem in the back seat of the family car which she was driving.

When her son began to laugh and chuckle, his curious mother asked him to please explain. The boy was reading a humorous poem by Too-woomba's own Carmel Randle about three young men and how they coped with life in the outback.

One was an English jack-aroo, another was bald-headed and the other a truck driver. Each one had to "find a better way" to get himself out of trouble.

New Book.

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DATE CLAIMER

The Camp Oven Bush Poetry Festival

organised by

**THE NORTH PINE BUSH POETS'
ASSOCIATION**

and supported by

THE PINE RIVERS SHIRE COUNCIL

will take place on

**31st August & 1st September,
1996.**

***This is a Festival of PERFORMED
POETRY.***

Competitions in JUNIOR, LOCAL (i.e. Pine Rivers or Caboolture Shires or Redcliffe City), NOVICE, OPEN HUMOROUS (Male), OPEN HUMOROUS (Female), OPEN SERIOUS (Male) & OPEN SERIOUS (Female) Bush Poetry Performances will be held, as well as a Poets' Breakfast -- OLD STYLE -- and a Camp Oven Dinner at "Dad & Dave's"!

Please note the sequence....

SURAT'S "Battered Bugle" - 17, 18 Aug.

GYMPIE MUSTER --- 23 - 25th August.

**PINE RIVERS' "Camp Oven" Festival -
- 31st Aug, 1st September**

... THREE CONSECUTIVE WEEKENDS

(Their Magnificent venue, near Petrie,
is between Gympie and Brisbane)

**FURTHER INFORMATION IN THE
NEXT MAGAZINE.**

BILOELA COUNTRY CAMPOUT QLD 7TH to 9TH JUNE 96.
POETS WANTED FOR THIS EVENT.
Contact: Barry Blackwood at Valley FM Radio..... Mobile 015 131867 between
8am and noon. or Ron Selby.. (076) 301106 after 6.30 pm. for more information.