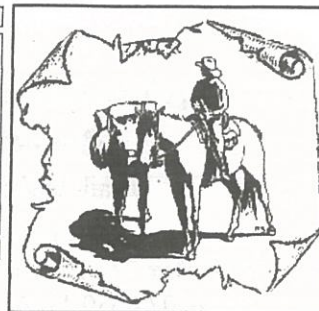


The Australian Bush Poet's Association Inc.

Monthly Newsletter

No 6 Volume 5

June 1998



WARWICK BUSH WEEK BUSH POETRY COMPETITION

The Warwick Bush Week Bush Poetry competition was held at the Warwick Town Hall. This impressive century old building was made freely available by the Warwick Shire Council. At night a charity concert was held, drew only a handful of people but the concert was top class entertainment with singers as well as poetry and the Travelling Country Music Band.. However, \$150 was handed over to the Cancer Fund.

About 36 entries were received in the daytime performance poetry from about 20 competitors. The audience crowd was disappointing.

Sponsors included Australian Provisional Newspapers, Warwick Daily News, Warwick Shire Council, Donna Fraser, Max Jarrott of the Killamey Cafe, T & M Dunn, Brenda's Discounts, Jackie Howe Motel, Claire Cunningham Fruit Shops.

Open Original Award for Performance Poetry was won by Carmel Dunn, second Jack Drake from Eukey and third Guy McLean from Hervey Bay.

Open Traditional Award was won by Ron Selby of Drayton, second Guy McLean and third Max Jarrott of Killamey.

Novice Class was won by Olive Shooter of Allora, second Pauline Pickering and third Tom Dunn, both from Warwick. David Neal received an Encouragement Award.

Junior Class was won by Jennifer Haig of Cunnamulla, second Carmel Dunn of Warwick and third Brett Hanly of Charleville. Highly Commended and Encouragement Awards went to Colleen Browne, Claire Bondfield and Katie Ruhle all of Warwick.

Bronte Ross of Warwick won the Encouragement Award for Warwick Shire Resident.

About 30 Entries were received in the written competition. Winners were

Open First, third and Highly Commended to Ellis Campbell of Dubbo, 2nd Ron Stevens from Dubbo and Bill Glasson from Clifton received two Highly Commended Awards.

Junior First, Second and Third went to Carmel Dunn and Highly Commended were Katie Ruhle and Ashley Thompson.

Congratulations to all winners, all who entered and anyone who helped with the smooth running of the contest, especially the judges who gave freely of their time and expertise.

Olive Shooter



TO PROP OR NOT TO PROP

Recently much controversy has taken place with regard to the use of props during a competitive performance. Some performers choose to wear an item of attire, e.g. an old hat, while other prefer background music.

We have seen a man ride in on a horse and perform from the saddle. Another used a wheelchair.

Another used a stuffed animal. To borrow a line from Charlee Marshall; "I guess I've seen the lot!"

We are performing poets and, as such, we are entertainers. Our 'industry' is booming and I feel it is the A.B.P.A. which must show the way.

If the man on the horse is to be outlawed, then what of the man/woman with a hat, walking stick, etc.?

An experienced judge is there to judge the performance. Will he/she be influenced by the use of props which may enhance or may hinder the said performance? Can we have some feedback from poets on this subject, please?

Liz Ward



BUSH POETRY COMPETITION & Aussie Humour Show

in conjunction with
KEMPSEY ALL STAR
COUNTRY MUSIC FESTIVAL

**Performance
Competition
Original & Traditional
Sections**

9.30am, Sunday
13th September, 1998
Moon River Motel
Kempsey, NSW

Entry Forms from
The Secretary,
P.O. Box 102,
Kempsey NSW 2440

Australian Bush Poet's Association Inc.

email: bushpoet@lisp.net.au

President.: Ron Selby

P.O. Box 77, Drayton North. QLD. 4350
Phone 07 4630 1106

Secretary/Treasurer: Mrs. Olive Shooter

"Willow Bend" M.S 765

Talgai West Road

Allora Qld. 4362

Phone / Fax. 07 4666 3474

Vice Presidents:

**** R. J. (Bob) Miller**

Lot 2 Pilerwa Road, Mungar. QLD 4650

Phone / Fax 07 4129 6422

Mobile 015 741 336

**** Elizabeth Ward,**

P.O. Box 61, Mt. Perry, QLD. 4671

Phone / Fax 07 4156 3178

Editor: Maureen Garner

2/8 Salamander Parade,

Nambucca Heads, NSW 2448

Phone / Fax 02 6568 5269



1998 DIAMOND SHEARS HENRY LAWSON POETRY COMPETITION For Traditional Verse with Rural / Outback Theme

First Prize - Trophy and \$400
Second Prize - Trophy and \$100
Third Prize - Trophy

- * Entry Fee \$5.00, limit of 4 entries
- * Limit of 1,200 words,
- * Entries Close 30.6.98
- * Winners announced Diamond Shears Ball at Longreach on Sat. 18th July, 1998

Contact the Secretary, Wendy Coleman,
Henry Lawson Poetry Competition,
P.O. Box 447, LONGREACH, QLD 4730



NANANGO SESQUICENTENNIAL Poetry Competition

Open \$100.00
Secondary School \$250.00
Primary School \$100.00

Entry, \$5.00, 1 - 3 poems Open Section.
\$2.00, 1 - 3 poems for School Sections
Closing Date - 31st July, 1998.
Entry Forms & details from Jim Mangan,
124 Drayton St. Nanango, Q., 4615
Phone 07 4163 1681
Winners will be announced at Poet's
Breakfast on Thursday, 8th October, 1998
at Nanango Belvedere Gallery



THE BUNDY MOB'S 1998 BUSH POETS MUSTER

3rd, 4th & 5th JULY

Across the Waves Sports Club
Miller Street, Bundaberg. Q.

PERFORMANCE POETRY COMPETITIONS

Juniors, Novice, Open Traditional
and Original Classes

Duo Performance - Dark & Stormy 1 Minute Cup

OVERALL CHAMPION

NON - COMPETITIVE SECTIONS

Friday night "Free For All" Concert
Saturday Night Concert.

Held in Conjunction with
BUSH LANTERN AWARD

Written Competition (Entries close 31st. May)

Send SSAE to:

The Bundy Mob's Bush Poets Muster
8 Hawaii Court Bargara Qld 4670
Phone Merv Webster 07 4159 1868



ANNUAL DROVERS REUNION and FESTIVAL AT CAMOOWEAL 28th - 30th August '98 BUSH POETRY - BRONCO BRANDING COUNTRY MUSIC -

STREET PARADE BUSKERS
CAMP OVEN MEALS & MORE
Camping Available

Enq. Ph 07 4748 2155 or 07 4748 2153

NEWSLETTER COPY

Please send copy by 10th day of each month



SURAT BATTERED BUGLE

5th ANNUAL BUSH VERSE COMPETITION

in conjunction with Cobb & Co Festival

15th & 16th August, 1998

Original and Traditional Performance Poetry

Jan Ritchie, PO Box 45, Surat, Q. 4417

Ph 07 4626 5103



BARDS OF BOWRA

BUSH POETRY WORKSHOPS

25th and 26th July, 1998

10am - 3pm Bowraville CWA Hall

Tutor: Bobby Miller, "The Larrikin"

Australia's foremost Performer of Bush Poetry will cover all aspects of writing and performance.

Beginners Advanced Students Welcome

Course Notes Supplied

Cost: \$25.00 - Bookings Essential

Phone / Fax Maureen Garner 02 6568 5269



RAMS HEAD HOTEL

BUSH POETRY

PERFORMANCE COMPETITION

Fathers Day, Sunday, 6th September, '98

Ram's Head Hotel, Millmerran, QLD

ENTRIES CLOSE 28th August 1998

ENTRY FEE \$5.00 per poet for day - Juniors free.

Traditional and Original Sections in All Classes

JUNIOR MALE & FEMALE 8 -14 Yrs

NOVICE, OPEN - MALE & FEMALE

COUNTRY STYLE BREAKFAST - \$3.00

AND CAMP OVEN LUNCH - \$8.00

Enquiries - SSAE to Kev Barnes

PO Box 64, Millmerran, QLD 4357



PALMA ROSA PERFORMANCES

Wed. 24th June 1998 - 7.30 pm

Mark Tempany - Wally Finch - Noel Stallard

Sun. 23rd August 1998 - 5 pm

Twilight Performance by

1998 Australian Champion Bush Poet Milton Taylor

Wed. 14th October, 1998 - 7.30 pm

North Pine Bush Poets

Wed. 2nd December, 1998 - 7.30 pm

Guy McLean and "Nugget"



THE PRODUCT SHELF

ANOTHER DAY IN PARADISE

Sixty Poems by Graham Fredriksen

Winner of 1998 Bronze Swagman Award
for Written Verse at Winton Q.

* Featuring the Awarded Poem *
"Battle of St Quentin Canal"

Send \$12.00 pp to

G. Fredriksen, C/- P.O. Kilcoy, Q 4515

VICE-VERSER

the rambling, ravings and ribaldry of

Rhubard

Illustrated by: Nor'West

Now available from:

Reg Silvester

35 Wallace Street, Braidwood NSW 2622

Please send cheque or money order for \$15.00 pp

A GREAT GIFT



Performance Bush Poetry
Competition Rams Head
Hotel, Millmerran, Qld., on
Sunday, 6th September, 1998 to
aid the Qld Cancer Fund.

The day will begin at 8.30am
with a Poets Breakfast followed by a Yarn Spinning
Contest, Poets Brawl and Competitions and fees as
listed opposite.

Judges/Compares will include Ray Essery
Glenny and Alan Palmer, Ces Muir, Chris Janson
Maureen Garner, Bill Glasson and Yours Truly ???

There will be some local country music artists
to help make it a great day. The Shire Mayor will be
presenting some great prizes and trophies we have for
all to win. The hotel will offer a great breakfast and a
three course Camp Oven Lunch by Ned Winter

Entry forms available by sending SSAE to
"The Legend", PO Box 64, Millmerran, Qld. 4357.
Entries close 28th August, late entries will only be
accepted if time permits. Cheques/Money Orders
made payable to Bush Poets Account.

Kev J. Barnes

ATTENTION POETS: Dr Chris Lee, Lecturer in Australian
Studies at University of Southern Queensland, Toowoomba is
searching for quality examples of Bush Verse for inclusion in an
anthology which he is preparing for publication. If you are
interested, please give him a ring on 07 4631 2247.



MAPLETON YARN FESTIVAL

26th - 27th September 1998

Poetry, Yarnspinning, Storytelling
Light Hearted Competitions
Enq. to Jacqueline Bridle - 07 5478 6263



BARDS of BOWRA

Part of the Back to Bowra Festival

BOWRAVILLE NSW

Written Competition - Open

Section 1 - Any topic

Section 2 - Nambucca Valley Subject

Section 3 - Alternative House Building

Junior Written

Section 1 - Primary School to Year 6

Section 2 - High School to Year 12

(Junior to 18 yrs not at school may enter Sec 2)

Entries Close 22nd July, 1998

Performance Competition - 27.9.98

Bowraville Ex-Services Club - 10am

Section 1 - Trad. or Established Work

Section 2 - Original

Bush Poetry Workshop - 25/26.7.98

Writing & Performance Skills Tuition

Bowraville CWA Hall - 9.30am - 3pm

Tutor: Bobby Miller - Cost \$25.00

POETS IN THE PUB

Bowra Hotel, High St. Bowraville NSW

Saturday 25.7.98, 7.30pm Bobby Miller

Saturday 22.8.98, 7.30pm Glenny Palmer

Enquiries and entry forms

Maureen Garner - Ph / Fax 02 6568 5269

NORTH PINE BUSH POETS GROUP

3rd ANNUAL CAMP OVEN

BUSH POETRY FESTIVAL

North Pine Country Park, Petrie, Q.

Saturday 3rd & Sunday 4th October, '98

WRITTEN and PERFORMANCE

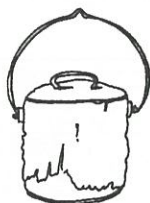
COMPETITIONS

Camping Available

Markets on Sunday

Enq. - John & Patti Coutts

Phone / Fax 07 3886 1552



WANTED

The AUSTRALIAN BUSH POETS
ASSOCIATION

is calling for expressions of interest,
in writing,

from clubs for the holding of the
1999 AUSTRALIAN CHAMPION
BUSH POET AWARDS

PLEASE REPLY BEFORE 30.6.98

Please apply to THE SECRETARY,
OLIVE SHOOTER

M.S. 765, ALLORA. QLD 4362

ABPA ANNUAL BOOKS OF VERSE

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12 or more Post Free

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for only \$5.00

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EDITOR AND MONEY TO THE
TREASURER



1998 VICTOR HARBOUR FOLK FESTIVAL POETRY WRITING AWARDS

Open Verse Style

Primary School Student \$25.00

Secondary School to 18 yrs \$25.00

Adult \$75.00

Entries in the above may be presented
in any verse style

Bush Verse - \$75.00

Entries in this section must be rhyming and
metered in the narrative style of the traditional
Australian Bush Ballads.

No Entry Fee - Limit 2 Poems per author
Entries close on 14.8.98

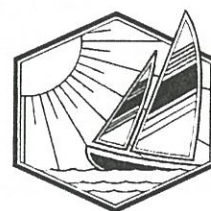
Details and Information from
Festival Poetry Writing Awards

C/- K & M Edgecombe

12 Lochness Avenue

TORRENS PARK SA 5062

Phone 08 8271 0524





Secretary's Notes

Any new member wishing to join may do so from now on by paying \$13.00 to the end of the year. Please note that this does not apply to lapsed members or anyone who has ever been a member before. For them the fee is \$25.00.

If anyone is wishing to take advantage of the offer made by Graham Burnkhorst, of a campsite at Nerang, please note that his telephone number is 07 5578 4816.

We take this opportunity to wish the Editor's mother well.

Zita Horton thanks all who helped in any way at the Championships at Winton. We do congratulate Zita and Milton Taylor on their success for winning the Australian Championships.

In early July, we will have to consider the venue of the next Australian Championships. I feel that it is hard for the four people on the committee to do this job unaided and would like anyone who feels that they can contribute to gain a satisfactory conclusion, to get in touch with me. It may not be a good idea to be involved if you are vitally interested in one application or another. It will have to be done impartially on the merits of the submissions.

Best wishes to you all, and my fond regards.

Olive Shooter



THE COMMITTEE

Author Unknown

"Oh give me some pity. I'm on a committee,

which means that from morning till night,
We attend, and amend, and contend, and defend,
without a conclusion in sight.

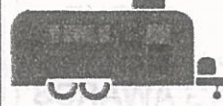
We confer and concur, we demur and defer
and reiterate all of our thoughts,
We revise the agenda with frequent addenda, and
consider a load of reports

We compose and propose, we support and oppose,
and the points of procedure are fun.
But though various notions are bought up as motions,
there's terribly little gets done.

We resolve and absolve, but we never dissolve,
since it's out of the question for us,
What a shattering pity, to end our committee,
where else could we make such a fuss!

My Auntie's left the Greenies
and joined the Democrats
She thought the antilitter campaign
meant birth control of cats !!

(C)1997 Hipshot



THE VISCOUNT

(C) Kev J. Barnes,
Millmerran, Q.



It stood there so majestically, a Viscount it once be,
But it had seen some better days, that was plain to see.
It's windows were all broken, had a 'tarp' tied on the top.
But I doubt if it were raining, any water it would stop.

The walls were bulging outwards, like it was overweight,
And tender loving care, it had not seen of late.
It's wheels were gone, the undercarriage now exposed and bare,
It's really looked a sorry sight, alone, just standing there.

We thought we should investigate, and maybe lend a hand,
It would be great to see a Viscount, once more looking grand.
The door we forced to open, it didn't want to budge,
And as my mate stepped inside, we knew, the Viscount had a grudge.

The rotting floor collapsed and both his legs fell through,
About that time the air around, started turning blue.
I'd gut the rope that held the 'tarp', so that we could see,
I didn't know that it would cause, such a calamity.

My mate inside lent on the wall, just for some support,
There was this creaking, groaning noise, and a sudden list to port.
It sounded like each screw and rivet, together, just gave way,
And the roof and walls in unison, all began to sway.

My mate he managed to get out, once his legs were free,
And we'll never, ever, forget the sight, we were about to see.
The walls, they were wobbling, like they were made of jelly,
The roof caved in, and was consumed, into the Viscount's belly.

The sides the, they collapsed, with such stately grace,
And little bits and pieces flew, all around the place.
And now that poor old Viscount, really is a wreck,
'Cause the whole thing lays there, dying, on the bloody deck.

Later when the dust had cleared, and we could check the scene,
There was now only rubble, where this stately van had been,
Yes, it had gone so quickly, a minute, maybe less,
But spare a thought for me mate and I, 'cause we cleaned up the mess!

NAMBUCCA DREAMING II

(C) 1998 Peter Rex Thomas, Nambucca Heads NSW

The morning mists of April's days.
Drifting logs down riverways.
Storm clouds threatening South West Rocks,
Macksville's dreaming river town docks.

Eungai, Scotts Head - there's some names.
Cedar, then the dairy plains.
Boora Rings and shellfish middens,
So much of our story's hidden!

Valla's longboards, Taylor's Arms,
It's time again to spin those yarns!
The prize is Bowra's Bardish Crown
To win it - write those stories down!

So polish it up, and make it rhyme
And get those entries in on time!



Bards of Bowra Bush Poetry Events 1998



1998 VICTOR HARBOUR FOLK FESTIVAL POETRY WRITING AWARDS

The Folk Federation of S.A. Inc. organises the Victor Harbour Folk Festival each year. Annually held on the long weekend, 3-6th October, the festival attracts several thousand people each day and includes a range of musical, dance and spoken word events covering a wide spectrum of folk interests. This year the Festival will again conduct the Poetry Writing Awards inaugurated in 1995.

The objective of these awards is to provide an opportunity for writers to expose their work and compare it with that of other writers. Entrants should be aware that the awards are judged within the context of 'poetry of the folk'. Poetry which is well written, thoughtful, interesting, amusing or entertaining and is accessible to the reader will be well regarded by the judging panel.

Entries will be judged prior to the festival by a panel consisting of three persons nominated by the Folk Federation of SA Inc. Selected writers will be notified and provided with two free tickets for the Saturday of the Festival. The awards will be presented during the afternoon and invited poets will be encouraged to read their poem during the award program.

Further details may be seen on Page 4.

THE ANGRY ANT

(c) Stephen Graham, Paddington, Q.

Way out west round Winton way
A shearers cook used to rave and rant,
So the shearers and the roustabouts
Just called him the Angry Ant.

One day when he was hard at work
The shed hands went in for a look,
Could you make us jelly and custard, they asked
Too right I can said the cranky old cook.

So he made the custard and jelly for them
But after he had made it,
He put it into long neck bottles
And on the table he laid it.

The shed hands and roustabouts asked the Ant
About their jelly and custard,
Said they wouldn't be able to get it out
Unless the bottles were busted

The cook said it wasn't his worry
Didn't know what the fuss was about,
Said if he could get it into the bottle
It was up to them to get it out!

"Steve Slim - Art Guru
Master Bush Poet"



NORTH BY NORTHWEST POETRY & FOLK CLUB

In May, despite the cold snap, many brave souls ventured out to sample the warmth of North by Northwest hospitality.

First came "Arch Bishop, with his new "party piece" (or, as he said the 'whole thing') - "The Goulies of Kirk Douglas Castle". Now the man of many voices has turned Scottish - and it gets better every time.

Our regulars, June Redmond, Penelope Grace, Graeme Johnson and Ron and Pat Warner kept us entertained as always, and Rhymin' Simon was back with some 'fishy' stories, - "Sammy the Sand Mullet" and "The Eastern Gobbleguts".

Father and daughter duo, Eric and Estelle Borrey did a spoken version with guitar backing of John Lennon's "Glass Onion".

Musically, we had Peter Freeman, Ken Cooper and Nigel Walters playing Appalachian dulcimer, as well as our featured performer, Peter Willey, from the Comedy Store - entertaining with his wit and satire set to music.

A new and welcome face was poet Noel May performing all his own work, reminiscent of Dennis Kevans - sometimes funny, sometimes with a strong message - impressive!

Also featured was a poem from "Arch" about Terry Gleeson - a fitting tribute to a man who has given his all to the St Albans Folk Festival over the years and now deserves some of the goodies of life with Tess - good luck and more power to him!

The evening finished on a high note, with small volleys of verse (and worse) being fired back and forth across the room.

Our balance of music and poetry is still working well, and there is always plenty of time for the poets to play. Next meeting will be on July 2nd and our featured group will be "Us, Not Them"

Bring your friends along to The Uniting Church Hall, 2 Cutler Pde., North Ryde at 7.30pm. Enquiries to Jenny 02 9887 1856 or Grahame 02 9874 7653.

See you there,

Jenny Carter

DANIEL IN THE LIAR'S DEN (c) Hipshot 1998

When Frank knocked on the Pearly Gate
he wore a worried frown.
St. Peter said "Hang on old mate!"
and looked him up and down.

"How have you earned admission here?
I'd really like to know it!"

"I've edited the Monthly News
for a mob of Oz Bush Poets!"

The Pearly Gates swung open wide
St Peter rang the bell.

"Pick up our harp, and step inside
You've had your share of hell !!!"



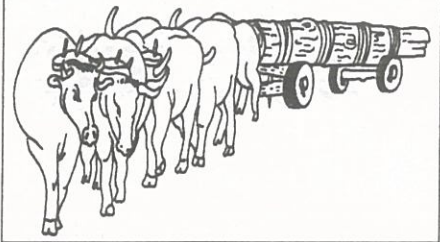
FAREWELL MARANOA

(C) Ellis Campbell, Dubbo NSW

A **Westerly** was blowing, bringing dust from plains afar;
a fading sunset mocked the pink of **Warrego Jack's Galah**.
The **Maranoa Mongrel** stoked the fire's dying coal.
"Convicted twice before," he said. "And now I'm on the dole.
and things are lookin' crook. I'll head **Across the Condamine**
I think," "The **Best of Men Can Fall**," said **Anthony Considine**,
"and wander **Dispossessed** for years and never know what lastin' **Peace**
is like. A **Drifter's Grave** I've often seen - when police
have caught up with an outlaw's trail." "I'm headin' **Up the Track**,"
the Mongrel said. "I'm **Gettin' Old** and won't be comin' back."

"I'll head out **Somewhere Winton Way**," the bushman said, and grinned.
"I'll drink this rum and vanish; **No Life For Me** - who's sinned -
around here now." He left us in **The Darkest Hour** of night,
to never more return. But **Memories** of him linger bright.
"He's not a bad poor coot," said **Mick St Clair**. "In **Darky's Day**,
before the grog took toll, he drove **The Fireplough Team** to Hay
and back ten times a year along **The Milthorpe Road**. Bad luck
he earned the nick-name of **The Scrounger**. I recall I struck
him first when droving with **My Brother Darren** farther west.
His father was **A Farming Man Beyond the Ranges'** crest.

We haven't seen The Mongrel since - it's more than ten years, true -
but still we've heard he's going well and **Back to Basics**, too.
And **When They Take the Cattle Down** we hear an odd report
from **Manabadgerrie Run** informing us he's not been caught
for stealing that policeman's car at **Boree Downs** as yet,
or twice assaulting Sergeant **Charley Banks** just for a bet.
They say he's still the ladies' man - **A Jilleroo Called Sue**
among his latest conquests. And he tried out **Jim's Girl**, too.
The Dingo Trapper's Daughter, **Annie**, fell beneath his charm
as well, **The Boundary Rider's** wife affair at **Thompson farm**
was blown out of proportion, I've been told by **Davey Gill**.
Yes, Maranoa's long been gone, but exploits linger still!



ALL WORDS IN THIS POEM IN BOLD TYPE
ARE TITLES OF WELL KNOWN POET'S
POEMS.

Westerly - Ron Stevens
Warrego Jack's Galah - Neil Carroll
Convicted - Peter Hanbury
The Maranoa Mongrel - Marco Giori
Across the Condamine -
Charlee Marshall
Dispossessed - Quendy Young
The Best of Men Can Fall -
Marco Giori
The Drifter's Grave - Kelly Dixon
Anthony Considine - Banjo Paterson
Up the Track - Carmel Randle
Getting Old - Emmett O'Keefe
Somewhere Winton Way - F. Allan
No Life For Me - Frank Daniel
The Darkest Hour - Carmel Randle
The Milthorpe Road - Ted Clowes
Memories - Bob Miller
St Clair - Will Ogilvie
Darky's Day - Don Adams
The Fireplough Team - Bill Glasson
The Scrounger - Corrie de Haas
My Brother Darren - Milton Taylor
A Farming Man - Norma Balzer
Beyond the Ranges - Corrie de Haas
Back to Basics - Noel Cutler
Jim's Girl - Bruce Simpson
When They Take the Cattle Down -
Jack Harris
Annie - Philippa Powell
The Dingo Trappers Daughter -
Wilber Howcroft
Thompson - Marco Giori
A Jilleroo Called Sue - George Crowley
Boree Downs - Alf Wood
The Boundary Rider's Wife - Faye Owen
Charley Banks - Geoff Hendrick
Manabadgerrie Run - Mark Kleinschmidt
Davey Gill - Ellis Campbell

BITZ AND PIECES

Len Morris and Cec Cox, ABPA members write saying that they thoroughly enjoyed all that Winton had to offer, especially the Bush Poetry Championships and the "Laugh's Lies and Larrikins" performance.

One sour note however, was the fact that they witnessed another performer on stage who failed to acknowledge authorship of the work he had just recited. When approached by Cec and Len, his reply was that time did not allow for the acknowledgment of the authors. It was however noted by Cec and Len that other performers did have time to give due credit. The said performer then proceeded with another performance and again did not to give due credit to the same author.

Very disappointing. !!

CALLING ALL POETS

It's on again -



GYMPIE MUSTER BUSH POETS COMPETITION

Friday 28th - Sun 30th August '98

Traditional & Original Sections

Standard Rules Apply

11am Start - Enter on the Day

Hundreds of Dollars in Prize Money !

GET SET FOR THE BIGGEST
GYMPIE POETS MUSTER EVER !

MORE INFORMATION NEXT MONTH



BARDS OF BOWRA

The Back to Bowra Festival Committee take pleasure in announcing their program for the "Bards of Bowra" Australian Bush Poetry Events for 1998, and they invite your participation in, or attendance at these events.

This year, they have been indeed fortunate to attract a very generous sponsorship package for competitions from a local newspaper, "The Midcoast Observer, allowing them to offer substantially increased prizes for competitions. Additionally, the Midcoast Observer have offered to publish, over four weeks leading up to the presentation of awards for the Written Competition, the best 15-20 poems which will be nominated by the competition judges.

A new section has been added to the Open Written Competition, which is being sponsored by the local Tallwood Community School and calls for poems which describe the building of homes using alternative building methods and materials i.e. mud brick, recycled or reject materials

Also introduced is a "Best of School" prize to the Junior Competition this year. This prize is in addition to the prizes which are listed on our entry form.

Another difference to the 1997 program, is the change of date and venue for the Bush Poetry Performance Competition, which has been moved forward one week, to be held on 27th September 1998 at Bowraville Ex Services Club. The presentation of awards for the Open Written Section will also take place on this day.

Bush Poetry Workshops, funded by the Arts Council of NSW will be taught by Bob Miller, who will ably cater for both beginner and advanced students.

Two "Poets in the Pub" evenings are scheduled. The first featuring Bob Miller, "The Larrikin Bush Poet", and the second featuring Glenny Palmer, who has won the Female Australian Championship twice and was Reserve Champion this year. Entry details are on page 4 of this newsletter.

I will look forward to your entries and perhaps seeing you during our Program of Events. Best Regards

Maureen Garner

Co-ordinator Bards of Bowra Bush Poetry Events.

A LIGHT IN THE DARKNESS

(C) Liz Ward, Mt Perry, Q.

On a nail in the shed it hangs idly at rest
For it's function has been superseded,
But I think of the nights it was put to the test
And the times it was urgently needed.

On the cold winter nights in the dark and the rain
When the chores on the farm seemed unending,
When the bawling of calves wailed a mournful refrain
And each beast upon man was depending.
When a cow giving birth on a cold, frosty night
Must be helped if her calf should survive,
Dad would call for the lantern, "Here, give me a light,
And I'll pull this wee chap out alive."

At the end of the garden a small building stood,
Wreathed discreetly in creepers and vine,
Built of old roofing iron and unwanted hardwood
To the standard old outhouse design.
And a trip down the path on a dark, moonless night
For a child was quite scary, not funny,
But the hurricane lantern gave comfort and light
To a kid on the way to the dunny.

All alone in his hut lived Bob Rankin next door,
He was elderly, gentle and grey.
"I'll just check on old Bob, 'cause it's well after four."
Dad remarked, "I've not seen him all day."
Bob had fallen while mending a rotting tankstand,
He lay twisted in pain on the ground.
By the light of the lantern I held his old hand
While Dad rode 'til the doctor was found.

In the shed where the fowl feed was kept in a bin
We'd heard rustlings and squeaks. Dad said, Hey!
I will load up my pistol and shoot those vermin.
Bring the lantern. Don't stand in the way!"
But Dad wasn't the only one after a rat!
For a reptile was seeking it's prey.
Dad sprang back from the snake and he knocked me
down flat,
While the lantern was dropped in the hay!

Now the snake and the rat and my father and me
All went scrambling out in a fright;
To this day the old man and myself don't agree
Just who burnt down the feed shed that night!
When I'd sneak back to bed after staying out late,
Or when catching a horse before dawn,
The old hurricane lantern, the farmer's best mate,
Proved it's worth. Never treat it with scorn.

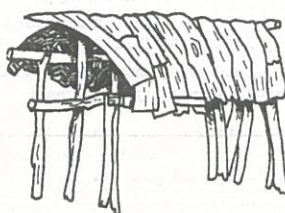
Local newspaper men came to write a report,
And strange things in my shed did they see.
"That's a museum piece," one remarked, and I thought
Does he mean the old lantern? or me ??

GATTON HERITAGE FESTIVAL A TRIBUTE TO AUSTRALIAN BUSH POETS

by Megan Bourne

On Friday Night two Gatton Pubs went Irish and Scottish flavour,
For Heritage Week meant be prepared for Heritage Behaviour,
The word went out - Here's something else !!!
It's True Blue - It's Australian !!!
Bush Poets have come to share their fill of memories to savour,
There was Bob and Trisha, and the Bundy Mob, they all came into town,
Ate Irish stew, drank with Ron and Don then brought the rafters
down.

With prose and yarn they entertained to many a seat glued fan.
Came Rock and Roll,
They took a stroll,
To the Scottish Pub at hand,
And entertained a few more hours,
Along with Bob's Pipe Band !!!!



Dawn came — so did the rain !!!
Bush poets rallied regardless.
With Judges Bluey, Bob and Bill,
The comp got into harness.
The rain pattered down on Bark Hut and Tent,
It enhanced the bush soaked Heritage set.
When all was done, results were read,
Trophies to winners, and nice words said,
With special thanks to judges three,
And friends Ronnie Bates and Bob McPhee,
A Bush Poet's Pen to all who came
In appreciation simple and plain.



Sunday brought hands of saving grace two fold,
Sunshine and poets faces bright and bold !!
They shone as interest was running low,
They pepped things up with quite a show,
With poetry and yarns out loud,
Brought claps and cheers from a frozen crowd.
'Talking Through Your Hat' was a comp for fun,
They inspired some locals on the run.
More prizes, encouragement and appreciation given,
To this group of Poets sent from Heaven.
Here's a cheer to Australian Bush Poets.

MORE ON THE "CODE" from ELLIS CAMPBELL, Dubbo NSW

I completely agree with Marco Gliori's observations in regard to performers acknowledging another's work. If they are performing in competition or doing it for payment, the performer is surely obliged to seek permission from the author. I remember last year spending considerable time and money trying to track down Arthur Green, Peter Hanbury and Bill Ryan in search of something suitable to perform in modern traditional at Cloncurry.

I know a poet who has published two considerable sized volumes of poetry (and had good sales), yet each time he was called upon to perform at any function he always did the same poem. I thought this strange that a poet would only have one poem worth reciting. Imagine my surprise to find this poem was composed by the great Queensland poet, Bruce Simpson!

RESULTS - WOLLONDILLY FELLOWSHIP OF AUSTRALIAN WRITERS COMPETITION Picton NSW RHYMING SECTIONS

Section 3 - The Liz Vincent Traditional Rhyming Poetry Award

1st Ron Stevens, Dubbo NSW
"Tasteless"

2nd Ellis Campbell, Dubbo NSW
"Wedding Presents"

3rd Ellis Campbell "At Shafts End"

Highly Commended

Steve Durham, Bradbury, NSW "Marie"

Robert Trist, Emerald, QLD

"As Westray Died"

Commended

Grahame Barrett, Balmain NSW "Healing"

Robert Trist "The Lonely Pine"

Section 4 - The Bernard Cohn Bush Verse Poetry Award

1st Veronica Weal, Mt. Isa, QLD

"The Glow of the Min Min Light"

2nd Emmett O'Keefe, Killara, NSW

"Three Paces in the Rear"

3rd Ellis Campbell,

"A Reformed Alcoholics Tale"

Highly Commended

Bill Kearns, Grafton NSW

"Spirit Land" and

"A Meal Contractors Lament"

Commended

Shirley Pearse, Kingston, TAS

"Drama in the Shearing Shed"

Robert Trist,

"No Suspicious Circumstances"

Section 5 - The John R. Drinnan Humorous Verse Poetry Award

1st Ellis Campbell

"It Could Have Been Worse"

2nd Emmett O'Keefe, "Crook Chook"

3rd Emmett O'Keefe,

"No Accounting For Paddy"

Highly Commended

Lorna Brennan, Frenchs Forest NSW "Golf"

Frank Daniel, Canowindra, NSW

"Chuckin' Rocks"

Commended

Mrs. R.M. Ramsdale, Bradbury, NSW

"Another Flaming Barbie"

Barbara Chaney, Inverell NSW

"Thelma's Cure"

Section 8 - Argyle Bookshop Camden Traditional Rhyming Poetry Award

1st Bernard Cohn, Picton NSW

"Start of the City to Surf"

2nd Margaret Wilesmith, Picton NSW

"Old Things."

3rd Liz Vincent, Picton NSW "Fear"

Highly Commended

Wayne Barrett, Bargo, NSW "Deep Control"

Graham Smith, Oakdale, NSW

"Vietnam Extrodinaire"

More Results Next Month

BATTLE OF ST. QUENTIN CANAL (C) 1997 Graham Fredriksen, Kilcoy, Q.
Winner of 1998 Bronze Swagman

Oh! how quickly time slips through the fingers,
 To once again look upon your face
 Brings me tears, for the memory lingers
 Of distant time and far away place:
 The colours of our country upon us -
 Artillerymen with lives to sell;
 I think back, Jack ... what good has it done us
 In those long years since our last farewell ?
 'Twas a dear price we paid then that won us
 The battle of St. Quentin Canal.

Yes, they call those days 'Empire' and 'Glory' -
 'Twas an empire of bullet and bomb;
 And the battlefields were never more gory
 Than those quagmires that bordered the Somme.
 Yes, and death waited there all around us
 As we ploughed through the mud and the swell:
 Six horse teams, each pulling eighteen pounders,
 And the wagonettes laden with shell ...
 And the grey foggy morning that found us
 On the road to St. Quentin Canal.

We'd been baptised in battle in Flanders,
 When they sent us on down to the Somme
 With a brigade of Gordon Highlanders
 And some infantry unit of Tom.
 They were Royal Welsh Guards and survivors
 Of King's Rifles who'd weathered Fromelle;
 Yes, and we, Jack .. the brave One-O-Fivers -
 Born and bred where the bullockies dwell -
 It was a far cry then for us drivers,
 From the scrubs to St. Quentin Canal.

Yes, the tracks we rode then seemed much longer
 Than the tracks of the old Queensland bush,
 And never was a brotherhood stronger
 Than battery men into the push;
 And so thickly the fog covered o'er us
 As the column marched on through the dell,
 And so silent, the gun horses bore us -
 Till a shot! ... then another! ... then hell
 Breaking loose in its deafening chorus
 By the banks of St. Quentin Canal.

An explosion - and splinter of timber -
 And our leaders went down in the reins,
 And our gun doubled round on the limber
 In a tangle of harness and chains.
 So you cut free the dead from the traces,
 And away with a curse and a yell;
 'Twas the devil, I swear, in the faces
 Of those neds as you rode them pell-mell
 To the high ground and wheeled round to place us
 Overlooking St. Quentin Canal.

Then the engineers brought in the bridges,
 And we covered them well from the heights,
 But the Huns held the opposite ridges -
 If we just could hold them in our sights.
 But the Huns gave the Tommies no quarter,
 Though we pounded them, shell after shell,
 And the barrels ran hot with the slaughter,
 But still never their fire did we quell;
 And the crimson now coloured the water
 On both sides of St. Quentin Canal.

And I thought, as the fusillade thundered,
 And with half our men down in the fray -
 Just for a moment, then Jack, I wondered
 Why the bush we both loved had no sway -
 Why we answered the call to damnation
 As too many had answered too well
 As they clambered aboard at each station
 After last drinks at ev'ry hotel,
 Just to die there, in all of creation,
 At places like St. Quentin Canal.

*Shells to breeches ... and more shells to breeches...
 The Kings rifles are coping it hard !!
 Pray to God, Jack, the ammo carts reach us ...
 Now they've dropped one among the Welsh Guard !
 Surely Jack, this can't keep up forever !!
 Then it stops ... like they're taking a spell ...
 Do you think, Jack ... are they just being clever ...
 Or like us, are they low now on shell ?
 Then the Tommies are off ... oh !! no !! ... never !!
 Yes !! ... they're storming St. Quentin Canal !!*

Then ... the finest German engineering
 Dropped a 'five point nine' right at our back ...
 And I knew as the grey smoke was clearing,
 'Twas the end of the war for us, Jack.
 Still the battle raged on all around us
 As we lay in the mud where we fell,
 Till at length, the ambulance carts found us,
 While below us the Tommies took hell;
 But it seemed now their courage was boundless
 As they took the St. Quentin Canal.

So they shipped us, Jack, back to the 'Blighty'
 Where the worst go to die or to mend;
 And there we were when - praise the Almighty -
 The whole bloody war came to an end.
 And 'twas there in a London Newspaper,
 I looked into the face of a pal,
 And how well, Jack, I still can remember
 Your bedside, as I bid you farewell ...
 But in those eyes reflected the ember
 Of the fires of St. Quentin Canal.

And so suddenly, it was all over ...
 And I went back to life on the farm;
 I heard you went to work as a drover -
 No easy job, with only one arm.
 Well, the years drag you down if you let it ...
 Seems the years haven't treated us well.
 Had we not gone, would we have regret it ? -
 What our broken down bodies would tell.
 Broken minds never let us forget it ...
 We must live with St. Quentin Canal.

Strange it is now to end up beside you
 In the same Repat. Hospital room.
 I think, Jack, what the years have denied you,
 When our lives should be both still in bloom.
 And they're pushing the pills down your throttle,
 To a body no more than a shell ...
 But soon, Jack ... we will pass round the bottle
 With the faces we once knew so well,
 When we meet with the boys from the wattle
 Who 'went west' at St. Quentin Canal.

You remember the pollicies all told us:
 It would be the war to end them all;
 And I can't help but think, Jack, they sold us -
 For again, young men answer the call.
 For once again, the train lines will rattle -
 The last drinks in every hotel -
 Then all aboard like so many cattle ...
 Oh! the young who have not heard the knell.
 They must go, win or lose their own battle,
 And fight their own St. Quentin Canal.

The battle of St. Quentin Canal took place in northern France near the end of World War One. 3,100 Australian artillery men were killed in that war. The 105th Field Battery, in which my Grandfather was a horse driver, was formed as part of Australia's 2nd Division in 1915 and has been operational in all major conflicts since. Their last active service was two tours of Viet Nam.

Congratulations Graham Fredriksen

**"Southern Poets feel
 'conned' into paying
 to have work
 published in
 anthology"**

This is the headline of a newspaper article which was sent to me by SA member Peter Chapman and I quote ...

"Southern poets say they feel duped by a Queensland company after paying to have their work printed in an anthology which is not available to the general public.

The S.A. Writers Centre also has been inundated with calls and complaints from thousands of people who say they unwittingly have paid to publish their own poetry in an anthology called "Portraits of Life".

The anthology, published by Queensland based International Library of Poetry, is available only by order to the poets themselves.

The company operates by advertising an international competition in popular magazines and inviting 'new and unpublished' poets to enter with the chance of having their work published in the groups anthologies.

The Queensland writers Centre says it has investigated the company which it says has also operated under the names of the International Society of Poets and the National Library of Poetry.

The Australian Society of Authors recommends that if a writer's work is accepted for publication, it is the writer who should be paid. At the very least, the author should get a complimentary copy of the publication. SA Writers Centre spokeswoman Mary Combe said the company was acting within the law, but it was making a lot of money at the expense of well meaning people."

Some S.A. writers have reported paying up to \$100 to purchase the anthologies.

IT COULD HAVE BEEN WORSE

(C) 1998 Ellis Campbell, Dubbo NSW

Winner, Humorous Verse Section, Wollondilly FAW Competition

Catostrophes might shake the world, but never ruffle Perce;
with gentle smile he'd simply say, "Oh, it could have been worse."
The death of kings or crashing planes might rock the universe,
but unperturbed old Perce still said, "Well, it could have been worse."
Enormous fortunes swindled by the spurned corruption's curse
would bring laconic nonchalance from an impassive Perce.

An accident of vast proportion - consequence adverse -
would bring the non-committal claim, "Oh, it could have been worse!"
Now working mates of Perce grew tired of statements long rehearsed -
annoyed by casual response, these fellows all coerced
to find a case, for once so bad, that nothing could be worse.
They planned a story, quite untrue, to make his thoughts reverse.

They hatched their fiendish plan one day, and swore that it was true;
and said to Perce, "An incident, the worst he ever knew,
occurred last night in Scully Street, a jealous husband found
his wife in bed with Archie Fogg, who comes from Canning Sound.
He went berserk and grabbed his gun, and shot them both on sight;
then shot his family and the dog and set the house alight.

"He shot an interfering neighbor, and a straying cat;
then turned the gun upon himself beside the granny flat."

Old Perce took out tobacco and commenced to roll a smoke.

"It could have been much worse my friends," were words he quietly spoke.

"Much worse, be damned!" his mates replied. "That was an awful case."

"Well, I was there the night before," said Perce, with poker face.

WELCOME TO **NEW**

MEMBERS

Dianne Ball
John Bird
Paul Burton
Jenny Carter
Jack Drake
Barbara Erlandson
T. D. Fairfull
John Ferrif
J & H Goldsworthy
Terry Hanly
Trevor Hargreaves
Jo Hatting
J. Hinton
June Holliday
Zita Horton
Bill Lasham
G. Lovejoy
Phillis McDuff
Lesleyann Malcolm
Wendy Martin
Brad Mills
Bob & Chesne Nason
Barbara Nelson
Elva Nicholl
North Pine Bush Poets
Carolyn Roach
Pat & Rowan Stuhmcke
Liz Vincent
Pam Wain
Shirley Williamson

ABPA Executive Committee

THE HORSES FROM THE SNOWY RIVER

by Jessica Carmody - Age 11

We were grazing on the plain
by the big mimosa clump,
when we were startled by some horsemen,
coming at us from the jump.

We turned our heads from the hills,
the stallion led the way,
but our path was being blocked,
by the rider on a bay.

We stopped here for a moment,
not knowing what to do,
then we charged beneath the stockwhip,
and into the scrub we flew.

Though the stockmen followed closely,
as we climbed the towering hill,
so far there was no rider game,
to follow us down, without a spill.

We thought that they'd all halt,
when they reached the mountain's top,
but we were all surprised,
when one rider failed to stop.



He came racing down the mountain,
following close upon our track,
Though we never ever thought,
he'd stay on his horse's back.

When we skidded to the bottom,
he'd not shifted in his seat,
so we raced up the next mountain,
we would not admit defeat..

Our breaths came out as clouds of steam,
as the whip rang loud and clear,
and we raced across the clearing,
for the freedom we held dear.

He raced us and he raced us,
till we were white with sweat and foam,
till we hung our heads defeated,
we'd lost our freedom and our home.

He ran us into yards,
and people came to see,
it wasn't such a bad life,
but I wish they'd left us be.

NEWSLETTER COPY IS DUE BY 10TH EA MONTH



POET'S CALENDAR OF EVENTS AND COMPETITIONS

- June 24 **Palma Rosa Poets. 7.30 pm** 9 Queens Rd., Hamilton, Bris., Q. \$15 per head incl Supper. Bookings essential Ph. Trisha Anderson 07 3268 3624 or 07 3262 3769 P 3
- June 30 Closing Date. **Diamond Shears Henry Lawson Poetry Competition.** Write to the Secretary, Wendy Coleman P.O. Box 447, Longreach, QLD 4730. P 2
- July 3 - 5 **Bundy Mob's Bush Poets Muster.** Perf. & Written Comp - 8 Hawaii Court, Barga 4670 P 2
- July 25 Closing Date. **Bards of Bowra Open and Junior Written Competition.** Ph/Fax 02 6568 5269 P4/8
- July 25 **Poets in the Pub. 7.30 pm** Bowra Hotel, Bowraville NSW - Featuring Bobby Miller Ph/Fax 02 6568 5269. Reciters and readers welcome. P4/8
- July 25-26 **Bards of Bowra Bush Poetry Workshops.** Bowraville, NSW. Tutor, Bobby Miller, Bookings essential - Ph/Fax Maureen Garner 02 6568 5269 P3/8
- July 27 Closing Date. **National Poetry Comp.** Royal Queensland Show. Details page 18
- July 31 **Nanango Sesquicentennial Poetry Comp** closes. Entry forms and details from Jim Mangan, 124 Drayton St., Nanango QLD 4615. Phone 07 4163 1681 P 2
- July 31 - **Bards of the Outback, Hungerford QLD.** Yarnspinning Comp & Poetry Recitals & Comp Aug 1 Ring Bob McPhee 07 5466 5269 or write to PO Box 162, Gatton Qld 4343 P 15
- Aug 5 Closing Date. **World Peace Bell Written Comp.** Details below
- Aug 15 Closing Date. **Victor Harbour Folk Fest Poetry Writing Awards.** Ph 08 8271 0524 P4
- Aug 15 **National Poetry Competition.** Exhibition Centre, Fortitude Valley, Q. Details P18
- Aug 15-16 **Surat Battered Bugle Competition.** Trad. & Original Perf. Poetry. Ph Jan Ritchie 07 4626 5103 P3
- Aug 22 **Poets in the Pub. 7.30 pm** Bowra Hotel, Bowraville NSW - Featuring Glenny Palmer. Ph/Fax 02 6568 5269. Reciters and readers welcome. P4/8
- Aug 23 **Palma Rosa Poets. Twilight 5 pm** 9 Queens Rd., Hamilton, Bris., Q. \$15 per head incl Supper. Featuring Milton Taylor. Bookings essential Ph. Trisha Anderson 07 3268 3624 or 07 3262 3769 P3
- Aug 28 Closing Date. **Rams Head Hotel Performance Competition.** Millmerran Qld, Details P 3
- Aug 28-30 **Gympie Muster Bush Poetry Performance Competition.** Details P 7
- Aug 28-30 **Annual Drovers Reunion & Fest. Camooweal, Q.** Phone 07 4748 2155 or 07 4748 2153 Bush Poetry, Music, Meals, Camping Sites. P2
- Sept 6 **Rams Head Hotel Performance Bush Poetry Comp.** Perf. Comp., Yarns, Brawl, Meals available Phone Kev Barnes 07 4695 4209 Page 3
- Sept 12 **Big City Muster Performance Comp.** 9-1pm NSW Writers Centre, Balmain Road, Rozelle NSW. Part of the Spring Writers Festival. Ph Joye Dempsey 02 9797 7575. More info next month.
- Sept 13 **Kempsey All Star Country Music Fest. Bush Poetry Performance Comp** Details P 1
- Sept 27 **Bards of Bowra Bush Poetry Perf. Comp., Bowraville, NSW** Phone 02 6568 5269 P 4
- Sept 26-27 **Mapleton Yarn Festival.** Enq. Jacqueline Bridle 07 5478 6263 P4
- Oct 3 **Victor Harbour Folk Fest Poetry Writing Awards Presentation.** Ph. K & M Edgecombe 08 8271 0524 P 4
- Oct 3-4 **Camp Oven Bush Poetry Festival.** North Pine Country Park. Written and Performance Comp. Ph John or Patti Coutts 07 3886 1552 P 4
- Oct 8 **Poets' Breakfast at Nanango.** Nanango Shire Council, PO Box 10 Nanango QLD 4615 P 2
- Oct 14 **Palma Rosa Poets. 7.30 pm** 9 Queens Rd., Hamilton, Bris. Q, North Pine Bush Poets. \$15 per head incl Supper. Bookings essential Ph. Trisha Anderson 07 3268 3624 or 07 3262 3769 P 3
- Dec 2 **Palma Rosa Poets. 7.30 pm** 9 Queens Rd., Hamilton, Bris., Q. Guy McLean & "Buddy" \$15 per head incl Supper. Bookings essential Ph. Trish Anderson 07 3268 3624 or 07 3262 3769 P3

AUSTRALIAN CHAPTER OF THE WORLD BEACE BELL ASSN POETRY COMPETITION

SPONSORED BY "THE COWRA GUARDIAN" - THEME OF POEM IS "PEACE" Entries Close 5.8.98

- Section 1. Primary Student - Max. 10 lines.** 1st - \$40, 2nd - \$10. **ENTRY FREE**
- Section 2. Secondary Student - Max. 20 lines.** 1st - \$40, 2nd - \$10. **ENTRY FREE**
- Section 3. Open - Max 48 lines.** 1st - \$600, 2nd - \$200, 3rd - \$100. **ENTRY \$5.00**

Please send SSAE and result sheet will be forwarded. Details - Ph AH 02 6342 2975 - Fax 02 6341 1217

Send Entries to AUST. CHAPTER OF WORLD PEACE BELL ASSN, 12 Kendall Street, COWRA NSW 2794

REGULAR MONTHLY EVENTS

---- If you happen to be passing through these areas, tell 'em Joe sent ya!

- 1st. Monday** **Aroma's Restaurant & Coffee Shop.** Toowoomba Q. Ron Selby 07 4630 1106
Tuggerah Lakes Poetry Group. 7 pm Beachcomber Hotel, Main Rd Toukley,
 Ph Laurie Nicholson 02 4390 8595
- 1st Thursday** **North By North West Poetry & Folk Club.** 7.30 pm Uniting Church Hall, North Ryde
 Ph Graham Johnson - 02 9874 7653 or Jenny Carter 02 9887 1856 or 015 227 479
Red Kettle Folk Club. Mapleton Hotel, Mapleton, Q. 8.30-11pm Poetry and Music.
 Enq. Jacqueline Bridle 07 5478 6263 P4
- 1st. Sunday** **Poets Get-together.** Traders Restaurant - Mt. Coolumb Qld. (074) 491 991
North Pine Bush Poets Breakfasts. North Pine Country Park, 9 am at Dad & Daves Billy Tea
 and Damper Ph. 07 3285 2845 or 07 3886 1552
Gold Coast Poets, 10 am Cascade Gardens, Broadbeach, Q. All welcome, audience participation
 Recite or sing a song. Graham Brunckhorst, 07 5579 4816
Poets in the Making, 12-4pm Performance Workshop, Casula Powerhouse, 1 Casula Rd, Casula
 Ph David Price 02 9825 0402 or Mob 018 971 2264
- 2nd. Monday** **Parakeet's Poets, Katoomba.** Parakeet Cafe at 7pm, Katoomba St, Katoomba, NSW
 Everyone welcome. Phone Denis Kevans 02 4757 3119
- 2nd Tuesday** **Hunter Bush Poets - 7pm - Tarro Hotel, Anderson Dr., Tarro NSW.** Bob Skelton 02 4953 2751
- 2nd Thursday** **Tamworth Poetry Reading Grp.** 8pm 4 Illoura St. Sth T'worth 02 6766 4164 or 026765 6067
Golden Pen Poets. Old Gympie Town Hall, Gympie, Q. 7 pm Ph Phil Morrison 07 5486 1171
- 2nd. Friday** **The Monaro Leisure Club.** 7 pm, Vale St. Cooma. Bush Poetry and Country Music.
 Mrs. Elaine Schofield "Green Hills" Jerangle, 2630 Ph 02 6454 3128
- 2nd. Sunday** **'Interludes' Ashfield Civic Centre, Ashfield - Joye Dempsey** 02 9797 7575
- 3rd Tuesday** **Norther Rivers Bush Poets.** Rous Hotel, Lismore Ph. Col Hadwell 02 6685 7064
- 3rd Wed'day** **Sth Aust. Bush Poets.** 7.30 pm Alma Pub Long Room, Willunga SA, Ph/Fax 08 8370 2460
- 3rd Thursday** **Queanbeyan Bush Poets.** Phone David Meyers 02 6286 1891
- 3rd. Friday** **Poetic Folk** 24 Finisterre Ave, Whalan 2770 Arch Bishop (02) 9625 7245
June Bush Poetry Group. 7.30pm, June Community Centre, Brian Beasley, PO Box 82,
 June, 2663 Ph. 02 6924 1317
- 3rd Saturday** **Poets in the Club, Urunga Golf Club.** 1.30 - 4pm Ph 02 6568 5269 or 02 6655 6835 ah.
The Original Avocado, Tamborine Mt. Q. Phone 07 5545 3066
- 3rd. Sunday** **North Pine Bush Poets Breakfasts.** North Pine Country Park, 9 am at Dad & Daves Billy Tea
 and Damper Ph. 07 3285 2845 or 07 3886 1552
- 4th Tuesday** **Poets in the Pub with Grafton Live Poet's Society.** Roches Hotel 7.30pm Ph 02 6642 2772
- 4th Thursday** **Golden Pen Poets.** Old Gympie Town Hall, Gympie, Q. 7 pm Ph Phil Morrison 07 5486 1171
- Last Tuesday** **Spaghetti Poetry Group.** Tourist Cafe, Mann St., Gosford. Dinner at 6.30, Poetry at 7.30
 Ph. Bob & Ester Sennett 02 4325 2590
- Last Sat.** **Aust Christian Writers Fellowship, Hunter Div.** Morisset Baptist Church Hall 1.30 - 4pm
 Contact J. Bray - 11 Rhodes Pde, Windermere Pk. NSW 2264

ATTENTION

Group or Club Organisers Your events belong here.
Send your details to the Editor



MORE ON THE "CODE" from Sandra Binns, Kincumber, NSW

It is becoming apparent that a number of poets seem to see the Code of Ethics as some sort of restriction on their creativity, and I think these members are looking at it all wrong. The code is not meant to be restrictive and, as someone has already mentioned we probably don't really need one - most of us have enough common sense and decency to abide by our own moral code. But if we do have one, it obviously shouldn't be in the manner of a legal document - rather a helping hand.

We are lucky in our group to have a special kind of comradeship where the more experienced are only too willing to help those just starting out. It occurred to me that the code might help keep it that way down the years. But if the code is going to cause friction then it defeats it's own purpose and it should be thrown out the door!

TERRY GLEESON

Who is this Terry Gleeson bloke
who hangs around with festival folk
disturbing St. Albans so serene
changing the valley's local scene.

For one weekend a year no less
he changes the valley's quiet prowess
gone the music of the bush
and in it's place the feral push.

Walking softly with a big stick
he made the functions really tick
talking here and wheeling there
occasionally stopping to pull his hair.

For nine long years he held sway
working hard to make the day
crafting Folk Festival plans
like intricate furniture in his hands.

For new comers he's been an inspiration
and they'll carry on his dedication
no matter what their past vocation
he encourages them in their orations.

And he's been known to have a drink
though he would claim it helps him think
and downing Guinness brings him luck
and occasional rides in a garbage truck.

But now we bid him fond adieu
his officialdom with St. Albans through
though where he leaves off John carries on
with new vim, vigour and dedication.

For now with Tess his life's complete
and though she won't keep him off the street
they're planning a family, facing life's new bends
and not so many roughing it long weekends.

*Written by the
Bush Poetry "Workshop '98" crew
St. Albans Folk Festival
from all those who enjoyed St. Albans
THANK YOU !!!*

HARLEY DONE BY

(C) 1998 Hipshot

I see a gap way down the street
along the kerb ... so I compete
with other cars, in desperate race
to occupy that parking space!

I reach it first, but might as well
have saved the juice .. for sad to tell
some other bloke, some two bob lair
has parked his bloody Harley there !!!



POETRY IN THE PUB A HUGE SUCCESS

It may not happen every Friday night, but the Annual Poetry in the Pub event staged as part of this year's Banjo Paterson Writing Festival could well give the loyal chook raffle a run for it's money! Imagine a day when poems are raffled down at your local pub instead of the meat tray, when limericks upstage sausages and you spend your last golden coin on the chance to win a heart-wrenching love sonnet whispered into your ear by a Byron look alike.

If you missed this year's Poetry in the Pub, it would well be worth noting it down for next years festival. It's a great night out that will guarantee a few laughs more than a winning chook ticket.

Featured on the night was Tug Dumbly, Sydney performance Poet and winner of the 1997 Banjo Paterson Festival Comic Writing Award. Tug entertained the audience with poetic tales of treachery, love, vegetarianism and murder, particularly the telling of his award winning poem, "Barbecue Bill and the Road Kill Cafe".

It was great to see so many local poets participate in the event and the diversity of poetry represented. A big thanks from the Central West Writers' Centre to all those who supported the night either by participating in the audience or by taking the big leap forward to share their poetry on stage. Thankyou.

*from the April issue of the
Central West Writers' Centre Newsletter*

THE LONE HAND

(C) 1998 Bob Skelton, Minmi, NSW

He penned his rhyme in city grime
And by river, creek and track
He wrote of flood and drought, in the land way out
Where he'd tramped with a swag outback.

Yet in the realms of Australian literature
He left an indelible mark
Now we pay proud tribute to him
By way of a bronze memorial plaque.

Let it serve as an inspiration
For our poets of today
To take up the pen once again
In the traditional Australian way.

And may his verse be always remembered
For as long as the wattle shall bloom
And the words of Henry Lawson
Echo around this humble room.

*Written to commemorate the unveiling of a bronze plaque which depicts
Henry Lawson at the Taro Hotel by the Hunter Bush Poetry Group*



"Yes it's on again next August so saddle up your Tardus and head for Hungerford".

The 2nd annual Bard of the Outback Poetry Competition and associated events, to be conducted by the Clan Macfie Society, will be held at the tiny south west Queensland border town of Hungerford on the banks of the Paroo River, commencing on Friday evening 31st July, 1998 and continuing through to Saturday evening, 1st August.

The inaugural event was held on 2nd August, last year, and following on it's success, organisers hope to make the competition an annual event. This competition has captured the imagination of bush poets, and it is hoped that it will grow year by year, to rival the best bush poetry festivals.

The competition will officially commence at the Hungerford (QLD/NSW) Border Gate around 4pm on Friday afternoon, where the first event, a local ritual, will involve seeing who can throw the dingo the furthest over the Border fence. Once this has been completed, there will then be a "Poets' March" from the Border Gate to the Royal Mail Hotel. The poets will be led by Ken Read, from Charleville, the current holder of the Bard of the Outback title, and the poets will be piped by the Clan Macfie Piper, in full regalia, kilt etc.

The Hungerford district has an association with some of our famous bush balladists. Henry Lawson and a mate swagged it from Bourke to

1998 BARD OF THE OUTBACK POETRY COMPETITION Hungerford Qld.

Hungerford in 1893. The experience led him to write "Out Back". Breaker Morant tells of a droving trip from Qld to NSW crossing the border at Hungerford, from which he wrote "For Southern Markets", while

the young Scot Will Ogilvie, worked on Belalie Station on the Warrego, where he was taken by "The Fair Girls and Grey Horses".

The poetry events will be held at the historic Royal Mail Hotel, built in 1873, commencing with the Yarn Spinning competition on the Friday evening. The poetry recital events will commence around 9am on Saturday and continue through the day, with finals to be held that evening. These events include, the Will Ogilvie Poetry Recital, Traditional Bush Verse, Original Bush Verse written and recited by the participant, all open events, a traditional bush verse for novice poets, and a traditional bush verse for 15 years and under.

Bob McPhee, the Queensland Vice President of the Society and the competition convenor, said to-day that there has been a great deal of interest shown by bush poets for this competition, so much so, that a bus load of poets from Bundaberg, Brisbane, Toowoomba and the Lockyer Valley, will be leaving from Gatton early on the Friday morning of the competition.

Anyone wishing further information, or interested in donating a trophy for any of the events should phone 07 5466 5269 or write to PO Box 162, Gatton, Q. 4343.



MT KEMBLA CM FESTIVAL

The South Coast CM Association held its inaugural Country Music Festival on their own grounds at Mt. Kembla, south of Wollongong on 30th and 31st May last.

Organiser for the event Dianne O'Dwyer reports that it was a tremendous success with excellent first time crowds attending.

The highlight of the Sunday morning of course was the Bush Poets Breakfast hosted by Frank (Joe) Daniel. The two hour breakfast was fast and furious with some new and not so new faces appearing, and Joe in his usual unpredictable style amused all and sundry with his quick witted one-liners and a batch of new original works.

The ever popular south coast identity Vivienne Sawyer opened the show with some of her most outrageous works and set the form for more hilarity to follow.

Ray Halliday of Winmalee was in good form with Charlee Marshall's 'The Confession' and rebounded with Bobby Miller's 'Green Frog', humouring the already primed audience with more laughs.

Terry Regan was again in splendid form with more of his original works, having come a long way in the short time that he has been performing.

New faces saw a lot of original work of a very good standard performed by the likes of Stanley Teudt, John Barclay, Patricia Whyte, and a number of other first timers.



BOOK REVIEW

300 FUNNY LITTLE POEMS by Denis Kevans

Blue Mountains resident, author and songster Denis Kevans, has for many years expressed his feelings, thoughts and opinions in song or through his rhyming poetry. Whether it be his support for the Green Bans imposed by the NSW Builders Labourers Foundation in the 1970's or the protection of the newly discovered Wollomi Pine, Denis has successfully used both of these mediums. He is the author of several self published books and independent producer of numerous Cassette Tapes and two CD's

His latest book of poetry is "300 Funny Little Poems" was written, as Denis says, with the view to showing us all that we can say what is on our mind in just a few lines. This he does in this book with great aplomb. His work is extremely humorous, while at the same time he is having a swipe at those whom he considers are not doing the right thing - protest, I believe the word is.

For potential readers whom, as I have been, born in the "Baby Boomer" times and beyond, you will find many a rhyme in this book to which you will easily relate and be entertained by, and all are well written. Be it 'Billy Koala', "The Little Digger", "H.R.H." or Hayden, El Salvador, Monte Bello or lots more as they say.

I believe that our contemporary bush poets are now recording the folk process of today, and Denis's book is a fine example of this.

"300 Funny Little Poems" is available from Lorikeet Publications, 63 Valley Rd. Wentworth Falls, 2782 and costs \$12.00 pp. Here are some examples to encourage your curiosity.



THE SYDNEY MONORAIL

I don't want a concrete by-pass, my heart is still OK,
It's the motor-car cholesterol, that makes me crook today,
What I need is plenty of greens, and plenty of Vitamin 'See'
I don't want a concrete by-pass, right through the heart of me,
I'M SYDNEY

REACH OF CHILDREN

Keep out of the reach of children,
I read it in white and black,
As the toxic cloud was passing,
My son had an asthma attack;
Keep out of the reach of children,
My son is coughing up phlegm,
How can I keep my children,
Out of the reach of them?



THE GENEROUS BOSS

The labourer stood with his flapping old shoe,
The sole of it flapped on the strand,
The boss pulled out a big bundle of notes,
And tossed him the rubber band.

KARRI FORESTS (WA)

For thousands of years the Karri has stood,
Reclaiming dry land, and making it good,
But we don't need forests to cure our souls,
No! we need 'em to wrap our chiko rolls!

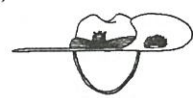
URANIUM

For rich old individuals, the dividends are creamier,
For thousands of our children, The dividend's leukemia.

THE TITANIC



Down on the wharf when they mention strike,
Some of the new fellers panic,
As my grandfather said, long years ago,
"They wouldn't walk off the Titanic."



THE LITTLE DIGGER

I see the sea of faces that look at the man with hope,
With his thumbs stuck in his braces, he fills their minds with dope.
"Hurrah for the little digger!" the slouches curl up high,
He has never pulled a trigger, but he'll send our boys to die.

DEFINITION OF STRAIN

I've enjoyed my technical teaching
Passing on my engineer's lore,
"A definition of strain? Thompson?
"Strain, sir? Teeth marks in the dunny door."



COUNT YOUR BLESSINGS

The Pope was counting his money,
With a look of heavenly bliss,
Then he prayed to his father in heaven,
"Dear Dad, thank Christ
for this."



FREE MARKET

Sitting in the Pub,
everything was fine,
"Wanna buy a video?"
"No! it might be mine"

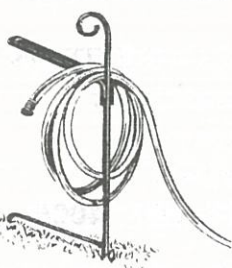
HOSE RAGE

(C) Elaine Delaney, Callalla Bay, NSW. May, 1998

Our dear Mum is out in her garden at dusk
Tending the flowers that she loves so much,
Neighbours are praying this drought will break
For calm in the streets - and her poor family's sake.

Water restrictions have brought on a blight
That threatens suburbia morning and night.
Pet dogs are cringing and small children too,
As sounds of loud swearing turn clean air blue.

Our dearly loved Mother is consumed by hate
As she uncoils the hose from near the front gate.
She's not in the mood, she'd had it that morning
And in menacing tones she gives a fair warning.



There'll be none of its nonsense, and kinking is out!
The hose playfully coils and snags the down spout.
Mother starts yanking, her nerves are all frayed,
Freed now to wiggle, the hose shoots wild sprays.

Drenching her clothes and wetting her hair
Then springs like a cougar twelve feet in the air.
Ducking and weaving it splashes the car
Dad had just polished; (he was laughing) Ha Ha!

The windows, the clothes line, it takes in the lot,
Even baby's not spared as he sleeps in the cot.
Panting and heaving, both hands round it's throat
Mum battles valiantly; by now she is soaked.

Then it parts from the tap, all lifeless and limp
And Mum is left straddling a green plastic wimp.
Watching through curtains this most shocking sight,
We are left speechless, it doesn't seem right.

We've all heard of those who given in to road rage
Lose all their marbles and shout, rant and rave.
Who should have dreamed - it was not on the cards
Mum would suffer hose rage in her very own yard.



STOP PRESS

COMING EVENTS

**2nd BIG CITY
MUSTER 12.9.98**

**Rozelle NSW
See Poets Calendar**

GULGONG CM FESTIVAL

**Bush Poets Breakfast
Compare - Frank Daniel
19th & 20th September '98
Trophies & Prize Money
WATCH THIS SPACE!**

BOOROWA WOOL FESTIVAL

**Bush Poets Breakfast
3rd - 5th October, '98
Compare - Frank Daniel
STAY TUNED FOR
MORE INFO !**

MERIMBULA CM FESTIVAL

**Bush Poets Breakfast
and More !
Late October
MORE INFO NEXT
MONTH**

NORTHERN RIVERS BUSH POETS from Col Hadwell



Another big month for poetry on the Northern Rivers commenced with our regular first Sunday time slot with Marge Graham at the Station Hotel. We continue to see improving performances from regulars John Bird and Des Fairfull and this month's guest performance from Max Strong our 'strumming' poet.

Our meeting night at the Rous Hotel was also well attended and new work 'a plenty' was aired. It was great to have a visit from our Grafton ambassador, Mr. Don Lloyd who treated us to some of his unique humour - thanks Don. Also a hearty thanks to Maureen Garner for the invitation to visit Urunga. We have a few keen starters.

The last week in May, saw yet another highly successful Beef Week at Casino with the Bush Poets proving to be a growing attraction. Our popular 'Pros' Marco, The Mungar Maggot, The Mullumbimby Bloke and young Neil McArthur slayed them at the Breakfasts at the Cecil Hotel which were hosted by Thomas George and sponsored by Carlton United. The final event of the weekend was the second annual Bundy Rum New Voices competition which was taken out by Mount Burrell's Martin O'Brien, with best poem award going to John Bird and encouragement awards to Joy Wheat and Len Bishoff. Congratulations to all - it was a great show.

Best Regards, Haddy.

RIVER AT TWILIGHT

(C) Peter Buck, Corrimal, NSW.

By the river bank at twilight
At the finish of the day
We sat and watched nomadic clouds
Meandering on their way.

And we marvelled at the colours
The pink, the grey and the gold
As Mother Nature waved her wand
Her exhibit to unfold.

And a peace descended on us
And a feeling so serene
As we revelled in the beauty
Of this tranquil river scene.

Conspicuous in the water
Exposed by the falling tide
Lay a slowly growing sandbank
By much bird life occupied.

Among the feathered gathering
There were sea gulls by the score
As the daylight slowly faded
They assembled more and more.

They stood as avian soldiers
Regimentally aligned
While sundry portly pelicans
With huge bills on breasts reclined

There were cormorants and egrets
And one lonely sooty tern
While up river swiftly gliding
Was a snowy breasted erne.

Around a distant sandy spit
Just visible in the gloam
A pair of tardy fishing boats
Were leisurely heading home.

Whilst further up the estuary
A small timber covered isle
Stood out in gravest silhouette
Beframed in an artist's style.

Then a shaded clump of mangroves
Was touched by transient light
In the course of rapid changes
At the coming of the night

As the cloak of darkness deepened
Came a night bird's call, forlorn
And the river quietly settled
To await another dawn.



BUSH POETRY FINDS VOICE AT THIS YEARS EKKA

The Royal Queensland Show — better known as 'The Ekka' — will feature Bush Poetry for the first time this year. Prizes to the value of \$2,000 are on offer.

The competition will run throughout Saturday 15th August, at the Stockman's Rest venue at the Exhibition Grounds, Gregory Terrace, Fortitude Valley (Brisbane).

There will be two sections — 'Original' and 'Traditional or Established' Australian Bush Poetry. In addition, a special Award may be given to an outstanding Novice performer.

Entries close on 27th July, and forms (with Conditions of Entry) are now available. Send to

NATIONAL POETRY COMPETITION
Royal Queensland Show
Exhibition Grounds
Gregory Terrace
FORTITUDE VALLEY, Qld. 4006



WINTON UPDATE

Thanks to those poets who contributed to the "Phantom Competition" about the seat belt 'hiccup' mentioned in Ron's last column. Doubtless you will be pleased ... along with the victim ... to hear that the authorities have admitted that the ticket was issued in error as the road was closed at the time! Fine refunded! Any new ends to the poems?



GEM OF THE SEA

(C) Glen G. Muller,
Toowoomba Q.

A beauty from the sea,
This siren calls to me.
An orb of great intensity,
To gaze upon in ecstasy,
And marvel at it's beauty —
Rare treasure chest booty.
So pompous and bold!
When it's shell you unfold,
To find one perfectly round,
with such colour — profound.
Aided by man or natures own hand,
Dazzles all who behold, so understand,
Lucky are those, to be born a pearl —
They bring luster, to everybody's world.

The Pearl is the
Birthstone for
those born in June





MONTO DAIRY FESTIVAL 1998 CREAM CAN AWARDS

from *Betsey Chape*

The Monto Dairy Festival Poets Dinner on 29th May was successful again this year with more than a dozen poets entertaining a packed golf club house. Compares for the event were Liz Ward of Mt. Perry and Merv Webster of Bagara.

Organisers wish to say thankyou to the poets who travelled to Monto to put on a wonderful night of entertainment for the announcement of the winners of the 1998 Cream Can Awards. Poets came from Bundaberg and surrounding districts, Mt. Perry, Gladstone, Thangool, Mundubbera and Monto and the audience of more than 100 fully appreciated the talents on display.

Entries came in from all over the place, and Neil McArthur, who kindly organised the judges for the competition said it was no easy task to sort out the winners. As local organiser, I saw the entries as they came in, and was grateful judging was not my responsibility. Congratulations to the winners.

Results were as follows

OPEN - 1st Valerie Lopez, Mt. Perry, Q. "Girly"

2nd D. G. Adams, Paraparamu Beach, NZ

"The Fate of the Brumby"

3rd Merv Webster, Bagara Q.

"The Curing of Young Fred McPhee"

JUNIOR 12 - 16 Years

1st Carmel Dunn, Warwick, Q "Lest we Forget"

2nd Amanda Kerle, Monto, Q

"The Rain, the Flood, the Death"

JUNIOR Under 12

1st Hannah Thrippleton, Bundaberg, Q "Australia"

2nd Richard Williams, Bundaberg, Q. "The Beach"



CALLING ALL COBBERS

from *JAN RITCHIE*

President, Surat & District Dev. Ass. Inc.

Surat will be holding it's Annual Cobb & Co Battered Bugle Competition for Bush Verse on 15th & 16th August. Poets compete in the Traditional Section on Saturday afternoon and this year we will be in the beautiful Lions Park in the main street of Surat. It is a natural amphitheatre overlooking the river. At sunset we will move down the street in front of the Cobb & Co Changing Complex to take part in a bush poetry production by Bryan Nanon's Grin and Tonic Theatre interspersed with dinner in the street.

Sunday we have a range of fun activities on the riverbank and hold the Original Section of the Battered Bugle Competition. Once again the Nason family at Newington will play host to any visiting poet who wishes to be accommodated in their shearing quarters - a great weekend with great hosts - Ph 07 4626 5164 for bookings. Poets register for the competitions when they get here. For more information, phone 07 4626 5103.

An early reminder - Next year will be our **BIG** year - **75th Anniversary of the Last Run of Cobb & Co in Australia** (from Surat to Yuleba) and we are planning a **BIG CELEBRATION** in 1999. We are inviting all poets to keep 12th - 15th August 1999 free and come out for a great time.

ATTENTION POETS !!

Pam Bide, of The Nook Book Shop, 51 Edward Street, Brisbane specialises in stocking books for and of performing arts. She is anxious to hear from any Bush Poets who may be interested in offering their publications through her shop. Why not give her a call on 07 321 3707?



THE AUSTRALIAN FOLK FESTIVAL - KIAMA, NSW

The June Long Weekend saw beautiful weather for the Australian Folk Festival at Kiama, just South of Woolongong. Organised by David di Santi of Wongawilli fame, this festival, now in it's third year, was designed to take the place of the former Glen Innis Festival, which no longer exists in it's older format. With the lapse of the original Glen Innis festival, a great need had arisen for another venue to keep the tradition of folk music and story telling alive.

The Spoken Word leapt to the fore this year with extra venues and wider scope for performers of Australian Verse to exemplify their talents, giving the large audiences a chance to see more and more of the work of the many poets in attendance.

Visitors from the West, and members of the five member 'Dingo's Breakfast' Bush Band, Roger Montgomery and David Ralph, were magnificent in their original recitations and works of C. J. Denis whose was well and truly the poet of the festival with Keith McKenry of Canberra also performing Den's 'Glugs of Gosh' in his segment "Bugger the Music - Give us a Poem". Keith was more than inspiring in his performance.

Denis Kevans, Blue the Shearer, Anthony Jack, Terry Regan, Ray Halliday, Vivienne Sawyer, Frank Daniel and 'Arch' Bishop were all in prime form with a good number of previously unheard poetry recited. Many 'first timers' were on hand, and the encouragement shown them will ensure their return.

Three Poets Breakfasts were held over the weekend, a Poets Afternoon Tea, and a Poet's Dinner, ample chance to get into the act.

Comparing was shared by Frank Daniel, Blue the Shearer and Denis Kevans with Keith McKenry capably in charge of the Poets Dinner, where he set some demanding challenges for the rectors in the form of 'on the spot Limericks' and verse relating to some most unpredictable subjects. All capably covered in some round about way by some very unpredictable poetry. A great weekend for Folk Music and Bush Poetry - winners combined.

Australian Bush Poets Association Inc.

2/8 Salamander Pde., Nambucca Heads NSW 2448 Ph/Fax 02 6568 5269

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**POSTAGE
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Thank You to Our Contributors

Trisha Anderson	Elaine Delaney
Kev J. Barnes	Maureen Dunn
Sandra Binns	Graham Fredriksen
Warren Bishop	Stephen Graham
Megan Bourne	Col Hadwell
Peter Buck	Hipshot
Ellis Campbell	Bob McPhee
Jessica Carmody	Len Morris
Jenny Carter	Glen G. Muller
Central West	Carmel Randle
Writers	Jan Ritchie
Peter Chapman	Olive Shooter
Betsy Chape	Bob Skelton
Ces Cox	Peter Rex Thomas
Frank Daniel	Liz Ward



THE LAST WORD FROM THE EDITOR

Thankyou all, firstly for your good wishes sent to my mother, who is now on the mend following her heart surgery and secondly, for your patience in waiting just a little longer for your June Newsletter. Please send all future copy to my home.

This month, copy has been coming in, as they say, 'at the rate of knots' and subsequently, several reports about events will be carried over 'til our July issue. To those of you have sent in the many reports, results and positive feedback, my sincere thanks. Please keep the information coming - your contributions are very valued indeed!

I would urge you all to advise us of any BP events, competitions etc., no matter how large or small - remember, our association and its newsletter are both only what we all collectively make them.

My best regards to you all,

Maureen Garner