

The Australian Bush Poets Association Inc.



Monthly Newsletter

No 10 Volume 5

October 1998

NOTICE TO ALL A.B.P.A. MEMBERS

NOTICE OF MOTION TO ALTER CONSTITUTION

All proposed changes are pertaining to membership.

Rule 4. (1) (a). Addition to read:-

(a) Ordinary. To include single, family or club membership.

Rule 4. (1) (b). Addition to read:-

(b) Junior. For students up to and including Year 12 of education, at a determined reduced subscription, with no voting rights.

Rule 4. (2). Additions to read:-

(a) The number of ordinary members shall be unlimited.

(b) The annual subscription payable by all members will be due at the beginning of the Association Financial Year. (January 01).

(c) New members only, may join at any time after July 1 for a determined half-yearly subscription. For members renewing, the annual subscription applies.

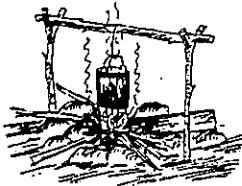
(d) Each ordinary and junior members shall receive a posted copy of the monthly newsletter of the Association.

(e) Each ordinary membership will be entitled to one vote at general meetings of the Association.

NOTE: For any change to the Constitution, a 75% majority is required of persons present and entitled to vote at a general meeting. The above will be brought forward at the Annual General Meeting of the Association to be held at Tamworth during the Country Music Festival in January. A time, date and venue has not been chosen yet, but you will be notified in the coming issue of the Newsletter.

Olive Shooter, Secretary.

Australian Bush Poets Association.



TAMWORTH VERSE COMPETITIONS 1999

Poets from far and wide are invited to enter the Blackened Billy Verse Comp. 1999 organised by the Tamworth Poetry Reading Group.

The competition was launched in 1991 and entries were received from throughout the local region and now from across the country as the enthusiasm for next year's Country Music Festival starts to build.

Many entries are anticipated and local Tamworth music, theatrical and ABC Radio identity Bill

Gleeson will judge the best bush verse.

There is a limit of three entries per person. A fee of \$3.00 must accompany each entry and the closing date is 30th November.

Results will be announced at a presentation in conjunction with the finals of the 1999 Tamworth Bush Poetry Competition to be held at the Imperial Hotel on Saturday 23rd January, 1999 at 11.15 am.

The winner will receive \$150 in cash, together with the unique Blackened Billy Trophy, a ceramic creation crafted by our well known local artist Fred Hillier. Also included will be a certificate donated by our supporting sponsor, AM Printing Services. Second and Third place winners will receive \$100 and \$50 respectively and a certificate. The runners up will each receive a Highly Commended Cert. and there will be a special Encouragement Award Certificate for under 18 year old students.

Entering the competition can prove beneficial to poets in more ways than one. A prime example of the meritorious value of the competition can be gauged by the fact that Bob Miller's poem "The Aussie" amongst our very finest winning verse in 1991 has since been set to music. The title has been changed to "This Land Australia" and is recorded by noted country music singer, Brian Letton. Also, Bob was a finalist in the Golden Gumleaf Bush Laureate Poetry Awards in the Heritage Award section for published original verse. He won an award for recording of Australian Rhymed verse for his album "The Larrikin" which includes "The Aussie". The Tamworth Poetry Reading Group now publishes an anthology of the winning verses and a short list of the best poems.

Anyone requiring an entry form may write and include a stamped self addressed envelope to Maureen Quickenden, The Blackened Billy Verse Competition, P.O. Box 1164, Tamworth, NSW 2340 or phone 02 6765 6067.

The Tamworth Bush Poetry Competition will be run at the Imperial Hotel over four days from 20th - 23rd January, 1999, with heats on the Wednesday to Friday, and the finals on Saturday. There are two sections, Original and Traditional and there is no entry fee. This competition forms part of the Tamworth Country Music Festival and a lively and exciting time is guaranteed for the visitor to Tamworth. If you would like an entry form for this competition, please send a business size envelope, stamped and self addressed, to Jan Morris, Tamworth Bush Poetry Competition, PO Box 1164, Tamworth, NSW 2340 or for more information, please phone 02 6765 7552 (H) or 02 6768 5178 (W).

Maureen Quickenden and Jan Morris

TROPICAL SERENITY

© Col Hadwell, Byron Bay NSW

Have you been up in the tropical North
Alone by yourself in the world;
With mangroves behind and ocean in front
Just watching the waves as they curled.

Where nothing is heard but a distant stray bird,
And the tide surging slowly ashore,
And you've taken the time to search deep inside
For things never valued before.

With day fading fast bringing all it's contrasts
One's worries would be far behind,
Apart from the fact your transport is late,
And crocodiles more on your mind.

Australian Bush Poets 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

MAPLETON YARN FESTIVAL DOES IT AGAIN

After last year's Festival (wet again, as per usual), the organisers dug out local rainfall figures from the previous 10 years. Following an analysis of this information, a September date was chosen when there seemed to be nothing else happening and plans went full steam ahead. Not even John Howard's announcement of an election clashed with the chosen date. We were clearly on a winner.

Sponsors came aboard ... Poet's corner Wines sponsored The Great Australian Whine providing liquid prizes, including their delightful new line of unwooded chardonnay, and wonderfully packaged T-shirts as prizes. RM Williams put up an oilskin coat as a prize for the yarnspinning contest and Lilyponds Caravan Park sponsored the Talent Quest. The local ABC FM radio was generous (as always) in it's promotion.

Of course this September turned out to be the wettest in ten years. Then it was duly revealed by those in the know, that the reason nothing else was on this particular weekend was that it was a time of some major religious observance called Footy Grand Finals and that even JH had shown the foresight (not to mention due respect) to steer clear of the date.

Moreover, there was illness amongst the performers ... Bobby Miller rang in to say he could only make it for Sunday and Ian had been ordered to lift nothing heavier than a microphone after rather overdoing things setting up. Ron Selby wasn't ill, but his car was, and he'd had to walk a lot ... he reckons halfway from Toowoomba but perchance he stretches the truth in life.

And of course it rained. Undaunted the festival went on. The Bowls Club Show was a success, thanks not only to Marco, who we haven't seen at Mapleton for a few years, but the host of others who shared their art.

Wally finch COMPERED the breakfast ... comedian S. Sorrenson from Gympie via Nimbin gave lots of practical performance suggestions druig his workshop. The Ernie Setterfield club challenge attracted so many entries that it was hard to squeeze them all in ... but we did. Eventual winners were a very surprised pair from Mapleton's Red Kettle Folk Club. Poet's whined (in verse), they yarned, Shirley kept forgetting her poems and tried to pretend she'd done it on purpose and we all consumed great food from the local school P & C.

If you want a reliable long range weather forecast for the weekend in October when we normally hold the festival ... I can tell you now it'll be totally fine. It seems we're faced with two options for the future ... a travelling drought-breaking tour or maybe just a drier venue in Mapleton which doesn't consume as much energy to erect.

Yes, next year's Yarn Festival will probably move to the Mapleton Hall. Thanks to those, audience and performers alike who always make the Yarn Festival the warm venue it has become.

Ian Mackay, President, Yarn Festival Association

Secretary's Notes

Dear Members,

A lot has been going on in the poetry world, and I congratulate all those who compete or just perform. That is what counts and if you win a prize, then that is a bonus.

Renewal of subscriptions can be paid at any time. They become due on January 1st and the fee is \$25.00. Although there is nothing wrong with paying your money to others in authority, you are not counted as paid until it gets into my hands as Treasurer, so I urge you to pay to me please. If your membership lapses past the end of February, you will not receive your monthly newsletter in March or until financial.

Membership is the highest ever, more than 360 all over Australia, so bush poetry is taking a resurgence of interest. It is good to have young people so keen, and they have such confidence these days. I can remember being so shy that if I stood up to say anything, I couldn't breathe if I talked and I couldn't talk if I breathed. It took a long time to overcome that, and now it is stopping me that is the trouble.

Next month you will be notified of the time, place and date of the Annual meeting as the opportunity to set it has not arisen. Keep well and fond regards, *Olive Shooter.*



LOST (Temporarily)

If anyone who knows the whereabouts of Bluey Bostock please ask him to contact the Secretary with details of his new place of abode !!!
(His newsletters are waiting for him)

WANTED - CHRISTMAS THEME POEMS ON ANY TOPIC FOR USE IN OUR DECEMBER NEWSLETTER - PLEASE SEND TO THE EDITOR AS SOON AS POSSIBLE - Thankyou.

STORIES OF SWAGGIES

© Betty Olle, Kyabram, Vic.

May they lurk in our dream-times
And in our stories old,
May we never weary of them,
May they never grow old.



Directives from the city,
Modern - stern and cold -
Tell us we have outgrown them
And the stories they have told!

The Outback, is no longer there!
No Swaggies - Drovers - cattle -
The city's now our country's heart,
And economics is the battle.

There is no such thing, as mateship,
We have another cause ...
From our endless fight with fiscal policy,
We do not dare to pause !

We cannot share a campfire
Or enjoy a mug of tea -
We cannot sanction fire and smoke
Not ... environmentally !

And as for far horizons
And lonely unmade tracks -
Who would want to hump a bluey
With all the baggage on your back?

Yet - at times of inattention,
When a sneaky West Wind blows
I view a far horizon,
And there's something my heart knows!

I hear their endless tramping,
I feel the dust and heat,
I sense their thirst and hunger
And know tired and weary feet!

Then even though my bed is soft
My house is warm and dry,
I yearn to know their freedom
And sleep 'neath their star-lit sky.

Though modern life enfolds me
And these feelings pass like dreams
I know they are part of my life,
Though I scarce know what it means!

So may they always lurk in our dream-times,
Always live in our stories of old,
May we NEVER grow weary of them,
And may they - never grow old !

A WORD FROM THE EDITOR

Since taking over the Editorship of our monthly newsletter in February this year, I have endeavored to bring to you an interesting and informative publication which I trust will continue to foster your interest in, enjoyment of and participation in the many events which feature Bush Poetry across the country.

Your continued support for our newsletter is evidenced thorough the constant supply of poetry for publication, information about events and competition results which arrives in my mail box or is faxed to me is a reminder to me of how much our Association means to members. Please accept my appreciation for you efforts and keep the reports coming.

A brief reminder to you all, that FROM DECEMBER, our new newsletter deadline will be the 1ST DAY OF EACH MONTH. Finally an apology to Leo Keane of Hughesdale, Vic. for omitting the last and most important line of his first poem to be published in our Sept. newsletter- I have reprinted it above. Best regards, *Maureen Garner.*

STOP PRESS

PINE LODGE BUSH POETRY FESTIVAL

The organisers of the Pine Lodge Bush Poetry Festival which was to be held on Sunday 25th October have **DECIDED** to **POSTPONE** the event and hold it next year in late June.

We feel that perhaps there wasn't enough time allowed for organisation and hope that next year when we advise the date we will get more response from everyone.

We are still going to have a wonderful day of fun at Pine Lodge Equestrian Centre on Sunday 25th October - but no competition.

We will still be having poets, music and food all day - so if you were planning on coming - please still come - the added bonus being to join in (and perhaps learn) the great French game of "Petanque". This game is played fairly regularly at "Pine Lodge" and has proved to be a very relaxing and social day - and of course with the added entertainment of poets and musicians it will certainly be a fun day - I hope to see you all there. Enquiries 07 3206 4492, 3803 0529 or 3268 3624.

Trisha Anderson

THE BRUSH OFF © Leo Keane, Hughesdale, Vic.

Bill Harris had a property away out west of Bourke
And all he did from dawn to dusk was work and work and work.
He had a thousand acres that had come down from his dad
But the place was unproductive, it was really, really bad.

It's dry out there, outback of Bourke, and Bill had not seen rain,
For twenty years or maybe more, he'd worked his guts in vain
His sheep were always starving and he had to shoot the pack
No sending them to market for they wouldn't bring a zac.

He thought he'd get some cattle, a persistent kind of bloke
But their ribs truck out like hatpegs, and they almost sent him broke
So as last resort, thought Bill, perhaps I'll grow some wheat
He got the old plough out and started sowing in the heat.

Then he noticed the barometer was dropping like a brick,
"Good God" he said, "it's gonna rain, let's get the crop in quick."
He'd sown the final paddock and the rain cam tumbling down.
"Thank God" said Bill, "we'll get some cash" and off he went to town.

He brought a pair of brand new boots, a pair of moleskin pants
A frock for Mum, some undies and he thought "Now here's me chance.

A toilet brush reduced to clear. I should have one of those."
And he packed it in the dusty ute along with all the clothes.

Weeks later in the local pub the talk was all about
How the rain had saved the district when it broke the lengthy drought
Then someone standing at the bar amid the boozy crush
Asked Bill how he was faring with his bargain toilet brush

"No wonder it was bloody cheap" Bill started to explain
"I don't believe I'll ever buy a toilet brush again"
"I thought that Mum and I would have a real go at this caper"
"But we've had the flamin' toilet brush; we're going back to paper".



ESKIES ON THE HILL AT GYMPIE MUSTER

© Col Hadwell, Byron Bay NSW

There's an atmosphere about the place
And I can feel it still,
When you're at the Gympie Muster mate,
With an Esky on the hill.

But bureaucrats bibbed in this year
With signs proclaiming clear,
"You leave your Eskies all at home
Or you'll be out of here!"

Well talk about the Bill of Rights
(Eureka simmers still),
And every throat with gusto cried
"Let Eskies on the hill!"

From ev'ry corner of the camp
They rallied to the cause
And when the gates at last swung wide
There burst a huge applause.

What were they ever thinking of?
Yeah! That's what bothers me.
For years I've gone and told the world.
"You've got to come to see!"

There's blokes and birds in Kidaman Coats
And having heaps of fun.
Just helped along a little though
With good old Bundy Rum.

And how they tow their grog along
They should award a prize.
There's wagons that would blow your mind
In ev'ry shape and size.

They're made from Kegs and Garbage bins
With seats for relaxation.
And ev'ry one an Aussie gem,
A 'Muster mind' creation.

But never have I seen a scrap,
That's right! it's bloody true,
Security guards just watch the shows,
There's nothing else to do.

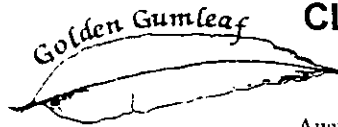
While all the fans dance down the front
And they just think it's grand
To see the stars all strut their stuff -
The finest in the land.

And meantime while refreshment flows
They laugh and cheer out loud.
And ev'ry entertainer says -
They love the Gympie crowd.

So Muster up some common sense
This is Australia still??
Lets keep one place where we can take,
An Esky on the hill.

ATTENTION: Event & Competition Organisers -

The ABPA would appreciate your co-operation - Please send the editor results or reports relating to your events as soon as possible after the event !



CLOSING SOON - 1999 BUSH LAUREATE AWARDS

Entries for the Bush Laureate Awards for Australian Rhymed Verse will close on 3rd November, 1998. The Awards are presented annually at the Tamworth Country Music Festival and are intended to encourage the publishing and recording of Australian Rhymed Verse, to improve the standard of published and recorded Australian Rhymed Verse and to focus media attention on such work.

The Bush Laureate Awards are sponsored by the *Tenterfield Saddler* and contain four sections as follows:

1. Published Original Australian Rhymed Verse in book form. (**Book of the Year**)
2. Recorded Album of Australian Rhymed Verse for commercially produced cassette tape or CD. These albums are to contain at least 80% spoken word, not songs. (**Album of the Year**)
3. **Recorded Performance** of a particular piece of Australian Rhymed Verse - a single or single track from any album released between the specified dates. (**Recorded Performance of the Year**)
4. **Heritage Award** - for a publication in book form with an emphasis on Australian Heritage; Historical, Geographical, or Social, which includes a reasonable amount of original verse.

To be eligible for the Bush Laureate Awards, product must be published / released between 1st November, 1997 and 1st November, 1998. **Entries for all sections close on 3rd November, 1998**

The judges will be drawn from the media, publishing and recording industries and they will be given the following guidelines for judging.

1. The quality of the verse.
2. The entertainment value.
3. The presentation and production quality.
4. The 'Australianess' of the verse.
5. The variety of styles and moods.
6. The quality and appropriateness of illustrations, photos and or art work (5 and 6 do not apply to category 3).

Finalists will be selected for all sections and will be advised in writing and announced in the media during December.

Winners will be announced and awards presented at a special function during 1998 Country Music Week in Tamworth.

4 copies of each book or recording are required regardless of how many categories are entered or how many entries are made. (Recordings may be in either CD or cassette) **FOR EACH ENTRY IN ANY CATEGORY AN ENTRY FEE OF \$10.00 IS REQUIRED.**

Cheques should be made payable to Golden Gumleaf Enterprises and forwarded with entries to 112 Crescent Road, HAMILTON QLD 4007

THE MACFIE CLAN SOCIETY OF AUSTRALIA 1998 POETRY COMPETITION



Section 1: - 6th annual "The John Dunmore Lang Poetry Prize"

Section 2: - 3rd annual "Will Ogilvie Poetry Prize"

Prizes: Sec. 1 & 2 - 1st \$100, 2nd \$60, 3rd \$40 + Society Medal all places.

Entry Fee: \$5.00 per entry - max. - 3 per person, per section **CLOSING** at 5pm, Monday, 30th November, 1998. Prize winners will be announced at the Lockyer Valley Celtic Pipe Band Ceilidh, to be held on the evening of 31.12.98 at the Glenore Grove Hall, Lockyer Valley, Queensland.

John Dunmore Lang Poetry Prize Theme - Each poem shall be in traditional rhyming ballad form, reflecting a Celtic-Australian theme, set principally in Australia, in the period between 1788 to the present, to a maximum length of about 100 lines, including any footnotes. The seven Celtic Nations referred to are - Brittany, Cornwall, Galicia, Ireland, Isle of Man, Scotland and Wales. **NOTE** - in recognition of this, the Centenary year of the Q'ld Irish Association, a special trophy will be awarded for the poem adjudged the best with an Irish-Australian theme.

Will Ogilvie Poetry Prize Theme: For BUSH VERSE - Each poem shall be in traditional rhyming ballad form and must have a theme relating principally to the Aust Bush and/or bush life, past or present, to 100 lines incl footnotes.

Enq. & Entry Forms: Mr. Bob McPhee, 8 Jahn Drive, Glenore Grove, Q. 4342 or PO Box 162 Gatton Q. Ph ah 07 5466 5269 or bus hrs 07 5466 5407.



BARDS OF BOWRA BUSH POETRY PERFORMANCE COMPETITION

The Bards of Bowra Australian Bush Poetry Performance Competition and Presentation day, held at Bowraville ExServices Club on Sunday 27th September was well supported by the bush poetry fraternity, attracting reciters from Sydney, Forster, Grafton and the local area.

Feature of the morning session was the poetry recitation by eleven children from four local schools - St Mary's Bowraville, Bowraville Central, Tallowood and Nambucca Heads High School who read their entries for the Junior Bards of Bowra Written Competition which was judged by Carrolline Rhodes, Nambucca Heads, Cathy O'Keeffe and Olive Usher of Bowraville.

Results of the competition were as follows - 48 Entries

Section 1 - Primary School: 1st - Rose Mellon, Tallowood School - Bowraville, Highly Commended - Georgina Haig, Cunnamulla Primary School,

3rd - Commended - Mia Mackay, Bowraville Central School
Special Schools Prize - Awarded to Tallowood School for Rose Mellon's poem "The Bush Walk."

Section 2 - High School: 1st, Highly Commended and Commended to Jennifer Haig, Fairholme College, Toowoomba.
Special Schools Prize to Fairholme College Toowoomba Q for Jennifer Haig's poem "Bush Spirit"

Best of School Prizes:

Bowraville Central School: Mia Mackay, "Visions of the Bush"

Tallowood School: Rose Mellon for "The Bush Walk"

St Mary's School: Justine McPherson for "Victory"

Bishop Druit College Coffs Harbour: Kristy Rutherford for "Dawn in Dorrigo"

Cunnamulla Primary School: Georgina Haig for "Woman's Best Friend"

Fairholme College, Toowoomba Q: Jennifer Haig for "Bush Spirit"

Scots/PLG College, Warwick Q: Carmel Dunn for "Face in the Photo"

Nambucca Heads High School: Equal First to Heidi Steel for "Bush Ballad" and Beau Williams for "1998 Flood"

Prizes for the competition were presented by Mr. Cliff Ellis, Director of Bowraville & District ExServices Club who sponsored the competition.

The Bards of Bowra **Open Written Competition**, sponsored by the MidCoast Observer and Tallowood School attracted 66 entries and was judged by Bill Glasson, Clifton Qld, Gary Fogarty, Millmerran Qld and Dorothy Carmody, Warrell Creek. Results were as follows -

Section 1 - Any Topic

1st - Ron Stevens, Dubbo NSW - A Funeral Oration

2nd - Noel Cutler, Wangaratta, Vic - Greed

3rd - Ellis Campbell - Wedding Presents

Section 2 - Local Subject

1st - Graeme Johnson, West Ryde - Tall Timber Ships and Sea

2nd - Peter Rex Thomas, Nambucca Heads - Crooked Ships

3rd - Peter Rex Thomas, Nambucca Heads - Aquaduction

Section 3 - Hand Made Houses Subject - Sponsored by Tallowood School

1st - Ellis Campbell, Dubbo NSW - McTurvey's Hut

Highly Comm. - Peter Rex Thomas - Making Pise' Walls

Commended - Don Lloyd - The Alternative House

The Bards of Bowra Bush Poetry Performance Competition, sponsored by the MidCoast Observer, attracted a particularly high standard of presentations with a total of 15 entries received for the two competition sections, judged by Jo Smyth, Bowraville NSW, Warren Bishop, Whalan NSW and Kevin Barnes, Millmerran Q.

Section 1 - Traditional or Established Work

1st - John Barclay - Narrabeen, NSW

2nd - Reid Begg, Forster, NSW

3rd - Graeme Johnson, West Ryde, NSW.

Section 2 - Original Work

1st - Bill Kearns - Grafton, NSW

2nd - Bill Lasham - North Rocks, NSW

3rd - Graeme Johnson, West Ryde, NSW.

The Back to Bowra Festival Committee, organisers of the Bards of Bowra Australian Bush Poetry Events wish to sincerely thank sponsors, contributors for their continued support during 1998.

Congratulations to all competitors !!

THE BUSH WALK © Rose Mellon

Year 6 - Tallowood School, Bowraville NSW

My dog and I set off one day,
We didn't really know our way.
The sun was bright, the sky was blue
Out we went looking for something to do.
Across the paddock and up the hill,
Over the creek and further still,
Magpies sang, wagtails chattered
It felt like nothing mattered.
Out of the blue, the sky turned grey
No longer was it a golden day.
Black butts sway, branches fell
The way home I could not tell.
Rain came down, the creek came up
I looked down at my darling pup.
He looked at me as if to say
"Don't worry Rose, I know the way."
Under the sheoak, around the bend
I was safe with my little friend.
As our adventure came to an end
I couldn't wait to do it again.

1998 Junior Bards of Bowra Entries

BUSH CREATURES

© Whitney Welch
Year 3 - Tallowood School, Bowraville

In the bush	Hopping past
There's lots of	A big kangaroo
creatures	Flying high
Each one has	a black cockatoo.
Different features.	
If we look	Swimming fast
Under logs	In the river
We would find	Lots of fish
Snails and slugs.	Not our dinner.
Looking up	Lots of creatures
Among the trees	For us to see
We can see	So never ever
The birds and bees.	Cut down that tree.

VISIONS OF THE BUSH

© Mia M. Mackay,
Year 6 - Bowraville Central School

I look beyond the window pane,
and this is what I see,
A sweet and fragrant, freshly planted tree.
A tom tit sits upon the gate,
chirping loudly of what he ate.
As I take a breath of air,
I can smell the bush wattle everywhere.
I hear a trickle from the waterfall,
Against the timbers ever so tall.
And on the horizon, I see a wallaby,
Tucked in tight is her sweet Joey.
In the distance I should see,
The rippling rivers that wind to the sea.
And to bring my dreams back home again,
I look back into the window pane.

BUSH SPIRIT

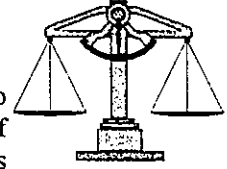
© Jennifer Haig, Cunnamulla. Q
Age 16 Years - Fairholme College, Toowoomba

I tossed it up at his command
But it didn't return to my waiting hand;
He tried to reach me, I tried to learn,
But that Boomerang would not return.
He told me time would mould my skill -
One day, it would return by will.
Then he would throw that Boomerang high
And it would return from its place in the sky.
Though he was white, he knew bush lore -
Taught me to love it and never need more.
He gave me pride to take a stand,
A knowledge strong to love the land.
I loved him so. I wished to stay.
It broke my heart to be sent away -
Off to a school in a distant place;
I miss his wisdom, I missed his face.
The dreadful shock when I was told
By a voice from home: "He's gone - he was old."
I came back home, the trip was long;
I bore it all - I had to be strong.
They gave me some roses to put on his grave;
I held back my tears - for him I was brave;
As our procession passed by the creek
A voice deep inside me demanded to speak:
*'He don't want roses - them city bred weeds,
Give him bush flowers - that's what he needs.'*
I dashed from the group, left the rose behind,
Went to Our Place - I knew what to find.
I stood by his grave, below the gum tree,
There in the bush where he wanted to be,
And I placed, with great care, a wild bush bouquet
Where his body would rest, but his soul would not stay -
Then I walked away, my deed had been done,
His life, it was over, mine just begun.
I stood where he'd stood and I gazed at the land
Remembering him; Boomerang in hand;
I filled it with love, my sorrow and pride,
A soul he had given me - a life he's helped find -
I threw it with skill, just as I should -
It came back to my hand as he'd said it would.
It was then that I cried - how could he have gone?
But in the spirit within me, Grandfather lives on.

PASSING JUDGMENT

from Liz Ward, Mt. Perry Q.

Thankyou to those members who expressed an opinion with regard to the use of props. In addition to letters appearing in this paper, several people took the trouble to write to me personally and express their views. Some for, some against. I guess it's all part of the big issue of judging which has recently come under discussion again.



While on a trip to western Queensland which took me to Charleville, Cunnamulla, Barcaldine, Muttaborra, Longreach, Winton, Cloncurry and Camooweal, then back through central Queensland, I made a point of listening to many poets and devotees of Bush Poetry who had quite a bit to say on the subject of judging, most being to some extent, dissatisfied with the present system.

Both Bob Miller and Frank Daniel have raised valid points and I will not re-iterate their observations.

I raise the point ... must we be so damn competitive? Our poetry should be enjoyable and our get-togethers based on sharing one another's talents and love of the art. Some of the best performances I've been privileged to enjoy have been around a campfire or on a mate's back lawn. No hassles, no pressure, just fun.

It is however, true that competition and the preparation for it does make us lift our game. We have seen numerous nervous novices blossom into proficient performers and hope to see many more.

It seems we all agree that knowledgeable judges are the cornerstone of equitable competition. I feel it is time for the A.B.P.A. to take the lead. Obviously we cannot and would not wish to control all competitive functions but some standards need to be met. It would be helpful for all poetry clubs to obtain and distribute copies of assessment sheets to their members.

To create a pool of accredited judges from which organisers can draw I suggest that we, the Association, contact a respected person, (for example Bruce Simpson) and ask him/her to form a panel which will run a workshop course for aspiring judges. From such a course they could emerge with a certificate of accreditation and be listed accordingly. Courses for judges are, I believe, available elsewhere, but we are moving into new ground here and there would be some special requirements.

Where, you ask? And who will attend? Perhaps a number of such workshops or seminars will be necessary in various parts of the country. It's not going to happen tomorrow but we must make a start somewhere.

Performance judging, done competently, is an arduous task. Bear in mind that we are not judging a carving, a painting on the wall or a sponge cake. We are dealing with living, breathing performers and the assessment must be made by approximately

five minutes.

Possibly the hardest thing to judge must do is to divorce him/herself from all bias and prejudice. No matter if the judge likes or dislikes the poem and/or the performer or performer's occupation or lifestyle, he/she must be fair and just.

In conclusion, let's not blame all our troubles on the judges. Competition organisers need to be aware of the pitfalls and make their conditions of entry absolutely clear to avoid confusion. The onus is on performers to confirm to these conditions. We recently saw a case where a very disgruntled performer took a bit of convincing that he had not fully perused his entry form.

Being human, we will not achieve perfection or even agreement among our learned judges. But we can make a start and try to eliminate the dissatisfaction being felt by competitors and encourage high standards, particularly among our junior members.

**KEMPSEY ALL STAR COUNTRY
MUSIC FESTIVAL
BUSH POETRY PERFORMANCE
COMPETITION RESULTS**
Traditional Section:
Reid Begg, Forster, NSW
Original Section:
Barry Jacka, Yarranbella, NSW
Bush Poet Laureate:
Peggy Channells, Macksville NSW
**Sue Mayne Memorial Award for
Encouragement**
Alan Wade, Kempsey, NSW

NORTH BY NORTHWEST

© Brian Bell, Glenbrook NSW

North by Northwest, there's a place you can go
where the moon in the Winter shines brightest of all,
where people are free to let memories flow
and wait for the Bishop to finish his shawl.

With songs set adrift to the tune of the breeze
there's music that takes you away from your plight
but under the shelter of evergreen trees
the Bishop keeps stitching far into the night.

The locals assemble to capture the mood,
the vagabond stranger, the poor and the rich.
There's love in the songs that is not misconstrued,
and we notice the Bishop re-doing a stitch.

As evening wears on there are patterns of sound,
and everyone knows this is part of the plan.
Life as we know it is breaking new ground,
and the Bishop's still stitching as fast as he can.

Then somebody loses his patience at last.
With the wind blowing cold as Chicago or Nome,
he asks why the Bishop is stitching so fast.
He answers "I left my damned parker at home".



NORTH BY NORTHWEST POETRY AND FOLK CLUB

In September, Spring was in the air as the heaters sat idle and the 'Beat Around the Bush Band' set up their gear. The evening started with poets Robert and Lois Lennard, June Redmond and Penelope Grace - topical with "Fathers Day" and "Spring".

Lol Osborn of the Wheeze 'n' Such Band and Allan Murray entertained us in song, and poets Graeme Johnson (The Confession), Rhymin' Simon (The Day It Rained at Eulo), and Joye Dempsey (Leprechauns) were great - space prevents me from going into more detail!

Our new band "Running Amok" got us warmed up for the "Beat Around the Bush Band" whose interesting and varied selection of music entertained us in fine style. Another set from our poets and before we knew it, the evening was over.

The Cornucopia Cafe in September was very successful- we all want to do it again and we plan our next afternoon there on 12th December. This date will be confirmed next month.

On November 5th, the first anniversary of our club, we are very proud to present our own newly formed band "Running Amok" - Don't miss them and our special guests! Come along and celebrate this special evening with us.

On December 3rd, we have unaccompanied music with "Triantan" - acoustic music at it's best - no need for microphones.

We meet at 7.30pm on the 1st Thursday of the month, Uniting Church Hall, 2 Cutler Parade, North Ryde - more details from Jenny 02 9887 1856/015 227 479 or Graeme 02 9874 7653. *Jenny Carter*

McTURVEY'S HUT - © Ellis Campbell, Dubbo, NSW

Winner Section 3 - 1998 Bards of Bowra Open Written Competition

Old McTurvey built his mansion, using memory as a mould,
on the banks of Scabby Gully, famous once for precious gold.
He selected it's location where he had a valid reason,
and designed his rough hewn dwelling to accommodate the season.

For McTurvey was a miner once, before he went to goal;
and he dreamed of rich bonanzas nestled close beneath the shale.
There beside old Scabby Gully, just across from his abode,
he believed the priceless metal lay in shallow fissured lode.

While he swung his five pound Kelly, and it's echoes hollowed shrill,
the ironbark saplings tumbled on the side of Rosser's Hill.
With an ox-like strength he lumbered down the hill-side with his load;
and delivered logs, complete with bark, to start his new abode.

And he pared some rough hewn notches near the ends of every one,
to include the "pig-sty" system, like his mining mates had done.
Now the walls were soon completed through this wily bushman's craft;
but the wining westerlies blew cold, creating fearsome draught.

To the gully's banks he ventured, where he dug some sticky clay;
and he moulded it to fit the logs, but threw the stones away.
And soon every crack was plastered well, to thwart the evening breeze;
and he built the door with stringy-bark he stripped from nearby trees.

As a farmer just across the way was cleaning out his shed;
old McTurvey blundered down the track and to this fellow said,
"Can I take some hay to thatch me roof, before it bloody rains?
I have plastered all the walls with mud and dug the table drains."

Old Malone, a friendly farmer, wiped his brow beneath his cap,
"Sure, it's only rubbish from the floor - you take the lot, old chap."
So he carted hay and thatched his roof, and made it water tight;
and his mission was completed, well before the second night.

Now inside his hut he lies and dreams of gold he'll find one day;
for his shaft by Scabby Gully's banks will surely pay it's way.
Well contented in his dwelling, at the foot of Rosser's Hill;

GULGONG FESTIVAL 19-20 Sept. 1998

The inaugural Gulgong Country Music Festival was held on 19th and 20th September under the leadership of Daryl Jackson and a loyal crew of supporters.

Prime requisite was the incorporation of Bush Poetry and a very successful Breakfast and competition was held on the Sunday Morning.

The incomparable Frank 'Joe' Daniel headed the cast of stars and kept the program running at a good pace finishing up right on time for a sumptuous barbecued dinner.

A number of new voices accredited themselves very well in the open competition. No mean feat against the likes of the eventual winners and placegetters.

The competition, though very informal, was more than entertaining with the poets getting into the swing of things quickly with a warm up session before the competition started.

The challengers met in three separate rounds with the Original Section going to Ellis Campbell (Dubbo), Neil Carrol (Dubbo) and Milton Taylor (Portland) in that order. The Humorous Section was won by Milton Taylor followed by a new young poet in Errol Cracken of Narromine and Neil Carrol.

Milton won the Serious rounds with Ellis Campbell and Malcolm Tink (Dubbo) tailing him up.

Overall the standard was very high and the organisers are planning for another assault on Bush Poetry in 1999. Well done Gulgong.

WHAT IS LEFT TO WRITE ABOUT ?? © Flo Hart, Mt. Tyson Qld.

There's poetry at the pub again-
They've asked me to take part:
I'd better scribble something new,
But goodness! Where to start??
My brain's gone into overload -
So much to think about -
The G.S.T and last year's tax,
Old age, the floods and drought.
Last year I wrote of snakes and guns,
The law and politics -
I promise if you vote ME in
These problems I will fix.
I've written of my years at school
And how the times have changed
Of chipping burrs, recycling,
Bush picnics we arranged.
The trials of our pioneers,
Brave men who went to war,
My childhood in the country,
Don Bradman's batting score.
The teams of bullocks, camels, too,
That opened up this land;

The stockmen, drovers, horses, dogs,
A conscientious band.
I've mentioned all my family -
Portrayed them warts and all;
Our pets, the bushland, circus clowns,
Swagmen who used to call.
Those stories that my Grandpa told,
I've now put into rhyme -
Must pass them on to grandchildren,
Not let them fade with time.
Our shearing, branding, droving days
Cause hassles, it is true,
So when I've wiped away my tears,
The funny side I view.
I make folk laugh, I make them cry,
But pray I do not bore,
So, if I see them nodding off
Or walking out the door,
I know it's time to call a halt
And go back to my seat;
Perhaps next year I'll write about
My poor darned ACHING FEET !!

Welcome to New Members

Garry Boyd, Gulgong NSW
Barry Brown, Rosebery, NSW
Bob Bush, Wallsend NSW
Diana Davis, Kynnumboon, NSW
Lyle Deed, Willunga SA
John McColm, Beralla NSW
David Meyers, Pearce ACT
Roger Hocking, Taralga, NSW
L. W. Matteson, E Lismore, NSW
Mary Meehan, Seaford, SA
Jessica Phelan, Thangool, Q.
Judiane Schultz, Alstonville NSW
Pat Wise, Toiga, Q.

WANTED

BUSH POETRY WITH A
CHRISTMAS THEME ON ANY
TOPIC FOR INCLUSION IN
DECEMBER NEWSLETTER
Please send to the Editor as
soon as possible
MANY THANKS Ed.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR

Dear Editor,

Recently I wrote the above verse for a "Poetry at the Pub" night, and, in view of recent letters in our newsletter, I feel it proves a point raised - "What is Left to Write About?" that has not already been written? I'm sure everyone reading my poem, will have used the topics mentioned, just as past poets have done, and as future writers will.

The same places, people and events inspire us all, so we reach for pen and paper to record them in our own words, from our own points of view. Most novels have similar themes, romance, adventure, heartbreak, the only differences being the time, place and names. Unless we deliberately set out to steal another writer's ideas or phrases, we have no reason to feel guilty. Often it is just coincidence, or "Great Minds Think Alike!"

After all, my ancestors faced the same pioneering problems that yours did, so why can't we record these, each in our own way for our family history?

Today, I am affected by the same politics, life style, drought, floods etc. as everyone else is, so those are the things we write about. There is already enough "Political Correctness" to abide by.

Let A.B.P.A. members just be proud to read, write and enjoy clean Bush Verse without too many rules and regulations! These could stifle our pleasure and talent!
Happy writing, *Flo Hart*

THE BUSH POET

(C) "The Legend" Kev J. Barnes, Millmerran QLD

Me smokes I have run out of and me coffee has all gone,
Seems everything I get to do, always turns out wrong.
I went to write a poem, but me pen, I'd lost the nib,
And while searchin' for another, I fell and broke a rib.

Now I got to take things easy, so's I won't do any harm,
And buggar me I slipped and fell, and broke me bloody arm.
I came out of the doctors, me arm now in a sling
And I thought about my keg o' rum, I'd go home and have a fling.

The opening instructions said "Give the bung a twist."
And I know ya won't believe me, but I sprained me bloody wrist.
The rum it spilled just everywhere, an empty was me keg,
And again I fell on rum soaked floor, and broke me flamin' leg.

So with plaster half way up one side, and bandages as well
Nothing more could go wrong, but, you guessed it, sure as hell
When I woke up in the morning, I'd spent the night in bed,
There was this thumpin' goin' on, a hammer in me head.

Now I had to write this poem, so I said, "Hey, what the heck!"
And buggar me, I stood up wrong, and crinked my bloody neck.
Now I am sure if you could see me, with arm and leg in plaster
A bandaged wrist, a twisted head, I'm a walking damn disaster.

But because I'm a Bush Poet, I don't let things get me down,
I'll paint a grin upon me face, and cover up me frown.
'Cause I have to write this poem, before the idea goes,
And I hope that you can read it, 'cause I wrote it with me toes.

FUN FOR TWO AT BUNDY from Liz Ward

At our 1998 Bush Poets Muster in July at Bundaberg, we instigated a new performance section, the "Duo Performance" which proved popular and other groups may find it worthwhile. The section was defined as a poem to be performed by two persons of any age, sex, race or religious persuasion.

So many entries were received for the Saturday performance that we were forced to start an hour early on Sunday to get all competitors through.

Some performances were serious, others hilarious. The event was finally won with a memorable performance of "The Drovers' Cook" by Tom and Carmel Dunn.



G'DAY FROM SOUTH AUSTRALIA

Well poetry is still going at a flat gallop and there's plenty of Good News in S.A.

We are very proud of Jacquelyn Cleary who achieved First Place in the open section for adults in the Victor Harbour Folk Festival Poetry Competition. Her poem "The Line" was a personal and sensitive poem about her and her sister growing up into adulthood. Despite the obvious differences between them, underneath it all is their bond that no line defines. A simply beautiful poem. *Congratulations!*

Victor Harbour Folk Festival was a priceless opportunity to meet other poets from other walks of life and to share experiences. It was great to rub shoulders with poets who had much more experience in the public sector.

Appearing at the festival was Geoffrey Graham, a true performer who can hold an audience in his hands and roll them down the aisles laughing. Also Les Barker from England, a quirky poet who had his tongue firmly planted in his cheek and wrote some very cheeky poems. These two performers, and many more really gave the Festival colour when it came to poetry.

Member Mary Meehan launched her book "French Quisine" (and she didn't need a catapult), with posters, T shirts and great support from her folk club friends. She shared her poetry to a full hall, everyone enjoying it tremendously. Her book is sure to sell well.

Poets Breakfasts - Kath and Mike Edgecombe have done much to improve reception for poets of all walks of life

- not just bush poets. The breakfasts were open for anyone to read with a laid back attitude that invited beginners to try their wares. Brad Mills once again read some of his poems and we met many new poets eager to know more about SA Bush Poetry.

Poet's Cocktail Hour - Mary Meehan, Jacquelyn Cleary and I were invited to be part of this performance based poetry hour, along with Tom Penna, Geoffrey Graham and Les Barker. It was a really fun time that I will long remember.

A Bush Poet from K. I. - In the Victor Harbour Folk Festival written competition for Bush Poetry, a South Aussie beat the rest in style. Thanks to publicity in the ABPA newsletter, the entries came from across the nation. Our eastern cousins tried their best, and to their merit achieved some. The winner however was a farmers wife from Kangaroo Island, trying her poetry out for the first time. Her poem called "Bob's Nobs" was the winner !!

Let me introduce to you *Gaynor Bowden*, a mum of four sons, stepping out, and I must say with style. She writes with real Aussie wit about life on the land, especially on KI. Gaynor does have a real gift of putting words together in a very creative way. She is a prolific writer and plans to publish a book in the near future - soon I hope. Good on you Gaynor.

I have also released my own book "The Essence of the Aussie Spirit" (well it's a little book), but it's a start. I have also been working locally - recently to an International Convention for Wood Collectors, performing poetry and talking about Australia. Cheers, *Peter Chapman*

BOB'S NOBS © Gaynor Bowden, Kangaroo Island SA -

When the letter came with the fancy name
of Oswald J. Harrington-Brown
Bob thought for a while, then said with a smile,
"By Crikey! It's old Johnny Brown."
"He's advanced in life," Bob said to his wife,
"He's now near the top of the tree.
For he's married well to an Annabel
of impeccable pedigree."
"He's written to say they're coming our way.
They'll be touring the Island soon
and he'd like to call on this friend from school
on Sunday the fifteenth of June."
"Tomorrow!" she cried. "They've sure got a hide.
I guess they'll want caviar too!
Well this ain't the Ritz. There's stale Vita Brits
unless they'd prefer kangaroo!"
Of course she came good. He knew that she would.
She cooked up a gourmet repast.
"I'll not let my Bob be snubbed by a snob.
I'll crawl so my man's not outclassed!"
She found that a moth had nibbled the cloth
and borrowed a neighbour's instead.
"We're acting like clowns. These Harrington-Browns
had better be worth it," she said.
The kids stood and stared as serviettes aired.
They questioned their big brother Steve.
"That's what them rich nobbs wipe over their gobs
when there's no room left on their sleeve."

- Winner of Victor Harbour Folk Fest. Written Competition

Then Bob went and bought a prize winning Port
to sip while they had a good chat.
It just wouldn't do to serve the home brew.
The last batch had crippled the cat!
The kids were well-drilled. Their poor heads were filled
with 'do not's and not many do's,
'til Steve crossly said, "I'd rather be dead
than minding me 'p's and me 'q's!"
By Sunday no trace of dirt marred the place.
It really was cleaner than clean.
Young Steve made the point, "Just look at our joint.
You'd think we're expecting the Queen!"
Then Bob spied a flock of sheep on the block
where wheat was just starting to sprout.
The small kids and Mum were yelled at to "Come
and help get the mongrel sheep out!"
They opted to leave the home front to Steve.
The Harrington-browns he would greet.
"Just state we must choose some prize winning ewes
but don't say they're out in the wheat!"
The sheepwork was done. The dog made them run.
He mustered with blistering speed.
"Your nobbs haven't come," young Steve told his Mum,
"but just then I did a good deed."
This tourist bloke came along with a dame,
and asked if a Robert lives near."
"Well, what did you say?" asked Bob in dismay,
"I told him no Robert lives here!"

REMEMBER "THE BREAKER" - 96 YEARS ON

Dear Editor,

I recently visited my parents who live at Mullaway (a small coastal village just north of Coffs Harbour) and in the course of a conversation with my father Bill, which was centered around Australia's military achievements and the stoic and fearless character of the men and women of our military forces, he knowing I also had a deep interest in Australia's early settlers, poets and balladeers brought to my attention an article headlined "The Nats Look After Breaker".

The article, with the permission of Prue Phillips the editor of the "National Leader", the newsletter of the Australian National Party, is outlined hereunder:

"Ninety-six years after Breaker Morant was courtmartialled and executed for alleged atrocities against Boer prisoners and civilians, his vandalised grave has been repaired by the Australian Government.

The neglected grave, which is situated in a quiet civilian section of the Church Street cemetery in Pretoria, was noticed by Senator Sandy Macdonald on an official visit to South Africa.

Disturbed by it's condition, Sandy, on his return to Australia, notified National Party colleague and Minister for Veteran Affairs, Bruce Scott.

On behalf of the Government, Bruce accepted responsibility for the upkeep of the grave and action was taken to have it repaired.

Since his execution by firing squad, the charismatic "Breaker" Morant has become, for many Australians, a symbol of early and British treachery and breach of faith".

A photograph of the newly restored grave accompanied the article.

The headstone is marked as seen in the insert to the right -

The reading of this article was, to say the least, an emotional experience for me. I felt happy to hear that the grave had been restored (even though I was unaware of it's vandalism), proud of how, as Australians Harry Morant and Peter Handcock had done

their job and how they bravely faced and met their fate at the hands of a British firing squad at sunrise on 27th February, 1902. Above all of this, I felt obliged to report the restoration to the members of our Association. I feel sure everyone will be thankful to those responsible for the restoration and upkeep despite political leanings each of us embraces.

For those who have not been fortunate enough to read the book called "*Scapegoats of the Empire*", written by Lieutenant George Witton (published by Angus & Robertson in 1982), if you can get a copy, I recommend it as compulsory reading for all bush poets.

A British court martial tried Harry Morant, Peter Handcock and George Witton (the author of "*Scapegoats of the Empire*") convened during the Boer War in Pretoria for the shooting of Boer prisoners. All three men were Australian Officers of the Bushveldt Carbineers.

They defended the charges but tragically the trial resulted in the execution of Harry Morant, Peter Handcock and imprisonment for life of George Witton. The latter was set free from an English goal after serving three years of his life sentence as a consequence of instance diplomatic pressure by Australia being placed on England which included strong representations from Mr. Alfred Deakin, the then Prime Minister of Australia.

George Witton died of a heart attack in 1942. From the time of his return to Australia, when he was welcomed home as a hero, he had been involved in farming enterprises in Queensland and Victoria.

It would be remiss of me not to mention John Thomas the 'bush lawyer' from Tenterfield who acted as defence counsel. He was also the proprietor of "The Tenterfield Star" which strongly supported Federation, decentralization and the formation of the Country Party. He was fighting with a unit of Australian Bushmen when he was commissioned to act as the defence counsel in the trial. He and others regarded the inherent responsibilities as beyond his capabilities but he did the job.

All three men pleaded 'not guilty' to the charges stating that they were simply following orders - orders denied to have been issued. To-day it seems sure that these orders were issued and 'The Breaker' and his 'Mate' were sacrificed for the sake of political expediency.

Would it be possible to bring them home and bury them in Bourke in the company of Fred Hollows? Immortality in a bush poets graveyard.

Phil Johnson, Member A.B.P.A., Lismore, NSW

TO THE MEMORY OF
P. HANDCOCK
AND
HENRY H. MORANT
27th FEB. 1902

"HE THAT LOSETH HIS LIFE
SHALL FIND IT"

*This untitled poem was written by
"The Breaker"
on the eve of his death.*

In prison cell I sadly sit,
A d.....d crestfallen chappy,
And own to you I feel a bit -
A little bit - unhappy.

It really ain't the place nor time
To reel off rhyming diction;
And yet we'll write a final rhyme
While waiting crucifixion

Not matter what 'end' they decide -
Quick-lime? or 'b'iling ile?' sir -
We'll do our best when crucified
To finish off in style sir?

But we bequeath a parting tip
For sound advice of such men
Who come across in transport ships
to polish off the Dutchmen.

If you encounter any Boers
You really must not loot 'em
And, if you wish to leave these shores,
For pity's sake, *don't shoot 'em.*

And if you'd earn a D.S.O.,
Why every British sinner,
Should know the proper way to go
Is: *Ask the Boer to dinner.*

Let's toss a bumper down our throat
Before we pass to heaven
And toast: "The trim-set petticoat
We leave behind in Devon".

REMEMBERING ON REMEMBRANCE DAY 1998

THE OPTIMIST © John Harris, Kalang, NSW

They coo'ed through the valleys,
And called them to the drum,
So another hundred thousand men,
Signed up to feed the guns.

They combed the country townships,
And the lonely country farms,
For men to wear the uniform,
To heed this call to arms.

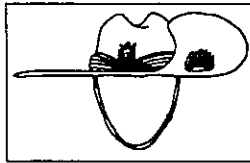
They took the young and fittest,
For they only want the best,
And some isolated country towns,
Had very few men left.

"We're off to fight the Kaiser,
We're off to help the Brits.
Someone has to stop the Hun,
and we're the boys for it.

We'll show 'em, 'cause we're Aussies,
And we never shirk a fight,
So when we come across a Hun,
We'll show him who is right.

We WON'T be gone FOREVER,
It may not take a year,
Till we get this whole show sorted out,
And get back home to here.

Now don't you get yourself upset,
There's enough to keep you busy,
You mustn't carry on this way
You'll end up in a tizzy!



So put your arms around me,
And kiss me on the cheek,
It really shouldn't take us long,
I might be home next week.

Now come on girl, you must cheer up,
This is no time for tears,
We'll knock 'em over pretty quick,
Of course it won't take YEARS.

By the time I've done me training,
And I'm ready for the ship,
This war may well be over,
And I'll never get a trip.

But, I'll get to go to Sydney,
And see the City's sights,
But this war will soon be over,
And I'll never have to fight.

The Hun will change his big ideas,
When he's lost a few good men,
So at worst, it may be half a year,
Until I'm home again.

So wipe away those silly tears,
and let me have a smile,
'Cause when I'm going off to war,
I want to go in style.

LEST WE FORGET

© Flo Hart, Pittsworth, Qld.

Lest we forget those keen young men
Who answered our nation's call;
Lest we forget their bravery
As they saw their comrades fall.

From every walk of life they came,
Clerk, shearer and farmer's son;
United in one common cause,
For that battle must be won.

Some braved the beach at Anzac Cove,
Where they faced the Turkish might;
Some weathered hot Egyptian sands,
Many went to France to fight.

Lest we forget the Anzacs' sons
And daughters in World War II -
Lest we forget they fought for us
At Trobruk, New Guinea too.

War in Korea and Vietnam,
Saw the spirit rise again;
Dangers and hardships overcome,
While honour and pride remain.

Once more our nation's flag unfurled,
When called to the Middle East;
Our men flown to Somalia
In a bid to keep the peace.

Lest we forget, let's sing our praise
Of Anzacs' brave and true;
Lest we forget, let's pass it on
So children remember too.

THE DIGGER

© George New, Coffs Harbour, NSW

The year was Nineteen Thirty Nine,
he, one of the first to hear
his nation's Bugle call to arms
as he was a volunteer.

Just a lad when he enlisted
hardly time enough to live
but his country was in trouble
and he knew he had to give.

To most it was an adventure
some boyhood prankish endeavour
never knowing that in a few short years
their lives would change forever.

The Queen Mary left with stealth by night
as the enemy had ears,
no one there to see them off
so they didn't see the tears.

He saw action over in Africa
El Alamein and Tobruk,
he remembers the Desert well
and the many young lives it took.

From there it was off to New Guinea
the jungle and the mud,
there also the cost of freedom
was paid in Aussie blood.

He was one of the so called lucky ones
to those he loved, made it home
while many of his Comrades
lie up there all alone.

The years of war had scarred his soul
body and the mind
and on those battle fields afar
he left his boyhood years behind.

He tried to make it in civvy life
but things were not the same,
sleep would only come with drugs
and Alcohol numbed the pain.

Even so every year in November
on the eleventh hour of the eleventh day
to fulfill a promise he made years ago
he would make his way.

to stand there by the Cenotaph
head bowed and deep in thought,
remembering all his fallen mates
and the battles fought.

In October Nineteen Ninety Four
he rejoined his fallen mates
he'd lost that final battle
and at long last peace awaits.

I for one, will never forget
the effect on him war had,
he will live on in my memory
'cause this Digger was my Dad.



THE WAR GRAVES

Villers Brettoneaux

A Sonnet by Graham Fredriksen, Kilcoy, Q. ©

A stone obelisk with a bronze sword towers
above Australian graves in foreign loam -
stark white crosses 'midst flowering fields where
they fought life's last battle, harvested there
in shell-turned vales a million miles from home.
Villagers remember - and tend the flowers.

Like shrines of Valhalla - yes heroes all -
the acres of men who answered the call.

They stared straight at War - at it's ugly mouth;
"And their names shall liveth for evermore"
carved in stone on the long, long silent rows
of Death, where now shaded green garden grows
o'er bones exiled on an alien shore -
but their souls perhaps have flown further south.



HIGH COUNTRY POETS

from Jack Drake, Eukey Q.

Bush Poetry in the Granite Highlands is coming to the fore. At O'Mara's Lounge bar on Monday 28th September at 4pm, the first sod was turned, so to speak, for the district's first Performance Poetry Contest to be held in conjunction the Granite Belt Tourist Association's "Wine and Food Affair '99" on Saturday 13th February, 1999.

The banner, advertising the forthcoming competition, was hoisted for all locals and visitors to the area, to see that "O'Mara's High Country Poets" will be held there, inviting all Bush Poets to compete for a total prize money of \$2,000. Sponsors include O'Mara's Hotel which is offering \$1,000 to the best performance of an Open Original piece of Bush Poetry plus 2nd and 3rd prizes. Castlemaine Perkins is also offering prizes for the Open Traditional Performance Section and in keeping with the "Wine & Food" part of the Affair, Hidden Creek Winery from Ballandean will be offering prizes to both the Novice Performance section and Junior Performance Section. Hidden Creek Winery will also be displaying their products at the event on 13th February, 1999.

An Encouragement Award will be given to the most promising performer by Red Gum Ridge Trail Rides, Eukey.

Senior Judge on the panel will be Bruce Simpson of "Packhorse Drover" fame who is also a renowned poet. The event will commence at 4pm with compere for the evening, Jack Drake.

Entry forms and details of the competition are now available to all budding Bush Poets from either O'Mara's Hotel, Maryland Street, Stanthorpe Q 4380 or from Jack Drake at "Red Gum Ridge Trail Rides", PO 414, Stanthorpe Q 4380. Performers on the day, will be in order of entry forms receipt.

It is hoped that this event will become an annual affair as the Bush Poetry scene in Australia grows in popularity.

To co-incide with the announcement of this exciting competition, Jack Drake chose to launch his new Bush Poetry book "Duck for Cover". Jack has been performing locally for some years now, and took out the Open Original Written Section of this years Oracles of the Bush at Tenterfield. This gives him the curious title of a "Looming Legend" in Tenterfield Terminology. His winning poem "The Cattle Dog's Revenge" is included in his book. Jack has been receiving requests for copies of his work and decided it was time to publish. Jack was available at O'Mara's on the launch night to sign copies of his new book.

THE CURSE OF THE POET © Jack Drake, Eukey, Q

The contest was on Saturday and steeled for the test
I paid my entry. I'd be there to mix it with the best.

This verse of mine had what it takes to make an epic poem
For all past mediocrity this surely would atone.

Champ, Open Original. The crown I longed to wear!
Bush fires, flooded rivers notwithstanding, I'd be there,
To best the leading wordsmiths, competition tough and hard,
To wear the winner's laurels and declare myself a bard.

I fairly reeked with confidence. No doubt could drag me down.
This day was fated to be mine. I'd surely wear the crown.
I got there with an hour to spare and slowly strolled about.
While running through my masterpiece - the winner beyond doubt.

Soon I would join the inner circle - be admitted to the Bar.
For today I'd be the nemesis of poets near and far.
I strode straight out upon the stage exhibiting the signs
Of a winner as I stood there, and forgot my bloody lines.

REPORT & RESULTS

1998 CAMP OVEN

BUSH POETRY FESTIVAL

A total of 38 Bush Poets registered to compete for a total of 125 on stage performances.

Judges: Marco Gliori, Ray Essery, Glenn Palmer, Michael Darby & Alan Nolan.

Comperes: Marco Gliori, Ray Essery, John Coutts, Graham Fredriksen & Brian Perran.

We all missed Bobby Miller as he was very ill and confined to bed. Category winners as follows:

Category 1 - Juniors

1st - Jennifer Haig, Eulo

2nd - Kelsey Horton, Upper Mt. Gravatt

3rd - Regan Culpitt, Clayfield.

Highly Comm. - Sarah-Jane Driver, Kilkivan.

Category 2 - Novice

1st - Anita Reed, Holland Park

2nd Bill MacClure, Tin Can Bay

3rd Carrol Stratford, Woodridge

Highly Comm. - Ross Keppel, Bundaberg.

Category 3 - Original

1st - Carmel Dunn, Warwick

2nd - Janine Haig, Eulo

3rd - Chris Webster, Bundaberg.

Category 4 - Open Serious Female

1st - Carmel Dunn, Warwick

2nd - Liz Ward, Mt. Perry

3rd - Chris Webster - Bundaberg

Category 5 - Open Serious Male

1st - Guy McLean, Susan River Homestead.

2nd - Noel Stallard, Orana Hills

3rd - Bob Burgess, Cairns.

Category 6 - Open Humorous Female

1st - Carmel Dunn, Warwick

2nd - Chris Webster, Bundaberg.

3rd - Anita Hendrie, Milton.

Category 7 - Open Humorous Male

1st - Guy McLean, Susan River Homestead

2nd - John Best, Whiteside

3rd - Noel Stallard, Orana Hills.

Pine Rivers Shire Council Mayor's Encouragement Award (\$50.00)

Jennifer Haig, Eulo.

Camp Oven Festival Champion

Winner of Camp Oven donated by
"Dad & Daves Billy Tea & Damper"

Carmel Dunn, Warwick

It was interesting to note all contestants were from Queensland.

Camp Oven Award for Written Bush Verse

112 Entries Received

1st - Veronica Weal, Mt. Isa for

"The Bay With The Star and A Ship"

2nd - Ron Stevens, Dubbo, NSW

"The Jinglestirrup Singles Club"

3rd - Ron Stevens - "Roll Call"

3 Highly Commended were

Ellis Campbell - *Adam Lindsay Gordon*

and *Cotterpin, The Airborne Orator*

Veronica Weal - *Where The Eagle's Shadow Falls*

The North Pine Bush Poets Group would like to thank all entrants, competitors, spectators, comperes, judges organisers and sponsors for their support of our competition.

John Coutts, Secretary.

OUT ON THE ROLLING PLAINS

© Bluey Francis, White Cliffs, NSW.

I'm sitting here in an easy chair
With a view of the harbour bridge,
A nice cold beer and a wife so dear,
Surrounded by my grand kids.

But I long to go where the whirl winds blow
Before the summer storms
And the first big drops of rain explode,
On the hot sand like a bomb.

Oh the scent of the dry grass when it rains
Can send a man insane,
That's why I long to go once more,
Back to the rolling plains.

This city life it's not for me,
For I can't see the sky,
Or the stars at night in the pale moonlight
As in my swag I lie.

I miss the billy on the boil,
And the mulga wood camp fire,
And miles of open grazing land,
Not spoiled by fencing wire.

The outback folk I knew out there,
For a hundred mile or more,
But the ones in town they don't call round,
I don't know who lives next door.

So take me back before I die,
So I can live again,
Those younger days when work was play,
Out on those rolling plains.

Yes I long to go where the whirl winds blow,
And an eagle souring high
And a billy boiling on the coals,
Then I'll gladly say goodbye.

So take me back before I die,
So I can live again,
Those younger days when work was play
Out on those rolling plains.

NEW POETS GROUP IN MILLMERRAN, Q

The newly formed Millmerran Bush Poets group held their first night of poetry Friday 2nd October, 1998 at the Millmerran Bakery. A number of poets attended and recited a few poems. The group will gather on the first Friday of each month about 7pm. Anyone travelling through will be made welcome, so if you are in the area drop in for a cuppa and a poem or two.

Give the "Legend", Kev Barnes a ring on 07 4695 4209 any time and he'll tell you all about it.

**WANTED - CHRISTMAS THEME
POEMS FOR DECEMBER ISSUE**
Please send to The Editor ASAP. Ta.



JONDARYAN WOOLSHED BUSH POETRY COMPETITION

A Bush Poetry Performance Competition will again be held as part of the Jondaryan Country Music Rush on Sunday 21st March, 1999. The competition will take the form of a Poets Breakfast to commence at 7 am. Entries close on 10th March and fees vary from between \$2.00 and \$5.00 per section.

The competition includes sections for Junior, Male and Female for both Traditional and Original works and a Poets Cutout of 1 minute duration.

Additionally a written competition is also open to entries, closing on 1st March which has sections for Primary and High School Students as well as a Senior Section.

This year, the competition will be held in the forecourt of the Woolshed where breakfast will be served rather than in the shearer's kitchen as in the past. Should it be raining there will be no problem with cover and the venue is closer to the country music should the audience wish to see both.

The competition will commence at 8am, allowing an hour's warm up time for performers during breakfast.

Entry forms are available from Jondaryan Woolshed Country Music Rush, PO Box 7038, Toowoomba Mail Centre, 4352 Ph 07 4635 6429 ah



POETS AND MATES

October Poet's and Mates were successful beyond our wildest dreams with an audience much higher than anticipated. We were happy about that and judging by the feedback everyone had a great night.

Noel Stallard was his usual brilliant self as Farther John O'Brien much to the delight of those who cut their teeth "around the boree log". And those hearing O'Brien for the first time had that look of having made a great discovery - which it would be.

Yours truly had a great time portraying C.J. Dennis. It was very satisfying to see the looks of sheer enjoyment on the faces of younger and older members of the audience during pieces like "An Old Master". To me that indicated a pride in the heritage the bullockies left us - just one of many heritage facets covered on the night.

Both Noel and I had audience participation and did they enjoy getting involved. We had more ham than a delicatessen. They were great sports and added to the fun of the evening.

Next Poets and Mates is at 8pm Thursday 5th November, at Kallangur Community Centre, 1480 Anzac Avenue, Kallangur.

We will be featuring two lady poets many will be seeing for the first time. Their work is only superb and something special to look forward to. First is Jenny Jeays who is a retired speech and drama teacher with an impressive range of beautiful thoughts set to verse. And then we have Alexandra Moreno who is not only an accomplished poet but is also a gifted musician and dancer.

Our December Poets and Mates will be on Thursday, 3rd December and will feature Mark Tempany, Santa Clause and yours truly. Don't miss this one unless you think ill of Christmas.

You can enjoy Poets and Mates for only \$10.00 which includes a light supper. We'd love the pleasure of your company. Phone Wally (the Bear) or Mary Finch 07 3886 0747. See you there! *Wally Finch*

**WANTED - Bush Theme BUSH POETRY FOR
INCLUSION IN 1998 AUSTRALIAN BUSH
POETS ANNUAL - PLEASE SEND TO
President RON SELBY - Address on Page 2**

NEWSLETTER COPY IS DUE BY 10TH EA MONTH



POET'S CALENDAR OF EVENTS AND COMPETITIONS

- Oct 17-18 **Dungog Heritage W'end.** Dungog Bush Poetry Conc & Comp. Bob Skelton 02 4953 2751 P16
- Oct 23-25 **Merimbula Country Music Fest.** Merimbula NSW Poets Breakfast & Performance P 16
- Oct 25 **Pine Lodge Bush Poetry Fest.** Thornlands Q. Comp. **CANCELLED**, Poetry & music still on P16
- Oct30-Nov 2 **Maldon Folk Festival.** Maldon, Vic. Vintage Verse, Yarn Event, Breakfast. Details P16
- Oct31-Nov 8 **Land of the Beardies Festival.** Breakfast & Performance Comp. Nell Perkins, 3/125 Church Street, Glen Innes, NSW 2370 P16
- Nov 1 **Beltaine Festival.** Wilberforce NSW. Poets Breakfast 8.30am Ph 02 4572 6128 P16
- Nov 5 **Poets & Mates.** 8 pm Kallangur Community Centre, Q. Phone 07 3886 0747 P 16
- Nov 8 **Mid Coast Bikers and Bush Bards Bar-B-Q.** 10.30am Hollisdale, via Wauchope NSW P16
- Nov 13 **Snowy Mountains Championships.** Tumbarumba, NSW Details P 16
- Nov 13-14 **Glengallen Fest.** Warwick, Q Concert & Perf. Comp. P. 16
- Nov 28 **Heritage Aust Music Fest.** Annandale NSW, Poets Brunch 12 -2pm. Pages 16
- Nov 30 **Closing Date. 1998 Bush Laureate Awds.** Golden Gumleaf Enterprises, See Pages 4 & 16
- Nov 30 **Closing Date. Blackened Billy Verse Competition.** Written Competition. P16
- Nov 30 **Closing Date. Coffs Harbour City Council Written Competition** Details Pages 17
- Nov 30 **Closing Date. Macfie Clan Society Poetry Comp.** Phone 07 5466 5269 Details page 4.
- Dec 2 **Palma Rosa Poets.** 7.30 pm 9 Queens Rd., Hamilton, Bris., Q. Guy McLean & "Nugget" and Mark Tempany - \$15 per head incl Supper. Bookings essential Ph. 07 3268 3624 or 07 3262 3769 P17
- Dec 3 **Poets & Mates** Kallangur Community Centre, 1480 Anzac Ave. Kallangur 8pm. Featuring Mark Tempany, Santa and Wally Finch Ph Wally 07 38860747 P13
- Jan 20-23 **Tamworth Bush Poetry Competition.** Imperial Hotel, Tamworth, NSW. Performance Comp. P17
- Jan 23 '99 **Blackened Billy Verse Comp. Presentations,** Imperial Hotel, Tamworth NSW P16
- Jan 29 **Closing Date. John O'Brien Poetry & Prose Comp.** Phone 1800 672392
- Jan 31 **Closing Date. Bronze Swagman Award Written Competition.** Phone 07 4657 1502 P17
- Feb 10 **Closing Date. High Country Poets Comp.** Stanthorpe Q. Details P 12 & 17
- Feb 13-14 **High Country Poets Performance Competition.** Ph. Jack Drake 07 4683 7169 P 12 & P17
- Mar 17-21 **John O'Brien Bush Festival.** Narrandera, NSW Ph 1800 672392 P17
- Mar 20-21 **Jondaryan Woolshed.** Jondaryan, Q. Written and Performance Bush Poetry Comp. Page 13 & 17
- April 4 **Nambucca Heads Bowling Club, NSW.** Poets Breaky open mike \$5.00 incl hot meal ph 02 6568 5269.
- April 23-25 **Waltzing Matilda Bush Poetry Championships.** Details P 17
- May 14-18 **Australian Bush Poetry Championships.** Mulwala Services Club, NSW Details P 17

ABPA Annual Memberships Due on 1.1.99 - 31.12.99 - \$25.00 PER YEAR



"AROUND THE CAMPFIRE" at Kyabram, Vic.

Sixteen performers contributed to another great night at Ky on Sept. 17 at Mick Coventry's "Tijuana" reception room. Mick and "Skew Wiff" Watt co-compered the night.

Our group was well represented by Herb McCrum, Des Ginnane, Denis Attwood, Les Parkinson, Grace Leamon, Johnny Johansen, Neil Hulm, Bev Williams and Peter Worthington. Visiting poets included Tammy Muir, Beth Bashford, Trevor Hargreaves, Reg Phillips, Murray Dixon, Cheryl Meyer and Paul Merrigan. The support from the Lions Club was terrific. Winners on the night were:

Best Poet: Tammy Muir **Best Yarnspinner:** Johnny Johansen.

The Primary School Written Competition was also held with 100 entries from four schools. The winning poet being **Erin Young** from Stanthorpe Primary School.

We are looking at ideas for our Christmas meeting and next March we are involved with the "Back to Kyabram" event. Your pal in poetry, *Grahame Watt.*

THANKYOU !!!

Sandra Binns of Kincumber NSW writes -

"I always knew bush poets were a beaut bunch, but I can hardly believe the response to my request for books for young Ben's auction! I have about 30 books to date. I would like to sincerely thank poets who so generously responded to my request via the pages of our newsletter.

The auction to raise funds is scheduled to be held in early November and I'll let you know how much we raised.

George New of Coffs Harbour, NSW writes -

Many thanks to all those poets who were so kind as to have sent me tapes and CD's and I would like to, by way of this letter, show my appreciation. All poetry sent to me has received exposure on my program "Bards of the Bush" on our newest community radio station in Coffs Harbour, 2AIR FM.

The receipt of your material has enabled me to expose a large number of the listening audience to the pleasure to be derived from listening to Bush Poetry that would otherwise have been denied them.

Unfortunately, I will not be continuing with my program after 3rd November, but I understand plans are underway for the program to continue with a new presenter. Personal commitments have made it necessary to forego my radio career for the present but any material that can be sent would be welcomed by the new presenter. In my absence tapes etc can be sent to 2 Air C/- The Big Banana, Pacific Highway, Coffs Harbour NSW 2450. Once again, my thanks for the tremendous support I have received. *George New.*

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
Kyabram & District Bush Verse Group, Meet every second month at Kyabram Fauna Park
 at 7.30 pm - next meeting 7th December Phone Mick Coventry 03 5853 2265
- 1st Thursday** **North By North West Poetry & Folk Club.** 7.30 pm Uniting Church Hall, North Ryde
 Ph Graeme 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
Poets & Mates 8 pm Kallangur Community Centre, 1480 Anzac Avenue, Kallangur Q
 Contact Wally Finch ph 07 3886 0747
- 1st Friday** **Millmerran Bush Poetry Group Q.** 7pm. Millmerran Bakery Ring "The Legend"
 Kev Barnes 07 4695 4209.
- 1st. Sunday** **Poets Get-together.** Traders Restaurant - Mt. Coolum 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
Wollondilly Regional FAW. 1.30pm Community Rooms, Menangle Street, Picton. Phone
 Liz Vincent 02 4677 2044, Vince Morrison 02 4684 1704 or Jenny Pilotto 02 4631 1419
- 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. Friday** **Poetic Folk** 24 Finisterre Ave, Whalan 2770 Arch Bishop (02) 9625 7245
Junee Bush Poetry Group. 7.30pm, Junee Community Centre, Brian Beasley, PO Box 82,
 Junee, 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
Queanbeyan Bush Poets. Poets Lane, Queanbeyan. Phone David Meyers 02 6286 1891
- 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 Friday** **Kangaroo Valley Folk Club.** Bush Poets welcome. Phone Carl Leddy re venue 02 4465 1621
- Last Thurs.** **Writers on the River, Caddies Coffee Shop,** 2-3 Castlereagh Street, Penrith, NSW. Everyone
 welcome, come and recite, read or just listen to the poets. Ph. Brian Bell, 02 4739 2219
- 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*



ABPA

**MEMBERSHIP IS AVAILABLE TO NEW MEMBERS FOR THE
 REST OF 1998 FOR JUST \$13.00 - ASK A FRIEND TO JOIN NOW !!**

DUNGOG HERITAGE WEEKEND - NSW

17th & 18th October, 1998
Bush Poetry and Tall Yarns

Concert and Performance Competition

Contact Bob Skelton, Old School Hill, Minmi NSW 2287
Phone 02 4953 2751 or Mob 018 668 795

MERIMBULA'S COUNTRY MUSIC FESTIVAL

(Just South of Bega, NSW) - 23rd - 25th October 1998
Sapphire Coast Country Music Awards
Bush Poets Breakfast - Bush Poetry Competition
Lies, Yarns & Tall Tales with Frank Daniel
Phone Rosalie Smith - 02 6495 6115



PINE LODGE BUSH POETRY DAY
Pine Lodge Equestrian Centre,
Taylor Road, Thornlands, Q 4164
Sunday 25th October, 1998

BUSH POETRY - MUSIC
LEARN TO PLAY "Petanque"

Enquiries to Pine Lodge Equestrian Centre
as above or Phone 07 3206 4492 Fax 07 3803 4549

**LAND OF THE BEARDIES FESTIVAL**

31.10.98 - 8.11.98 — GLEN INNES NSW

7pm, Fri. 2nd Nov. - OPEN MIKE BUSH

POETRY SESSION at the Heritage Cafe, Grey St.

Please advise Nell if you would like come along!!

POETS BREAKFAST AND COMPETITION

7.30am, 1st November in King Edward Park

2 Sections - Traditional or Established and Original Works

Prizes: Per Section 1st \$150, 2nd \$100, 3rd \$50

Enquiries and any information re accomodation.

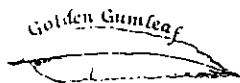
to Nell Perkins 3/125 Church Street, Glen Innes NSW 2370

BUSH LAUREATE AWARDS 1999

For work produced from 1.11.97 to 1.11.98

Four Sections

1. Book of the Year - Published Original Rhymed Verse.
2. Recorded Album of Australian Rhymed Verse (on commercially produced cassette tape or CD.)
3. Recorded Performance of the Year (A single, or single track from any album)
4. Heritage Award (Publication in book form emphasising Australian Heritage; historical, geographical or social - including a reasonable amount of original verse.)



Fee \$10 per entry - Closes 3.11.98

Send SSAE for Entry Forms to
GOLDEN GUMLEAF ENTERPRISES
112 Crescent Rd. Hamilton Q 4007

1998 SNOWY MOUNTAINS CHAMPIONSHIP

In conjunction with "BAR ROOM YARNS & RECITALS"

8 pm, Friday 13th November - Tumbarumba Bowling Club

Enter on the Night - No Entry Fee

Open Championship - Traditional Recital

Ladies Championship - Junior Championship

Details from Neil Hulm - 02 6025 3845

BELTAIN FESTIVAL, Wilberforce NSW

30/10 - 1/11/98 - Heritage Farm, 5kms from Windsor

POETS BREAKFAST - 8.30am Sun. 1st November

featuring Warren "Arch" Bishop

Everyone Welcome

Call Lydia 02 4572 6128

**BUSH POETRY CONCERT & COMPETITION**

Friday 13.11.98 - 7.30pm Bush Poets Concert - Warwick Town Hall
Saturday 14.11.98 - Glengallan Bush Poetry - Country Music - Line Dancing Festival.

7.30am Breakfast - 8am Poetry Competition

Classes: Junior, Open Traditional, Open Original,
Open Humourous - ENTRIES \$5.00

Please send to Brenda Moscrop

154 McEvoy Street, Warwick. Q. 4370

**HERITAGE AUSTRALIAN MUSIC FESTIVAL**

Saturday 28th November, 1998 12pm - 12am

The Loaded Dog - Neighbourhood Centre

79 Johnston Street, Annandale, NSW 2203

POETS BRUNCH - "A Loaded Doggerel" 12 - 2pm

YARNSPINNING - WORKSHOPS - CONCERTS

Enquiries to Richard Mills

6/39 Herbert Street, Dulwich Hill, NSW 2203

or Phone 02 9568 5596 / Mob 0411 821 286

**MALDON FOLK FESTIVAL - Vic.**

30th October - 2nd November 1998

Sat 31st October and Sun. 1st November

"Vintage Verse" at the Troubadour Wine Tent

Sat. 31st Oct: "The Yarn Event" - Blacksmiths Shop

Sunday 1st Nov. Poets Breakfast

Feature Poets this year: Ed Scott, Richard Leitch, Geoffrey Graham and
Campbell the Swaggie

Enquiries to Maldon Folk Festival PO Box 135, MALDON VIC 3463

**POETS AND MATES**

8pm Thursday 5th November, 1998

Kallangur Community Centre

1480 Anzac Avenue, KALLANGUR, Q

JENNY JEAYS & ALEXANDRA MORENO

Enjoy a broad spectrum of talent as ladies dominate a very different
program full of variety.

Light Supper - \$10 (all inclusive) Please book by 25th
September to assist with catering - Ph 07 3886 0747

MID COAST BIKERS & BUSH BARDS BBQ

The Ulysses Bike Club Invite you to

Grow Old Poetically

on Sunday 8th November, 1998

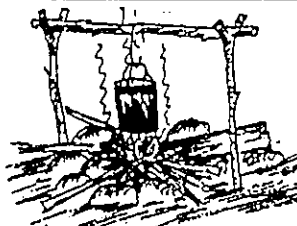
10.30am at Hollisdale Hall - via Wauchope, NSW

Billy Tea and Damper for Starters

Then a Bevy of Bush Bards before a BBQ Lunch

Bikes leave Wauchope Shell for Hollisdale at 10am

Enquiries - Phone John or Jan 02 6587 6022

**BLACKENED BILLY
VERSE COMP. 1999**

Closing 30.11.98

Written Aust. Bush Verse

Entry Fee \$3.00

Limit of 3 entries pp

Presentation of Winner and Highly Commended -

Imperial Hotel, Tamworth

Saturday 23rd January, 1999

Entry Forms from Maureen Quickenden, PO Box 1164,
Tamworth 2340 or Phone 02 6765 6067


**COFFS HARBOUR CITY COUNCIL
WRITTEN BUSH POETRY COMP.**

Closes 30.11.98 - Limit 5 entries \$2.00ea
Open Sections: 1 - Any Topic, 2 - Coffs Harbour Topic
Junior Sections: 1 - Primary, 2 - Secondary School
Awards presented on Australia Day, 1999 at
Coffs Harbour ExServices Club, Vernon St. - 7pm
Entry Forms from The Competition Co-Ordinator
2/8 Salamander Pde., Nambucca Heads, NSW 2448
Phone / Fax 02 6568 5269

PALMA ROSA PERFORMANCES

Wed. 2nd December, 1998 7.30 pm
Guy McLean & "Nugget" with Mark Tempany
See Poets Calendar for further details


JOHN O'BRIEN BUSH FESTIVAL

17th-21st March, 1999 - Narrandera, NSW

JOHN O'BRIEN POETRY & PROSE COMP.

Section 1 - Awards for Verse:
Classes for Traditional, Contemporary & Humorous
Section 2 - Awards for Prose
Open Class 1 - Short Story to 3,000 words
Entries Close 29th January, 1999 - Entry Fee - \$1.00
Entries must be typewritten and on entry coupon
Enquiries to PO Box 89, Narrandera, NSW 2700
or Phone 1800 672392

**THE 1999 BRONZE SWAGMAN AWARD
COMPETITION FOR BUSH VERSE**

Verse in Traditional Australian Form
Closes 31st January, 1999 - Limited to 1300 Words
Entry Fee: 1 - 3 entries \$5.00, Limit 3 entries per form
The Secretary, Vision Winton Inc., PO Box 44, Winton Q. 4735
Phone 07 4657 1502 Fax 07 4657 1322

**TAMWORTH BUSH POETRY COMPETITION
IMPERIAL HOTEL, Tamworth NSW**

Performance Comp. 20th - 23rd January, 1999
Entry Forms from Jan Morris,
PO Box 1164, Tamworth, 2340
or ph 07 6765 7552 (H) or 02 6768 5178 (W)

**ATTENTION EVENT ORGANISERS
TAMWORTH COUNTRY MUSIC WEEK 1999**

Please send details of your
Bush Poetry Events to the Editor !!
Deadline 10/11 and 1/12 - No exceptions.


HIGH COUNTRY POETS

in conjunction with the Granite Belt Tourist Assn's
WINE AND FOOD AFFAIR, 9th-14th Feb. 1999
Bush Poetry Perf. Comp. Sat 13th Feb., 1999, 4pm
O'Mara's Hotel, Maryland St, Stanthorpe Q
Open Traditional & Original + Novice & Junior Sections
Total Prize Money - \$2,000 + Encouragement Awd
POETS IN THE PARK - Sun., 14th February from 10am
Entries Close 10.2.98 - Enquiries and Entry Forms available from
Jack Drake - PO 414 Stanthorpe, Q. 4380 or Ph - 07 4683 7169

**JONDARYAN WOOLSHED
WRITTEN & PERFORMANCE
BUSH POETRY COMPETITIONS**

Sunday 21st March, 1999
Performance Sections - Junior, Male & Female
Original And Traditional
Closing on 10th March, 1999
Written Sections - Junior High & Primary
& Senior - All close on 1st March, 1999
Entry Details Jondaryan Woolshed Country Music
Rush, PO Box 7038, Toowoomba Mail C. Q 4352
or Phone 07 4635 6429

**WALTZING MATILDA
BUSH POETRY CHAMPIONSHIPS**

Junior Bush Poetry Festival - Frid. 23rd April, 1999
Senior Competitions Sat. & Sun 24th & 25th April 1999
Prizes - including a trip to Elko, Nevada etc
will be offered to Open Winners.
**** MORE INFORMATION LATER ****

**AUSTRALIAN BUSH POETRY
CHAMPIONSHIPS**

Yarrowonga (Vic) - Mulwala (NSW)
14th - 18th May, 1999
Any person or persons wishing to perform their
own functions throughout the Championships
please contact Neil Hulm 361 Cheyenne Drive,
Lavington NSW 2641 - Ph 02 6025 3845 or
Ph Johnny Johanson 03 5744 2213
ACCOMODATION: Yarrowonga - Mulwala Tourism
FREE CALL 1800 062 260

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THE DEEP FIRE

© 1998 Glen G. Muller, Toowoomba, Q



The opal is my birthstone, This is fact so I am told, A stone starts life so ugly, With love, turns really bold. It's soft and gentle nature Needs tender loving care, A brush and polish here... Shows that depth of fire is there.	Then master craftsman's hands, With gentle patient touch, Prepare to show it's beauty for the depth is really such, You have to gaze right into it To see this fire so rare, That unique flash of colour ... And it's soul ... it is laid bare.
---	--

Opal is the birthstone for those born in October.

**NANANGO SESQUICENTENNIAL
POETRY COMPETITION RESULTS**

Open Sec.: \$500 1st Prize to Jeff Ferguson, Upper Mt. Gravatt Q
"A Hardy Breed"
Secondary School Sec.: \$250 1st Prize to Jennifer Haig, 16yrs,
Cunnamulla Q "The Face of the Dancing People"
Primary School Sec.: \$100 1st Prize to Scott Elliot, Winton Q.
"The Winton Rodeo"
The competition drew 346 entries from Freemantle, Mt. Isa,
Gawler SA, Wangaratta, and many from NSW and Queensland.
Judges were Georges Graves, Ian Fraser and Mike Woodward.

NAMBUCCA ROUNDUP © 1998 Bill Lasham, North Rocks, NSW.

There was movement at Nambucca
For the word had passed around,
That the festival at Bowra's going on,
So I packed up me missus,
Left our Mums with love and kisses,
Jumped into our trusty car and we were gone.

We arrived at half past two,
That's the best our car would do.
The Garner home was where we'd make our base.
Out stepped this grey-haired queen,,
with a body svelt and lean,
You shoulda' seen my jaw drop from my face.

"The Legend" we first met,
My god how could I forget,
Grey-bearded with a smile so warm and willin'
With a laugh and full of prose,
and a boxer's type of nose,
Gave out verse between two shots of penicillin.

The next one I could see,
Scaring daylight out of me,
Came the "Mongrel from the Mulga" at a run.
I figured if I had to drop him,
There'd be just one way to stop him,
I'd get our next-door neighbours ack-ack gun.

But beneath that mighty girth,,
Was a man of happy mirth,
With a massive hand and much more massive heart.
The verses started then
(it was just between us men)
We practiced just to get a flying start

Then much to my surprise,
There stood, before my eyes,
"Rhymin' Simon" with his hair like clouds of thunder.
I could only stop and stare,
At the company in there,
and gazed at all of them in awesome wonder.

"Arch" Bishop's not here yet,
There's a "Gig" he had to get,
He can't compete he's there just as a judge.
He's as fair as he can be,
As you will plainly see,
Whatever marks we get there'll be no grudge.

Then arriving up from Ryde,
Walking tall and full of pride,
Came the "Rhymmer" so we started verse again.
With the Judges he'd a date,
Arriving just on half past eight,
He'd travelled up from Sydney on the train.

All this "versin'" made us dry
You can understand just why,
So we wet our whistles with some wine and port.
We were athletes tried and true
And we drank like athletes do,
It's so necessary in our kind of sport.

We don't know how we'll be goin'.
You can bet for sure we're showin'
The best we can no matter how it ends.
If we lose or even win,
We'll take it on the chin,
And best of all, we'll all be parting friends.

**WOMAN'S
BEST FRIEND**

© Georgina Haig, Aged 10 yrs.
Cunnamulla Qld

Woman's best friend is tidy,
tidy as he can get.
Man's best friend is dirty,
something you'd love to forget.
Woman's best friend is quiet,
quiet as the sea.
Man's best friend is loud,
it's ear piercing to me.
Woman's best friend will scare,
like he is a big guard dog.
Man's best friend doesn't care,
he just lies there like a log.
Man's best friend's a working
dog,
he is wild and he is free.
While woman's friend, the
foxy,
is cute as cute can be.

*Highly Commended - 1998 Junior Bards
of Bowra Primary Section.*

A girl from Nambucca, Maureen,
Devises this great Magazine
She collects all the jokes
From poetical blokes,
And prints the ones that are
clean.

© Grahame Watt, Kyabram V.

JOHNNY'S GOT A G.S.T.

(A Grossly Stupid Tax)

© John Harris, Kalang NSW.

I really can't believe it,
It makes me want to cry
On the third day of October
I saw Australia die.

He's really set to rip us off
I tell you, it's a fact.
'Cause Australia's given Johnny Howard
His Grossly Stupid Tax.

It's failed in every country
Where they've brought this horror in
But Johnny tells us that HIS genius
will see that we all win

His mob gave us green slips,
And haven't they been great,
Then they sold a third of Telstra
At half it's going rate.

They told us that our tax was bad,
As bad as things could get,
But now they've got their G.S.T.
You ain't seen nothing yet.

Now they've given me a mandate,
I can finally go berserk,
'Cause you've given me my G.S.T.
And it's a lovely little LURK.

I can't believe I've done it,
I just laugh and get so merry,
And we wonder at stupidity,
When I sit and laugh with Kerry.

You can trust me, please believe me,
No, I'm really very clever,
I would never rape your country,
No I promise, NEVER EVER.

I might close up half your hospitals
And take away your teeth,
Stop the poor from educating,
But that shouldn't cause you grief.

I can dud you with the petrol
While I outprice nursing homes,
Bugger up the music industry,
But that shouldn't make you moan.

Just remember Johnny Howard,
I'll go down in history
As the man who conned Australia
With my greedy G.S.T.

Well, Johnny's got some ticker
He's been put to the test,
And He's made public appearances
In his lovely bullet-proof vest.

It makes me want to curse and swear,
I really could get crude,
'Cause Johnny's got his G.S.T.,
And he'll make sure we all get SCREWED.

**THE FABLE OF McARTHUR'S
TEN POINT PLAN**

And so it came to pass that
Moses (aka Neil McArthur) went
to the Mount to receive the
Commandments and being a poor
penniless poet person from
Ballarat, the lord gave him 10.

Then, in the fullness of
time, McArthur spake these 10
Commandments unto his fellow
poets persons and his fellow poet
persons rejoiced (*except for the
ones known as Miller, Essery and
Gliori*) (*unless they wish to be
horse whipped?*).

Then the poet persons
adopted these Commandments and
declared that the Commandments
would be hereinafter known as
"The McArthurs" and all would
abide by them (*including the ones
know as Miller, Essery and Gliori*).

Then McArthur's fellow
poet persons lifted him high on a
pedestal and shouted 'HAIL
McARTHUR'- 'HAIL McARTHUR'
and then there was everlasting
peace in the land of the poets.

Amen.

"Mick the Prophet", Kyabram V.

BEER AND GOD © Glen Muller, Toowoomba Q.

Our lager, which art in barrels.

Hallowed be thy drink

Thy will be drunk.

I will be drunk,

at home as in the tavern.



Give us this day our foamy head,
And forgive us our spillages
As we forgive those who spill upon us.
And lead us not to incarceration.
For thine is beer, the bitter, and lager,

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