

The Australian Bush Poet's Association Inc.



Monthly Newsletter

No 11 Volume 5

November, 1998



YARRAWONGA - MULWALA MURRAY MUSTER AUSTRALIAN BUSH POETRY CHAMPIONSHIPS

14th - 18th May, 1999 - Mulwala Services Club

Thanks to the efforts of ABPA Inc. members the sister towns of Yarrowonga in Victoria and Mulwala in NSW, either side of the Murray River, are to host the Australian Bush Poetry Championships in 1999.

This will be the first time this huge event in the Bush Poetry Calendar will be held outside Winton, Queensland since its inception in 1995.

The Australian Bush Poets Association Inc. was most impressed with the Yarrowonga/Mulwala Tourist Association's submission to hold the event against other contenders, and the Yarrowonga/Mulwala Murray Muster got the go ahead.

Ron Selby, ABPA Inc. President said that "Vision Winton set a very high standard for others to follow in the running of these championships, particularly for young outback children. This year they had 320 individual school children and 76 entries in the poetry events."

Ron added that "The 1999 Championships will see the combined efforts of the Yarrowonga/Mulwala Tourism, The Mulwala Services Club and the Snow Mountains Bush Poetry Club (Albury) and the many ABPA Inc. members in that area."

Local Tourism manager, Barb McDermid was ecstatic with the ABPA's decision. "It's a great honour for a small town like Yarrowonga/Mulwala to be chosen" she said. "But it's because of all our wonderful, natural assets - the bush setting, the river Murray - it's just the location. We seem to be more accessible."

Mulwala Services Club Chief Executive Officer, Michael Mullarvey expressed the clubs pleasure "to have this significant Australian event." "We are looking forward to holding the Australian Championships here for the first time in a southern venue." he said.

Plans are well advanced for what promises to be an enjoyable time and an exciting competition

The "Silver Brumby" Bush Poetry Awards Performance Competition

- A: Mens Australian Championship - Original (Own Work)
- B: Mens Australian Championship - Traditional (Own Choice)
- C: Ladies Australian Championship - Original (Own Work)
- D: Ladies Australian Championship - Traditional (Own choice)
- E: Junior Australian Championship - Original (Own Work)
- F: Aust. Yarn Spinning Championship
- G: Best Country Singer or Musician

- ** Mens award will be judged from section A & B
- ** Ladies award will be judged from sections C & D.
- ** Junior Section under 16 years.

- ** Sections A - D seven (7) minute time limit.
- ** Sections E and F five (5) minute time limit.
- ** First and second place awarded in all sections.
- ** Certificates for Highly Commended will be awarded.
- ** Prize money to be advised when allocated
- ** Entry fees will be \$5.00 per section except E and G which are free.
- ** Closing date for all sections is 14th April, 1999.

The "Dinkum Aussie" Bush Poetry Awards Written Competition

- Section 1: Open Serious Verse (7 minute max read)
- Section 2: Open Humorous Verse (7 minute max read)
- Section 3: Ladies, Own Work (7 minutes max read)
- Section 4: Juniors (under 16 yrs - 5 minutes max read)
- Section 5: Book Written in 1998, Judged on humour and presentation, must contain Bush Verse, Yarns & Illustrations. Send one book.

- ** Male and Female awards judged from sections 1 & 2
- ** First and second place awarded in all sections.
- ** Certificates for Highly Commended will be awarded.
- ** Entry fee \$5.00 per section except Sec 4 which is free.
- ** Books will be returned at muster.
- ** Closing date 31st March, 1999.

Entry forms for both written and performance competitions and early program details can be obtained from The Secretary, Snowy Mountains Bush Poetry Club Inc., 361 Cheyenne Drive, Lavington, NSW 2641. or call - Neil Hulm - Phone 02 6025 3845 or Fax 02 6025 3847.

PROGRAMME (Subject to Alteration)

Fri 14th	6pm	Registration of poets
Sat 15th	7.30 - 9am	Poets Breakfast
		Twin Towns Parade
	1pm	Championship Recitals
	8pm	Gala Night
Sun 16th	7.30 - 9am	Poets Breakfast
	1pm	Championship Recitals
	8pm	Entertainment
Mon 17th	7.30 - 9am	Poets Breakfast
	11am	Championship Recitals
	8pm	Bar Room Yarns etc.

Finals & Presentations

All Championship Recitals and Poets Breakfasts will be held at Mulwala Services Club.

Accommodation booking and enquiries may be made to Yarrowonga - Mulwala Tourist Information Centre Phone 03 5744 1989 or FREE CALL 1 800 052 260 or Fax - 03 5744 3149.

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Presidents Report

Competitions still seem to be springing up all over the country and it just gets harder to try to support the events just in your local area. (within a couple of hundred k's that is). For me it was Mapleton, Nanango, Palma Rosa, Glen Innes and Glengallen, all in the last month or so, all within calling distance of home! There are a lot more events all over the country that need support from our members. It sometimes is a shame to see somebody put in many, many hours chasing sponsors and assistance to put together a competition only to see their efforts supported by a mere handful of competitors. It is not the competition so much, (though I think they hone up your skills,) it is the camaraderie that seems prevalent in all events that make an event successful. So think about the next event in your area and try to give them your support.

Only one more month to go for the year and then the BIG one - TAMWORTH. Hope to see as many members there as possible. Our membership has kept growing right through the year and there are a lot of new people to meet.

Remember your membership is due on 1st January and you must be a financial member to vote at the A.G.M. Attendance at the A.G.M. is important as this your Association and the elected committee can only keep it on an even keel if it is aware of what you the member want.

The Annual is well underway and I thank all the members who have sent in poems. Not all will make it into the Annual but quite a few will.

One particular problem with so many poems is PUNCTUATION. Maybe there is a member out there who knows a lot more about punctuation than I do, who would be willing to write up a brief essay on the subject and we could run it in a future edition of the newsletter. *Ron Selby*

'The song that I once dreamed about,
The tender, touching thing,
As radiant as the rose without,
The love of wind and wing,

The perfect verses, to the tune
Of woodland music set,
As beautiful as afternoon
Remain unwritten yet.'

from "After Many Years" by Henry Kendall

NOTICE TO MEMBERS ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING OF AUSTRALIAN BUSH POETS ASSOCIATED INC.

2.30 pm, Sat., 23rd January, 1999
ST PETERS HALL
VERA STREET, TAMWORTH

NOTICE OF MOTION TO ALTER CONSTITUTION

ADDITION TO PROPOSED RULE 4. (2) (c)
(c) add, "New members joining after October 1 will receive up to 15 months membership for the first years subscription to take their membership through to the end of the following year."

Rule 4. (2) (c) then to read "New members only may join at any time after July 1 for a determined half-yearly subscription. New members joining after October 1st will receive up to 15 months membership for the first year's subscription to take their membership through to the end of the following year. For members renewing, the annual subscription applies."

Olive Shooter, Secretary, A.B.P.A. Inc.

Secretary's Notes

Dear Members,

The Annual General Meeting of the Australian Bush Poets Association Inc. will be held at St Peters Hall, Vera Street, Tamworth at 2.30 pm sharp on Saturday 23rd January, 1999. We are fortunate to have this venue free of charge, and we do appreciate it.

Our President Ron Selby and his wife Joy are celebrating their 30th Wedding Anniversary this month and I hear that Vice President, Bobby and Sandy Miller are too. All members congratulate both couples.

Anyone interested in finding out details for camping by the river at Tamworth should contact the Tourist Information Centre, telephone 02 6766 9422 as there may be changes from last year.

Please note these additional changes to our constitution, as well as the ones previously advised on the front cover of the October issue of the newsletter, all to be dealt with at the Annual Meeting. My very best wishes to you all.

Olive Shooter, Secretary.

THE BALLAD OF ARTHUR HOEY DAVIS

by 4b Toowoomba East State School - 11.4.94
Written with the assistance of their teacher J. Bade

Let me tell you the story of Arthur Hoey Davis
 Who told us the stories of the pioneers of our land.
 He told us of their struggles as they built a unique culture,
 The history of an era was written by his hand.
 With his own brand of humour, he told of life back then
 As the history of an era, flowed freely from his pen.

He was born in Drayton in 1868 and
 He grew up in East Greenmount, went to school at Emu Creek.
 At the tender age of twelve he went to work on Pilton Station
 Before he went to Brisbane, his fortune there to seek.

He worked in Brisbane as a public servant
 There he took up rowing with the Brisbane Rowing Club.
 He wrote in the paper about his sport of rowing,
 To hide his identity he used the name Steele Rudd.
 "Steele" from writer Richard Steele whose work he'd come to know
 And "Rudd" from the rudder of the boats he loved to row.

He wrote about pioneering days of sweat and toil and hardship
 He wrote about the life he knew so well.
 His stories in "The Bulletin" were read throughout the country,
 City folk and country folk loved the tales he had to tell.
 When at the age of thirty five he lost his job in town,
 He took up his selection at Nobby in the Downs

He lived a life of struggle as he strove to make a living.
 His struggle never ended in his sixty-seven years.
 Along with this fame he didn't make a fortune,
 Along with his successes came the hardship and the tears.
 But he'll be remembered for the pleasure that he gave
 Through book and play and film, with his tales of Dad and Dave.

Now we've told you the story of Arthur Hoey Davis,
 Who told us the stories of famine, fire and flood.
 He gave us wholesome laughter amid a life of hardship,
 And he'll be remembered as the writer, Steele Rudd.
 With his own brand of humour he told of life back then
 As the history of an era, flowed freely from his pen.

A TASTE OF HISTORY ON THE 'DARLING DOWNS'

On the trip home to the Nambucca Valley after a great Fathers Day weekend at the Rams Head Bush Poetry Performance Competition at Millmerran in Queensland's picturesque Darling Downs, I took the time to explore the small village of Nobby, which is located midway between Clifton and Greenmount, in the heart of "Steele Rudd" country.

I was attracted to this tiny hamlet by a sign on the New England Highway which simply said "Rudd's Pub".

The words on the sign brought back my fond memories of the halcyon days of radio which followed WWII and into the early '50's when the rustic music 'There's a track winding back on the road to Gundagai' introduced comic tales of pioneers and their life from the pen of Steele Rudd and "Dad and Dave" which was derived from his books. It was a "must see" situation which I was only too happy to accede to.

"Rudd's Pub" at Nobby was all I hoped it would be. A wonderful home for and display of a large historic photographic collection and memorabilia about the life of one of Australia's most noted writers who in his day was synonymous with Paterson, Lawson and Dennis.

Amongst this great collection was a copy of the deed of the original selection on which Rudd based his wonderful story collection "On Our Selection" which of course in recent years, inspired the movie of the same name.

Perhaps it was the movie which prompted the wonderful poem "The Ballad of Arthur Hoey Davis" which was displayed on the wall of Rudd's Pub which was written by children of class 4b at Toowoomba East State School in 1994.

The bonus of course is that the movie re-introduced to to-days local children the wonders and follies of the pioneering life which happened right on their own doorstep so to speak .. and to a writer, who portrayed like no other, the misadventures and misfortunes of life on a small selection where families faced the great and small crises of everyday life with larrikin humour, farcical confusion and sardonic acceptance of fate.

What a wonderful privilege it was to sit in the room in which Steele Rudd sat when writing some of his famous Dad & Dave stories and soak up our history, and even better to know that this collection and others like it exist throughout the country to preserve our culture as it then was.

Of course no visit is complete without a souvenir and mine was a tape of Rudd's stories selected by Frank Morehouse and beautifully read with the suitable vernacular by Frank Mullis - well produced and very entertaining.

Throughout "Steel Rudd Country" there are other establishments which also celebrate the life of Arthur Hoey Davis and may be worth exploring if you are interested and in the area. One such place is "The Old Selection Store" and the Steele Rudd Hut, East Greenmount. *Mawreen Garner*

THE SOLITARY MAN

© 18.12.97 Bill Lasham, North Rocks, NSW

He was sleeping in a bus shed
 when I saw him yesterday
 With saddened face and matted hair
 old clothes in disarray.
 And I wondered just what sort of life
 this poor old fellow led,
 and if anyone would miss him,
 when at last they'd find him dead.

What caused this man to be this way,
 that he had ended up.
 Was it breakup of the family,
 or too much of lip and cup?
 But whatever be the reason,
 it's a painful sight to see.
 I'm so thankful of the things I have,
 that this person could be me.

DAD, I WANT TO BE A POLITICIAN

© Ellis Campbell, Dubbo NSW

Award of Excellence IRFAC Competition UNLEY, SA 1995



"I'd like to be a politician," said my youngest son.

"Just tell me how I qualify and get the chance to run."

"No prerequisites are required," I told my eager boy.

"Diplomas count for nothing and degrees no cause for joy."

Amazement crossed the young lad's face, displaying disbelief.

"It's really all so simple that there's nothing I must brief?"

"Oh no, my lad, there's lots to learn," I hastened to explain.

"To lie without compunction and show contempt for pain
of fellow men around you - and be obstinate as well:
and blast the opposition till all reason's blown to hell.

To answer any question that the voter cares to throw -
explain in minute detail what he doesn't want to know."

"You learn to con the greater crowd, till every dollar's skinned;
and change ideas and principles, as fickle as the wind.

You must convince electors they've attained their heart's desire
and just one third of your income is more than they require.

A Robin Hood like image is one you must project;
you rob the rich and help the poor, as voters will expect."

My son seemed slightly worried and a doubtful look he cast.

"What happens when the rich go broke and wealth is in the past?"

"When wealthy men are long since gone and nothing's left in store -
the answer's very simple, son - you rob the bloody poor!"

BUSH VERSE AT "THE LOADED DOG"



The Australian Heritage Music Festival to be held at "The Loaded Dog", 79 Johnson St., Annandale on Saturday 28th November

offers Bush Poetry enthusiasts a variety of events and workshops designed to entertain and educate.

Ted Webber and "Arch Bishop will host what promises to be a humorous Poets Breakfast - "A Loaded Doggerel" while Milton Taylor, who is conducting a workshop, is reputed to have offered to share his trade secrets (some) and give lots of tips to help performance poets lift their game.

"Poet & Protest" will feature the Rhymer from Ryde, Graeme Johnson and Ulladulla who will meet in a verse to verse standoff and seasoned writer of rhyme, Denis Kevans will feature with Wyn Jones, Blue Mountains poet and botanist who was first to identify the recently discovered Wollemi Pine.

Master storyteller Yuri will also perform at the festival together with walk up poets who will feature at the four venues which will operate at the festival. The festival promises a feast for folkies and poets alike - please show your support.



WOLLONDILLY FAW POETS BREAKFAST REPORT

Approximately 70 people, who attended the Poets Breakfast at the Imperial Hotel, Picton on Monday 4th October had a most enjoyable morning. Organised and hosted by the Fellowship of Australian Writers Picton Branch, the breakfast was held as part of the Wollondilly Shire White Waratah Festival.

Starting at 9am, MC Ted Webber worked to 11.45, calling on twenty-five local and visiting poets to present their choice of well-known classics or original verse. The range of verse was broad, from laugh provoking tall stories (some guaranteed maybe true), stirring tales and emotional pieces. Presenters such as Dawn de Ramirez, Dulcie Meadows, Ray Halliday and John Barclay kept the audience enthralled. "Arch" Bishop was at his best, producing guffaws at Cinderella's dyslexic cousin, and tears with 'Hankies from Nanna'. Local identities Councilor Marina Voncina, Historian Liz Vincent and State MLA Liz Kernohan lent their support. Five first timers made their poetic debuts and are to be congratulated on a good job, whilst young Ben Purser, aged 5, read his original piece with great style.

Apart from the entertainment, the five dollar entry fee included breakfast and FAW members worked hard to make all visitors welcome with tasty sausage sandwiches, tea/coffee and orange juice. Sponsorship provided by The Imperial Hotel, Picton, The Argyle Bookshop, Camden and Picton Hire, Picton, was greatly appreciated and the FAW club is grateful for their support.

Mark this event down in your calendar for next year, it should not be missed. *Ted Webber*

MORNING IN THE MOUNTAIN

© 1995 Col Bentley, Charleville, Qld.

The gold of the sunrise far down in the valley,
The mists of the morning, webs shining with dew,
The forests and ranges that tower above us,
Our home in the mountains as day dawns anew.

Softly, so softly, the cool breeze caresses,
The grasses and leaves as it climbs from the sea,
And from up in the tree tops the whipbird expresses,
It's joy to be living, it's need to be free.

With timing so perfect the other birds join it,
A chorus of songbirds to welcome the day,
The creatures of night time, so stealthy and silent,
Skurry for cover as night fades away.

On the distant horizon the great red orb splurges
A full palette of colour on the clouds of the sky,
And ever so quickly as full day emerges,
With the mists of the morning they disappear and die.

I sit and I watch with incredulous wonder,
A new page unblemished, God has given to me.
From out of the night time I've watched the day dawning,
With Faith and with hope I await what will be.

OLD © Bill Kearns, Grafton, NSW

Can you look beyond the frailness and the sometimes vacant stare,
And see again the beautiful young woman lying there?
Or can you see the young man and his hopes toward the skies
Within the ruined remnant of the man before your eyes?

But behind the worn facade, life's product of the joy and tears
Resides the human spirit, unaffected by the years.
For the real person lives within, regardless of the mould
And the spirit, it is ageless, while the body is just old.

DEATH OF A FARMER

© Peter Buck, Corrimall NSW

I stand here at the bus stop with a restless shuffling mob
Waiting for the 5-0-4 to carry me to my job.
Here in this dingy city full of smog and noise and heat
Where the high-rise buildings echo to the tramp of countless feet.
Forced here by the depression, driven from the land I love.
Please take me from this hell hole I pray to God above.
But I don't think he hears me, or perhaps he doesn't care.
Perhaps he cannot help me from my terrible despair.
The land that my father farmed and farmed by his Dad before
Has been lost to my family for now and evermore.
No more will I ride again o'er those hills of waving grass
Nor will I see the changes as the seasons come and pass.
No more I'll see the sun rise through the gum trees by the creek
Or see the eagles nesting in their eerie by the peak
Or see the baby wood ducks with their mother on the dam
Or the first uncertain steps of a new born baby lamb.
Or marvel at the patience of my loyal sheep dog "Jed"
As he slowly works the mob down towards the shearing shed
Or sit on my verandah in the fading evening light
And watch the bush birds settle as the day becomes the night.
The currawongs, the magpies, the lorikeet's happy call
The galahs and the rosellas, oh how much I miss them all
And my old black stock horse "Bob" who has served me oh so well
It broke my heart to leave him when it came the time to sell.
To live a normal lifespan I have many years ahead
That gives me little pleasure because I'm already dead
The day the bank forced the close I hung down my head and cried
When they took my farm away ... on that very day I died.

JIMMY'S STATION HOLIDAY © Nell Perkins, Glenn Innes NSW

Now young Jimmy was bored with city life
He said, "I'm tired of the city push;
I'm heading out to see country life,
Way out there in the bush."



So he packed his gear, got on a bus,
And headed out Winton way;
A pretty little town in western Queensland,
He decided there he'd stay.

Jimmy went out to a cattle station,
And thought it would be fun;
A holiday he would enjoy
Out there on that run.



He went out with the boss one day
To check the cattle and feed them hay;
Jimmy was so darned busy,
That he failed to see the bull in his way.

Now Jimmy looked up,
Then screamed and ran;
As fast as he could,
An escape was his plan



Even now when the boss thinks back,,
He gives a little smile,,
Because he reckons Jimmy ran so fast
He broke Herb Elliot's mile!

HE REMEMBERS

© 1998 Mary Meehan, Seaford SA

from "French Cuisine, Recipe for Humor"

He remembers a time in those halcyon years
When she used to dab perfume behind her years

And wear something flimsy to bed
Now she rubs Denco-Rub into her joints
And covers what once were her finer points
With a flannelette nightie instead!

He remembers the lingering goodnight kisses
And puckering up, he slides off and misses -
He's lost her in vanishing cream!
Long ago they would share a communal shower,
Now she's soaking in Radox for over an hour
And her perm frizzes up in the steam!

He remembers when looking deep in her eyes
Would instantly make her temperature rise,
She'd behave in a manner quite bold.
What was once a demure and girlish blush
Is replaced by a menopausal flush,
With pills her blood pressure's controlled.

He remembers long legs that danced through the night
Before varicose veins were bandaged up tight,
By her corns she can forecast the weather;
She'd a dazzling smile that was outlined in red,
Now her molars recline in a glass by the bed,
Her lips sort of scrunched up together!

He remembers nibbling her silky, smooth skin,
Camouflaged now by layers of chin
Where whiskers are starting to sprout.
Her tummy was firm - that was two kids ago
Now it's resembling bakers' dough
With stretch marks to map it all out!

And while he reflects on lost feminine charms
She borrows his razor to shave underarms
And clip her toenails in the tub.
To the one who creates the master plan
He prays, "Thank Christ you made me a man,"
And then he retreats to the pub!

COMPANIONS © Elaine Delaney, Callala Bay NSW

Companions together they ambled along
The one walking just slightly to heel.
Content with their company and bonds forged strong
Over many a seasoned year.

The old man's hair was a steely grey
The one's muzzle turned white with age
Silent they walked the streets day by day
Each night warm, together they lay.

The good and bad times faithfully shared
Never long having been apart.
Alone in the world, for each other they cared
The one's master held loyal in his heart.

As you pass them by with a backward stare
Don't pity the pair thus seen.
Rather, ponder the lives and story rare
Of the one and his master, a team.



BUSHRANGER HOTEL COLLECTOR (NSW) (Est. 1860)

Lic. Denis & Gail O'Brien

© 2.9.98 Neil Hulm, Lavington NSW

I've wandered through the bushland,
Through the cities tall and fine,
But hadn't seen such what-nots
As in the pub of Denis O'Brien.

For Denis has the greatest
Of collections in the scrub,
They're hanging on the ancient walls
Of the old Collector Pub.

There's winkers, bridles, stock whips,
Dog traps and a cross cut saw,
Business cards and tea towels
Pinned up beside the door.

Wild bulls and cows, a lantern,
And an old grey kangaroo,
A spinning wheel a raffle pot,
There's cuffs and leg irons too.

There's a counter gal from heaven,
- For this your head will turn -
Five Hundred Pounds for the capture
Of outlaw Frederick Vern.

There's Ned Kelly at the shoot-out,
But his luck was running thin,
His gang was shot and captured
At the old Glenrowan Inn.

Photos of old Sydney town
And Melbourne town stand tall,
But none are more impressive
Than the face of bold Ben Hall.

For bold Ben Hall held up the Pub,
And to some he had caused harm,
But bear in mind those troopers
Had cost him home and farm.

Two bottled snakes upon a shelf,
A wood press and a brace,
An old time set of shotguns
High above the fire place.

There's a photo of Dan Morgan,
Of the troopers six or seven,
An old "draught" picture clearly states
"I allus has one at eleven".

Photos of the great horse teams;
- I can hear the trace chains ring -
Oh my God, what memories
A couple of snapshots bring.

So peer along the walls of wealth
When you come in from the scrub;
You'll find the greatest treasures
In the Old Collector Pub !!

If you had a bee in one hand, what
would you have ??
BEAUTY, because beauty is in the eye
of the bee holder !!!!!



A LETTER FROM LAVINGTON, NSW

Dear Editor,

Some of the light hearted poems are great. The letter and poem sent in by Flo Hart were both good reading. Flo, I was at the Collector Hotel (between Golbourn and Canberra) a few weeks ago at a bush poetry night organised by the Snowy Mountains Bush Poetry Club. We had a great night with lots of fun. As soon as I walked in through the door I started to jot down a few notes, which I later put to verse.

I was at Daly Waters Pub about two months ago and they also have an enormous amount of what-nots. I wrote a poem for this one a while back and sent it to the publican.

To Flo and all the people who love bush poetry, country music and in general love having a great time make sure to book in for the **AUSTRALIAN BUSH POETRY CHAMPIONSHIPS** at Yarrowonga - Mulwala, May 14-18th, 1999.

Entry forms and an early program are now available. Please write or call Neil Hulm, 361 Cheyenne Drive, Lavington NSW 2641 or phone 02 6025 3845. For accommodation: Yarrowonga-Mulwala Tourism, Free Call 1800 062 260.

Yours while the Snowy Gums grow,

Neil Hulm.

THE HOBBY FARMER

© Harry Bowers, Warragul Vic.

I have a cousin Joshua who owns a hobby farm
A list of what he knows would be much longer than your arm:
When to plant your seedlings and when to prune a rose
He just goes on and on and on till he gets right up your nose.



He raises pure bred chickens and he has a pure bred sow
A forty horsepower tractor for a single furrow plough.
He had to have milking machines; he bought them at a sale
Two units for his jersey in a shed that had one bail.

He had no cash for milking plant so he sold his jersey cow.
He'll buy back when he sells his pigs joined AA to his sow.
She's due to farrow any time - he's lined up with the vet.
One can't take any chances with the best breed you can get.



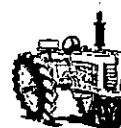
He's first to claim on drought relief or damages from hail
It wiped out his tomato crop (behind the shed with just one bail)
I know he lost tomatoes and just how it came about
I called the very morning that his hundred chooks got out.

He always voted Liberal till they took his guns away.
If foxes take his pure bred chooks there'll sure be hell to pay.
For a six shot Automatic when Reynard starts to run
Would give a man a better chance than a single barrel gun.



He was going to plant potatoes and he bought a pump and spray
Dozed out half a hectare dam and struck only porous clay.
He then put down a water bore. Went down till he struck rock
But found enough bore water for his garden and his stock.

Divined it all himself he claims and demonstrates the trick.
It's all in how you hold it - a fresh green forked stick
Life is looking rosy with lessons he has learned,
Living will cost little; money saved is money earned.



With pure bred pigs and pullets and the cow he's going to buy
A decent vegie garden, although his dam is dry,
He reckons he has made it and the future's looking grand.
There's nothing bloody better mate than living off the land.

I COULD HAVE DONE THE SAME

© Harry Pickering, Kingaroy Q.

You've never ever heard of me - but I was Clancy's horse,
On that famous brumby run which set Australia's course.
The story told - though FICTION - still makes Australians shiver
When hearing of the exploits of the Man from Snowy River.

That rugged mountain pony that carried him to fame
Was worthy - have no doubts - but I could have done the same!
I felt the disappointment of failing to succeed,
Like the feelings of a night horse when he fails to turn the lead.

I was good enough to pass them when racing on the wing
And to turn the lead and halt them, with Clancy's whip aswing.
I'd stuck with them through creek and scrub and when they made their dash,
I carried Clancy safely up past Kurrajong and Ash.


But when we reached the summit - that jutting rocky knob,
He reined me in and watched that other outfit do the job.
Those brumbies didn't miss a beat - they took it on the fly,
That rugged mountain went - so Clancy - why not I?

I yearn the chance to prove unto that rider on my back,
That I'm as good as the next horse - not just a country hack.
For the pain is soon forgotten when achieving is your lot,
But the pain of failure's more intense - no thanks - I'd rather not!

Some say that all us horses should be roaming "wild and free."
No discipline or purpose? Sir. - 'twould be catastrophe.
All colts would grow to stallions, all mares would foals produce.
Our pride of breeding shattered - the ultimate abuse!

So what's a bit of blood and sweat in the Kieren Perkins mould?
I'm bred and trained to run and wheel, see, that's why I was foaled
In life's joys or pains or hardships there's no place for the queasy,
And as that famous P. M. said "Life wasn't meant to be easy."


RAP CAT © 1998 Kev J. Barnes "The Legend"

Do dit d do, do dit d dat, 
This poem's about a real Rap Cat!
Now he rides the train up and down the coast,
A real hip cat, we dig the most,
Not money, no ticket, he fears no pain,
And the things he does would blow your brain!

Do dit d do, do dit d dat,
Let me tell you about this real hep cat,
From car to car he's on the move,
Singin' and swingin' he's in the groove.
Now he checks out every railway station
'Cause at most of them, there's some relation.

Do dit d do, do dit d dat,
I'll tell you more about this old hep cat,
In a carriage full of birds, he could not sin,
Yea, this cool cat was in like Flynn!
Now from his pad it seems he strayed,
And for two long years on the train he stayed.

So do dit d do, or do dit d dat,
This story's about an old tabby cat!
And let me tell ya now, this story's true,
'Cause me neighbour and me had such a blue,
And I'm the rotten dirty rat,
Who on the train, threw her old tom cat!

Yeah! Do dit d do, and do dit d dat,
That's how ya get rid of ya neighbor's cat.
Yea! do dit d do, and do dit d dat,
 We never again saw that old tom cat.
Oh! Do dit d do, Oh! do dit d dat,
I wonder what happened to that old rap cat?

NEWS FROM THE PAROO PIPER - Bob McPhee, Lockyer Valley, Queensland

GOLDEN BELL BUSH POETRY PERFORMANCE COMPETITION - Laidley, Q. 1999

The Golden Bell Bush Poetry competition, will be held in conjunction with this year's National Heavy Horse Field days, at Laidley Showground and will be one of the popular attractions to be conducted by the Queensland Clydesdale & Draught Horse Society Inc. on 13th and 14th March, 1999.

Mr. Bob McPhee of Glenore Grove, the convenor of this year's Golden Bell Competition has been appointed to conduct next year's event. Bob has been involved in the conduct of a number of poetry competitions both for performance and written compositions in recent years including the annual 'Bard of the Outback', which was held at Cunnamulla in August.

This years competition proved very popular with bush poets, and record entries are expected at next year's event. Three of the top bush poetry judges will adjudicate next year's events, including Mr. Kelly Dixon from Camooweal, (the driving force behind the Drovers Hall of Fame, to be built at Camooweal), and former drover and author, Mr. Bruce Simpson, of Caboolture. Kelly and Bruce were invited to perform bush poetry at this year's Royal Melbourne Show, where they gave a special performance for the American Ambassador. Outstanding local bush poet, Mr. Ron "Boulia" Bates of Gatton will be the MC for next year's competition. Contact Bob McPhee after A/H on 07 5466 5269 for information.



GATTON HERITAGE FESTIVAL 1st - 2nd May, 1999.

I will have more details available about mid November following festival committee meeting but these dates are definite and I am authorised to advise you of them. Recitals only at this time.

1999 'BARD OF THE OUTBACK' 5TH - 7TH August, 1999

Poet's evening (overnight) cattle /sheep station near Enngonia, complete with artesian bore sauna and barbecue, shearers quarters accommodation available for poets.

Will Ogilvie Poetry Recital Friday morning, 6th at wool shed on the Warrego, at Enngonia, then across to Hungerford, with Yarnspinning competition etc. Friday evening, with poetry recital events,, all Saturday, with concert Saturday night at historic Royal Mail Hotel, built in 1873, the only remaining Cob & Co hotel change station in Queensland.

A poets bus will be travelling out from Gatton. Book your seat early. Enquiries to Bob McPhee - after hours 07 5466 5269.

Bob McPhee

THE BUCKJUMPING DUNNY

© June 1997 Terry Regan, Blaxland NSW

Come gather around and I'll tell you a tale,
Just the way that they told it to me;
A tale of a poet who went for a ride
In the funniest way you would see.

Bush Poets had travelled from near and afar
To Cloncurry, in Queensland's North-west,
For Poetry Championships held there each year,
Where they all would put forward their best.

The girls and boys with the ladies and men
Were all ready to join in the fray;
Among them a Poet for fifty odd years -
Colin Newsome, from Glen Innis way.

Now Col is a big bloke - about six foot three
From his boots to the crown of his hat.
He enjoys a good joke and is eighty years old -
'Though he looks a lot younger than that.

The Poets did battle for two solid days
And the comp was both friendly and keen.
On Monday some went sixty kays further west
To relax at Mary Kathleen.

We had other things to attend to that day
So we didn't go out to the mine.
But early next morning, when at the Coach stop,
A most humorous tale did untwine.

We heard that the day at the mine had gone well
And the Poets had not run amuck.
Then when packing up Bluey called for some help
With loading the loos on the truck.

When Col heard their plans his old bladder said "Mate,
It's a flamin' long way back to town;
I think we had best go and empty me out
Whole those portable dunnies are down."

So Col sauntered off to the dunny that stood
Just a little remote from the truck,
And standing inside, with a sigh of relief,
He then thought to himself, "I'm in luck".

Meanwhile, all the fellas had lifted one loo
And then heaved it up onto the truck
They next went and crouched 'round the one
that housed Old Col -
Like some footballers down in a ruck.

They counted to three and then took up the strain
And they grunted and groaned at the weight.
The smallest said "Jeez", they use this one a lot,
It's like lifting a bloody big crate!"

They busted their gut and they got the thing up,
But she swayed uncontrollably wide.
And that's when they heard a concerned sounding voice -
Which had definitely come from inside.

They lowered it down and big Col staggered out,
With a comment they'll never forget -
"I've ridden buckjumpers and scrub bullocks too,
But that dunny's my wildest ride yet!"



DREAMTIME

© Bill Glasson, Clifton, Q.



I've had broken legs and elbows when the saddle horse was king,
Cut eyebrows and a broken nose from clashes in the ring.
I broke fingers keeping wickets - and I dropped the catch I fear -
And was knocked out when a bouncer hit me just below the ear.
I've done hamstrings, knees and ankles, playing footy in my youth,
And when cranking up a tractor, split a lip and broke a tooth;
In those days I mended quickly, but today an aching toe
Means "A day or two in bed old chap, you're creeping up you know."

I lie down but memories haunt me, of old mustering camps I dream,
Of the hard and happy years with that rough and ready team.
My old ringer mates appear, I see the horses that I rode,
With a swag beside some stockyard was my permanent abode.
Then I see an Army marching, Diggers that I used to know,
How times flies, those Army days were fifty years ago.
Training Camps around the city, we were young, and oh so green,
And picked up a few bad habits as we served our King and Queen.

Then I dream of love, and girls I knew, the one I made my mate;
Of our kids on ponies, racing from the stockyard gate.
Birthdays, weddings, then grand-children, days so happy to recall,
Then a year of strain and terror and great sadness for us all.
Life goes on, it's never easy, there'll be bad knocks now and then,
Getting up after each knockdown sorts the boys out from the men;
But our stay on Earth's a short one, life so quickly slips away,
Hey !!! I think I'm feeling better and I'm getting up today.

IT GETS WORSE! © Barb Nelson, Briggenden, Q.

My Mum had such a joy for life, she relished every day
Looked on the brighter side of things adverse
And when her recollections of the past became confused
She'd laugh and say, "They tell me it gets worse."

One day, returning to the store an article she'd bought
The salesgirl had arranged to reimburse
Until they found she'd bought the handbag at another shop
Contrite, she told them "Guess it just gets worse."

I started on a poem but the words just wouldn't come
To rhyme with others in the lines of verse
And Mum looked up from drinking her martini on the rocks
Smiled knowingly and told me "It gets worse."

When visiting the doctor once, he quiet forgot her name
Reached for her file and mouthed a little curse
Mum gleefully reached over, game his arm a gentle pat
And reassured him "Doctor it gets worse."

The end drew near, the last few days in hospital she spent
Soaked up the T.L.C. from every nurse
And if her medication was forgotten now and then
She sweetly would remind them, "It gets worse."

She slipped away one evening but her spirit's with us still
Her legacy of living life immersed
In family and friends and all the joys that life can bring
No matter who might tell you "It gets worse."

St Peter at the Pearly Gates was there to check her in
His brow was furrowed and his lips were pursed
"Where did I put your dossier?" he asked, "I can't recall"
Mum winked and smiled and told him - "It gets worse!"



THOUGHTS ON JUDGING

In our August issue Bob Miller wrote an interesting article on the problem of finding suitable judges for performance poetry competitions. I have meant to comment on this but, due to having two trips to Qld and the prolonged illness of my mother-in-law, I have not got around to it. I am not nearly so involved as Bob in the performance scene, but feel the same concerns apply to written competitions.

I am constantly amazed that radio announcers, newspaper editors, school teachers or lawyers are so often considered to be suitable judges. Why? I have a close friend who is one of Australia's greatest authorities on fowls. He is never asked to judge pigs or dogs.

I believe one of the greatest failings of many judges is to place too much value on content. If they like the story it tells, they are convinced it is a good poem; regardless of how the essential rudiments of verse are handled. I believe content is the body of a poem - rhyme is the heart and metre is the soul. A good body looks great, but is not complete without a heart and soul. So it is with a poem.

Can someone who cannot write verse themselves really be expected to understand such things as consistency of pattern in regard to the number of syllables in the lines, the order of stressed and unstressed syllables, consistent rhyming patterns and number of lines per stanza, the importance of perception and imagery? Do they look for fresh metaphors, application of the best word to fit the situation, suitable title, correct spelling and grammar; a clear, definite meaning, consistent conversation by the character portrayed?

Do they ask themselves if the poem has a good opening stanza, and good ending - if it tells the story fully, without being repetitious; is it "padded" with unnecessary words, merely to maintain the metre? Is tense consistent - no swapping from past to present? Can they understand the correct use of adjectives, enjambment, alliteration and assonance, and if these are overdone? How well has the author avoided forced rhyme, inverted phrases, clichés and archaisms?

Can someone who has never composed a poem really be expected to understand these things? I am sure I could think of fifty poets who have a much greater understanding of traditional poetry or bush verse, as some may prefer to call it, than the town mayor, a doctor or a train driver, who have never composed a poem in their lives. If fifty, or more, poets were prepared to judge, for a moderate fee, at least two competitions per year it would go a long way toward solving the problem in regard to written competition. Some competitions now have three judges, which makes the drain on scarce resources even harder. I personally am always happy with one good judge.

Of course even very knowledgeable judges will vary in their opinions; that is human nature and healthy for the game.

Let me make it quite clear that there is no suggestion of personal gripe in anything I have written here. It is for the betterment of bush poetry generally that I have taken up my pen - not for personal reasons. I doubt that I have said much to help Bob, as judging performance and written competition is vastly different. So be it.

Ellis Campbell



POETS & MATES

Our ladies night was, as hoped, very successful. We like to think it added a bit more credibility to something we've believed all along. There are some brilliant lady poets around and our guests for November must be included among them.

Jenny Jeans with her quietly spoken ways charmed everyone with her special poetry covering a range of diverse subjects from Santa to a trip through Irish countryside (and all the confusion that can bring). After so many years as a teacher developing talents in others, it's nice to see Jenny putting her own talents to such good use.

Alexandra Moreno impressed the audience with her incredible versatility featuring music, dance and bush poetry. The ballet of the lady bowlers was so realistic the mind put her on a bowling green and blotted out the stage. Her poetry performance covered her work and lesser known works of great merit.

Our next Poets and Mates is at 8.00 pm Thursday, 3rd December at Kallangur Community Centre, 1480 Anzac Avenue, Kallangur Q.

This month features Mark Tempamy, Santa and yours truly. Mark is a very talented singer/song writer familiar to many. His golden voice is a delight to the ear and well worth listening to. Clearly others more qualified than me think so. His many awards demonstrate that.

Santa Clause probably needs no introduction - you've heard the name before. What does one say about a senile gentleman, with several hundred years experience in everything, other than he is good at what he does. Santa will be leading the Christmas carols and spreading good will and cheer to the season. Don't miss this one unless you think ill of Christmas.

You can enjoy Poets and Mates for only \$10 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

GALSTON COUNTRY MUSIC FESTIVAL

The tranquil and inspiring environs of Fagan Park, Galston NSW were the site of the 2nd Galston Country Music Festival on Saturday 13th September, 1998. Over 8000 spectators passed through the turnstiles to hear the like of Ann Kirkpatrick, Pat Drummond, Andrew Clermont, Pam Drysdale and the Wolverines as well as Bluegrass Music and Bush Poetry.

Whilst Country Music aficionados were kept busy relaxing on the slopes of the natural amphitheatre, Terry Gleeson led guest poets Len Knight, Warren Bishop, Gary Lowe, Joye Dempsey, Graeme Johnson and Noel Cutler (visiting from The Big City Muster) through a merry Poet's Breakfast session. Crowd attendance exceeded expectations with the Poet's marquee quickly overflowing with a large crowd gathering outside in the sun.

Blue the Shearer had the audience in the palm of his hand once again for the duration of his half-hour set, trotting out all his favourites plus a few 'oldies' by request.

Festival organisers Tony and Vicky Page extend their welcome to all the members of the ABPA for next years event.

Jack Robertson

TAMWORTH '98 © Noel Stallard, Arana Hills, Q.

You drive for some eight hours south in air conditioned ease,
Then step into an oven of some forty two degrees.

"Tamworth", reads the signboard, "The Country Music Capital",
It felt more like some branch of Hell for this road weary traveller.

There's caravans and four wheel drives and caravans and trailers
There's caravans and campervans and tents with full regalia
But with your camp established the main street Peel is seen,
Where rainbow walking crows converge in Akubra's, boots and jeans.

You wander here and wander there glass-eyed and wobbly knees,
There's buskers, musos, magicians and line dancers at their heels.
Then suddenly you spy the pub an oasis from the heat,
Where air conditioned temperatures helps forget the hell-hot streets.

Here temperatures are twelve degrees not sweltering forty two,
The beer is cold, the music great, the food worth eating too.
And life comes back to focus in this town of song and verse,
And you're glad you made the journey even though it is your first.

Bush poems at the Longyard with six hundred eye-glued fans,
Who laugh and cry from eight to ten with breakfast in each hand.
Original verse from milking sheds and cowbails from the heart,
Of stockhands with a limp wrist and grandma's martial arts,

Us poets are a friendly mob you find this from the start,
They make you feel real welcome and you know it's from the heart.
You put a beard, moustache or specs on names you've only heard,
And they're richer in real life by far than just their written words.
Bobby Miller and Ray Essery, Bob Magor and Big Muzza,
Are just a sample of the poets who hail you now as 'cobber'.

Competition at the Imperial and Oasis Pubs is keen,
Where talented men and lady poets compete with mood and scene.
At times they have you laugh and cry and often ponder deep,
About the people, bush and life that we Australians meet.

It's fitting that Australia Day ends this week of song and verse,
It makes you proud to be a part of this rich, potential earth.
But of all the gems I mined this week the one that shines supreme,
Is the warmth, the welcome, mateship shared as bush poets tell their dreams.

SWAG STRAPS

© Peter Coad, Bundernoon, NSW

Young Bill rolled his swag and tightened leather straps,
With one smooth action swung that swag across his back.
Hat pulled low to shade his face he walked into the sun.
Til Melbourne town was far behind and the Nullabor to come.

It was 1890, ambition filled his soul.
Success was in his hand when he held Kalgoorlie's gold.
The swag straps stained with sweat, he hung upon a peg.
"There may come a time when someone'll find a use for those" he said.

Then the year was thirty one, depression filled the air.
Jim gazed upon the straps his Father had hung there
Slowly Jim took down those straps for money he had none.
He walked into the morning sun the way his Dad had done.

Jim's steps headed east, Grenfell to Carcoar.
The leather straps across his back the ones his father wore.
Work Jim found in a country town the old leathers on the peg.
"There may come a time when someone'll find a use for those" he said.

**WARNERVALE COUNTRY MUSIC
FESTIVAL
BUSH POETRY COMP. REPORT**

from Graeme Johnson

The Warnervale Country Music Festival held their inaugural Bush Poet's Breakfast on the Saturday of the recent long weekend at the Beachcomber Hotel/Motel on the NSW Central Coast.

With the magnificent views of the Tuggerah Lakes in the background guest reciters Gary Lowe, Len Knight, Ron Brown, Bob Skelton, Graeme Johnson, Pat Britton and poetry event organiser Bob Sennett warmed the crowd up before the competitions proper.

A healthy crop of locals and imports (lots of ladies too) vied for the trophies on offer by offering their all in their performances. Prizewinners on the day were.

1. Trad. Bush Poetry (Over 50 Yrs.)
... Pat Britton.
2. Trad. Bush Poetry (Under 50 Yrs.)
... Graeme Johnson
3. Bush Poetry Original
... Graeme Johnson
4. General Original ... Helen Tawyer
5. Bush Poetry Original Novice
... Bill Lasham

*Congratulations !***ATTENTION ORGANISERS**

BUSH POETRY EVENTS FOR TAMWORTH
COUNTRY MUSIC WEEK 1999

Please assist by send your
details to the Editor A.S.A.P.

Deadline 1st DECEMBER, 1998

This year is '98 with some people feeling down.
Some have jobs, some have none, some just drifting round.
The wheel of fate keeps grinding on, ever turning slow.
The old swag straps hang on the peg unused since years ago.
Johnny rolled his bluey, he had nought to lose.
Men fly through the stars today but holes still wear in his shoes.
The moral of this story is, our fortunes rise and fall.
And there's no better proof of that than those swag straps on the wall.

A.B.P.A. MEMBERS SUCCESS

Eastwood Hills FAW Competition - Traditional Section
2nd Ellis Campbell, Dubbo, NSW for "Memory's Lane"
& Commended for "View From A Window"

Liz Vincent Picton NSW Short Listed - "My Son Grows Up"
Nimbin Agricultural and Industrial Society Inc.

1st Prize & Highly Commended to Ellis Campbell
Hastings FAW Competition

1st Liz Vincent Article Section & Highly Commended
in the Gilbert Mant Award for Bush Poetry
2nd & Shortlisted Ellis Campbell in Gilbert Mant Award
3rd & Highly Commended Ellis Campbell
in Glad Stanford Award for Traditional Poetry

GREED © Noel Cutler, Wangaratta, Vic.*2nd Prize, Sec. 1 Bards of Bowra Written Competition*

It was long ago that work was what the average person did,
And the ones who worked the hardest, rightly earned the biggest quid.

But the advent of the dollar brought about a baneful breed
Who derived excessive incomes, not through work, but out of greed.

Now we've got an infra-structure where an honest working bloke

Who believed his input worthy, now perceives it as a joke.
For it's rare to find employers who promote the moral creed
That the welfare of production is more prevalent than greed.

Let's be thankful for the attitude ambition's not a sin,
If results achieved are measured by the effort you put in:
As compared to social parasites existing on the feed
They can get by using arrogance, payola, graft and greed.

If you taste the fruits of profit that the corporate garden grows,
And you find them rather bitter and offensive to the nose,
You may doubt the battle's raging to destroy the noxious weed;
But we'll never kill corruption while it's fertilised with greed.

If you hear a politician boldly bragging his intent
To resolve the nation's worries, you can bet the bugger's bent.
His intentions are all selfish and he cares not for your need;
Choosing not to bite the party-hand that feeds him wholesome greed.

In the breaches of judiciary the pompous judges rule,
And manipulate the barrister whose client is the fool.
Then they divvy up the booty as each party had decreed.
And they scoff the legal precedent they've set because of greed.

You may think that greed's the province of the affluent alone.
But to scorn the deeds of others while you disregard your own
Can be easily interpreted as arrogance and lead
To others who don't know you, to believe you live by greed.

If the nuclear destruction from the war to end all wars
Never happens as predicted by the doomsters and their cause,
Don't cavort in your indifference as the holocaust indeed
Will be far more devastating when the war-heads carry greed.

You can set yourself objectives in pursuit of wealth and fame,
But be satisfied with what you've got when you achieve your aim.
Don't be tempted by that social scourge to seek more than you need,
For it's only those who have enough can claim they're free of greed.

SEEDS OF BEAUTY © Glen G. Muller, Toowoomba Q

As though by wave of magic wand,
Is formed a gem of which you're fond,
For it's the birthstone, yours by right,
Boldly cut - now shining bright.



Sky blue colour so uniform,
A luster, above the norm;
Yellow or golden or sherry tone,
The seeds of beauty, so are sown.



To view the glory is a treat,
Set in jewellery trim and neat:
This stone your nature it did bless,
A topaz gives you cheerfulness.

Topaz is the Birthstone for those born in November

**BIKIES, BARDS AND
BOOTSCHOOTERS
AT HOLLISDALE**

A superb day of Bush Poetry and entertainment was held on Sunday 8th November at the tiny village of Hollisdale, located in the deep lush mountain country near Wauchope on the Mid North Coast, NSW.

This extraordinarily Australian day of fellowship which drew a very attentive audience of over 100 folk, was jointly organised by the Mid Coast branch of the Ulysses Club for senior motor bike riders whose motto is to "grow old disgracefully" and the Port Macquarie Barbed Wire Boogarians Bootshooters.

A.B.P.A. and Ulysses Club member John Hinton of Hollisdale co-ordinator and compered the humour packed day.

Support was also forthcoming from the local community which included several fine senior reciters who had, it would seem been weaned on traditional bush verse and gave a fine account of themselves. Amongst this group was Tom Hollis, whose family made an original selection in the area and after whom this delightful area was named. Another local, Bill McMillan born and raised on the Comboyne Plateau gave the audience the benefit of his life long interest in bush verse - it was indeed a treat to be entertained by these gents. They were later joined by another local, Dave Wharton who further contributed his talents to the day.

The community spirit of the occasion was evidenced by the fact that members of both groups either wrote their own poems for the occasion or chose to read or recite the work of other poets.

Ulysses members Rosemary Laurens, John Hinton and John Deans acquitted themselves well with their choice of traditional poetry and the Boot Scooting Boogarian representatives Brian Hurrell, Glenda Lachey, John James, Dick Hehir, Joan Kelly and Roy South also chose verse from both modern and traditional writers for their contribution. Sandy Hurrell's original poem "Barbwire Boogarians" about the group and it's formation was a real crowd pleaser.

Visiting poets were Reid Begg, Forster, Jackie O'Neill, Tuncurry, Charlie Davison, Emerald Beach and Maureen Garner from Nambucca Heads. Without doubt the real scene stealers on the day were the local junior poets - Jacob Hurrell (8 yrs.), Cory (7yrs.) and Justin Hinton (4 yrs.) - all three delighting and entertaining to perfection.

Hastings Council Alderman, Frank Harrison congratulated "The Unofficial Mayor of Hollisdale", John Hinton for his efforts in arranging this celebration of our Australian culture and positive audience comments on the day will ensure that it will be staged again next year.





BARK HUT BUSH POETS BRUNCH - BENDIGO Vic.

The Brunch was held on Saturday, 11th October at the Allies Hotel, Myers Flat near Bendigo. We had a top collection of Poets from Victoria who numbered fifteen. Judges on the day were Dave Ferguson from Radio 3BO Breaky Show and Rod Geere from KLFM Radio in Bendigo. Winners on the day were

Best Overall Poet: Neil McArthur, Ballarat
Best Original Verse Grahame "Skew Wiff" Watt, Kyabram
Runner Up Original Verse: Trevor Hargreaves, Yarrawonga
Best Traditional Verse: Ric Raftis, Huntly Kyabram Club
Runner Up Traditional Verse: Ed Scott, Majorca South
Encouragement Award: Shane Hanson, Charlton.

I would like to thank all the poets who attended, with special thanks to Johnny Johanson, Grahame Watt and Neil McArthur for their donations to the raffle to help with the costs of the day. We look forward to running the event again next year.

Whipstick Wortho

KYABRAM KAPERS

The Ky group was well represented at the Bendigo Bush Poets Brunch at the Allies Hotel. Congratulations to Peter Worthington for a good show. We also performed at a "Bush Market" which was a Kyabram town promotion on Thursday, 29th October when the main street was closed off to create a great market atmosphere for the day.

On 20th November our group will be represented at a show over in Tammy Muir territory. There is to be a painting, poetry, port and guitar playing night at Nathalia Golf Club organised by Glenda Cornell to raise funds for the local hospital.

Our special Christmas meeting is at the Kyabram Fauna Park Kiosk on Monday, 7th December at 7.30 pm. Everyone is welcome and enquiries can be made to either Grahame Watt 03 5852 2084 or Mick Coventry 03 5853 3365.

Grahame Watt.

POETRY AT NOBBY, Qld

A memorial concert to honour the late Stan Coster was held in the Hall at Nobby on Queensland's Darling Downs on Saturday, 24th October.

Commencing at 3pm and finishing well after midnight, Country musos strutted their stuff throughout the evening to a packed house of over 600 people. Bush verse was performed between musical brackets with a dozen or so poets taking part during the festivities, all of whom were well received by the throng.

Liz Ward, as Charlee Marshall's Jane Elahi put in a surprise appearance during the evening and it was said that she couldn't finish a sentence without the audience falling in the aisles!! What a trouper !!

The Dunn family from Warwick, "Boulia" Bates, Max Jarrott, Ron Selby, Bluey Bostock, Carol Reffold, Bill MacChure, Billy Hay, Olive Shooter, Carmel Randle, and Jennifer Haig were amongst those who were performing and flying the BP flag.

It is said that the Nobby pub offers the biggest serves of pavlova around and our spies observed one of the above mentioned ladies shamelessly tucking in while in the company of none other than one of the direct descendants of one of Nobby's most famous sons, Arthur Hoey Davis (Steele Rudd).



NORTH RIVERS BUSH POETS NEWS

Our Northern Rivers group is still alive and well, however because of time and distance we no longer hold meetings but get together whenever there is a function on, which is usually once each month.

We had a great night at the Mullumbimby Services Club recently when we were honoured to be entertained by Robert Raftery. Rob was the star of a fund raising evening for Rotary and Lions Clubs. Robert performed his Laurie Lawrence inspirational poems which really showed the calibre of the 'Picture Writer'. Support acts were Ray 'The Mullumbimby Bloke' Essery, myself and music by Andrea, Ken Cartner and Whistle Stop.

Last month we held a benefit night for the Westpac rescue helicopter, which was an outdoor affair and we braved the elements after a hail storm. All those who came enjoyed a fine nights entertainment from The Mullumbimby Bloke, John Bird, Max Strong with poems and guitar, Martin O'Brien and myself with fine country music support from Double Decker, Dave and Lyn Manning.

The Mullum Bloke was also very active and organised the inaugural performance of the Bush Poets at the Lismore Show. All the above poets, plus special guest contemporary poet David Hallett of Nimbin, performed for three solid days and were well appreciated by the crowd.

Should anyone want to contact our mob, just give me a call on 02 6685 7064 and if you would like to perform we just might have a YAPS (yarns and poems show) coming up.

Best regards,

Col Hadwell

OOPS, I DID IT AGAIN !!

Apologies to Ellis Campbell and the members who enquired about what happened to the last line of his poem "McTurvey's Hut" which was published last month. For those of you who have worked with desk top publishing poems, you will understand this is one of the things that happens when you start moving text frames. Sorry, here's the last verse again Ed.

"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;
where he listens to the rain outside the house that cost him nil."

WALTZING MATILDA COMP. NEWS

Due to the fact that a Public Holiday has now been gazetted for Monday, 26th April, 1999 the following dates now apply to the above competition.

Junior Bush Poetry Fest., - Thursday, 22nd April, 1999
Senior Competitions - Sat 24th - Mon. 26th April, 1999

The same wonderful prizes, including a trip to Elko Nevada will be offered to open winners. Some very special NEW awards will be programmed, including ones of particular interest to Senior citizens. Last years non competitive Sessions will again feature.

Anyone wishing to be added to the Waltzing Matilda Mailing List should write to the Organiser, PO Box 7714, Toowoomba M.C., Q. 4352.

LAND OF THE BEARDIES BUSH POETRY COMPETITION

On behalf of the Land of the Beardies Festival Committee, I would like to thank our visiting poets who came to support of Poets Breakfast and Bush Poetry Competition which was held on Sunday, 1st November in Glenn Innes.

Due to inclement weather in the days leading up to the events, King Edward Park was too wet to use and therefore and we were fortunate enough to have the Glenn Innes Town Hall made available to us where the Glenn Innes Lions Club provided a great breakfast for us all.

Congratulations to the winners as follows:

Traditional Section

- 1st - Ron Selby, Drayton, Qld.
- 2nd - John Bird, Lismore, NSW
- 3rd - Tiny Hall, Tamworth, NSW

Original Section

- 1st - John Bird, Lismore, NSW
- 2nd - Ron Selby, Drayton, Qld.
- 3rd - Bill MacClure - Tin Can Bay, Qld.



Nell Perkins



POET'S BREAKFAST - Berri, SA

Recently I was asked to perform at Berri in SA's Riverland for the Motor Homes of Australia Association. I expected to find a half dozen caravans and a handful of people. To my surprise, the Berri Caravan Park was absolutely chocka block with motor homes and a crowd of over 500 had turned up for the Poets Breakfast.

It was nice to meet Terry Regan from Blaxland, NSW and listen to his style. He did a top job with his great voice performing *The Man from Snowy River*. Bob Magor had warmed the crowd up the previous evening and had them primed. Many of the people hadn't heard or seen bush poetry performed before and Bob fairly hit them between the eyes with his brilliant and entertaining performance. Word has it that many Motor Folk were suffering from sore ribs for weeks !!! All the best,

Tom Penna

LIVE POETS SOCIETY OF GREAT LAKES AND MANNING VALLEY

The inaugural meeting of the Live Poets' Society was held on 26th October at The Lakeside Tavern in Forster on the Mid North Coast of NSW. The purpose of this newly formed group is to write, recite and appreciate poetry.

Meetings will be held on the last monday of each month in private homes and all interested persons are invited to attend to help promote poetry within the area. The next meeting will be held on Monday, 30th November at 2/7 Bonventi Close, Tuncurry and will commence at 7.30pm. For more information call Jackie 02 6555 4720 or Reid 02 6554 9788.

CLEO

© Bill Glasson, Clifton Q.



I have a dog, quite old and slow,
But loyal as any dog can be;
And she would tackle any foe
If she thought she was saving me.

A loving pat is all she'll crave
As she sits by me while I write.
And prowlers would be very brave
To take her on by day or night.

But I would not be hard to rob
By any crook who used his head,
For on a stormy night, the slob
Lies hiding underneath my bed.



BIG CITY MUSTER REPORT

Everything went well on the day, despite the Sydney Water crisis ! Although numbers were a little lower than we expected, the event provided a great opportunity for people who had not heard bush poetry previously with the opportunity to do so, and perhaps enlighten them.

The NSW Writers Centre, who lent their financial support to the venture and provided a marquee and PA system, should be thanked for their support.

The Muster began at 9.30 am with performance Competitions, each presenter performed their own work to set the standard. They were: Adrian Bryden, a great performer who lives on Bowen Mountain, the lovable gad-a-bout Arch Bishop blessed the audience; The Whip Wizard and awesome annotator of bush verse, Noel Cutler, mesmerised and I did the introductions.

Another highlight was Bob Skelton of Minmi who provided a beautifully polished and engraved horseshoe plaque, which will be a perpetual trophy to be handed on each year for "The Greatest of the Greats". This was eventually won by Brian Beesley, a prize winner from last year and he was so impressed with the trophy that he plans to come back next year to defend it.

The Bush Tucker Lunch, provided by Balmain Leagues Club was a treat at a reasonable cost and even the club chefs were in the spirit of the occasion and wore Akubras!

A tradition of the festival was a 'One Minute Poetry Slam' run by the Poets Union. While this usually attracts mostly young, free verse poets, Noel Cutler, Michael Derby and I flew the flag for the Bush Poets. We were overjoyed when Michael was awarded the Silver Medal.

I was very pleased to donate the profits of the proceedings to Bill Crews, who runs the Ashfield Soup Kitchen to assist him in his endeavours.

I am indebted to other sponsors of the event, Image Publishing, Balmain Leagues Club, Canterbury Hurlstone Park RSL, Shearer's Bookshop, Roger Hockin, Taralga and Bob Skelton. In addition to the presenters, John Kelly, Mary Rolfe, Leslie and Jean Wurlud and Sue Lasham were of great assistance to me on the day.

The winners were:

Traditional Serious -	Ray Halliday
Traditional Humorous-	Ray Halliday
Original Serious -	Brian Beesley
Original Humorous -	Bob Maza
Greatest of the Greats -	Brian Beesley
Written -	Harold Hunt

Joye Dempsey

CAN YOU HELP ??

"ONE TALK" is a magazine for young people of all cultures aged between 9 - 15 years. The Assistant Editor, Philip Rallings has asked if any young poets, artists or writers would like to submit items for possible inclusion in the magazine. If you are interested, please contact him direct - PO Box 5466 West End, Qld 4101. Phone - 07 3892 4336, Fax 07 3217 1227, Email, rallings@powerup.com.au



G'day from Geoffrey Graham

Greetings and salutations. Things are hectic down this way in the bush poetry world. Spent a weekend in Karoondah with a great festival of Australian music and the spoken word. Bob Magor and myself with Tom Penna and a few others had a ball. The work Janette Wormald has put into this festival has been phenomenal.

Also the Vic Harbour Festival which I attended for the first time was a ripper. There are so many people out there performing poetry and audiences who love it. I met some of the South Aussie poets including Peter Chapman, Gaynor Bowden, the Edgecombers and many others.

Mary Meehan and Les Barker showed the great range of poetry that exists, some wonderful stuff ranging from sentimental, serious, quirky and hilarious.

Did a mess of compering, a pile of 'spots' and managed to do a shortened version of 'The Man from Ironbark' which is always a challenge at festivals. Congrats to the organisers of this little gem.

While I was in SA visited the towns of Cleve and Lock performing my Ironbark show and my more recent show 'Ratbags and Romantics'.

Maldon just over was great with extra bush poetry events, breakfasts and a Brunch. Oldies like Eddie, Screitch, Campbell the Swaggie plus Margaret Goff, Mary Meehan, Carol Reffold who travelled from Queensland, Mike Groves and a pile of others, over 25 all up!

In November the big event for me is doing my Ironbark show in Melbourne. the season started on November 10th and finishes on November 22nd. The venue is the Victorian Trades Hall on cnr Lygon & Victoria Sts in Carlton. Bookings are made on 033 9639 3282 or you can contact me on the mobile - 015 425 470. Show times are on page 18 of this newsletter. Keep smiling.

Geoffrey Graham

PS We've moved !! Ph 03 5446 3739 Our new address is PO Box 36, Eaglehawk, Vic. 3475

THANKYOU FROM BOB MILLER

I would like to thank everyone for their understanding and patience over the last two months, when after being as "crook as a maggot" for three weeks I was called to Sydney for a harrowing month culminating in the passing away of my mother Lil.

She was well known to lots of our brotherhood, so please accept our apologies for being unable to notify everyone in person.

We also wish to apologise to all the organisations and individuals that I had to cancel gigs with at so short notice, I know many would have been unable to find a replacement and few things distress me more than this. With 53 messages and a sugar bag of mail, it will still take us a while to get back to all, so please accept this as our personal thanks to everyone.

Bob and Sandy Miller



BUSH POETS ON THE INTERNET

Australian Bush Poetry is reaching further and further through the Internet Services and is bringing talents of overseas writers into our midst.

Voted the most popular site on the Net is the 'Back o' Bourke Bush Poets' page which is owned by Ron Wilson, an earthmoving contractor from Bourke, in outback New South Wales.

Also known as 'King Ron' or 'Ron the Slayer', Ron is an adept Australian Bush Poet, a keen fisherman, loving husband of Debbie and father of Kelly, born in July this year.

Bush Poetry is alive and well in the Australian bush today as much as it was in the days of Henry Lawson and Banjo Paterson. According to Ron, the poets themselves are a diverse mixture of ringers, farmers bushmen and women, city folk, scholars 'and mugs like himself'. "The poems cover an equally wide range from bush humor to tragedy and everything in between and they usually rhyme which doesn't seem to be important to some people anymore" says Ron.

A regular challenge has been set up by the 'Back o Bourke' Bush Poets encouraging writers from all over to contest the selected criteria for a chance at taking the crown from the King.

Rivalry in Bush Poetry is a popular historical pastime in Australia. And what better way to improve your rhyming skills than to participate in the competitive atmosphere of

"The Battle Ground"

The scene is set in a smoky bar,
way out the Back of Bourke

The bards had travelled from near and far,
to test their latest work

And they all raised their drinks in a mutual toast
with whisky, beer and gin

Then they drank to the memory of Henry's ghost
and said "Let the Battle Begin"

Ron Wilson © 1998

Henry Lawson and Banjo Paterson had an active verse war going on in "The Bulletin" in their day and "The Battle Ground" is meant to be taken with the same friendly rivalry and Mateship Spirit that was alive in their time.

Keen web browsers can find 'The Battle Ground' and more links to bush poetry on 'Back o Bourke' Bush Poets Home Page on <http://www.bushpoetry.com>.

Welcome to New Members

Dawn de Ramirez - Bombaderry, NSW

Frank Harrison - Wauchope, NSW

Stuart Nivison - Cleverland, Qld

Barbara MacDermid - Yarrowonga, Vic.

We trust that your membership of our association will be a long and happy one. - A.B.P.A Inc. Committee

GILGANDRA "Country Pubs and Yarns"

This Talent Quest was held on Saturday 3rd October at the Royal Hotel where 8 poets and three singers attended. Congratulations to Ellis Campbell - 1st, Neil Carrol - 2nd, and Bob Stevenson - Encouragement Award.

NEWSLETTER COPY IS DUE BY 1ST DAY EA MONTH



POET'S CALENDAR OF EVENTS AND COMPETITIONS

- Nov 10-22 **'Banjo' Paterson "Man from Ironbark" Show** Presented by Geoffrey Graham at Victorian Trades Hall, Carlton. See details on page 18
- Nov 28 **Heritage Aust Music Fest.** Annandale NSW, Poets Brunch etc. P17
- Nov 30 **Closing Date. Blackened Billy Verse Competition.** Written Competition. P18
- Nov 30 **Closing Date. Coffs Harbour City Council Written Competition** Details P 17
- Nov 30 **Closing Date. Macfie Clan Society Poetry Comp.** Phone 07 5466 5269 P17
- 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.** Deatils P 9
- Jan 16-24 **Tamworth Bush Poets Breakfasts:** Goonoo Goonoo Room, Longyard Hotel, Tamworth. Ring Frank Daniels 02 6344 1477 Details Below & P18
- Jan 20-23 **Tamworth Bush Poetry Competition.** Imperial Hotel, Tamworth, NSW. Performance Comp. P17
- Jan 23 **ABPA Annual General Meeting. 2.30pm** St Peter's Hall, Vera Street, Tamworth P2
- Jan 23 **Blackened Billy Verse Comp. Presentations,** Imperial Hotel, Tamworth NSW P17
- Jan 29 **Closing Date. John O'Brien Poetry & Prose Comp.** Phone 1800 672392 P17
- 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 P17
- Feb 13-14 **High Country Poets Performance Competition.** Ph. Jack Drake 07 4683 7169 P17
- Mar 1 **Closing Date. Jondaryan Woolshed Written Competition.** Ph 07 4635 6429 P 17
- Mar 10 **Closing Date. Jondaryan Woolshed Performance Competition** Ph 07 4635 6429 P17
- Mar 13-14 **Golden Bell Poetry Award, Laidley, Q.** Performance Poetry & Yarns - Ph Bob McPhee ah 07 5466 5269 or bh 5466 5407 P 7 & 18
- 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. P17
- April 4 **Nambucca Heads Bowling Club, NSW.** Poets Breaky open mike \$5.00 incl hot meal ph 02 6568 5269.
- Apri 9-11 **Man from the Snowy River Bush Festival** Corryong, Vic Ph Jan Lewis 02 6076 1179 or Neil Hulm 02 6025 3845 P18
- April 23-26 **Waltzing Matilda Bush Poetry Championships.** Details P 17
- May 1-2 **Gatton Heritage Festival.** Gatton, Qld. Performance Comp. Bob McPhee ah 07 5466 6269 P7
- May 14-18 **Australian Bush Poetry Championships.** Mulwala Services Club, NSW Details P 1 & 18
- Aug 5-7 **Bards of the Outback.** Hungerford, Qld. Performance Comp and Yarnspinning. Accom & Transport available. Contact Bob McPhee ah 07 5466 5269 P 7

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



TRADITIONAL LONGYARD BUSH POETS BREAKFAST 1999

Plans are now under way through the auspices of the Golden Gumleaf Enterprises to conduct another of the very popular Traditional Longyard Bush Poets Breakfasts at the famous Longyard Hotel, Tamworth, 16th - 24th January, 1999 during Tamworth Country Music Festival.

Held in the Goonoo Goonoo Room of the Hotel, the Breakfasts commence at 8.00 am daily, with the many patrons partaking of the sumptuous breakfasts served by the Longyard.

Many of the old favourites will be returning to this most popular venue during the festival. Compere during the week will be one of the country's best known performance Bush Poets, Frank Daniel of Canowindra NSW assisted by Tim McLoughlin of Scone. Between them they will be introducing such famous drawcards as Bobby Miller, Marco Giori, Ray Essery, Australian Ladies Champion Glenly Palmer, Greg Scott, Neil McArthur, Murray Hartin and two times winner of the

Australian Championships Milton Talyor; Inaugural Champion Gary Fogarty; South Australia's Bob Magor; John and Joy Major, three times Australian Junior Champion Carmel Dunn and the unpredictable Shirley Friend, among others.

COFFS COMPEITION CLOSING SOON

Entires for the Inaugural City of Coffs Harbour National Written Bush Poetry Comptition, auspiced by the council's Australia Day Committee will close on 30th November.

The two sections, on any topic or a local subject in the Coffs Harbour Shire are available to entrants in addition to the junior sections for both Primary and High School students.

Presentation will be made on Australia Day, 1999 at Coffs Harbour RSL Club.. Entry forms are available from Maureen Garner, 2/8 Salamander Parade, Nambucca Heads. Ph. / Fax 02 6568 5269.

**A.B.P.A. Annuals make great
Christmas Gifts!
Available from the Secretary.**

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 Brunkhorst, 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 Pilottos 02 4631 1419
- 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 Monday** **Live Poets Society of Great Lakes/Manning Valley.** Meet at 7.30pm in private home - Ring
 Jackie 02 6555 3720 or Reid 02 6554 9788 for details of venue each month.
- 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*



BELTAINE 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

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

POETS AND MATES

8pm Thursday 3rd December, 1998
 Kallangur Community Centre
 1480 Anzac Avenue, KALLANGUR, Q

MARK TEMPANY - WALLY FINCH & SANTA
 Light Supper - \$10 (all inclusive)

Please book to assist with catering Ph 07 3886

**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
 9 Queens Road, Hamilton, Brisbane

Guy McLean & "Nugget" with Mark Tempany

\$15.00 ph Bookings essential - Ph 07 3268 3624 or 07 3262 3769

**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)

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 - Limit 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

HIGH COUNTRY POETS

in conjunction with the Granite Belt Tourist Assn's
WINE AND FOOD AFFAIR, 8th-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 10.2.99 - 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 **

**MACFIE CLAN SOCIETY OF AUSTRALIA
1998 BUSH POETRY COMPETITION**

Section 1: John Dunmore Lang Poetry Prize
 Section 2: Will Ogilvie Poetry Prize
 Entry Fee \$5.00 - Closes 30.11.98
 Enq & Entry Forms from Bob McPhee
 8 Jahn Drive, Glenore Grove, Q. 4342
 Ph ah 07 5466 5269 or bh 07 5446 5407



AUSTRALIAN BUSH POETRY CHAMPIONSHIPS

Yarrowonga (Vic) - Mulwala (NSW)

14th - 18th May, 1999

ENTRY FORMS NOW AVAILABLE

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



See the complete
'Banjo' Paterson Show
GEOFFREY GRAHAM
presents

THE MAN FROM IRONBARK

VICTORIAN TRADES HALL

Cnr Lygon & Victoria Sts., Carlton
Tues 10th November to Saturday
22nd November 1998 at 8pm

Matinees 4pm on Saturday 14th,

Saturday 21st and Sunday 22nd

Tickets \$20, Conc. \$16, Students \$10 - Booking a & Info
Union Promotions 03 9639 3282 or Message on 015 425 470

MAN FROM THE SNOWY RIVER BUSH FESTIVAL - Corryong, Vic.

9th - 11th April, 1999

For information please ring

Jan Lewis 02 6076 1179 or Neil Hulm 02 6025 3845



GOLDEN BELL POETRY AWARD

Performance Poetry Recitals & Yarnspinning
Conducted by the

Queensland Clydesdale & Draft Horse Society
in conjunction with National Heavy Horse Field Days
Laidly Showground - 13-14th March, 1999
More Info from Bob McPhee ah 07 5466 5269

LONGYARD HOTEL - TAMWORTH NSW

BUSH POETS BREAKFASTS

8am Sat. 16th - Sat. 24th January, 1999

Compered by

FRANK DANIELS & TIM McLOUGHLIN

Featuring all your favourite Bush Poets

For information call Frank - 02 6344 1477

WANT TO MAKE A CD ??

ROD MARKS, of Forster, NSW is developing a recording studio on a property not far of the highway at Nabitac near Taree. Family accommodation will be offered free for weekends for individuals or groups wishing to record poetry on CD.

A trial CD is currently being compiled. Brochures will be posted to you as soon as it's up and running. This venture will be geared for people from anywhere, not just the local area - and promotion of CD's will be encouraged through many radio stations. If you are interested call Rod on 02 6555 5575 for more information.



YARRAWONGA - MULWALA & DISTRICT

As the magnificent Murray River winds it's way along the unique countryside it eventually leads to Lake Mulwala, home of the unforgettable ghostly red gums and is a wildlife haven for magnificent pelicans and black swans. Fishing enthusiasts will be well contented with a catch of yellow belly, trout or Murray Cod.

The lake offers water lovers fishing, paddle boats, yachting, rowing, barbecue, pontoons and river swimming.

Nature lovers and campers will appreciate the natural beaches which are along the river, perfect for swimming and family fun.

History can be relived by visiting the National Trust Museum, or perhaps a visit to the famous clock museum.

Alfresco dining is everywhere, from hospitable country pubs to excellent dining in any one of the fine restaurants which abound in the district, all providing an abundance of fine fare and wine which is produced locally and will delight the most discerning palette.

Day trips of the district's renowned and world famous wineries is a tempting option for those so inclined.

Accommodation in the area ranges from comfy country cabins, caravan parks, hotels, charming B & B's, self-contained family units, stylish appartments, motel suites or resorts. Sporting enthusiasts are well catered for with a 45 hole championship golf course, tennis courts, bowling and croquet greens.



POM'S EYE VIEW - MELBOURNE CUP 1998



© 1998 Charlie Davison, Emerald Beach, NSW

Me? I'm not a gambler, I haven't got the bug,
It's only fools that play that game - I'm not that sort of mug!

But when the Melbourne Cup is run in early November

I forget that I'm a Pom and join the Ozzie bender.

Just once a year - now there's no fear that I'll become
addicted,

Hey mate, for just this one event I cannot be convicted.

I look at names and study form, admire flesh sleek and
slender,

Wondering who will cross the line in sweet victorious
splendor.

There's gallant Doriemus, - the veteran old fighter,
L. Beasley's on Perpetual Check - and weights seven kilo's
lighter!

Persian Punch and Tie the Knot, Champagne and Yorkshire
too.

Oh gosh, I'm getting in a mess, what DOES a Sheila do?

Five dollars on the nose of one that looking kinda randy,
Another five goes on each way - the Hind is fine and dandy.

Jesabeel and Aerosmith could well be in the know -
ANOTHER ten bucks down the drain - and now I've done
me dough!

Long before the race is run my winnings are all spent,

My nails are bitten to the quick before the great event.

My lips are dry, - up goes the cry that "Jesabeels the runner"

I should have backed her on the nose - not each way -

What a bummer !

Excitement's over, pack your hats with all your fancy gear,
And nah, I'm not a gambler but - can't Wait until next year !

DOES SHE ? © Brian Bell, Glenbrook, NSW

Does she ask about me, Dad,
as you're finishing your coffee?
Does she wonder how I'm going
since you moved from where we live?
Does she ever say my name?
This past year has been so confusing.
Is there something that I've done
Which Grandma's silence can't forgive?

Does she shed a little tear
as she whispers that she's missed me
since the family visits finished?
What a shame they had to end.
Does she like your other kids?
Does she make them chocolate biscuits?
Do they play with her, like I did
when I stayed the whole weekend?

How much fun it was, that afternoon
I beat her playing scrabble,
and every time it rained
we'd watch cartoons inside the house.
Grandma taught me lots of things.
Does she do that for the others?
Does she bring them all a sandwich
as they're watching Mickey Mouse?

Does she ask about me, Dad,
when you've finished talking weather
and she pours another cuppa?
This divorce stuff's way too hard,
but if you're talking to her, PLEASE
remind her I just had my birthday.
Say I'd love it if she'd phone
or send five dollars in a card.

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