

The Australian Bush Poets Association Inc.



Monthly Newsletter

No 9 Volume 6

September 1999

NOSTALGIA'S DISILLUSION

© Ellis Campbell

1999 Winner of Diamond Shears, Longreach

A burnished sun is glaring, from an amber tinted sky,
on pitiful surroundings where the dust-swirls spiral high.
Its desolation haunts me as I stand and gaze about;
a parching soil's prostration after years of blazing drought.
On roads that lead to nowhere, through a sea of nothingness,
where scattered saltbush mottles plains - there's little else I guess.

A smudge upon infinity, that blurs horizon's haze,
or faint mirage that's conjured by my failing vision's gaze?
A homestead long deserted with its broken window pane
forlornly stands amidst the grey of everlasting plain.
Incessant clapping echoes from a sheet of sagging iron,
discordant clanging mingled with the west wind's mournful whine.

A gate that's sadly sagging, with its frayed and paintless fringes,
emits it's groaning protest via rusted, squeaking hinges.

The roof's dilapidated and verandah posts are drab -
its scraggy walls constructed with an ancient wattle-dab.
No doubt it's depths secrete the tales a century can tell;
of ecstasy and heartache forged by fortune's carousel.

I see the jaunty emus stalk and brolgas grace the plain;
the brash corellas screech and squawk and eagles soar again.
A track along the sagging fence where last night's dingo prowled;
perchance he paused beside the bush - threw back his head and howled.
The sluggish river winds its way, its sides all rank with mud;
I stand here and compare it with the nineteen-fifty flood.

I hear the cattle's drifting low that wafts an evening breeze -
see grays and roans and brindle browns spread wide among the trees.
I see the swirling dust-cloud, rising dense from cattle yards;
hear bawling calves and wrathful cows the stockman disregards.
I feel a surging stockhorse wheel between my grasping knees -
recall again the stinging slap of stunted mulga trees.

A journey of nostalgia that I know will be my last;
a poignant longings pilgrimage to stretching regions vast.
Reclaiming youth's exuberance - alas, a search in vain -
I'll never know the wonder of its spreading space again.
I'm sorry now I made the trip, and faced the wretched truth -
nostalgic dreams can't substitute for joys of ardent youth.

SALTWATER JACK

© 1999 Greg Scott, Moonan Flat NSW

Shoalhaven tributary, Saltwater Creek,
Sandstone and eucalypt, barren and bleak,
cluster of buildings, an overgrown track,
Such were the boundaries of Saltwater Jack.

Lived all his life on the block he was born,
Worked with the draught horses, cattle and corn,
Always too busy, no time for a wife,
Seemed quite content with his solitary life.

No electricity, no telephone,
Life can be simple when living alone,
Slabs on the floor of a single room shack,
No need for luxuries, Saltwater Jack.

Arable acres each side of the creek.
Cleared with an axe and a bushman's physique,
Always prepared, less the bush intercede,
Lovingly nurtured, no sign of a weed.

High posted fences all strained up and straight,
Number notched railings in place of a gate,
Workshop with hundred year old bric-a-brac,
No new technology, Saltwater Jack.

Outbuildings cluttered with ancient debris,
Handcrafted peacock roost up in a tree,
Rustic old fowl house built into rocks,
Slab and wire netting to keep out the fox.

Leatherly legs never once let him down,
Riding his bicycle into the town,
Flour, rum and tea in a bag on his back,
Simple provisions for Saltwater Jack.

Ancient escarpment reflects the suns glow,
Time rolls along in the valley below,
Weary old man fights the flood and the drought,
Not going to see the old century out.

Illness approached with his eightieth year,
Prospect of hospital, genuine fear,
Nights waking up in a panic attack,
Unusual loneliness, Saltwater Jack.

Relatives over the Bamarang side,
Called in to tell him a cousin had died,
Too late, for Jack didn't care anymore,
Dead in his bed with a gun on the floor.

Cluster of buildings, an overgrown track,
Vale Aussie battler, Saltwater Jack.

GALSTON COUNTRY MUSIC FESTIVAL

Sun. 12th Sept. '99 - Fagan Park, Galston

The 3rd Annual Galston Country Music Festival will once again be held at Fagan Park, Galston (near Hornsby) NSW on Sunday 12th September, 1999.

Country Music fans who have been crying out over the last few years for a top quality Sydney based event now have one which is based right on their own doorstep. And it seems like we've hit the spot. Last year close to 10,000 patrons attended the event.

A charity based fund-raiser for the NSW Cancer Patients Assistance Society (run by Galston Rotary Club), this year's Festival will be presenting the Premier Artists of the Australian Country Music Scene such as the Bushwackers, The Crosby Sisters, Allan Caswell, Dwayne Elix, Helen Kay, Karen Lynne, Pat Drummond, Andrew Clermont, Tracey Coster, John Vaughan, Shorty Ranger, Garry Steele and Pamela Drysdale amongst others.

CONGRATULATIONS

to the Mid North Coast of NSW's Gentleman Poet, Reid Begg of Forster, who has been successful with several local awards and reached the finals of the recently held Forster Bowling Club Talent Quest.

'Onya Reid !!!!!

Never fear Poets, you haven't been forgotten either, a Poet's Breakfast (headed by the Festival Poetry Director Graeme Johnson) will kick off the day's proceedings at 9 am. Denis Kevans (Australia's Poet Lorrieket) will be the guest of honour and will be accompanied on stage by other noted poets, Joye Dempsey, Len Knight, Garry Lowe, Terry Regan, Vivienne Sawyer and Graeme himself.

This year's Festival will again be a fun-filled family orientated day with many and varied activities to enjoy such as Woodchopping, Buskers Competitions, Hot Rods and Vintage Cars, Community, Commercial and Market Stalls, Show Bags, Clowns, Pony rides, Kids Carnivals and Jumping Castles etc., etc., etc.

See you all at Fagan Park, Sunday 12th September !!!!!

All enquiries should be directed to Graeme Johnson, Phone 02 9874 7653.

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Olive Shooter, Secretary.

A.B.P.A. Membership - \$25 p. a. January to December

OR JULY to DECEMBER 1999 now \$13.00

PLEASE SEND ALL MONEY TO SECRETARY / TREASURER

WANTED: Editor for ABPA Newsletter

The only qualification necessary is to have a love of Australian Bush Verse, some spare time and perhaps some basic keyboard skills. Please ring Olive Shooter ASAP !!!!

Secretary's Notes

Dear Members,

Five venues showed interest in holding the Australian Bush Poetry Championships in the year 2000. Unfortunately, only one could be awarded the right. The place of the 1999 championships, Mulwala and the Yarrawonga/Mulwala Tourism will hold the 2000 championships. It was not a unanimous decision but it was a definite majority. I thank the nine members who acted on the committee to help decide. The task was not an easy one and we felt that probably any one of the five applicants could have organised a function to be proud of.

I mention this again, not to bore you all, but to inform any new members of our annual book of verse. Only a few of the second book are left. Available 2nd, 3rd, 4th, 5th, they are \$3.00 each plus postage of \$1.10 will post up to four books. If you wish to order, please write to me.

This is the last issue of our present editor, Maureen Stonham. I wish to record your thanks to her for all her time and the expertise she brought to the job. She has been most obliging and tried to suit everyone. I have had many notes of praise for the newsletter as she printed it, and although we are sorry to let her go, we wish her well and a fulfilling time as she goes on to other things. On a personal note, I thank you Maureen for your many courtesies to me over the time we have worked together. Nothing was ever too much trouble to you and you always showed an interest in all things bush poetry. The best of luck to you and Tom.

At the moment of writing this, we are still without an editor so please note the President's report for details of where to send copy for next month.

For those wishing to get publicity, for their functions, they should send details as soon as possible to the editor, a few months early so members can arrange their calendars. This is a free service and all we ask in return is that you forward the results of competitions at the earliest convenience. The editor should not be expected to chase up for results. Telephone calls are expensive.

We will be having an executive meeting at Millmerran and if opportunity arises we may be able to fit in a general meeting.

Fond regards, *Olive Shooter, Secretary.*



PRESIDENTS REPORT

The main topic this month is the decision on where the next championships will be held. It was not an easy decision considering the quality of the applications that were received from various clubs, associations and venues but a committee of nine members cast their votes and the championship for the year 2000 was again awarded to Mulwala / Yarrawonga. The Snowy Mountains Bush Poetry Club did a fine job of hosting the championships this year and we wish them and their sponsors every success for next year.

There are not too many events in this area for this month but by the time you get to read this report Millmerran will have been run and won. More about this event next month.

I'd like to congratulate the governing body for a fine event at Surat. Thank you to Bob & Chesne Nason who put up with a lot of mad poets at their property, 'Newington'.

As our illustrious hard working editor has stepped down from the position, all correspondence for the magazine can be forwarded to my address at P.O. Box 77 DRAYTON NORTH QLD 4350 for the time being. We have a member in Brisbane, Mrs J Priest who is willing to give the editors job 'A go' and her address will be advised as soon as she can arrange a PO number for mail. This may only be a temporary arrangement and we may still have to look for a permanent editor. Maybe someone would like to nominate at our AGM in Tamworth.

"Some people are wise - and some are otherwise"

RON SELBY

EXPRESSIONS OF INTEREST

Tenterfield Oracles of the Bush 2000 - "Women of the Bush"

The Oracles Committee are seeking expressions of interest from professional poets/entertainers who would like to take part in the Oracles of the Bush, 13th - 16th April, 2000. Expressions of interest can be sent to Tenterfield United Organisations Inc., PO Box 372, Tenterfield NSW 2372 - closing 30th October, 1999.

A DIFFERENT PERSPECTIVE

Recently I began offering my services as an 'After-dinner Speaker' for clubs like Lions, Rotary, View, Quota and so on. The response has been most gratifying, and I have prepared a couple of segments of about 30 minutes each. I use one only for a club, but can vary the program as I wish. At the end I sell copies of my book, and from the proceeds give the club a donation toward the charity it supports.

The message I present is that Bush Poetry is and can be a great form of entertainment for people, and I take it to them instead of expecting them to come to me. It also provides a great avenue for the marketing of your own books and tapes.

My new book is 100 pages of my own verse written over the past couple of years, is called simply "The Rambling Poet" and is advertised later in this issue.

John Barclay, Narrabeen NSW

THE DERELICT

© John Barclay, Narrabeen NSW

I saw him sitting in the bar
In the Stuart Arms Hotel,
Upon his face a livid scar
His glass held muscatel.
His eye set forth a vacant stare
He didn't seem to know
Another soul, or even care;
His wine was getting low

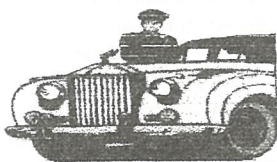
I sat and watched him as he sat
And sometimes sipped his drink;
He gave his pockets each a pat,
Then slowly seemed to shrink.
A line of colour in his glass
Sat still upon the ledge,
His vacant face, devoid of class
Was somehow near the edge.

I sat awhile and tried to think,
Then joined him and sat down.
"I'd like to buy you one more drink,"
I said, and saw him frown.
He turned his empty face to me,
Then slowly moved it back,
With no reaction I could see;
Of sense there seem a lack.

What are you drinking, chief? I asked,
And "Whiskey," he replied.
His battered face was firmly masked
And sort of like he'd died.
I walked across and bought his drink,
With ginger ale for me,
Then turned around and tried to think -
"Where could that fellow be?"

The glass I stood beside the first -
I looked around the room,
And so began to think the worst,
A thought you might assume.
The man was gone, no sign of him
Appeared about the place:
I sat and thought it rather dim -
You couldn't miss his face.

He didn't show in half an hour,
His drink was still unclaimed;
I must confess to feeling sour
With many names unnamed.
I stood to go - I saw him then
Just swaying in the door,
He lurched across and slumped again,
Just like he'd been before.



HIPSHOT'S CORNER ©

"Smart clothes make a girl look chick!"
they say ... but yet I've found
although they make a girl look slim
they make a bloke look 'round!

What do you get when you cross the
Atlantic with the Titanic?
HALFWAY !!

I sat and watched as he looked up,
His eyes were red and wet,
I passed across his drink to sup;
His shirt was dank with sweat.
"I saved it for you, chief," I said,
He downed it at one throw,
Then seemed to come back from the dead
And said "I'd better go."

"Just as you want," I let him know
I wouldn't make him stay;
The whiskey sort of made him glow,
His face had lost its grey.
"I'd like to thank you for the drink,"
And still he sat right there.
"If you will stay I rather think
A story I might share."

I nodded and he drew quite near,
The vacant look was gone.
"Now listen - you might never hear
The like again," - he shone.
His face was close: his clothes and breath
Gave off distinctive smells,
Like ancient bodies wrapped in death
And casting nasty spells.

"I made a pile, I had it all,
But then my partner left;
He took my wife, and had the gall
To have me charged with theft.
I tried to find them later on
When I got out of jail;
I couldn't learn where they had gone,
I never found their trail.

"And now it seems I'm all washed out,
I live from day to day:
The only thing I never doubt
Is I'll find them some way;
And when I do I'll make them pay
For what they did to me -
I'll kill the pair of them I say!"
He stopped, then laughed with glee.

He left me then, I didn't get
His name, or nay more;
I had a whisky too, to set
My nerves which felt quite poor.
The barman watched me while I drank
Then smiled at me and said:
"I see you met our local swank."
I felt my face go red.

He likes to lead on blokes like you,
He does it for a joke;
And every day he'll catch a few,
It nearly makes us choke.
He dresses up and sheds a tear,
They come from near and far;
He owns the biggest station here,
And drives a Rolls Royce car!"

WILD WISTERIA © R. Dorrell, Coffs Harbour

The wisteria went wisterical
And it climbed the tallest tree.
The gardener grew hysterical
As it flowered aloft in glee.
He put a giant ladder up
But the plant had reached too high
So his only way to prune the top
Was to sprout two wings and fly.

*** STOP PRESS ***

TRUNDLE BUSH POETRY STAKES

Competition entrants please note that the comp. heats and finals will now be held from 11am on Saturday, 25th September and not over two days as previously advertised. Please note that the Poets Breakfast, scheduled for Sunday 26th September at 9am will still be held. Enq. Frank Daniel 02 6344 1477

"BIG DOO" OFFERS CASH PRIZES

Glenys Bowtell, organiser of bush poetry sections for the "Big Doo" at Brymaroo, scheduled for the long weekend in October, has announced that the Dalby Country Music Club will offer cash prizes for their Bush Poetry Competition, which will follow a 7.30 am Poets Breakfast on Sunday 3rd October. The three sections - Novice, Original and Traditional will each carry a 1st prize of \$40, 2nd \$20 and 3rd \$10 and entries close of September 18th.

Free camping is available at the Brymaroo Rodeo Grounds and the usual bar and BBQ facilities will operate all weekend.

At 3pm on Sunday 3rd, the Winners concert will see \$1,300 in prizes distributed. To be eligible for entry into the Winners Concert, poets must enter 2 Country Music Sections as well as 1 poetry section.

For the Winners Concert you need to 2 songs, 2 poems or 1 song and one poem which have not previously been used in the qualifying sections.

The "Big Doo" is located at Brymaroo, 20 minutes from Dalby and 45 mins from Toowoomba. Enq to Glenys 07 4692 1347.

EKKA MEMORIES

The Royal Queensland Show 1999 provided many snapshots of special memories.

Surrounded by smells and sound provided by the culture that is Australia we were treated to poetry of the highest calibre.

The National Poetry Competition was captivating to passers-by, not only for curiosity sake but as a spoken link to days gone by, and, Australia today.

Every performer and audience alike were the ultimate winners on the day. Most courageous of all people to take the stage was our compere, The Larrikin, Bob Miller.

Medical hardships saw Bob apologise often for his performance, but from all of us present, no apologies necessary, mate. Well done!

Mick Flemming, Nanango, Q

MORE ON THE EKKA

from Trisha Anderson

What a busy time the bush poets had at the Brisbane Exhibition. The popular R.N.A. Bush Poetry Competition was held on the first Saturday of the show and it attracted approximately sixty entries in Traditional and Original classes.

Bob Miller, who ably compered the proceedings gives the results in his report on P6.

The Bush Poets appeared in the Wool Pavillion three times a day presenting Bush Poetry between fabulous fashion parades - Trisha Anderson, who was the compere at the pavillion reports the poets were very well received - it was a first for the Brisbane Ekka, and definitely a success - many thanks to all who participated.

THE SILOLOQUY OF A COUNTRY SON © Brian Beesley, Cherrybrook NSW

1st Place & Bronze Statuette - 1999 Grenfell Henry Lawson Festival of Arts Competition

I was tramping in the city where I used to spend some time,
Far away from country billets, when work was scarce and I'm
Attracted to a public house one humid afternoon;
The Royal Oak, as I recall, in the Prince of Wales saloon.
Across the bar a stranger sat whom I half recognised,
For his face had that raw bushy's look, with sharp inquiring eyes.
And city folk don't greet you like the country people do -
Their composure lacks the freshness of a smile long overdue.

On closer observation as I held his piercing stare,
I could see that torment plagued him and then I was aware
That he only needed some good mate to tell his story to,
So I said, "I'm drinking bitter. Can I buy the same for you?"
He raised his glass and mumbled 'thanks', with a slow genial wink,
Said his calling was of teaching - he was seventy, I think.
He stroked his rugged jawline while he wandered deep in thought,
Then opened up his story with the places he had taught;
When younger days had taken him throughout the west until
He had covered every station from the Range to Broken Hill.

Then his face contorted grimly and his lips grew wide and thin,
As though some matter from the past had come to trouble him.
He remarked that it was 'twenty nine' in sad and sombre tone,
When the maket crashed on Wall Street and all the world was thrown
Into the Great Depression and he still feels sad and grieved
For that honest breed of working men, whose pride went unretrieved.
With no 'dole' or job for wages only coupons for a feed,
Gloom and desperation came to stain their noble creed;
And every day a family was thrown onto the street,
To exist in shanty dwellings, while landlords more discreet
Said they couldn't live on charity nor meet them face to face -
High rents and unemployment weren't the working man's disgrace.

Big Jack stood tall defiantly against the selfish greed
Of foreign rich investors, so his Government decreed
To liquidate outstanding loans and forfeit legal claim,
Then some English Gov'nor sacked him 'cause he didn't play the
"Game."

The stranger sighed and shrugged his shoulders then said what's done
is done,

We should learn by past experience, good or bad, but one
Cannot imagine what the common working man went through,
Deprived of work to keep him taking hand outs cheap "in lieu".
I gestured for another round, he mentioned: 'mine' instead,
Said he hoped he wasn't boring and advise his name was Fred;

Then continued with his story while he sipped upon his beer,
And I felt a pang of deja vu while listening to hear
He was somewhere past Wilcannia, in the scrub, beyond the tar,
On a little pastoral station by the name of "Churingar".
Where through the Great Depression he was asked to muster sheep,
Outside of teaching hours, to redeem his board and keep.
He remarked his lot was more than most, a little less than some,
But for all the crash had rendered, the worst was yet to come.
'cause the ranks that lined the kitchens for a bowl of soup a day,
Now marched in khaki uniforms to draw a soldier's pay.

Fred insisted Allied money had financed Hitler's war,
To buy time against the Russians, then he took his head and swore
That the cream of all humanity had paid the highest price,
To multinational barons, who reaped their sacrifice.
But it's justified as 'freedom'; and embellished on the tombs,
Of humble private soldiers laid to rest in nature's womb;
Yet the nuclear example of the mushroom cloud's chaos
Is that future misadventure will engulf the guiling 'boss'.
Then Fred recalled the fifties and the Snowy River scheme,
How momentous feats were possible for those who dared to dream.

Then he touched upon the folly of the line through East and West,
How Australia followed gleefully at Uncle Sams behest;
How the sixties brought the Beatles, mini skirts and LBJ,
And some shameful politician who was easier to sway,
Proclaimed that we'd go 'all the way', to stem the 'commo flood',
With thirty bits of silver stained with raw conscripted blood.
We haven't learnt a thing, he said, while shifting on his stool,
Will there be a politician, or a stronger statesman who'll
Declare our independence, go this callous world alone,
See all trading cartels broken, worthless treaties overthrown.
Fred's solution was simplistic though I thought well based instead,
Than his eyes grew wide and misty and in sober mood he said ...

If they took the time to travel far from parliamentary "shows",
To where the Darling reaches southward from the Warrego,
They would find a folk contented, rewarded for their sweat,
Denied by nature's vagary of drought and flood, and yet
removed from worldly temperament to woo a simple life,
Enriched by work; a baby's cry; a loving faithful wife.
He had quartered in the outback when the line went overland
And shared with loyal working gangs who met each day's demand
With stoic application and respect for one who toils,
They would understand a country man counts pride amongst his spoils.

If they found the Queensland shearers on one early morning shift,
They would know the worth of mateship and might even catch their drift
That, although their language colourful would make a wharfie blush,
The code that motivates them is the code that rules the bush.
If they took a turn at droving out along the Lachlan wide,
On the scattered cattle stations far across the Great Divide;
If by chance, they met with Clancy, or perhaps Joe Wilson's mate,
They would meet the sons of pioneers who made this country great -
A breed of hard Australians with a sharp laconic wit,
At peace with the reality of harsher times but, it
Never shakes their proud resolve, for the bush returns threefold,
The pleasures they are seeking, undisguised with Satan's gold.

If they stood upon the open plain where Man and Nature meet,
And watched the far horizon glow in fading crimson heat;
They might recognise the wider plan, aloof from life's pretence,
And legislate with open hearts without expedience.
Fred paused a moment long enough for me to smile and say,
I was glad to share his story but I must be on my way.
The I noticed all around the bar the patrons staring free,
Engrossed, as though conceding to Fred's heartfelt comment'ry.
But when I turned to say goodbye and thank him for his chat,
The barmaid wiped a mirror, where I thought old Fred had sat.

MOUNT ISA BUSH FESTIVAL

The Mount Isa Bush Festival was good, although small. Poets Shirley Friend and Graham Dean were very popular. Our own Veronica Weal performed and also helped judge the competition, as did Graham. Also Tony Zussino, member of the Mt. Isa Theatrical Society helped with the judging. Isan Muriel Pickworth was popular with her puppets. Graham and Shirley conducted a workshop, including Graham's

puppets at the Police & Citizens Youth Club, making front page of our paper, the Nth-West Star in colour. They also entertained supporters of the Leukemia group running a progressive dinner to raise funds. a guitarist and two singers featured at the Festival. Member Val Brown cooked the breakfast, with help from Phil Sloman who is always helping. All this in spite of the fact that most of us had the flu, or trying to get over it so it was coughs all round. Thank you to all who helped.

Fay Sloman, Mt. Isa Q.

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1995, 1996, 1997 - 1998

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PLEASE CONTACT THE SECRETARY

A TOUCH OF ENVY © Leo Keane, Hughesdale V.

You can't write real bush poems till you've lead an outback life
The words are not authentic and you'll get yourself in strife
If inaccuracies are present in the contents of the verse
To a real fair dinkum bushie, there is simply nothing worse.

Living in the city, where existence is a race
You lack the bush experience, which to some is commonplace.
You don't grow up with drovers, or a shearer's yarn or two
So how can I write verses with a country theme, like you.

I've not beheld the outback, or the never-ending plains
I've never known the thankfulness that comes with timely rains
I've only heard of awesome droughts, remotely, it is true
How can I pen the sheer relief as bush-bred people do?

The eucalyptus forests, and the muddy-watered streams
Are things I've only heard of, perhaps I've dreamed in dreams
The dingoes, and the brumbies and the old man kangaroo
I have not first-hand knowledge, as the outback dwellers do.

A city-bred bush poet's an anomaly in terms
True knowledge of the subject my ignorance confirms
So why do I forever try to make my verse ring true?
When I've nowhere near the background of a country bloke, like you.

There's just imagination that can hold me in good stead
I can give a fair impression of one country born and bred.
But a word, a phrase inaccurate, conveys my townie view
And I don't believe I'll ever have sincerity like you.

I've only one excuse to make for writing in this way.
I like to get newsletters every month from B. P. A.*
So all you dinkum poets of the bush, do have some pity.
On a would-be country poet with a background in the city!

* Bush Poets Association

REGRET © Leo Keane, Hughesdale V.

If only I'd told my loved ones	Instead of on their passing
And friends both far and near	Declaring love so great
How very much they meant to me	In cold words in a paper
For all the while they're here.	Too late, too late, too late.

THE LADY OF THE LONGYARD

A Tribute to Judith Hosier © 1999 Greg Scott, Moonan Flat

The Lady of the Longyard won't be with us here today,
She's gone to greener pastures, on the other side they say,
But those of us who knew her, and were guided by her skill,
Will know she's never far away, her presence lingers still.

You'll find her in the outback, in the country she loved best,
Where hardship and privation put the toughest to the test,
For western Queensland mounded her, in tragedy and strife,
And left her with an inner strength, that lasted all her life.

She's standing there beside you on the stage in case you trip,
(You'll hear her voice rebuke you if you let your standard slip,)
She moves among the audience, that smile upon her face,
And runs her Poets Breakfasts with an elegance and grace.

You feel her calm demeanour if you're tense before a show,
With a smiling 'you can do it' and a hug before you go,
And sure enough you do it, and it wasn't all that bad,
She's given you the confidence you thought you never had.

She'll be where bush folk gather, and where poets speak her name,
From the milling bars of Tamworth, to The Stockmans Hall of Fame,
She'll always be remembered for her monumental part,
Reviving outback history, and the old bush poets art.

The Lady of the Longyard won't be with us here today,
She's gone to greener pastures, on the other side they say,
But those of us who knew her, and were guided by her skill,
Will know she's never far away, her presence lingers still

BOOK REVIEW

Dairy farmer, **Stewart Hopper** from Bell (SE Qld.), self confessed "Bard of the Cow Bales from Bell" has self published - by popular demand - a book of bush ballads mostly composed whilst milking cows on his farm.

Stewart's poems have received wide acclaim, and included is the ballad from which the book takes its name, *Goodbye Gunsynd*, a moving tribute to this late and great racehorse known as "The Gundiwindi Grey".

Included also is the song "It Was Meant To Be" which featured as "Best Song" on the Songmaker 1987 album, and a ballad for which he received four awards entitled "The Cowboy of the Year".

Funny poems abound that will make you laugh and cry at the same time. Stewart's verses are so honest everyone will identify with them in some way.

Featuring a full colour cover of "Gunsynd", the book is well illustrated on recycled paper. Price \$10 pp from Stewart Hopper, MS 360, Bell, Q. 4408 or from Helen Cameron, PO 143, Kingaroy, 4610.

POETRY IN THE MOUNTAINS

from *Murray Suckling, Dorrig NSW*

The folks of the Dorrig Plateau at the mountain top west of Bellingen, NSW are once again holding their popular Dorrig Spring Festival on the weekend of October 30th and 31st. Amongst a host of interesting and exciting events taking place that weekend will be celebration of the spoken word to be held at 1.30pm on Saturday, 31st at the Dorrig Hotel and we are inviting all Bush Poets and Yarn Spinners one and all to come and share an afternoon of good humoured Australian country entertainment.

Visit Dorrig, where the mountain air is clear, the waters are pure, the grass is greener and the best potatoes in Australia are grown. You'll never regret a visit to this little piece of paradise. Entry to the Bush Poetry event is free, refreshments and afternoon tea are available and an array of interesting prizes will be presented to the best performers.

We want to make bush poetry a successful and regular feature of the Dorrig Spring festival so we will appreciate the support of all who come along, either as a contributor of your own or another poets work or as a member of the audience.

We'll make sure it is a great afternoon. For further details contact Murray Suckling on 02 6657 2139.

BACK 'O BOURKE POETS TREK

If you would like to experience classic stories and poems written in the 1890's, heyday of the Bulletin, read "on location" in the bush, pubs and woolshed, on lonely bush tracks then the "Back 'O Bourke Poets Trek", on 4th & 5th October, organised by the Bourke Tourist Information Centre may well provide you with the opportunity to do so.

The Trek promises adventure, as you follow the steps of Henry Lawson from Bourke on the Darling River to Hungerford by the Paroo River on the Queensland Border and cross the wide plains of stations ridden by Will Ogilvie and Harry Morant ("The Breaker"). It will also follow the "Wool Track" described by C. E. W. Bean.

You will meet authors, historians and poets personally and gain new insights both into the lives of these men and into the skills required to write. Doubtless you will also enjoy bush hospitality galore and the great outback scenery in a legendary part of Australia.

Cost of the Trek is \$170 (Basic cost including meals). Additional \$70 for a place in a vehicle. Own 4WD and swag cover your own costs. Limited bed space is available at Hungerford Hotel - \$13 per night. Bookings deadline is 30th September. Cost of Poets Day in Bourke \$20.00.

You may also wish to share in the activities on Poets Day in Bourke on Monday 4th October where a host of activities are planned as follows -

9.30 - 12.30: Discovering Bourke's Poets. Readings, talks and photographic exhibitions featuring Lawson, Ogilvie, Morant plus local poets F.H. Brown and Wilkie Davis. Two books *On the Wool Track* and *The Dreadnoughts of The Darling* written about Bourke by the legendary Anzac Historian C.E.W. Bean will be featured in the proceedings.

2.00 - 4.00: "Lawson on Location". Readings of selected Bourke poems and stories in their setting around the old Port of Bourke by Geoff Bullock. Further details are available from Bourke Tourist Info Centre, Anson Street, Bourke, 2840 or phone 02 6872 1222 or fax 02 6872 2305.

A WATERY TALE © Joyce Alchin, Corrimal NSW

Was up with the sparrows this morning, and always my need has to be
To wander straight out to the kitchen and make me a nice cup of tea.
I turned on the tap; it surprised me and spluttered a whole lot of air;
My mind couldn't quite understand it, I needed fresh water from there.

I thought I would go to the bathroom, of course my first stop was the 'loo,
I pressed on my shiny bright button, the water, it should have been blue.
But nothing; now this was a puzzle and really was not nice at all -
Maybe I'll resist the temptation next time I am issued a call.

I'll go to the basin, I thought then, and brush my teeth till they're clean,
My face and my hands both need washing as always my habit has been.
But again all the water was missing, now should I be angry or sad?
A difficult start to the morning, I'm sure it's the worst that I've had.

So I hastened across with a bucket to borrow some water next door,
The neighbours, I thought, wouldn't worry - and I didn't care, that's for sure.
Then back to pour some down the toilet, but that doesn't work quite the same,
And washing in next to no water - there's someone I'll soon have to blame.

A bright thought at last came upon me, I'd check on the main tap outside;
And yes, once again it had happened, in darkness in which they could hide
Coming home rather late from a party and wanting to finish in style
They left our poor house without water - well, I guess it had worked for a while.

My mind then slipped back to my childhood when water came out of a tank,
Each drop was immensely important, more precious than gold in a bank.
Just a little went into a tumbler, we took it outside in the yard
With toothbrush all loaded with toothpaste, then carefully we'd brush straight and hard.

And to help wash our hands and our faces, lying low in the base of a dish
Was water outside in the wash-house, oh, how very often I'd wish
I could use all the water I wanted to have a hot bath or a shower -
But that was a weekly occurrence; thank goodness, they're just memories now.

Of course we had down-the-back dunny, we didn't need water down there;
Just a hole in the ground we were faced with and always we had to take care
To look out for snakes and for spiders and anything else that could crawl;
It all seemed a little bit daunting for kids who were frightened and small.

So after these thoughts filled my reasoning I knew that I couldn't complain;
If water goes off for a short time I'll think how the country lack rain
And wishes so often for moisture that blindly we run down the sink;
And now be more careful, and thankful, that we have good water to drink.

"BEWARE THE EPIDEMIC!"

© Flo Hart, Mt. Tyson Q.

A serious epidemic is sweeping 'cross our land,
With symptoms strange and varied, some folk don't understand.
It is effecting children, the aged are feeling pain,
We hope victims recover, find peace of mind again.

John's mail has not been opened, he does not hear the phone
The cricket scores no int'rest, he wants to be alone,
This malady consumes him, for some relief he prays,
His nights are spent in torment, he's lost track of the days.

The child stares out the window instead of doing sums,
Her young face pale, eyes vacant - and then the teacher comes -
But he forgets the student, as though they've disappeared,
They can't hear what he's saying, he's mumbling in his beard.

Pedestrians and drivers ignore the man in blue,
Whose radar guns lie idle, police have the illness, too.
The housewife, feeling lonely, awaits her spouse in bed,
He sits beside the fire but cannot clear his head.

His moans and groans annoy her, his wife says, "Listen Jack,
If you can't cure this problem, get out, and don't come back!"
He tells her he can't help it, he's way out of control,
So she decides to join him - she's stricken, too, poor soul!

The student, once so active, alone sits in the park,
Counting on her fingers, not heading home 'til dark.
He meals she has forgotten, she's lost a lot of weight,
Her friends have all stopped calling, no longer keeps a date.

The brawny big rig driver, travelling interstate,
Is fast becoming "soppy", ignoring beer and mates.
He now pulls off the highway, a "fix" he hopes to get,
He must act on his craving, or he'll live to regret.

Oh, Mum, we are so hungry," Sue hears her children cry,
With shame she hear their voices, looks up and heaves a sigh,
"I really am so sorry, can't activate my brain -
Please duck down to the corner and have Big Macs again!"

Our minister, on Sunday, his sermon gave in rhyme,
His face so animated, foot beating out the time -
A sure sign that the problem is only getting worse -
EVERYBODY and his dog is churning out Bush Verse.

CLEAN SWEEP FOR MILTON AT THE EKKKA

Now in its second year, the National Poetry Competition at the Ekka (Brisbane Show) again proved to be worthy of its place on all bush poets calendars. Competition was very fierce with only minimal points separating the place getters in both the Traditional and Original sections.

Compered by The Larrikin on a beautiful Brisbane day on the lawns of the Stockman's Bar, some audience members were overheard to suggest that next door to the Bull section was a fitting venue indeed.

Head Judges for the event Mr. Colin Monro of the ABC and Mr. Randal Chandler from the Stockman's Hall of Fame, both spoke of the very high standard of all performers and the difficulty in deciding who the winners would be.

By the smallest of margins, Milton Taylor from Portland NSW was declared the winner in both sections, again proving his ability to entertain unequalled when the pressure is on. Second in Traditional went to Anita Reed from the Pine Rivers with Glenny Palmer a close third. Second in the Original went to Mark Thompson and third to Tony Gunter. A Highly Commended went to Marilyn Roberts from Pine Rivers for her first time performance.

A very special *Well Done!* goes to the excellent job performed by our own Trisha Anderson, Co-ordinator and organiser of the performances at the Wool Pavillion. She carried out a most professional job of arranging poets and presentations daily, in between the Wool Shows. This allowed many members of the public to get to know bush verse for the first time. From all of us Trish, *Congratulations.*

Bob Miller, Mungar 2ld.

BOOK REVIEW

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Welcome to New Members

Lester Atkinson, Biggera Waters Q.
Peter Blundell, Stanthorpe Q.
Helen Cameron, Kingaroy Q.
Maggie Campbell, Texas Q.
"Dingo", Broadmeadows Vic.
Robin Daveney, Dunbogan NSW
Gail Djaffer, Mulgrave Vic.

Mary Hodgson, Mooloolah Q.
Vivienne Ledlie, Alexandra Hills Q.
Laurie Lindsay, Drymple Vic.
Blake Miles, The Gums Q.
John Mills, Seacliff Park, Q.
James Norton, Merrylands NSW
Terence O'Grady, Millmerran Q.
Mark Tempany, Sunnybank Q.
David Viotto - Box Hill Vic.

BOOK REVIEW
CHARACTER KALEIDOSCOPE
Volume 2:
"A FUN BURNT COUNTRY"
by WALLY (The Bear) FINCH

You've got to have serious doubts about a bloke named Finch who calls himself "The Bear". Is this bloke having an identity crisis or what? Perhaps so! His latest book in the "Character Kaleidoscope" series is "Volume 2: A Fun Burnt Country". This is another look at the world from his warped perspective. Hopefully that means a few belly laughs or at least a smile or two, along with some unashamed patriotic thoughts, mushy stuff for the romantics, and, a few tears from a few sad ones.

Some of these poems have already won prizes for Wally when he performs them in open competition at various venues around South East Queensland.

Just like "Character Kaleidoscope Volume One: Been There - Done That" this latest book is \$12.00 pp.

This is a totally unbiased review by the author.

Wally (The Bear) Finch

*This is my tale and I put it to rhyme.
 About strange things for sale at Ekka time.
 About gullible folk who come to town
 And the conmen willing to take them down.*

It is called **PORNOGRAPHY**

This is fair dinkum, I can tell you straight.
 I was walking through Brisbane rather late
 Going back to the motel through the park
 Not the smartest place to be after dark.

From out of the shadows there came a form
 With a face like a - well, this name was Norm.
 straight away into his spiel he did push.
 "G'day, I see that you come from the bush."

I was amazed and said, "How can you tell?"
 And I quickly learned he had things to sell.
 Checking to see if no-one else was around,
 Norm told me of the parcel he had found.

He said 'twas something of interest to me.
 Norm said, "It is hard core pornography!"
 He said, "Mate, I'm thirsty and need some ale.
 "Please make me an offer." I told him "No Sale!"

I didn't buy his parcel. 'Twas plain to see,
 I don't need that stuff. It's useless to me.
 I knocked him back. I didn't delay it.
 I don't own a pornograph to play it.

© Wally (The Bear) Finch 1999
 Character Kaleidoscope
 Vol2: "A Fun Burnt Country"

POET PROFILE

WALLY (THE BEAR) & MARY FINCH

Wally is a self confessed, rabid patriot. As a youngster at school he hated poetry with a passion and this is probably what started him on the road to becoming a poet. In an attempt to make the poetry being taught look stupid, he wrote parodies. But that came to an abrupt halt when he was introduced to "The Play" by C.J. Dennis.

Wally took to the works of Den like a duck to water. His teachers couldn't believe it! He was reading poetry for himself and on purpose. Today he thoroughly enjoys reading, writing, and performing bush poetry and likes to think that he is giving others as much pleasure as he is getting.

In an impressive repertoire covering quite a spectrum of traditional, modern, and original poetry, Wally finds his favourite subjects all around him - Australia and Australians.

In the last few years Wally has been extremely successful in the performance poetry events which abound in Queensland, capturing many trophies and awards in well contested fields. His latest success being winner of the Male Traditional/Original section in the recently held Country on the Tweed Festival bush poetry events.

In partnership with his wife, Mary, he runs a monthly performance of bush poetry at Kallangur, just north of Brisbane. Held on the second Friday of each month, these performances are called "Poets and Mates" and feature two guest poets who bring versatility and variety to each show. Sometimes poetry is enhanced by music from local artists.

Mary recently made her debut into bush poetry and is working hard at building a competitive repertoire. She is rapidly reviving and recalling skills that have not been used since her student days at the Brisbane Conservatorium of Music where she studied singing for six years. Mary's first love is singing and she feels that poetry provides a great foundation to rebuild skills not used for too many years.

(LARRIKIN ALERT) That's right! There is nowhere to run and hide.

POETS AND MATES Proudly presents

Multi award winning poet, songwriter extraordinaire, and mind-boggling comedian loved Australia wide, The Larrikin himself, Bob Miller. Go ahead, laugh yourself senseless. There's nothing more to say! So we won't (except that Larrikin books, tapes, and, merchandise will be on sale to discerning bargain hunters and lovers of Australian Kulchre culture).

Bob will perform at 7.30pm, Friday, 8th October, 1999 at our usual venue, Kallangur Community Centre, 1480 Anzac Avenue, Kallangur Q. A light supper will be served and the all inclusive cost is a low \$10. Please book to help us with catering. Call us on 07 3886 0747.

OPEN MICROPHONE AT POETS AND MATES

One of the goals of Poets & Mates is to demonstrate bush poetry is a legitimate form of entertainment that can stand alone. We believe that there are many very talented performers around who can hold a show together by their own skills at our craft. We are willing to give budding performers a go to perform with the best performance poets in the country. We like to believe our programs demonstrate our commitment to this ideal.

Because there are many poets in our audience we have decided to give them the option to have a go if they wish. From 6 pm to 7.15 pm before each Poets and Mates there will be an experimental 'open mike' session. If the idea works it will be continued indefinitely.

This is how we propose to go about it - those who turn up put their names down on a list and performance of one piece at a time will be done in that order. When everyone has had a turn we go through the list again or as many times as we can until it's time to go into the last fifteen minutes countdown for the main show at 7.15 pm.

We don't intend to charge for this but it will be reserved strictly for Poets and Mates patrons for each particular evening.

If you have any suggestions on this matter they are welcome. For instance, could these sessions become a regular performance workshop?

We would like poets to consider our open microphone sessions as an opportunity to practice new work in preparation for future performances and a place where poets can have fun with their mates at the same time

See you at our next Poets and Mates. Bring a friend or two. For further information call us on 07 3886 0747.

Wally and Mary Finch.



THE FROGS

© Rosemary Dorrell, Coffs Harbour, NSW.

Do frogs really speak to us humans?

Or is it the way *we* translate?

Whenever we have rainy weather

The frogs' voices start to vibrate.

I struck trouble writing a poem,

I despaired and was ready to shirk.

But the frogs started croaking so loudly
 and told me to work, work, work, work.

I studied my very first stanza

And improved it as much as I could.

Then the frogs' voices rose in a chorus,

"Very good, very good, very good."

As I put all my effort to finish

I counted on money and fame.

But the frogs cautioned, "Rosemary,

Rosem'ry,"

Now how did they find out my name?



LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Editor

As past past President and past Editor of the ABPA Inc., I still receive a lot of letters and calls in relation to the association, and am more than happy to deal with matters arising when possible.

It has been brought to my notice more than enough times that too many performance competitions are giving non-writing poets an opportunity to earn money from the hard work of the writers of bush poetry.

'Where is copyright?' I am being asked. I'm afraid it's the same old story; too few are heeding the copyright laws. Where are the ethics that once existed?

Performers should not recite the works of others without the permission of the authors. Simply purchasing a poet's book is not a license to perform his or her work without permission. Traditional work over fifty years of age, in the majority of cases, is no longer covered by copyright.

It is the opinion of many that competition organisers should not encourage the use of non-original material, by allowing competitors to use the other than traditional or original work.

I feel that many authors are adding to the confusion by allowing the free use of their material in a contest, receiving no royalties for their efforts.

According to some of my correspondents, they would prefer to see original work performed by the authors, and not reciters performing non-original work.

The problem being that the reciter has no input into the work at all, other than to use it as a means of gaining a few dollars at a festival. How long will it be before speech and drama students, who are always short of money, discover the lucrative bush poetry competitions. Competitions will end up like eisteddfods with smaller and smaller non-paying audiences.

Long time readers of the ABPA Newsletter will remember that I am not overly in favour of competitions, and I still prefer the non-competitive field. I have no ill feelings towards non-writers reciting as anyone attending my poets breakfasts will know, as I believe this to be the place for the reciter (using authorised work). There are no winners at breakfasts, only grinners!

Too many reciters are taking the cream for the efforts of others.

Of course this would mean that a lot of good poems, say from Victoria would never be heard in Queensland and vice versa, but what you can do about this I don't know.

Originally poetry competitions were designed to bring the talents of the writer/performer to the fore, to give him or her recognition for their creativity, and their ability as a performer. Now a lot of this has disappeared, and so many competitors are able to walk up and face the judges with the pick of the best poetry in the Nation, win a major

prize, and walk away with the dough without so much as lifting a pen.

Some direction should be given by the ABPA in light of the many competitions. It is great to see so many so called poets at festivals, but when it is all boiled down, perhaps seventy per cent of them are not writers, and therefore, not poets. [Poet: n. 1. writer of poems. 2. highly imaginative or expressive person.]

It is all very good to allow lovers of bush poetry to perform, but where will it all end when we start registering very large numbers of so called poets at a function, knowing that only a handful of them are true writers of bush verse. It is of little comfort to me as a presenter of two new festivals in NSW, that the organisers are directing me in a way that I do not personally favour.

'Well organised committees secure large sums in sponsorship to conduct what they call successful poetry competitions. Many times the only audiences at these functions are the poets and their families and friends. In my opinion the sponsor's money would be better suited going straight to a deserving charity, or to paying top line performance poets to bring a concert to an area where, with the right publicity, larger crowds attend making the venture more successful. Better poets are better draw cards, and they eliminate the need for sponsorship, attracting the right audiences and benefiting the organisers financially.

Another point I am being made aware of is that too many poems are being flogged to death, and audiences are in need of something new, something different, as they, and rightfully so, deserve to be entertained. That is what they are paying for.

Frank Daniel,

Canowindra NSW 16.8.99

Dear Editor,

ROYALTY PAYMENT

An interesting article by past President Frank Daniel elsewhere in the magazine brings to light the question of copyright breaches by performers using another poets work in competitions. The ramifications of copyright infringement are enormous in their complexity. A writer normally has no claim over someone else reciting his/her work. However when that person uses the work to gain profit, things begin to change.

In the present day climate of poetry competitions, it is possible for a single performer, using someone else's material, to rake in \$500 virtually every week. With a brief "My mate, So and So .." wrote this. If this isn't profit taking on a writer's talent, what is? Do you think the writer deserves at least some form of royalty payment or not? When 500 people walk away from a blinding performance, how many will remember "My mate Fred .." instead of the person on stage at the time?

In the early days you either performed traditional works (for obvious reasons) or your

own, displaying your talents as a writer and performer at the same time. Money prizes in those days was generally just enough to fill your car with petrol after driving 1000 k's to get there. The country and western music industry was stood on it's ear a few years ago when John Williamson presented Ted Egan with **HIS** Gold Guitar for writing 'The Drovers Boy' thereby recognising the writers enormous input in winning such a prestigious prize. Since that day, the writer of the song now receives a Gold Guitar as well as the singer. What about the poets?

I do feel, as Frank does, that organisers calling for events such as modern, contemporary or 'any poets work', is promoting the very idea of unethical use of writers work. I fully agree that some works are being flogged to death by all and sundry, resulting in the writer being unable to gain an impact or credence when performing his own poems.

What is the answer? If nothing else, what about a percentage of the prize money being diverted to the person who created the words needed to win? If you can't write well enough, at least pay the person who can.

Bob Miller, Mungar Q.

Dear Editor

There were two good points in the July newsletter.

1 - was the ten minutes allotted to encourage poets to pep up their performances to match the professionals as detailed in Anita Reed's report on the North Pine Camp Oven Festival, P 1.

2 - was in Gwen Bowtell's article, P 4 re qualification for the Winners Contest and the ruling that items for the final must not have been previously used at that venue. I feel we are losing some of our fans who

follow bush poetry but do not perform. Many complain they are tired of hearing the same items by the same performer year after year.

Reading "Have Van, Will Travel" from Ted & June Webber, my husband and I are in the same position and wondered if someone could organise a Poets Caravan in the Outback next winter. There must be many small towns and schools who would enjoy an evenings entertainment without the enormous expense of imported artist. We have asked to join some of the established tour groups but they are not interested. We would not want to 'rain on their parade' but just coast in their slipstream until we have the confidence to go it alone.

Mavis Appleyard, Warren Q.

RESULTS COUNTRY ON THE TWEED PERFORMANCE COMP. - 14/15.8.99

Traditional /Original Male - Wally Finch
Traditional/Original Female - Anita Reed
Humorous - Rod Williams

Each received \$500 plus a perpetual trophy and are all members of the Australian Bush Poets Association - Congratulations !!!

1999 CAMP OVEN BUSH POETRY FESTIVAL

What a beautiful weekend it turned out to be for the North Pine Bush Poets Group 4th Annual Camp Oven Bush Poetry Festival at the North Pine Park Historical Village just north of Brisbane.

Friday was spent setting up the stage in the Pioneer Village Country Music Hall before the Bobby Miller Workshop was presented by the "Larrikin" himself to a big class of 18 or so on the shady verandah in the afternoon.

Campers began arriving and soon a little tent city was born in the surrounding tree studded area 100 yards from the hall.

The Friday evening was spent yarning around the campfire, tucking into a tasty stew and meeting new friends.

The competition went extremely well and all competitors were on time and eager to get onto the stage.

Our M.C. "The Mullumbimby Bloke" Ray Essery, did a fantastic job and kept the good sized audience in fits throughout the weekend.

Our three main judges, Bobby Miller, May Essery and Bill Glasson with our Novice and Junior judges Trisha Anderson and Allan Nolan all certainly did a marvellous job.

Thanks also to our committed band of scorers and collators to bring the myriad of numbers into reality so that final scores could be arrived at to allocate prizes.

Our Vice-President, John Broadbent, kept his nose to the grindstone all weekend and Patti Coutts somehow coped with late arrivals and late dinner and concert tickets.

Our dinner was superbly cooked in camp ovens just outside the hall and brought inside by Charlie Leahy from Toowoomba and his merry band of helpers who had to serve a hungry horde of about 120 people.

After dinner the concert kicked off with Bobby Miller, Shirley Friend and Ray Essery with guest spots from Bill Glasson and Garry Lowe. We all had sore bellies from laughing non-stop for a couple of hours.

After a supper of freshly cooked damper and cocky's joy with tea and coffee, Allan Nolan got things hopping with his bush music and dance calling.

Next morning was a bush breakfast then we started on the humorous categories. The duo category brought the house down with eleven teams competing. Our president, John Best did a terrific job as M.C. for the rest of the afternoon which included drawing of raffles and presentation of awards. Raffle winners were - Camp Oven won by Joanne Leigh, Bray Park Q and the Tambo Teddy donated by Jill Perran was won by Stuart Nivison, Cleveland, Q.

Competition section winners were:

Junior: 1st - Courtney Denning, Preston Q, 2nd - Cameron Follett, Kilcoy Q, 3rd - Matthew Horton, Mt. Gravatt Q. **H.C.:** Stuart Nivison, Cleveland Q, Ben McGarry, Kilcoy Q, Kelsey Horton, Mt. Gravatt Q.

Novice: 1st - Marilyn Roberts, Oxley Q., 2nd - Ross Keppel, Bundaberg Q, 3rd - Mary Hodgson, Mooloolah Q. **H.C.** Marie Casey, Kallangur Q, Jill Perren, Murrumba Downs Q.

Open Serious Female: 1st - Trisha Anderson, Hendra Q, 2nd - Zita Horton, Mt. Gravatt Q, 3rd - Anita Reed, Holland Park Q.

Open Serious Male: 1st - Wally Finch, Kallangur Q, 2nd Noel Stallard, Arana Hills Q, 3rd - Milton Taylor, Portland NSW.

Original: 1st- Janine Haig, Eulo Q, 2nd - Milton Taylor, Portland NSW, 3rd - Noel Stallard, Arana Hills Q.

Open Humorous Female: 1st - Zita Horton - Mt. Gravatt Q, 2nd - Janine Haig, Eulo Q, 3rd - Carol Stratford, Woodridge Q.

Open Humorous Male: 1st - Milton Taylor, Portland NSW, 2nd - Garry Lowe, Chittaway Bay NSW, 3rd - Noel Stallard, Arana Hills Q.

Duo: Won by Anita Hendrie from Milton Q with Milton Taylor from Portland NSW.

OVERALL CAMP OVEN FESTIVAL CHAMPION

Milton Taylor won the Camp Oven donated by John and Patti Coutts from Dad & Dave's Billy Tea and Damper at North Pine Country Park.

We would like to thank Georgina Mills, our Junior Written Winner for reading her poem "Loneliness" and John Best for reading Ron Stevens winning poem "Back to Blink" on stage.

The North Pine Bush Poets Group would like to thank all of our workers and helpers for their effort and also to our very appreciative

RESULTS - WRITTEN COMPETITION 1999 NORTH PINE CAMP OVEN AWARD

1st - Ron Stevens, Dubbo NSW - 'Back to Blink'

2nd - Graeme Johnson, West Ryde NSW - 'The Currency Kids'

3rd - Ron Stevens, 'Knowledge'

Highly Commended:

Zita Horton, Upper Mt. Gravatt, Q - 'Bringing Home the Cows'

Bessie Jennings, Port Macquarie, NSW - 'Dear Jane'

Commended: Ken Dean, Marrangaroo, - 'The Convict's Road.'

JUNIOR: 1st - Miss Georgia Mills, Middle Park, Bris. - 'Loneliness'

Alan Hart Encouragement Award: Jennifer Haig, Eulo, Q. - 'My Memories' and 'When It Ends'

JUDGES COMMENTS ON WRITTEN COMPETITION

After the success of last year's written competition, I have been privileged to have been asked to judge again in this 1999 competition and to share in the many hours of the craft of wordsmithing that we writers call 'poetry'. There has been a marked increase in the interest shown this time, and once again, we've received entries ranging from the obviously struggling beginners to some of the top writing poets this country has to offer.

It has been pleasing to note that a lot more of the poets this time seem to display an understanding of basics of rhythm in their verses; perhaps with more and more poets mixing at festivals, breakfasts, workshops etc., skills are being passed along from the better writers.

It is disappointing though to see still a lot of writers spoiling their work by not sticking to 'true' rhyme. We, the modern poets, are often purported to be carrying on the tradition of the great Australian poets of old - Lawson, Ogilvie, Kendall, Paterson, O'Brien etc. - yet none of these famous poets compromised their rhymes by settling for "near" rhyme, bad rhyme or assonance. They owe the longevity of their fame to the quality of their work, not to "near-enough-is-good-enough" rhymes, and only by producing quality modern poetry can we hope for our verses to stand the test of time.

Another fault that ruined several otherwise good poems is the use of feminine (double-syllable soft-accented-ending) rhymes mixed randomly with masculine (hard) rhymes. It is fine to mix them in a set pattern; good examples being Paterson's *Clancy of the Overflow* with split feminine rhymes on all the A and C lines (letter, better, knew him, to him) and *Bush Christening* with feminine rhymes on all B lines (scanty, shanty) but when they are used randomly as end-rhymes in a poem of hard rhymes, they ruin the rhythm by taking their line over by half a metric foot. Alternately, there was one poem that featured almost all feminine end-rhymes, except it threw in a couple of hard rhymes and jarred the rhythm to a too-abrupt halt. Again, look at the works of the old masters - or even our top living poets like Bruce Simpson and Ron Stevens - and you will find masculine and feminine rhymes mixed only in set patterns, never randomly.

There were some very good original themes in the poems this year, including some well-researched historical poems that rated well, mixed in with quite a few of the tired old themes that get written ... and rewritten .. and rewritten. If you must write about a well-worn subject, you have to learn to write in a more interesting style, and often I've found that the poets who escape the monotone clutches of "couplet" writing and choose - or invent - more interesting rhyme schemes are invariably the pens behind the most refreshing verses; last year's award poems by Veronica Weal and Ron Stevens being good examples.

We introduced a Junior section this time, and though we didn't get a huge response, I am very pleased to say they were *all* good work, and could stand up next to many of the Open entries; so well done kids!

And finally, thank you to all the entrants for your time and effort.

Graham Fredriksen and Allan Nolan - Judges.

audience without whom it could not have been our best Festival to date.

Many thanks to our major sponsors, Pine Rivers Shire Council and their very capable Community Support unit, Pioneer Village Country Music Club, A.B.C. Locksmiths for all of our engraving and Dad & Dave's Billy Tea and Damper for donating the prize camp ovens for Overall Festival and Written Competition winner.

John Coutts, Treasurer - North Pine Bush Poets Group.

GRAHAM'S POETRY CLASS POEM- Kilcoy High, 1999

© 20.5.99 Graham Fredriksen, Kilcoy Q

*Seems some government department in its wisdom and its might
thought they'd pay some poor bush poet just to teach kids how to write.*

It was somewhere up the country \ an unruly heathen mob;
and for me - to put it bluntly \ I got landed with the job!!
Well I've broken brumby horses \ that can kick and buck and bite
so I thought a simple course is \ teachin' high school kids t' write
I've survived tough situations \ for a backwoods country lad
... but I got an education \ that I've never ever had.

Well they caught on with the rhyming \ and alliteration too,
an' they struggled with the timing \ till they got my point of view.
But the characters an' capers \ there imprisoned in their brain
filled a basket full of papers \ that could drive a man insane.
There was Cameron's Caped Crusaders \ left the Batmobile behind
an' came over to invade us \ ... or invade my peace of mind.

Till a dozen Batman poems \ an' I scarcely could conceal
that I'd take Batman an' show 'em \ where to park his Batmobile.

Then there is the poor Titanic \ it is sinkin' once again
with its passengers in panic \ thanks to sad sadistic Ben.
An' we hear the crash an' curses \ from the big ships' final throes,
while Nicole is writing verses \ for the boy-friends that she knows.

An' I'm wondering if there's any \ other things she has t' say;
still she hasn't got as many \ bloody boy-friends as Renee',
Ah!! these boy-friends and teenagers \ ... seems that's all they're thinkin' of,
an' they're plastered me with pages \ 'bout their broken hearts an' love.

An' there quietly Amanda's \ writin' mushy poems too,
an' I'm wond'rin' can I stand a'nother teenage rendezvous.

An' no doubtin' too Michelle has \ got a gem that she will share,
an' it's bound t' be 'bout fellas \ ... seems there's nothing else out there.

An' then Brookey an' Jolene are \ practicing on a duet,
an' I'll bet it's just a scene about a bloke they didn't get.

Then there's Erin, so dramatic \ that she's bound t' be a star
with her antics operatic \ and her lively repertoire.

And there's Emily ... "please sir-ring" \ always hand up in the air,
and a half the class preferring \ p'r'aps that Emily "weren't there".

Well at least Christine and Kate \ av \ taken Banjo as their mark,
and they've picked up on the native \ the old "Man from Ironbark".

And they've got themselves a razor \ and a row of gilded youth
and their blasphemy will blaze a'way at gilded necks and truth.

And then if I'm really lucky \ I'll escape away to home
where I'll sit down with Kentucky \ an' I'll write this lot a pome.

Then it's back t' teachin' horses \ how t' buck an' kick an' bite
and t' buggery with courses \ teachin' high school kids t' write!!

(NB: the slashes indicate the end of the internal rhyming point)

Reprinted with permission from the 'The Bush Bulletin', June/July Newsletter of
The North Pine Bush Poets' Group.

A NEW SCHOOL TEACHER?

Graham Fredriksen back at Kilcoy High after 30 Years.

*"Well, my old English teacher was still there ... and I thought she was
sixty back then!! ... she remembered me. And I didn't get the cane this
time round. A very educational experience - teaching kids. I had to
stop and analyse the technicalities of poetry - rhyme, rhythm etc. - to
explain logically to others what I do naturally; Really makes you think."*

I had 12 poetry-oriented kids from Grade 9 and 10 for a week to
teach the construction of rhyming rhythmic verse. They quickly caught
on to what rhymes and what doesn't (a lot of grown-up bush poets could
learn a lot from them in that department). I started working with easy
traditionals like "Man from Ironbark" with it's basic iambic metre and
broke it down into its metric feet, rhyme pattern etc.; then moved into
the other old works with some modern thrown in; then got them started
on their own stuff - sticking mainly to basic 4-line alternate quatrains.

One of the boys had written a humorous "Batman in the Outback"
poem - a bit rough, but a good story - so one of our main exercises was
to tidy it up, each student rewriting it individually ... a good exercise
and most of them seemed to cotton on.

Some of the girls had been into writing free verse - mainly *love*
poems - so I had them turning them into rhyme. Too many girls in the
class though - only two boys; I think at mid-teenage, girls are more into
verse than boys - but the boys seemed to understand faster - and at least
the boys weren't writing love poems

Sadly, school kids these days get very little bush poetry in their
regular classes, but my kids really liked it once I introduced them to our
older writers. I managed to get hold of a dozen copies of "This Land"
at the school - probably left over from my school days (they were
curriculum then) - to give to the kids for home-work assignments each
night, and they really dug them - which was great.

Later in the week, I started them on performing, and we staged an
open concert on the Friday. They really loved performing those old
gems to an audience: A. B. Paterson, Vance Palmer, 'Breaker' Morant,
Lawson (they loved his relationship poems), Mary Gilmore, McKellar,
Thomas Tierney, as well as their own work.

I wrote them a poem for the last day to remember me by, about the
trials and tribulations of teaching them (see opposite). Carol said to
send it down for our *Bush Bulletin* - there's a lot of in-house jokes in it
- a bit of basic, very rhythmic bush balladry with double-syllable mid-
line rhyme to set it off. It was published in the school news that week
AND in the *Kilcoy Sentinel*.

Some of the kids have indicated that they'll be coming to our
Festival to perform, and also to enter our written comp - so I hope we
see them there.

As I said, it was an education for me too. **Graham Fredriksen.**

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The North Pine Bush Poets' Group.

☺ ☺

HAVE VAN, WILL TRAVEL from Ted & June Webber

No contacts with poetry groups this month but we did share two poetry sessions.

Firstly, we passed through Camooweal and caught up with Kelly Dixon who took us for
an afternoon tour on horse dray along the Georgina River. It was very pleasant, slowly
rolling along in the dray pulled by two Clydesdale horses and listening to Kelly talking
about local history and his droving experiences. Later in the evening Kelly set a campfire,
made billy tea, and then enthralled a caravan park audience with his poetry and yarns.

At Tennant Creek, we went on a night time tour of a gold mine, to wonder at the sheer
human effort expended by our forefathers as they battled the elements to scratch a living.
This tour is run by Colin Bremner and after guiding us through the mine, he also set a fire
and shared billy tea. Then as we sat under the stars, sipping tea and enjoying the calm
night, Colin treated us to bush poems.

We all know that poetry can be enjoyed anywhere, but the sight of a camp fire, the smell
of the smoke, a sip of strong tea, and the words of a poet, sets an ambience that is hard to
beat.

We will be in Broome for the Pearl Festival early September, then off south, taking
about a month to reach South Australia. So far we've not heard from WA poets. Please
make some contact and share a bit of poetry fun. We can be contacted on 0414 844 831 or
Email: juneted@yahoo.com

TAMWORTH BUSH POETRY COMP.

January 2000 brings the Tamworth Bush Poetry
Competition around again. It will be held, as
usual, at the Imperial Hotel, during country Music
Festival. The heats will be held on Wed. 26th
through to Friday 28th, with the finals on Sat.
29th. We look forward to meeting up with old
friends again and welcoming new ones. Entry
forms will be available from 1st November. If you
want one sent to you, please send a stamped, self-
addressed envelope to Jan Morris, PO Box 1164,
Tamworth 2340. If you have any enquiries, other
than requesting a form, you can phone me on 02
6765 7552 (home) or 02 6768 5178 (work).

Maureen Quickenden is now accepting entries
for our written competition, The Blackened Billy
Verse Competition. Again we would appreciate a
stamped, self-addressed envelope when you
request a form to the above address. **Jan Morris.**

WHY? WHY? WHY? WHY?

© John Harris, Kalang NSW

There was a faraway look in the eyes of the girl
As she thought of the boy, who was all of her world,
While screaming out loud in the back of her head
Were all of the words that she wished she had said,
Words like, "I love you", and "Why, Why? Why? Why?
Do I miss you so much that I'm sure I will die?
When will we marry? Will you make me your wife?
Let me make you happy, let me share your life,
Tell me you love me! That your love is true,
Tell me you love me! Just as I love you."

There's a knock on the door at the home of the girl,
There's a message that's come from way over the world,
Concerning the boy, whose life has been brief,
A message of sorrow, and sadness and grief,
Her young man is **dead**, struck down by Death's hand
In a faraway place that they call Switzerland,
Interlaken is the name of the scene of the slaughter,
Where they were swept to their deaths by a huge wall of water,
The tour brochure said, "Have adventure, have fun!"
But the number of deaths is at least twenty one.

There is torture and misery in the tears of the girl
As she cries for the boy who was all of her world,
For she thinks of the future, of what **might** have been?
Of a lifetime of loving ... until Death intervened,
She ask, "Why did they go, Oh Why? Why? Why? Why?
With thunder and lightning, and rain, in the sky
Who talked them into this dreadful mistake?
To end up as corpses, washed into a lake,
Who made the decision? Who said, **take the risk?**"
Or were they led to their deaths, **because business was brisk?**

THE OLD WORKERS HUT

© Liz Banting, Esk Q.

It stands over there, a short distance away,
its timbers much weathered and left to decay:

Out on the rise, alone and forlorn,
long since forgotten and looked on with scorn.

Its windows hang gaping, its doors stand ajar;
the cracks in its walls show no light from afar;
The number of decades it has stood on that place
is hard to be guessed by the grey of its face.

The tales it could tell of decades long gone,
of good times and bad, of sadness and song;
It now stands out there all silent, alone;
Its past and its history lay ever unknown.

The only dwellers within its old walls
are snakes and spiders, all creatures that crawl:
Unhappy must be, that little old place,
and sad it must feel, so fallen from grace.

If someone would pay it a little attention
and care that it needs to gain its redemption,
put paint on its walls, a nail here and there,
hinges on doors and the windows make square.

Then straighten the roof and level the floor,
put light in its windows, welcome mat at the door,
take down the cobwebs, hanging like lace,
take out the squatters there, taking up space;

Seal up the cracks, for the rain to keep out,
clean out the chimney, the pump, water spout;
If all this be done, then one could feel sure,
that little old hut would stand many score more.

MUD MAP © 1998 Trevor Shaw, Thangool, Q.

We stood and watched the dust rise up from the road across the plain,
As a four-wheel drive came closer, in a manner quite insane.
Sheep and roos and cattle fled as it tore on through each mob.
"Another bloody city fool," drawled our loyal stockman, Bob.

He sauntered out to the houseyard gate, as he rolled a make-your-own,
Determined that he'd have a piece of this senseless city clown
Who didn't even change a gear as he rocketed through the grid,
And brought his vehicle to a stop, in a locked-up four-wheel skid.

The front door slammed, and, through the dust, Bob heard the stranger shout,
"Coo-ee is anybody home? Is someone round about?"
Bob dragged his bag, and coughed and spat. "G'day, mate. What's the rush?
You seem to be gettin' nowhere fast." This caused a pregnant hush.

Until the stranger found his tongue, "I think I'm rather lost.
Misplaced at least!" he tried to joke. "A few dry creeks I've crossed.
I'm on my way to *Bunyip Downs*, to help to drill a bore.
The folks said, on a good run, I'd get there round about four.

"I stopped in for a counter lunch and a drink way down the track.
Some codgers said I'd make up time by going round the back.
'A short-cut. Cut off twenty miles ... and ... yes, the road was good'
Their directions were quite detailed. I was sure I understood.

But I've found your front grid several times. And roads that run out dead.
Locked up gates, a washed out bridge. I think I lost my head
For bearings and directions. I'd go back the way I came.
But, honestly, I'll tell you ... every damn road looks the same."

"*Bunyip Downs*, eh? You're really bushed. You won't get there on time.
But don't you fret. We'll get you back. Bein' late ain't really a crime."
Bob squatted down. Found a twig and smoothed a patch of ground.
"You would've made it through the back but, you've come the wrong way 'round"

He drew a cross. "You start from here, and go back to the gate.
Chuck a left. A couple of miles you'll see a cattle crate.
A bit past that, the road will fork. Keep on to your right.
Go straight ahead, but watch the bends. A few are pretty tight.

"When you've crossed the second grid, you'll see a big white gate.
There's a cream can for a mail box. You do a left there, Mate.
Just take it easy through the creek. The ford's been washed a bit.
Then there's a grid by an iron-bark ... you've got to go through it.

"There's several miles of gumtree flats, where the road is corrugated.
If you take it slow, with a bit of care, it's easily navigated.
It'll bring you out to Ten Mile Creek. That's where you should have been.
Out on your left there's a clapped out ute. I think it's painted green."

As he spoke, he used the twig, drawing roads that intertwined ...
Highlighting the landmarks that the stranger had to find.
"*Bunyip Downs* is straight ahead. The gate is on the right.
You won't get there by four o'clock, but you'll make it there tonight."

The stranger offered thanks profuse. He shook Bob by the hand.
He pontified it was folks like him "brought credit to the land".
He turned his four-wheel rig around, and slowly moved away.
Then stopped. Reversed. Got out, and knelt where Bob's mud map still lay.

He gently make a little mound where Bob had smoothed the dirt,
Then transferred it in handfuls to the pocket of his shirt.
"What the hell d'ya think you're doing?" emanated from Bob's trap.
"Just as so's I don't get lost again ... I'm going to take your map!"

ESPRESSIONS OF INTEREST

Expressions of interest are being sought from Bush Poets to compere,
perform and entertain at a Bush Racing Carnival with heritage and traditional
themes.

The event will span two days and will be held near Sale, Victoria on
Saturday 22nd and Sunday 23rd January, 2000.

For further information, please contact Sue Sedman, PO Box 9008,
Sale, Vic. 3850 or phone mobile 041 331 9772.



NEWSLETTER COPY IS DUE BY 1ST DAY EA MONTH

POET'S CALENDAR OF EVENTS AND COMPETITIONS

Sept 10	Poets & Mates. 7.30pm Kallangur Comm. Centre, Kallangur Q. The Websters. Ph Wally Finch 07 3886 0747 P 14
Sept 10	Bushranger Hotel. Collector NSW. Open Mike Session from 8pm. Ph The Secretaty 02 6025 3847 P 14
Sept 10-11	Bards of the Outback. Hungerford, Qld. Perf. C & Yarns Accom & Transport Ph Bob McPhee ah 07 5466 5269 P14
Sept 11	Talwood Community Centre. Performance Poetry Trisha Anderson & Mark Tempany P 14
Sept 11	Marnuka Services Club ACT Open Mike Session from 7.30 pm. Ph The Secretaty 02 6025 3847 P 14
Sept 11-12	Gold Diggers Derby. Gulgong NSW Bush Poets Breakfast and Performance Comp 9am Sunday 12th. P 14
Sept 12	Poets Breakfast. in conj. with CM Fest. Kempsey NSW at Netherby House featuring Ray Essery and Russell Churcher. Walk up poets welcome. Ring Maureen Garner 02 6568 5269 P 14
Sept 12	Galston Country Music Festival. NSW Poets Breakfast at 9am. Featured Poets Enq to Graeme 02 9874 7653 P 1 & 14
Sept 17-18	Wollombi Folk Festival. Breakfasts, storytelling and more. Ring Ron Brown for details 02 4951 6186 P14
Sept 18	Hunter Valley (NSW) Botanical Gardens Spring Fair. From 9am. Perf. Poetry by "The Minmi Magster". ph Bob 02 4953 2751 or Mob 018 668 795 P 14
Sept 18	Scarecrow Festival. Grosevale NSW. 12.30 pm Perf. Poetry, Concert, Bush Dance, BBCue Gary Regan 02 4572 1863 P14
Sept 25-26	Trundle Bush Tucker Day Trundle NSW. Breaky & Performance Comp. \$1000 in prize money Details P 14
Sept 29	Palma Rosa Poets. 7 for 7.30pm feat. Noel Cutler & Bill Hay. \$15.00 per head incl supper. Bookings required. P 15
Sept 30	Closing date. Nambucca Dist Comb. Services Museum Written Essay & Poetry Comp. P 14
Sept 30	Bookings close. Back 'O Bourke Poets Trek. Bourke Tourist Info Centre Phone 02 6872 1222 or Fax 02 6872 2305 P5 & 14
Oct 1	Entries Close. Calliope (Q) CM Fest. Poets Breakfast and Performance Competition. Details P14
Oct 1-3	"Big Doo" at Brymaroo, Q. Performance Comp. Cash Prizes. Entry forms from Gwen Bowtell Ph. 07 4692 1347 P14
Oct 1-4	Victor Harbour (S.A.) Folk Festival. Poetry performances - Ph. 08 8340 1069.
Oct 1-4	Wagga Wagga Folk Society Festival. Uranquinty NSW. Poetry, Music, Sessions, Concerts Ring Tracey 02 6920 2533 P14
Oct 4-6	Back 'O Bourke Poets Trek. Bourke Tourist Info Centre Phone 02 6872 1222 or Fax 02 6872 2305 P 14
Oct 8	Poets & Mates. 7.30 Kallangur Community Centre, 1480 Anzac Ave, Kallangur Q. feat. Bobby Miller P 7 & 14
Oct 8-9	Toongabbie (NSW) Folk Festival. Poetry performances. Enq. Ph. 02 9636 2216.
Oct 16-17	Mapleton Yarn Festival. Mapleton Q. Perf. Comp, Yarnspinning etc. Enq. Jacqueline Bridle 07 5478 6263 P14
Oct 17	Calliope (Q) CM Fest. Poets Breakfast and Performance Competition. Details P 14
Oct 23	Bush Poetry Perf. & Dinner Concert. 6.30 pm, Urunga (NSW) Golf & Sports Club. Cost \$6 inc. meal P 15
Oct 23	Snowy Mountains Performance. 2pm, Montreal Community Theatre, Tumut NSW Ph Sec 02 6025 3847 P 14
Oct 31	Poets in the Pub. 1.30pm Dorriggo Hotel, NSW. Dorriggo Spring Fest. Ph. Murray Suckling 02 6657 2139 P6 & 145Nov 1
	Closing date. Brunswick Heads Written Competition. Details P 15
Nov 3	Palma Rosa Poets. 7 for 7.30pm Graham Fredriksen Book Launch & Michael Darby \$15.00 per head incl supper. Bookings required. P 15
Nov 5-7	Majors Creek Folk Festival. Braidwood NSW. Breakfasts, Performance Poetry. Ph Peter Gillespie 02 4842 2443 P15
Nov 7	Land of the Beardies Fest. Glen Innes NSW. Poets Breakfast & Performance Comp. P 15
Nov 10	Closing Date. Bush Laureate Awards. For Recorded & Published Australian Rhyming Verse. P 12
Nov 27	Aust. Heritage Music Fest. Annandale NSW Expression of interest sought. Richard Mills P/F 02 9568 5596 P 15
Nov 30	Closing Date. Blackened Billy Verse Competition for Written Australian Bush Verse. Details P 15
Jan '00 6th	Bush Poetry Perf. & Written Comp. Brunswick Heads Fest of the Fish & Chips & Woodchop Festival. Contact Judiann Schults, Ph/fax 02 6685 1599 Email: woodchop@nor.com.au OR journo@linknet.com.au. Details P 15
Jan '00 25	Bush Laureate Awards. 2pm Tamworth Town Hall For Bookings and Info Ph. 02 6766 1577 Fax 02 6766 7314 P12
Jan '00 26-29	Tamworth Bush Poetry Competition. Imperial Hotel Performance Competition. Details P 10 & 15
Jan '00 29	Blackened Billy Presentation of Awards. Imperial Hotel, Tamworth NSW P15
Feb '00 12-13	High Country Poets. Stanthorpe Q. Performance Competition Ph Jack Drake 07 4683 7169 Fax 07 4683 7069
Mar '00 6-8	Redgum Festival. Swan Hill, Vic. Bush Poetry Performances. Arts Swan Hill, Box 488, Swan Hill Vic. 3585.
Mar '00 15-19	Jamberoo (NSW) Folk Festival. Breakfasts and Performances. Phone Dave de Santi 02 4257 1788.
April '00 13-16	Oracles of the Bush. Tenterfield NSW. Perf. & written comp. etc. Enq. Patti Ainsworth Ph 02 6736 1082 Fax 02 6736 3388

BUSH LAUREATE AWARDS 2000

Following the growth in popularity of the annual Bush Laureate Awards held in Tamworth during the Festival in January, organisers have decided to move the event to a larger venue.

The Bush Laureate Awards will now be held in the air-conditioned Tamworth Town Hall at 2.00pm on Tuesday, 25th January, 2000.

The Bush Laureate Awards contains four sections -

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 to be awarded to a person for outstanding achievement in nurturing and promoting the heritage of Australian Rhyming Verse to be selected by the Bush Laureate Committee.

Entries for all sections close on 10th November, 1999

To be eligible for the Bush Laureate Awards, product must be published / released between 1st November, 1998 and 10th November, 1999.

The following guidelines will be used 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 or 4).

Four (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.

Please make cheques payable to Bush Laureate Awards. Entries should be addressed to Bush Laureate Awards, 2000, C/- Max Ellis Marketing Pty Ltd., PO Box 298, Tamworth 2340.

REGULAR MONTHLY EVENTS

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

1st. Monday	Don Amici's Restaurant & Coffee Shop. Margaret St., Toowoomba Q. Ron Selby 07 4630 1106
1st Tuesday	Kyabram & Dist. Bush Verse Gr. Every 2nd mth., Kyabram Fauna Park at 7.30 pm Ph. Mick Coventry 03 5853 2265
1st Thursday	Tuggerah Lakes Poetry Group. (except January) 7pm The Entrance Leagues Club. 3 Bay Village Road, Bateau Bay. Contact Joan Johnson - 02 4332 5318 and Judy stantonn 02 4388 5972
1st Saturday	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 0412 222 690
1st Sunday	Red Kettle Folk Club. Mapleton Hotel, Mapleton, Q. 8.30-11pm. Poetry and Music. Enq. Jacqueline Bridle 07 5478 6263
2nd. Monday	Poets & Musicians at Eumundi Markets (Q) in courtyard outside Rob's Bakery. Ph. Elizabeth 07 5449 1991
2nd Tuesday	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
2nd Wednesday	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 Thursday	Parakeet's Poets, Katoomba. Parakeet Cafe at 7pm, Katoomba St, Katoomba, NSW Everyone welcome. Phone Denis Kevans 02 4757 3119
2nd Friday	Hunter Bush Poets - 7pm - Tarro Hotel, Anderson Dr., Tarro NSW. Bob Skelton 02 4953 2751
2nd Saturday	Bush and Brisbane Poets. 7.30 pm Club Sangria, Mt. Gravatt Q. Phone Anita Reed 07 3343 7392
3rd Sunday	Tamworth Poetry Reading Grp. 8pm 4 Illoura St. Sth T'worth 02 6766 4164 or 026765 6067
3rd Monday	Golden Pen Poets. Old Gympie Town Hall, Gympie, Q. 7 pm Ph Phil Morrison 07 5486 1171
3rd Tuesday	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
3rd Wednesday	Poets & Mates 7.30 pm Kallangur Com. Centre, 1480 Anzac Ave, Kallangur Q Ph Wally Finch 07 3886 0747
3rd Thursday	Poets in the Club, Urunga Golf Club. 1.00 - 4pm Ph 02 6568 5269 or 02 6655 6835 ah.
3rd Friday	Bundaberg Poets Society Inc. Ring Liz Ward 07 4156 3178
3rd Saturday	Sth Aust. Bush Poets. 7.30 pm Alma Pub Long Room, Willunga SA, Ph/Fax 08 8370 2460
3rd Sunday	Wollondilly Regional FAW Writers in the Pub 7.30pm George Hotel, Old Pacific Hwy, Picton. Liz Vincent 02 4677 2044, Vince Morrison 02 4684 1704 or Jenny Pilotos 02 4631 1419
4th Monday	June Bush Poetry Group. 7.30pm, June Community Centre, Brian Beasley, PO Box 82, June, 2663 Ph. 02 6924 1317
4th Tuesday	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 Wednesday	Poets in the Pub with Grafton Live Poet's Society. Roches Hotel 7.30pm Ph 02 6642 2772
4th Thursday	Inverell Wednesday Writers. 7.30pm, Empire Hotel. Ph Ida Morse 02 6722 2425
2nd Last Mon.	Golden Pen Poets. Old Gympie Town Hall, Gympie, Q. 7 pm Ph Phil Morrison 07 5486 1171
Last Tuesday	Queanbeyan Bush Poets. Poets Lane, Queanbeyan. Phone David Meyers 02 6286 1891
Last Wednesday	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. See poets calendar
Last Thursday	Spaghetti Poetry Group. Gee Kwong Restaurant, 197 Mann St., Gosford. Dinner at 6.30, Poetry at 7.30 Ph. Bob & Ester Sennett 02 4325 2590
Last Friday	Millmerran Bush Poetry Group Q. 7pm. Millmerran Bakery. Ring "The Legend" Kev Barnes 07 4695 4209.
Last Saturday	Writers on the River, 7pm Caddies Coffee Shop, 2-3 Castlereagh St, Penrith, NSW. Everyone welcome, come and recite, read or just listen to the poets. Ph. Brian Bell, 02 4739 2219
EVERY WED.	Kangaroo Valley Folk Club. Bush Poets welcome. Phone Carl Leddy re venue 02 4465 1621
EVERY 2ND FRI.	Aust Christian Writers Fellowship, Hunter Div. Morisset Baptist Church Hall 1.30 - 4pm. Contact J. Bray - 11 Rhodes Pde, Windermere Pk. NSW 2264
EVERY 3 MTHS -	Writers in Townsville. 7.30 pm, Hodel Room, City Library, Thuringowa Dr., Thuringowa Q 4817. Phil Heang 07 4773 4223
EVERY 2 MTHS on 2nd Saturday.	Pheasants Hut Folk Club. Bundena NSW. for poets, singers & musicians. Ph Yuri 02 9527 0955 or Mob 041 941 2093
	Cornucopia Cafe. Poets & Folkies Get Together. Old Gladesville Hosp Grounds, Punt Rd. Enq Jenny - 02 9887 1856 or 0412 222 690, or Graeme 02 9874 7653. Check Poets Calendar for dates.

POETS BRUNCH AT KEMPSEY FESTIVAL

The Kempsey All Star Country Music Festival held annually in northern NSW is pleased to announce that their 1999 programme will again include another popular "Poets Brunch and Aussie Humour Show" which will be held at 9am on Sunday 12th September at Netherby House in Little Rudder Street, Kempsey.

Entertaining visitors with his own special brand of humour and bush verse will be well known bard Ray Essery, "The Mullumbimby Bloke" who will be joined by Wauchope bush poet and singer, Russell Chucher. Both have entertained at previous festivals in Kempsey.

Ray is one of a new breed of Australian Bush Poets who have emerged on the scene in recent years. Known for his wonderful ability to "paint word pictures", he has entertained at major bush poetry events and venues throughout the country, including the famous Longyard Hotel during Tamworth's Country Music Week. He specialises in humorous verse, yarns and his unique style of performance makes "The Mullumbimby Bloke" a popular crowd pleaser.

Talented Bush Poet and Folk Singer, Russell Chucher will return to perform his special brand of entertainment which has been so popular during recent years. A regular performer at folk and country music festivals for some years, Russell was an integral part of the

Australian entertainment offered at Wauchope's "Timbertown", delighting and entertaining many visitors. He performs his recitations of traditional and contemporary bush verse and song from the heart and is often accompanied by the "The Limberjacks", Russell's 'little people' who are usually seen to upstage his efforts.

Ray and Russell will, as usual, welcome to the microphone any local poets who may wish to come and share their work throughout the morning, so bring your poetry along if you feel like "having a go". Juniors are also most welcome to attend for this great morning of family entertainment. Our special guest poets will also select from those who perform throughout the morning, the person who will receive this years **Sue Mayne Encouragement Award.**

The staff at Netherby House, which is located on the southern approach to the Macleay River Bridge, will prepare a delicious hot "Brunch" meal which will be included in the \$10 cost of admission. Festival patrons may also wish to avail themselves of a Weekend Ticket for \$35 which covers entry to all major events and represents great savings to the enthusiast, including admission to the "Poets Brunch".

The committee of the Kempsey All Star Country Music Festival look forward to your company for this morning of very Australian entertainment during our Festival being held 9th - 12th September. Enquiries to Maureen Stonham - Phone / Fax 02 6568 5269.

WHAT'S ON AROUND THE TRAPS

POETS AND MATES

Kallangur Community Centre, 1480 Anzac Ave., Kallangur Q.
7.30pm Friday, 10th September, 1999
feat. "The Websters", Chris, Merv and Merv Senior
\$10 including supper. Please book for catering
Phone Wally Finch - 07 3886 0747

SNOWY MOUNTAINS BUSH POETRY CLUB

Present open mike sessions at
Bushranger Hotel, Collector NSW. 8pm, Fri. 10th Sept.
Marnuka Services Club (Canberra). 7.30pm, Sat 11th Sept.
Montreal Community Theatre, Tumut - 2pm. Sat 23rd Oct.
to commemorate 50th Anniversary of Snowy Mts Authority.
Enquiries for the above to the Secretary 02 6025 3847

3rd BARDS OF THE OUTBACK

Fri. 10th - Sat. 11th September, 1999
Royal Mail Hotel - Hungerford, Q.

Yarnspinning & Performance Poetry Comp. - Accommodation and
Transport available. Phone Bob McPhee - Ah 07 5466 5269

PERFORMANCE POETRY - Talwood Community Centre

Just 1 hour west of Goondiwindi on St. George Road
Saturday 11th September, 1999 - Time & Cost TBA
featuring Trisha Anderson & Mark Tempany
Ring Trisha 07 3268 3624

THE GOLD-DIGGERS DERBY

Performance Bush Poetry Competition
In conjunction with GULGONG COUNTRY MUSIC FEST.
Sat. 11th & Sun. 12 September, 1999

\$700 PRIZEMONEY - Bush Poetry Performance Comp.
9am, Sunday 12th September, 1999 - Gulgong RSL (NSW)
Send your name, address and phone number to
Frank Daniel, Short Street Prod., PO Box 16, CANOWINDRA 2804
Phone 02 6344 1477 Fax 02 6344 1962

www.bushpoet@lisp.com.au OR URL: <http://www.lisp.com.au/~bushpoet/>

BUSH POETS BRUNCH - KEMPSEY NSW

in conjunction with Kempsey Country Music Festival
9 am - 11.30 am, Sunday, 12th September, 1999
Netherby House, 5 Little Rudder Street, Kempsey NSW
FEATURING RAY ESSERY AND RUSSELL CHURCHER
Admission price \$10 - includes breakfast - Enq. Maureen 02 6568 5269

GALSTON COUNTRY MUSIC FESTIVAL

9am Sunday, 12th September, 1999 at Fagan Park
POETS BREAKFAST featuring Special Guest
DENIS KEVANS together with Joye Dempsey, Len Knight,
Garry Lowe, Terry Regan, Vivienne Sawyer and Graham
Johnson - Enquiries Ring Graham, 02 9874 7653

WOLLOMBI FOLK FESTIVAL (NSW)

Fri. 17th - Sun. 19th September, 1999
Poets Breakfasts - Champions of Verse - Storytellers Supper
Entry information & Enq. Ron Brown 02 4951 6186

PERFORMANCE POETRY

at Hunter Valley Botanical Gardens Spring Fair
9am, Saturday 18th September, 1999
feature Poet Bob Skelton aka 'The Minmi Magster'
Enq. to Bob Ph 02 4953 2751 or Mob 018 668 795

SCARECROW FESTIVAL - Grose Vale NSW

Saturday, 18th September, 1999 from 12.30pm
BBCue, Concert, Poetry, Bush Dance
Guest Compere - Warren 'Arch' Bishop.
Enquiries Gary Regan 02 4572 1863

TRUNDLE BUSH TUCKER & BUSH POETRY STAKES

Saturday 25th & Sunday 26th September, 1999
Open Performance Bush Poetry Comp. \$1,000 Prizemoney
3 Sections - Traditional (Over 50 years old),
Original Serious and Original Humorous
11am Saturday 25th, Competition Heats & Finals
9am Sunday 26th Poets Breakfast
Send your name, address and phone number to
Frank Daniel, Short Street Prod., PO Box 16 CANOWINDRA NSW 2804
Phone 02 6344 1477 Fax 02 6344 1962
www.bushpoet@lisp.com.au OR URL: <http://www.lisp.com.au/~bushpoet/>

PALMA ROSA POETS

9 Queens Road, Hamilton. Q. 4007
7pm for 7.30pm, Wednesday, 29th September, 1999
featuring NOEL CUTLER and BILL HAY
\$15.00 - incl. supper - BYO Ring ESU 07 3262 3769 or Trisha 07 3268 3624

NAMBUCCA DIST COMB. SERVICES MUSEUM

WRITTEN ESSAY AND POETRY COMP.

Subject should relate person who has served in armed services and lived
in the areas of Coff Harbour, Bellingen, Dorrigo, Nambucca Valley,
Kempsey, Port Macquarie NSW - CLOSING 30TH SEPT. NO FEE OR LIMITS
Details from NDCS Museum Inc. PO Box 247, Bowraville NSW 2449
Phone 02 6564 7339 OR Email: withco@midcoast.com.au

PERFORMANCE POETRY COMPETITION

Fri. 1st - Sun 3rd October, 1999 in conj. with Dalby Country Music Festival
THE 'BIG DOO' at BRYMAROO RODEO GROUNDS
Entries Close 18th September, 1999
Novice, Traditional and Original Sections with Cash Prizes
plus a chance to be in the Winner's Concert - \$1300 prizes
Entry forms available from The Secretary, Gwen Bowtell
M.S. 444, Quinalow, Q. 4403 or Phone 07 4692 1347

BACK OF BOURKE POETRY CELEBRATIONS

Monday 4th October, 1999 - POETS DAY IN BOURKE
Discover Bourke's Poets - Lawson on Location - Poetry & Yarns
Tues. 5th & Wed. 6th - Back o' Bourke Poets Trek from Bourke to
Hungerford and return
Bookings deadline for Trek is 30th September
BOURKE TOURIST INFORMATION CENTRE, Anson St., Bourke
Phone 02 6872 1222 or Fax 02 6872 2305

POETS AND MATES

Kallangur Community Centre, 1480 Anzac Ave., Kallangur Q.
7.30pm Friday, 8th October, 1999
feat. The Larrikin himself BOBBY MILLER
\$10 including supper. Please book for catering
Phone Wally Finch - 07 3886 0747

MAPLETON YARN FESTIVAL

Sat. 16th & Sun 17th October, 1999 - Mapleton Hall Q
Performance Competitions - Yarnspinning - Work Shops
Enq. Jacqueline Bridle, C/- PO Mapleton Q. 4556. 07 5478 6263

WAGGA WAGGA FOLK SOCIETY FESTIVAL

1st - 4th October, 1999 at Uranquinty, NSW
Poetry, Sessions, Concerts, Workshops, Markets
Call Tracey for information - 02 6920 2533

BUSH POETRY PERF. COMP. & BREAKFAST

in conj. with CALLIOPE COUNTRY MUSIC FESTIVAL
Sunday, 17th October, 1999 - Port Curtis Historical Village
on the banks of Calliope River, Bruce Highway, West of Gladstone Q
JUVENILE, JUNIOR AND OPEN SECTIONS
Entries Close 1st October, 1999 and no late entries will be accepted
Enq. Margy Mac, 18 Emperor St., Gladstone Q 4680
Ph 07 4979 0909 or Mob 0413 978 748

WHAT'S ON AROUND THE TRAPS

BUSH POET PERF. & DINNER CONCERT

6.30 pm, Saturday 23rd October, 1999
URUNGA Golf and Sports Club, Morgo St., Urunga NSW
feat RUSSELL CHURCHER - Bush Poet and Folkie
Admission \$6.00 - includes Roast Dinner & Coffee
Open Mike Session with special guests and segments
Enquiries to Maureen Stonham - Phone / Fax 02 6568 5269
or Keith Haycraft - Phone / Fax 02 6655 6835

POETS IN THE PUB - 1.30 pm, Saturday 31st October, 1999
in conj with Dorrigo Spring Festival (30th - 31st October, 1999)
At DORRIGO HOTEL (Top Pub), Cudgery, St. Dorrigo NSW
ALL POETS & YARN SPINNERS INVITED TO READ OR RECITE
Entry Free - Refreshments & afternoon Tea Avail.
Novel Prizes for Best Publicly Acclaimed Performers
Enq Murray Suckling, PO Box 403 Dorrigo, NSW 2453, Ph 02 6657 2139
or Ph. Liz Bennet 02 6657 2124

PALMA ROSA POETS - 9 Queens Road, Hamilton. Q. 4007
7pm for 7.30pm, Wednesday, 3rd November, 1999
feat. NOEL CUTLER and BILL HAY - \$15.00 - incl. supper - BYO
Ring ESU 07 3262 3769 or Trisha 07 3268 3624

MAJORS CREEK FOLK MUSIC FESTIVAL

Friday 5th - Sunday 7th November, 1999
Poets Breakfasts & Performances
Peter Gillespie 02 4842 2443 - Jim Macquarie 02 4474 2736

LAND OF THE BEARDIES FESTIVAL

7.30 am 7th November, 1999 - Glen Innes, NSW
Poets Breakfast and Performance Competition
King Edward Park - (if rainy - Glenn Innes Town Hall)
Sect. 1- Original. Sect. 2 - Traditional or Established Works
Prizes per section: 1st - \$150, 2nd - \$100, 3rd - \$50.
For entry forms and accommodation information write to
Nell Perkins, Flat 3, 125 Church St., Glen Innes NSW 2370

AUSTRALIAN HERITAGE MUSIC FEST. Sat. 27th Nov., 1999
Annandale Neighbourhood Centre, Annandale NSW
EXPRESSIONS OF INTEREST SOUGHT FOR WORKSHOPS, CONCERTS
AND PARTICIPATION

Richard Mills, Snail Mail, 6/39 Herbert St., Dulwich Hill NSW 2203
Phone/ Fax 02 9568 5596 or email: Ausfest@excite.com.

BLACKENED BILLY VERSE COMPETITION 2000

CLOSING DATE 30th November, 1999
Written Australian Bush Verse Entry Fee \$5.00 OR
3 for \$10.00 - extra entries \$3.00 each
Presentation of Winner and Highly Commended at
Imperial Hotel, Tamworth NSW - Saturday 29th January, 2000
Entry Forms from Maureen Quickenden,
PO Box 1164, Tamworth NSW 2340

BRUNSWICK VALLEY BUSH POETS BREAKFAST

8am Sun. 6th January 2000 - Host Greg Champion
Appearances by Ray Essery & Col Hadwell PERFORMANCE
PERFORMANCE COMP.: Open - Secondary - Primary School - All
Original & Traditional Sects.

WRITTEN COMPETITION: Entries Close 1st November
Humorous, Serious, Romantic and Bush Sections for
Open, Secondary and Primary School. PRIZES: All Sections -
1st - \$100 + Trophy, 2nd - \$50 + Cert., 3rd - \$25 + Cert.
Enq. Brunswick Heads Festival 2000, Written/Perf. Poetry Comp.
PO Box 41, Brunswick Heads NSW 2483 or
Phone/ Fax Judiann Schultz - 02 6685 1599
or Email: woodchip@nor.com.au OR journo@linknet.com.au

TAMWORTH BUSH POETRY COMPETITION

Imperial Hotel, Tamworth NSW
HEATS - Wed. 26th - Fri. 28th January, 2000. FINALS: Sat. 29th
Please send SSAE to Jan Morris, PO Box 1164, Tamworth NSW 2340
or Phone 02 6765 7552 (home) or 02 6768 5178 (work)

THE PRODUCT SHELF

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by Merv Webster
'The Goodndiwindi Grey'
A Book of Bush Verse incl.
* The Curing of Young Fred McAlpine
* I'll Not forget That Day Old Mate
* Sarah plus
* Let's Keep alive the Drover's Day
* Sweet Madeline
* The Ballad of the Blowfly
* Waltzing Matilda - An Allegory
Yarns & Many More

CHRIS & THE GREY present

A Cassette of Bush Verse incl.
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* For I've His Blood In Me
* An Ethereal Encounter
* Reminiscing With Henry
* Crazy Kate * Racing Widows
* The Wife's Revenge
* The Tragedy of Emma's Dream
* Bush Justice * Bitter Sweets
* The Curing of Young Fred McAlpine
* To Have Loved a Friend
* Piccanniny Dawn * Women of the West

Book - \$12 pp, Cassette - \$17 pp, Both \$22 pp avail. from
Chris & Merv Webster, 8 Hawaii Court, Bargara Q. 4670

PARADISE REVISITED

The new book by GRAHAM FREDRIKSEN
featuring "BEYOND THE FARTHEST FENCES"
1998 Winner of the Bush Lantern Award
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1998 Winner of Bronze Swagman Award
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Send \$12.00 pp for one book or \$20.00 for both books to
G. Fredriksen, Monsildale Road, Kilkoy Q 4515

A VALID EXCUSE

Bush Poems and Other Verses
by Trevor Shaw
\$15.00 pp. PO Box 61, Thangool Qld 4716

Goodbye Gunsynd

a book of award winning bush poems,
and Aussie Bush Ballads
By Stewart Hopper

"The Bard of the Cow Bales from Bell"
Full colour cover photo of Gunsynd
well illustrated book printed on recycled paper
PRICE - \$10 pp (Cheques or MO please - No Bankcard)
from Stewart Hopper, MS 360, Bell, Q. 4408 or Helen
Cameron, PO Box 143, Kingaroy, Q. 4610

MOUNT ISA 1998 BUSH FESTIVAL

A Volume of Bush Verse published by
Mount Isa Writers Association to
Celebrate the 75th Anniversary of Mount Isa.
Contains poems including prize winners from our 1998 Festival
and poems from our Guest Poets
Cost 7.00 pp - available from Fay Sloman,
PO Box 2781, Mount Isa, Qld. 4825

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Thank You to Our Contributors

Patti Ainsworth	John Harris
Joyce Alchin	Flo Hart
Trisha Anderson	Stewart Hopper
Jim Angel	Graeme Johnson
Mavis Appleyard	Leo Keane
Liz Banting	Bob Miller
John Barclay	Jan Morris
Brian Beesley	Allan Nolan
Glenys Bowtell	Maureen Quickenden
Ellis Campbell	Greg Scott
Neil Carroll	Sue Sedman
John Coutts	Ron Selby
Frank Daniel	Trevor Shaw
Rosemary Dorrell	Olive Shooter
Wally & Mary Finch	Fay Sloman
Mick Flemming	Murray Suckling
Graham Fredriksen	Ted & June Webber

ROOM-MATE

© 1999 Jim Angel,
Narrandera NSW

They put me in the hospital
Cos they said I'm not real good
I can't run fast or dig post-holes
Like I really should.

I have a mate in here with me
Who is giving me the pip
He stands beside me day and night
He's just a flamin' drip.

When I go to the loo
He has to tag along
And even when I'm sitting there
He doesn't mind the pong.

When nurses help to shower me
He doesn't cut and run
But stands quite close as if to see
We don't have any fun.

He's not a real good patient
'Cos when he's out of juice
He bips and bips and bips some more
Till the nurses call a truce.

He has a rather fancy name
IMED GEMINI P-C-ONE
He comes from the United States
Imported - Tariff: none.

Now they reckon I'm improving
I'm getting back me grip
So I can go home to my darling
And give this drip the slip.