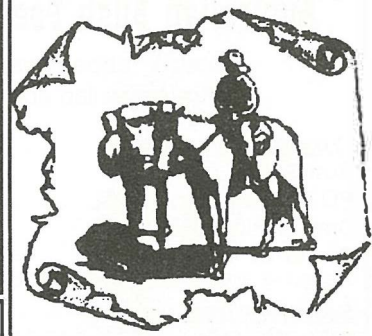


The Australian Bush Poets Association Inc.

Monthly Newsletter

No 9 Volume 7

September 2000



Caloundra 2001

For the first time, our National Championship will be held on Australia's fabulous coastline. Caloundra, the Gateway to Queensland's Sunshine Coast, has been chosen from a line-up of worthy contenders for the honour in 2001. This picturesque part of Queensland is rich in legend, history, and heritage - Cobb and Co. and convicts, cannibalism by sailors, brawling timbermen and oyster gatherers, a hotpot of many races seeking gold, murder of innocents, all this and more - it's hard to believe it all really happened here in this sub tropical paradise. But it did and among the turbulence our hard working pioneers built a future for their families. Their future is the present we enjoy

today. Their dreams are our reality, and our reality has surpassed their wildest dreams.

We are proud of our part of Australia and look forward to sharing it with our fellow poets as we follow the lead from firm foundations set by previous National Championships. We thank the ABPA Panel for selecting us, and look forward to proving worthy of their trust. The team behind this bid is the Lions Club of Caloundra Inc. under the progressive presidency of Bob Hislop. The Chairman of the Committee making it all happen is Warren McLennan. Assisting the Lions and representing the poets is Wally 'The Bear' Finch.

Lions motto is "We Serve". The Lions Club of Caloundra is looking forward to starting a festival that will bring people to the Sunshine Coast to hear fair dinkum Australian poetry for years to come. This project, which has the backing of local government, is true to their motto by serving the poets and their district with equal distinction.

Watch for regular reports in future Newsletters. In the meantime, for further details please contact:

Bob Hislop 07 5491 3653, Warren McLennan 07 5491 5158 Fax 07 5491 1122, Wally Finch Ph/Fax 07 3886 0747



Camp Oven Award 2000 Written Competition Winners



OPEN

1 st	Ron Stevens	'Frontline Messages'
2 nd	Milton Taylor	'Stockroutes of my Mind'
3 rd	Fred Curtis	'At Aspendale, But Briefly'
HC	Ron Stevens	'Ballad of an Ordinary Man'
HC	Ken Dean	'A Flannel Flower'
HC	Ken Dean	'Spirit of Adventure'

Judges Comments

1st Place - It is hard for we judges to bypass the work of a writer who has made a craft of polishing his words to such perfection; thus, Ron Stevens has won the Camp Oven Award AGAIN!! Not only is Ron a clever wordsmith, he goes the extra distance with his work and deserves the accolades that are so frequently heaped upon him. Congratulations Ron!

2nd Place - Milton Taylor has long been one of this country's leading performance poets, and recent times have seen him moving to the fore with his written work. Milton's beautiful lyric poem 'Stockroutes of my Mind', with its elaborate use of a feminine rhyme scheme to highlight the idyll, well deserves to be placed here; in fact all of his entries were well-written and were shortlisted.

3rd Place - Fred Curtis's poem 'At Aspendale, But Briefly' is a good contemporary piece dealing with a modern society's issue. Its imagery portrays vividly the scenes which are enhanced by

JUNIOR

Under 9 years	Rachel Reeves	'My Wombat'
	(Cobram East, VIC)	
9-12 years	Kasey Davis	'The Swagman'
	(Alexandra Hills, QLD)	
Over 12 years	Kelly Fogarty	'The Wild Brumby'
(HC only)	(Millmerran, QLD)	

a strong iambic rhythm.

Highly Commended - Ken Dean is a name which is now often coming to the attention of bush poetry judges. He is a writer who often escapes the monotone clutches of 'couplet rhyme' to individualize his stories with more inventive rhyme scheme, often creating a uniqueness of music in his poetry.

This is now the third year of the Camp Oven Awards, and it has grown to be a well-supported competition in Bush Poetry circles. And this is the third year that we have had the privilege of judging. As it is now well established, we feel it is time to get "new blood" in to the judging seat, so the job will next year be handed over to other capable hands. (We can't say who, but the bloke who won the last two years will not be able to win next year!) So thank-you to all entrants and keep up the good writing.

Submitted by Graham Fredriksen and Allan Nolan

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DEADLINE: 20th of Each Month

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Olive Shooter, Secretary

ABPA Membership - \$25 per annum January to December for Single, Family or Club membership.

Juniors \$10 per annum (students to year 12 education).

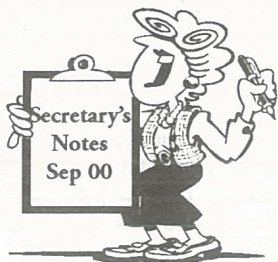
NEW members joining after July 1, \$13 through to the end of December. Those who have NOT been a member previously may join after October 1 and receive up to 15 months membership for the first year's subscription of \$25
PLEASE SEND ALL MONEY TO SECRETARY/TREASURER

WANT TO JOIN THE ABPA?

**JUST SEND A CHEQUE OR MONEY ORDER
FOR \$25, MADE OUT TO "ABPA", TO:
OLIVE SHOOTER,
SECRETARY/TREASURER
(ADDRESS AS ABOVE)**

**BE SURE TO INCLUDE YOUR NAME,
ADDRESS AND PHONE NUMBER!**

**MEMBERSHIP BENEFITS INCLUDE RECEIVING
THIS NEWSLETTER 12 TIMES A YEAR!**



Dear Members

Caloundra will be the venue for the 2001 Australian Bush Poets Championships. We wish them all the best for the running of the competition. Congratulations!

To the other four committees who submitted expressions of interest, thank-you all. Please feel free to try again at a later date. There can only be one winner, worse luck.

Please remember that I wish to retire from this

PRESIDENT'S REPORT



It is now official. The 2001 Championships will be held in Caloundra, Qld. Congratulations to the Caloundra organisers and thank you to Mulwala, Winton, Charters Towers and Roma for your applications. I believe it was a very close decision between all applicants for the right to hold the Championships.

The subject of 'Judging' keeps rearing its head in almost every newsletter and there will always be those who, for one reason or another, are dissatisfied with a competition due to some misdemeanor relating to the judges decision.

I think it is about time we looked at a standard of judging for competitions along the lines of our elected committee who are working on compiling a 'suggested rules and regulations for competitions'.

For example, a competitor may be judged on Preamble, Choice of Poem, Start of Poem, Body of Poem, Audibility, Presentation, etc, etc.

What we need is a standard explanation of just what each part means so that it is clear to the competitor. And also clear to the judge.

The recent Bundaberg Muster had a sheet that was given to the judges on this point, though I'm not sure if it was available to the competitor.

I propose to put together a sheet along these lines and print it in the newsletter calling for constructive comment on its contents.

Or alternatively any member who is willing to form a 'Judging Committee' please drop me a line with your views on the subject and maybe we can come up with something tangible to be presented to our members.

Ron Selby, President

Ed Note: A sample of an Assessment Sheet is on Page 10, with explanatory notes on Page 11 of this Newsletter.

position of Secretary-Treasurer at the annual meeting in January. There must be someone interested in taking it over.

We are sorry to hear that our member John Harris of Bellingen has passed away, and our sympathy goes to his wife and family.

Membership has reached 400. That is nearly thirty short of last year. If you know anyone who may be interested in joining, please note that if NEW members join up after October 1st, they can get 15 months for the first \$25.

Fond Regards, Olive Shooter

AND NOW PRESENTING, CENTRE STAGE.....

GRAHAME WATT

Full name: Grahame James Watt (N.B. James Watt invented the Steam Engine. Wattie says he is also always in hot water!)

Grahame Watt (better known as 'Skew Wiff' Watt) was born in Kyabram, Vic, and has lived in Kyabram for over seventy years. He has been writing verse for many years, and entertaining with performance and character sketches. He sings a bit too.

He says he is a Victorian, but he can't be all that bad as he married Janice, a Queensland girl, some 44 years ago, at Rockhampton in 1956. They now have two children and, at last count, nine grandchildren.

Grahame worked at the Kyabram fruit cannery for thirty years as a refrigeration engineer. He also looked after electricity generators, hence the term 'Killer-Watt'.

Along the way, he has won numerous Bush Verse awards for humorous and nostalgic poetry. He won the 'Diamond Shears' award in 1991, and was runner-up in 1994. He won the 'Poets Brawl' at Tamworth Fireside Festival in 1995, and was inducted onto the "Wall of Renown" at the Longyard Hotel, Tamworth, in 1997 for his contribution to Bush Verse in Victoria.

He has had poems published in the 'Bronze Swagman' books, and more recently won the serious verse section for written poetry at the Australian Championships at Yarrowonga-Mulwala.

Grahame was the founding president of the Kyabram and District Bush Verse Group. This group is thriving with over thirty active members.

His regular greeting is 'G'day'. Grahame states his ambition is to see the revival of Bush Verse in Australia. Janice states her ambition is to see the revival of Grahame!



Gladys (a love poem)

© Grahame Watt, Kyabram, Vic

What's your favourite movie?

A feature movie on TV without ads.

Who do you admire most?

Mother Teresa, Nelson Mandela, and Ray Essery.

What was your most embarrassing moment?

It is far too embarrassing to tell you, but Mum and I can't go back to that restaurant again.

If you could live your life again, what would you change?

I would pay more attention to my school teachers, especially the English teachers so that I could write proper.

What song do you never want to hear

again?

A quite short coat and a pink Dalmatian. If you were an animal, what kind of animal would you be?

I would be a Brahman bull weighing three thousand kilos, and that's a lot of bull.

What did you have for breakfast this morning?

Porridge and prune juice. It gets me up and running.

Do you collect anything? If so, what and why?

I collect miniature lamps, Bush Verse books, and old iron and pieces of machinery that will come in handy one day perhaps.

By cripes! I'm keen on Gladys,
And I've got my eye on her,
She's the bestest woman I have seen,
Without a doubt, for sure.

When I pass her old man's farm,
In daytime or night,
I tips me hat, and squints me eyes,
In case she's there in sight.

Last Friday when I went to town,
To get some stores and duds,
I met her in the grocers -,
Between the pollard and the spuds.

I took a real good look around,
- There's no sigh of her Dad,
Then in a sort of toffy voice,
I said, "How're you goin' Glad?"

Well, you could have knocked me over,
As she looked up kinda slow,
And she set me heart a'quiver,
As she said "I'm real goodoh".

Well we talked about the latest things
To happen here and there,
And I would've said some more to her
If the grocer didn't stare.

I got me weeks provisions
And headed for the door,
Then waved me hand to Gladys,
"Be seein' ya some more".

I reckon if I catch her
Next week there just by chance,
I'll ask her to go out with me
To the pictures, or a dance.

So keep your eyes off Gladys,
I saw her first by gee!
By cripes! I'm keen on Gladys,
I hope she still likes me.

REVIEW - "Skew Wiff Kelly" (book and cassette)

Grahame Watt published his first book of poetry some years ago, and has more recently brought out a cassette tape of his work.

His book contains many poems, yarns, and photographs of Grahame playing several different comedy characters, including 'Dave Duckpond', an old golfer, and a Chelsea pensioner. A quick glance through the book immediately produces the impression of a light-hearted performer! However, Grahame is also a fine writer, who can transpose his entertaining thoughts into words.

Although Grahame Watt's book was enjoyable to review, his cassette was an absolute pleasure! Here the work of an experienced entertainer is demonstrated so effectively, with a harmonious blend of poetry, jokes, and yarns, interspersed with sympathetic musical accompaniment. This is a tape you can listen to several times, and still find something to make you smile, or to cause you to silently reflect. Grahame has forged a reputation as a humorous poet, but my feeling is that some of his best works are his lyric and nostalgic verse. His poem 'Patches' is gentle and thought provoking, and 'The Sounds of Galvanised Iron' is a wonderful outback reminiscence.

Have a laugh! Pause and think! Grab a Grahame Watt book or cassette!

Dear Soapbox

I read with great interest the letter from Mark Gliori in the August edition of the ABPA Newsletter, with regard to the recitation of living poets' works.

I have an interesting incident to relate.

A couple of years ago I was asked to help get into print a book of poems and short stories of a local bush poet who had lived for many years out west on cattle stations. Unfortunately the man was diagnosed with a virulent form of abdominal cancer, and, refusing treatment he died within 7 weeks of diagnosis. At this stage he had barely begun looking through his reams of possible works for the book.

His wife picked out several poems and one short story, for which he had won an award many years before. One of the poems chosen was similar to one I had heard recited by a famous bush poet and author of many books. I asked the man's wife about the poem, which is about a one-armed station cook, and she distinctly remembered not only the one armed cook, but also her husband writing down this man's antics in poetic form. She was 100% certain that the poem was entirely her husband's own work. She was also fairly certain that this poem had never been published before, so how did it come to be in the performer's repertoire? Until then I had assumed that all the poems the famous poet recites at concerts are her own. Now I don't know. The original poem was written on a far west Queensland cattle station over 30 years ago. How did it get into the public arena? Did the actual one-armed cook drift across the performance poet's path? It is not out of the question. Can there be two poems (or stories) so alike yet both entirely original?

Can some form of telepathy be involved from time to time? Some of you may be aware of the case of Helen Keller, who became deaf and blind at the age of about 18 months after an illness. She began to speak again at the age of 7 under the care of a teacher named Anne Sullivan. Helen eventually went to university and lived a fulfilling life despite her handicaps. However, when she was still a child she wrote a little story, and there was a big court case because someone else claimed prior authorship. Due to Helen's degree of handicap at that age it was fairly conclusively proved that she could not possibly have come across the original story, yet her own was, if not identical, then very similar.

We had an incident a couple of years ago in the Cairns short story competition when the winner was found to have copied a story written in 1938. She had changed the location from America to Australia and updated the action, but otherwise the story was word for word from the original. When challenged about this, the writer, who was taking her masters' degree in writing, no less, stated that because the story was over 50 years old she had a perfect right to use it!

On a personal level, a story I sent in somewhere when I was very young and green, and never heard anything more about, suddenly appeared as a TV episode many years later. When I checked out the yellowing pages of my original manuscript even most of the dialogue was exactly the same. So where do all the 'elephants' go to die? To some paper graveyard fire in the backyard of someone running a competition, or are they filed away for future use by someone else? After all, even the worst poem or short story may have a good theme or plot which can be reworked by someone more expert! We are always told that ideas are not copyright.

I personally believe that no one should recite the work of a living poet without their express permission. In most Bush Poets' Festivals that I have attended the majority of poets recite their own poems. That is as it should be when at all possible, but is not feasible in all situations, notably with child performers. The rules on copyright are changed almost every year to keep up with such outlets as the internet, and where performance of poetry is concerned there are still many grey areas. When in doubt, it only costs a postage stamp or a phone call to make sure.

Congratulations, by the way, to those bush poets whose biographies and samples of their poems were published in the current issue (Aug/Sept) of OUTBACK magazine. If you haven't got your copy, grab one. Well worth a read.

Paula Morrison, Tolga, Qld

On My Soapbox

Your contributions to "On My Soapbox" are welcomed. Please keep to a maximum of 300 words, and include your full name. Preference will be given to short, neatly typed letters or emails. The opinions expressed in this Newsletter are the opinions of individuals, and not necessarily that of the Australian Bush Poets Association



Dear Fellow Bards

At last our art of the Spoken Word has collided with the world of Film-making. I was approached by a local film-maker who had heard my poem 'Shopping Trolley Rage' on the radio and was eager to make it into a short film, with the soundtrack from my tape over the top as the dialogue. I was lucky enough to play the shopper and we recruited a 'Granny from Hell' and invaded a large local supermarket (unethical, I know, but the ones we approached said no).

We were not observed filming until the manager found me hiding amongst the boxes of Coco Pops, but we explained that the cameraman was my cousin from Sweden and he was making a home movie to send back to Sweden. Luckily he didn't notice that my accent was actually Pakistaani!!

Anyhow, to get to the point, a three hour filming session and a two day cut found us in the Grand Final of the Victorian WinterFest Short Film Festival. We were runner-up out of twenty finalist films and were only beaten by a professional effort by a Sydney Studio. The main comments from the Judges were what a unique and refreshing approach to comedy film-making, using an original Australian poem.

So where can our original poetry lead us? Well after that, I think there may be no limits to where we can ply our craft, not just on a stage, nor on a tape or CD. I write this letter not to feed my own ego, but to let the writers of decent original poetry to look at other avenues and not just sit back and take the easy way out by relying on someone giving them a stage or purely competing.

We can take our spoken word further, just look at Rupert McCall, who has made the sporting world his stage with his patriotic poetry. And just listen to the rhymes used in advertising. Can you do better? Then get out there, become motivated and do it!!! The entire country can be our stage if we make an effort.

Yours in verse (non-rhyming), Neil McArthur

Dear Jennifer

I am one of your new members. Recently retired, I hope to be able to spend much more time with my poetry and writing interests.

I really enjoy the monthly newsletters, and so am enclosing one of my own original poems. It is a spoof about a yarn I heard some time ago. I hope you enjoy it.

Kind regards, Des Bennett, Gippsland Bush Poets Society, Vic

Ed Note: This funny poem is on page 7

Dear Jennifer

The North Pine Bush Poets conducted their poetry festival over the past weekend, and it was a tremendous success. As president, I would like to thank all those devoted members for their time and effort in making this a really great event, and also to express our appreciation of the poets who made the effort to attend and to contribute their very considerable talents.

I enclose a copy of a poem which I put together to mark the occasion, and I hope you can find space in the newsletter to print it.

Best regards, Jill Perren, Kallangur, Q

The Olympic Torch

© Joyce Alchin, Corrimal NSW

Expectantly they waited, heads turned upward to the sky;
'I can hear it, I can see it, yes, it's coming,' was the cry.
At first a speck came into view and then it was a plane,
Our torch at last had landed - now to let excitement reign.
The morning clear and frosty on the ground at Uluru
With all its golden colours, grass of green and sky of blue.
And then as Nova took that torch our hearts were filled with pride,
The first of many hundred folks to cross the nation wide.

Original Australians, and the cream of sportsmen too,
The people who have names we know, and ones like me and you
All ready to hold up the flame and journey through our land
On waterways and snowy peaks, past coral reef and sand.
It started in Olympia, lit by the sun's bright ray,
A brilliant and a special time held on the tenth of May.
And then to South Pacific shores there greeted by such smiles,
A joy that followed every move across the island miles.

It's beautiful, this torch of ours, the wind and fire and earth
Inspired the features of design, and gave to it its birth
Along with sails of Opera House, and in a gentle bend
Reminder of a boomerang and our rich culture blend.
Now every day we're watching as it reaches city, town
And quietly we are waiting and preparing, counting down
Until we reach day ninety-six - the reason you may ask?
Will be our turn to celebrate, oh, what a joyous task.

For that's the day for Wollongong and there they'll party well,
But in the north at Bulli there's a story I can tell.
The suburb of black diamonds - coal - where history's tales abound
And on the day the flame comes through it's where we'll all be found.
The posters will be hanging and sweet songs will fill the air,
A sporting clinic for the kids, for Mum and Dad a fair;
While emblazoned on a banner 'cross the highway flying high
Words to bind us altogether - Share the Spirit - we can try.

What a privilege to have been there and to be part of a dream;
Spectator, bearer of the torch, a member of the team,
And as the flame winds through the streets and out to Homebush Bay
We'll reminisce with warmth of heart upon our special day.
The preparations have been made - who'll light the cauldron fire?
Who'll win the medals on each day? Who'll thrill, achieve, inspire?
The scene is set, emotions rise and tensions build within -
We long to hear the vibrant call 'Now let the Games begin.'

FROM OUR ROVING REPORTERS



Hi there from WA.

Lots of local talent at the Derby Poets breakfast - a great Sunday morning 7am to about 11.

Then on down the coast - miles and miles of nothing but miles and miles.

Port Hedland and Dampier - mining ports, Karratha to the FeNaClNG (Fe Iron; NaCl Salt; NG Natural Gas) a great charity weekend and including yours truly as Bush Poet. On to Exmouth, then Carnarvon Lions Club and two schools here. Lots of beautiful wildflowers appearing. South to Geraldton and more lions clubs and more wildflowers.

The people here are wonderful, in Dongara mighty volunteers produce a 100 page magazine every week!!!

What a great big beautiful land this is, we have so much to see, to do and about which to write.

So on and south towards Perth.

Bye for now.

Regards, John and Gaye Barclay

Results of the Royal Queensland Show (the 'Ekka') Bush Poetry Competition

Original Section

- 1st Geoff Evans, Tarragindi, Qld
- 2nd Bill Glasson, Clifton, Qld
- 3rd Merv Webster Snr, Margate, Qld

Traditional Section

- 1st Tom Mauloni, Innisfail, Qld
- 2nd Geoff Evans
- 3rd Merv Webster Snr

Junior Section

- 1st Kelsey Horton, Mt Gravatt, Qld

John's Gone

© Keith Haycraft 5/8/2000

Urunga Poets member, John Harris, passed away in August. This poem was read at his funeral, and Mrs Harris wanted to share it with John's fellow ABPA members.

The bloke who wrote political poems
and kept abreast of all the news
will write no more politician busters,
never will he express new views.

John has gone to join Lawson and Dennis,
Paterson and those of like mind,
where first drafts are written as they occur
and all audiences are kind.

We won't hear John's rapid reading again
as he delivers his latest
while he races to impart to us all
what he considers new greatest.

John Harris's pen will be still for now
as his body is laid to rest
and there is a hole in poetry which
can't even be filled by the best.

He wouldn't wish us pain at his passing,
instead rejoice at what he's left
because we still have what John has written -
only in new works are we bereft.

We know the How, What, When and Where -
the thing we don't know is the Why
we had to have such a hole in our lives
as we gather to say "Goodbye!"

Metal Mouth

© Zita Horton, Upper Mt Gravatt, Q

(from The 3rd Co-operative Book of Verse for Aussie Children)

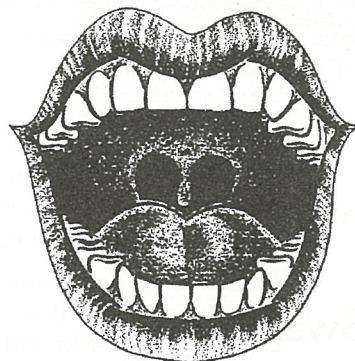
At school they call me "Metal Mouth"
And try to make me smile,
'Cause I got braces on last week,
I'll have them for a while.

Once I didn't like to grin
My teeth I tried to hide;
Because they face from front to back
Instead of side to side.

But now I couldn't care at all -
My braces are so bright!
They're silver, blue and purple, and
Glow in the dark at night!

They sure do change the way I talk
My words sound weird to me,
And I whistle saying "Sally
Sold some sea shells by the sea".

But my braces will come off one day -
A year (or maybe two) -
And I will have a smile that's worth
The teasing I've been through!



There has been a lot of arguments recently about copyrighting of poems. I have been searching the internet and you will be pleased to know, fellow bards, that I have at last found an easy explanation of how it works.

WHEN YOU WRITE COPY...

You own the right of copyright to the copy you write, if the copy is right. If, however, your copy falls over, you must right your copy. If you write religious services, you write rite, and own the right of copyright to the rite you write.

Conservatives write Right copy, and own the right of

copyright, to the Right copy they write. A right-wing cleric would write Rightrite, and owns the right of copyright to the Right rite he has the right to write. His editor has the job of making the Right rite copy right before the copyright can be right.

Should Reverend Jim Wright decide to write Right rite, then Wright would write right rite, to which Wright has the right of copyright. Duplicating his rite would be to copy Wright's Right rite, and violate copyright, to which Wright would have the right to right.

Right?? (Hope that clears it up for everyone)

Yours in Verse (non-rhyming), Neil McArthur

Stock Routes of my Mind

© Milton Taylor, Portland, NSW

*As violet veils are drawing sunset's curtains, thoughts are soaring
Through my mind, in torrents pouring, streams of reminiscence flow.
Where western downs are spawling wide in evening's glory falling,
The bush is gently calling me to scenes of long ago.*

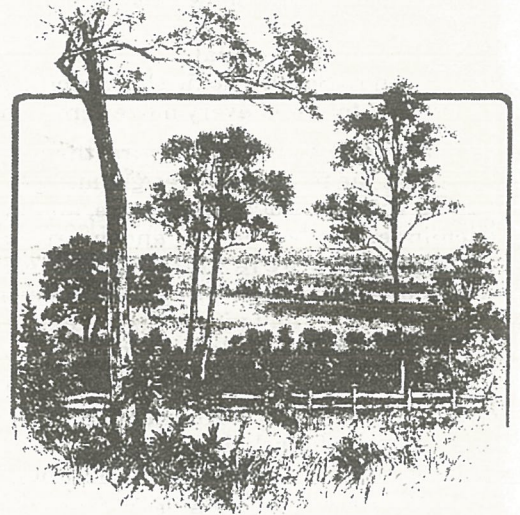
*To my youth I fly - returning, giving way to hidden yearning
To feel the sunlight's burning slowly softening in the breeze,
While evening's subtle fingers creep as death of daylight lingers
To greet night's sweet harbingers in soft whispers through the trees.*

*Pungent scents of saddle leather with gidgee blossom, blend together
Fair as any Scotsman's heather to my nostrils; fresh perfume.
Where smells of campfires smoking soothes my longing, gently stoking
Coals of memories, soon provoking sweet nostalgia's rose to bloom.*

*Lost in thought, my nerves are tingling; once again I hear the jingling
Of the bits and chains all mingling with the noises from the stock,
Dogs and horses fed and resting, workday's problems hard and testing
Put aside; as stars attesting keep safe watch o'er the flock.*

*Sounds of drovers' conversation stirs a wild exhilaration
As stock route, farm or station come to life in verbal play.
Simple times of humble pleasure, faithful friends beyond all measure
In my heart are stored as treasure that will never fade away.*

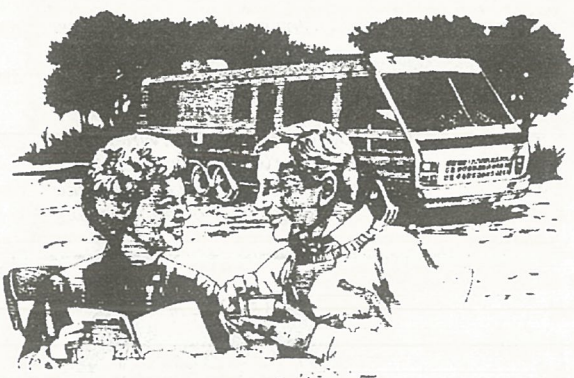
*Wings of sentiment now carry me to places where I tarry,
Past with present melds to marry in amalgam which I find,
Weaves magic influences, uplifts my inner senses,
Frees my soul from boundary fences in the stock routes of my mind.*



Following the launch of the book HA! Vol. 1. - a collection of funny poems, Arcadia Flynn is launching a new web site in December

www.funnypoets.com

All the poems that were published in HA! Vol. 1 will be featured, along with many that were submitted, but missed out on publication. However, she is looking for more funny poems. For more details, contact Arcadia Flynn, PO Box 1003 Maleny Qld 4552, or ph (07) 5429 6572



A Modern Day Swaggie

© John Pampling

I'm a modern day swaggie
Bearded and tanned
And I travel Australia
In a well equipped van.

I waltz my Matilda
Oe'r this land so big
For Matilda you see
Is the name of my rig.

She's comfy and dependable
She'll not cause me fuss
She started her life
As a flamin' school bus.

We've all that we need
Packed into her so
Wherever we're heading
She's ready to go.

So off we go south
North, east or west
We travel all day
And at night take our rest.

We fill her with juice
And food for the track
She'll take us all over
And then bring us back.

Yes I waltz my Matilda
As it's said in the song
As we make camp beside
A big billabong.

I'll not take a jumbuck
Or bullock or sheep
So when the troopers come up
I'll not have to dive deep

Into the billabong
As the story line goes
Cause I'm honest you see
And I'll keep on my toes.

I'm not frightened of work
Any job I will do
For a nice quiet campsite
And a hot cup of brew.

Yes I'm a modern day swaggie
Bearded and tanned
And I pack up and head bush
Whenever I can.

FRONTLINE MESSAGES, JULY 1998

© Rob Stevens, Dubbo, NSW

Mud's been featured on the telly and the papers now for days,
both in physical dimensions and in less apparent ways.
When the Namoi spread and quickened in a twenty year high flood,
in its aftermath the locals were prepared to battle mud:
to be scraped from under fridges and off walls and windowsills,
after any stock still living were retrieved from island hills.
It's a part of country lifestyle which you grimly learn to hack,
striding boldly three yards forward and then sliding two yards back.

Not as tragic as the tidal wave which struck New Guinea's shore
and reduced those coastal villages to wreckage, mud and gore.
The survivors stared in silence as they suffered shock and pain,
yet my telly screen turned misty as I watched the drumming rain.
There were *diggers* with the natives, battling tears to lend a hand
to the *Fuzzy-wuzzy* grandkids of that legendary band
who had carried shells and wounded on the famed Kokoda track,
through the mud unflinching forward and through mud humanely back.

Other battles cast their shadows from the cemeteries of France
where a decorated foursome re-enacted their advance
under Monash who had scrupulously planned to take Hamel.
With their modest steps these old survivors led me into hell,
for I felt the mud up to my knees as if I had been there
in the slaughterhouse of Passchendaele or other Somme nightmare.
Where the fields of ordered crosses now command a silent awe,
I was sliding back three yards in mud before reclaiming four.

The telly flashed me forward eighty years where today
I observed some politicians slither on their feet of clay.
They were stuck with empty promises, depressed by voters' scorn
and their tattered party ensigns were all muddled and forlorn.
Switching off, I stemmed reportage of a drug and crime-wave flood
which accompanied our leaders, sinking fast, still casting mud
at their critics, meanwhile muttering the mantra *I'm right Jack*.
Let our distant heroes warn us, we're not drifting forward but back.

Does it take a war to bind us as a nation well-prepared
to defend our heritage? (Although that war be undeclared.)
We should order our patrol boats and the RAAF to sink on sight
any suspect drug-invaders, then perhaps we'll have the right
to recall with pride *Perth's* sailors in the depths of Sunda Strait
or a *Beaufort* crew still missing on a mission at our gate.
Let the lawyers and do-gooders mount their lilywhite attack
as the spirits of old *diggers* lead a nation fighting back.

Yet the *diggers'* fighting spirits, paid a mere *six bob a day*
turn about to see behind them profiteers making hay.
Diggers' widows and descendants face an enemy named *Greed*,
a fifth-column dedicated to destroy ideal of need
and of *helping hand* and *mateship* which had warmed Korea's cold
and sustained the Anzacs clinging to Gallipoli's foothold.
Can we wear the slouch hat proudly, as we did against Japan?
Forward march again together? If we're dinkum, yes we can!

First insist all new arrivals swear to leave their hates behind.
We don't stone the foreign consuls; Aussies aren't that way inclined.
Knives were frowned upon as weapons, only sharpened for the roast
(if afforded) Sunday dinner, a tradition coast-to-coast.
The world's now doubly *take-away* and we're swept up in the tide
but we risk our being buried in a decadent mudslide.
We can struggle from the squalor of a drug-induced morass.
Just imagine at our shoulders ghostly Simpson and his ass.

On Safari

© Des Bennett

Sherlock Holmes and Watson excursed on safari,
In the Warrumbungle Ranges, bushland out from Taree.

They set up camp and ate their meal in splendid isolation.
Whilst sipping wine and yarning on in wistful contemplation.

Of all that was, that is, will be, no subject left unturned,
Then slept the sleep of righteousness, another day adjourned.

But Sherlock stirred at four a.m., and gazing into space.
Awakened Watson snoring on, devoid of charm or grace.

"Tell me good man, what do you see, as lying on your back,
You get your mind set into gear, pray tell - alas - alack?"

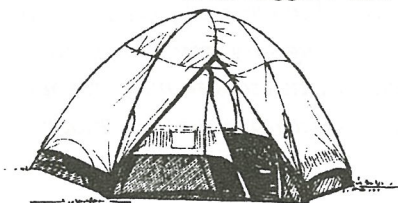
"I see," said Watson, stirring now and warming to his brief.
"The moon, the stars, the after glow, all set in stark relief

Against the greyness of the sky, the harshness there without.
Planets, comets, shooting stars, how could one ever doubt?"

Now waxing lyric in his mind, on and on he went.
"Quarks and quasars darting there, within the firmament.

Asteroids - galactic gems of blazing jewellery.
Such as man could never own, God given all and free."

"Enough, enough," cried Holmes at last,
"complete abstract non-sense.
Did the thought e'er cross your mind, you fool,
some bugger's stolen the tent."



Our Festival 2000

© Jill Perren, Kallangur, Q.
21 August 2000

The weather was perfection
Out at North Pine Country Park,
The power went off - we didn't mind,
The gas stove had a spark.

We warmed up all the soup and stew,
The curry and the rice,
Then sat around the warm campfire -
Entertainment - full of spice!!!

Saturday, more poets arrived
To entertain us all,
One fellow bought his old guitar -
A NOVICE in the hall.

The entertainment flowed along,
The audience responded,
The judges proved their aptitude -
To poetry they're bonded.

The caterers prepared great meals
To keep our tummies filled -
Healthy food for one and all,
The bangers nicely grilled.

By four o'clock - the judging o'er -
So many folk elated!
We'll meet at other festivals,
Each one so highly rated.

This festival - the best of all
We have so far attended,
From Winton, Millmerran, Bundy too,
The best from the bards was blended.

Valley Days

© Jenny Harris

*The stockwhips have stopped cracking,
Our sheepdogs laid to rest.
At times the odds were stacking
Against the flow at best.*

*The dust has settled on the past.
Cattle trucks and musters ceased.
A life of country ways will last
Ingrained on our hands creased.*

*Golden grain, muddy working boots
Sunlit trees evening breezes blew.
At starlit dinners old owl hoots.
Hope and faith pulled us through.*

*A currawong calls the Winter chills.
Parrots chirp and call in Spring.
Summers haze and distant hills
Firewood in Autumn, chainsaws ring.*

*Memories of work and play abound.
Early morning hay, mustering stock.
Mountains, tractors moving round.
Redgums, campfires at the block.*

*The rusty press is silent now.
Dusty wool packs line the bins.
No need for tar or know how,
Scones, rouseabouts, or drench tins.*

*Creaking iron and silent shears.
Ewes and lambs, grassy plains.
Drenching, rodeos, toil and tears.
Long walks down gravel lanes.*

*Resting easy now work's done.
Looking at the sky so vast.
No need for hay now by the ton -
Valley Days have been and passed.*



THE LIP THAT'S ON MY HIP

© Joye Dempsey

I had to have an 'end bit' done, some cosmetic surgery,
the question was, what would they use to make this bit for me?
My doctor said "We'll use your groin, the skin there's very fine."
Whilst I agree with that theory - Keep Off - that skin is mine!

I've waited 'round for some time now, some seven years or more,
to find a clever surgeon who could even up the score.
Finally I found him and he re-made for me my breast,
but when it came to finishing touches, he put me to the test.

"Now, what we usually do, my dear", he told me gently,
"is to take a little circle of skin - from just above your knee.
Well perhaps above your knee's not right, to define the exact zone,
it's actually just inside the groin." Ouch!, you should have heard me groan!

"I'm sorry, but I must decline." I told him warily,
"That place is just not suited for this job, if you ask me.
I'm not afraid of pain you know, I think I should point out,
and if you knew my history - then you would have no doubt.

I've never shirked life's challenges, I'd think that was a sin,
the woes of being a woman, I've taken on the chin.
I've had other operations and I've been in lots of pain,
but you just can't have that little bit!" I told him once again.

"Why can't you use my elbows, my ears, my nose and all?
Though I suppose, that would be like robbing Peter to pay Paul.
Yet, I feel sure that if you look, there's a little bit of fat
that should be satisfactory... don't you agree with that?"

"Groin skin is the most perfect." was his impassioned cry.
"You'll have to find another!" I looked him squarely in the eye.
"If men had breasts", I added, "it would surely seem to me,
that you would find solutions, that left intact the knee
to below the navel area... the most sensitive of sites!"
I left this for him to ponder over many days and nights.

You see, in this operation, to avoid 'prosthesis' pain,
The body fat from my tummy and some muscle they did claim.
It really looks quite excellent, and feels great to the touch
though I didn't like the intensive care or hospitalisation much.

The only thing that spoiled it, was this lip of skin you see,
which popped up unsolicited after surgery.
To me it's like Mount Everest, "Just a lip." he'll gaily quip.
and to this day it is referred to as 'the lip that's on my hip'.

Doctor said that he 'could use it to remake the missing part,
and yes, it would be suitable, and in fact could look 'quite tart'.
As for the areola he was not sure what to do,
until I asked him testily, why he didn't just tattoo.

He liked the sound of this solution and with me did agree -
I thought I'd check out his credentials, so I asked him cautiously,
"Will you get someone from 'Kings Cross' in or do the job yourself?
I mean, what's your experience?" I continued with some stealth.

"I've seen it done - it's quite effective - I'm O.K. as surgeons go,
I won't do a bold blue butterfly, or a russet-red rose, you know!
I'll invest in new machinery, quality equipment, that's the best,
and when you're feeling up to it, we'll do the tattoo last."

So, I'm waiting here for surgery, to relocate the lip,
that really is quite surplus and spoils the smooth line of my hip.
I think the Good Lord put it there so I wouldn't have to lose,
the little bit of groinery, the same of which I muse.

But just in case that there should be, as the old saying goes,
'many a slip 'twixt groin and lip', I should state formally, I suppose,
That 'Here, therein, the undersigned, does on this day,' (don't scoff)
say to her surgeon Doctor P, "Dear Doctor, please - Keep Off!"

Doctor Witness

TRUNDLE BUSH TUCKER DAY

The \$1,000.00 Australian Bush Poetry Competition at the 13th Annual Trundle Bush Tucker Day held on 19th and 20th August was another great success with the competition format proving popular again with the poets.

The criteria set down called for original work in the Serious and the Humorous sections with a third section of Traditional Poetry over 50 years old.

The number of competitors was down on previous years but the performance quality was by and large the best yet.

Ted Webber of Narellan took out the Traditional section with C.J Dennis' 'The Old Master' followed by Ellis Campbell 'Store Cattle from Nelangie' (Ogilvie) and Ron Stevens 'The Coach of Death' (Ogilvie), both well known bush poets from Dubbo.

The Original Serious Section was a treat with judges led by Bill Looney of Bogan Gate finding it hard to separate the place getters with a minimum of points separating the highest and the lowest. Ron Stevens won this section with 'Of Men and Boys', Ellis Campbell 'Nostalgic Dissolution' second, and Bill Lasham of North Rocks third with 'First Day'.

The Original Humorous Section proved once and for all that it is not necessary to pinch other poets works in order to truly entertain. The original verse in this section was certainly up to the best standards and again the poets were hard to separate. First was Ron Stevens 'Pumping Iron'. Second, Ellis Campbell 'Abbreviations' and third to Neil Carroll of Dubbo with 'Caught and Bowled'.

Compere and poetry co-ordinator for the festival was Frank Daniel of Canowindra.

Jondaryan Country Music Rush 2001

The Country Music Rush will again be held at historical Jondaryan Woolshed (40 minutes west of Toowoomba) on Saturday 17th and Sunday 18th March 2001. The Bush Poetry performing section will be held on the Sunday in the Woolshed. Trophies are awarded for the performing sections and the overall Bush Poet will be awarded a trophy along with their name being included on the Perpetual Trophy on display in the complex. The Silver Comb written competitions are also conducted for Seniors and Juniors (High School and Primary) with entries judged prior to the weekend and announced during the Sunday.

In 2001 the Woolshed is the venue for part of the Celebrations for the Centenary of Federation and therefore a special section (open to all ages) is being created for the written competition. Anyone who writes a poem with the Jondaryan Woolshed as the theme will be allowed to enter this section free. The winner of this section will have their winning entry on display for the celebrations and for future visitors. For more information, phone Dell (07) 4635 6429 (a/h)

South Bank Poets

South Bank Poets have started off well. On our first day we had twelve poets, many of them new to bush poetry and performance. The quality of their poetry and their presentation of it was pleasantly high and entertaining. I'd like to thank Anita Reed, Marilyn Roberts, Mark Feldman and Bill McClure for joining Mary and me and adding their much-appreciated expertise to make our launch such a positive success. Everyone present enjoyed it. We were pleased to see so much talent previously unknown (new ABPA members we hope). It was an encouraging start to what we hope will be a regular event for Brisbane Saturdays. Set in picturesque South Bank's Board Walk

on the river at the Maritime Museum end, it makes a relaxing venue. Hopefully we'll see you there soon.

Other events in August have attracted poets and our poet numbers were naturally lower. But once they are over, there will be plenty of opportunities at South Bank for South East Queensland poets or poets passing through. We invite everyone to use our open microphone to promote poetry events in their area.

On 30th September and from then on the last Saturday of the month there will be a small competition. Winners will become finalists in the Lord Mayors Australia Day Bush Poetry Competition 2001.

Submitted by Wally Finch, Kallangur, Qld

Siblings

© Geoff McFarland, Glen Innes, NSW

Mary had a little dam where ducks would play all day.
Brother pushed her in the pond 'cause she was in his way.
Then blobs of smelly duck poo were smeared on brothers' hair.
These were the things most likely to drive mum to despair.

Knuckles ground on boney ribs or jabbed into a muscle,
A 'jama leg sewn up tight at night could start another tussle.
A 'lectric fence with hidden wire onto a sibling's bike
Was sure to give a lift to life and start another fight.

Bick'ring with each other seemed to go on day and night,
But to threaten either was to invite a fight.
Bullies learned quite early to heed the warning looks,
Or lose their heads when Mary swung her school bag full of books.



YOUR FESTIVAL NAME HERE
Place, Date, Year

ASSESSMENT SHEET

CLASS: 1 OPEN TRADITIONAL

Performer No _____ (NOTE: There is NO Competitor's NAME!)

TITLE OF POEM: _____ AUTHOR _____

Please place a small vertical mark (|) across EACH LINE at the point which indicates your assessment of that criteria for the performance you have just witnessed. The marks can be ANYWHERE along the line.

	Excellent Work Very Highly Recommended		Very Good Work Highly Recommended			Good Work Recommended		Some Problems Here		Needs Work Try Again		Total This Line	
	50	45	40	35	30	25	20	15	10	5	0		
no 4													
1	PREAMBLE	+++++											_____
3	CHOICE OF POEM	+++++											_____
5	START OF THE POEM	+++++											_____
	BODY OF THE POEM	+++++											_____
5	CONCLUSION	+++++											_____
2	AUDIBILITY	+++++											_____
1	PERCEIVED AUDIENCE RAPPORT	+++++											_____
4	PERSONAL RAPPORT	+++++											_____
	TOTAL											=====	

Some Comments on this Assessment System

The Criteria for assessment used in this system were tried and proven for many years before Bush Poetry Competitions became popular. They were developed for the assessment of the PRACTICAL PERFORMANCE of Poetry in an atmosphere where the Assessor had to be accountable for EVERY MARK allocated.

This system is only as good as the integrity of the people who use it. Too many people called upon to adjudicate have pre-conceived ideas about who is going to win, and/or are not prepared to ACCURATELY assess by this system. Adjudicators have even been heard to tout support in advance of the Competition for So-and-so to win!

Too often Bush Poets have been seen, in their capacity of Adjudicator at a particular Festival, to just madly put ticks down the left hand side of the page indicating excellence of performance when the Preamble was far too long, and/or

the Audibility FAR too loud, and/or when a 'known' poet forgot their lines mid-performance (even if he/she DID recover later)! In these cases, a mark in the 'Some Problems Here' area would have been well-justified.

The 'sympathy vote' is another problem. The child who competes against adults MUST be assessed by the same standards as the adults. The perception that 'That was a brilliant performance for one so young!' cannot, in all fairness to the adults who support your Festival by competing, be taken into consideration - likewise the performer with a disability. Their performance might be brilliant FOR THEM with their disability, but if Special Awards for Youth and/or Disability are not projected, ALL must be judged by the same Criteria. Even the Olympics feature separate competitions for People with Disabilities! Why don't Bush Poetry Festivals take this lead?

A brief explanation of the ASSESSMENT SHEET on Page 10

It may LOOK peculiar, but it's really quite simple!

Firstly, YOU DON'T HAVE TO WRITE DOWN OR ADD UP ANY FIGURES! All you need to do is put a small (CLEAR) mark on each line! It helps if you would make it clearly ON one of the fifty little 'uprights' on the line!

Please read the VERBAL Criteria above the top line, and make sure you are marking in the appropriate area. You should not be marking in the "GOOD WORK — RECOMMENDED" area if that one aspect of the performance is NOT "GOOD"! (Use "SOME PROBLEMS" or "NEEDS WORK" areas.)

In the usually-accepted terminology...

PREAMBLE is the Performer's INTRODUCTION to his/her Poem. What does he say to help the audience get in the right mood for his Poem — or help them to enjoy it more for having heard what he tells them before he starts? A PREAMBLE IS expected. You can't give him/her a mark for this Criteria if he/she does not introduce the Poem.

CHOICE OF POEM covers such aspects as its suitability to THAT Performer's abilities eg. vocal quality, ability to memorise, etc., and to the occasion, the required time factor, the Conditions of the Competition etc. If the poem is VERY long, the Competitor's vocal quality very monotonous, and he/she is having to read most of it, your marking for this Criteria could well be 'between 5 and 10'.

START OF THE POEM - Does the Performer IMMEDIATELY get your attention, and interest you in what he is saying? Does he make a favourable impression, helped by his stance, body language and facial expression? (The "START" covers only the first one or two stanzas.)

BODY OF THE POEM - Does the Performer hold your attention through to the end? Can you follow his story (or thoughts) easily? Does he exhibit annoying habits, such as MONOTONY of presentation (gestures, vocal intonation patterns, inappropriate body movement or facial expressions, etc.) fidgets, has poor microphone technique, or poor stance. etc. etc.... Does he/she treat the TEXT of the Poem intelligently? (eg. Is the text too "fractured"? Are pauses made where they shouldn't be? Or not made where they should be?)

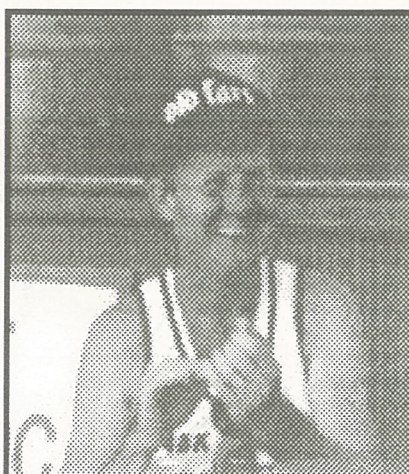
CONCLUSION OF THE POEM - Does the performance BUILD TO AN APPROPRIATE CLIMAX eg. is the "punch line" clearly and appropriately delivered? Are we left SATISFIED that the performance has concluded APPROPRIATELY?

AUDIBILITY covers not only "Is he/she LOUD enough?" but also "Can I understand ALL that he/she is saying? Or does the voice drop off at the ends of some of the lines?" and "Do I have to strain to understand what he/she is saying?" Some VERY loud (nearly shouted) performances could well be assessed as 'some problems here' or 'try again'!

PERCEIVED AUDIENCE RAPPORT simply is "Did the AUDIENCE appear to enjoy that performance?" They may be 'rolling in the aisles' at a humorous performance, or be very silent for a serious one....then register their feeling through prolonged applause. This Criteria basically says, "How do YOU think the audience reacted to that performance?"

PERSONAL ASSESSMENT gives YOU the chance to mark up something you REALLY THOUGHT WAS A PARTICULARLY FINE PERFORMANCE — or mark down one that YOU thought was below par.

Don't worry about TIME LIMITS. The TIMEKEEPER / SCRIBE can make the appropriate adjustment to the "Choice of Poem" mark (This might be something like, "Less 5% for every minute or part thereof overtime.")



What was Bob Miller doing? Where was he?

First correct
(or most imaginative)
rhyming answer received by
the Editor receives
a special prize!
*No, Bob,
you're not allowed to enter!*

Proof Positive!

© Sandra Binns, Kincumber, NSW

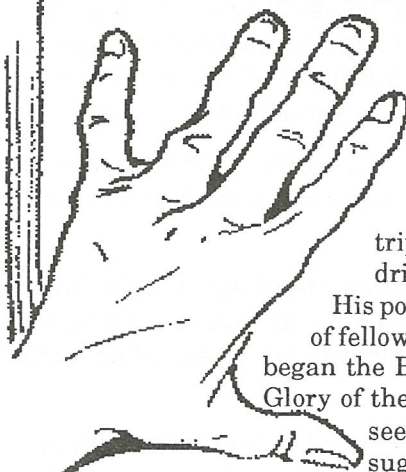
I often pondered on my worth
as a writer, as a poet —
did I deserve the title claimed?
If so, how would I know it?

Well, something happened recently
that opened up my eyes.
I must at least be half-way there
.... 'cause I've been plagiarized!

POET'S CALENDAR OF EVENTS AND COMPETITIONS

Sep 1-3	Millmerran Bush Poet's Round-Up , Millmerran Qld. Contact Kev Barnes 07 4695 4209 P15
Sep 3	Coffs Harbour Botanic Gardens Poets Brunch , Enquiries George Arnett 02 6658 2867 details P14
Sep 6	Merv and Chris Webster at Kilcoy Unplugged , Graham 07 5497 1045 or Marilyn 07 5496 3690
Sep 10	Kempsey C.M. Festival Poets Brunch , Moon River Motel, Kempsey - \$10 incl. hot meal. Ph Gwen 02 6562 2937
Sep 14	Kyabram and District Bush Verse Group Inc 7.30pm at Kyabram Club. Ph Betty 03 5852 1993 or Mick 5853 2265
Sep 29-Oct 2	Coonee Festival , Gilgandra NSW. Phone the Visitor Centre on 02 68472045 for more information.
Sep 30	South Bank Poets Mini Competition . 1pm Board Walk Theatre. Ph Wally or Mary Finch 07 3886 0747
Sep 30	Bush Poetry Night at North Star Sporting Club. Ph Peter or Bernadette 07 4676 3161
Oct 7-8	Australian Camp Oven Festival , Millmerran Qld.
Oct 8	Bush Poets morning at Rudds Pub , Nobby from 7:30am.
Oct 18	The Websters at Kilcoy Unplugged , Graham 07 5497 1045 or Marilyn 07 5496 3690
Oct 28	Dorrigo Mountain Top Poets Spring Festival Bush Poetry . Ph Murray 02 6657 2139, or Maureen 02 6568 5269
Oct 28	South Bank Poets Mini Competition . 1pm Board Walk Theatre. Ph Wally or Mary Finch 07 3886 0747
Oct 31	Closing Date Dubbo Outback Writers' Centre Literary Competition. PO Box 2994 Dubbo 2830. Details page 14
Nov 5	Land of the Beardies Festival , Glen Innes, NSW 7.30am Town Hall Poets Breakfast and Performance Competition
Nov 25	South Bank Poets Mini Competition . 1pm Board Walk Theatre. Ph Wally or Mary Finch 07 3886 0747
Nov 30	Closing date for The Blackened Billy Verse Competition for Written Australian Bush Verse. Details page 14
2001	
Jan 27	The Blackened Billy Verse Competition Presentation of Award 11 am at the Imperial hotel, Tamworth NSW
Mar 17-18	High Country Poets , O'Mara's Hotel, Stanthorpe, Q. Cash prizes for Original and Traditional Ph Jack 07 4683 7169
Mar 18	Country Music Rush Bush Poetry Competition , Jondaryan Woolshed, Qld. Phone Dell (07) 4635 6429 (a/h)
May 12-13	Eulo Annual Mother's Day Fair , Written & Performance Competitions.

Potted Personalities *with Marilyn Roberts*



"Breaker" Morant (believed to have been born at Bridgewater, Eng. probably around 1864) has more reason than most to beware the date of April Fool's Day. He arrived in Townsville on that fateful day in 1883. Within a year whilst working as groom at Fanning Downs he is believed to have married Daisy Bates, nee O'Dwyer under an assumed name. He left the marriage some time later after being acquitted of pig-stealing and also having stole a saddle. Thus began his trip to Winton and career as a horsebreaker, drover, steeple chaser, polo player, poet, drinker and womanizer.

His poetry was first published in the Bulletin in 1891. In 1896 he made the acquaintance of fellow poet Will Ogilvie at Nelungaloo Station and they became firm friends. Thus also began the Bogan Gate Polo Club which was immortalized in such poems as Ogilvie's "The Glory of the Game" and Patersons "Geebung Polo Club. However in the August 1898 there seems to have been an unusual parting of the ways and recent historians have suggested that he may have been involved in "four shocking murders in South Queensland in December 1898" (Meredith John Breaker's Mate; Will Ogilvie in Australia Kenthurst, NSW; Kangaroo Press, 1996).

Morant then turned up at Paringa Station where he stayed until the outbreak of the Boer War when he enlisted in the 2nd Contingent of the South African Mounted Rifles. He served with some distinction before returning to England. During his stay in England he was supposed to have been welcomed into society and become engaged. But for whatever reasons, decided to return to South Africa with Captain Percy Hunt whom he had befriended.

On April Fools Day in 1901 Morant joined the Bush Veldt Carbineers, one of the irregular units formed to counter the Boer Guerillars. He was soon sent, with Hunt Picton and Witton to Ft Edward, to replace the British Commander. However, when Hunt was mortally wounded and his body was found mutilated Morant and the Fort's second in command became bent on vengeance. They led a patrol against the Boers mortally wounding one of their number, a Boer called Visser. The next morning 11 Aug 1901, they came across the wounded soldier and shot him. Later that day they arrested and later shot eight surrendering Boers. A passing missionary who had stopped to comfort them was later also found mysteriously shot. Other shootings also occurred. After returning from 'leave', 22nd Oct 1901, he and Witton and Picton were arrested. Morant was charged with inciting various people to kill Visser the eight surrendering Boers and three others. The court enquiry dragged on to 15 Jan 1905. Morant was convicted on each charge and although the court recommended mercy on grounds of provocation, good service and want of military experience he was shot on 27 Feb 1905.



REGULAR MONTHLY EVENTS

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

QUEENSLAND

- 1st Monday **Bon Amici's Restaurant & Coffee Shop.** Margaret St, Toowoomba Ron Selby 07 4630 1106
- 1st Thursday **Red Kettle Folk Club.** Mapleton Hotel, Mapleton 8.30-11pm. Poetry and Music. Jacqueline Bridle 07 5478 6263
- 1st Saturday **Poets & Musicians at Eumundi Markets** in courtyard outside Rob's Bakery. Ph. Elizabeth 07 5449 1991
- 1st Sunday **North Pine Bush Poets Breakfasts.** North Pine Country Park, 9 am at Dad & Daves Billy Tea and Damper
Ph. 07 3285 2845 or 07 3886 1552
- 2nd & 4th Thursday **Golden Pen Poets.** Old Gympie Town Hall, Gympie 7 pm Ph Phil Morrison 07 5486 1171
- 2nd Saturday **Bundaberg Poets Society Inc.** Contact Joan Lane 07 4152 9624 or Sandy Lees 07 4151 4631
- 3rd Sunday **North Pine Bush Poets Breakfasts.** North Pine Country Park, 9 am at Dad & Daves Billy Tea and Damper
Ph. 07 3285 2845 or 07 3886 1552
- Last Wednesday **Millmerran Bush Poetry Group,** 7pm. Millmerran Bakery. Ring "The Legend" Kev Barnes 07 4695 4209.
- Every Wed **Writers in Townsville** 7.30pm, Hodel Room City Library, Thuringowa Dr, Thuringowa. Phil Heang 07 4773 4223
- 1st & 3rd Wed **Kilcoy Unplugged,** 7.00 p.m. Kilcoy Gardens Motel Restaurant, Gold Coin Entry Ph Graham 07 5497 1045
- Every Saturday **South Bank Poets** 1pm, Board Walk Theatre on the river, near the Maritime Museum. Ph Wally Finch 07 3886 0747
- Last Saturday **South Bank Poets,** Mini Competition. Winners to compete at Lord Mayors Australia Day Bush Poetry Competition

NEW SOUTH WALES

- 1st Tuesday **Tuggerah Lakes Poetry Group.** (except Jan) 7pm The Entrance Leagues Club, 3 Bay Village Road, Bateau Bay.
Contact Joan Johnson - 02 4332 5318 and Judy Stanton 02 4388 5972
- 1st Thursday **North By North West Poetry & Folk Club.** 7.30 pm Uniting Church Hall, North Ryde.
Ph Graeme Johnson - 02 9874 7653 or Jenny Carter 02 9887 1856 or 0412 222 690
- 1st Sunday **Poets in the Making,** 12-4pm Performance Workshop, Casula Powerhouse, 1 Casula Rd, Casula
Ph David Price 02 9825 0402 or Mob 018 971 2264
- 2nd Monday **Parakeet's Poets,** Katoomba. Parakeet Cafe at 7pm, Katoomba St, Katoomba. Phone Denis Kevans 02 4757 3119
- 2nd Tuesday **Hunter Bush Poets -** 7pm - Tarro Hotel, Anderson Dr, Tarro Bob Skelton 02 4953 2751
- 2nd Wednesday **Dorrigo Mountain Top Poets,** 7pm April, June, August, October Phone Murray 02 6657 2139
- 2nd Thursday **Tamworth Poetry Reading Grp.** 8pm Unit 2, 8 Illoura St, Tamworth Ph Keith 02 6766 4164 or Maureen 6765 6067
- 2nd Friday **The Monaro Leisure Club.** 7 pm, Vale St Cooma Bush Poetry and Country Music. Ph Elaine 02 6454 3128
- 2nd Saturday **Poets in the Club,** Urunga Golf Club, 1-4pm March, May, July and September only. Ring Maureen 02 6568 5269
- 2nd Sunday **"Interludes"** Ashfield Civic Centre, Ashfield - Joye Dempsey 02 9797 7575
- 3rd Thursday **Wollondilly Regional FAW Writers** 7.30pm "The Hideaway" Davison Ln, Picton Liz 02 4677 2044, Vince 4684 1704
- 3rd Friday **Junee Bush Poetry Group** 7.30pm, Junee Com'ty Cntr, Brian Beasley, PO Box 82, Junee 2663 Ph. 02 6924 1317
- 4th Tuesday **Poets in the Pub with Grafton Live Poet's Society.** Roches Hotel 7.30pm Ph John Walker 02 6555 8122
- 4th Wednesday **Inverell Wednesday Writers.** 7.30pm, Empire Hotel. Ph Ida Morse 02 6722 2425
- 4th Thursday **Queanbeyan Bush Poets.** Poets Lane, Queanbeyan. Phone David Meyers 02 6286 1891
- 2nd Last Mon **Live Poets Society of Great Lakes/Manning Valley.** Meet at 7.30pm in private home
Ring Jackie 02 6555 3720 or Reid 02 6554 9788 for details of venue each month.
- Last Tuesday **Spaghetti Poetry Group.** Gee Kwong Restaurant , 197 Mann St, Gosford. Dinner at 6.30, Poetry at 7.30
Phone Bob & Ester Sennett 02 4325 2590
- Last Thursday **Writers on the River,** 7pm Caddies Coffee Shop, 2-3 Castlereagh St, Penrith Phone Brian Bell, 02 4739 2219
- Last Friday **Kangaroo Valley Folk Club.** Bush Poets welcome. Phone Carl Leddy re venue 02 4465 1621
- Last Saturday **Australian Christian Writers Fellowship,** Hunter Div. Morisset Baptist Church Hall 1.30 - 4pm
Contact J. Bray - 11 Rhodes Pde, Windermere Park 2264
- Every 2nd Friday **Pheasants Hut Folk Club.** Bundeena Ph Yuri 02 9527 0955 or Mob 041 941 2093
- Monthly **Top of the Murray Poets & Bush Storytellers.** Contact Jan Lewis 02 6077 4332
- Every 2 months on 2nd Saturday. **Cornucopia Cafe.** Poets & Folkies Get Together. Old Gladesville Hospital Grounds, Punt Rd.
Jenny - 02 9887 1856 or 0412 222 690, or Graeme 02 9874 7653.
- Every 3 months **Poetic Folk,** 24 Finisterre Ave, Whalan 2770. Ring "Arch" Bishop 02 9625 7245

VICTORIA

- 1st Monday **Kyabram & Dist. Bush Verse Gr,** Every 2nd mth, Kyabram Fauna Park, 7.30 pm Ph. Mick Coventry 03 5853 2265
- Monthly, Thursdays, dates vary. **Gippsland Bush Poets.** Rosedale Hotel, Rosedale, 7.30pm Ph Dennis Carstairs 03 5145 6128

SOUTH AUSTRALIA

- 3rd Wednesday **South Australian Bush Poets.** 7.30 pm Alma Pub Long Room, Willunga Ph/Fax Maurie O'Brien 08 8326 8788
- Last Tuesday **Whyalla Writers Group.** Phone Colby Maddigan 08 86451771

WESTERN AUSTRALIA

- 1st Friday **WA Bush Poets and Yarnspinners,** 7.30pm Raffles Hotel, Canning Bridge. Ph Rusty Christensen 9364 4491

Editors Note: Poets from all states and territories are encouraged to let me know when any local poets gatherings may be occurring. If you have a regular get-together, why not advertise it here, FOR FREE!!!



WHAT'S ON AROUND THE TRAPS



KILCOY UNPLUGGED

6th September - Merv and Chris Webster at the Kilcoy Gardens Motor Inn commencing 7pm. Enquiries - phone Graham Fredriksen (07) 5497 1045, or Marilyn Williams (07) 5496 3690

BRUNCH WITH THE BARDS

Sunday 3rd September 2000 - 10am to 12 noon Coffs Harbour Botanic Gardens, Hardacre Street, Coffs Harbour. Followed by Country Music Concert - no admission fee both events. Disabled facilities - BBQ lunch & morning and afternoon teas available - bring chairs and rugs. Enquiries to George Arnett - 02 6658 2867

POETS BRUNCH AND AUSSIE HUMOUR SHOW

In conjunction with Kempsey Country Music Festival **Sunday 10th September 2000** - 9:00 am to 11:30am Moon River Motel, Pacific Highway, Kempsey NSW Featuring Ray Essery, 'Arch' Bishop and Russell Churcher Admission \$10.00 - includes Hot Brunch - Bookings and Performance Enquiries Gwen 02 6562 2937

KYABRAM AND DISTRICT BUSH VERSE GROUP INC.

With the Lions Club of Kyabram present "Around the Campfire". A night of bush verse and yarns at the Kyabram Club **Thursday 14th September** at 7:30pm. Prize for the best Poet and Yarnspinner. Entries welcome. Contact Betty Olle (03) 5852 1993 or Mick Coventry (03) 5853 2265

COOEE FESTIVAL, Gilgandra NSW. 29 Sept - 2 October

Poets Breakfast and Busking Competition. Over \$1100 in total prize money. Contact the Visitor Centre on 02 68472045.

AUSTRALIAN CAMP OVEN FESTIVAL, Millmerran Qld The second Australian Camp Oven Festival will be held on the **7th & 8th October 2000** in the small town of Millmerran, situated on the Gore Highway some 87kms south west of Toowoomba.

NOBBY HERITAGE AND DEVELOPMENT ASSOCIATION

are holding an amateur Bush Poets morning at Rudds Pub on **Sunday 8th October**, from 7:30am. We encourage new poets to have a go. Last year was a great morning! Our Dad 'n' Dave day follows the poets with a fun run at 9:30am, kids games, amusements, big kids games with Olympic theme ie. Broomstick Throw (javelin), Gumboot Throw (discus), Keg Rolling Relay! Street stalls and bush bands will be playing from 11am.

BUSH POETS BREAKFAST AND COMPETITION

Sunday 15 October at 7am. Held at the Pimlico Performing Arts Building, Pimlico High School, Fulham Rd, Townsville. This event is being held in conjunction with the North Queensland Champion of Champions Country Music Festival. For further information contact Leanne Luther on 07 47798034.

KILCOY UNPLUGGED

18th October - The Websters - Merv Snr, Merv and Chris at the Kilcoy Gardens Motor Inn commencing 7pm. Enquiries - phone Graham Fredriksen (07) 5497 1045, or Marilyn Williams (07) 5496 3690

BUSH POETRY ROUNDUP, Dorrigo Spring Festival

Saturday October 28th at 1:00pm Join the Dorrigo Mountain Top Poets for a fun afternoon of Bush Poetry and Yarnspinning at the Dorrigo Community Centre. Guest Poet and Compere will be "The Mullimbimby Bloke", Ray Essery. Open Mike, judging by public acclamation,

novelty prizes. Come and enjoy our clean air, sparkling water and big mountain potatoes! Contact Murray Suckling 02 6657 2139 or Maureen Stonham 02 6568 5269 Or write to PO Box 403, Dorrigo, NSW 2453

DUBBO OUTBACK WRITERS' CENTRE

Outback Australia Literary Competition \$1000 Prizemoney To celebrate the Centenary of Federation 1901-2001 Entry fee of \$5 per entry, no limit to number of entries. Section 1 - story, article or essay to maximum of 1500 words Section 2 - poem to maximum of 80 lines (any style) The entries must relate to Outback Australia Closing date: **31st October**. For full details and entry form, send a business sized, SSAE to Outback Writers' Centre Inc., PO Box 2994 Dubbo NSW 2830

LAND OF THE BEARDIES FESTIVAL, 5th November, at

Glen Innes, NSW. Starting at 7:30am with Poets Breakfast and Performance Competition in the Glen Innes Town Hall Section 1: Original, Section 2: Traditional Prizes per section - 1st \$150, 2nd \$100, 3rd \$50 Also encouragement award and Yarn Spinning Competition For entry forms and accommodation information write to Nell Perkins, Flat 3, 125 Church Street, Glen Innes NSW 2370

THE BLACKENED BILLY VERSE COMPETITION 2001

Closing date **30th November, 2000**. Written Australian Bush Verse. Entry fee \$5.00 or 3 for \$10.00, extra entries \$3.00 each. Presentation of Winners and Highly Commended at Imperial Hotel, Tamworth, NSW on Saturday 27th January 2001, 11am. Prizes - 1st \$1050 and Trophy and Certificate, 2nd \$100 and Certificate, 3rd \$50 and certificate. Highly Commended - certificates. To enter, send S.S.A.E. to Maureen Quickenden, PO Box 1164, Tamworth, NSW 2340

O'MARA'S HIGH COUNTRY POETS, 17-18 March 2001.

Traditional and Original performance competitions, as well as a Poets' Breakfast and Open Mike Session. Cash prizes totalling \$2650. Contact Jack Drake 07 4683 7169

COUNTRY MUSIC RUSH BUSH POETRY COMPETITION

Jondaryan Woolshed, Queensland, Sunday **18th March 2001** Written poetry competition judged prior to the weekend Phone Dell (07) 4635 6429 (a/h)

NSW BUSH POETRY WRITTEN CHAMPIONSHIP 2001

Tumut R.S.L. Club - **20th, 21st, 22nd April, 2001** The Written Championships will comprise separate sections for Ladies and Men, as well as a Champion Book Section. The Performance Championships will also offer separate sections for both Ladies and Men, as well as Champion Yarnspinner and a "Best Country Singer" section which will be judged during a Gala Night Saturday 21st April, 2001. Entry forms and program are available together with a list of venues and phone numbers for accommodation. Enquiries to Neil Hulm, 361 Cheyenne Drive, Lavington NSW 2641, Phone/Fax 02 6025 3845.

EULO ANNUAL MOTHER'S DAY FAIR

12-13 May 2001. Written and Performance Poetry Competitions with Great prizes!



THE PRODUCT SHELF

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Thank you to our Contributors

John & Gaye Barclay
Des Bennett
Sandra Binns
Frank Daniel
Joye Dempsey
Wally Finch
Arcadia Flynn
Graham Fredriksen
Jenny Harris
Neil McArthur
Geoff McFarland
Bob Miller
Paula Morrison
Allan Nolan
John Pampling
Marilyn Roberts
Ron Selby
Olive Shooter
Ron Stevens
Milton Taylor
Grahame Watt

THE LAST WORD FROM THE EDITOR

Dear Members

You'll notice a new regular contributor's efforts this month on page 12. Marilyn Roberts will be profiling a famous or infamous Australian personality/author/poet each month, under the title "Potted Personalities". Using her considerable research skills, Marilyn will bring a little bit of history to light, with some possible controversial elements adding flavour to her offerings.

As Editor, my job is to 'edit': revise, correct, polish and distribute information from contributors. The task is made considerably easier when there are contributions made! Thanks must go to those members who diligently submit information, reports, poems, letters and comments. Maybe there are others out there who would like to join this wonderful band of people?

You will also notice a Membership Application Form on the back page of this issue. With the plethora of bush poetry events happening around the country, it is incomprehensible that we are not getting more regular membership applications. Please let all your friends (old and new) know about the ABPA.

Remember that a gift membership is a wonderful way of introducing more people to the bush poetry artform. If you and your family enjoy this newsletter, I'm sure you can think of another family who would enjoy it just as much!

Our association can only benefit from increased membership, and you have the opportunity to contribute by spreading the word about us. Thank you all in advance!

Best regards, Jennifer Priest



Australian Bush Poets Association Inc.

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**SURFACE
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Heritage Corner

**This space devoted to
preserving the character of our
Australian Heritage**

Compiled and submitted by Holly de Dikato

Nicknames given to pre-decimal currency:

(our readers may know more!)

Halfpenny a ha'penny; a mock; an oddie

Penny a brownie; bronze; copper

Threepence a trey or a trey-bit; a joe or joey; a pen;
a scrum

Sixpence

Shilling

2 shillings

Two and six

5 shillings

10 shillings

One pound

21 shillings

5 pounds

10 pounds

25 pounds

50 pounds

100 pounds

a tanner; a sprat; a zac

a deena or deaner or deener; a bob

a swy or two bob; florin

half a dollar; half-a-crown; two-and-a-kick

a dollar

half a quid; ten holes; half a yid; half-a-note

a quid; a carpet; cracker and oncer

a guinea or a pig

a half a brick; a bluey; a spin or spinner; fiver

a brick; a salmon

a pony

half-a-ton; a monkey

a ton; a spot; four ponies

SEPT 3, 1939

SEPT 5, 1905

SEPT 7, 1876

SEPT 16, 1956

AUSTRALIA ENTERED WORLD WAR 2

DOROTHEA MACKELLAR'S POEM "MY COUNTRY" FIRST PUBLISHED

BIRTH OF C.J. DENNIS IN AUBURN, SA

TELEVISION BEGAN IN AUSTRALIA

JOIN THE AUSTRALIAN BUSH POETS ASSOCIATION, INC.

The Australian Bush Poets Association Inc. was formed at a meeting in January 1994 at the Tamworth CM Festival.

The purposes of the Association are to:

- * Foster the publication of a Newsletter on a monthly basis to keep members informed of coming events and past results.
- * Promote bush poetry as an art form in the entertainment field, both in the spoken word form and as published verse.
- * Encourage competitions, both written and spoken.

Please fill in details below and remit payment to Secretary/Treasurer. Please use block letters.

MEMBERSHIP APPLICATION FORM

I wish to become a member of the Australian Bush Poets Association Inc.

Name.....

Home Address.....

Postal Address.....

Signature.....

Amount Enclosed..... Cheque / Cash / Other.....

Membership fee \$25.00 Single, Family or Club member. Juniors \$10.00 (Students to year 12 of education). NEW members joining after July 01, \$13.00 to end of December. Those who have NOT been a member previously, may join after October 01 and receive up to 15 months membership for the first years' subscription of \$25.00 Financial year Jan to Dec.