

The Australian Bush Poets Association Inc

Monthly Newsletter:
9 - September 2001



'Banjo' Paterson, with the New South Wales Mounted Rifles, chases the Boers.

A.B. Paterson

Sydney Morning Herald, 6 September 1900

Andrew Barton Paterson's fame as a bush balladist (and writer of 'Waltzing Matilda') has tended to overshadow his performance as a newspaperman. 'The Banjo' was born near Orange, New South Wales, in 1864, educated at Sydney Grammar School, and practised as a Solicitor for many years. He then began writing verses about Illalong Station (near Yass), where he was bought up; collected as *The Man From Snowy River and other verses (1895)*, his ballads achieved immense popularity. The first edition sold out in a fortnight, and one English reviewer claimed Paterson had a bigger audience than any other English-speaking poet outside Kipling.

He had some prose and much verse published in the *Bulletin*, and in 1899 *The Sydney Morning Herald* sent him, as a correspondent, to the Boer War. In October of that year, war had broken out between Britain and two Dutch South African republics: the Transvaal and the Orange Free State. One of the surprises of the war was the outburst patriotic fervour in Australia and New Zealand. Over 16,000 men (and horses) went to the war from Australia, and more than 6,000 of these came from New South Wales.

Paterson's war reporting earned him a high international reputation; Reuter's, the news agency, appointed him a correspondent. His dispatches, demonstrated a flair for fast moving narrative - most of it told at short range.

Back from the war, Paterson returned to a career in journalism. He decided in 1901 to go to China for the Boxer Rebellion; *The Sydney Morning Herald* also announced that he would visit Japan, and then 'take the trans-Siberian railway to St Petersburg'. In Peking he met George Ernest 'Chinese' Morrison, the legendary Australian-born correspondent of *The Times of London*, but from a newspaper point of view the visit to China was badly timed; Paterson arrived after the fighting had ended. From 1903 until 1906 Paterson was editor of the *Sydney Evening News*, and in 1907 - 08 edited the *Sydney Mail Weekly*. He later became editor of the *Australian Town & Country Journal* - a weekly, magazine type publication. He continued throughout this time to write verse, short stories and essays - mainly for the *Bulletin*. His book, *Happy Dispatches*, published in 1934, includes some of his best journalistic pieces; he saw himself, he said in a modest foreword, as a looker-on who was able to see most of the game. It was an apt enough description of the role of a good reporter.

The following is an excellent example of Paterson's style of reporting:

The army under the command of General Hunter left Bethlehem and came down here with a view of capturing the Free State under De Wet. It must be explained that by occupying all the towns and roads in the Orange River Colony the Boers were gradually forced down into the mountains at the eastern corner of the colony, and touching the Basutoland border, and at length they were hemmed inside a circle of rugged mountains, through which only a few passes existed. There are real genuine mountains in this country. The whole place is about four thousand feet above the sea, and these mountain-chains run up another one thousand feet or fifteen hundred feet, and are as steep as the Rock of Gibraltar. Consequently, when we had them penned in a circle of mountains, with the Basutos at their back, it seemed a simple matter of tactics to block all the passes and advance on them from all sides and overwhelm them by numbers.

We moved out from Bethlehem and crossed the Jordan (a dry creek) and advanced on Retief's Nek. The only Australians with forces were Colonel Williams, P.M.O., of the Division, and Captain Martin, his secretary. The Colonel had the largest medical command in the army at the time, as Hunter had two infantry divisions and a lot of Yeomanry and sundries, and when Macdonald joined us with his Highlanders, it bought the strength of the troops under Hunter's command up to a very high figure. As there were so many passes to hold it was not possible to concentrate a very large force on any one point for fear of leaving the others unguarded, so we advanced on Retief's Nek with only the Highlander Brigade - three regiments, Black Watch, Seaforths, and Highland Light Infantry - supported by the Sussex Regiment, three batteries of field artillery, two "cow" guns, and a lot of irregular mounted men, namely, Lovatt's Highland Gillies and Remington's Guides.

Australian Bush Poets Association Inc:
Home Page: www.bushpoetry.com.au

President:

Wally Finch
56 Orchid Street
Kallanger Qld 4503
Telephone/fax: 07 3886 0747
Mobile: 0411 336 417

Vice President/Secretary:

Ron Selby,
P O Box 77
Drayton North. Qld 4350
Telephone: 07 4630 1106

Vice President:

Elizabeth Ward
P O Box 61
Mt Perry. Qld 4671
Telephone/fax: 07 4156 3178

Treasurer:

Rosemary Baguley
Villa - 22 - Melaluca Grove
12 Taurus Road
Capalaba Qld 4157

EDITOR - Bernie Bliss, PO Box 5208, Manly, Qld, 4179
Phone - 07 3348 6820 or Mob 0408 486820
bbliss@hotmail.net.au

(as this is my private address please name subject **ABPA**)
DEADLINE DAY - 17th day of each month.

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ABPA MEMBERSHIP

\$25 per annum, January - 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 a first years subscription of \$25. (see page 15 for a membership application form).

To All Members:

I am amazed at the different interpretations of the "term" bush poetry that people have. From what has been sent to me, some people obviously have no idea whatsoever. They seem to think that when the term 'bush poetry' is used that every second word has to relate to the bush, farming, living in the country, riding horses, driving stock, being a shearer or a ringer, about the desert, the rain forest or goodness knows what. Maybe I am being a bit picky here, but please - understand the English language before you start to criticise what others say. Bush Poetry has many phases and everyone's understanding is obviously different from someone else's. But my goodness, do some people get upset over comments made to stimulate letters to the editor. There is a poem in the newsletter this month which I believe is an excellent example of "bush poetry". It's called "PROGRESS" What better example do we need to ask for - and look at when it was written. What can I say - nothing, lets just leave it and carry on.

I have had some very supportive letters from members regarding the comments last month about having a "professional" section at competitions. Now we need to know how we would implement the idea. Just put your suggestions into a letter and send them in and I am sure that the powers to be will also have a good look at them.

For the writer who commented that "us office holders must accept negative comments when elected to office" ~ before you make such comments, check up on the facts my friend. The position of editor is not a nominated or elected position. It is something that I do as a contribution to our association. Something which takes me in excess of 40 hours a month - and do you know what - I do it all for nothing, that is free, gratis - call it what you like, so if ever you would like to contribute something to our association I am sure that if you offered your services for "free" like all your committee members do - I am sure the association would appreciate your help.

Hey ~ have a good month folks. Bernie ~ your volunteer Editor.



G'day Everyone,

Since last time, I've been in hospital. Once again my heart has given me a warning to watch it, and, it's a warning I'm taking seriously, grateful for the chance to do so. Thankfully damage to the heart was minimal and I have every

reason to look forward to full recovery after an angiogram and a possible angioplasty.

Naturally, at times like this, one is made very aware of one's own mortality and the priceless value of supportive friends. I am very glad for the quality of friendships found among bush poetry circles. Your care and consideration makes recovery much easier.

Coming abruptly face to face with one's own mortality makes one very aware that others are facing their own problems. For instance, Bill Hay has been in hospital several times this year the most being Greenslopes for an angioplasty. Spen Anderson and Bobby Miller are having their troubles too. Fellers, I hope you know our thoughts and love are with you and we all hope for the best for you.

When offering supportive words to others, I often wonder if someone else has been missed. How often do members get crook and good friends throughout the country don't get to find out. Perhaps we should make provision for a "get well" section of our newsletter to collectively pass on our hopes and best wishes. And perhaps part of our caring might include a few birthday and anniversary notices as well. What do you think?

From time to time in any group there are issues that divide. Things are sometimes said that make us justifiably angry. I wish I had the wisdom to be able, in a few short words, to give an absolute solution to everyone's complete satisfaction. But sadly I don't. The phrase "don't get mad - get even" comes to mind as an often heard response to things said that hurt or aggravate. But what does that solve? It only compounds hurt to a new level and invites further negative response.

Perhaps when we disagree we should be mindful others have a right of opinion that they would like to be heard. The courtesy of listening seems like a good deposit for a solution. It's cliché, I know, but there's wisdom for all in the saying "least said - soonest mended". Should we consider what is said before saying it and be diplomatic about how it is said? Allowing for all an opportunity to save face by, at least trying to agree to disagree. If only.....

Keep on preserving our Kulcha.

Kind regards

Wally Finch
President.

Some days you are the dog and some days you are
the tree - hey - ain't that life in general.

Graham Fredriksen wins Bronze Spur Poetry Award "again".

Kilcoy writer Graham Fredriksen has recently received word that he had won the coveted Bronze Spur Award for written Bush Verse. This is the second year that he has won this prestigious award - last year he also took out first place and in 1999 he received a Highly Commended.

The competition is run each year as part of the annual Camooweal Drivers Reunion festival in Northwest Queensland, and is for poetry written in traditional bush style about Australian Outback themes.

This year's winning entry "*Jerry Ash and Kevin Barry*" is described as a Celtic/Outback transposition and is written as a tribute to a real life ringer from the Kimberleys, the late Jerry Ash. By a sheer coincidence, one of the competition judges, renown poet-songwriter and retired drover Kelly Dixon of Camooweal, worked with the real Jerry Ash on Victoria Downs in the 1950's, and he was delighted to read this accurate and poetic portrayal of his old stock camp mate.

The trophy consists of a replica "*Wave Hill*" spur mounted on a piece of polished gidyea fence post, as well as a cash prize.

From all of the ABPA members - congratulations Graham.

The Bush Poet

He is master of a Kingdom that hopes and dreams are spun,
his realm wrested from a tract where only Emus run.
A paradise of knotted trees and muddy waterhole that
sap his strength and drown the songs existing in his soul.

The country-way of life he lives and founded long ago
means more than empty luxury the modern times bestow.
He seeks his wealth in freedom, in a wild unfettered land
as he scans the ragged ridges where the mountain ranges stand.

But when the tiresome toil is done and daylight starts to pale,
the moon is on her nightly stroll along an outback trail,
his calloused hands will find a pen that writes of life in verse and
speaks about a sacred plain where true emotion stirs.

When he fights a bitter drought - ferocious at times -
he'll walk his cattle down the roads while dreaming up new rhymes;
and though the land is barren - not a sprig of life is seen
his eyes perceive mirages that are ever lush and green.

Then, through his songs, he tells us of his firm belief in man,
in simple words that reach beyond the wisdom of his pen.
His friends will gather 'round him to be borne upon his strength
as he states his life's philosophy, not given to pretence.

Though at times he'll feel disheartened, almost driven to despair,
he draws new fervour from his verse and finds fulfilment there.
For life is but a moment spent - and he must spend it well -
before he reaches higher planes where only angels dwell.

© 2001 Corry de Hass

"Big Doo" at Brymaroo Bush Poetry Competition.

Being held in conjunction with their Country Music Festival on
Sunday 7th October 2001.

Sections : **Novice Original**
 Novice Traditional
 Senior Original Bush Poetry
 Senior Traditional Bush Poetry
 Senior Humorous

\$5 entry fee per section.

Cash Prizes - Entries close on 25th September.

Send entries to G Bowtell, MS 444 Quinalow Qld 4403. Telephone/
fax 07 4692 1347

**The Poetry Competition will be held in a separate tent away from
the Country Music.**

Bush Poets Round-up DORRIGO

Saturday 27th October 1.00pm - 4.00pm
Dorrigo Bowling Club

Featuring Bill Kearns and mates
12 hours of open mike
All local and visiting poets welcome
Great entertainment
Great afternoon tea
Gold coin entry

Bonus Extra - Poets Breakfast at the Dorrigo Hotel
Sunday 28th October 8.00am - 10.30am

A wonderful morning of fun with Bill Kearns and his mates. 1
hour open mike for visiting and local poets.

Hot breakfast - \$6.00

For bookings call 02 6657 1234

More info call Murray 02 6657 2139

This is an Opppps ! Section:

Missed results from the ABPA - Bundaberg Competition:

The Novice Traditional results:

1st - Mary Visser - Bundaberg
2nd - Faye Leach - Bundaberg
3rd - Marliyn Gregory - Bundaberg

Sorry about missing you-out last month ladies.

Charged with stealing a barrel of beer from the back of the pub
the old bushie was not familiar with legal jargon. So when the
judge said he would have to dismiss the case due to insufficient
evidence the old bloke scratched his head and said, "what d'yer
mean?"

The clerk of the court said "It means you are let off."
"And does that mean that I can keep the grog," he replied.

The clerk of the court turned to the old stockman in the dock
and said, "Prisoner at the bar," he said, "do you wish to
challenge the jury?"

Fred the stockman eyed the jury. "Not all of them at once," he
said, "but I think I could go a few rounds with the little fat
bloke in the middle."

"On Ya Soapbox"

The Editor
Australian Bush Poet's Association
Dear Sir,

I forward the attached poem in the hope you may consider it worthy of publishing on the 'Bush Poet's Magazine'.

Although I recently joined the organisation I have an abiding interest in bush poetry and this poem occurred to me after reading a recent criticism of traditional poetry and verse. The author of the article apparently could little merit in metre or rhyme and very much preferred free or blank verse. I obviously do not share this opinion.

Yours sincerely
Vic Jefferies.
Baulkham Hills NSW 2153

Magicians Of The Past.

Now the learned scholars and their friends the critics too,
Proclaim there was nothing special in what 'The Banjo' used to do.
Even Henry Kendall with his Bell Bird symphony
Was, in their opinion, rather less than ordinary.

Henry Lawson, Lindsay Gordon, Will Ogilvie and co.
Wrote nothing else but doggerel and didn't really know,
How to weave a spell that could touch the people's hearts
But this is where their arguments must surely fall apart.

When they say that those who wrote our most treasured verse and rhyme,
Were really only hacks of the most common vulgar kind,
They display their lack of knowledge and doom themselves to failure
For what they are criticising - is magic that was Australia.

Vic Jefferies © 2001.

Hi Bernie,

It's been sometime since we have written to the magazine but as so many people have mentioned reading our "Roving Reporter" reports on our, now completed, trip around Qz, we thought we should dash off a note on our most recent travels. July 6th found us in Bundaberg for the Muster. No doubt the results and official report will appear elsewhere in the magazine so this is the view of an "outsider looking in" as it were. The amount of work done prior to and during the event must have been enormous with many unsung heroes. The venue was great, the sound system worked well and the program seemed to run smoothly. For our money the Bundaberg Poets Society should take a well-earned pat on the back. It was also nice to put faces to names such as Trisha Anderson, Wally Finch, Shirley Friend and Noel Stallard plus catching up with some other old poetry friends. On our way home we called in at the North Pine Bush Poets regular group session at the North Pine Country Markets, and had a very enjoyable morning of good fun poetry without any competitive pressure. MC for the morning was John Best. Because John is a good poet (and a very big man) we will forgive his excitement about the Maroons winning the odd football match; he plainly doesn't understand the Blues' cunning plan to thrash them 3 nil next year. As we have found through out our travels, the welcoming nature of poetry groups wherever we find them is really good.

We strongly urge any travelers to try and make contact and attend as many sessions as possible.

Best regards June and Ted Webber
juneted@yahoo.com

Hi All,
You must know someone who writes short-stories, poetry, songs or plays - adult, teen or younger please pass on the web address below.

Competitions close September 28th. Entry

Songs \$5, all other competitions

\$4 Adult

\$2 Secondary Students

*Free Entry for Primary School Students

Download entry form from site below

Or email me

Or write stating which competition and enclose SSAE to

Gippsland Writers' Festival Entry Form

P.O. Box 186

Heyfield 3858

Have you checked out the Gippsland Writers' Festival Website yet? www.vicnet.net.au/~gipwrite

24B Johnston Street.
Bundaberg Qld 4670

Dear Bernie

As a member of the Bundaberg Bush Poets Society Inc, who are members of the ABPA I write on a personal basis with full support to your suggestion with regard to the Professional Section as published on page 2 of the August newsletter.

Having won a novice section but being unable to follow the circuit for health, financial reasons etc, I consider the contents of this article has great merit.

At the Bundaberg Muster we do have an Intermediate section as do some other venues but not all. There is also a vast difference between the winner of an Intermediate section and those Professional performers you refer to.

I believe that not only would this idea give the occasional performer incentive to enter Open sections where they feel they are now out classed but would give more prestige to the Professional performers who are competing in higher standing and not just against occasional Poets who means well by entering the Open sections either to make up the numbers or because they have nowhere else to go.

I appreciate your foresight and giving members the opportunity to have input on this matter.

Many thanks

Jim Lysaght

A quote from another letter received on the subject of a "Professional" section in competitions:

"How right you are in saying the little blokes are the backbone of the game. Over the years I have written letters and argued (and been accused of being a whinger or complainer) about committees raising entry fees. Usually they point out that they have also raised the prize money. But I would rather win \$100 in a competition where the entry fee is \$3 than win \$400 where the fee is \$10.

High entry fees hurt the loyal battling supporter who is the most essential part of competitions. It is nice to be a winner and get a bit of money, a trophy and one's photo in the paper. But it is not the handful of winners that make a competition great - it is the huge horde of losers. If only those who knew they had a reasonable chance of winning entered, the competitions would fall apart."

unquote.

G'day
From
Geoffrey Walker Graham

Greetings,

This year my work has been predominately around Victoria and after busy times in March and April with the National Folk Festival, Narrandera, Port Fairy, Yackandandah, Mt Beauty etc, things are a bit quieter now.

The Red Cliffs Folk Festival held recently was a success, despite the cold and rain making it a bit miserable. The venues were all warm and the Local Hotel was ablaze with warm music. I'm still amazed at the talent that keeps popping up.

One band called Tingali has an unusual lineup. Made up of Guitar, percussion, flute and bass it manages a unique sound. Steve the songwriter of the group, writes on topics such as the Sarejevo sniper and its all great stuff. John O'Shaughnessy is another gem and his songwriting talents are exceptional.

The competitions included songwriting, Yarn spinning and poetry. With prize money totaling several hundred dollars for each section, organisers expected more entrants, however the happy winners were: Songwriting Michael Oates, Poetry Fiona Price (Equal second Anne Hedricks & Keith Tulloch) and Yarn spinning Don Bannister (equal second Leanne Murphy and John Fenolan.)

Comparing the Poets Breakfast is always a delight when you have a full house, and this was no exception. A great variety of poets graced the floor including Danny Spooner better known for his music, and Gerry Gillespie, Gary Rhymer, Don Bannister and Fiona Price.

Discovered an interesting venue this week. A little town about 40 km east of Bendigo called Toolleen with a population of probably 10 people. It comprises a pub and a shop. Next to the pub is a great shed similar to a woolshed with the appropriate name 'The Tin Shed'. It's a beauty, has been a Mecca in years gone by with big name artists like Col Elliot luring bus loads of people. The licensee ran into problems with the result that it no longer has a nighttime licence but it's still a great venue. A corrugated iron roof and walls lined with wood slabs, huge fireplaces and loads of atmosphere and character. The perfect place for around the campfire sessions, and yarn spinning. Ran into a few blokes that have spent a bit of time up North including Barry Burrows, a horseman who has been working with Ted Egan on his movie.

Heading off in a few days time for a short tour which will include Inverell, Tenterfield, Guyra, Dorrigo, Wee Waa, Baradine, Gilgandra and Dunedoo. Not a good time of year as far as temperature is concerned, but looking forward to it just the same.

Queensland will have to wait till late October. Then I'll be performing around the Crows Nest area for about 2 weeks.

Keep smiling **Geoffrey Walker Graham-**
Eaglehawk Ph 03 5446 3739

Bernie

Here are the results for The Brisbane Valley Historical Society's "Inaugural Billy Mateer Award for Bush Verse".

1st Ron Liekefett
2nd Harold Meston
3rd Phyl Chapman

JILL PERREN.

To the Editor;

It is seldom that I write to the ABPA. I enjoy it for what it is, however, in your editorial for July you made a statement (personal opinion) of not being able to justify certain pieces of poetry in the magazine, ie; drugs, fairies etc!

May I point out to you, Sir, under the guidelines, set up over some considerable time, by some of the best Poets in the country appear to mean nothing to you. I refer to part two-terminology, part B, about Australia, its people, places, things and way of life!

It has not stated in Bush style 'how me dorg died' or 'me 'orse jumpt the fence an' got hisself kill'.

Many of our members live in the city, few have known what country life is really like, an or, many of the good times and hardships encountered !

A good Poet writes what they see, hear, know

, and imagine! Yet I feel that you are discriminating against people (Members) who don't know what country life is like because of their inexperience, due to the fact they are born, raised and live in the City.

I have been fortunate enough to live in both climes, others haven't !

The ABPA is born to further Australian Traditional Poetry in rhyme, rhythm, and cadence.

People and Members come to competitions and festivals, to laugh, cry, think, and enjoy different styles of Poetry - Milton Taylor's "No More" Dennis Kevans "The Greatest Kick Of All", CJ Dennis "Doreen", Thomas Edward Spencer "The Transformation of Mary". Poetry about the bush? No Sir, sensational pieces? Absolutely ! Both Taylor and Kevan's pieces were prize winners.!

I believe that you Sir are going against the agendas and criteria, set down by the Rules Committee of the ABPA, and because of the opinion you have stated in your Editorial I predict, "Nostradamus Style" that you will lose Members, because they know that their work may never be printed!

You, Sir are discriminating against the Modern Poet who has no idea of what the bush means to us, and I would not, in all conscience feel I would be able to continue as a Member. I would like to hear other Members views on this.

I have always believed that the ABPA was fair and unbiased in their furthering of Rhyme and Rhythm Traditional Poetry, and you Sir, now give me reason to rethink the situation. Please be noted to my knowledge past Editors have never shown bias in this fashion.

With regards from a concerned Member

Bill Lasham.

Dear Bernie:

I would like to advise all Poets that there will be no more bush poetry competitions to be held at this years Land of the Beardies Festival. I am no longer a community member and they do no longer require poets from other communities.

Thank you most sincerely

Nell Perkins
C/- Post Office
Winton.

Dear Editor,

I agree with Corry de Haas, I think if you look at the list of members, most of them live within 100 km. of the coast, the bush starts way beyond that.

So do we just get rehashes of the man from Snowy river for ever? If you look in last months you will find 4 poems of the few you put in that are not about the bush. I am a member just to get the magazine, and do not enjoy half a page about some event that has gone if you want to know what happens at an event you should go to it. I doubt if I will be a member next year and that is the reason, I know you have a thankless job in taking on the magazine so thank you for the job you are doing, you will never be able to please everyone what ever you do, you are doing it so put in what you like.

Yours Truly June.
juncholiday@hotmail.com

Have you checked out the
Gippsland Centre Sale
Gippsland Writers' Festival
Website yet?

www.vicnet.net.au/~gipwrite

Genealogy Interests

*Olson, Kemp, Britten, Shingler, Gadsden,
Bright, Ford, O'Brien, Manley, O'Dea,
Smith, Mulvany, Van Baalen, Van den Akker*

Letter to the Editor:

Background: Bernie came to me recently and said he was thinking of retiring as Editor due to the attacks on his character over his comments in the magazine.

I said these probably come with the territory and advised him to check with previous Editors. He said he had and they confirmed this was also their experience.

My thoughts, for what they are worth.

Bernie is the Editor of this Magazine. A duly elected Non-Paid official. An Editors job entitles them to make comments which are not necessarily the opinion of the whole group. I understand people aren't exactly queuing up for this position as it is time consuming, arduous, and as it turns out, exposes you to personal attacks and the pay is crook! I wouldn't describe Bernie as thin skinned, but he is a good bloke who says what he thinks, but thinks before he says it.

Sensible debate is healthy. Issues swept under the carpet or put into the to hard basket remain just that, issues, only more so, the longer they are ignored. Festering sores if you will.

Get them out in the open and discuss them, rationally as adults, (whatever that means these days), and try to resolve them, as soon as possible. Good on you Bernie, hang in there, think about what you have got to say and throw it out there for public debate. Ask the difficult questions. This association will be better off in the long run and after all isn't that what it's about.

Regards
Your good mate
John Best

Ps: You'll probably now be accused of only printing Bernie friendly letters, goes with the territory.

Hello,

Would you please include this notice in your 'What's goin' on 'round the traps segment.

Next Meet the folk at MOOMBA day..

On Sunday 21st October Wally Finch, Mark Feldman and Rob Spence join other poets in a poetry /folk afternoon. 3 pm to 7 pm free entry, beverages and reasonably priced homemade snacks available.

New faces segment always brings that extra laugh and starts another person on their way.

VENUE. MOOMBA FUNCTION CENTRE.406 IPSWICH RD, ANNERLEY. PHONE ANNE ON 33913553 OR EMAIL moomba@eisa.net.au

Look Out Below !

A young man left his native shores,
Foe trade was bad at home;
To seek his fortune in this land
He crossed the briny foam;
And when he went to Ballarat,
It put him in a glow,
To hear the sound of windlass,
And the cry "look out below!"

Wherever he turned his wandering eyes
Great wealth he did behold,
And peace and plenty in his hand,
By the magic power of gold;
Quoth he, "As I am young and strong,
To the diggings I will go,
For I like the sound of windlass
And the cry 'Look out below!'"

Amongst the rest he took his chance,
And his luck at first was vile;
But he still resolved to persevere,
And at length he made his pile.
So says he "I'll take my passage,
And home again I'll go,
And I'll say farewell to windlass
And the cry 'Look out Below!'"

Arrived in London once again,
His gold he freely spent
And into every gaiety
And dissipation went.
But pleasure, if prolonged too much,
Oft causes pain, you know,
And he missed the sound of windlass,
And the cry "Look out below!"

And thus he reasoned with himself,
"oh, why did I return?
For the diggers in dependent life
I now begin to yearn.
Here purse-proud lords the poor oppress,
But *there* it is not so;
Give me the sound of windlass
And the cry "Look out below!"

So he started for his land again,
With a charming little wife;
And he finds there's nothing comes up to
A jolly diggers life.
Ask him if he'll go back again,
He'll quickly answer, "No!"
For he loves the sound of the windlass,
And the cry "Look out below."

Charles R. Thatcher

Regular Monthly Events

If you are passin' by - call in and say giddy.....

Queensland:

- 1st Thurs Red Kettle Folk Club. Mapleton Hotel, MAPLETON 8.30 - 11.00pm Poetry & Music Jacqueline Bridle 07 5478 6263
1st Sat Poets & Musicians @ Eumundi Markets in Courtyard outside Rob's Bakery. Elizabeth 07 5449 1991
1st Sun & North Pine Bush Poets. North Pine Country Markets, 9.00am @ Dad & Dave's Billy Tea & Damper. 07 3285 2845 or
3rd Sun 07 3886 1552
2nd Thurs & 4th Thurs Golden Pen Poets. Old Gympie Town Hall. GYMPIE. 7.00pm. Phil Morrison, 07 5486 1171
2nd Sat Bundebug Poets Society Inc. Joan Lane 07 4152 9624 or Sandy Lees 07 4151 4631
Every Wed Writers in Townsville. 7.30pm, Hodel Room City Library, Thuringowa Drive, THURINGOWA. Phil Heang 07 4773 4223
Every Wed Matilda Country Caravan Park, WINTON, evenings 'Pinki & her Pee Wee Poets.
1st & 3rd Wed Kilcoy Unplugged, 7.00pm. Kilcoy Gardens Restaurant. Gold Coin Entry. Graham 07 5497 1045
1st Friday every month. "The Point of View Café" Main Road Wellington Point. Rob 0419 786 269

New South Wales:

- 1st Tues Tuggarah Lakes Poetry Group. 7.00pm The Entrance Leagues Club. 3 Bay Village Rd, Bateau Bay. Joan Johnson 02 4332 5318, Judy Stanton 02 4388 5972
1st Thurs North by Northwest Poetry & Folk Club. 7.30pm Comucopia Café. (Grounds Old Gladesville Hospital - off Punt Rd-follow signs). Graeme Johnson 02 9874 7653 or Jenny Carter 02 9887 1856 or 0412 222 690
3rd Sat Poet's in the Making. 12 - 4.00pm Liverpool Library - 170 George St Liverpool - David Price 02 9825 0402
2nd Mon Parakeet's Poets, Katoomba. Parakeet Café @ 7.00pm. Katoomba St, Katoomba. Denis Kevans 02 4757 3119
2nd Tues Hunter Bush Poets. 7.00pm, Tarro Hotel, Anderson Dr, Tarro. Bob Skelton 02 4953 2751
2nd Wed Dorrigo Mountain Top Poets, 7.00pm, April, June, August, October. Murray 02 6657 2139
2nd Thurs Tamworth Poetry Reading Grp. 8.00pm, unit 2, 8 Illoura St, Tamworth. Keith 02 6766 4164. Maureen 02 6765 6067
2nd Fri The Monaro Leisure Club, 7.00pm, Vale St Cooma. Bush Poetry & Country Music. Elaine 02 6454 3128
2nd Sat Poets in the Club. Urunga Golf Club, 1 - 4.00pm, 12 May, 14 July, 13 Oct. Maureen 02 6568 5269
2nd Sun "Interludes" Ashfield Civic Centre, Ashfield. Joyce Dempsey 02 9797 7575
4th Tues Wollondilly Regional FAW Writers. 7.30pm, Picton Hotel - Argyle St Picton. Vince 02 4684 1704
3rd Fri Junee Bush Poetry Group. 7.30pm, Junee Community Centre. Brian Beasley PO Box 82 Junee. 02 6924 1317
4th Tues Poet's in the Pub with Grafton Live Poet's Society. Roches Hotel, 7.30pm. Bill Kearns 02 642 2772
4th Wed Inverell Wednesday Writers, 7.30pm, Empire Hotel. Ida Morse 02 6722 2425
4th Thurs Queanbeyan Bush Poets. Poet's lane, Queanbeyan. David Meyers 02 6286 1891
2nd last Mon The Mid-Coast Sundowners - Bush Poets meet in a private home. Reid 02 6554 9788. Phil 02 6552 6389 for details of venue each month
Last Tues Spaghetti Poetry Group. Gee Wong Restaurant, 197 Mann St Gosford. Dinner @ 6.30pm. Poetry @ 7.30pm. Bob & Ester Sennett 02 4325 2590
Last Thurs Writers on the River, 7.00pm, Caddies Coffee Shop, 2 - 3 Castlereagh St Penrith. Brian Bell 02 4739 2219
Last Fri Kangaroo Valley Folk Music Club. Bush Poets welcome. Carl Leddy re venue 02 4465 1621
Last Sat Australian Christian Writers, Hunter Div, Morisset Baptist Church Hall, 1.30 - 4.00pm. J Bray 11 Rhodes Pde, Windermere Park 2264
Every 2nd Fri-Pheasants Hut Folk Club. Bundeena. Yuri 02 9527 0955 or 0419 412 093
Monthly Top of the Murray Poets & Bush Storytellers. Jan Lewis 02 6077 4332
Every Tuesday - Poets & Writers on the Tweed. 1.30 pm in the meeting room at the Tweed Heads Library. Corner of Wharf & Brett Streets. Visitors welcome. Phone: 07 5590 9395 - Lorraine Richards.
Every 2 months on 2nd Sat Cornucopia Café, 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. "Arch" Bishop 02 9625 7245

Victoria

- 1st Mon Kyabram & District Bush Verse Gr, every 2nd Month, Kyabram Fauna Park, 7.30pm. Mick Coventry 03 5852 2097
6 weekly, Thurs Gippsland Bush Poets. Rosedale Hotel, 7.30pm. Dennis Carstairs 03 5145 6128

South Australia

- 3rd Wed South Australian Bush Poets. 7.30pm, Alma Pub Long Room, Willunga. Maurie O'Brien 08 8326 8788
Last Tues Whyalla Writers Group. Colby Maddigan 08 8645 1771

Western Australia

- 1st Fri WA Bush Poets & Yarnspinners, 7.30pm, Raffles Hotel, Canning Bridge. Rusty Christensen 08 9364 4491

To All Members:

Please note that I have bought the "Deadline" date forward by a couple of days. This is so I can get the copy to the printers on the 20th. Now this should not be a problem, just get your contributions to me a day or so earlier. Simple as that. **BUT** - if you wait until the 14 - 15th to send it to me - then it may get in - it may not.

Please note - I will not , "remove" someone else's article just to fit someone in who is late in sending in their contribution - even if they are a regular contributor.

"IT WILL BE FIRST IN FIRST SERVED".

So if you are - or you want to be a regular contributor, get your copy to me early in the month. All articles can be emailed to me at hblliss@hotmail.net.au or posted to **B.J.Bliss - P O Box 5208 MANLY Q 4179.**

Emailed contributions, I would prefer it to be in 'Publisher' not 'Word', but if 'Word' is all you have, then you are more than welcome to send it in that format.

For those who would like their newsletter sent to them via email, you will need to have 'Publisher 2000' to be able to open it. (*forgot to mention that before.*)

The Willow Pattern

To the right is a lordly mandarin's country seat. It is two stories high to show rank and wealth of the possessor; in the foreground is a pavilion, in the background an orange tree, and to the right of the pavilion is a peach tree in full bearing.

The estate is enclosed in an elegant wooden fence. At one end of the bridge is the famous willow tree, and at the other the gardener's cottage, one story high, and so humble that the grounds are wholly uncultivated, the only green thing being a small fir tree at the back. At the top of the pattern (left-hand side) is an island, with a cottage; the grounds are highly cultivated, and much has been reclaimed from the water. The two birds are turtle doves. The three figures on the bridge are the mandarin's daughter with a distaff nearest the cottage, the lover's with a boat in the middle, and nearest the willow tree, the mandarin with a whip.

The Tradition.

The mandarin had an only daughter, named Li-chi, who fell in love with Chang, a young man who lived on the island home represented at the top of the pattern, and who had been her father's secretary. The father overheard them one day making vows of love under the orange tree, and sternly forbade the unequal match; but the lovers contrived to elope, lay concealed for a while in the gardener's cottage, and thence made their escape in a boat to the island home of the young lover. The enraged mandarin pursued them with a whip by changing them both into turtle doves.

The picture is called Willow Pattern not only because it is a tale of disastrous love, but because the elopement occurred "when the willow begins to shed its leaves".

Thank You

Thanks to Olive Gamble from Moana - South Australia who sent me this story. Olive says she got it from a very old book. 'The Dictionary of Phrase and Fable'. By E Codham Brewer. Bill Lasham added a bit of extra information. During the Japanese occupation of China, the British banned use of the pattern because it was uncertain if it was used for intelligence reasons by the Tongs (said to be a Chinese mafia type society).

*Thanks to you both
Wally Finch*

Dear Bernie,
I hope this gets to you in time. Janice and I were away for a couple of weeks. Keep up the good work. Here are the notes..... Grahame Watt

Kyabram Bush Poets (Victoria)

The Ky Group met on Monday 6th August at the Fauna Park Kiosk under the chairmanship of Herb McCrum. Herb kept everyone in order with the stockwhip. We had 25 members in attendance. Visitors from Deniliquin, Echuca, Mitiamo and Brenda and David Williams who brought their home with them. (The mobile poets or "Words on Wheels") We had an entertaining night of poetry and yarns. Another great night.

There is plenty of action going on at the moment. We are conducting a bush verse competition in the local primary schools with school appearances by the local poets. The 'Around the Campfire' night is at the Ky Club on Thursday 20th September. All welcome. And on Thursday 1st November at the Ky Club again we are presenting Geoffrey Graham and his Federation Show '100 not out'. This will be a lead into the Kyabram Federation week of celebrations. Oh! I nearly forgot to tell you. Mick Coventry has been over to England as emergency for our 'Test' team. Mick is a world class 'Spinner'.

Good to see you back again Mick.

Hooroo from Ky,
'Lean to' Watt.

Brenda and David did roam,
In a 'mobile' all shiny with chrome,
As they sped along,
They burst into this song,
'There's no place like a movable home'.

The young lad said to his fiancée, "Have you told your parents that I am a Bush Poet?"

"Not yet," she said, "I've mentioned about your police record, and that you smoke and drink and were presently bankrupt because of your gambling habit, but I thought we'd wait until we were married first."

PROGRESS

Though just a run down shanty
the old timer had called it home.
He'd hewn it from the virgin lands
with just an axe and two bare hands
in days gone by ~ alone.

They said it was an eyesore,
its walls were on a lean ~
its roof was non-existent
and the timber full of white ant
but I saw in it ~ a dream.

No, I didn't see a shanty,
though tumbledown for sure
I saw the basis for our past
I saw a country, growing fast,
and learning to mature.

Yes, they said it was an eyesore
but to me the barren scar ~
exposed red clay ~ the earth's red blood
where once the quaint old shanty stood,
is uglier, by far.

© 1978 Sandra Queenborough Binns.

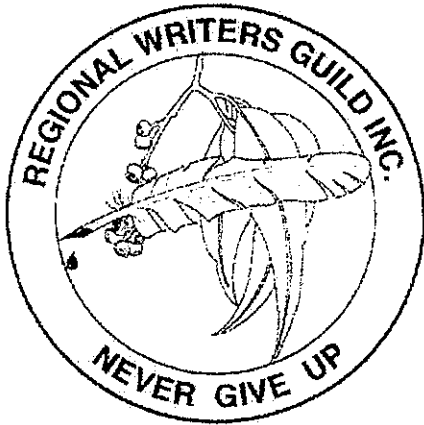
Cudgewa Hotel & T.O.M.P.A.B.S.

presents

Man From Snowy River Festival
Concert Series Calendar:

- 1: 28th July - Showcase of Winners
- 2: 1st September - Poetry, Port & Potage
- 3: 23rd October - Best of Best & Friends
- 4: 24th November - Gypsy & Stockman with the Pilgrims
- 5: 5th January - Open Mike Session
- 6: 16th February - Irish Night

Enquiries: Jan Lewis - 02 6076 1179



The Regional Writers Guild

is a newly formed self help group for writers and self publishers.

For more information contact:

**Wally Finch 07 3886 0747 or Pauline Rekintin
07 3285 2887**

Mid-year Sale:

Special Offer to Members:

\$10.00 - (including postage) gets you 4 copies of back issues of the Annual. We have stocks of the 3rd - 4th - 5th & 6th issues, so why not snap up a bargain.

Offer closes 30.09.01- Contact the Treasurer.....

Do you have a book to sell?

Are you about to publish and want to "spread" the word?

Then you need to place a couple of advert's in your newsletter.

Just \$5.00 for two months adverts is good value. If you've got something and you want to sell it - ya gotta tell the buyers.

Send your advert & money to the "Treasurer" and

"Do you plead guilty or not guilty?" the Judge asked the ringer in the dock.

"How do I know," he relied, "I haven't heard the evidence yet."

If you can spare the time, folk, please direct a Kindly thought to your Census Form Collector, He or she is only trying to do their job -- Okay? No need to treat them with suspicion, It's not the Spanish Inquisition, No-one's intending to harass you or intrude in any way.

When the call went out for applicants, Bright-eyed hopefuls saw the chance To earn themselves a dollar doing something quite worthwhile, 'If only we had known -- ' In hindsight some now groan, Although, and to their credit, most still smile.

So how about tying up old Rover, You may think his best days over - Well, he growled and threatened mayhem when the forms were brought around,

It was feared tomorrow's local rag Would report ' SHREDDED YELLOW BAG ! But no trace of a Collector to be found !'

Gate chains only a Houdini could unravel, Muddy tracks that needed gravel, Potholes so enormous that we nearly lost the car! Driveways never ending, Through hills and gullies wending, And we still don't know who lives there 'and we don't know where he are '!

However, there were compensations, Lots of lovely conversations With friendly people where we could have stayed and talked for hours, Spring was in the air, There were new lambs everywhere, And hillsides strewn with golden wattle flowers.

No need for fuss or fluster, Just imagine it's a muster, A head count of Australians - When that yellow bag appears, Fill in that form and don't forget It helps see future needs are met And Census Time won't come again at least for five more years! Thank goodness!

(Collector's wife.. i.e. Grand Chief Gate Opener!)

Dear Bernie,

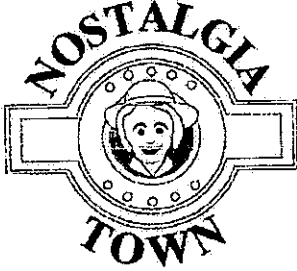
Could you please put this information in the next ABPA newsletter. Poets breakfast and competition in conjunction with the North Queensland Champion of Champions Country Music Festival. To be held at the Pimlico Performing Arts Centre, Fulham Road, Townsville. Breakfast commences at 7am. Competition starts at 7.30am on Sunday 21 October 2001. For further details and entry forms contact - Dawn McIntyre on 07 47799368 or the Townsville Country Music Assoc. Inc. P.O. Box 1518 Aitkenvale Mail Delivery Centre, Aitkenvale. Townsville Q 4814.

Thank you
Narelle Whitman (Committee member)

Some little sayings that may help you get through the day - or at least put a smile of your dial...

It's hard to be nostalgic when you can't remember anything !
Efficiency is a highly developed form of laziness.
Most poets will tell you that rhyme doesn't pay ?
He was so shifty that he would steal the harness of a nightmare !





596 David Low Way - Pacific Paradise,
Sunshine Coast Qld.

Brekky & open microphone every second &
fourth Saturday of the month,
from 9.00 am to 11.30 am. Free admission.
Tucker at great prices.

Bring your favourite or latest poem and have a
go or just sit back and enjoy.

Telephone: 07 3886 0747 or 07 5448 7155

NOTICE TO ALL MEMBERS:

The Australian Bush Ballads Association
monthly magazine may publish any of
your poems you feel would suit being put
to music. Send then to ~ Blue Bostock -
32 Redruth Road. Alexandra Hills Q 4161
for consideration each month.

Bush Poetry Event - Woodford

The Woodford Lions Club will present a
1 - 1½ poetry event in Woodford on the
third Sunday of each month commencing
in May - 2001. This will coincide with the
local markets. The aim is to promote and
encourage both local and visiting talent in
the field of Bush Poetry, as well as to bring
further interest in the town of Woodford
and it's artistic and historical features.

The venue is Shop # 1 - 95 Archer St,
Woodford - situated halfway between
Clews News-agency and Woodford
Pharmacy (so if the news makes you
crook, grab some medicine and join the
Poets for an even better cure - laughter!).
Also in the same row of shops is Jalla's
Café - where you will get some really good
service for tea/coffee/cold drinks and U-
beaut tucker.

The "Lairs, Larrikins and Liar's
Lunchtime Laughs & Laments" (what a
gob-full) will kick off at 10.30 am and
conclude approximately 12.00 noon). Mark
Feldman will host the event and will be
joined by locals Pat Markey & Lance
Reason, to present guest poets and
encourage amateurs, veterans and young
and old alike to participate in keeping this
Aussie tradition alive and well.

For further information, please contact
Mark Feldman on Phone/Fax 07 5496
1157 or mobile 0407 625408

2nd Spirit of the Outback Writing Competition.

An initiative of The Australian Workers Heritage

First prize \$500.00

There are a lot of rules and requirements so the best idea - if you are interested is to
get hold of:

The Competition Coordinator
Wendy Johnston - on 07 3224 4838
email - heritage@tgp.com.au

The closing date is Friday October 5 - 2001 so there is plenty of time - so
don't panic.

Palma Rosa Poets

We are proud to announce our next entertainer at Palma Rosa, direct from the Gympie
Muster, is the one and only Neil McArthur from Ballarat in Victoria.

One of Australia's greatest Bush Poets, Neil will have us crying with laughter all night - a
great performer and a good poet.

Supporting Neil will be Brisbane's own champion junior bush poet - Stuart Nivison.
Stuart has won many bush poet awards and is a great performer - it will be a memorable
night at Palma Rosa.

We look forward to seeing you on:

Tuesday 28th August (note the change of date).

Bookings Essential

Cost: \$18.00 (including supper - BYO drinks).

**Palma Rosa
9 Queens Road Hamilton.**

To get ya laughin' a bit:

The sales rep was leaning on the bar at the local pub out in the
bush when the topic of conversation turned to politics.

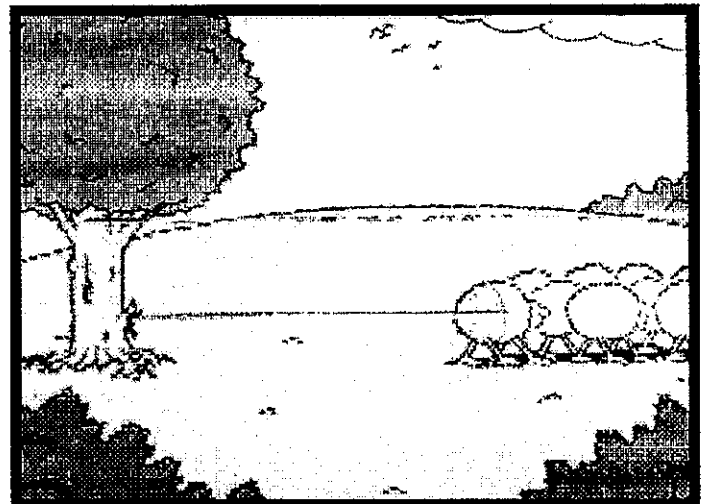
"I can't stand Bob Hawke," said the sales rep., he's got a face on
him like a bloody sheep's head".

He was immediately thrown through the swinging doors into the
dust on the main street.

"What was that for," he asked, I didn't think anyone out her would
feel so strongly about Bob Hawke. Is this Bob Hawke country?"

"No," said the farmer as he helped him up to his feet, "this here is
sheep country."

Thanks Tom - a classic - Ed:



The Product Shelf:

Product Shelf Advertisements: \$5.00 for Two Monthly Newsletter Spots:
How good a bargain is that?

**'Straight to the Heart' &
'Closer to the Heart'**

Two books of poetry from Brian Gale.
Self published by Margaret River Printers.
\$10 each or 2 for \$18, postage paid.
Brian also has three tapes which include almost his entire
work over 15 years.
\$10 each or set of three for \$25, postage paid.
Contact Brian Gale - 25 Georgette Drive Margaret
River. WA 6285

"Beyond the Gate"

Poems from a women's heart.
Jan Lewis CD - \$25.00 posted anywhere in
Australia.
email address: poetfarm@corryong.albury.
net.au

"Hang-Ups and Hand-Me-Downs"

Bush Poetry and other Verse.
\$12.00 posted
Jean Versace, MSF-415, Mount garnet Qld 4872

1-3

**N.S.W Bush Poetry Championships. April
2001 Book of Bush Verse. (First Place).**

Travel the Red Road
by Roderick Williams.
Book \$15 + \$1.20 postage.
Compilation Cassette - 'Rod and Jessie' 40 minutes of
variety \$15 + \$2 postage.
Book & Cassette - \$30 including postage.
Roderick Williams,
40 Templeton Lane.
Oxley Island N.S.W 2430.
Telephone/fax 02 6553 2565

"Palma Rosa Poets Live"

Double CD.

Featuring 15 Poets and Singer/Songwriter Mark Tempamy.

Cost is \$30.00 - per double CD plus \$3.50 postage. A total of
\$33.50.

Featured artists include; Trisha Anderson, Carmel Dunn,
Graham Fredriksen, Wally Finch, Bill Hay, Anita Hendrie,
George Lovejoy, Bobby Miller, Stuart Nivison, Glenny
Palmer, Robert Raftery, Anita Reed, Noel Stallard, Ron Selby,
Milton Taylor and Mark Tempamy.

Available through the English Speaking Union - 9 Queens
Road - Hamilton - Brisbane Q 4007 or P O Box 1 - Lutwyche
Q 4030.

The money raised from the sale of this great double CD goes towards the
ongoing upkeep and restoration of the beautiful "Palma Rosa",
headquarters of the English Speaking Union, at Hamilton in Brisbane.

**Finalist - Australian Bush Laureate
Album of the Year 2001**

"Australian Bush Poetry"

with Trish Anderson.

Cassette - \$15.00 - Postage - \$2.50

Contact Trish Anderson - 113 Manson Road - Hendra -
Brisbane Q
Telephone/fax 07 3268 3624

From
Denis Kevans
63 Valley Road
Wentworth Falls NSW 2782

(\$15.00 pp)

1-4

"In Verse Down-Under"

A book of Traditional Australian Poetry

By Ken Dean

Price \$10.00 + \$1.20 p&p

Contact - Ken Dean,
9 Korra St.
Marrangaroo NSW 2790
Phone: 02 6351 3343

1-4

"IMPORTANT NOTICE"

Christmas is fast approachin' Time to get your thinkin'
caps one and start buyin' a few of these products to dish out
for Chrissy presents.

Hey - and why don't ya include a photocopy of the
membership form as well. Top books - top presents from
some top writers.

This poem is dedicated to my father and his father and is based around our family's involvement in the dairy industry. The poem took out 2nd prize in the North Pine Camp Oven Awards 2001

DEREGULATION BLUES

FOR FATHER

On the beam above the doorway is carved: "1923"; that's the year my father built this dairy on the place that he had selected in the ballot for a soldier settler's block - bare of buildings, bare of fences, bare of stockyards, bare of stock; bare of everything but prospects in a land where heroes strive just as hard as in the trenches in that struggle to survive.

Full of dreams and full of promise, that first year was mostly spent grubbing bushes, sawing timber . . . building cowyards; while a tent doubled as a living quarters and a tack room; but a house then was never in the question - all the money went on cows and a wagon load of corrugated iron for this shed . . .

Times were hard then - Father whispered - just how hard he never said.

There's some photos Mother gave me and the one I cherish most shows my father with his draught horse standing by that corner post: it's the first shed post . . . just planted . . . you still see the adze's marks and behind him on the ground a heap of fresh-cut ironbarks he had hauled out of the mountain with the draught-horse and the chains;

every mortise, rail and joggle as a testament remains.

Then came calf pens and the pig-sty and the separator room; with the separator turned by hand, or so I would assume, till he broke the old grey gelding to the collar for the whim: I can still recall the king-post and the pad worn down by him as he plodded ever patient in that circle on the brace - till our year of "automation" when the engine took his place.

Father built his dream up surely - mainly Illawarra reds; cleared the "bottom twenty-acre", ploughed and harrowed with his Neds for a crop of corn each summer . always planted on the moon, then prayed for rain, and chipped the weeds, and hopefully come June there would be enough to harvest once the crows had had their share to feed the cows and pigs and maybe sell a bit that's spare.

He had poddied up some Illawarra bullocks just for beef, then the Great Depression came and cut his income; for relief he broke them in to harness and went out upon the track snigging mill logs down the valley from the bunya scrubs up back. And while Father battled for that extra shilling with his team, Mother milked the cows and fed the calves and carried out the cream.

The house he built much later as we "young-uns" all were born - every mouth meant two more hands to milk the cows and pick the corn. Every morning, with a bucket each and each a three-leg stool, would see half the "old girls" milked before we headed off for school. The same again each afternoon, and I was in my teens the year that we went "modern" and we fitted the "machines".

Some major alterations - life would never be the same; an engine room extension . . . and a herd of cows to tame as we forced them up the bails beside the Lister diesel's roar - three days and . . . back to normal, they'd just walk in and ignore all the drumming from the engine as they hurried for their corn; and we pensioned off the whim horse, thus our "motor age" was born.

Then the draughts became redundant; from those years behind the plough, just to drive that kero tractor - primitive though it seems now to the torque-converter turbo - didn't take much to adjust just to sitting in the front of . . . not behind and eating . . . dust. And below the "twenty-acre" we cleared all the "foxtail flat", and we put it to kikuyu - dreams moved faster after that.

Planted "willow-tree" to lucerne which, back then, we forked by hand; sunk the bore beside the stock-route . . . went through thirty feet of sand till we struck the "river" gravel at a depth of sixty-four . . . tested "thirteen thousand gallons!" . . . and we figured then that bore was enough to water all the paddocks this side of the track, so we bought the irrigation pipes and never once looked back.

Our production was improving with the better feed we grew, but poor Father fast was fading; and the year the power came through, he who'd climbed life's ladder running was now slipping down the rungs for the mustard gas of Flanders had played havoc with his lungs. And one afternoon at milking he just turned and fell down dead . . . 'twas the day that they connected up the power to this shed.

A hero dream-achiever . . . cut it short at fifty-three, and the cows all cried next morning - or that's how it seemed to me; and that new electric motor, purring quieter than before, seemed to stir an empty silence; still the future held in store just so many many changes, but the old familiar way saw me calling cows come daybreak - *'coz I know just what he'd say.*

Then the 'sixties were upon us and the "Tropic Pasture Scheme" saw me fertilizing . . . planting . . . always following his dream. And the changes in the industry meant changing to survive, like the change onto Whole Milk supply in nineteen sixty-five when the cans and separator - faithful forty years - made way for the bulk milk vat that's standing in the old cream room today.

And this shed was then updated to the Health Department's spiel: fibro ceiling . . . better lighting . . . better drains . . . and stainless steel.

And the swing was on to Friesians: protein levels, butterfat, A.B.V.'s, imported semen, herd recording . . . all meant that the old "reds" were soon outdated and I wonder what he'd say if he saw the patchwork "piebalds" that I milked in here today.

But he'd know that change was better and I'm sure he'd nod his head when he saw the fine young heifers that I've started through this shed, through the twice-a-daily ritual, through flood and fire and drought, as I bring them up the cowyard . . . feed 'em, milk 'em, walk 'em out. *It's a way of life* - for certain! . . . *It's a business!* say the "wheels"; but it's "lives" that follow dreams . . . and it is "business" that do deals.

For another change is on us . . . and this time we cannot bend, for Deregulation's here and it is spelling out the end. They have taken our Entitlement and traded off our pay - in a world that cries for food they are just turning us away. It's just bureaucratic meddling by those with all the clout as they're putting on the pressure to . . . *"get bigger or get out"*.

Yes that beam above the doorway is carved: "1923" - the year my father built this shed; and now it's up to me to close the gate forever on a life I can't sustain, and hose eighty years of history and dreams on down the drain. And the tanker comes this evening - final pick-up is today - and the cows all go tomorrow . . . and I wonder what he'd say.

© 2001 Graham Fredriksen

When I was just a little girl,
So many years ago,
My Mum was always there for me
To help me learn and grow.

To put her arm around me –
As I toddled down the hall;
And as I took my first few steps
She would not let me fall.

She'd brush and comb my long brown hair,
And wash my hands and face;
Then choose for me my prettiest dress
With its collar made of lace.

She would cook my meals – wash my clothes –
Made sure I looked my best.
With six of us to care for,
She stood out above the rest.

When it was time for vaccinations,
I think I'd just turned six,
Mum said, "It's sometimes cruel to be kind –
And I don't want you getting sick."

Each night, she'd bathe and dress us all,
Kiss us sweetly on the head,
Then we'd kneel and say the rosary,
And she would tuck us into bed.

Full Circle

© *Kathy Edwards, Merewether, NSW*

Every Sunday morning
To Mass we all would go.
Mum pushed the baby in the pram
With the other five in tow.

As I grew up I always knew
To Mother I could turn
To have a chat, or seek advice,
To understand and learn.

Yet Mum was growing older
With every passing day ...
And as she reached her twilight years
We said, "Come with us and stay."

Now our lives had turned full circle,
This was sheer reality,
I tried to do the things for Mum
That she once did for me.

I'd put my arm around her
While shopping in the mall.
Her steps were getting weaker now
But I would not let her fall.

I'd brush and comb her silver hair,
And wash her hands and face;
Then choose for her, her nicest dress
With its collar made of lace.

I would cook her meals – wash her clothes,
As for me she once had done.
I loved her so, that lady,
After all, she was my Mum.

When it was time for flu injections
I said – "Mum, you're over 86,
And it's sometimes cruel to be kind –
I don't want you getting sick."

Every Sunday morning
We had a standing date.
I would push her in her wheelchair
Round to Mass at half past eight.

When God called Mum home to Heaven
I lost a lifelong friend;
Yet I know her hand still guides me
And one day, we'll meet again.

Yes, our lives must turn full circle
And of this I became aware,
When my daughter picked me up for Mass
- And she brushed my greying hair.

On Windmills

© *Garry Boyd, Gulgong, NSW*

Far out on the western plains, when summer winds blow strong,
Sometimes is heard an outback sound, as rhythmic as a song.
It's company for the emptiness and barren, sunburnt ground,
Turned by nature's unseen hand the windmill spins around.

A melody sung day and night when westers keep on blowing,
That low-pitched, humming murmur, relentless never slowing.
When the wind fades to a breeze, the windmill changes sound,
To a lazy, creaking whisper as the windmill ambles round.

Drovers, horses, thirsty stock, all glad to see the 'mill,
Where they can stop and rest awhile, grateful drink their fill.
Even in the harshest drought, there water can be found,
Provided by a little breeze, and the windmill turning round.

Late afternoon in summertime, when the sun is setting low,
Shadows start to lengthen, strange shapes begin to grow.
The windmill catches final rays and casts across the ground,
A transitory, twirling dance while the windmill goes around.

Let Down

© *Greg Young*

He caught her glancing at him and he thought he understood,
She must have thought him handsome, of course he knew she would.

Her lust could not be hidden as she eyed below his waist.
He checked her over also till she reached him. Then they faced.

She smiled at him so sweetly. He returned a smile – as one.
And then she broke the silence with, "Yer bloody fly's undone."

The Test of Time

© *Graham Brunckhorst*



Remember on our wedding day
When we shared vows from above
We promised we would every day
Repeat these words of love
We told that to the folks who said
We were too young to wed
We promised we would daily share
Those lovely words we said

We find that we are pleased we did
Repeat those words each day
They kept our love alive and well
For fifty years today
We knew how much complacency
Could creep into our life
So she daily said, "I Love You"
She was my loving wife

It wasn't just a one way street
We proved our critics wrong
Not many people can sustain
A love that is so strong
You can't afford to go to sleep
With harsh words on your mind
Daily tell your wife "I Love You"
As I still do to mine.

What's goin' on 'round the traps!

'Gippsland Bush Poets'

will be running a Australian verse written competition as part of the

'Gippsland Writers Festival'

To be held over the weekend of October 27th & 28th

Entries close Sep. 28th. Sections are:

Open - Secondary students - Primary students

Weekend will include Poets Breakfast, a Poetry workshop
and Poets in the Pub on Sunday afternoon.

Guest Poet - Neil McArthur

For more information/entry forms send SSAE to:
Claire Van Baalen PO Box 186 Heyfield 3858 Vic.
entry forms available on our Web page:

www.vicnet.net.au/~gipwrite

or e mail claire@i-o.net.au

For more information ring Dennis Carstairs
(03) 5145 6128 - email carstairs@i-o.net.au

KYABRAM

"Around the Campfire"

Lion's Club & Ky Bush Verse Group.
Thursday 20th September at KY Club - 7.30 pm.

WANTED: Bush Poets & Yarn Spinners

Good Prizes, Good Fun.

Enquiries: 03 5852 2084

Anyone from Eulo admitted free.

POETS BRUNCH & AUSSIE HUMOUR SHOW

PLUS Blackboard Concert

in conj. with Kempsey Country Music Festival
8.30 am - 12 midday, Sunday 9th September 2001

Moon River Motel, Pacific Hwy, Kempsey NSW

Feature poet - Frank Daniel;

Open mike session at Blackboard concert.

Admission \$11.00 - bookings preferred.

Ring Gwen ; 02 6562 2937

Irish Heritage Festival

KILLARNEY QLD

Irish & Aussie Fun - Saturday & Sunday September 15 & 16

POET'S BREAKFAST Sunday @ 8.00 am.

WANTED -- POETS -- REWARD ??

(Sprout your blarney - Little People welcome).

Enquiries please telephone

Max Jarrott 07 4664 1115 - Judy Bell 07 4664 1818

Camping area available.

THE BLACKENED BILLY VERSE COMPETITION 2002

Closing 30.11.2001

Written Australian Bush Verse

Entry fee \$5.00 or 3 for \$10.00

Extra entries \$3.00 each



Presentation of Winners and Highly Commended
Imperial Hotel, Tamworth

11am Saturday 26th January, 2002.

Prizes: 1st \$300, Trophy and certificate

2nd \$150 and certificate - 3rd \$50 and certificate

Highly Commended certificates.

To enter, send S.S.A.E. to Maureen Quickenden, P.O.
Box 1164, Tamworth, N.S.W., 2340

Glengallan Homestead Trust Limited

Warwick Credit Union

Federation Verse Competition

Open Section

\$300.00 plus Glengallan Wine Goblets
Secondary.

\$125.00 plus Glengallan Paper Weight
Primary

\$75.00 plus Glengallan Coffee Mugs

Closing Date Friday 28th September 2001

For entry form contact

Glengallan Homestead Trust Limited

Ferse Competition

P.O. Box 2000

WARWICK QLD 4370

28th MALDON FOLK FESTIVAL

with

Campbell the Swaggie, Geoffrey Graham

Graeme Johnson, Whipstick Wortho

Richard 'Skreitch' Leitch.

For Information

Maldon Folk Festival

P.O. Box 135

MALDON VICTORIA3463

**Nobby Heritage Bush Games
& Bush Poetry Competition**

Proudly sponsored by
Heritage Building Society
SATURDAY 13th OCTOBER 2001
2.00 pm
RUDDS PUB NOBBY QLD
Entries close 1st October.
Entry fee \$5.00 per section
Entry Form & Rules
Nobby Heritage Development Assoc.
C/- 45 Tooth Street
NOBBY QLD 4360

Junior Writted Competition
13 to 16 years
12 years & under
Entries Close 1st October
For entry form & Rules
Gary Fogarty
P.O. Box 245
MILLMERRAN
QLD 4357

**MELBOURNE POETS UNION
2001 NATIONAL POETRY COMP.**

\$1000 in Prize Monies
Closing date 26th October 2001

For more information and entries
Contact
MPU National Poetry Comp
P.O. Box 266
Flinders Lane
Melbourne 8009

ADVANCE NOTICE

Toowoomba Country Music Breakout
Inc. Bush Poets Afternoon Smoko
Damper & Billy Tea
Male and Female
Competition
Saturday 9th FEBRUARY 2002
For information contact
Ron Selby P.O. Box 77
DRAYTON NORTH
QLD 4350.

Join the Australian Bush Poets Association Inc

The Australian Bush Poets Association Inc was formed at a meeting in January 1994 at the Tamworth Country Music 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 form and as published verse. * Encourage competitions, both written and spoken. Please complete the form below and send with payment to:

The Treasurer
Rosemary Baguley
Villa 22 - Melaluca Grove
12 Taurus Road
Capalaba Qld 4157

Membership Application Form: I wish to become a member of the ABPA Inc. Please use block letters.

Name: _____

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). 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 is January to December.

Australian Bush Poets Association Inc
P O Box 5208
Manly Q 4179 March 2001
Print Post PP 242018/0013

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From the Bulletin 16 June - 1910 :-

Henry Lawson is far better known as a writer of short stories and sketches than as a journalist. And most of his journalism took the form of social and political comment or pieces of autobiography and reminiscence.

He did indulge in reporting, though - even if it was a very personalised kind of reporting - and was commissioned in 1900 by the *Melbourne Age* to send back pieces from South Africa on his way to England. His *Letters to Jack Cornstalk* and other articles for the *Bulletin* from London amounted to very attractive reporting, and he wrote some vivid descriptions about life in Western Australia - on visits in 1890 and 1896 - before and during the gold-rush, for the *Albany Observer* and later the *Worker* and the *Bulletin*. For *Fair Play*, the *Pahiatua Herald* and the *New Zealand Mail*, he wrote colourfully and with discernment about life in New Zealand.

Lawson's easy style and talent for wry, un sentimental observation are demonstrated well in his report, titled '*Bohemia Buries her Dead*', for the *Bulletin's Red Page* on the death of fellow-journalist, Herbert Lowe.

An extract from that article:

But I remember him as a *clean* man - a tidy well dressed man - whisky or no; a good bohemian, a good pal, a generous man, up in the world or down, a doer of kind and noble deeds on the quiet; and - and he died game, if ever a man died game; and it was a long and terrible death to die. Do you know how Herbert Lowe died? - But - I remember it well now. - He many a time helped Somebody when Somebody was seemingly down and out: saved a life, so to speak, and more. *We* know what that means, if you don't; so it doesn't matter. We know it all too well.

Poets Calendar of Events and Competitions:

9th September - Blackboard Concert - Moon River Motel Pacific Highway - Kempsey NSW

15 - 16th September - Irish Heritage Festival - Killarney Qld - Telephone: 07 4664 1115 or 07 4664 1818

20 September - Kyabram "Around the Campfire" Enquiries - 03 5852 2084

28th September - Closing date of inaugural 'Gippsland Bush Poets' Australian Verse written competition.
To be run as part of the 'Gippsland Writers Festival'

27th October - Dorrigo Mountain Top Round-up - Contact Murray 02 6657 2139

28th October - Dorrigo Poets Breakfast featuring Bill Kearns & mates. Telephone Murray 02 6657 2139

November 30 - Closing date for The Blackened Billy Verse Competition 2002 for written Bush Verse. (See ad in Newsletter).