

The Australian Bush Poets Association Inc

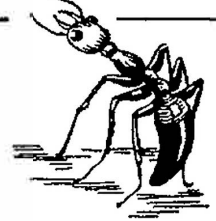
Volume 8 N° 10

October 2001



The Fire Ant Infestation

© Mark Feldman
27.07.2001



There has come a cruel invader to these shores, so wide and free,
An American crusader, causing vast catastrophe.
Queensland Uni is dumbfounded, C.S.I.R.O.'s in shock,
Federal Government's astounded, Peter Beattie's done his block.

There's a fire ant invasion, and it's mighty hard to stop.
It will take immense persuasion for their numbers all to drop.
But we've now been dealt a scorcher by this dirty little pest,
They've increased their savage torture in a way we never guessed.

They have interbred with locals, our Australian wildlife,
Like a gang of wild yokels, they are causing awful strife!
It was in the laboratory that a careless poison spill,
Started up this deadly story, so please listen if you will.



It produced a mutant giant from this crawling little pest.
And they grew so death-defiant with an awe-inspiring zest!
Then they interbred with termites, and produced a hybrid louse,
That stings with painful angry bites, then chews up half your house!

Now they've bred with cockroaches, it's a vicious, scary plague,
They will raid your house like poachers — but they can't play rugby league!
And crossbred fire ant kangaroos now live upon our shores,
Our national symbol we will lose — now there's jumping fire ants with claws.

They are hirsute, bold and fearless, they will get you on the hop,
They have feelers, but they're earless, and impossible to stop,
Like some vile mutant Skippys — bouncing, biting polymorphs —
Looking like a homeless hippie crossed with sea rats from the wharf!

They go bounding round the outback like a plague of starving cats,
And assisted in their great attack by some that bred with bats!
They swoop around the ceiling and they sting you with their tails,
It's an awful, scary feeling when you hear their distant wails.

But this was not the end of their pillage and their rape,
They have been so condescending and I feel there's no escape!
For they bred with our koalas, it may be the last death-knell,
Now we have "Fireantoalas" that can bite like flippin' hell!

They may look so cute and charming with their feelers and their smile,
But their temper is alarming like a flamin' crocodile!
Some poor tourist was just eaten, he had come from Tokyo,
Then the army called a meeting with the C.S.I.R.O.

'Cause a drone ant in the foyer of the Brisbane City Hall,
Just mated with a lawyer and made the meanest ant of all!

Then one ant attacked a poet, and almost before our eyes,
And wouldn't you just know it — it's an ant that never lies!

Not one soul has been exempted from this creepy crawly plan,
And a union was attempted with Tim Shaw, the Demtel Man!
But wait— there's more!" they shouted, all these ants with
beaming smiles,
Their genetic make up routed every salesman for miles.

And some more insect concoction was near all that we can take,
It produced a used car auction when one ant bred with a snake!
Big Kev was mated with the queen, and that was when we sighted,
The biggest ant we'd ever seen, that screamed out, "I'm excited".

When our cricket team was mated, there were some awful clashes,
They looked so ant-equated . . . but still brought home the ashes!
Ian Thorpe tried to back-pedal from a fearsome stinging brute,
But now ants swim off with medals with our navy in pursuit!

The Treasurer was smitten as he tried to send a fax,
And now everyone is bitten by this ant collecting tax!
Then another with John Howard, we could not believe our eyes,
Down upon us we were showered . . . ants that won't apologise!

We've been overrun by fire ants; it has gone away too far,
'Cause one vicious, stinging tyrant raped a silly big galah.
Now we've really lost direction, it is sheer embarrassment,
It campaigned the state election and now sits in parliament!

These ants are taking over, its time to run and flee,
Formic acid supernova on a six-legged killing spree!
"How will it end?" I wonder, "Do we stand some sort of chance?"
As our precious land Down Under is consumed by fire ants.

Well we have one sure solution, so we can remediate,
A generic type pollution that we know the ants will hate,
For we know why they migrated, and escaped out here to stay,
They were almost devastated, by the worst disease today.

We will breed this dread infection that will make them flee in fear,
This will be our insurrection — yes, their time is drawing near.
It's a hybrid clone of evil, that the devil's hand has sealed,
Wicked, nasty, and, primeval, it will make them bow and yield.

We shall introduce this vermin that will signal their demise,
And deliver this dread sermon as we hear in tortured cries.
They will suffer these cancers, scream in pain forever more . . .
We've bred a million line dancers — that will clear their nests for sure!

The Australian Bush Poets Association Inc.



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Membership Fees:

\$25.00 per annum Single Family, an, Club memberships

\$10.00 Junior (Student to year 12).

\$13.00 New members joining after 1 July

New members (those joining for the first time) who join after 1 October receive up to 15 months membership for their first subscription of \$25.00. 1 January to 31 December.

Our financial year is from 1 January to 31 December.

Please forward all money and membership forms to the Treasurer

Notice



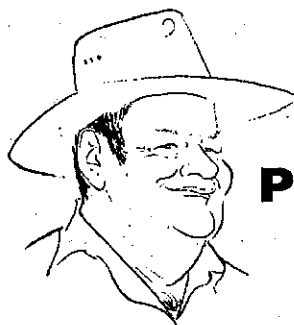
All too quickly this year is approaching its end. This means an AGM is pending and, of course, at the same time, so is Tamworth.

If you have agenda items for consideration at the AGM please forward them as soon as you can so they can be included. This is also the time that all

positions on the committee become vacant and nominations for a new committee will be called for. Any members wishing to volunteer for our committee please make it known so someone can nominate you.

Last AGM, Ron Selby generously agreed to take on the role as acting Secretary. We will definitely need a new secretary next time. Because we are incorporated in Queensland our Secretary must be from Queensland. That can be changed but it will require a notice of motion on the Agenda to do it.

Last do we need to change the timing of our AGM to make it more convenient? Please let the committee know.



PRESIDENT'S REPORT

G'day Everyone,

My father often said our family has ink in it's blood and he said so for good reason. His dad was a monoliner — a trade that no longer exists today because, long ago, the printing industry abandoned the old hot lead techniques in favour of computers.

From grandad down to my daughter, Elizabeth, in each generation, someone in our family has worked in media or related industries. Elizabeth is a fully qualified tradesperson whose trade has replaced the skills my grand father used to do the same thing in the 1920s.

I mention these things as an introduction to Elizabeth who has taken on the role of our newsletter Editor. Liz will be using my computer and facilities, so the contact address for newsletter matters will be the same as mine. Please address future newsletter material to her there.

I'm sure everyone joins me in welcoming her to our team and we look forward to her positive contributions for many newsletters to come.

It's a shame circumstances led to the resignation of Bernie, our previous Editor. In spite of everything we still owe him a large debt of thanks for keeping our newsletter going. As it has been already noted it's a thankless job for no pay. Bernie, thank you.

From what has happened, there have been some important lessons to learn and hopefully we have learned them well. One of the hardest jobs with a newsletter is proof reading your own work. It's almost an unwritten law in the printing game, mistakes slip by because the person who made them can't see them. That is why they employ proof readers and have spell checkers on their computers. We will do the same as well. From this issue on, a fantom phantom proof reader will be appointed to check out each issue before it goes to print.

Of course that won't ever eliminate errors completely but hopefully it will reduce them to an acceptable minor level we can't notice. Perhaps sometimes, if they're not important, they should not be noticed on purpose.

All the best

Wally Finch
President

Newsletter Deadline

Please note the newsletter deadline is on the 17th of each month. Although every effort will be made to include late material nothing can be guaranteed. Early submissions are greatly appreciated.



On Ya Soapbox

Your letters to the Editor

Please send to

56 Orchid Avenue
Kallangur Q 4503
Fax 3886 0747

Warrumbungle "Crooked Mountain" Concert

To the Australian Bush Poets Association,

On behalf of the Coonabarabran Arts Council I am writing to you to ask for your assistance with the promotion of our Warrumbungle "Crooked Mountain" Concert. This is a bold new event in Coonabarabran's Festival of the Stars. It will be a feast of Music, Dance, Poetry and Food. An exotic blend of Indigenous and world cultures that will make this event an instant favourite on the Festival Calendar.

The poetry segment of the day has been aptly named the "Crooked Tongue" Bush Poetry Competition and will start at 11 am. If we have many junior entries we will start them earlier. The categories will be best Original and best Traditional and separate categories to read as opposed to recited poetry.

We are in the process of appealing to the local businesses for donations, so we anticipate that we will be able to offer prize money, I cannot supply further details at this stage as to the amounts.

The main aim is to make this an enjoyable day that will grow in popularity annually, while simultaneously promoting poetry and the arts in general. There is a rustic wool and art display pavilion come shed, which I believe will lend itself beautifully to a day of poetry. Being an annual event we are expecting large crowds.

The showground allows camping for \$12

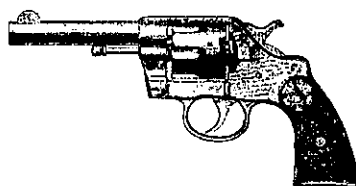
a night (that includes power and a hot water shower). Plentiful accommodation is available in town. We have a multitude of Motels, 2 caravan parks, 3 pubs, due to the fact we are on the Newell Hwy. I have also enclosed a list of the other exciting events that are going on in Coonabarabran at this time, all as part of the Festival of Stars.

I'd like to take this opportunity to invite your group and look forward to your participation in what I am sure will be a wonderful day. So please mark it on your calendars. If you could list us in any publication that you produce, we would be grateful. I have also included a small editorial in case you would like to use it for your publication.

Regards
Deanne Mathews
02 6842 3279

Ed: Please see page 4 for more details.

Editorial Equipment?



Lead Asprin Dispenser

"Professionals"

Dear Editor,

Please permit me to reply to what has been already said in the case against so the called "professionals" continuing to compete in Open Competition.

From what has been said, I wonder if someone should contact our Olympic greats and tell them when they have won enough medals and set enough records. Once they have reached a certain quota should they step aside to give someone else a go or should they keep going as long as they are competitive?

Isn't it obvious, champions in any arena stepping aside won't raise standards in any discipline — sport or bush poetry. Doesn't it stand to reason, that removing the best competitors from the equation lowers standards?

It may sound trite, but surely there is only one way to the top — hard work! We've all heard the joke about a great musician being asked directions by a man in the street. "How do you get to Carnegie Hall?" he was asked. He answered "Practice! Practice! Practice!" If one desires to excel in any human endeavour, practice is still the best way — not eliminating competition.

There are no guarantees (and never will be). Our so called "professionals" can verify that. All have had their share of wins over others in a given competition. They also know they have had their share of losses too. They know a win is always possible but never automatic. They still have to work for it every time.

(Name withheld by request)

From the Editor

Dear Members,

As our new Newsletter Editor I would like to thank our previous Editor for all his hard work. This is never an easy task and Bernie is to be congratulated.

Everytime there is a change of Editors there usually are some formatting changes. This time most of them due to me learning the ropes and what is expected. Please bear with me and I'll promise to do my best. But I'll need your help.

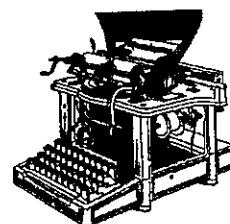
A combination of your comments, advice, opinions, and, input must always be the most vital part of the process of putting each issue of our newsletter together. So please keep them coming. In this way the newsletter is a true reflection of us, the members, and the more of us contributing the greater the reflection.

I hope you share my belief in that's how it should be. Among your contributions please don't forget to send in some poetry too. After all, publishing members' poetry is one of the aims of the ABPA.

Looking forward to a long, productive time as part of the team serving our objectives.

Kind regards,

Liz Colls
Editor

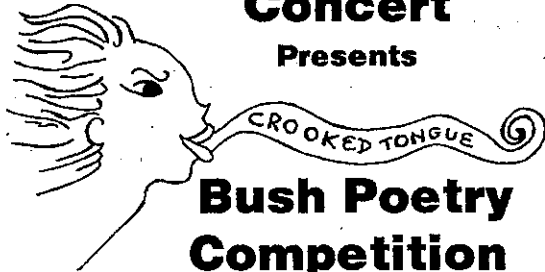




Round The Traps

Festival of the Stars Warrumbungle 'Crooked Mountain' Concert

Presents

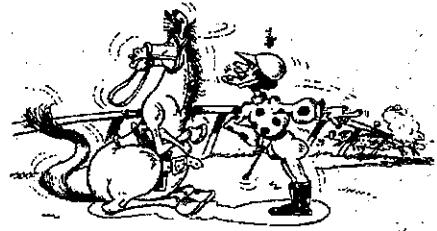


Bush Poetry Competition

Saturday 20th October 2001

Trophies will be presented for the best
Traditional and Original poems
in both the Junior and Senior Categories.
(See the letter on page 3.)

**Coonabarabran Tourist
Information Centre
02 6842 1441
or 1800 242 881**



Melbourne Cup Day is approaching. If you
have any racing poems for the next newsletter
please send them to me by the 17TH October.

And don't forget Christmas is soon after.
Please send in your Christmas Poems by the
17th November please.



Liz

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 requirement so the best idea,
if you are interested, is to get hold of:

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

Closing date: Friday, 5 October 2001



Claiming the Date

**THE 2ND
ANNUAL
BOOTS'N'BUSH
COUNTRY
MUSIC FESTIVAL**

**BUSH POETRY
CHAMPIONSHIPS
MURWILLUMBAH
SHOWGROUNDS**

24 - 26 MAY 2002

**GREAT COMPANY
GREAT PRIZES
GREAT VENUE**

MORE DETAILS TO COME



Round The Traps



Gippsland Bush Poets

Gippsland Writers Festival

27th & 28th October Entries close 28th September

Sections are:

Open — Secondary Students — Primary Students

The weekend includes Poets Breakfast, a Poetry Workshop and Poets in the Pub on Sunday afternoon.

Guest Poet — Neil M^CArthur

For more information/entry forms send SSAE to:

Claire Van Baalen
P. O. Box 186
Heyfield Vic 3858

Entry Forms are available on our web page:
www.vicnet.net.au/~gipwrite
or email: claire@i-o.net.au

For further information ring Dennis Carstairs
03 5145 6128 or email carstairs@i-onet.au

“Big Doo” at Brymaroo



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

\$5.00 entry per section

Cash Prizes — Entries close on 25TH September

Send Entries to G. Bowtel MS 444 Quinalow Q 4403

Ph/Fax 07 4692 1347

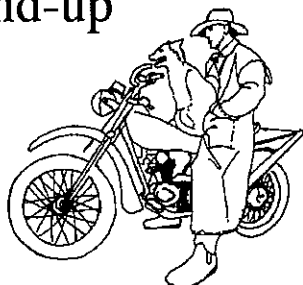
*The poetry competition will be held in a separate
tent away from the Country Music.*

Bush Poets Round-up Dorrigo

1pm — 4pm Saturday

27 October 2001

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

8.00 am — 10.30am. Sunday 28th October

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 more info call Murray 02 6657 2139

Meet the Folk at Moonba



3.00 pm - 7.00 pm Sunday 21ST October 2001.

Join Wally Finch, Mark Feldman, Rob Spence and
other bush poets for an entertaining afternoon/
evening of folk music and bush poetry. Free entry
with reasonably priced beverages and home made
snacks available.

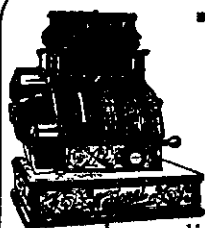
New faces segment always brings that extra laugh
and starts another person on their way.

Moonba Function Centre
406 Ipswich Road
Annerley Q 4103

Phone Anne on 07 3391 3553
email: moonba@eisa.net.au



Round The Traps



TO ALL MEMBERS

from the Treasurer

A reminder that our annual subscription is due 31.12.01. Financial members only are eligible to vote at the Annual General Meeting in January 2002 at Tamworth. If you know anyone who may be interested in joining the ABPA, new members joining after 1st October, get 15 months for the first \$25

Regards to all
Rosemary Baguley
Treasurer.

Mid year sale



Special offer extended to 31.12.01

\$10 including postage for four copies of back issues 3, 4, 5, and, 6 of the ABPA Annual. The 7TH Annual is available for \$3.00 per copy. Postage of \$1.00 will post up to 4 copies.

Please Contact Rosemary Baguley, Treasurer,
22/12 Tauris Rd
Capalaba Q 4157.



Glengallan Homestead Trust Limited Warwick Credit Union Federation Verse Competition

Open Section \$300 plus Glengallan Wine Goblets
Secondary \$125 plus Glengallan Wine Goblets
Primary \$75 plus Glengallan Coffee Mugs

Closing Date Friday 28TH September 2001

For entry forms contact

Glengallan Homestead trust Limited
Verse Competition
P. O. Box 2000
Warwick Q 4370

Inaugural Bush Poets Breakfast

in conjunction with

The Hastings Country Music Club Annual Festival

Wauchope Country Club
King Street
Wauchope

8.30 am Saturday 9th March 2002

Compered by Sam Smythe from Kempsey
Assisted by Coffs Harbour's own
Ed And Margaret Parmenter

Contact Rod Worthing
Ph/Fax 02 6581 3161



The Blackened Billy Verse Competition

Closing 30.11.2001

Written Australian Bush Verse
Entry Fee \$5.00 or 3 for \$10
Extra Entries \$3.00 each

Presentation of winners and highly commended

Imperial Hotel Tamworth

11.00 am Saturday 26TH January 2002

Prizes: 1ST \$300 Trophy and Certificate
2ND \$150 and Certificate
3RD \$50 and Certificate
Highly commended certificates

To enter, send SSAE to

Maureen Quickenden
P. O. Box 1164
Tamworth NSW 2340

Poets Breakfast & Competition

in conjunction with

The North Queensland Champion of Champions Country Music Festival

at the Pimlico Performing Arts Centre

Fulham Road
Townsville

Breakfast from 7.00 am
Competition starts at 7.30 am

Sunday 21ST October 2001

For further details and entry forms contact

Dawn McIntyre
Ph 07 4779 9368

or

Townsville Country Music Assoc. Inc.
P. O. Box 1518 Aitkenvale.
Townsville Q 4814.



Round The Traps



28TH MALDON FOLK FESTIVAL

with

Campbell the Swaggie, Geoffery Graham,
Graeme Johnson, Whipstick Wortho,
Richard 'Stretch' Leitch.

For information
Maldon Folk Festival
P. O. Box 135

Buderim Bush Music and Poetry Concert

at the Buderim War Memorial Hall
Main Street Buderim

3.00 pm — 6 pm Sunday 28th October 2001

Featuring the poetic talents of
Wally (The Bear) And Mary Finch
Glenny Palmer & Ron Selby
plus award inning singer/songwriter
Mark Tempamy

Tickets Adults \$15

Concession \$12.50 Children \$10

Bookings phone

07 5445 4888 or 5445 5794

or call at the Buderim Chronicle office
29 Main Street Buderim



Nobby Heritage Bush Games & Bush Poetry Competition

Proudly sponsored by
Heritage Building Society
2.00pm Saturday 13th October 2001
Rudds Pub Nobby Qld.

Entries Close 1ST October 2001

Entry Fee \$5.00 per section

Entry Form and Rules Nobby Heritage Assoc
c/- 45 Tooth Street
Nobby Qld 4360

Junior Written Competition

13-16 years

12 years and under

Entries close 1ST October 2001

For Entry Form and Rules

Gary Fogarty

P. O. Box 245

Millmerran Q 4357.

Melbourne Poets Union Group 2001 National Poetry Competition



Government House
Melbourne

\$1,000 in Prize monies

Closing Date October 2001

For more information and entries contact

MPU National Poetry Group

P. O. Box 266

Flinders Lane

Melbourne 8009

Definition of Bush Poetry

Australian bush poetry is poetry with good
rhyme and metre which is:

- (a) written by an Australian;
- (b) about Australia, its people, places,
things, and, way of life.

*From the Australian Bush Poetry Association Inc. booklet
"Guidelines for Bush Poetry Competitions" approved
at our AGM 2001*

ADVANCE NOTICE

Toowoomba Country Music Breakout

incl. Bush Poets Afternoon Smoko
Damper and Billy Tea

Male and Female Competition

Saturday 9th February 2002

For information Contact Ron Selby

P. O. Box 77

Drayton North Q 4350



Lairs, Larrikins Liars Review

Well, There's certainly a very keen audience of people who have braved the cool days and supported in strength the new "Lairs, Larrikins and Liars" bush poetry event organised by the Lions Club of Woodford.

The sessions have been eagerly followed by an enthusiastic group of people who have come along for a great laugh and a tremendous show. The audience have been treated to the talents of our local bards Lance Reason, Marilyn Masters, Zev Ben Avi and Mark Feldman, with the Five Alive Barbershop Quintet also joining in the line-up.

Lance Reason is a very capable and talented writer and performer of his own works of verse, reflecting humour, memories, incidents, characters and issues of bush life and the local area where he has resided most of his life. Lance is in the process of having his first book of verse published, and we look forward to seeing the works of this great poet in print.

Marilyn Masters, editor of the popular lifestyle newspaper "*Beyond the Fences*", writes mainly serious poetry, but has some humorous verse as well to add balance. Writing for the battlers, the returned soldiers and the families of the Viet Nam Veterans, Marilyn's work captures the harsh realities and the humour spawned in the face of adversity.

Zev Ben Avi, or "The Rabbi" as he is known, writes from a similar perspective, his work coming from first hand knowledge as a soldier in conflicts from the Six Day War as a Israeli Lieutenant Colonel, to his days as a Sergeant Major in the Australian Army in the Viet Nam war, and writes and speaks from highly learned experience on warfare and its aftermath and influence on the lives of they who have lived through it. Zev is also a regular at the Woodford Folk Festival, and mixes his

own unique brand of humour into poetry and stories.

Mark Feldman is no stranger to locals, having added the infamous "stringybark Bob" to Australian Folklore, and once held the coveted "Reciter of the Year" award, presented to him at the National Folk Festival in Canberra, 1998. Mark is the regular M.C. for the event, proudly presented on behalf of Woodford Lions.

Alan Handsley, along with his wife, Moya, are members of the talented local "Five Alive" barbershop quintet. "*There are five of us, and we are still alive!*" says Alan. They and the group have added a fine musical dimension to the event.

Joining the Woodford poets at *Lairs, Larrikins & Liars* have been visiting guests Wally "The Bear" Finch, Arcadia Flynn, Rob Spence and Pat Markey.

Wally Finch is the current president of the Australian Bush Poets Association, and left the crowd in no doubt why he is one of Australia's most decorated poets. Wally is a rabid patriot who loves to entertain and keep the great tradition of Australian bush poetry alive and well.

Arcadia Flynn, another fine writer of rhyming verse, tickles the funny bone with every performance of her own work and also the poems she has compiled into two volumes, one CD and a terrific web site called www.funnypoets.com. This site is filled with a collection of the funniest material from poets all around the country. Arcadia has a regular slot on the ABC radio 612 4QR at 10.30 am. on the last Friday of the month.

Rob Spence is another writer of renown, but known more for his unmistakable "bush tucker man" type hat, which distinguishes him from the crowd. His mixture of mirth and mayhem was a fitting addition to the line up at this great event.

The performances of Pat Markey of Kilcoy have given the crowd an insight into the works of this fine and talented matriarch of the Kilcoy Writers Group. Pat is an organiser and a regular at *Kilcoy Unplugged* and has taken out a number of poetry awards. We are pleased to say that Pat will be joining us as a regular at future shows.

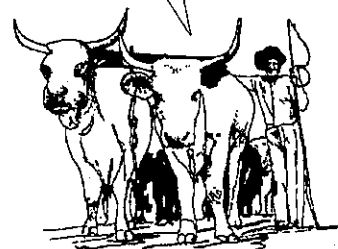
Lairs, Larrikins and Liars would like to give a warm and appreciative thanks to Jenny and Jerry Byrne of the Woodford Pharmacy who have allowed us to use the empty shop at 95 Archer St as our venue whilst it has been vacant.

Make a note in your diary that future Lairs, Larrikins and Liars will now take place in the fine and friendly atmosphere of

**Jalla's Café,
95 Archer St,
Woodford.**

All poets are welcome to come and support this great event — we will keep you informed of poetry competitions which will be taking place in the future — if you would like to know more please call Mark Feldman on 5496 1156 or 0407 625 408.

We're heading for
Woodford to see
the Lairs, Larrikins
and Liars!





Millmerran



GYMPIE MUSTER 2001

Twenty years at the Gympie Muster were celebrated in big country style this year at Amamoor State Forest. With Bumper Crowds and beautiful weather, the Muster was always going to be a success. This success as usual is partly attributed to the popularity of the Bush Poets at the Muster.

Neil McArthur and Gary Fogarty kicked off with the breakfasts on Tuesday to crowds of several hundred each day. Introducing their mates Gary Lowe and Bill Kearns they created an awesome team on their own, let alone when later joined on stage by the 2001 Australian Women's Champion Carmel Dunn, the Women's Weekly discovery Jack Drake and the spoken word co-ordinator from Woodford Folk Festival, Jackie Bridle.

Friday saw the arrival of the Naked Poets and the Poetry moved to a fantastic new Talent Search Tent that held a capacity crowd in excess of eight hundred.

The Naked Poets had a top show in the Theatre this year, the highlight being Billy Ray Elvis Essery who finally got to sing on the show (God save us). The Poets Brawl this year was won by 10 year old Grayden Kennedy from Rockhampton who stunned the crowd (and again next morning on the Breakfast Show) with his rendition of a whip cracking poem he helped to write with his mother.

The 'Musterbeenbloodygood' Poetry award was this year won by Arcadia Flynn of Maleny. This comp is a little more like a 'Poets Breakfast Format' with the judging almost left to the audience. The style of Poetry Arcadia Flynn won with would not be classed in the Traditional Bush Poetry style, but on the day won the hearts of the crowd (or most of them) and was judged most entertaining. All the finalists performed extremely well.

For those of you who enjoy a good campfire, a few ratbag mates to annoy you, and a sense of humour that borders on lunacy... come along to the Muster... I think you'll fit right in! Get well soon Bobby Miller, the Muster weren't the same with out you, you big Mango Muncher!

Marco Gliori

The Editor's Fax

Fax anything for this newsletter to 07 3886 0747. This fax works in combination with an answering machine and a phone; which means the phone may be answered first or a prerecorded answering machine message may play before the machine goes into the fax mode. Please be patient it will cut in eventually.



Come in Spinner:

Ron Selby winner of the yarnspinning section of the 5th Annual Millmerran Bush Poets Round-up last weekend.

The 5th Annual Millmerran Bush Poets Round-up was again a success, thanks to those who travelled to the town, the sponsors and the organising committee. The weather pleased a couple of Victorians and the local farmers. After a storm on Saturday night, Sunday was perfect.

The "State of Origin" finished in a draw with both teams scoring -136 points. The Beer Garden in Blandy's Tavern was a great venue, and most of the poets commented on it.

Special thanks must go to Ron Selby, who made the trophies for us, to Peter and Rosemary Baguley who again did a great job collating the scores, the Time Keeper/Runner Mike Spikings (a neighbour of mine who thought it was only Friday night he was required), Keith Caldicott, the CM singer (sore throat and all) and of course the judges and the comperes. The following are the results.

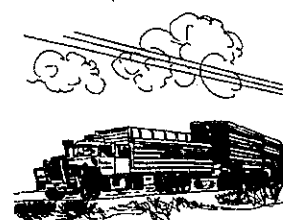
Yarn spinning: 1st Ron Selby, 2nd Ned Winter, 3rd Ellis Campbell. **Novice Original:** 1st Paddy O'Brien, 2nd Joan Lane, 3rd Mary Hodgson. **Novice Traditional:** 1st Mary Hodgson, 2nd Paddy O'Brien, 3rd Peter Gordon. **Intermediate Original:** 1st Paddy O'Brien, 2nd Jim Lysaght. **Intermediate Traditional:** 1st Mary Visser, 2nd John Johnson, 3rd Ed Parmenter. **Duo:** 1st Liz Ward & Lee Miller, 2nd Bill McClure & Lee Miller, 3rd Glori & Paddy O'Brien. **Open Female Original:** 1st Maxine Ireland, 2nd Lee Miller, 3rd Margaret Parmenter. **Open Female Traditional:** 1st Trish Anderson, 2nd Glori O'Brien, 3rd Margaret Parmenter. **Open Female Humorous:** 1st Lee Miller, 2nd Trish Anderson, 3rd Glori O'Brien. **Open Male Original:** 1st Ellis Campbell, 2nd Jack Drake, 3rd John Best. **Open Male Traditional:** 1st Jack Drake, 2nd John Best, 3rd Bill McClure. **Male Humorous:** 1st John Best, 2nd Ron Leikfett, 3rd Jack Drake. **Overall Champion:** John Best.

The weekend raffle results are as follows: 1st prize (Poets Corner Beach Umbrella) Jason McCashney. 2nd prize (Carton XXXX) Kev Barnes. 3rd prize (Three bottles of Governor's Choice wine) Kev Barnes.

Again I say thanks to all who came and I hope you all enjoyed the weekend, I'll catch up with you all in the near future,

Yours in poetry

Kev Barnes



Parkhill and Paradise

One month ago, on Friday the tenth of August in Brisbane, I was re-united with a very dear friend. This is half the poem I wrote for Mick. A tribute to our times together and a once in a lifetime mateship.

I'll speak to you of a sacred bond and a mateship I once had,
brothers-in-arms, inseparable, whether times were good or bad.
The money we had was always shared, there were girls we both
loved too,
travel on back to the sixties now, when our hearts were strong and
true.

Parkhill and Paradise we were called and I was a shearer then,
Mick had his ticket to class in sheds but preferred it with the men.
So he'd get a job as rouseabout, we'd sign for the same shed run,
It was easy to be together and travel through life as one.

I'm not here to just talk shearing, or go through the tally book,
but we worked hard and were proud as punch and we gave more
than we took.
Room mates, drinking mates, never a fuss — true as the days were
long,
if money ran out there'd be no blame our friendship was far too
strong.

At the end of May we would take a break and lob into Sydney
Town,
surprise our good mate Denis Ryan (at Milro) and play the clown,
The Burlington then The Royal George, we would mix it with the
push,
the folk singers, poets and beatniks, we were their boys from the
bush.

We'd go to the parties in The Cross and Paddo and Darlinghurst,
and when the money had all run out, Mick and I would be the first
to get The Herald, when it came off the press around midnight;
By seven we would be swinging picks on a Sydney building site.

Then after a month it took no words to know it was time to go
back out to the scrub to see our mates and to earn some decent dough.
We would make a call, secure a run and be on the daylight train,
heading out west to the life we loved on the hot and dusty plain.

'Twas out in Blackall in sixty-four, when the bottle took a hold,
Mick stuck like a mate and nursed me back from the rum and from
the cold.

Three months were lost from a young man's life, but the Barcoo
Hotel saw
the healing hand of a mate in need and a heart with an open door.

When I emerged from a Dark Abyss with a mate there by my side,
in the winter's sun on the Barcoo Banks, I recall his smile so wide.
We fished and we drank a bottle there, we'd beaten the horrors
down,
Sitting in silence and warmth and light and wearing a mateship's
crown.

Then back in the town that afternoon, we scored a fabulous run,
time to get serious once again, but also to have some fun.
As the tumbling tommy rose and fell, I was shearing at my best,
with the bogeye singing in my hand, I was focused on my quest.

The spring's a delightful time to shear, I was fit and lean as a tack,
at seven-twenty we'd race to the shed and at half past five race
back.

By the fourth shed I had reached the lead and Mick was as proud as
me,
a top tally shorn, with narrow-gear, two hundred and forty three.

Then three sheds later that run cut-out and destiny took a hand,
but of that time (we recall with pride) only some could understand.
It feels so good when you knuckle down and shine like an opal's
fire,
with love for a mate and the Barcoo land and spirits that will not
tire.

We mailed home once, our cheques and cash, in a blue sal vital tin,
wrapped in an old brown paper bag and a thousand pounds within.
Wishing we'd been wrapped up as well, so we could have seen
Mum's face,
when she opened up the sallie tin, crammed tight from top to the
base.

We "hit the scoot" in the School of Arts, with the money we still
had,
as we said goodbye to Charleville and to times both good and bad.
Being rescued then by Johnny Woods, we would breast that bar no
more,
and could not look back, for only ghosts, would smile through the
bat-wing door.

Those memories old now flooding back, may dim, but never tire,
for the special bond that united us, was forged in the western fire.
Out in the heat at the Back-o-Bourke, to the sheds and dried up
tanks,
the ghost of Lawson travelled with us and camped on the Darling's
banks.

Splitting we went our separate ways thirty five long years ago,
since then we have lived through joy and strife as the river changed
its flow.

But a blessing's been bestowed on us — when in Brisbane just
today
On the station out at Bracken Ridge, at last we have said good-day.

The meeting was more than just hullo, but clear that the brand it
bore
was stamped with a friendship staunch and strong, with pride at it's
very core.

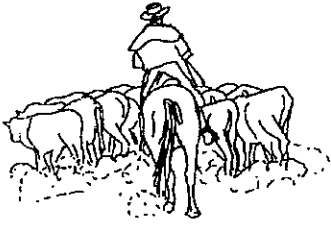
No need to talk, but we did just that, with nothing at all to hide,
we lived and laughed and drank and slaved, out there on the west-
ern side.

And now we're united once again, though we've never been apart,
for a good mates spirit never leaves, just flows through a beating
heart.

Whenever we let our last breath out, the journey will not end,
through the future ages time will sing, of a true and special friend.

© Roderick Williams. August 2001





A few months ago we published the Henry Lawson classic "Andy's Gone with Cattle". Have you ever wondered what happened or about Andy's return?

Andy's Return

With pannikins all rusty,
and billy burnt and black,
And clothes all torn and dusty,
That scarcely hide his back;
With sun-cracked saddle-leather,
And knotted greenhide rein,
And face burnt brown with weather,
Our Andy's home again!

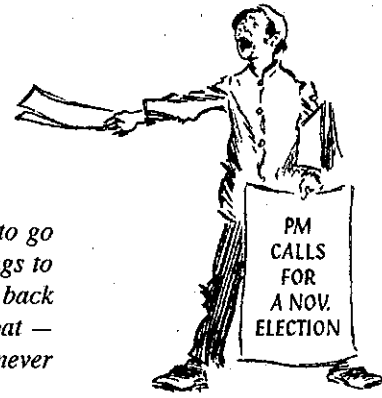
His unkempt hair is faded
With sleeping in the wet,
He's looking old and jaded;
But he is hearty yet.
With eyes sunk in their sockets —
But merry as of yore;
With big cheques in his pockets,
Our Andy's home once more!

Old Uncle's bright and cheerful;
He wears a smiling face;
And Aunt's never tearful
Now Andy's round the place.
Old Blucher barks for gladness;
He broke his rusty chain,
And leapt in joyous madness
When Andy came again.

With tales of flood and famine,
On distant northern tracks,
And shady yarns — "baal gammon!"
Of dealings with the blacks,
From where the skies hang lazy
On many a northern plain,
From regions dim and hazy
Our Andy's home again.

His toil is nearly over;
He'll soon enjoy his gains.
Not long now he'll be a drover,
And cross the lonely plains.
We'll happy be forever
When he'll no longer roam,
But by some deep, cool river
Will make us all a home.

Henry Lawson
When I was King, 1888



Mr Howard has announced we are to go to the polls in November which brings to mind another election 90 or so years back in a sleepy little village called Wombat — Post Code 2587 . . . Some things never change!

The Bridge Across The Crik

Joseph Jones and Peter Dawking
Strove in an election fight:
And you'd think, to hear them talking,
Each upheld the people's right.
Each declared he stood for progress and
against his country's foes
When he sought their votes at Wombat
where the Muddy River flows.

Peter Dawking, scorning party,
As an independent ran;
Joseph Jones, loud, blatant, hearty,
Was a solid party man.
But electors up at Wombat vowed to him
alone they'd stick
Who would give his sacred promise for the
"bridge across the crick".

Bland, unfaithful politicians
Long had said this bridge must be.
Some soared to high positions,
Some sank to obscurity;
Still the bridge had been denied it by its
unrelenting foes —
By the foes of patient Wombat, where the
Muddy River flows.

Up at Wombat Peter Dawking
Held a meeting in the hall,
And he spent an hour in talking
On the far-flung Empire's call,
When a local grey-beard, smote him with
this verbal brick:
"Are or are yeh not in favour of the bridge
across the crick?"

Peter just ignored the question,
Proudly patriotic man;
Understand a mean suggestion
Men like Peter never can,
Or that free enlightened voters look on
all great things as rot,
While a burning Local Question fires
each local patriot.

Joseph Jones, serene and smiling,
Took all Wombat to his heart.
"Ah," he said, his blood was "b'iling" —

He declared it "made him smart"
To reflect how they'd been swindled; and
he cried in ringing tones,
"Gentlemen, your bridge is certain if you
cast your vote for Jones!"

Joseph Jones and Peter Dawking
Strove in election fight,
And, when they had finished talking,
On the great election night
They stood level in the voting, and the
hopes of friends and foes
Hung on the box from Wombat, where
the Muddy River flows.

Then the Wombat votes were counted;
Jones two hundred; Dawking three!
Joseph, proud and smiling, mounted
On a public balcony,
And his friends were shrill with triumph,
for that contest shrewdly run,
In the House gave Jones's party a
majority of one.

Jones's party — note the sequel —
Rules the country of the Free,
And the fight, so nearly equal,
Swayed a whole land's destiny.
And the big things of the nation are
delayed till Hope grows sick —
Offered up as sacrifices to "the bridge
across the crick."

Dawking now is sadly fearing
For the crowd's intelligence.
Joseph, skilled in engineering,
Full of pomp and sly pretence,
Still holds out the pleasing promise of
that bridge when'er he goes
Up to Wombat, patient, Wombat, where
the Muddy River flows.

C. J. Dennis
Backblock Ballads 1913

Ed: You know, I've often wondered; did
the people at Wombat ever get their
bridge . . .

Paterson Writes in C. J. Dennis Style

In his book the Making of a Sentimental Bloke Alec H. Chisholm observes there were few who could accomplish what C. J. Dennis had. "... he produced ten books and booklets of verse in nine years. Between them they had captured the public fancy to a striking extent, and one of them — The Bloke — was to be both filmed and dramatised.

"All this represented a remarkable achievement, possible only in the case of a man having a lively fancy, warm facility in verse writing, and a wide knowledge of the Australian scene. You may say, if you will, that much of the writing was merely slick, but the truth remains that it was all very readable, in general exceedingly clever, and in parts memorable.

"The very slickness of the verse, perhaps, gave a wrong impression — The simple effectiveness of the rhyming tended to suggest that it was thrown off in a casual fashion. But such apparent 'easiness', of course, is apt to prove a delusion.

"An instructive tale was told to me, in 1927 or thereabouts, by George Robertson, the publisher. He then recently called in 'Banjo' Paterson, author of 'Waltzing Matilda', 'The Man from Snowy River', and many



other notable bush ballads — perhaps the most popular of all Australian bards next to Dennis — and had invited him to write a bush equivalent of The Sentimental Bloke.

" 'Here's the advance payment of £100,' said G. R. 'Let me have the material as soon as you can.'

"Paterson was past his prime then (was aged about 65) but he had no doubt of his ability to cover the assignment. 'Thanks,' he said; 'I'll get on with the work at once and will report progress in a week or two.'

"But when the Snowy River rhymester returned he brought no manuscript — only the cheque. 'Sorry,' he said, 'I've failed. I can't get any real ideas and I can't make the rhymes run. Here's your money back.'

"George Robertson laughed over Banjo's woes and expression. 'I'm convinced now,' he commented, 'that the writing of rhymes like the Sentimental bloke is not as easy as some people appear to think.'

"Doubtless Dennis himself, had he known of Paterson's failure, would have agreed with the publisher's opinion. For did he not observe in The Glugs of Gosh:

"To sing you a song and a sensible

song is a worthy and excellent thing;
But how could I sing you that sort of
song, if there's never a song to sing?"

Alec H. Chisholm

Foot note

Probably because of the Sentimental Bloke many of us today find it hard to think of C. J. Dennis as anything other than the Laureate of the Larrikin. But he has proven he is much more than that. Den wrote over 4,000 poems covering all aspects of Australian life from cricket to horse racing, from children's poetry to poetry about politics, from droughts to welcome rain, from bush to city and back again, from tributes to our pioneers and modern life as it was in his day.

In all this he showed not only an amazing range of subjects but a respectable range of poetic styles as well. Few poets anywhere can match his achievements.

Beyond a doubt, the *Sentimental Bloke* is not only Den's greatest achievement it is arguably the greatest success story in Australian poetry but having said that the whole series of the Bloke represents fewer than 100 poems out of the 4,000 or more Den wrote in his lifetime. If you love Australian poetry look some of them up some time. You won't be disappointed.

Wally Finch

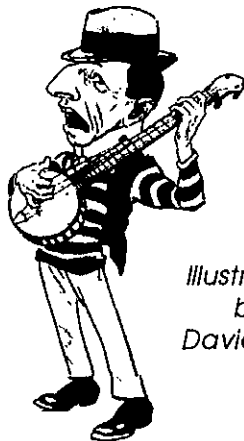


Illustration
by
David Low



Illustration
by
David Low

Product Shelf

Advertising in this section is \$5.00 for two months.
Please contact the Editor, 56 Orchid Avenue, Kallangur Q 4503



"Straight to the Heart" & "Closer to the Heart"

Two books of poetry from

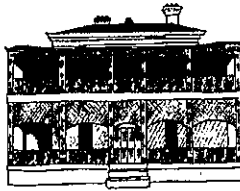
Brian Gale

Self published by Margaret River Printers

\$10 each or 2 for \$18 postage paid
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almost his entire work over 15 years
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25 Georgette Drive
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Carmel Dunn, Graham Fredriksen, Wally Finch,
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Raftery, Anita Reed, Noel Stallard, Ron Selby,
Milton Taylor and Mark Tempamy.

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P O Box 1 Lutwyche Q 4034.



Australin Bush Poetry with Trish Anderson

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Album of the Year 2001

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Trish Anderson
113 Manson Road
Hendra Q 4011
Phone/Fax 07 3268 3624

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1st place NSW Bush Poetry Championships
April 2001 Book of Verse

Book \$15 = \$1.20 postage
Compilation Cassette

Rod and Jessie

40 minute of variety \$15 = \$2 postage

Book and Cassette \$30
including postage

Contact Roderick Williams
40 Templeton Lane
Oxley Island NSW 2430
Phone/Fax 02 6553 2565



Isn't that all of us?

**by Wally (The Bear)
and Mary Finch**

\$15 including postage

Contact Wally and Mary Finch
56 Orchid Avenue
Kallangur Q 4503
Phone Fax 07 3886 0747



Beyond the Gate

Poems from a woman's heart

Jan Lewis

CD \$25

posted anywhere in Australia

Email address:
poetiam@comyongalbury.net.au

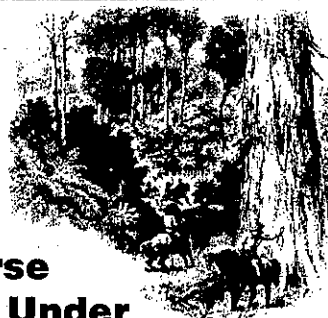


300 Funny Little Poems

from Denis Kevans

\$15 PP

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63 Valley Road
Wentworth Falls NSW 2782



In Verse Down Under

by Ken Dean

\$10 plus \$1.20 P&P

Contact Ken Dean
9 Korra St
Marrangaroo 2790



Hang-ups and Hand-Me-Downs

Bush poetry and other verse

\$12 posted

Jean Versace
MSF -415
Mt Garnet Q 4872



Regular Monthly Events

Take these pages with you on your holiday.
If you're passin' through
call in and say G'day)



Queensland

Every Wednesday	Writers in Townsville	7.30 pm	Hodel Room, City Library, Thuringowa, Phil Heang	07 4773 4223
Every Wednesday	Matilda Country Caravan Park	7.00 pm	Winton — Pinki & her Pee Wee Poets	
1st Sunday	North Pine Bush Poets Group	9.00 am	Dad 'n' Dave's Billy Tea & Damper	
			North Pine Country Park	07 3285 2845 or 07 3886 1552
1st Wednesday	Kilcoy Unplugged	7.00 pm	Kilcoy Gardens Restaurant	Graham 07 5497 1045 (gold coin entry)
1st Thursday	Red Kettle Folk Club	8.30 pm	Mapleton Hotel, Mapleton	Jacqui Bridle 07 5478 6263
1st Friday	Point of view Cafe	7.00 pm	Main Road Wellington Point	Rob 0419 786 269
1st Saturday	Poets & Musicians @ Eumundi	a.m.	Courtyard Rob's Bakery Eumundi Markets	Elizabeth 07 5449 1991
2nd Thursday	Golden Pen Poets	7.00 pm	Old Gympie Town Hall, Gympie	Phil Morrison 07 4773 4223
2nd Saturday	Bundaberg Poets Society Inc	For more	information please contact either Joan Lane	07 4152 or Sandy Lee 07 4151 4631
2nd Saturday	Sunshine Coast Poets	8.00 am	Nostalgia Town, Pacific Paradise	Rod 07 5448 7155 or Wally 07 3886 0747
3rd Sunday	Lairs, Larrikins & Liars	10.30 am	Jalla's Café, 95 Archer St, Woodford	Mark Feldman 0407 625 408 or 07 5496 1157
3rd Sunday	North Pine Bush Poets Group	9.00 am	Dad 'n' Dave's Billy Tea & Damper	
			North Pine Country Park	07 3285 2845 or 07 3886 1552
3rd Monday	Poets in the Park	7.30 pm	Cafe on the Park, Shorncliffe	Anne 07 3869 1282
3rd Wednesday	Kilcoy Unplugged	7.00 pm	Kilcoy Gardens Restaurant	Graham 07 5497 1045 (gold coin entry)
4th Thursday	Golden Pen Poets	7.00 pm	Old Gympie Town Hall, Gympie	Phil Morrison 07 4773 4223
4th Saturday	Sunshine Coast Poets	8.00 am	Nostalgia Town, Pacific Paradise	Rod 07 5448 7155 or Wally 07 3886 0747
Last Wednesday	Millmerran Bush Poetry Group	7.00 pm	Millmerran Bakery	"The Legend" Kev Barnes 07 4695 4209

New South Wales

Every Tuesday	Poets & Writers on the Tweed	1.30 pm	Meeting Room Tweed Heads Library	
			Cnr Wharf & Brett Sts	Lorraine Richards 07 5590 9395
1st Sunday	Poets in the Making	12.00 —	4.00 pm Casula Power House	David Price 02 9825 0402
	Performance Workshop		1 Casula St Casula	
1st Tuesday	Tuggerah Lakes Poetry Group	7.00 pm	The Entrance Leagues Club	
			3 Bay Village Rd Bateau Bay	Joan 02 4332 5318 or Judy 02 4388 5972
1st Thursday	North by Northwest	7.30 pm	Comucopia Café (grounds	Graeme Johnson 02 9874 7653 or
	Poetry and Folk Club		Old Gladesville Hospital off Punt	Jenny Carter 02 9887 or 0412 222 690
			Road - Follow the signs)	
2nd Monday	Parakeet's Poets	7.00 pm	Parakeets Cafe Katoomba St Katoomba	Denis Kevans 02 4757 3119
2nd Tuesday	Hunter Bush Poets	7.00 pm	Tarro Hotel Anderson Dr Tarro	Bob Skelton 02 4953 2751
2nd Wednesday	Dorriggo Mountain Top Poets	7.00 pm	April, June, August, October	Murray 02 6657 2139
2nd Thursday	Tamworth Poetry Reading Grp	8.00 pm	2/8 Illoura St Tamworth	Keith 02 6766 4164 or Maureen 02 6765 6067
2nd Friday	Pheasants Hut Folk Club		Bundeena	Yuri 02 9527 0955 or 0419 412 093
2nd Friday	The Monaro Leisure Club	7.00 pm	Vale St Cooma Bush Poetry & Country Music	Elaine 02 6454 3128
2nd Sunday	"Interludes" Ashfield Civic Centre		Ashfield	Joyce Dempsey 02 9797 7575
3rd Thursday	Wollondilly Regional			
	FAW Writers	7.30 pm	"The Hideaway" Davidson Lane Picton	Liz 02 4677 2044 or Vince 02 4684 1704
3rd Friday	June Bush Poets Group	7.30 pm	June Community Centre	Brian Beasley P O Box 82 June 02 6924 1317
2nd last Monday	The Mid Coast Sundowners	—	In a different private home each month.	
			For more information please phone	Reid 02 6554 9788 or Phil 02 6552 6389
4th Tuesday	Grafton Live Poets Society	7.30 pm	Poets in the Pub Roches Hotel	John Walker 02 6555 8122
4th Wednesday	Inverell Wednesday Writers	7.30 pm	Empire Hotel	Ida Morse 02 6722 2425
4th Thursday	Queanbeyan Bush Poets		Poet's Lane Queanbeyan	David Meyers 02 6286 1891
Last Tuesday	Spaghetti Poetry Group	—	Dinner 6.30 pm, Gee Wong Restaurant	
			Poetry 7.30 pm — 197 Main St Gosford	Bob or Ester Sennett 02 4325 2590
Last Thursday	Writers on the River	7.00 pm	Caddies Coffee Shop 2-3 Castlereagh St Penrith	Brian Bell 02 4739 2219
Last Friday	Kangaroo Valley Folk Music Club		Bush Poets Welcome	Carl Leddy re venue 02 4465 1621
Last Saturday	Australian Christian Writers Hunter Div			J Bray 11 Rhodes Pde Windemere Park 2264
	Baptist Church Hall	1.30 - 4.00 pm		
Monthly	Top of the Murray Poets & Bush Story Tellers			Jan Lewis 02 6077 4332
Every 2 months on	2nd Saturday Comucopia Café Poets & Folkies Get Together		Old Gladesville Hospital Grounds	Jenny Carter 02 9887 or 0412 222 690 or
				Graeme Johnson 02 9874 7653
2nd Saturday Oct	Poets in the Club 13 October	1.00 - 4.00 pm		Urunga Golf Club Maureen 02 6568 5269
Every 3 months	Poetic Folk		24 Finistere Ave Whalan 2770	"Arch" Bishop 02 9625 7245



Regular Monthly Events

(Continued)



Victoria

1st Monday	Kyabram & District Verse Group	7.30 pm	Kyabram Fauna Park	Mick Coventry 035852 2097
Every 2nd month				
Thursday	Gippsland Bush Poets	7.30 pm	Rosedale Hotel	Dennis Cartairs 03 5145 6128
Every 6 weeks				

South Australia

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

Western Australia

1st Friday	WA Bush Poets & YarnSpinners	7.30 pm	Raffles Hotel Canning Bridge	Rusty Christensen 08 9364 4491
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*These notices are included free of charge. Any group wishing to be included please contact the Editor.
If any mistakes slip by the Editor and our proof reader please tell us so we can correct them for next time.*

Sunshine Coast Bush Poets



596 David Low Way
Pacific Paradise
Sunshine Coast Qld

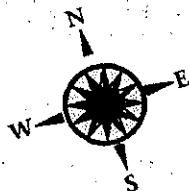
Brekky & Open Microphone
8.00 am 2ND & 4TH Saturday of the month

Free Admission

Superb Tucker at great prices

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

Ph 07 5448 7155 or 07 3886 0747



North by Northwest Poetry and Folk Club

7.30 pm 1st Thursday of the month

Compucopia Café

(in the grounds of Old Gladesville Hospital
off Punt Road - Follow the signs)

Graeme Johnson **02 9874 7653** or
Jenny Carter **02 9887 1856**
or **0412 222 690**



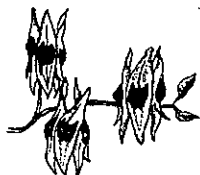
7.30 pm 1st Monday
every 2nd month

Kyabram & District Verse Group

Kyabram Fauna Park

Contact Mick Coventry

03 5852 2097



South Australian Bush Poets

7.30 pm 3rd Wednesday

Alma Pub Long Room
Willunga

Maurie O'Brien
08 8326 8788

*These illustrated feature notices
have been selected at random
as an experiment.*

*If you would like your regular
event featured in this way
please contact the Editor*

Elizabeth Colls
56 Orchid Avenue
Kallangur Q 4503
Phone/Fax 07 3886 0747

(A fee of \$5 for three months
will apply after December 2001)



7.30 pm 1st Friday

Raffles Hotel
Canning Bridge

WA Bush Poets & Yarn Spinners

Rusty Christensen
08 9364 4491

The Australian
Bush Poets
Association Inc.



Volume 8 Nº 10 October 2001

56 Orchid Avenue Kallangur Q 4503
Print Post PP 242018/0013

SURFACE
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*

The Australian
Bush Poets
Association Inc.



PLEASE JOIN US
IF YOU LIKE WHAT YOU SEE
IF YOU BELIEVE IN OUR GOALS
AND WOULD LIKE TO HELP US ACHIEVE THEM
OR IF YOU JUST LIKE BUSH POETRY

The Australian Bush Poetry Association Inc. was formed at a meeting in January 1994 at the Tamworth CM Festival.
The purposes of our Association are to:

- Foster the publication of a Monthly Newsletter 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 and as published verse.
- Encourage competitions both written and spoken.

Please complete this form and send it with payment to the Treasurer, Rosemary Baguley, 22/12 Taurus Rd Capalaba. Q. 4157.

Membership Form

(Photo copies of this form are welcome)

I wish to become a member of the Australian Bush Poets Association Inc. (Please use block letters)

NAME -----

HOME ADDRESS -----

POSTAL ADDRESS -----

SIGNATURE -----

AMOUNT ENCLOSED ----- Cheque/Cash/Other -----

Membership fees:

\$25.00 Single, Family, or club member. Juniors \$10.00 (Students to year 12).

NEW members joining after 1 July, \$13.00 to the end of December. New members joining after 1 October receive up to 15 months membership for the first year.

Our financial year is from 1 January to 31 December.