

The Australian
Bush Poets
Association Inc.



Volume 8 N^o 11

November 2001

Australian Bush Poetry Championships 2002 Will be at Yarrawonga/Mulwala

More details to come

A nine person committee was elected at the AGM in Tamworth in January 2001. The sole purpose of this committee was to adjudicate on the many proposals sent to the ABPA for the right to hold this prestigious event.

The submissions were called for via notices in our regular monthly newsletter. It was hoped we could decide on both 2002 and 2003 events. Most of the submissions sent in referred only to the holding of the 2002 championship.

Therefore a decision on the event for 2003 will be decided at our AGM in January 2002.

We sincerely thank all groups that sent in proposals and ask if you are still interested in holding the Australian Bush Poetry Championships to please forward a letter of confirmation prior to January 10th 2002.

Yours sincerely

R.G. Selby
Acting Secretary

2001 Annual

Hurry there's still a little time left (but not much) to make contributions in our eighth Annual Year book.

Please forward your submissions to our acting Secretary, Ron Selby as soon as you can. (Yesterday would be nice, and, even most appreciated.)

Please send them to:
Ron Selby
P. O. Box 77
Drayton North Qld 4350

Apology

Very important announcements which should have appeared in the October issue of our Newsletter were missed and we sincerely apologise to everyone concerned for the inconvenience. In an effort to prevent that happening again we have made some internal procedure changes. Any suggestion along these lines or any other matter which will make our newsletter better will be most appreciated.

Remember this newsletter is for all members and member contributions make it stronger and better. Your input is not only invited it's the most vital factor to our success.

Poetry submitted will be published as received (with author's spelling and punctuation intact). Editorial alterations other than my own typing errors will not be made unless invited. With the exception of material clearly ear marked for a specific time, e.g., Christmas, every effort will be made to publish all contributions in the next issue of our newsletter.

Liz Colls
Editor

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



PRESIDENT'S REPORT

G'day Everyone,

Last month, in a call for agenda items, it was mentioned that under our present constitution our Secretary must be a Queenslander. Perhaps we should say why and what needs to be done (if anything) to change that.

Our constitution, drafted in accordance with the rules of incorporation, states that our secretary (and only our secretary) must be a resident of Queensland. This is simply because our association was incorporated in this state. It was chosen that way mainly because incorporation fees cost much less in Queensland than other states. So our committee and members at the time made the choice which still stands.

That decision can be reversed any time we collectively decide but there are rules and procedures to be observed. Normally such choices are restricted to an AGM with due notice given so it can go on the agenda. Should we decide to have a secretary from somewhere else, then our association must legally apply for incorporation in the state or territory where the new secretary lives.

This involves some complicated procedures and of course the increased incorporation fees which will vary considerably from state to state. It has been suggested we try for national incorporation. I'm led to believe that means paying a fee in each state. As I recall, those at our last AGM seemed almost totally unanimous against that.

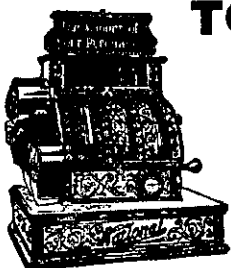
Ideally, our association should have committee members from every region of Australia. However, logistics make that somewhat impractical. Some of us think we are better served by a committee, like we have at present, that lives within reasonable reach of each other. But wherever committee members come from, we always need a committee capable of putting parochial attitudes aside and think of the common good of all members Australia wide.

Some food for thought, hey? Have a great month.

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.



TO ALL MEMBERS

from the Treasurer

A reminder that our annual subscription is due 1.1.02. 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.

Don't miss the past year book bargains. They are discounted till the end of the year. They make great Christmas gifts! See the notice on page seven. Hurry some years are already sold out.

Regards to all
Rosemary Baguley
Treasurer.

What is Bush Poetry Anyway?

It's all been said before I know. But there still seems to be some differences of opinion about what bush poetry is and what it ain't. So at the risk of what might seem to be nagging let me see if confusion can be cleared once and for all.

Taking a lead from former discussions and newsletter articles on the subject, our guidelines committee drafted a definition which states that . . .

Australian Bush Poetry is poetry with good rhyme and meter which is written:

(a) *By an Australian;*

(b) *About Australia, its people, places, things, and, way of life.*

This definition was approved at our 2001 AGM. For some it may appear to be a bit simplistic. If that is so, then, it is purposely so. Let us look at some of the poetry it allows under the broad heading of bush poetry and ask ourselves should such poetry be eliminated from this category? Perhaps we should also ask should we deny this or that facet of our heritage!

Foreigners (including everyone born overseas) should not write bush poetry! What a tragedy that attitude would be! Imagine our poetic heritage lacking in the works of poets like English born Adam Lindsay



Henry Lawson

Gordon or Scottish born Will Ogilvie (who returned home to Scotland but continued writing great Australian verse).

Imagine being so irresponsible as to ensure poets of that calibre never fire our hearts and minds like that again. No way! I can't and won't. For me there will always be room for the works of poets like these.

Bush poetry should always be set firmly in Australia! That way we don't have to acknowledge the deeds

of our Anzacs, or sporting heroes representing Australia overseas. The same applies to Australian artistic or scientific genius and many other disciplines as well.

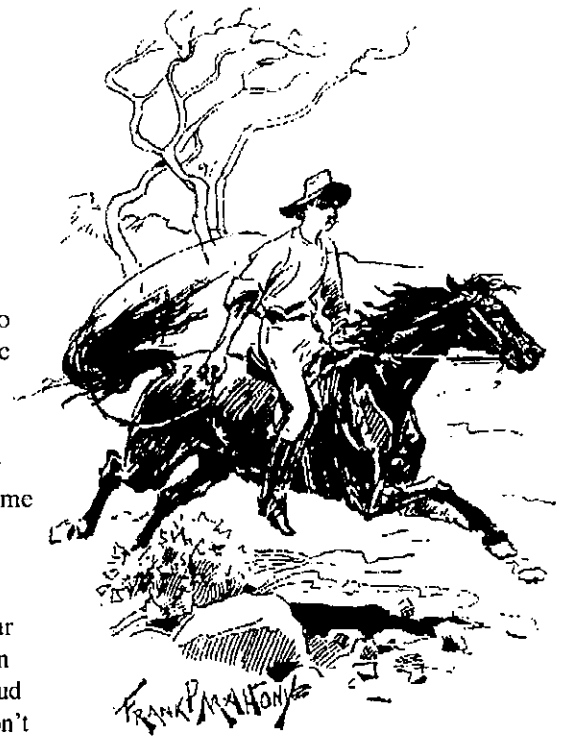
I can't accept that and I know a lot of other poets feel the same way. Look at how the recent Olympics inspired us as Australians and Australian poets. Of course, this time our Olympians were on Australian soil but would we be less proud of them somewhere else? Don't think so.

Bush poetry should be set in the bush! Another argument that can't hold up. Both Paterson and Lawson wrote of the things in cities. These works are regarded as acceptable whether they have a bush related theme or not. So where's the difference if someone else who has never been bush writes about similar subjects? Like it or not, we have been the most urban nation on earth for the best part of our one hundred years of Federation. It is strange to observe that, in spite of urban roots, as a nation most of us traditionally feel strong ties to the bush. I like to think that's a good thing.

City people with an affinity for the bush often write good poetry on country themes and help keep the spirit of the bush alive. But sometimes they will write of things closer to their own homes. I once heard a brilliant poem about the Box Flat coal mine disaster. Seventeen miners died there in 1972 and the city of Ipswich, Queensland was stunned with grief. The lady who wrote the poem apologised profusely for it not being "bush poetry".

We are so wrong to make any poet feel a need to apologise for great work. Please rest assured that bush themes will always continue to survive comfortably in harmony with other themes.

Possibly our greatest problem with what is or what is not bush poetry is the name itself. Those who have lived in the bush (the more isolated the better — the longer the better) often feel well qualified to write/perform bush poetry.

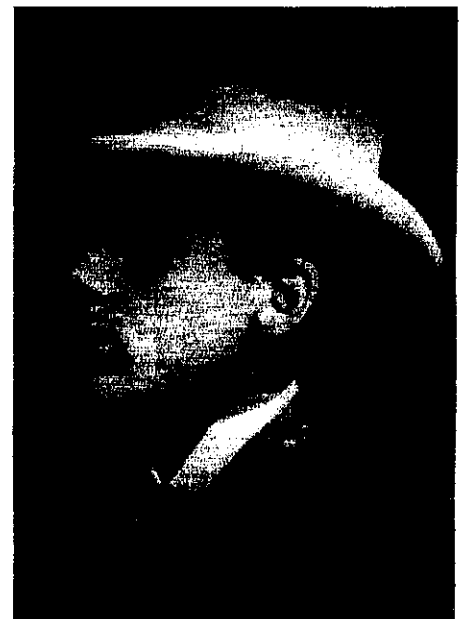


A Frank Mahone illustration prepared for the first edition of Paterson's "The Man from Snowy River & Other Verses". It was not used.

And so they are, but, so too is the lady with a so-called "funny" accent applying for a form to become an Australian citizen or a little boy with yellow skin in a Melbourne school. We are a multicultural society after all and have been since before 1788.

Perhaps a better name for our artform might be "Australian Folk Poetry". What a horrible thought! I don't know about you, I'm very reluctant to part with the name we have.

Wally Finch



A. B. "Banjo" Paterson in his younger days

Wordsmiths

EVER WONDERED WHAT A
WORD MEANT AND COULDN'T
FIND THE ANSWER ANYWHERE?
THEN THIS MIGHT HELP!



Introduction

Remember when "gay" always meant "happy"? A graphic example of how language is a living, constantly changing thing. Add to that the fact some words (or jargon if you will) in use by various groups are often beyond the expertise of people outside that group.

In poetry from our past we often come in contact with words and phrases not used for so long their meaning is lost (or on the way there). For instance, last month in the Henry Lawson classic "Andy's Return" who recalls the words "baal gammon" and, more pertinent, who knows what they mean? (I won't say what, till next month, to tease and to give time to test your skill. Please write in if you can work it out.)

Like most, I know some of the answers but don't know all. But maybe what I know is something you don't. And conversely, what you, or someone else knows may be something I/we don't.

In a discussion with Roderick Williams along these lines, the idea of a "words and meanings" newsletter series was born. Rod has generously consented to "kick it off" with some thoughts from the specialised language/jargon used by shearers of past and present.

From here the invitation is out. If you happen to use specialised words/phrases in any poetry submitted feel free to add a glossary to explain their meaning. I'd like to think this would be appreciated and it might be our contribution to recording words/phrases no longer used before they vanish forever.

Wally Finch

"I'LL BE FLAT OUT FOR A SIX AN' A CATCH"

In the October issue of the ABPA newsletter, my poem, "Parkhill and Paradise" was

printed and Wally asked me if I could give an explanation for several of the more obscure words or phrases in the poem. Obscure to people who didn't know about the industry, but common use among shearers.

This language is not just yesterday's talk and relates to specific situations and types of tools and machinery, but even as brands change, the general terms used — remain the same. So half a dozen lines has become three pages and as the shearing industry has played a major part in my life, I will explain several things in a bit more detail.

"**Lambing Down**" was common practice from the early days and has been well documented in stories, historical writings, songs and poems. But even when I entered the industry in 1960, shearers had to be careful and warned each other about publicans in different parts of Western Queensland and New South Wales. There was quite often danger involved in handing over a cheque and getting an advance on it or "**ticking up**" drinks and board. Just about everyone I knew had been ripped off in one way or another.

So when you found a good publican, you stuck with him. Because there would be times when you'd be in town (with no money) waiting for a shed to start, or flood waters to go down. Waiting because a shed had been put back, or maybe because you miss-timed your shed connections (through hold-ups or otherwise) and were trying to get another run in that area. During that time, The Pub was usually the only place

the itinerant shearer had — and you would "**tick up**" board and drinks, then pay that money back with your first visit to town, after the shed started.

The solidarity held by staunch shearers in the sheds, in turn, spilled over into the towns and you did not want "**bad-eggs**" or scabs to bugger up a system in town that worked well.

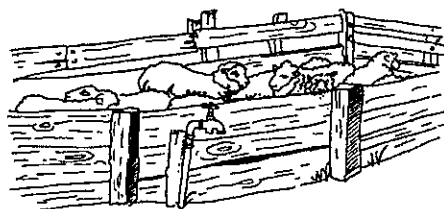
Two fond memories of mine, were times spent in The School of Arts Hotel in Charleville (when Charlie and Mrs Duke were the proprietors) and The Shamrock Hotel in Hughenden. I forgot who owned The Shamrock and understand that it was burned down quite a few years ago.

I would like to say that I experienced some of the very best of times and associated some of the straightest and most honest people I have ever met anywhere in the world. There are good and bad everywhere, but I get rather upset when I see people (who have little or no knowledge of the shearing industry) denigrate and generalise about shearers in their writings, labelling them as drunken no-hopers and trouble makers. Some of the statements I've heard over the years would make a lot of fine people (including Henry Lawson) turn over in their graves.

"**The Horrors**": The horrific, nightmare withdrawal from excessive drinking of alcohol over a period of days, weeks or months. Made worse by conditions, environment and type of drink, e.g., home made spirits, bad alcohol, methylated spirits.

"**Lambed Down**": The vile act committed by ruthless publicans against itinerant workers in Queensland and New South Wales country outback areas, particularly against shearers with well cut out cheques. They would drug the shearers' drinks, steal

(Continued on Page 5)





Wordsmiths

(Continued)

their cheques and throw them and their swag outside. Many died in the horrors or from dehydration (or both) on the track. The town of Young was once called 'Lambing Flat'. The name being changed, I understand, through community embarrassment. Shanty keepers used to prey on the miners and rob them.

"Pizzen, Poison": Drug in drinks.

"Run": Shearing run. You would **"do a run"**, i.e., a number of sheds back to back — for a contractor. If things worked out, many shearers would go from **'run to run'**, starting at the same shed each year. Then nearing the end of the year **"Do a cocky run"**. That means you would have a run of small sheds, being employed by individual farmers.

This was the relaxing and most social time for the full time shearer. Quite often you would stay in the home with the family, be paid above the going rate and have **"Tucker and tax thrown in"**. Or **"chucked in"** as some would say.

It was the time we all looked forward to after working hard in The Outback for three parts of the year. When suddenly there was no class discrimination and the local girls were just as happy (more in some cases) to dance with a shearer as with the local football hero, young bank manager or cocky's son.

I ended up a few times in the New England. Finishing up the year somewhere between Tenterfield and Walcha. Or down in Victoria around Benalla, Violet Town, Euroa area. My very fondest memory though, is of a three month run at Omea in East Gippsland, Victoria. Noel Carpenter (from Tenterfield) and I were treated like a couple of young Kings by the locals in the area who put on a special dance at the Hinnomunjie Hall for us. Wonderful people.

The term **"run"** is also used during the day, where four two-hour runs are worked to make up a ten hour day. Beginning at 7.30 am and ending at 5.30 pm.

"Cut out": The end (last day) of each shed, or each run.

"Cut out Party": Contractor or Cocky shouts drinks at the end of shed or run.

"Bogey or Lizard": Affectionate terms for the handpiece. The shape and movement being likened to a lizard. We call the shingle back lizard a Bogey.

"Hit the scoot": to get on the grog. Maybe drink heavily all weekend or during **"time off"** — for a period.

"Tumbling Tommy": Steel ball at the end of a short steel arm. Part of the equipment on each shearer's stand. Part of the **"over-head gear"**. A rope is attached to the steel arm and hangs down low enough for the shearer to reach while bent over.

When the shearer **"drags"** sheep onto the **"board"** and is **"in position"** he **"pulls into gear"** by tugging on the rope and letting go. The **"Tumbling Tommy"** flies over and the weight of the ball holds a small cone against a fly wheel attached to the main drive shaft, which immediately connects all (via a series of guts in tubes and cogs) working parts and the handpiece is put into motion.

Upon finishing the sheep or occurring problems, he **"pulls out of gear"**, i.e., disengages the equipment.

"Gear": A common term, e.g., **Shearing gear, Sunbeam gear, Lister gear, Moffat Virtue gear, Wolsley**, etc. **"Pack up your gear"**, **"wash up your gear"** — i.e., wash and dry your used combs and cutters at the end of each run (every two hours) for re-grinding, i.e., is to sharpen the tools.

"Team": Collection of shearers, rousies, expert, overseer, penner-up, cook in each shed. Always called **"The Team"** — NEVER called the **"gang"** which is a New Zealand Term.

"The Board": The shearing board or floor. You drag the sheep **"across the board"** — shear **"on the board"** — pick up **"on the board"** — **"sweep the board"** — **"wash the board"** — **"down the board"** — **"up the board"** — **"along the board"**, etc. I recently saw in a poem, the shearing floor described as **"The ring"**. This word is not used in that context by shearers.

"Ringer": The fastest shearer in any particular shed and must shear the most sheep for the entire shed. The person with the highest tally at the final ring of the bell. **"He rung the shed"**. **"The ringer"** in a shed may not necessarily be a gun shearer as it could be just an average team and the

fastest shearer may be flat out to stay in front.

"Gun": A top shearer who consistently shears a phenomenal number of sheep, regardless of their size, wrinkle, density, etc., e.g., Mickey Thomas, Paddy Wrinkletien, Jackie Howe, Jack McLoed, Denis Ryan, Snowie Tuckett, Jack Costigan, Elwyn Platts, among the **"Greats"**.

Here are some other phrases related to shearing challenges. **"I got him for one sheep"** — **"He went round me for two"** — **He's fast, he'll two-for-you** — **"He's a one run gun"** — **"He's a pop gun"** — **"He deuced me on the first sheep"** — **"He double-barrelled me"** — **"He cut me out for two for the day"** — **"He got the catch on me"** — **"I got him on the bell"**, etc.

The source of power at many sheds (still today) is the mighty diesel engine. I wouldn't mind betting there is the odd steam engine still in use. I **"shore"** in a couple of little sheds (a **"two stander"** and a **"three stander"**) down south twenty years ago, that used steam engines.

I hope these few explanations have been informative. I love the expression used about those shearers who have a deep passion and romantic attachment to the industry. I have it and a friend I had a yarn with today, Denis Ryan, is a hopeless bloody case. Affectionately, it is called **"sheep shit on the brain"**.

Good luck! And I hope you get a nice long run of **"bare-bellied ewes"** with **"necks like wood-ducks"**, **"Tucker thrown in"**. Out by a lovely big hole (full of yellow-belly) on the Barcoo River; every day a spring day. Oh yeah and I hope that all the rouseabouts are girls!

© Roderick Williams,
October 2001.





Round The Traps

Australian Bush Laureate Awards 2002

Categories:

- Book of the Year
- Book of the Year Original Verse
- Album of the Year
- Single Recorded Performance of the Year
- The Judith Hosier Heritage Award



A fee of \$11 per entry including GST applies

To be eligible product must be published/released between
November 1, 2000 and October 31, 2001.

The Closing Date is 15 November 2001

5 copies of each book or recording are required regardless
of how many categories entered or how many entries are
made.

Enquiries to: Leanie Renton
Event Co-ordinator
P. O. Box 135
TAMWORTH NSW 2340
Phone 02 6766 1050 Fax 02 6766 7314
EMAIL: MEM@MEM.NET.AU



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

The Tamworth "Country Energy" Bush Poetry Competition 2002

Featuring
"The Golden Damper Awards"

Tamworth Imperial Hotel
Cnr Marius & Brisbane Streets, Tamworth

Heats: 23, 24 25 January 2002

Finals: 26 January 2002

Two Sections: Original
Traditional or Established Works

Cash prizes for winners and finalists plus Golden
Damper awards for the winners of each section.

Entry fee \$5 per section

Entry forms available. Send SSAE to
Jan Morris P. O. Box 1164 Tamworth 2340

Phone 02 6765 7552 (Ah)

Meet the Folk at Moomba



3.00 pm - 7.00 pm Sunday 17th February 2002.

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.

Moomba Function Centre
406 Ipswich Road
Annerley Q 4103

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



Round The Traps

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

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

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, of way of life.

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

July 5th, 6th & 7th Bundaberg Poets' Society Inc.



present

Bundy Bush Poetry Muster 2002

Competitions: Opens, Intermediates,
Novices & Juniors

Entry forms available soon

Enquiries: Sandy 4151 4631
Marilyn 4154 1663 or Sam 4152 8316

Also the Bush Lantern Award for
Bush Verse 2002

Results announced at
Bundy Bush Poetry Muster week-end
July 5th, 6th, 7th 2002

Enquiries: Liz Ward 4156 3178



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
Maldon V 3463

Inaugural Bush Poets Breakfast

in conjunction with
The Hastings Country Music Club Annual Festival

Wauchope Country Club
King Street
Wauchope NSW 2446

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



On Ya Soapbox

Please send your letters to the Editor to:

56 Orchid Avenue
Kallangur Q 4503
Fax 3886 0747

Newsletter Poetry Shortage

Dear Liz,

Although I contribute verse from time to time, I have never written to "On Ya Soapbox" before, but I feel compelled to register my disappointment at the shrinking number of poems appearing in the ABPA magazine each month. Is it because poets are not contributing, or is it that too many letters to the Editor (which must be acknowledged and put to print) are too numerous and taking up the allocated number of pages? Now to have ones say is great but to the average person who took out membership as a means of gaining exposure to great Bush Poetry, they must be sourly disappointed.

September's 16 page issue contained only 8 such poems and that's your lot, thank you Ma'am! I know 3 people from down this way (not too far from Mulwala), who are considering not to renew their membership in December for this very reason.

I would like to make the suggestion that those of you who have something you wish to say normally in a letter, write it in rhyming Bush Verse, then EVERYONE will read it. Poetry can take the volatility out of the "bitching" whilst still getting the message across, the sharp comers of protest will be rounded by constructive criticism and the readers will marvel at your ability to put your feelings into verse which will, in turn, be enjoyed for what it is — poetry, not pettiness.

I remember reading a letter from Maureen Stonham where she voiced her opinion of presentation and then proceeded to inform participating poets on the correct manner of holding a microphone — this letter I read, absorbed and appreciated, as it was constructive.

My father always said, "Never criticise unless you are in a position or prepared to do it better yourself." I have always adhered to that principle and I suggest the writers of some of those letters take that

on board. To those who are unable to fill a position on the Committee because of geographical reasons, then may they be more tolerant and less critical of those who are giving of their best in time and effort for their love of Bush Poetry and their desire to see the publication of the ABPA continue. In closing I ask,

Please accept this as intended, for they say, "the less said, the easiest mended", so get behind Liz, for her job isn't easy, and on bended knee I say, "Please, pretty pleasey."

Best regards

Beth Bashford, Berrigan, NSW

Beth, your concerns are taken seriously and will be addressed.

Liz

Welcome

Dear Liz,

Your Dad's President's Report struck a chord with me and the result is the enclosed poem. It is just a little fun thing, but may be funny enough for the magazine.

I also like to say 'welcome' and wish you success as editor. I hope more poets will start to send their work in. I always like to read other's work and have a good laugh at times.

I hope your Dad has recovered and it seems he is rearing to go again. I wonder if I could wish Bobby Miller a speedy recovery; I believe he was on the sick list as well. All the best, Bobby.

The article on C.J. Dennis interested me. It is like meeting a poet for the first time. I knew nothing of his background, although I have a book of his poetry. Maybe this sort of thing could be included in future about our own famous Bush Poets of today? Just a thought. It would be interesting to know how they started out.

With best wishes and kind regards

Yours

Corrie de Haas, Helensvale Qld

G'day Corrie, thank you for the kind words of welcome. It's always good to receive encouragement. I promise to do my best at it. I loved your poem and it's on page 14.

Dad did too and he's well and truly on the road to recovery and grateful for it. We all share your sentiments for Bobby Miller's recovery along with hopes that other

members having a hard time with their health get well soon. I agree it'd be great if there were more articles like last month's one on C.J. Dennis and, of course, present day poets as well. It's a great suggestion Corrie and I hope we get a flood of articles on our great poets, past and present.

Thanks again

Liz

From The Legend

Dear Liz,

Just a short note to say "congrats" on the newsletter — well done! Keep up the good work.

Yours in Poetry

Kev Barnes, Millmerran, Qld.

Thanks for the vote of confidence, Kev. It's appreciated. Kev's poem, "The Cup", is on page 12.

Liz

"The Branding"

Dear Liz,

In the July edition of the ABPA newsletter, was a request for the name of the author of a poem entitled "The Branding". I found this poem in the Royal Agricultural Society of Victoria's "A Thousand Campfires" which gives the author as John Russell. Somewhere in my memory I think that he, (John Russell), was not a bushman but a gifted poet who was staying on the property at the time. Further, I feel that this poem won an award; was there ever a "Golden Spur Award"? That John Russell was the author appears to be fact, — the rest is just an old man's attempt to recall some niggling info.

Sincerely

John Caston, Buderim Qld.

John, Many thanks for sharing what you learned. One way or another most requests for information or poetry come to a positive conclusion. Its nice see John chose to pass it on to the rest of us.

Liz

"Professionals"

Dear Liz,

Thank you for taking on a precarious position indeed. I hope that your abilities will shine. I would like to add a comment on so-called "professionals" and contests — if anyone can relate to bush poet's income



On Ya Soapbox Continues

to that of say, an orthodontist (most are more crooked than anything they are trying to straighten), or a poet's ability to sway a crowd to that of a smooth-talking politician, the argument may be worth pursuing. I know that as a winner of 19 first prizes in poetry contests I am still more than two hundred dollars behind the eight-ball when prize money is deducted from entry fees.

Who is to say that just because someone scratches out a living performing poetry, that he or she is any better at the job than the so-called amateur? We all need to get on with the job, polish up our own acts instead of whining over sour grapes.

Yours faithfully

Brian Bell, Glenbrook NSW

PS — are you taking contributions for an annual this year?

PPS — I wrote this little poem recently

Public Service

I'm working for the Government
by day and dreary night.

I'm adding up and checking down —
I have to get it right.

I'm working till the midnight hour
and there are lots like me,
all quite efficient businessmen
before the GST.

PPPS — Time of the Annual General Meeting is best where it is — inconvenient but at least at that time there's a break in the performances.

Thanks for the kind words Brian. Our acting Secretary, Ron Selby is collecting poems for the Annual right now.

Liz

Tamworth

Dear Liz,

Congratulations on your new look newsletter, especially "Around the traps" very eye catching. You are asking about Melbourne Cup and Christmas poems, I would like to send one in for Tamworth in January.

The year 2000 was my first trip to Tamworth. I stayed with our son Jess who was working and singing in Tamworth at the time. We missed the record breaking

line-dancing in the street, so next day Jess dropped me off at a hotel to catch up with them there.

Hardly anybody turned up, as most people were heading home, so they had decided not to dance. When I told them I had not seen line-dancing they said, "We couldn't have you coming all this way and not see the dance," so nine line-dancers did a dance just for me. For the rest of the year I had been trying to put this experience into verse and it was just before the Tamworth competition 2001 that I wrote "Tamworth Revisited". The "Home Hospitality Family" that we stayed with sent the "Special Collectors Festival Sunday Photo Souvenir" on to us after we arrived home as my photo appeared in it on page 12. "The Pondering Poet", it had been dubbed. I knew my poem, it must have been the pre(r)amble that I was pondering.

Thank you for taking the time to read this. It may not be what you are looking for.

Yours sincerely

Mary Mott, Stradbroke Island, Qld.
Email: mott94@bigpond.com.au

Mary, many thanks for your letter it's just what we are looking forward to in the mail bag. Your welcome poem has been put on hold till closer to Tamworth. Love the word you invented "preramble". It's a bewdy!

Liz

Greetings from South Australian Bush Poets

When Maurie sent in some poems for the Newsletter we asked him to tell us a bit about the South Australian poets as most of us here in the east don't know much about our crow-eating cousins. Hope to hear a lot more, hey? Maurie's poem is on Page 14 and there's one held over for next month's Christmas issue.

Liz

Dear Liz

The SA Bush Poets Association has been around now for almost 5 years. It was started by Bob Magor and Peter Chapman to foster bush poetry in South Australia.

We currently have just over 30 members, and about 20 of these regularly attend our monthly meetings which are held on the 3rd Wednesday of each month. We meet in the cosy surroundings of the Alma Hotel at Willunga — a small town just south of Adelaide.

At our monthly get-together we share our love of bush poetry, and are blessed with the talents of some pretty good poets.

The South Australian Bush Poets run Bush Poetry Sections of the Country Music Festivals at the Riverland in June and at Port Pirie in October. Some of our members perform at service clubs and nursing homes.

Unfortunately distance prevents us joining with other poets at events around Australia — but we are looking at ways of correcting that. Meanwhile the ABPA newsletter keeps us in touch.

If any bush poet, from anywhere in Australia is ever down our way we would love to catch up. Just give us a ring and we will guarantee a good time.

Meanwhile keep up the good work — the magazine is great!

Regards

Maurie O'Brien
President SA Bush Poets
Morphett Vale SA

*Members can contact Maurie and Diana O'Brien by phone on 08 8382 1504 by fax 083268 788 or by email
radio@chariot.net.au*

Get well soon

With sadness comes the news of Spen Anderson's recent major surgery.

May you be blessed with inner strength needed to keep positive throughout the treatment to come.

You and Trish are both in our thoughts and prayers.

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.
\$1.30 will post up to 4 copies.

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

R Pages

"The Faded Word". Best Yarnspinner and the winner of the "Johnny Johanson" Award was Des Ginnane. John's son (another John) was there to present the perpetual award. The "Skew Wiff" Award was won by Max Love for his wonderful impressions of musical instruments and animal noises. Ripper Max!

An audience of 100 people enjoyed a "Bonzer" night. Thanks to all those taking part. By the way we had 176 entries in the Primary Schools Written Competition and we gave Book Prizes and Encouragement Awards to each School. We have our next formal meeting on 1st October. On the 1st November we present The Geoffery Graham Show "100 Not Out" at the KY Club. And our Christmas Break up night will be Monday 3rd December.

Hooroo!

"Skew Wiff" Watt

KY Bush Verse Group
present
Geoffery Graham with

"100 Not Out"

at the KYABRAM Club
Thursday 1st November 8 p.m.
Admission \$10.



The Big Doo At Brymaroo

On the 7th October, approx twenty poets competed in the Bush poetry section of the Country Music Festival run by the Dalby Country Music Club. It was interesting to see there are a number of Poets that do not compete at our regular events, such as Ray Wright, Andrew Wotton, Jack Scheikowski and Paul Molony from Miles, Keith Rice from Chinchilla and Stewart Hopper from Bell plus three very talented young ladies named Shannon Fogarty (now that name rings a bell, doesn't it) a young lady from Woombye by the name of Christine Davis

and Tanya Harch from Dalby . . . Not only good poets but great singers as well.

The Country Music Club runs a category called "Anything Goes" which was won by Evan Schnalle who knocked them dead with his rendition of "Turbulence".

The results of the competition were —

Novice Original 1st Ned Winter, 2nd Ray Wright, 3rd Shannon Fogarty
Novice Traditional 1st Ned Winter, 2nd Tanya Hardy, 3rd Ray Wright
Open Original 1st Jack Drake, 2nd Stewart Hopper, 3rd Olive Shooter
Open Traditional 1st Jack Drake, 2nd Ron Liekefett, 3rd Bill Glasson
Open Humorous 1st Jack Drake, 2nd Ron Liekefett, 3rd Bill Glasson

Submitted by Ron Liekefett



Palma Rosa Poets

Despite the cancellation of CHOGM the planned Palma Rosa Poets evening went ahead — and what a great night it was — award-winning poet Jack Drake from Stanthorpe kept everybody laughing with his hilarious stories in verse and traditional poet Geoff Sharpe from Nerang balanced the evening with his professional performance.

Supporting both these great poets was award-winning singer-songwriter Mark Tempany from Brisbane. Mark, a great favourite of the Palma Rosa Poets left early the next morning for an extensive tour of the south.

Our next Palma Rosa Poets evening will be held on Tuesday 20th November when the outrageously funny Shirley Friend teams up with Father John O'Brien (alias Noel Stallard) — What a challenging combination that will be!

Bookings essential —

Palma Rosa ,
9 Queens Rd.,
Hamilton

Tuesday 20 November 7 for 7.30 p.m.
\$18 including supper BYO drinks

Bookings and Enquiries

Palma Rosa 3262 3769
Trisha Anderson 3268 3624



Got a poem to publish?

Thanks everyone for the response for racing poems and a few for Armistice Day which I never thought about last month.

One of the original purposes of our newsletter was to publish the poetry written by members. Please keep 'em coming.

Have you seen the not too subtle signs in the shops? Yes, next month it is Christmas already. Any poems with a Christmas theme are very welcome. And before we know it January will be here. Any early poems to kick start 2002 are very welcome as well.

L12

**Don't forget Membership fees
are due after
31 December 2001
That's \$25 for a whole year.
Remember only financial
members can vote
at our AGM.**



!A Training On The Great Murray!

Wild thing. Bright thing
Swift thing. Light thing
With silky black hair falling over your eyes.

Nervous, Excited
Distrustful, Alighted
Nostrils extended like twin butterflies
Crimson and quivering
While you stand shivering
Shaking the silky black hair from your eyes

Quietly you let me near
Nothing for you to fear
Ah now your learning we're friends not foes

Feel me caressing
Never distressing
Rubbing the velvet just over your nose
Now the skins known
Wind and suns touch alone
Gently my fingers move, steady and slow

Sniffle don't shake away
Closer don't break away
Dance on your slender legs then quiet so
Letting me never steal
nearer until I feel
All that distress is like a dream past
Wild thing. Bright thing
Swift thing. Light thing
Ah muzzle into me now.
Friends not foes at last.

© Kate Poole 11 years

An Australian Gem

The Melbourne Cup's been run again
Many dollars laid in bets
On the course and through the TAB
And millions watch it round the world
It's an Australian gem — to see.

For weeks we've studied form
This race lure thousands in
Ladies planning fashion wardrobe
Hats and shoes and frock
Trainers planning tactics for the run
This time most got quite a shock.

November 2001

Mares don't win was the general cry
1988 was just a fluke
'The Rose' was freak female
It won't ever be done again!

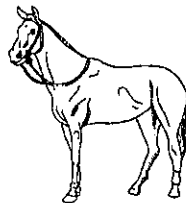
But who had it won a yard from home
A mini dynamo
Petite and pretty, Champagne Miss
With speed of light she really flew
Until the 'Jezza' levelled up
She's quite some fleet girl too
Some inches better than the rest
She stole the show, the Cup, the kudos
She really let them know
A quinella to the 'ladies'

Tossing head and swishing tail
"Mares can't win eh!" she neighed in scorn
Prancing back through lines of roses.

She won a packet for the Packer
And Williams earned some chips
Punters sighed and tore up tickets —
For them it was no bliss.

But they cheered and clapped her in
Acknowledging her feat despite their losses
For punters are a fair minded bunch
Who'll wager on all kinds of things
Sometimes on a niggling little hunch.

The Melbourne Cup's been run again
Australia's horse-racing jewel
Year after year it gets me in
Am I the horse lover — or a fool?



© Joan Lane

The Cup

Darrin Beadman once said, "All horses can run two miles, some faster than others!"

On a Tuesday in November, all work is given up,
'Cause Aussies 'cross the nation, listen to the Melbourne Cup.
How many can remember the horse who won last year?
Have a bet with your mates, to see who buys the beers!

The whole state of Victoria, has a holiday,
An' people come from round the world, to be there on the day.
There's top hats and there's tails, and a

whinge or two.
And the ladies strut their feathers, just like peacocks do.

There's picnics in the cat park, and champagne everywhere,
Most punters sit there on the ground, while others bring a chair.
There's morning teas and lunches, and sweeps for all to win,
'Cause gambling on the Melbourne Cup is really not a sin!

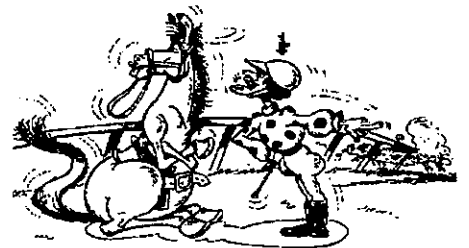
Everyone makes their selections, in their special ways,
Colours, stars or numbers, doesn't matter if it pays.
Everyone becomes an expert when the Cup is near,
And it's mostly those who have a bet, only once a year!

The horses and the jockeys parade with such fanfare,
They can see the winners circle, and they're hoping to be there,
The owners and the trainers have tried their very best,
Now all the work that they have done will be put to the test.

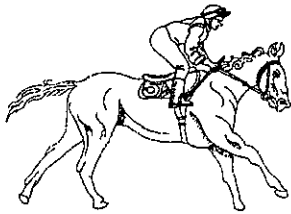
The race is worth a million to the fist horse past the post,
But the bookies make a billion, taking bets from coast to coast,
The Cup is prized treasure, among the racing crowd,
And anyone who wins one, you will hear cheer long and loud.

I've heard the trainers saying they'd give the whole game up,
If they only has that special horse and won the Melbourne Cup.
So let me tip you all the winner, for that special race this year,
Hear me and be a grinner . . . Don't bet . . . Just have a beer!

© Kev J Barnes
'The Legend'



What can go as fast as a race horse?
The Jockey!



The 1992 Toowoomba Cup

It was down at Clifford Park with the lights on after dark,
 "It's the first race under lights!" they said
 to me.

T'was the great Toowoomba Cup that
 had stirred the punters up,
 And there were others who had come
 along to see.

I'd heard some racehorses like to run on
 wet racecourses,
 Whilst most prefer a track that's pretty
 dry;
 And some don't show much pace on
 either bloomin' place,
 They'll end up at the knackers bye and
 bye.

Down there at the races I stared at all the
 faces,
 As the punters found a likely horse to
 back.
 The excitement was electric and the pace
 was often hectic,
 As the horses thundered down the racing
 track.

The Kiwi, Waigani Drive, really brought
 the crowd alive,
 With jockey P. Wolfgram in the seat.
 Full Suit he really tried and Bernie's Boy
 got tired,
 For they found the winner just too hard
 to beat.

And the names they give those horses
 that run on our racecourses,
 You wonder how they came to think 'em
 up,
 Fortune's Crossing, Laird of Luss,
 Hurley Town, Archetype, Remus,
 All running in the great Toowoomba
 Cup.

Prize Crusader, Lord Dalmar, Kyoei
 Dapper, Classic Alydar,
 Distinguished names of horses sounding
 swell.

Beauty Sleep and Royal Decor just to
 name a couple more,
 Royal Jono and Big Grand were there as
 well.

Hi Bernard, Open Event, now I'm not
 sure how he went,

Slip Knot was another gelding's name,
 Sweetshower and one called Steamy are
 two that's really dreamy,
 Adds colour to the famous racing game.

Some punters backed the winners and
 they were happy grinners,
 As they pocketed their lucre with a
 smile.
 Did they have a system going or was it
 luck they're showing?
 That won them all that great, big money
 pile.

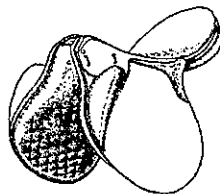
But back near the enclosure still gaining
 his composure,
 T'was a punter who had lost a heap o'
 dough,
 he said, "Strike me bloomin' pink, I think
 I'll have a drink,
 And drown the memory of that horse that
 ran so slow."

I played the racing game and I picked a
 pretty name,
 T'was a horse that really should be good
 to stay.
 His name was Golden Dome, now he
 should bring the money home,
 But he was Irish and I think he lost his
 way.

The gorgeous fashion should have raised
 a lot of passion,
 But the menfolk had their minds on other
 things.
 The bush poet and his boy and the
 singers brought some joy,
 It was good, old Aussie entertainment
 mate.

So, if you'd like to go and see a racing
 show,
 And watch the punters blood pressure go
 up.
 Just go to Clifford Park with the lights on
 after dark.
 Be a patron at the great Toowoomba Cup

© Max Jarrott, Killarney, Qld



The Angle of the Tail

T'was somewhere up the country
 where the gum trees gently sway
 And good old picnic races
 were the order of the day.

Although the rules were hazy
 And somewhat understated

just one, was all important
 A rule now antiquated.

They could come from near and far
 With variety of class
 But race committee's ordered
 They must be fed on nature's grass.

Now breed was not essential
 Nor the placement of the hips
 But not one grain of fodder
 Must go past those horses lips.

The race committee quoted
 You may train them twice a day
 But feed them in the paddock
 And you must not feed 'em hay.

Four days before the races
 Exercising with her grey
 Old Martha Mary Logan
 Spied a very stylish bay.

Old Martha grew suspicious
 As he raced around the track
 no sign of being knackered
 With ten stone upon his back.

He looked so sleek and lively
 When compared to all the rest
 She said I'll get this sorted
 Long before the final test.

She sifted through the droppings
 Where stable hands would chuck it
 She daily stalked that bay horse
 In hand a rusty bucket.

No evidence forth coming
 Finally race day came around
 She knew, but could not prove it
 Not one speck of grain she found.

Martha Mary thought her horse
 Champion jockey on his back
 Could stand a chance at winning
 Till the bay pranced on the track.

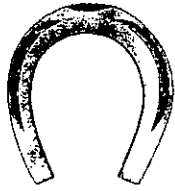
The race was almost started
 The bay lifted up his tail
 Martha rushed in
 But she could not find a pail.

Then desperation gripped her
 Martha grabbed the steward's hat
 Shoved it underneath the tail
 And gave the horse a pat.

She raced back to the steward
 with this sea of floating grain
 Who reluctantly agreed
 That the evidence was plain.

The owner of the bay horse
 Then protested with a wail
 His horse was only beaten
 By the angle of it's tail.

© Norma Jeffries



Harry and the Bay

"Harry's Place" the old plaque said just
"Harry's place".

set above the bar where he always sat.
An ex jockey, honest in every race,
he was once a champion on the flat.

He came there daily in his walking frame
badly battered by a fall in a race.

His body now bent and his mind not the
same,
wearing his old faded silks — just in
case.

He always carried his racing form of
course,
no matter that it was twenty years old.
It told a story about him and his horse
favourites in the cup — him and
"Tinker's Gold".

Many is the time he'd been offered a
beer
and he'd say "I'd like one truth be
known,
but no thanks, not while I'm riding see
— no fear".
Then he'd be back in that world of his
own.

The drinkers there all knew his sad
story —
how he'd fallen in that last tragic ride.
They watched him, his mind still seeking
glory,
easing his phantom race horse into stride.

Mentally he'd see "Tinker's Gold" with
him astride
and he'd be back — the cup was there to
gain.

No stopping now — like the wind he'd
ride.
urging on his bay with heel and rein.

Around him he could see every other
horse,
each one with it's colourful jockey up
He could picture the cheering crowd at
the course
and feel the magic of the famous cup.

The riding instructions rang clear in his
ears,
"Treat him like a stayer — go out easy,
son".

He took deep breaths to ease his nervous
fears
and planned again how the race would be
won.

The wait for the start seemed eternally
long.

Those at the bar saw him poised and
ready,
hands holding the imaginary reins strong
and the heard him whisper to his horse,
"steady".

Then hands and body thrust forward they
were off.

"Don't rush it", he said to himself, "just
wait".

He closed in behind Ed Johnson on "The
Toff"

and eased his mount into a steady gait.

There was quiet at the bar as they
watched him,
his crooked old body now seeming
strong,
his face set in a determined grim,
more alert now than he'd been for so
long.

Two out and well placed, keep calm,
keep calm", he thought,
— then an opening and he was though,
"Good position now — watch it through
— don't get caught!"
He was on the rails, the bay running true.

The final turn coming up, just three
ahead.
He eased his hands forward, "It's time
boy, — HUP!"
He left "The Toff" behind him and
passed "Red Ned".

Now just one stood between him and the
cup.

Neck and neck they raced, neither one
giving in.
In the straight, first one then the other
led,
this was the one prize that Harry ached to
win.
— Then the line — and "Tinker's Gold"
by a head.

Old Harry seemed transformed as they
watched him.

A toothless grin split his weather lined
face
and a spark danced in those eyes that
were once dim.

He looked at them — none moving in
that place.

"I'll be thanking you boys, now I'll have
that beer,

we just won the Melbourne Cup, me and
the Bay".

then he added as he shed a little tear,
"That's it though — time to give the
game away".

© Maurie O'Brien 2000

Multi-coloural

My Grandpa once said to me,
We've ink inside our veins."
Now thinking back upon those words,
I see them as life's gains.

I've always had a secret wish,
to mingle with nobility, so
it is a certain blood I need
to fulfil that fantasy.

I'm facing a predicament though,
there's so much choice in Life;
my bios come in so many shades
to choose one gives me strife.

There are reds and pinks and purples,
but my favourite still is blue.
I write my best words in a shade
my Muses vow true blue.

So when I strike a writer's block
I phone the nurses at Red Cross,
and beg for a blood transfusion
when I'm at a loss,

for words to put to rhyme
a poem to be seen
in the best of publications
and on my P. C. screen!

So yes I have some ink in me;
It's a mixture, I am sure,
but how to change my blood to blue?
I have yet to find a cure.

© Corrie de Haas

August Wind

High up in the mountains snow has fallen
deep,
From these lofty heights the wind begins
to sweep.
Gentle at first it whispers by slopes and
gorges wide,
Gaining in momentum where hills and
plain collide.

Whistling over open space, no longer just
a breeze
Rejoicing in its power to sway and bend
the trees.
Icy fingers grip the earth, cold needles sting
the skin,
Snow and August wind perhaps long ago
were kin.

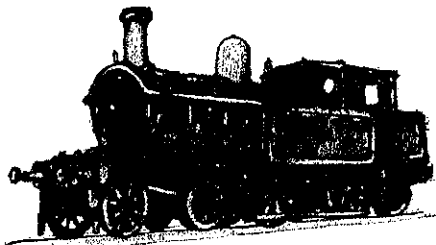
Rushing through the naked trees bare in
winters style,
Racing down deserted streets for mile
after mile.

Those with sense stay in doors warm be
side a fire,
Whilst outside the bitter wind sings in a
mournful choir.

Overhead grey leaden clouds rush across

the sky,
Such harsh wind day and night begs the
question why.
Treats alike the pious or those who may
have sinned,
It does not differentiate, that wicked
August wind.

© Gary Boyd



The Days of Steam

I grew up in the 50s
When steam trains were the go
And although they were mostly reliable
by today's times they were slow.

Times were tough just after the war
And yes we were battlers
So when we went to Brisbane
We'd jump the rattler.

As she puffed and choofed and rattled
along
We'd watch the stations go by
And as we watched through open windows
We'd get coal dust in our eyes.

Oh those were good old days
We loved to hear the whistles toot
And as we went through a tunnel so dark
We'd cop a face full of soot.

The fettlers on the railway
And the tools that were their trade
The broken down old wagons
And the lines that they had laid.

I see it all here today
As I stroll down this railway track
In my mind I see a steam loco
Hear the choo, choo and the clicketty clack

As I walk another old rail line
I find an old railway spike
And I think of the fettlers who drove them
After riding the line on a trike.

As i lie in bed tonight dreaming
I jump the old Wallangarra Mail
And we climb the winding mountain range
To the border of Queensland and New
South Wales.

I see the staff on the platform
The station master and porter in blue
The signal man up in his signal box
All keeping the trains running true.

Yes those were the days as a young-n
I would watch for hours the trains
Shunting carriages and wagons
In the Roma Street yards as it rains.
As I stroll through the railway museum
I look at relics of the past
At the tools, the kero lanterns and the
photoes
Of a time when life wasn't so fast.

The old signal men would pull levers
To direct the trains where they desired.
Today they just push a button
To send a message on a telephone wire.

Today it's all done with computers
They say it's safer that way.
You see there's a lot more trains
Than there were in those long ago days.

Now as I look back in the past
And my heart starts to long and yearn
But I know that steam has gone forever
And that it will never return.

© John 'The Joker' Pampling, Redcliffe Q



True Australian

I am a true Australian
An Aussie through and through
Now you may think I'm skiting
But I really am true blue.

I may not be an Anzac
Or a bushie from the west
But I've worked hard in the city
And I know I've done me best.

What makes a true Australian?
I've heard the question asked
It's that ridgy-didge mateship
Of our forebears from the past.

We greet our friends with g'day mate
We never let them down
Whether we live in the city
Or a thousand miles out of town.

I've got the blood of Anzacs
Running through my veins
And their ideals of love and country
Keep pounding in my brain.

There's only one blood group worth
bottling

It's the type the Anzacs shed.
That's right — you guessed it!
It's dinky di Aussie red.

So next time some one asks you
What's being Australian mean?
Just say, doing your best mate
And say it in a voice that's keen.

© John 'The Joker' Pampling

ON SNAKE GULLY'S CENOTAPH

Eighty acres ploughed and planted,
we would weed, watch, wait and pray.
Please, God, send gentle rainfall
between now and harvest day."

On the 25th of April,
1914, life was sweet.

We were dinky-di Australians
In Snake Gully, growing wheat.

We'd fought fires, floods, damn' rabbits,
dusty droughts, crop-killing cold.
Mum and Dad, me, three young brothers,
Tom, the baby, two months old.

I was tall, lean, almost twenty
cheeky, tough as an old boot.
I could catch and break-in brumbies.
I could love, laugh, fight and shoot.

But I couldn't see round corners.
I could read and write a bit.

I had five years bush-school learnin'
tho' I wagged some, I admit.
I was healthy, I was happy
and I loved a girl named Joan.
She was mine she told me shyly . . .
I was hers, and hers alone.

Fourth of August, 1914,
well before the wheat was high.
On a frost-white winter morning,
came the news, a battle cry!
Half the world away, in Europe,
far from our Australian shore,
Great Britain, France fought Germany . . .
Guts, guns, glory. It was war!

We were Aussies, we were British,
we were proud and we would go.
Australia would be there, of course,
even if we had to row!
Slouch hat soldier by September,
Christmas, new Years Day at sea.
A.I.F., the First Division,
cobbers, Diggers . . . Infantry.

Well I never got to Europe,
London, England, Paris, France.
Never landed at Gallipoli.

Hell, I never had a chance.
Copped a hunk of Turkish Shrapnel,
toppled overboard, unseen.
Dragged down deep by boots, pack,
ammo,

I drowned in the Aegean.

Sick at heart, Joan never married
and my youngest brother, Tom,
was killed in battle, Borneo,
on the day Yanks dropped The Bomb.
Eighty-six years since Gallipoli
does red Mars, the war god laugh . . .?
me and Tom, my baby brother . . .
on Snake Gully's Cenotaph.

© Tom Stonham 14.8.01



Cooee Rosemary

I hope the plant will soon recover fully, for I've treasured it since very early in the war. It thrived for years beside the kitchen steps but when the farm was sold last month, my next-door neighbour Gwen — Remember her? She was a nurse — dug up the shrub and brought it into town in this recycled tub we'd filled with soil and compost. It is big enough, she said, and rosemary's renowned for being tough. Well heaven knows it's taken punishment galore. I've hacked a bundle off each Anzac Day and more again Remembrance Days, to give the RSL, for those who did come back to wear on their lapel.

My boy's still over there, you know, somewhere in France. He was a Cooee Marcher, proud to take his chance against the Germans. Waved him off from Miller Street right here in Gil', I did, not doubting we would meet again a few months later when the war must end. October 1915, yes I watched them wend their way to Balladoran Road and out of town. Then late that Sunday night, I pressed the topsoil down around this newly painted symbol of my hope and sure Remembrance. Truly, it has helped me cope with sorrow, bitterness and some times lonely tears. It's been my pride and comfort through the empty years. No, empty's an exaggeration; not at all but only in the sense that when I hear a call of cooee, even now a tightness grips

my chest
and once again I cheer him on his manly quest
to take the great adventure on behalf of king
and country, empire, God and every simple thing
which binds us, worth a sacrifice to help preserve.
That's what he told me when he volunteered to serve.
I have his letters from the march and read them still;
plus paper clippings, so I often share the thrill
he felt at being cheered along the Cooee's route,
as calls and flags inspired recruit upon recruit.
He'd never shown an interest in flowers, you know,
but in his letters he remarked on those that grow



from here to Sydney, even some from overseas.
At first a lady cast rose petals to the breeze
at Wellington as Cooees strode on past;
again in Stuart Town the local girls adorned our men
with roses, to their probable embarrassment.
At Springhill, Thompsons Creek they marched in roses scent.
then Sydney where the greatest tribute was revealed
— the arches held by wounded from the battlefield.
For each of fifty under which our boys were led
was made of fresh-cut roses, hued in deepest red.
Blood red the paper wrote; in auspicious phrase
resounding in the Flanders poppy fields and blaze
of red crepe-paper replicas we'll wear next week.
The Cooee numbers shrink each year,

yet though their peak
is past, they stand erect and proud, as would the ones
we've lost — my boy of course, Bill Hitchen and the sons
or husbands, fathers who responded to the call
of Cooee, mateship, though aware they might well fall.
The-war-to-end-all-wars, we heard our leaders say
Now nineteen thirty-nine, our boys are on their way
once more. I hear your lad enlisted, Dear.
A fine young man, but they're the first to volunteer.
The flower of the Nation's youth, they claimed last time
and now another crop has reached its harvest prime.
Our windmills turn and echoes fret the Castlereagh
As Hitchen's Own are Cooeeing from yesterday.
My rosemary is wilting, must be soothed and fed,
for sprigs and paper poppies mark the road ahead.

© Ron Stevens 2001

(Congratulations Ron this poem won 1st prize at the Gilgandra Cooee Festival 2001 Section 1, Cooee March. Ron also won Section 2 at the same festival which will be printed next month.)



Thank you to everyone who contributed to this newsletter

Trish Anderson	Sandy Lees
Rosemary Baguley	Ron Liekefett
Kev Barnes	Jan Morris
Beth Bashford	Mary Mott
Brian Bell	Maurie O'Brien
Des Bennett	John Pampling
Gary Boyd	Denise Payne
Bob Burges	Jill Perren
John Caston	Kate Poole
John Coutts	Maureen Quickenden
Corrie de Haas	Leanie Renton
Ken Dean	Ron Selby
Jack Drake	Ron Stevens
Wally Finch	Maureen Stonham
Des Fishlock	Tom Stonham
Max Jarrott	Jean Versace
Norma Jeffries	Liz Ward
Graeme Johnson	Grahame Watts
Denis Kevans	Roderick Williams
Joan Lane	Rod Worthing


And a special big thank you to the Phantom — you know who you are

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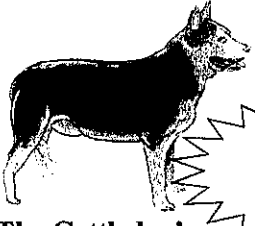
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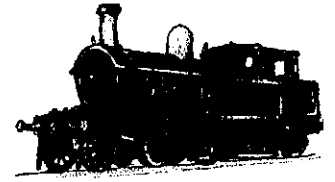
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12/01



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	Jacqi 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.	Courtyad 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	1.30 pm	Orange Hall Targo St Bundaberg	Jim 07 4152 9624 or Sandy 07 4151 4631 Marilyn 4154 1663.
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

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 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 Poetry and Folk Club	7.30 pm	Compu copia Café (grounds Old Gladesville Hospital off Punt Road - Follow the signs)	Graeme Johnson 02 9874 7653 or Jenny Carter 02 9887 or 0412 222 690
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	Dorrigo 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 Friday	Junee Bush Poets Group	7.30 pm	Junee Community Centre	Brian Beasley P O Box 82 Junee 02 6924 1317
3rd Saturday	Poets in the Making Performance Workshop	12.00 — 4.00 pm	Liverpool Library 170 George Street, Liverpool	David Price 02 9825 0402
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	Bill Kearns 02 6642 2772
4th Tuesday	Wollondilly Regional FAW Writers	7.30 pm	Picton Hotel, Argyle Street, Picton	Vince 02 4684 1704
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, Poetry 7.30 pm	Gee Wong Restaurant 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	Pennith 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 Baptist Church Hall	1.30 - 4.00 pm		J Bray 11 Rhodes Pde Windemere Park 2264
Monthly	Top of the Murray Poets & Bush Story Tellers			Jan Lewis 02 6077 4332
Every 2 months on	2nd Saturday Compu copia 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				
Every 6 weeks	Gippsland Bush Poets	7.30 pm	Rosedale Hotel	Dennis Cartairs 03 5145 6128

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.

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The Australian
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Association Inc.



Volume 8 No 11 November 2001

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The Australian
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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)

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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.