

The Australian Bush Poets Association Inc.



Volume 8 No 12

December 2001



Christmas

Completed toys were all lined up on
Santa's workshop shelves;
the time had come to load the sleigh Santa
called the elves.
As Santa read the lists out loud they
placed toys in each sack,
then loaded them into the sleigh, in
rows from front to back.

When all the shelves were empty and
the sleigh was stacked up high,
then Santa hitched his reindeer up and
flashed across the sky.
For it was Christmas Eve, you see, and
he must work all night
as children all around the world were
waiting for his flight.

Now Santa comes to little ones, but
most folks give a gift;
we do our Christmas shopping and it
gives the heart a lift.
Why is it that at Christmas time we
give to one another?
Why do we give to Mum and Dad, our
sister and our brother?

At Christmas time we celebrate the
greatest gift of all,
when in a town named Bethlehem, yes,
in a cattle stall,
with only straw to make a bed on that
first Christmas morn,
while cattle looked on silently, young
Mary's child was born.

So when you shop at Christmas time
for gifts both large and small,
just spare a thought for Mary in that
lowly cattle stall,
For in that straw-filled manger there
love's banner was unfurled,
when Jesus Christ came down to earth,
God's gift to all the world.

© Terry Regan

The Fourth Wise Man

*There is some uncertainty is some uncertainty
as to how many wise men or "Magi" visited
Christ shortly after his birth. Western Chris-
tian tradition has assumed that there were
three as this is the number of gifts that are
mentioned — frankincense, myrrh and gold.*

Eastern Christianity gives the number as 12.

*As you will see there were in fact 4 Magi al-
though it's hard to see how somebody has
bestowed upon them the title "wise"!*

Three wise men came to Bethlehem
following a star.
Their names we're told were Melchior,
Caspar, and Balthasar.
One brought a gift of frankincense, the
others myrrh and gold.
They came to greet the new born king —
the gospel story told.

They gave their gifts to Jesus, in the
manger where he lay,
His mother offered coffee, but they said
they couldn't stay.
They got back on their camels near the
stable they'd been tied
And as they headed back off east Mary
softly sighed.

"I really don't need perfume, though Myrrh
of course is tops
And gold is always useful, but we're
nowhere near the shops.
And frankincense is lovely but this stable's
not the place.
I hope they're not the wisest men in all the
human race.

"It was very good of them to come from
such a far off land
After all that time on camels, it's a wonder
they can stand.
But bringing Jesus gifts of myrrh and
frankincense and gold
Is just not very practical — he's only 10
days old."

Next afternoon a man appeared outside
the stable gate
He said he was the fourth man and sorry
he was late.
"I've brought some things I thought you'd
need. It's just a little gift."
A quick inspection of his bag gave Mary's
heart a lift.

A frozen casserole was there, and a stuffed
and fluffy toy
Some baby clothes in pastel blue — he
guessed it was a boy.
"The thought of washing nappies" Mary
cried "now need not unnerve us
For here's a six month voucher for a nappy
washing service."

She turned to than the stranger — but the
stranger wasn't there
He'd slipped away and vanished in the
chilly winter air.
But on the gate he left a note — quite
simple but profound:
"Don't write this in the gospels
please, I'd never live it down."

So don't forget the fourth wise man,
The wisest of the lot.
He brought the really useful gifts
The other three forgot.



© Dermot Dorgan
— submitted by
Marg Parmenter

To all our members
from our families
to you and yours
Have a safe and
Merry Christmas
and a
Happy New Year
Your Committee

The Australian Bush Poets Association Inc.



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Membership Fees:

\$25.00 per annum Single, Family, and, 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,

Cynics call it the Silly Season. Sadly in some ways they are right. Every year statistics tell us how many died or were hurt in various armed global conflicts, and, with what seems like sadistic relish, they tell us of needless, avoidable accidents/incidents around our own country. Yet, even in the face of so many human tragedies, it is still too difficult to take a negative point of view about Christmas.

It's not a perfect world! We've known that for a long time. However, I refuse to believe that we can't do something to help fix what ails it. Go ahead. Call me an overly optimistic old fool if you wish. I'll still refuse to believe messages like Joy, Love, and Peace associated with Christmas are wasted.

I can't accept that only a few die hard Christians want these things or that they hold a monopoly on them. It's surely of benefit to all of us, the religious, the sacrilegious, the irreligious, Christian, Pagan, Moslem, Buddhist, what ever our convictions or lack of them.

Sickly sweet commercial Christmas carols dominate all other sounds in shopping centres. Everywhere some anonymous "they" invade all our senses with messages of buy before time runs out. Plastic Christmas trees and other false images surround us at every turn. Most of us are guilty of hanging them in our own homes. It doesn't matter because in the back of our hearts and minds the true meaning of Christmas filters through and it always will.

Whatever your beliefs or wherever you are, may you and yours enjoy the fullness of the Festive Season in Joy, Love and Peace in good health and safety. May you face the coming New Year with every reason to be optimistic about the successes it will bring.

When attitudes like that prevail in spite of a world full of negatives how can it be a Silly Season?

Wally Finch
President

January Newsletter Deadline

Because so many members will be going to Tamworth we are trying to send next month's newsletter a bit earlier. Therefore your co-operation would be appreciated for a deadline of the 10th December.



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.

Wordsmiths

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

Remember last month I asked what "*baal gammon*" meant? Well many of you knew it and that's great. It's good to see there's an interest in words and their meanings past and present. Let's hope we can continue to pool our knowledge and keep this series alive and well for a long time to come.

But to get to the point, just what is "**Baal gammon**"? It's an archaic expression from the mid to late nineteenth century and hardly ever used today. It generally meant "*no lies*" or "*no deceit*". It's possible origin is from two aborigine words, most likely from New South Wales but not necessarily from the same district.

"**Baal**" = not or no; and,

"**Gammon**" = deceitful nonsense, bosh, to make pretence, to deceive with nonsense.

Other words worthy of note last month came from John Pampling's poem "The Days of Steam" and the racing poems "The 1992 Toowoomba Cup" by Max Jarrott and "The Angle of the Tail" by Norma Jefferies.

"**Jump the Rattler**" : A colloquial expression now rarely used meaning to ride on a train (usually a goods train) without paying the fare. Somewhat softened in later years to just meaning catch a train. Please note the words "goods train" — not "freight train". The latter is American and recently crept into



our Australian language by default.

Fettler: A person who, usually as part of a team, maintains railway lines, ballast and sleepers. Also called a "*navvy*" or a "*permanent-way man*".

Drive Spikes: A heavy nail used to nail rail lines to sleepers. Also called a "*dog spike*" or "*dog nail*".

Loco: Short for "*locomotive*", the vehicle that pulls railway carriages.

Knacker: A buyer of old rundown horses for the purpose of slaughter. Origin from Icelandic "*hnakkr*" = "*nape of the neck*". In its original meaning a "*saddler*". It also means a buyer of old houses, ships for demolition purposes and resale of the scrap. A further meaning is colloquial for testicle.

Knackered can be colloquial for totally exhausted and a **Knackery** a place where horses are slaughtered.

Wally Finch

Waltzing Matilda Bush Poetry Awards

20th June — 24th June 2002

Winton, Qld, Outback Australia

The Bronze Swagman Competition for written Bush Poetry
(Australia's most prestigious award for bush poetry)

Entries Close 31st March 2002

Enquiries: P. O. Box 44, Winton Q 4735

The Little Swaggies Award for Junior Written Bush Poetry
(Australia's most popular junior awards)

Entries close 31st March 2002

Enquiries: P. O. Box 84 Hughenden Q 4821

Thursday 20th June, 2002

Junior Performance Festival —

Individual Competition all School Grades 1 — 12. Group performance of Bush Poetry.

Enquiries: P. O. Box 84

Hughenden Q 4821

Friday 21st June, 2002

Clover Nolan Primary & Secondary Championships — Announcement of Little Swaggies Awards

Enquiries: P. O. Box 84

Hughenden Q 4821

Saturday 22nd June —

Monday 24 June 2002

QANTAS — Waltzing Matilda Open Bush Championships, Male and Female.
Christina MacPherson Novice Bush Poetry Awards Male and Female.

Australian Yarn Spinning Championships, Junior, Senior and Masters.

More laughs lies and Larikins Concerts Fun Team Poetry Competitions, Non competitive Bush Poetry, Campfires, and Campfire Dinners, Announcements of 2002 Bronze Swagmen Award

Entry forms posted April 2002

Enquiries: P. O. Box 84

Hughenden Q 4821

With the deepest sympathy

**we note with sadness of
Mary Hodgson
has lost her grandson
and
Tom Stonham his brother.**

Tom and Mary
our hearts go out to you
in your troubles.
Remember you have
friends who care

Get Well Quick

Lee Miller is recovering from
recent surgery.

And Kevin Woods has had a bad
run of health over past months.

Lee and Kevin get well quick
because your mates
all need to see
your smiling faces.



On Ya Soapbox

Please send your letters to the Editor to:

56 Orchid Avenue
Kallangur Q 4503
Ph/Fax 3886 0747

Dear Liz,

Each year I have forgotten to send in my "Christmas" poem for the December edition of the magazine — so I hope I have remembered in time for this year. Could you also please pass on the following short verse. It occurred to me that it may be a worthwhile addition to "the Guidelines for Performance Poetry Competitions."

*The spoken work needs to be heard
and clearly understood;
To have a stand too near the band
is just no bloody good.*

Best wishes

Terry Regan, Blaxland NSW

Terry

Glad you made it this year. Terry's Christmas poem on Page 1. Hope our Guidelines Committee reads and takes note of the above.

Liz

Dear Liz,

I refer to the recent article by Wally Finch in the November newsletter "What is Bush Poetry Anyway?" Wouldn't it be a shame if we stopped using the word "Bush" when we describe our poetry?

Sure it can sometimes be confusing because much is written about our towns, cities and people that doesn't refer to the "bush". The thing is Bush Poetry is a tradition. It is a style of rhyming, rhythmic poetry about Australia and its people, and it tells a story. It is a tradition handed down from the old bards who wrote about their particular times and places.

Following those old poets we now write about times and places (including the bush), using the same style that they used. We wouldn't be true to the spirit of Bush Poetry if we didn't write about "today". Sometimes we may have to explain the name, but it would be a tragedy if the name was ever changed. Thanks for a great article Wally.

Regards

Maurie O'Brien

President SA Bush Poets

radio@chariot.net.au

Maurie

Thanks for your comment. We hope the article helped clear a few issues that can sometimes get confused.

Liz

Dear Liz,

Following the Waltzing Matilda Festival and the Australian Championships held in Winton this year, we had many hours of debriefing and discussions on the successful outcomes of the festival and possible improvements for the future. One of the suggestions raised, and discussed at some length, was the possibility of trophies specifically for the Australian Male and Female Champions, donated by the APBA who hold the rights to the Championships — i.e. particular trophies that are standard and exclusive to the two Champions each year and separate to the normal trophies that an organising Festival committee may present for their own competition.

As you are aware, Winton presented its winners with a Daphne Mayo statue for winning the Waltzing Matilda Awards, as it does each year, but the 2001 Australian Champions received nothing extra for achieving that title, except the title. To promote, encourage and support the APBA's involvement in these awards and Bush Poetry as a whole, I suggest that two exclusive trophies be made available each year and get forwarded to whoever holds the Australian Championship titles, for the two winners. Not only would this encourage competitors to vie for these trophies, and reiterate the prestige and importance of these awards, but would also highlight and publicise the forward thinking of the APBA. Hopefully this idea will bring forth further discussion and take the Australian Championships to another level.

Regards

Louise Dean, Prairie Qld

Louise

I hope that all the members going to the AGM keep your suggestions in mind as Agenda items for discussion and consideration. Details of the Waltzing Matilda Bush Poetry Awards are on Page 3.

Liz

Dear Liz

I was interested to read the article about C. J. Dennis in the October magazine. I am in my eighties and like many older people I was brought up to appreciate the old writers and possibly Lawson, Gordon and Paterson in particular. However my favourite was always Dennis. The Sentimental Bloke and his friends were more real to me than any of the names, which appeared in the daily newspapers. I laughed with them and cried with them. I appreciated many other of his writings — I loved "The Swagman" and "The New Gnu At The Zoo". I tried writing a poem with all "oo" endings and finished up with "The Avian Parvenu", which I like. I decided to extend the social life of the "Bloke" characters and have written other poems that I feel keep to the character of the originals. I am enclosing "Swan Lake", wherein I take The Bloke and Doreen to the ballet, and hope you like it. I also like Bartlett Adamson, but his name is rarely heard now. I think "The Rime Of A Casual Cove" is a gem.

There must be many other writers who are almost forgotten these days and perhaps readers could write in with a reasonably short poem from one of the old favourites. It seems a shame that many of the old names will be forgotten.

Yours sincerely

Alma Thorsteinsen. Mt Gambier S.A.

Alma

My dad is a big fan of C. J. Dennis and you would have enjoyed the smile on his face when he read your letter. Your poem's on page 10. Let's hope for a big response from your request.

Liz

Dear Rosemary,

At last — I'll stop getting Grahame Watt's old copies!! Here's a few poems of mine to give you an idea where I'm coming from. "Beneath the Faded Word" was the one that got into the top 5 in the Womens Weekly/Asthma Foundation exercise and provided the opportunity to meet people like Gary Fogarty, Graham Fredriksen, Keith Lethbridge, Jack Drake, Bill Kearns, etc. Looking forward to a long and fruitful association.

Peter Thomas

Mt Martha Vic

Peter,

Our Treasurer, Rosemary Baguley, passed on your letter attached to your membership application. Good news for Grahame Watts! He can now keep his old copies of our newsletter. I hope others follow your excellent example so generous members, like Grahame, get to keep their old copies too. Peter, all jokes aside, a hearty welcome to our Association may our time together be long and fruitful. You'll see your poem "Beneath the Faded word" on Page 10. The others have been kept for future issues.

Liz



On Ya Soapbox continues . .

Thanks to everyone who sends in photos from time to time. I'd love to use them all but this is something to approach with caution because this process is not kind to photos and often they won't reproduce well. Photos on this page were taken at Winton by Debbie Beach from Falls Creek, NSW. The two good looking "young" men (above) show what a good time was had. Can you pick which one is the President? Here's a clue: he never has a bad hair day.

Look for Debbie at The Man from Snowy River Festival at Cooyong in April and say G'day!

Liz



Left to right: Milton Taylor, Debbie Beach, and Bobby Miller.

Letter to the Editor Editor

Dear Sir or Madam,

I hav notised in resent Artickles in yaw magzeen that thair ar a lot of mistaiks and misprince and I am apawled at the mispellin and lak of punctionation witch I suppose is because becoz of thees new eliktronik masheens witch I blame four orl the truble in the world twoday and I trussed yew will try in fewcher to chek orl wurdz sillybills and comas and maik our Magazeen purrfek.

Yaws,

Skew Wiff, Kyabram Vic.

Deer Mista Skew Wiff

Thank you fer four bringing this to our attenshun. The problem is my Dad. He uses this computa to copy pomes by C. J. Dennis. The spell checka died from overwork. We trussed yewl undiestand.

Liz

Dear Liz,

Thank you for a great magazine, this last edition, November 2001 is a very professional production. However I would like to point out a minor error. On page 3 there is a sketch by Frank Mahone of a man on horseback trailing a stockwhip. You mention the sketch was prepared for "The Man From Snowy River and Other Verses" but not used.

I have an original print of that book, leather bound and printed in 1896. It is one of my treasured possessions. On the opening page next to a portrait of a very young A. B. Paterson is that particular sketch. just as a matter of interest there was only 7,000 printed in 1896 and I wonder how many survived. Just in case anybody should ask my copy is not for sale.

Dave Farrer
The Banjo of the Bush
Mudgeeraba Qld

Dave

Thanks you for setting the record straight. Our error is one passed on from another book. Your 1896 book is a treasure. As you say it would be interesting to know just how many copies did survive. If it were mine I wouldn't sell it either.

Liz

Dear Liz,

I would like to endorse what our President wrote in his article "What is Bush Poetry Anyway?". I started writing when my husband retired and we moved to the Gold Coast. My first interest was writing short stories. Then on one of my shopping trips I met Henry Lawson. I took the volume home and didn't read another book for three months. Shortly after I wrote my first poem.

I kept working at this artform, had no idea about scansion or metre, but here my sense of rhythm helped me out. I must also mention here the great encouragement and guidance I received from my best mates, the late Charlee Marshall and his wife, Beryl, who I still count as one of my dear friends today. Charlee never had any qualms about correcting me, saying "it should be such and such, you foreigner!"

After years of practice I finally felt confident enough to sometime recite a poem at some poets' breakfasts. On one such occasion it involved entering a competition. I entered and my rendition earned a very satisfactory applause.

Afterwards one of the organisers took me aside and said, "You write beautiful poetry, Corry, and your rhyme and metre are perfect, but your accent is against you. You should let an Australian born person recite your work for you." This person meant this — I'm sure — in a kind way and I thanked her accordingly, but at the same time I promised myself, "Never!"

Years before this event (namely in 1991) I'd won the poets' plaque at the National Folk Festival in Adelaide with my poem, "Whispers of

the Past", which I read myself. This poem will be published shortly in the USA Writers' Journal, whose poetry editor commented . . . *this poem best captures the whole spirit of Australia (and much of it is true for the American West.)* It will be published with other Australian verse, which members of the Gold Coast poetry group sent up at her request and I helped organise. I don't write this because I have tickets on myself, but only to show we can promote Australian Bush Poetry in different ways.

Next January my husband and I will celebrate the fact that we arrived in Australia 42 years ago. I have lived here longer than in Holland and yes, I still have an accent and proud of it. It is the one thing that still binds me to my birth country. Can some one tell me how long you have to live in this country to be regarded as Australian?

We have taken every opportunity to explore this beautiful country and those were my happiest moments, when my pen would come out and I began to scribble lines.

I'd like to thank Wally for his article. Writing poems about this country is my way of saying thank you to those who accepted me — and my accent — wholeheartedly. To others? I'd like to remind them that had Dirk Hartog stayed just a little while longer we'd all be speaking Dutch now.

It's still early, but a Happy Christmas and a healthy, safe New Year to you all.

With kind regards

Corry de Haas

Corry

Sometimes we native born Australians lose the plot. Even the Aborigines are said to have come here from somewhere else.

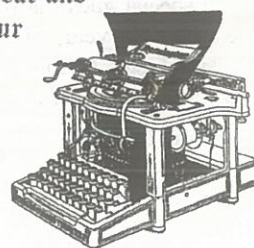
Dad is a sixth generation Australian whose Aunt married a man from Poland. I've been told many times how Uncle Anton once said to him in his very strong Polish accent, "I'm glad I'm Australian." Dad answered, "Uncle Anton, your an Australian by choice." Uncle Anton asked Dad, "Isn't that all of us?"

How right he was! If Australia was no good, who'd stay here on purpose? Although we sometimes speak with different accents the fact still remains constant — *We're all Australians by choice! And there's no time limit on that!*

To All Members and your Families
may the Peace, Joy and Love
of Christmas be with you
throughout the year and
may 2002 be your
best year ever.

On behalf of the
whole Committee

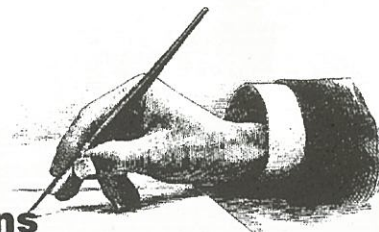
Liz Colls
Editor





R Pages

**Roving Reports, Rave Reviews,
Ratbag Ramblings and Rich Revelations**



DORRIGO ROUNDUP

A HOOT

Much needed rain arrived the day before the Dorriggo Bush Poets Roundup and that lifted the spirits of the whole district. And what high spirits the audiences and Poets were in at both the Roundup on the Saturday and the Poets Breakfast next morning. Over one hundred people attended each event to revel in the entertainment so professionally presented by Bill Kearns and his mates Don Lloyd, Ray Halliday and "Coffs Harbours own" Ed and Margaret Parmenter.

Fifteen walk up poets recited works at each session and the high standard of presentation was rapturously received by the audiences. Maureen Stonham gauged the audience responses and a bag of famous Dorriggo red soil potatoes was presented to four outstanding performers, Paddy O'Brien from the Tweed, Cliff Schofield, Gleniffer, and Dorriggo's own David Lamb and Arthur Billing.

The Bush Poets is a key event in the Dorriggo Spring Festival and has now established itself as a major gathering on the New South Wales North Coast Bush Poets calendar.

Thanks again to Bill Kearns and his mates!!

Murray Suckling, Dorriggo, NSW



NAKED POETS AT TAMWORTH 2002



The Naked Poets are gearing up for another NEW SHOW in Tamworth in 2002. The Golf Club will host 5 night shows and 4 (the best of) lunch time shows.

After two successful road shows this year throughout Queensland and Northern NSW the Naked Poets are firing on all fours. They were special guests at the Winton Outback Festival this year, The National Country Music Muster, Gympie, and the Oracles Of The Bush at Tenterfield.

The third CD in the Naked Poets series is the "Live Loud and Ludicrous" album, a series of poems, comedy and music Marco Giori. It is released through Shoestring Records, and

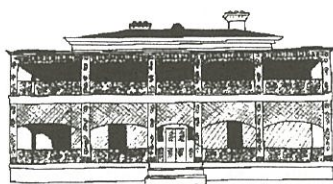
is now available from Saddlesaw Productions on 07 4661 4024.

We are the first to hear that Naked Poets 3 may also be released at Tamworth in 2002... maybe... see you at the show.

Get Naked

The Naked Poets

Marco Giori



Palma Rosa Poets Annual Report

It gives me great pleasure to announce another successful twelve months for the Palma Rosa Poets.

In July 2001 we celebrated 5 years of fabulous performances in poetry and song — quite a milestone. This year also featured another great achievement for the Palma Rosa Poets when we released our "Palma Rosa Poets Live" double CD.

We have held seven great concerts this year — the first being the launch of our CD in February. In March Rupert McCall was our guest — Ray Essery, Elizabeth Lord and Leigh James came in May and Greg Scott and Mark Tempny were here in July. Neil McArthur and Stuart Niverson were our featured artists in August, and to celebrate CHOGM we invited Jake Drake, Geoff Sharp and Mark Tempny to entertain our guests. As you know, CHOGM was cancelled, but all our Palma Rosa functions were still held — with great success.

Our final show for the year will be next Tuesday (20th November) showcasing the outrageous Shirley Friend and the talented Noel Stallard.

I would like to take this opportunity to thank you all for your support throughout the year. We look forward also to your ongoing support for the beautiful Palma Rosa.

I wish you and all your families a happy and safe Festive Season.

Trisha Anderson, Palma Rosa, Qld.

Man From Snowy River Festival



The Poetry & Bush Music Program is taking shape for next year. Peter "Whipstick Wortho" Worthington, Ellis Campbell and Carol Reffold have agreed to judge, along with others, and our regional ABC man Neil Meany has agreed to record some or all of our competition. There'll be 3 days of Poetry and Bush Music events at Banjo's Block and other venues in Corryong main street, similar to this year.

We have 11 Competition Sections — with the Written Section for Adults & Juniors being judged before the Festival. Reciters of Banjo's MFSR poem will send a tape and two finalists will challenge Don Anderson, 2001 winner, for playoff. Performance competition will be held all day Saturday with Traditional, Original, Yarnspinning, Junior, Original Song, and Banjo's choice — the person who scores top points over several sections. Closing date for entries is 1st March 2002 and we've included a "one-minuter" section for poets to enter at the Festival.

Personally, my favourite is the Jack Riley Heritage Award (Song, Poem, Yarn, or Skit which must be about "The Man", The Poem, Jack Riley, or the Snowy Mountains/Upper Murray area). Previous to 2001 there was no performance, as the award was chosen from other sections, but we decided to make it specific content with spectacular results — See Jim Angel's Poem on page 16.

Poetry and Music Entry forms will be posted with our major mailout on 10th December and if you entered in the last 2 years, you should receive one. I can email or post entry forms or they're on...

www.manfromsnowyriverbushfestival.com.au
(Do we get the title of the longest website?)

Note: Even though the poetry and Bush Music has huge potential and is growing each year, our festival is mainly a large horse event (the "Challenge" to find the Modern Man From Snowy River). The Challenge organisers and riders have asked for more bush poetry at their venue 2 kms from the main

... Continued on Page 7

R Pages

street, so I have been working with Neil Hulm (ex bronc rider) to provide what they've asked for. Neil will organise very early Poets' Breakfasts and 'Round the Campfire poetry at the Challenge venue and is also running his "Silver Brumby" competition on Friday night at the Bottom Pub as he did at the 2001 Festival.

Jan Lewis (see advert this page)

Gippsland Writers Festival

The inaugural Gippsland Writers Festival, held over the weekend of October 27th and 28th in the small town of Stratford, was a great success. The numbers at the Festival were at the lower end of the expected range, but still the weekend was an entertaining, financial and Bush Poetry promotion success.

Guest poet, Neil McArthur, had all laughing till they cried at his performance in the Avon Hotel on the Sunday Afternoon. As one member of our club commented, "It's a dangerous habit eating or drinking when Neil McArthur is performing, you could choke, you just don't know where the next line is going". Both the Poets Breakfast mornings were compered by Neil and went over well, with poetry performed by the

Gippsland Bush Poets and the general public. Claire Van Baalen, Dorothy Watt and Neil McArthur ran a poetry work shop on the Saturday afternoon, with nearly 20 people present, it was a very entertaining and thought provoking couple of hours.

On the Saturday night the Gippsland Bush Poets had a members only BBQ, and the opportunity for members of our club to catch up with Neil one on one. The night was a great social one, where the beer, wine and of course Bush Poetry flowed freely. It does me proud that Neil was so impressed with our club, he decided to become a member. This takes our membership up to 40.

The Gippsland Writers Festival 'written competition' was judged independently by a Ballarat Lecturer in creative writing. The results are:

- Open Section (96 entries): 1st Shirley Pearce, Kingston, Tas
- 2nd Ross Noble, Maffra, Vic
- 3rd Joy Alchin, NSW
- Commended: Margaret Armitage, Briagolong, Vic
- Dawn Barr, Swan Reach, Vic
- Peter Thomas, Mt Martha, Vic
- Secondary Student (2 entries): Xenia Natalenko
- Primary Student (90 entries)
- 1st Madeline Smith, Bairnsdale Primary
- 2nd Julia Allen, Gutheridge Primary, Sale
- 3rd Lani Harris, Bairnsdale Primary

Congratulations to all of the above, and many thanks to all who entered our inaugural competition. I know some of the best poets in Australia entered, and I hope all will enter again next year.

Yours in Poetry, Dennis Carstairs

President — Gippsland Poets

KY Notes

We had our normal meeting in October and it was well attended. Two of our Poets, Mick Coventry and "Skew Wiff" Watt

travelled to Sydney to record poetry at Sony Music for the "Bush Poet of the Year Award" C.D. All proceeds to Asthma NSW (now available at C.D. outlets.)

And on the 1st November we sponsored the Geoffrey Graham Show at the KY Club. This was his "100 Not Out" show. It was Geoffrey at his best. Very well received by an enthusiastic audience.

On the 14th November Skew Wiff launched his new book "Poor Old Grandad" at the KY Club. (See advert in Product Shelf Page 17.) The Xmas Meeting is at the KY Valley Hall on the 2nd Tuesday of December 11th. All Welcome.

Also our Group has been involved in the local "Federation" celebrations in November. Oh! Yes! Some of our members entertained at the Shepparton Show in October. So you can see we are a busy little lot of Poets.

Grahame "Skew Wiff" Watt

Kyabram Vic



The Murrundi Historic Register Inc 2002 Dusty Swag Awards

Written Poetry Competition

Winners announced at our
Poets Breakfast 3rd March 2002

Entries close 31st January 2002

Entry Fees \$5.00 per entry (no limit on the number of entries).

Theme: Characters of Australia —
Bush verse

Open Section — Free Verse
Secondary School Section
Primary School Section

Conditions of Entry

Adult — Open and Theme Sections 100 line limit. Secondary School Section 50 lines and Primary School Section 40 lines.

Entries must be own work and should be typed on one side of an A4 page. Author's name should not appear on the page. Please Note that further conditions apply

Enquiries: Paul J. Bannan 03 5797 2625

MHR c/- 7 Vickery Street
Alexandra 3714

website: <http://gogocities.com/dustyswag/>

Paul J Bannan, Yea Vic

Man from Snowy River Festival 2002 Thursday 4th — Sunday 7th April Poetry & Bush Music Competition

11 Sections & 2,300 Prizemoney

General bush Theme except Jack Riley Award

All Adult Entries \$5.50 & Closing Date 1st March

Written Original, Junior Written (U17) Original, Original Poem (Own work), Traditional (50 years), Original Song, Yarn (not necessarily original), Juniors (under 17 years)

Banjo Paterson's poem "Man from Snowy River". Entry on tape. Two finalists notified 27th March to perform on Saturday 6th April & Challenge Don Anderson.

Jack Riley Heritage Award Original Poetry/Yarn/Music/Song/Act to be performed. Content to refer specifically to Jack Riley, MFSR poem, or Snowy Mountains/Upper Murray area. Clancy's Choice Award best overall entrant. (Points divided by No of Sections entered (at least 3 other sections, best score wins).

One Minute Poem — \$2 on arrival at Festival. Buy a topic, write a poem during Festival & perform on Sunday morning at Banjo's Block.

Second Prizes for all sections courtesy of Cudgewa Hotel — Encouragement awards too!

Enquiries to Jan Lewis 02 6077 4332
email: poetfarm@corryongcec.net.au



Round The Traps



**John McGrath Toyota Country Music Rush
Festival of Country Music
16 — 17 March 2002
Jondaryan Woolshed
(40 km west of Toowoomba — part of the
Queensland Heritage Trails Network)**

In conjunction with this event
**the "Silver Comb"
Poet Writing Competition**
will be held — \$2.00 per entry —

Send to P. O. Box 7038,
Toowoomba Mail Centre 4352

Entries close 28th February 2002

IN MEMORIUM Kev Barnes of Millmerran

With sadness we advise members of the loss of one of our own. Kev passed away on 27 November. This tribute written for Henry Lawson in 1922, somehow seems appropriate for Kevin as well.

To A Dead Mate

*There's many a man who rides to-day
In the lonely, far out back;
There's many a man who makes his way
On a dusty bushland track;
There's many a man in bush and town
Who mourns for a good mate gone;
There are eyes grown sad and heads cast down
Since Henry has passed on.*

*A mate he was, and a mate to love,
For mateship was his creed;
With a strong, true heart and a soul above
This sad world's sordid greed.
There's many a man who rides to-day
Cast down and sore oppressed;
And thro' the land I hear them say;
"Pass Henry, to your rest."*

C. J. Dennis

**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 (Check Page 15 too!)

2002

The Naked Poets Show

(laugh ya' guts out)

Marco Giori, Murray Hartin, Shirley Friend, Ray Essery,
Bobby Miller, Pat Drummond and special guests.

Tamworth Golf Club

Night shows — 8.00 pm

(All New Show)

Mon 21st, Tues 22nd, Thurs 24th, Fri 25th, Sat 26th

Tickets — \$16.00

PLUS

Lunch Time Shows

11.30 AM

THE VERY BEST OF THE NAKED POETS

Mon 21st, Tues 22nd, Thurs 24th, Fri 25th

Tickets \$12.00

For Bookings phone 02 67 65 93 93



ADVANCE NOTICE

Toowoomba Country Music Breakout

incl. Bush Poets Afternoon Smoko
Dampier and Billy Tea

Male and Female Competition

Saturday 9th February 2002

For information Contact Ron Selby
P. O. Box 77
Drayton North Q 4350

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

July 5th, 6th & 7th

Bundaberg Poets' Society Inc.
present

Bundy Bush Poetry Muster 2002

Competitions: Opens, Intermediates, Novices & Under 15s

Entry forms now available send SSAE to:
Muster Committee

Bundaberg Poets Society Inc

P. O. Box 4281

South Bundaberg 4670

Phone Sandy 07 4151 4631, Marylyn 07 4154 1663,
or Sam 07 4156 1216

2002 Bush Lantern Award

Written Competition for Bush Verse 2002

Entry forms now available send SSAE to:

Mrs Liz Ward

Bush Lantern Award Co-ordinator

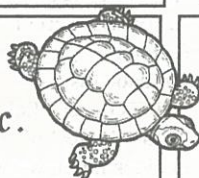
Bundaberg Poets' Society Inc

P. O. Box 61

Mt Perry 4671

Phone 07 4156 3178

Results announced at Bundy Bush Poetry Muster week-end



If you enjoy Good Times

Don't miss the

Towers Bonza Bash

26th April — 6th May 2002

It's a bottler mate!

See the Finest Australian Bush Poetry
Workshops, Poets Breakfasts, and Competitions

Enjoy the combined talents of

Bob Burges from Cairns

Tom Maulini from Innisfail

with **Wally (The Bear) and Mary Finch**
from Kallangur

The Gold City Bush Poets

would love the pleasure of your company at our

2002 Festival of Australian Bush Poetry

30th April — 2nd May

(Come early and stay late for fair dinkum Australian music)

For more information contact

Arthur Rekow

P. O. Box 38

Charters Towers Q 4820

Phone 07 4787 2409



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



Stop Press

I had to share my news with you,
I had to let you know;
It rained out here in Eulo and
The grass began to grow.

There was lightning, there was thunder,
Lost power for a day,
A dust storm led the deluge but
It rained! So that's okay.

The telephone stopped working and
Our mailman got held up,
But we cranked the generator —
Got to see the Melbourne Cup.

The drought received a challenge,
There are celebrations here,
For we got some rain in Eulo . . .
That's five inches for the year!

© Janine Haig, 2001

1st Response . . . ?

Hey I know what rain is!
So don't you call me dumb!
For sure as my name's Liz,
I know from where it come!

Read it falls from the sky.
It can be cold and wet.
It begs a question "why"
There's somethin' I don't get.

Heard it rained at Eulo.
Hey! That is really great!
Something I don't know though
Just where is Eulo, Mate?

Feel I shouldn't say that —
I should just wonder why —
I'm bound to get some flack.
Wanting rights of reply . . .

© Liz

Swan Lake

I went to see a show the uver night
A corker play — the sheilas were a sight.
Me little Doreen sed it was Bally
"Bally" I sez — "The name don't seem to tally"
Meself I'd say it was a sorter dance.
Yer should 'ave seen the way them blokes awl
prance.

I put me 'and across me Doreen's eyes
I didn't want 'er lookin' at them guys.
She's never seen me in me underdraws
An' what them blokes 'ad called for sum
applause.

I sorter gasped and thought it wasn't right
But when the sheilas came, cor what a sight!
They wore them funny sorter little skirts.
Too Toos me Dorren sed — they were too toos
fer certs.

An' little bits uv stuff above their waists
They looked a bit too skinny fer me tastes.
They 'opped around pretendin' they were ducks,
Skipping round the blokes to chance their lucks.
"Corpse de Bally they were" me Doreen sed.
"Corpse", I sed, "They're flamin' well not ded".

There was a white duck prancin' round in style,
Then a black wun came and wus she vile!
I started to get up to yell out "Boo!"
But Doreen sed "I'll shoot yer if yer do!"

Seems yer gotter be perlite at Bally
But me and that blark nark would not be pally.
They jumped about a sorter pool.
Yer should 'ave seen the big bloke actin' cool.
He tossed them ducks up in the air.

I tell yer I was fair glued to me chair.
Well, any'ow at last the white duck died
And I jist put me 'ead down and cried.
Doreen sed to 'urry fer the bus
But when I got inside I made fuss.

Comin' up the street came Ginger Mick,
I grabbed 'is arm and sed "I'm feelin' sick.
I saw that lovely white duck fall down ded,
I reely am upset an seein' red."
Mick said that lovely white duck was a sheila
called Pavlova

An' no way was that Russian's life all over.
Me Doreen sed the 'ole lot was pretend.
An' so at last me broken 'eart did mend.

© Alma Thorsteinsen



Heroes Unsung

Wherever you see them, these creatures so
grand,

On a beach, in the bush, or on hot desert sand,
They stand out so proud, so tall and aloof,
No fang, no claw, and no cloven hoof.
Their soft doleful eyes, always half hidden,
Give all the impression, their friendship's
forbidden.

They're smelly and noisy, and cranky at best,
But when water is lacking they do the job best.
Our early explorers couldn't do without those
Wonderful beasts, led with peg in the nose.
Across tractless wastes, the early ones clung
To these ships of the desert, these heroes
unsung.

Great beasts of burden, for the dry arid heart,
In opening this country, they played a huge part.
From building of railway and telegraph line,
And transporting goods for homestead and
mine,
The paths of these slaves crisscrossed our land,
Always the servant for the work we had
planned.

Now for a gold coin at market of fête,
When you ride one of these so serene and
sedate,
Give thought to these beasts, in trappings
designed
For kids to enjoy, one up front one behind.
Remind yours gently, that they are heroes
unsung.

© Des Fisklock (c) 2000
(See advertisement on page 13)



Beneath the Faded Word

It sat out in the shearing shed for thirty years
or more,
With Cobwebs, dust and binder twine, and
sheep dung on the floor.
An old and trusted Lockwood kept is secrets
from my eyes
A cabin trunk of leather there since 1945.
I asked my dad who owned it and what we kept
it for,
He replied, "It's Uncle Basil's, that he brought
back from the war.
So don't you bloody touch it, or I'll tan your
bloody hide."
But that only made me more intrigued to see
what was inside.
And I wondered at its mysteries and the secrets
that were hid,
Beneath that faded word, "Tobruk" stencilled
on the lid.

Near Wilcannia, where only hardy cattlemen
will go,
Uncle Basil had a station, Baden Park, near
Ivanhoe,
A strong and gentle man, who once rode the
"Birdsville Track"
Just to prove he wasn't hampered, by shrapnel
in his back.

So I stood alone and weighed it up; which would
I decide,
Should I leave the memories undisturbed, or
take a look inside?
I knew I had to take a look, to see what it'd
hold.
Medals? Spoils from the — guns or jewels or
gold?

The old man went off fishin' of a Sunday with
Bob Grey.
So I was gonna do it — that would have to be
the day
I started out determined — I was done by ten
past two
With half a broken hacksaw blade, I cut the
padlock through
But even as I opened it, the truth was plain and
clear,
The old trunk held no gold or jewels, there was
no treasure here.
Just a pile of letters tied with string, an old moth-
eaten flag,
A rusty metal helmet, a mouldy webbing bag,
A cup made from a jam tin, an emu feathered
hat,
A newspaper clipping with the title "Desert
Rat",
Some photos of the pyramids — a rusty
bayonet,
An IOU — Jack Carmody — 2 quid (a 2-up
bet),
I folded out a faded map as day began to wane
Foreign places like Benghazi, Tobruk,
El Alamein.

Then I came upon a satchel and a little leather
book
And a photo of some young blokes — so I took
a closer look.
It was twenty young recruits, their faces tanned
and worn
From places like Cohuna, Moama and
Bamawm.
Farmers, shearers, stockmen off to fight a
noble war,
For the Empire in a foreign land they'd never
seen before,
And scrawled across the bottom, in writing
rough and course
Twenty names below the words, the Echuca
Boys — Light Horse.

I turned the photo over, and there upon the back
Were words that sent a chill through me, and
made my mouth go slack.
A solemn list of twenty — the fate of each the
same
Every one but Uncle Basil had a date beside
their name.
Some said April '43, some said June/July.
A record from our history, the date that each
had died.
I turned back to the photo and looked in every
face
And written each one was a month, a year, a
place.
A grinning sun-bronzed face, each now with a
name
Like November 1943 — the words El Alamein.

I wonder — did they think, as they sailed across
the foam
That amongst them only one — Uncle Basil
would come home?
Recorded in this little book — an' I remember
to this day —
A record of their actions and how each had
passed away
A mortar shell out on patrol: a sniper in the
night;
A landmine took ones legs off — he died
before first light.
The death of each was brutal, the reality was
stark —
40 pages written there. I finished just on dark.
I slowly closed that record of the men who kept
us free
And turned to see my father, standing watch-
ing silently.
He didn't do his block, as expected that he
would.
He just said, "Come on pack it up, I reckon that
we should."
So with love and care we packed away the
treasures from the past,
When I came across the photograph — it was
put aside till last,
And with new respect and love — I recorded
there his fate,
Next to Uncle Basil I wrote April '68.
Yeah, Dad and I we packed it up and put it back
again
And wrapped it in a bit of tarp to keep it from
the rain.
We never spoke about it or discussed what I
had read
I reckon that was his way, to respect those
blokes long dead.
There's a statue of a digger in most every
country town,
And a list of names of locals, who fought with
great renown,
And now, when I go by, I remember what I read
Sitting on the floor out there, in our old
shearing shed
And I think of Uncle Gordon, lost somewhere
on Ambon,
Uncle Jack on the Kokoda, and in England,
Uncle John.
I remember still that photo, with sadness and
remorse,
That mob of grinning faces, the Echuca boys,
Light Horse.
In a cemetery near Ivanhoe lies a bloke whose
left his mark
Basil Thomas, of Echuca, Tobruk and Baden
Park.

© Peter Thomas



Whispers of the Past

I wanted to write me a bush-verse,
— I'm almost addicted to them —
But I found I lacked the right background
For my pen to produce such a gem.
For suddenly as I sat writing,
My lines seemed to fade clean away,
And a memory stirred that was hidden between
Of a small country's Crisp Autumn day.

What I wrote was a song from my childhood,
Where the whirr of the windmills leapt time;
With a far different tone to its music,
A much sadder note to its rhyme.

I searched for some fresh inspiration,
Read Lawson and Paterson too;
They showed me the past and its struggles,
The backbreaking plight of the few.
But as I was reading their verses
The themes of my youth filtered in
I smelled the fine tang of the heather,
Felt a bitter sweet yearning begin.

And the scenes became songs of my childhood,
With the lyrics etched deep in my soul,
When my footsteps would pace out the rhythms
On the cobblestones I used to stroll.

Your bards told of mountains and rivers,
Of broilgas that dance on the plains.
Of young spring-time growth in the valleys,
And life-giving monsoonal rains.
They wrote about fierce floods and fires,
Of bushrangers everyone feared,
The bullockies, shearers and swagmen
And the yarns that — with them — disappeared.

But deep down inside mists were swirling
On the low-lying fields I once knew,
Where the willows stood guard at the ditches,
With the cattle near hidden from view.

They write of the rush to the gold-fields
Where fortunes are lost as they're made,
And tell of the slow rate of progress
When early foundations are laid.
Then — later — when shadows grow longer
And mirages of riches are gone,
They speak with the pride of a nation,
That was so reluctantly won.

Still the Pictures I see are the memories
Of pine forests dressed in pure white,
And of dreamy, long summery evenings
When the skies were aflame with the light.

But for now as I read distant verses
That are written by poets so fine,
I feel that their roots are beginning
To be interwoven with mine.
I can still hear the whispers of childhood,
And my heart can still treasure the past,
But the new songs I hear of this country
I can truthfully call mine at last.

© Corry de Haas, January 1991



The Christmas (Melbourne) Cup

I was too late for the Melbourne Cup. So I thought that I would combine Christmas and the Cup.

The field is at the barrier
for the Christmas Cup this year,
The "Polar Bear" goes in now,
followed by Santa's "Deer".

"White Boomer" is fighting fit today,
"Candles" is looking trim,
"A Christmas Carol" is settling down,
to be ridden by Tiny Tim.

"St Nicholas" and "Holly",
are in barriers eight and nine,
"Pudding" is slightly over-weight,
and "Turkey" is looking fine.

"They're off!" the Christmas Party roared,
"They're coming into sight,
A "Christmas Carol" leads the field,
followed by "Silent Night".

"White Boomer" now is rounding up,
"Polar Bear" is on his tail,
"Christmas Stocking" is hanging up,
and "Holly's" on the rail.

"St. Nicholas" is moving up
as they turn into the straight,
There's "Polar bear" and "Turkey"
and "Candles" burning late.

When down the outside rail
comes "Santa" and his "Deer"
"Jingle Bells" is flying
and the crowd lets out a cheer."

Who won the race? Well no one knows?
It was left to three wise men,
They pondered and they pondered,
and pondered once again.

They finally named a winner,
and the crowd as one arose,
The winner was a reindeer,
It was "Rudolph" by a nose.

© "Skew Wiff" Watt

Star Struck

Hundred thousand million stars,
Planets, Pluto, Neptune, Mars,
Jupiter of mighty girth,
Mercury, Uranus, Earth,
Saturn, Venus, Moon and Sun,
Shining down on everyone.

Twinkle, PISCES, pair of fish,
LIBRA, balanced double-dish,
Crab of CANCER, high and dry,
Mirror twins of GEMINI,
Awesome TAURUS, mighty bull,
Ave* VIRGO, beautiful.

Twinkle Lion King, LEO,
Beware, scary SCORPIO,
Archer, SAGITTARIUS,
Waterboy, AQUARIUS,
ARIES ram, hard nut to crack,
Horoscopes and Zodiac.

Twinkled once upon a time,
Perfect star on Palestine,
Three Wise men came from afar,
Following that lovely star
Twinkle proudly CAPRICORN . . .
CHRISTMAS DAY and CHRIST IS BORN!

* "Ave" is Latin for "Hello" because the
Romans couldn't say "G'day".

© Tom Stonham 1999



The Sounds Of Summer

We hear the sounds of summer around us
everywhere,
We listen to the voices day by day;
The chorus of cicadas in loud and constant song,
And birds who join to gladly have their say.

The waves upon the beaches, the children on
the sand,
Their laughter as they play around the pool.
The pleasure and excitement as books are put
away,
For holidays have started, no more school.

The buzz in shopping centres as shoppers come
and go,
With lovely Christmas music bringing joy.
The tread of tiring footsteps, a mother's weary
sigh
While Santa talks to every girl and boy.

The bells from churches ringing, they say "Just
stop a while
And feel the sounds of silence in your heart.
Remember this is Christmas, God gave His gift
of love
For you to know, to share, to have a part."

Around us sirens sounding, the whole state
seems on fire,
Those roaring flames that overwhelm with
fears.
The timber, pasture, houses lie blackened, burnt,
destroyed,
There's stories told with voices close to tears.

We hear the rumbling thunder that heralds
coming storms,
The beating on the roof of falling rain.
The steady drone of tractors with the harvest in
full swing,
And trucks and trains that carry golden grain.

The bright and happy greetings of family and
friends,
A radio, a telephone, a call
To help someone in trouble, to lend a listening
ear.
The sounds of summer, these are for us all.



© Joyce Alchin

Christmas Day

'Twas the morning of Christmas and all through
the house
There was laughter and noise, 'cause the cat
got that mouse!
The children had long since got out of their beds,
Christmas presents and food foremost in their
heads.

Now mother and I from our slumber did wake,
We really don't know how much noise we can
take.
Then out in our lounge I heard such a clatter
I sprang from my bed to see what was the
matter!

Sunlight through the windows lit up the whole
place,
The kids and the dog were all playing chase!
The what with my sleepy eyes did I see,
But the stereo busted, and so the TV!

The tree it had fallen, and crashed to the floor,
It's flickering lights flickered no more.
The cat was impaled by the star from the tree,
Her eyes had rolled back, and she looked crook
to me!

The soot from the chimney covered the hearth,
The kids they blamed Santa, 'cause that was
his path.
Egg nog and cake crumbs now staining the rug,
Me best plate was broken and so was me mug!

I called out to Mother, "Come look at this
mess!"
"Like hell!" She replied, "Not in my new dress!"
So off to the kitchen, the breakfast to cook,
It's bacon and eggs, but for lunch we'll have
chook!

Now feasting is over, we've cleaned up the
mess,
And Mother looks nice, in her brand new dress.
The kids went next door to spread Christmas
Cheer,
So I grabbed the esky, and drank all the beer!

I was on the verandah when she saw my plight,
Better sober up quick, 'cause I don't need a
fight.
I mentioned how nice she looked in her dress,
But she'd gone and changed, boy, was I in a
mess!

So sprang to my feet, to the dog gave a whistle,
But to her it meant nothing, like the down on a
thistle.
And I heard her exclaim as she slammed the
door tight,
"I thank you for Christmas, but you'll stay out
tonight!"

Now I banged on the door, yellin', "Hang on a
tick,"
Then she called me a name, and it wasn't Saint
Nick!
So I guess I'll just sit here and suffer me pain,
And I suppose that next Christmas, I'll do it
again!

© Kev J Barnes



The Antipodean Pagan

"Oh Krismus is for kiddies", thus he piously
intones.
While stocking up with beer and wine and grub
and, maybe, cones.
He smiles in anticipation of the coming
"Krismus" treat
Like warbling "Winter wonderland in searing
summer heat
And singing songs of sleigh bells where the
snow was never seen
And any heathen legend wouldn't be quite so
obscene
As guzzling pud and turkey while the
temperatures soaring
Then collapsing as from every pore the
perspiration's pouring.
I tried to point out to him that the scholars sagely
say
That Jesus wasn't born in winter. There was
not a way
That shepherds kept their flocks in fields in
freezing cold December.
It was the time for taxing by the Romans, you
remember,
And they were not quite fools enough
expecting flock to travel
In winter's stark conditions and on roads of
roughest gravel.
The wise men didn't visit Him till He was nearly
two
And living in a house as Matthew Two explains
to you.
The scholars know what time of year when
every coorse of priest

Their duties in the temple kept, and there was
not the least
Degree of doubt that He was born (your
patience thus permitting)
September on Atonement Day: so faithful, apt,
and fitting.
And every Yultide custom is as pagan as can be
(I'd shock you if I told you all about the
"Krismus" tree).
I tried to tell him all of this. Alas, he wasn't
listenin'.
He's living in a dream world; thinking what he
does is Christian.

© Ken Hood

Hot Air Rises

I think I've worked it out,
why windbags make the grade,
why out of such verbosity
are politicians made.

To me the reason seems quite clear
(You can tell me if its not)
HOT . . . AIR . . . RISES!
that's how they make the top!

© Sandra Binns

Christmas in the Outback

Christmas in the Outback
Oh what a sight to see
CHRISTMAS BELLS and waratahs,
Koalas up the tree.
CHRISTMAS in the OUT BACK
Feeling's something grand
The magpies joyous carolling
Drifts across the land.

CHRISTMAS in the OUTBACK
The sky so blue above
Everywhere there's happiness
As GOD sends down HIS love
No snow or ice is glistening
Across the wide brown land
But warm, gold days of summer
Heralded by a locust band.

No reindeer pulling his sleigh
As SANTA calls around
Instead we hear the horses hooves
As they gallop o'er the ground
Yes CHRISTMAS in the OUTBACK
Has a charm all of its own
No matter from which land you came
You're welcome in our home.

Yes CHRISTMAS in the OUTBACK
Still has the HOLY STAR,
And GOD still sends HIS blessing
No matter where we are.

© June Lal Nov 1996

Christmas Time

Last year Christmas was cancelled among our
family.
Within weeks both our mothers died, no
Christmas cheer.
Almost a year has past, I took out the cards to
write.
My two dearest friends — no longer here.

Does the pain of loss and emptiness go?
Christmas looms, I envy the happy smiles
My old mate, has just had heart surgery.
Together we have travelled many miles.

My eldest daughter is very unwell.
Her much loved dog has cancer, no end in sight.
Must write those Christmas cards, cheerful like.
Both my daughter and her dog must fight.

Ah! Christmas is not a happy time,
For the lonely, the poor, and the sick.
I whisper to myself, be strong, they need your
strength.
Step outside yourself, be positive, be calm,
that's the trick!

Christmas looms, sweet carols fill the air.
Bright decorations, sparkling trees, coloured
lights.
We'll pull ourselves up 'by our boot straps'
And, yep, we will 'hit the heights'.

To all those, who at this time are better of,
And yes there are those worse off as well.
We will unite, in a mind boggling Christmas
For I'm sure, we have just struck a rough spell!

© Geraldine King

Santa I'm Here

Milling around the Christmas tree
With other girls and boys
I saw Santa give the kids
Lots of lovely toys.

The other orphan kids were
Having a wonderful time
With their gifts from Santa,
But oh, dear, where was mine?

Maybe I'd been naughty
It's really hard to know.
But Mummy, he forgot me.
Oh, why did you have to go?

© Mavis Appleyard

Can you help?

Mrs C McInnes Jambin Qld is seeking a
poem called "Dogger Fry". It's about a dog
trapper travelling with his horses. Pursued
by Aborigines he poisoned himself when he
could go no further. Please contact me if you
can help. We'll publish if possible.

Liz



The Joy of Christmas

It will soon be Christmas, and hearts will be
gay
As families gather for Christmas Day.
Kin-folk will travel from far and near
Who have not been together for almost a year.
And mothers will shop and cook and plan
To have all in readiness for the clan.

Excitement is rising, and eager faces
Reveal, there are secrets in all sorts of places.
There are golf clubs hidden up in the ceiling,
And parcels wrapped with shapes all
revealing.

Father has something locked in the shed,
And don't dare look under anyone's bed.

There are all kinds of goodies stashed away,
That folk have gathered along the way.
The children, too, have spent all they had
On something special for Mum and Dad.
And now they wait, with impatient delight,
For Santa to come on Christmas Eve night.

The decorations have all been done.
That's been a joint effort for everyone,
With lights and tinsel, and baubles galore,
A nativity scene, and a wreath on the door,
And streamers, balloons and mistletoe,
And children's stockings hung in a row.

It would not be Christmas without a tree,
With a star on top for all to see.
As a symbol of that star so bright,
Which shone in the sky on the first Christmas
night,
And which proclaimed to all on earth,
The message on our Saviour's birth.

This is the Festive Season, when joy and love
abound,
The postman's bag is heavy as he makes his
daily round,
With packages and letters, and greeting cards
which say,
That friends are thinking of us in a very
special way.
And on each card there is a verse, sent to
bring good cheer
For a Merry Christmas, and a wonderful year.

© Maxine Ireland



"Teddy"

Teddy Bear Dusty, Teddy Bear torn . . .
Teddy Bear wishing he'd never been born.
Teddy forgotten, Teddy outgrown . . .
Just dust and darkness, unloved, all alone.

Aching, heart-breaking scenes filled his head,
Teddy and Timmy, together, in bed.
Playing, pretending, laughter, pure joy . . .
Teddy had so loved that dear little boy.

Teddy was crying, (what do you expect?)
Teddies are tough, but they'll cry . . . from
neglect . . .
Down in the cellar, wanted no more . . .
Then faint from above "Ding-Dong", the
front door.

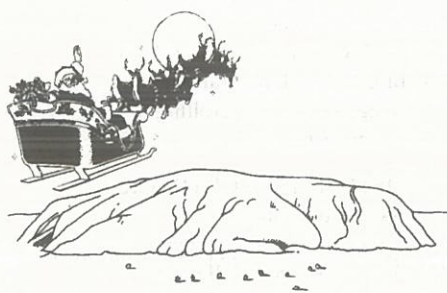
"Good morning, Ma'am, my name is "Sam"
And me and "Happy" here,
Are magic gnomes, we call on homes
About this time of year.

"We come of course, from Santa Claus,
For toys both sick and old.
We wash them, mend them, then we send
them
To Santa Claus, North Pole.

Dolls, funny frogs, stuffed ducks and dogs
Who but for us would die . . .
And, here and there, a Teddy Bear . . .
We save them all . . . or . . . try."

Teddy heard footsteps coming downstairs,
But nobody visits old, sick Teddy Bears.
His sight was so dim from tears in his eyes,
When they lifted Teddy, he gr-r-rowled, in his
surprise.

© Tom Stonham 1965



Santa's Prang

Around the bush stories are told
in voices so often hushed
when Santa years ago was bold
but he had his ego crushed.

You see Australia's bush is very vast
and Santa was running late.
How could his sleigh go extra fast
what scheme could he contemplate.

Then in his mind he hatched a plan
to speed over desert dunes.
And so he fed each reindeer bran
mixed up with laxettes and prunes.

This diet was the reason why
his team at speeding excelled.
They shot across the Aussie sky
each reindeer was jet propelled.

They cruised along fast and level.
High over Sturt's desert they flew
where up rose a wiley devil
to challenge that Christmas crew.

The willy wiley caused a spin
the mighty sleigh did tumble.
It hit the ground with such a din
for miles they heard the rumble.

The wayward sleigh it changed the land
across the desert it did streak.
It dug a gash across the sand
now known as Cooper's Creek.

It gouged the site for great Lake Eyre
and caused many other changes
by pushing soil with style and flair
it formed the Flinders Ranges.

Bushies always keen to fettle
came from miles around
to collect bits of broken metal
they found lying on the ground.

Now across the bushland hills and dells
if you listen at your ease
windmill blades whistle Jingle bells
as their sleigh bits catch the breeze.

© Maurie O'Brien 2000

Christmas in Australia

It's Christmas in Australia
Summer sings her warm refrain
perhaps the greatest thing Santa could bring
Would be a cool welcome drop of rain.

Cicada's drone from their tree top
homes
Insects hum and croon
While cheeky Kookaburras call
Their happy laughing tune.

The sunbeats down, on dry parched ground
Where sheep and cattle graze
As the colour of the ranges
Turn blue through the distant haze.

There may be scenes of ice and snow
From our coast to the far outback
But the scent and sight of beautiful gum
blossom white
Surely compensates for that.

Now a Merry Christmas and a Happy New
Year
I pray all your troubles be small
And may the good angels above, send down
their love
Like a rainbow over all — Here in Australia.

© Bob Skelton (aka)
The Minmi Magster 2001
minmimagster@hotmail.com



The Meaning of Christmas

Remember those wonderful Christmas Eve nights,
When shops were all open and filled with delights.
When the streets were so crowded we scarcely could walk,
And police moved us on when we stopped to talk.

When people were rich, though they'd little to spend,
For it cost very little to please a friend.
Just a small box of hankies, or a nice cake of soap,
And we were all happy and full of good hope.

And Santa was someone kids thought of in awe,
So they were never naughty for they knew that he saw
Everything that they did, be it wrong or right.
And Santa would come on Christmas Eve night.

So they plucked chooks, washed dishes and helped with the chores,
And polished the handles on all the doors,
And Mum did the baking, and Dad chopped the wood,
And everyone pitched in and did what they could.

And the Christmas tree smelt as a Christmas tree should,
It wasn't plastic, but real live wood,
And the trimmings were saved from year to year.
Remember the meaning of Christmas Cheer?

What has happened to us that we're so blasé,
Have we lost the meaning of Christmas Day?
We grumble that Christmas costs such a lot
But do we appreciate what we've got?

So let us think of what we have lost;
And stop thinking of Christmas as just the cost,
And remember the days of faith and hope,
And a small box of hankies and a nice cake of soap.

© Maxine Ireland



Notice

The National Bush Poetry Championships 2002

will be at

Yarrawonga-Mulwala

17th, 18th 19 May 2002

Enquiries

Yarrawonga-Mulwala Tourism

P. O. Box 190

Yarrawonga Vic 3730

Phone 03 5744 1989

Last Chance 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.

The 8th Annual will be available at Tamworth

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



The Australian Bush Poets Association Inc

Eighth Annual will be available at Tamworth.

Don't miss out on your copy of a collection of great poems submitted by members especially for this publication.

Poems from our Newsletter aren't included.

Remember some back issues are still available. See above

Call to Poets at Tamworth

Poets wishing to take part in the activities at the City Bowling Club

Please contact Carol Reffold

03 9740 4868

or

0413 080 095

please send bios
payment = show share

Notice



The National Bush Poetry Championships 2003

will be decided at our AGM at Tamworth

Please forward submissions To our Acting Secretary

Ron Selby

P. O. Box 77

Drayton North Qld 4350
by 10th January 2002



The Australian Bush Poets Association Inc

Please help

We get many request for dates and other details of future events.

We'd gladly pass them on if we knew them.

Starting next month (if enough information is received) we will publish a calendar of what's coming a up, where and when.

Organisers please send us details as early as you can —

Information on Tamworth is ultra urgent

Liz

This poem is based on a true story published in a book written by Father Frank Meham, who is a nephew of the priest in the poem. The area — the upper Murray. The year — 1911.



The Man from Snowy River Meets the Bard

A message came to Albury that in the mountains high,
A man was asking for a priest, in fear that he would die
Up in those rugged ranges where there was no priest to find.
A visit from a Man of God would rest his weary mind.
The Parish priest in Albury only had a horse to ride,
That trip would take him many days, there was no time to bide.

He sent instead a younger priest, who drove a Renault car,
At speeds of twenty miles an hour, the hills would not be far.
But tracks were rough and narrow so the progress made was slow,
Jingellic took him half a day, nearly fifty miles to go.
The young priest showed an eagerness, to drive on through the night,
Although the way was dangerous, the car headlights were bright.

He asked a local at the pub to be his guiding crew,
The bloke said, "I'd go with you, but I know we'd not get through."
Reluctantly he stayed the night, and at first glimpse of day
Continued up the mountain track, the peaks still far away.
Creek crossings were quite treacherous, the Renault struggled through
As though it knew how urgent was, the task it had to do.

The priest would ask at ev'ry shack, about the stockman's hut
But none knew of it's whereabouts, "It must be further up."
Those stony twisting tracks were steep, the pace was but a crawl,
around every turn a precipice cajoled a fatal fall.
At Bringenbrong the same reply, "He must be further on."
The sun was sinking in the west, daylight

would soon be gone.

And a Khancoban they'd not heard of that old stockman's plight,
"If he be up at Hickey's hut, best get there fore the night."
'Twas there he found Jack Riley, who by now was gravely ill,
His mates brought him forty miles, from back the furthest hill.
The priest gave him "The Blessing", as his prospects were not bright,
The old man rested peacefully and slept on through the night.

His mates were sitting 'round the fire and spinning yarns with flair,
The priest recited "Banjo's poem", then silence filled the air
"What have I said?" the young priest asked,
"That was a gallant ride."
A mate who pointed at the door, said, "That's the 'The Man' inside."
This revelation startled him, 'twas hard to understand,
That frail old stockman in the hut was famed throughout the land.

Next day old Jack felt better, and with mates all standing by,
They talked of must'ring brumbies, and a gleam came to his eye.
When questioned 'bout "Regret's young colt", he pondered for a while,
"Yeah, that colt was really something and he put us to the test,
But my hardy mountain pony challenged him to do his best."

Jack Riley lived for three more years, his spirit now still rides,
His grave you'll find at Corryong by Snowy Mountain sides.
"The Man from Snowy River" in the mountains loved to roam,
"The Man", "The Banjo" wrote about, who brought the brumbies home,
The priest was Patrick Hartigan, whose literary incline,
Gave us the famous poet we now know as John O'Brien.

© Jim Angel, Winner of the Jack Riley Heritage Award Section MFSR Festival 2001

Don't forget Membership Fees are due from 31st December 2001.

That's \$25 for the whole year

Remember only financial members can vote at our AGM



Thank You to everyone who contributed to making this newsletter possible

Joyce Alchin	June Lal
Trish Anderson	Joan Lane
Jim Angel	Sandy Lees
Mavis Appleyard	Jan Lewis
Rosemary Baguley	Barb Macdermid
Paul Bannan	Jan Morris
Kev Barnes	Maurie O'Brien
Des Bennett	John Pampling
Sandra Binns	Denise Payne
Bob Burges	Jill Perren
Dennis Carstairs	Maureen Quickenden
Corrie de Haas	Carol Reffold
Louise Dean	Arthur Rekow
Dermot Dorgan	Terry Regan
Jack Drake	Leanie Renton
Dave Farrer	Ron Selby
Wally Finch	Bob Skelton
Des Fishlock	Maureen Stonham
Marco Giori	Tom Stonham
Janine Haig	Murray Suckling
Ken Hood	Peter Thomas
Maxine Ireland	Alma Thorsteinsen
Max Jarrott	Viv Ledlie
Norma Jeffries	Liz Ward
Graeme Johnson	Grahame Watt
Denis Kevans	Rod Worthing
Geraldine King	

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

APOLOGY

Due to such an overwhelming response to this Christmas edition, even with extra pages added, there was not enough space to fit in all great poetry submitted. Unfortunately, some very good poems had to be left out. Please accept our apologies. Some poetry submitted and/or promised for this month has been held over for January.

While we do not want to put restrictions on poetry published your assistance is asked by giving consideration to the following.

Rhyme and metre — our Association has no problem with other forms of poetry it's just that we don't do them. Kindly refer to the definition on Page 8.

Length — we don't want to dictate set lengths but ask for your co-operation as printing costs dictate the size of our newsletter. Avoid epics please.

Product Shelf

Advertising fees in this section are \$5.00 for two months. What a bargain, hey? To advertise your products please contact the Editor, 56 Orchid Avenue, Kallangur Q 4503. Advertisers please note the small numbers on the bottom right of your advertisement indicates the date of your last paid insert, e.g. "01/02" etc. which in this case means January 2002. Please tell the Editor if it's incorrect.

Bob Burgess Australia Vol. 1

A rollicking collection of
Aussie Song and Poems on CD
\$23.50 Includes postage

Bob Burgess
15b Junction Street
Cairns Q 4870



02/02



The Cattledog's Revenge & Other Humorous Verses

CD containing 13 poems \$20 + \$2 p
Duck for Cover

book of poems \$10 + \$1 p

Still Ducking

Poems and Short Stories \$10 + 1 p

FROM: Jack Drake
Box 414 P. O.
Stanthorpe Q 4380
Ph 07 4783 7169

02/02

Painted Poetry

Unique collections of colour illustrated poetry
10 beautifully illustrated original poems per book \$
20 each plus \$1.50 P & P

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01/02

"JOE FROM JUMBUK" AN

**EPONYMOUS
GIPPSLAND
CHARACTER**



BY **DES
BENNETT**

**BUSH VERSE
&
NARRATIVE**

\$10 +
\$1.20 POSTAGE
P.O. BOX 466
MORWELL
VICTORIA 3840

02/02



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

01/02

Accent on Australia

Verses by Viv

\$7.00
Including
postage



Net proceeds from the sale of this anthology
are donated to Operation Smile Australia
Limited, a charitable organisation which
helps children from developing countries
with craniofacial deformities.

Contact Vivienne Ledlie
5 Lorton Court
Alexandra Hills Q 4161

Telephone 07 3824 4038
Email: ledlielv@bigpond.net.au

01/02



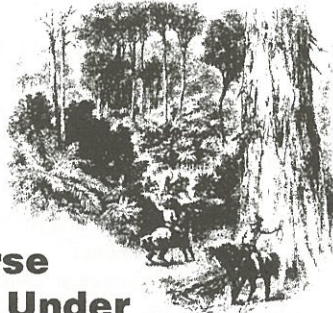
300 Funny Little Poems

from Denis Kevans

\$15 PP

Contact Denis Kevans
63 Valley Road
Wentworth Falls NSW 2782

08/02



In Verse Down Under

by **Ken Dean**

\$10 plus \$1.20 P&P

Contact Ken Dean
9 Korra St
Marrangaroo 2790

12/01



Poor Old Grandad

**Book of
Bush Verse
& Nonsense**

by

Grahame "Skew Wiff" Watt

\$17.50 posted

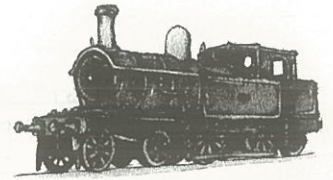
G. Watt
4 Bond street
Kyabram Vic
03 5852 2084

03/02



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	Cornucopia 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	Dorrigio 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	June Bush Poets Group	7.30 pm	June Community Centre Brian Beasley P O Box 82 June 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 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 Baptist Church Hall	1.30 - 4.00 pm	J Bray 11 Rhodes Pde Windemere Park 2264
Every 2 months on	2nd Saturday Compucopia 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 Finisteree Ave Whalan 2770	"Arch" Bishop 02 9625 7245



Regular Monthly Events

(Continued)



Victoria

Monthly Top of the Murray Poets & Bush Story Tellers Cooyong
 1st Monday Kyabram & District Verse Group 7.30 pm Kyabram Fauna Park
 Every 2nd month
 Thursday
 Every 6 weeks Gippsland Bush Poets 7.30 pm Rosedale Hotel

Jan Lewis 02 6077 4332
 Mick Coventry 035852 2097

Dennis Cartairs 03 5145 6128

South Australia

3rd Wednesday South Australian Bush Poets 7.30 pm Alma Pub Long Room Willunga
 Last Tuesday Whyalla Writers Group

Maurie O'Brien 08 8326 8788
 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

*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.*

Regular Events

This page is an experiment. Anyone who wishes their regular event promoted in this way
 it can be arranged for a modest fee. Samples selected at random

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

Cornucopia 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**



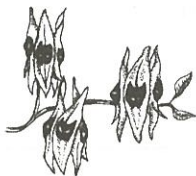
7.30 pm 1st Monday
 every 2nd month

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



SURFACE
MAIL

POPSTAGE
PAID



**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.