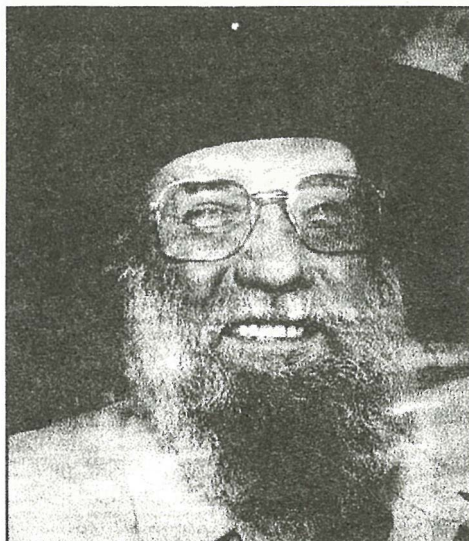


The Australian Bush Poets Association Inc.



Volume 9 N° 1

January 2002



Vale Kev Barnes

27th November 2001

Kev was born and bred in Brisbane, Queensland. As a teenager he played football and tennis and was a member of the Queensland Surf Lifesavers on the Gold Coast in the late 1950s.

In 1963 he joined the Army and after twelve years with the Engineers he took his discharge and went professional fishing for a year in North Queensland. He then travelled and worked throughout Western Queensland, Northern Territory, and Northern New South Wales with work ranging from goat farms to timber camps, gold fields to cattle properties.

He began writing in 1985 while working on a cattle property near Haden, north of Toowoomba on the Darling Downs.

In his later years an invalid pensioner, he lived alone on his "little bit of Aus" some 30 kms south west of Millmerran, where he wrote his bush verse and would welcome anyone with a hot (or cold) brew and a poem or two. His life revolved around bush poetry, bush poets and bush poetry events.

BUSH POETRY 'LEGEND' DIES

One of Australia's most respected bush poets, Kev Barnes, known throughout the country as "The Legend", died this week in Millmerran age 57.

Author of "Legendry Stuff", a compilation of his poetry, Kev wrote, performed, judged and organised bush poetry events for the past 11 years . . .

The title "The Legend" was given to him by a fellow bush poet early in his writing career and just stuck and became his trademark.

Toowoomba Chronicle, 30 November 2001



Rest in Peace Kevin

Kev joined the Australian Bush Poets Association in mid 1996 and was given a lot of advice and encouragement from his friend and fellow bush bard, Gary Fogarty who was the Inaugural Australian National Champion Bush Poet in 1995.

Kev had his successes in both performance and written bush poetry competitions in Queensland and New South Wales. He has performed on stage in various places across the Darling Downs and Brisbane, in venues from Rockhampton in North Queensland to Bowraville on the Mid North Coast of NSW and has judged both written and performance competitions.

He was a regular performer at Ned Winter's Roo Retreat at Cecil Plains on Queensland's Darling Downs and at the Yallambie Nursing Home in his chosen home of Millmerran where he started a Bush Poets Group and did workshops at local schools.

Kev was well known for organising an annual national bush poetry competition in Millmerran for the last three years to raise money for the Queensland Cancer Council.

His book, "Legendry Stuff" was self-published in September 1998 and he was working on a tape.

His health didn't allow him to get around as much as he liked, but then again where would he find the time? He wrote both humorous and serious verse about this country, dogs, fishing, and even Christmas Dinner!

Kev always wrote for himself, and when others found enjoyment in his poems he felt it was a real bonus, true satisfaction.

That was
our mate
Kev Barnes

The Legend

He'll be missed

*Based on a biography
written by
Maureen Stonham*

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,

Tamworth and our AGM are fast approaching. As this is also a start for our next year as an association, it is quite appropriate to look to what we want for our future.

I like to class myself as a serious conservationist but there's no way I'd call myself a greenie. But this is not the place for that debate, other than to say that from the greenies comes a slogan I believe we could adapt, i.e., *think global — act local*. To put it another way; the way to maintain the big picture in a healthy state is to look after things at home.

Think about it. Our future is very well served by such an attitude. Through conscientious efforts of dedicated poets and enthusiasts, Bush Poetry has enjoyed healthy growth over recent years. For continuing national success there's also a need to be successful in dozens — no hundreds — of local districts doing their own thing. Local groups of mates telling yarns and performing poetry first of all for their own pleasure and then for the pleasure of anyone else present.

If these local groups big or small are strong then, when many such groups come together under the umbrella of an organisation like the ABPA, surely each draws strength from the other and all benefit from the unity.

Australia's present population is somewhere around about 20 million people and our membership is around 500. To me, that suggests there plenty of room for growth. And I believe that will come from local groups most of the time. So if I have any message for our Association at this time it has to be. *Think national but act local*.

I have individually thanked every one on the committee for the dedication and their contributions throughout our term in office and would like to take this opportunity to do so publicly. Thank you Ron, Liz and Rosemary, you're the greatest!

As always, all positions will be vacated at the AGM and a new Committee elected. Hopefully, the results will bring the right mixture of those who stay and new comers. But whatever result of the elections, I'm sure all members join with me in wishing our new Committee a successful and productive year ahead.

Wally Finch
President



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.

Fees are \$25 for single family and club memberships and \$10 for Juniors (students to year 12).

Regards to all
Rosemary Baguley
Treasurer.

Pat 28/11
Pat New
2002

Newsletter Deadline

Please note the newsletter deadline is on the 17th of each month. Although every effort will be made to include late material, we hope you'll understand that nothing can be guaranteed. Early submissions are greatly appreciated.

Wordsmiths

A series of words and phrases not used much or from our past

This month its a mixed bag — mostly from the North Queensland cane fields. What might seem positively obscene can be completely innocent as Liz Ward explains . . .

"Thank you, Rod Williams, for your informative article concerning the particular register of language used by the shearing fraternity. Many occupations and industries employ a register of language peculiar to their lifestyle.

"As a teacher I was transferred here and there across the country working among miners, cane farmers, tobacco growers, timbermen and in dairying communities.

"Always I made it my business to get to know as many as possible of the parents of my pupils. As a public relations exercise it paid dividends in the classroom.

"Having recently arrived in the cane country of North Queensland I rode out one morning to meet the parents of Luigi, one of the Italian lads in my class.



"I should have stopped to think what the sign on the gate meant, but I had at that stage, learned very few words of Italian and '*Attenti il cane*' didn't register . . . well, not until I was challenged by a huge dog. A burly farmer came from the shed to quieten the animal. When he learned who I was he smiled a big welcome and invited me to meet his wife.

Walking towards the house I remarked That it was a miserable day. "Ah yes," he replied, But is good weather for put the stick in the missus!"

Well farmers tend to be a pretty down to earth, but really . . . ! He called a stream of Italian towards the house, then said to me, "I take

you to Maria. She make-a the coffee. I go wash." In the kitchen Maria and I chatted happily in broken English and fractured Italian. Luigi's papa soon came in sleeves rolled down and wet hair slicked back, very much the gentleman.

As we talked of Luigi, who was spending his morning with his Nonna, and they showed a lively interest in their son's scholastic progress. After a lovely morning tea and an invitation to come again I went on my way.

Some time later I learned how cane is planted, Long canes are cut into short lengths, called "*sticks*" and placed in a planter which is then driven along ploughed rows while the sticks are dropped into furrows and covered with soil.

The new crop springs from these pieces of cane. When new plants appear, inevitably there are a few pieces that do not germinate. These are called "*misses*", and on days when they are not busy new *sticks* are planted in the misses.

Luigi's papa was a gentleman after all and I fervently hoped that he never learned what this ignorant Australian had thought!!

Liz Ward

Footnote: Jill Perren tells me of a similar misunderstanding when a cane farmer was "*planting the missus*" (and she wasn't even dead).

Mary Mott from South Stradbroke Island, Qld., writes . . . "In response to the Wordsmith series here is the following. When I was reading through Roderick Williams sayings from the shearing sheds, I was looking for one I know and thought it fairly common amongst old sayings. The phrase is '*Ducks on the pond*'. I believe it means, 'There are females coming onto the board, so no swearing please'.

"This courtesy was extended to my small children and myself on an invitation to watch the shearing on Eurella station while we were on holidays at the Muckadilla Hotel in 1973. I still use this expression when I come within hearing distance of a group of men talking with my husband. If they do not know what it means, he does and explains it. They usually say 'Fair enough'. I suppose this saying went out when women started working in the shearing sheds".

Liz, Jill and Mary thank you for sharing these explanations with us and keeping the series going. Has anyone got any more?

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 Larrikins 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



On Ya Soapbox

Please send your letters to the Editor to:

56 Orchid Avenue
Kallangur Q 4503
Ph/Fax 3886 0747

Dear Liz,

I enjoy all the verse in the newsletters and I eagerly read every issue, But December's issue was special ~ had me frequently reach for a tissue!

To begin with, the mention of Charlee reminded me how much he is missed, how much he has done for so many ~ I'm just one of a very long list.

Then "Beneath the Faded Word" I read and tears ran down my face as I read of brave men lost in war away in that far off place.

Perhaps it was that it touched a cord deep in my heart ~ for you see in the dying hours of World War Two I lost my own father in Italy.

But I feel it's important to let someone know if you think they write excellently and an ounce of praise can go a long way ~ Charlee Marshall, I'm sure, would agree!

So I'd like Peter Thomas to know how I feel, how well written and great is his poem. As for me, I think that it should have won, it is perfect and really "hits home".

But still I was reaching for tissues ~ Gee, why am I feeling so blue? ~ There's Geraldine's sadness, and Tom's old Teddy ... and then Mavis made me cry too!

PS May the New Year bring everyone peace, good health and happiness!

© Sandra Binns 2001 Kincumber NSW

Dear Editor,

I've penned this rhyme. It's doggerel or worse, but when a poet airs a grievance, should he not do so in verse?

This issue of Professionals who leave other poets broke by carrying off the booty, is nothing but a joke.

Now I never met a poet who didn't love to spout, but the amount of effort you put in, dictates what you take out.

If you are a "Professional", it's because you've done the yards and worked a damn side harder than these whinging would-bards.

How else but by competing, will the new talents be found?

In Banjo's day and Henry's, they were glad to earn a pound for a poem on The red Page, but did other poets shirk?

No. They wrote their fingers to the bone to beat the masters' work.

And look how they succeeded. We got poets by the score.

In the early nineteen hundreds, there were fifty — maybe more — who were out there in Australia writing dinkum poetry, and they weren't crying for advantage. So why the hell should we?

And what about the audience? They come to see a show.

The better the performances, the better we all go. we can send our dinkum Aussie verse right across the Nation and give suburban backyard blocks a taste of life on stations.

Running extra contests puts committees in a bind.

That means extra prizes, cash and sponsorships to find.

And "open" means just that — open where the best will pouch the pelf.

So think more about our artform and less about yourself.

How many poets with your sorry tales of woe have listened to and watched yourselves on tape and video?

Have you stood in front of a mirror to assess how you perform?

For the people who are winning, such behaviour is the norm.

So work on your performance. Try to pad it where it's thin, instead of trying to organise a contest you can win.

Seek hest criticism then strive and you'll succeed.

It isn't segregated contest, it's PRACTICE that you need.

If you're offended, I apologise, but that's the way it goes.

An issue raised invites someone to tread upon your toes.

The spirit of Australia is open wide and free and I hate to see this pettiness invade Bush Poetry.

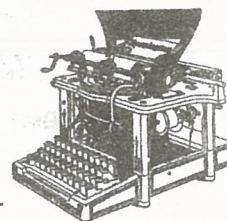
So stop you bloody moaning and just be bloody proud

that you're part of Aussie culture that seldom fails a crowd.

Just do it for the fun of it — BUSH POETRY — it's grand!

'Cause it's absolutely Aussie. Evolved in this great land.

Jack Drake, Stanthorpe Qld



Calendar

Thur 27 Dec — Tue 1 Jan	Woodford Folk Festival
Sat 12 — Sun 13 Jan	The Mountain Cattleman's Association of Victoria (See page 6)
Thur 17 Jan	7.30 pm Gippsland Bush Poets (See page 15)
Fri 18 — Sun 27 Jan	Tamworth (a detailed calendar with all known poetry events will be available at Tamworth)
Sat 26 Jan	2.00 pm ABPA AGM (See page 7)
Sat 9 Feb	Toowoomba Country Music Breakout (See page 7)
Sun 17 Feb	Moonba Function Centre (See Page 7)
Thu 28 Feb	7.30 pm Gippsland Bush Poets (See page 15)
Sun 3 March	Dusty Swag Awards (See Page 8)
Sat 9 March	Wauchope Bush Poets Breakfast (See Page 9)
Thur 13 — Mon 18 March	The John O'Brien Festival (See Page 7)
Sat 16 — Mon 17 March	Festival of Country Music Jondyrn — (See Page 8)
Thur 11 Apr	7.30 pm Gippsland Bush Poets (See page 15)
Thu 26 Apr — Mon 6 May	Towers Bonza Bash (See Page 9)
Fri 17 — Sun 19 May	The Australian Bush Poetry Championships (See Page 7)
Sat 18 May	Carrara Country Music Festival (See page 6)
Fri 31 May	Monto Dairy Festival (See Page 6)

Have we missed anything important? For inclusion in this calendar please contact the Editor

Abandoned Homesteads

How many broken dreams?

Almost from the beginning of European settlement abandoned homesteads have been a part of our landscape. Each has its own story to tell of the hopes of those who lived there.

What tragedy, what circumstances caused their owners to leave? So many tales of hard times — drought, floods, poor soil, mineral fields exhausted, poor economic climates. It's a large list with so many stories to tell. Over the years many poets have wondered why and they still do today.

Abandoned Selections

On the crimson breast of the sunset
The Gray Selections lie,
And their lonely, grief-stained faces
Are turned to a pitiless sky;
They are wrinkled and seamed with drought-fire
And wound at the throat with weeds,
They sob in the aching loneliness
But never a passer heeds.

I pity you Grey Selections,
As I pass you by in the night,
And I turn again with the shadows
To take your hand in the night;
In homesteads and yards deserted
'Tis little the world can see,
But the wail of your endless sorrow
Throbs under the moon to me.

I come to you, Gray Selections,
When the crickets gather and croon,
An hour at the back of the sunset,
An hour in advance of the moon;
How eager they are to whisper
Their tale as they hear me pass!
Twenty at once in the oak-trees
Ten at a time in the grass.

The night winds are chanting above you
A dirge in the cedar-trees
Whose green boughs groan at your shoulder,
Whose dead leaves drift at your knees;
You cry, and the curlews answer;
You call, and the wild dogs hear;
Through gaps in the old log-fences
They creep when the night is near.

I stand by your fenceless gardens
And weep for the splintered staves;
I watch by your empty ingles
And mourn by your white-railed graves;
I see from your crumbling doorways
The whispering white forms pass,
And shiver to hear dead horses
Crop-cropping the long gray grass.

Where paddocks are dumb and fallow
And wild weeds waste to the stars
I can hear the voice of the driver,

The thresh of the swingle-bars;
I can hear the hum of the stripper
That follows the golden lanes,
The snort of the tiring horses,
The clink of the bucking chains.

It is night; but I see the smoke-wreaths
Float over the dancing haze;
I can hear the jackass laughing
When south winds rustle the maze;
I can hear the axes' ringing
And out on the range's crown
I can hear the red fires roaring
And the great trees thundering down.

I pity you, Gray Selections,
Your hearths as cold as stone,
The days you must pass unaided,
The nights you must brave alone;
But most when the wailing curlews
Call over the drear lagoon,
And out of the ring barked timber
Comes blazing the red, red moon.

The fought for you Gray Selections,
The battle of long dry years,
Through seed times of sweat and sorrow
To harvests of hunger and tears;
You turned from the lips that wooed you,
And Justice, awake on her throne,
For sake of those brave hearts broken,
Is watching you break your own!

Will Ogilvie

Sentinels of Dreams

You'll see them dotted on this land,
On canefield farm and station.
Reminders of young folk gone,
Their dreams and aspirations.

You'll see them lurching sadly,
Barely staying on their feet.
No sign of garden fences,
Where roses once grew sweet.

'Twas eighty years or ninety
Or maybe even more,

When a happy, hopeful stripling,
Swept his bride up to that door.

They sweated, worked and strived,
To wrest a future from the land,
Through drought, and flood and fire,
Facing hardships, hand in hand.

Like sentries 'round the homestead,
Verandah posts grew proud.
Where children played in blessed shade,
And high helled boots trod loud.

From 'neath those wide verandahs,
Life's picture book they saw, The joy of birth
The fear of death
And sons ride off to war.

The laughter of the good times,
Despair of seared brown land.
The thrill of tiny grandkids
Reaching up to hold a hand.

Now its use-by date has passed,
Unloved and leaning, there it stands,
Keeping silently those secrets,
Locked away in time's swift sands.

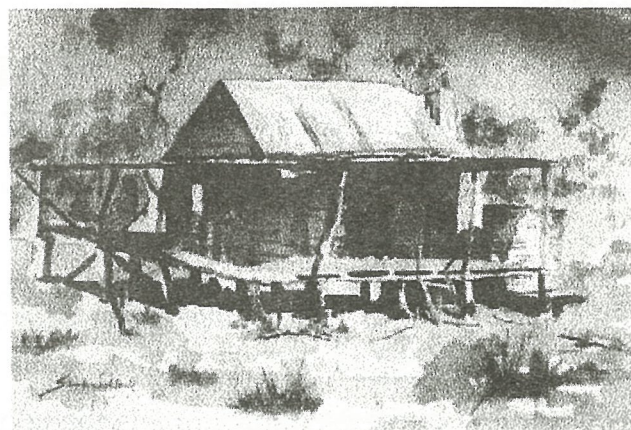
For there's a heartache in the rusting roof,
Though windows fear and gloom.
There's anger in the sagging door,
A tear in every room.

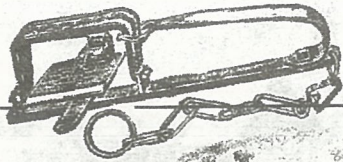
But there's a wish in every creaking step,
A joy in every beam.
Each rusty nail a hope,
Every twisted board a dream.

So when you see these lonely ruins,
Beyond repair, or reclamation
Spare a thought for those who built them,
For they also built this nation.

Poem by Des Fishlock
Above artwork by Sandra Fishlock
From their series of
illustrated cards and verses.

Please see the advertisement
on Page 13 for further details.





Round The Traps



Carrara — where country meets the coast

Carrara Country Music Festival Carrar Polo Fields

Bush Poetry Section
Saturday 18th May

For more information Phone 07 5527 8688

Fax 07 5527 8699

email dpayne1@bigpond.net.au

www.austcountry.com

SEX LIES & BUSH POETRY

You could laugh till it hurts
You could even shed a tear but
YOU WILL FEEL PROUD TO BE AUSTRALIAN

MANILLA BOWLING CLUB

8.00 pm Friday 18th January

Tamworth Golf Club

(air conditioned) * (Meals and refreshments available)

7.30 pm Saturday 19th January

7.30 pm Sunday 20th January

12.00 pm Wednesday 23rd January

7.30 pm Wednesday 23rd January

"It's so refreshing
to hear the truth
the whole truth &
nothing but the
truth"

Gary Fogarty

"Without
doubt the
most talented
group of people in
the country"

John Major

"As it is my
first time
I hope
they are gentle
with me"

Jack Drake

"This show
just oozes
sex appeal.
Tastefully
done of course"

Neil McArthur

Special Guest

Laura Downing

Tickets \$12

Ph 6765 9393



The Mountain Cattlemen's Association of Victoria

Press Release

33rd Mountain Cattlemen's Get-together

Rose River via Whitfield

12th — 13th January 2002

Unfortunately we received this press release a little too late to give advance warning but have decided to include an abridged version of it anyway as this is an annual event and maybe we're giving 12 months notice for next year.

Events over this action packed weekend include the Mountain Cattleman's Cup sponsored by Mazda (inspired by the film *The Man From Snowy River*), the Packhorse Championship, Horse Breaking Displays by Ron Connley (as seen at the Royal Melbourne Show), The Wally Ryder Horse Riding Race, The Rose River Dash, the Mick Culhane Memorial Bush Race and the Run-A-Muck Cup.

For poets, bush balladeers and story tellers there's the Don Kneebone Heritage Award — this year compered by John Walker (of TV's *Full Frontal* fame).

It's a weekend to remember with these activities and many more. For further details contact Sue Ryder

03 5754 4267



Monto Dairy Festival

Cream Can Awards

Written Bush Poetry Competition

for poetry restricted to no more than 100 lines. Entries must be rhyming bush verse. Entries close at the end of April, and winners will be notified at the Dairy Festival Poetry Night at the Monto Golf Club, Friday 31 May

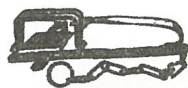
There will be an Open Section, and if there is enough interest, Junior Sections. First Prize in Open will be \$100 plus a trophy. Entry fee will be \$5 for up to three entries.

These awards were first instigated by the late Charlee Marshall in 1994, and have been held every second year since then. The Dairy Festival (and as a consequence the poetry competition) almost became victims of the rural decline and dairy deregulation, but we have decided to soldier on. The poetry night has always be one of the best supported functions at festival time, and we hope to continue that tradition. Visiting poets are very welcome at the evening, and we have had some wonderful performances. I am sure next year will be as good as previous years.

Anyone requiring more information can contact me by writing to 19 Edison Street, Monto Q 4630 or email at Chape@bigpond.com. Entries may be sent to the same address.

Looking forward to everyone's' support

Betsy Chape



Round The Traps



Come to the John O'Brien Festival

14th to 18th March 2002.



Visitors to Narrandera are always assured of a truly warm country welcome with plenty of entertainment in a traditional Aussie-Irish fashion. As noted poet Father Patrick Joseph Hartigan (John O'Brien — see illustrations above) was parish priest in this centre for 27 years, it was found fitting to name the festival after him. Bush Poetry of course is the flavour of the festival with poets breakfasts, a street parade, dancing, music and song adding to the excitement. The John O'Brien Festival always highlights the return of Father Hartigan in the guise of one Noel Stallard, who as the old master himself takes visitors on a nostalgic journey back into the history of St. Mels and the goings on around the Parish.

On Friday 15th March an Open Bush Poetry competition will be conducted at the Narrandera Bowling Club at 7 pm with \$1,000.00 (divided 5, 3 and 2) going to the adjudicated best three on the night with judges taking into consideration merit for material chosen, humour against serious, male against female, performance and originality. Entries may be made by free phone to Julie or Gwen on 1800 672 392. Entries close on 20th February when from a ballot sixteen names will be drawn and those successful will be notified. A ten dollar entry fee will apply to those selected.

American cowboy poet, Dick Warwick, will be appearing at Narrandera this year in the company of Geoffrey Graham, Noel Cutler and Frank Daniel. Bush poets breakfasts on the Saturday and Sunday mornings will be open to all comers.



Australian Bush Poets Association Inc

Annual General Meeting

2.00 pm Saturday 26th January 2002

34 Vera Street (Cnr Kathleen Street)

Tamworth

Please come, your support is needed

Wanted

1972 and 1980 "The Bronze Swagman Book of Verse"

Will forward a cheque for books and postage

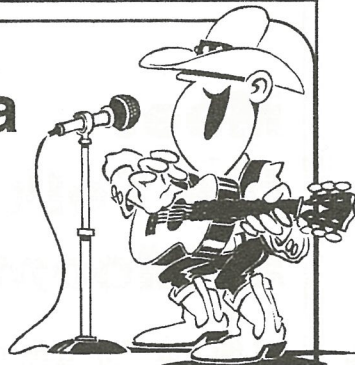
Jill Perren

38 Chestnut Drive

Murrumba Downs Q 4503

07 3285 7410

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



The Australian

Bush Poetry Championships

17th 18th 19th May 2002

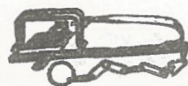
Give us a call on 1800 062 260

Or 03 5744 1989

or fax 03 5744 3149

email: tourism@yarrawongamulwala.com.au

(Check our Report in the R Pages)



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"
Poetry Writing Competition
will be held — \$2.00 per entry —

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

Entries close 28th February 2002

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

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: moomba@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



Wauchope Inaugural Bush Poets Breakfast

in conjunction with

The Hastings Country Music Club Annual Festival

Wauchope RSL
Cameron 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

Hot breakfast \$9.50

Original and Traditional Sections

1st \$70, 2nd \$20, 3rd \$10 — Overall Winner \$50

16 years and under 1st \$50, 2nd \$20, 3rd \$10

With turned timber trophies. Encouragement awards for
novice, senior and junior.

Judge Maureen Stonham

Contact Rod Worthing
SSAE to: 901 Oxley Hwy
Port Macquarie 2444

or 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, Marilyn 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

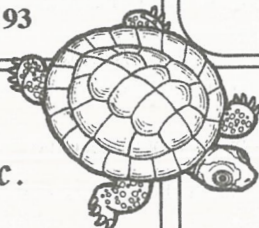
Bundaberg Poets' Society Inc

P. O. Box 61

Mt Perry 4671

Phone 07 4156 3178

Results announced at Bundy Bush Poetry Muster week-end



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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 Mauloni 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

The Gambling Man



He was shearing when I met him and somehow I can't forget him —
though I haven't seen him now for thirty years.
Though in truth I hardly knew him, I will dedicate this to him —
long remembered prince of gamblers, Daniel Seers.

Sometimes called "old Dan the boozier" or the "world's most hopeless loser",
he would bet on any game that he could find.
And he bet with scarce discretion — never changing his expression —
and he mostly left his hard earned pay behind.

A defacto wife named Vera stuck like glue to Dan the shearer,
through his gambling bouts and fearsome drunken sprees.
Though I'd often heard her curse him, She would drag him home and nurse him;
Still arrayed in flannel shirt and dungarees.

Though "hang overs" often ailed him, Danny's courage never failed him,
and he'd shear his average every day — and more.
Though his stooping back was aching and his trembling hands were shaking —
a defiant clench outlined his bearded jaw.

With his yearning disappearing, Dan returned to focused shearing,
and he kept the shed-hands running to his stand.
In big wethers, rough and gruesome, he was often known to "deuce 'em"
as the white fleece curled beneath his flashing hand.

But again I am digressing — and the subject not addressing —
for his gambling traits are what this yarns about.
And I'd always thought it funny that he toiled hard for his money;
then he'd blow the lot before the night was out.

Dan pursued his "sure thing theory", on a clay-pan drab and dreary,

where the two-up games were played each Anzac Day.

There were shearers, classers, pressers — mixed with nifty city dressers —
gamely risking many weeks of hard-earned pay.

In a manner most uncanny (and not typical of Danny)
he was throwing heads with gay abandon there.
As the centre's cash grew higher many gaped with lust's desire;
but the shearer tossed them still with fearless flair.

And the punters grew uneasy — some were looking rather queasy —
all expecting Dan's good fortune to recede.
Those at first quite keen to set him were scarcely game to bet him —
a phenomenal performance — yes indeed.

While the heads that Dan kept spinning guaranteed that he was winning,
all the crowd were stunned and prayed his run might end.
While he had no thought of quitting, punter's smiles were only flitting —
stunnd by tactics none would ever recommend.

And with thirteen thousand dollars in the centre, some felt collars
growing tight around their parching throats and sighed.
Said old Dan, "It's my sky-rocket" — meaning, of course — trousers pocket —
"just one dollar note remains I haven't tried.

"I will throw it in the centre, and invite you all to enter
any bets that you can find around the ring.
Now's the time to cut your bluster — I'll set everything you muster —
and go home with stacks of dough or not a thing."

Like a breath of winter chillness came a hush of eerie stillness —
while he waited for the challengers' reply.
But they seemed devoid of action — and denied him satisfaction —
as the crowd began to melt and say goodbye.

"What a pile of Oxford Scholars," Dan said brashly (meaning dollars)
"and it's waiting for someone to claim it now.
One more toss and I might loose it — I am sure you all can use it —
why not set the centre, boys — and show us how?"

Not a single word was uttered — though some losing punters muttered —
as they walked towards their cars and drove away.
So old Dan swooped down to sock — stuffed the lot inside his pocket —
and he swaggered to the pub called Stockman's Day.

And I watched as he departed, thinking how his run had started,
when he'd only one dollar left not set.
In his frantic gambling frenzie he had broke big Jack McKenzie —
gamest punter ever known to place a bet.

There he earned a reputation as a gambler of some station,

and I often think about his betting coup.
Someone said in Charters Towers he had lost the lot in hours
playing pontoon with a drunken jackaroo.

* Duce 'em = coupling them up. Shearing two hundred sheep in a day.

© Ellis Campbell 2001

*Winner of the Serious Poetry Section
NSW Bush Poetry Championships, Tumut 2000.*

*Ellis,
Thanks for explaining "Duce 'em" and the rhyming slang in the body of the poem which came with its own explanations. Glad you had a great 75th Birthday.*

Liz (Editor)



The Whipbird

The sun enfolds the ridges with a kiss of scarlet-gold,
The wattle bows her head then turns away,
A whipbird cracks his message as the morning strives to hold,
His arch of olive plumage on display,
to his distant mate he's calling,
On the languid air it's falling,
Soft mist is slowly drifting through the trees,
In the canopy he's singing,
From the dapple light he's flinging,
A proud challenge to echo on the breeze.

The moss clad trunks are rising from the tortured mountain side,
They strive and toil to reach the distant light,
The sodden ground is littered with an ancient forest's pride
The lost victims of nature's heartless rite,
As the humid air hangs reeking
Through the dappled light he's seeking
An answer to his thunderous lover's call
In false modesty she's sighing
In her lilting voice that binds her in his thrall.

A laughing creek comes leaping in a dance of crystal light,
Caressing granite boulders on her way,
Her rainbowed cloak is floating, a mist of pure delight
By the rock-pools where the morning's shadows play,
Now she pauses in her questing,
For a momnet gently resting,
Then pirouettes to touch the valley's floor,
It's a ballet never ending,
As her joyful voice is blending
Adding rhythm and cadence to the score.

By hidden forest pathways, leaf-lettered
through the years
Where strange fungi and lichens spread decay,
New life is ever stirring, raising future forest
tiers
As backdrops on a whipbird's proud display,
When his song is proudly ringing
His rich melodies are bringing,
That pure magic that forms the forest's soul,
May his voice ring out forever
To encourage our endeavour,
As we battle to keep our forest whole.

© Ken Dean

Winner the Macarthur Region
FAW Traditional Verse Competition,
October 2001



Tamworth Revisited

I'm here at Tamworth again this time
My husband has come along,
To see the buskers in the street and
Ray Kernaghan sing a song.

Last year I had the greatest time
Hearing bush poets at their best,
Even heard some over breakfast
And entered the Bush Poets' Quest.

I saw the country music singers
At the TRES here with our son,
Applauded in the Audience
As the golden guitars were won.

I had wanted to see the line-dancing,
Missed the national event,
So I stopped off at a local pub
To see the dancers' talent.

I met up with some line-dancers
Who, for me did a special show,
So I paid them back as best I could
With two poems that I know.

"So now we are even," said one lass
After the frov - ol - ity,
"You'd never seen line dancing,
I had never heard bush poetry."

© Mary Mott January 2001

Tamworth in the Morning

Tamworth in the morning is where I long to be,
Tamworth in the morning is a wondrous sight
to see,
Where the mighty Moonbi Ranges
Stand guard above the town,
The gold of morning sunlight,
From the blue sky smiling down.

Tamworth in the morning
Is where I know I'll be,
Where the happy sound of bird songs,
Drift down from out of trees.
Where the sound of country music,
Is heard across the land
And the winding Peel River,
Is a sight that's surely grand.

Yes, Tamworth in the morning
Is where I'll always stay,
Tamworth in the morning
And every night and day,
It's the place I'll stay forever,
Now I've ceased to roam.
Tamworth in the morning
I'm on my way back home.

© June Lal Sept 1996



Tribute to the Flying Doctors

Fly-flying Doctor, way up in the sky,
Fly to those who need you, without you they
may die,
Fly to stations way outback, and those who're
in distress,
Flying over this wide brown land, without a
thought of rest.

To the homesteads in the outback, to a tourist
here and there
To one and all you're there for us, on your wings
of care.
I've never had to call upon, you and your mercy
band,
But I know that you would all be there, should
I need a helping hand.

I've been out to your "Bases", from Mt. Isa to
the "Hill".
In the heat of the far Kalgoorlie, and west to
Charleville,
Here's the best to all you angels, I shall never
feel despair,
When travelling in the Outback, for I know that
you are there.

We will always sing your praises,
May we always see you there,
To spread your safety mantle,
To people everywhere.

There's a lot for us to thank you for, us city
people too,
Should we need care far from home, without
you, what would we do?
So here's to you dear Doctor, and your band of
angels too
May you always keep on flying, for Australia's
proud of you.

© June Lal Jan 1997



Aussie Status

Thought I was an Aussie, I thought I was true blue.
I thought I was fair dinkum, just like most of you.
I thought I was an Aussie so with no thought of strife.
I sent for a passport and got the shock of my life.

Shipped here with a group of kids in 1938
None of us had a passport and this sealed my fate.
I thought I was an Aussie but it would appear,
The immigration people say that I'm not here,

With documents I argued but still they persist
as I never came here, I do not exist.
Where was I for sixty years if not in this fair land
Who was it married and had kids, just the way I
planned.

I thought I was an Aussie, I thought I was true blue.
I thought I was fair dinkum, just like most of you.

I wrote, I rang, I argued and now I'm in much bother,
My world has turned upside down,
My children have no mother.
My ego is at zero and I'm in awful strife.
My husband, bless his woolen socks, doesn't have a
wife.

But overcoming shock my man put out a feeler,
If we are not married, he can get a brand new sheila.

I thought I was an Aussie, I thought I was true blue.
I thought I was fair dinkum, just like most of you.

I cannot go to Fiji, Bali, or Berlin
Officially if I leave these shores,
They won't let me back in.
but if I am not here then I'll send them a fax,
If I don't exist, I won't pay income tax.
maybe they could query this and take my pension
too.

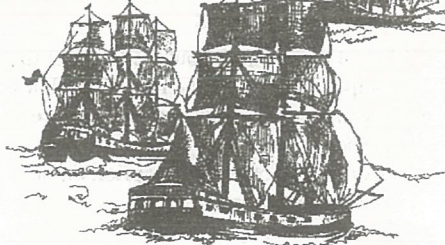
It really is depressing but I know what I will do.

I'll pretend I am an Aussie, I'll live as if I was.
I'll get my man and a van and then go bush because
We just love to travel to the wonderful outback
And they'll never find me on the Birdsville Track
I am not a whinging Pom or a refugee
All I ever wanted is to just be me.

I thought I was an Aussie, I thought I was true blue.
I thought I was fair dinkum, just like most of you.

© Mavis Appleyard

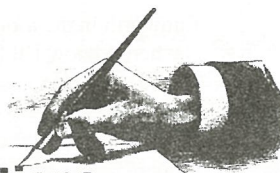
Happy Birthday Australia!



**Born 26th January 1788
— still going strong!**

R Page

Roving Reports, Rave Reviews, Ratbag Ramblings and Rich Revelations



Yarrowong/Mulwa 2002

Calling all bush poets, friends of bush poets and appreciators of bush poetry to the most prestigious event in the ABPA calendar year,

"The Australian Bush Poetry Championships"

The communities of Yarrowonga /Mulwala are certainly gearing up in preparation for the Australian Bush Poetry Championships, a must on everyone's calendar. I hope that all "little black books", and diaries have highlighted 17th 18th 19th MAY 2002

We are really hoping to attract as many poets as possible into the towns, just to experience the wonderful atmosphere and excitement that is so much part of the Championship. Whether competing in the challenge of the championships, spectating, judging, having a go at the Bush Poets' Breakfasts, performing at various venues or merely enjoying the relaxation and hospitality of Yarrowonga/Mulwala, there is definitely something for everyone . . .

Once again, the Mulwala District Services Club has proudly taken on the major sponsorship of the Championships, with many other groups and individual businesses offering to be part of the event.

A small working committee, under the leadership of Chairman Trevor Hargreaves, our own local Bush Poet, has commenced to format our program, and basically prepare for this wonderful event in our towns. We will be featuring a news item each month to keep everyone informed of our planning. Please do not hold back on entering the Championships either in the written or the recitation sections.

As a very special tribute to our very dear friend from our Bush Poets Fraternity, Johnny Johanson, there will be a Johnny Johanson Perpetual Yarn Spinning Trophy for all the Yarn Spinners, as well as the Australian Champion in Yarn Spinning Award.

I know we will also have some of you jump at the chance of being involved in some form or other to help make this another success story. You may be happy to indicate if you would like to be part of the following:

- M.C. at times throughout the Heats of the Competition M.C. at the Poets' Breakfasts
- Performing at our Hospital / Aged Care Home
- Performing at other venues prior, on or after that weekend.
- Other ideas from you
- Sponsorship of any type, either in financial assistance towards the prizes/or actual prizes.

Don't forget that the staff at Yarrowonga Mulwala Visitor Information Centre is able to assist you and source accommodation for you if required. There are many self contained cabins in caravan parks, one/two or three bedroom units, houses, hotels & motels from which to choose, all at reasonable rates at that time of the year. Please book in early.

Just give us a call on 1800 062 260 or
03 57 44 1989

Fax 03 57 44 3149

Email: tourism@yarrowongamulwala.com.au

May you and your loved ones be touched by the real message of Christmas and may 2002 bring you peace, new friendships and wonderful experiences in verse and song. Looking forward to our next gathering with everyone at Yarrowonga/Mulwala May 2002. Cheers to all from Trevor, Karen, Greg, Debbie and Barb.

Ellis Turns 75

On Sunday, 25th November, the old Community Hall in the little village of Wongarbon eleven miles from Dubbo, came alive once again, for the 75th birthday of that doyen of bush poetry Ellis Campbell.

Great exponents of ballroom dancing, and until recently champions on the tennis court, Ellis and his lovely wife Maureen were very capably assisted by their two daughters Leona and Carolyn, son Mark and their families, in making it an afternoon of entertainment for the 130 friends and family who came from Dubbo, Gulgong, Mudgee, Gosford, Springwood, Parkes, Port Macquarie, Canberra, Blaxland, Sydney, Scone, Cootamundra, Rylstone and Newcastle. The dancing group's resident band "The Merrymakers" kindly supplied the music, and member John Oldfield his school bus, to get the locals — and their eskies — home in one piece, and keep the revenue raising to an acceptable level.

Bush Poets in attendance were Hope Galvin and husband Gerry, of Cootamundra, Greg Scott and wife Sue from Scone, Terry Regan and wife Dulcie of Blaxland, and locals Ron Stevens and Neil Carroll, accompanied by wives Clo and Judy respectively. Local Poet Betty Salter completed the poet's table.

Entertainment began with Barry Brebner, accompanied by four lady vocalists, playing his guitar and was followed by Terry, Greg, Neil and Ellis who each performed their 'masterpiece' but were outshone by Ellis and Maureen's beautiful grandchildren's rendition of "My Pop" and Carolyn who spoke very eloquently of the family's affection and appreciation of 'their Dad'. Leona was chairperson and read messages of congratulations from Marco Gliori and New Zealand poet Don Adams, among others.

Thank You to everyone who contributed to making this newsletter possible

Mavis Appleyard	Jan Lewis
Rosemary Baguley	Mary Mott
Paul Bannan	Barb Macdermid
Des Bennett	Jan Morris
Sandra Binns	Denise Payne
Bob Burges	Jill Perren
Neil Carroll	Maureen Quickenden
Dennis Carstairs	Carol Reffold
Jack Drake	Arthur Rekow
Wally Finch	Ron Selby
Des Fishlock	Maureen Stonham
Denis Kevans	Liz Ward
June Lal	Grahame Watt
Sandy Lees	Rod Worthing

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

Ellis's best mate from school, Bill Cox, MBE, who has known Ellis for 63 years gave a stirring and emotional speech.

Ellis was delighted to receive phone calls from Maureen Stonham and Carol Reffold on Saturday Night.

The sun went down on a wonderful afternoon of dancing, bush poetry, and family values — so important these days to our Australian Way of life.

Neil Carroll

G'day From Geoffrey Walker Graham

Greetings, Calling all Poets and lover of Poets Breakies, please make a note

Whittlesea Country Music Festival Feb 8, 9, & 19

Feb Sunday 10th 8.30 to 10 am
the Chandler pavilion

Poets please give me a call if you are able to come.

(Hope everyone had a fairly ripping Xmas, and trust that 2002 is a magnificent year for you all)

Keep smiling
Geoffrey Walker Graham

Eaglehawk Ph 03 5446 3739

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. "04/02" etc. which in this case means April 2002. Please tell the Editor if it's incorrect.

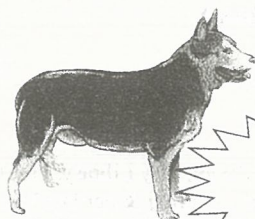
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02/02



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03/02

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01/02

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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

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01/02



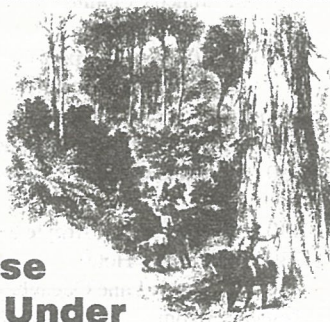
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\$15 PP

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Wentworth Falls NSW 2782

08/02



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by Ken Dean

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Marrangaroo 2790

01/02



Poor Old Grandad

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Bush Verse
& Nonsense

by

Grahame "Skew Wiff" Watt

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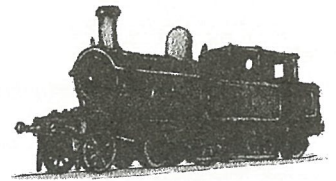
G. Watt
4 Bond street
Kyabram Vic
03 5852 2084

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 & Dampier 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 & Dampier 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	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 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
1st Monday
Every 2nd month
Thursday
Every 6 weeks

Top of the Murray Poets & Bush Story Tellers Cooyong
Kyabram & District Verse Group 7.30 pm Kyabram Fauna Park

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
Last Tuesday

South Australian Bush Poets 7.30 pm Alma Pub Long Room Willunga
Whyalla Writers Group

Maurie O'Brien 08 8326 8788
Colby Maddigan 08 8645 1771

Western Australia

1st Friday

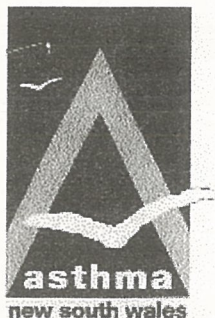
WA Bush Poets & YarnSpinners 7.30 pm Raffles Hotel Canning Bridge

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



ASTHMA NSW BUSH POET OF THE YEAR 2002

Encouraged by the huge response and the
amazing success of the inaugural Bush

Poet of the Year competition in 2001, Asthma NSW has announced
plans for a second onslaught on the title for 2002. Spokesman
for Asthma NSW, Mr. Alex Green, has advised that Asthma NSW
will once again conduct a search for the Bush Poet of the Year
during February with another \$5,000.00 winner-take-all compe-
tition. The aim of the competition is to find not only a writer, but
a writer-performer, of Australian Bush Poetry, and is open to all
bush poets.

Basically the contest requires entrants to submit written copies of
original, traditional style, rhyming Australian bush verse accom-
panied by a recording of the entrants recitation of the work on
cassette or CD. There are no restrictions on previously published
or recorded works or work successful in previous competitions.
However, the five finalists poems in the 2001 competition will
not be eligible.

Entries must be received between 1st and 28th February 2002,
with no exceptions. Five finalists will be selected by a panel of
judges and these finalists will appear at a fund raising dinner in
Sydney on Friday, April 12th. 2002. Entry forms can be obtained
from Asthma NSW by calling 02 9906 3233 or going to the Asthma
NSW website <http://www.asthmansw.org.au>

Like bush poetry, asthma is particularly Australian - we have one
of the highest incidences of the illness in the world. Asthma NSW
provides vital information about managing asthma and believes
being associated with a high-profile award can only help raise
awareness.



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



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.