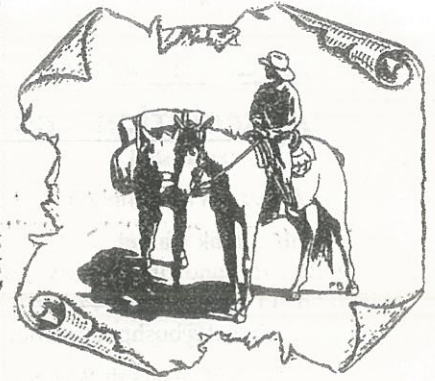


*The Australian
Bush Poets Association Inc.
- Newsletter -*

Volume 9 No. 7

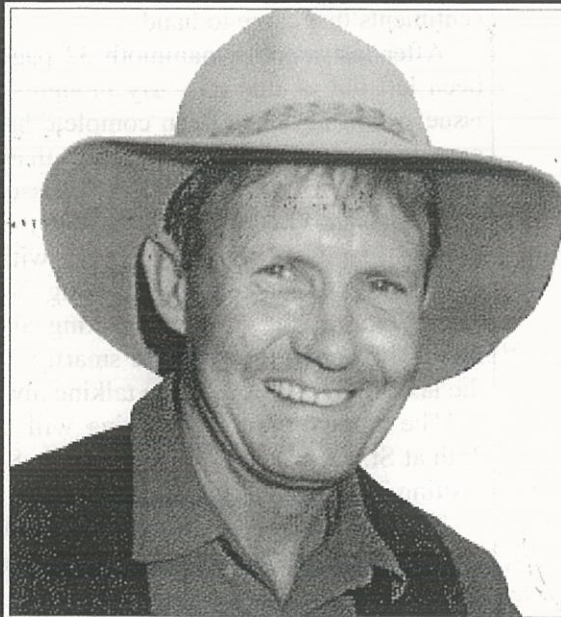
December 2002 - January 2003



Vale: RJ 'Bobby' Miller

14.8.1948

**FAREWELL
BOBBY
MILLER
"The Larrikin"**



30.10.2002

and Brian Letton. Bobby's poems have been performed by hundreds of aspiring Bush Poets at Poets Breakfasts around Australia over the last fifteen years.

Not having been in the best of health for a number of years, Bobby's performances were amazingly energetic and he never failed to give his absolute best to his audiences.

The runaway sales success of the Naked Poets albums was a great tribute to how well he had done.

Our condolences go to all who loved him. He will be very sadly missed.

Many tributes to Bobby Miller have been submitted with none failing to acknowledge him as a tremendous friend who made everybody smile; how he made people feel special and feel the embrace and warmth of his friendship.

He was the cheeky inoffensive, ever smiling, natural 'Larrikin' of bush poetry, a bush poet extraordinaire, who answered to many names.

Of his many stage appearances those fortunate to witness the ongoing bush poetry battles between Queensland and New South Wales in the State of Origin Series held at the Longyard Hotel over a number of years, will never forget his contributions in verse and wit as he led the 'Maroons' into battle.

There was never a dull moment where Miller was concerned and fond memories of the 'Mungar Maggott' will linger on for many years.

Not to have known Bobby Miller is a tragedy in itself.

It is with deep regret that the whole of Australia has learned of the death of Bobby Miller.

Bobby Miller passed away peacefully in his sleep at his Mungar home, near Maryborough Qld. on the morning of Wednesday 30th October.

The world has lost a great bloke, an unmatched entertainer and a wonderful husband, father and grandfather.

At a celebration of his life on Monday 4th November at Maryborough Q. Bobby was farewelled by his devoted wife Sandy, his children Linda, Paul, Tammy, his eight grandchildren, his fellow 'Naked Poets', many members of the Australian Bush Poets Association and a great crowd of friends and admirers.

Bobby was a poet, songwriter and founding member of the Naked Poets.

He had an enormous talent in both serious and comedic poetry, he had won a vast array of Bush Poetry and Country Music awards throughout his career. He also authored a number of publications and had written songs with both Mark Tempamy

Australian Bush Poets

Association Inc.

(Established 1994)

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All copy to Frank Daniel

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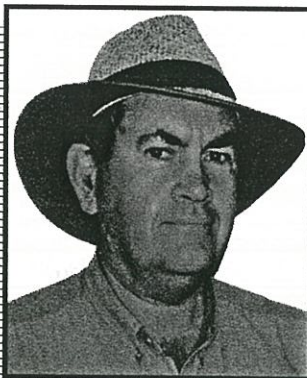
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Note: Every endeavour is made to inform readers, poets, competitors etc., of functions, written and performance competitions and so on. Space does not provide to print competition entry terms and conditions, or details beyond the closing dates and dates of such event. Further information in regard to such can be obtained from the organizers by sending a SSAE (stamped self-addressed envelope) to the addresses supplied.

Presidents Report



G'day.

What a sad month it has been for bush poetry with the passing of Bobby Miller and Tom Dunn.

Two entirely different characters both with hearts of stone, a love of country and a caring for our children.

Tom was the father of our current ladies champion bush poet and of course Miller was the irresistible Larrikin.

Our hearts go out to their respective families and the tributes in these pages reflect only some of the sentiments that came to hand.

After last months mammoth 32 page newsletter I feel something has been left out of this one. My thoughts were, however, that the October issue would not have been complete had any of its content been carried over to this issue. I'm even more thankful now that it hasn't with the amount of copy 'crammed' into this issue.

The general history of bush poetry in Tamworth in the October issue brought in a lot of positive reaction, with reflections on first meetings etc. of various poets and characters along the way. Great memories.

Looking at the past and talking about the future at the same time seems to shorten a year quite smartly. It only seems a few months since the last AGM and now we're talking about the next one.

The Annual General Meeting will be held in Tamworth on January 25th at St. Peters Church Hall in Vera St. at 2 pm and I urge all members visiting Tamworth at this time to attend.

There is a big load on the Agenda for this meeting and, after the election of office bearers, the meeting will need to get down to tin-tacks quickly to get through it all. Judging and rules are two important issues needing careful revision.

It has been a busy year for the Secretary since the last AGM. The association is now registered as a national body, the newsletter has grown bigger and better without added costs, the concept of State Titles is coming to fruition, the long awaited new lapel/hat pin/badge will be available early in the new year.

Insurance keeps popping its head up from every angle these days, with even the insurers uncertain of what to do. It's a terrible shame that litigation has become such a money earner for those with little better to do, solicitors and individuals alike. We've now seen the Australian Bush Poets Show withdrawn from the Tamworth programme for reasons pertaining to insurance.

In closing I would like to pass on my best wishes to all our readers for a very happy Christmas and a happy and wholesome new year.

Thank you to our Secretary and Treasurer for a great job - well done and all the best.

Keep on writin' and keep on recitin'

Frank Daniel

**ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTIONS FALL DUE ON 31st DECEMBER
PAY NOW AND WIN - OVER \$300 IN PRIZES.
GO TO PAGE 6**

A SIMPLE WORD OF THANKS

'He's a character that bloke', they said,
As Bob walked off the stage.
And you knew he'd done it once again;
Their laughter was the gauge.

In a world of seeming madness he
Saw humour as the cure
And the Larrikin within him was
Infectious that's for sure.

Though his stature was quite impish
You could never doubt at all
On the stage of life the Larrikin
Stood out as ten foot tall.

Charismatic was his nature
And he drew a following,
As they loved the Aussie banter and
The laughter it would bring.

His encouragement to new comers
Was Bobby through and through,
And most owe the man a vote of thanks
I know I surely do.

He inspired my commitment
To pursue this art of rhyme,
In my own nitch ... and my own works
Rewards have come with time.

So I thank you Bobby Miller, mate,
For all you did for me,
For the friendship and your love of life
Expressed in poetry.

Merv. Webster - The Goondiwindi Grey

The Larrikin Has Left Us The Passing of Bob Miller

The word had echoed quickly down the bridle and the trace,
That our Movement had just suffered the loss of a glittering ace,
A classic versifier... who played hero, cad and brat,
And the brightest smile that ever sailed beneath a broad brimmed hat.

He emerged from out of nowhere with a style that was his own,
As he captured life in sketches, he preserved those lives in stone,
And when the classifiers fleet, they'll file him under "Great",
Adjacent to his rating, 'neath the noble noun of "Mate".

And when the big winds curl and swirl and pump in from the west,
They'll resonate *Bob Miller* in the way we know him best,
Out front of faces fired up, Australian pumped and proud,
A wizard working wonders, setting bonfires 'mongst the crowd.

The Larrikin has Left Us, but like a never ending poem,
He gave that smile and a knowing wink as he waltzed his matilda home,
And I know we'll keep his spirit warm and as we insulate and 'flag it',
Let's think about a monument in Mungar, to the Maggot.

Robert Raftery - Australia's Picture Writer - Brisbane Queensland

VALE THE LARRIKIN

© Ellis Campbell Dubbo NSW 3.11.02

An earthly star has vanished, but a new one shines above;
A yawning gulf within our ranks is filled with memory's love.
You gave your all to thrill the crowds and lived the part you played.
You painted pictures with the words you cleverly relayed.
In far flung camps and clubs and pubs - in shadowed hall or tent -
You captured audiences' mirth, wherever that you went,
Bob Miller we salute you as the poignant memories stir
with humour you apportioned and the way you always were.
We'll miss you Bob at festivals, each time we take the stage;
The larrikin indelible—profiled on history's page.

POETS NEVER SAY GOODBYE

© Frank Daniel Canowindra NSW 6.11.02

Our world becomes a sadder place when mates depart from mates
The track we trudge is long and hard with many open gates.
Gates ajar to ease our travels, welcome smiles to greet us all,
but none to ease the pain within when one must heed the call.

There's friends we make along the way, where courtesy is shown;
with warm hand-shakes and greetings other folk have never known.
There's parting after meeting; glistening tears in shaded eye;
but never grief in parting - Bush Poets never say good-bye.

It's always been tradition that we'll meet again some day;
the time elapsed is not to count, it's always been that way.
We keep in touch by many means, but mostly word of mouth
from far flung sunny Queensland to the frosted chilly south.

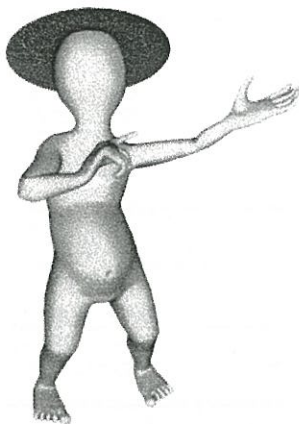
Word travels 'cross the country like a soaring bird on wing
Bush Telegraph deliv'ring all the praises that we sing
The words we write are always fact; there's never word of lie,
and we never fear the parting - Bush Poets never say goodbye.

We'll miss you, Bobby Miller
in your country hat and vest
Your mastery of every stage
from the coast out to the west
Your happy smile and heart of gold
inside that noble chest
The example that you gave us
of cheerfulness and zest
The pain we knew you suffered
but hid with joke and jest.
You never would admit it;
but you always were the best

Michael Darby

Thank You!

The families of the late Bobby Miller
and Tom Dunn would like to express
their sincere gratitude to the many
well-wishers for their sympathy and
condolences in their time of grief.



THE PASSING OF THE LARRIKIN

from Marco Gliori

If winners are grinner then Bobby Miller came first every day of his life.

Bob was not an entertainer who assumed the pseudonym of the Larrikin. He **was** the Larrikin.

Bob was born in Sydney in 1948 and was up and running almost immediately.

He did have an education, but will admit that he was one of those underachieving boys who couldn't wait to leave school and get his hands dirty.

From painting houses, to mastering all pieces of machinery on construction gangs, Bob was always an industrious worker leaving plenty of time to dive for Abalone, or go fossicking on the gem fields, with wife Sandy who he met when they were both Teenagers. His Poetry musings began in this atmosphere almost thirty years ago.

Who would have guessed The Larrikin would have been too shy to perform his winning poem at the presentation of the inaugural Blackened Billy Awards in Tamworth in 1991.

When the late John Philipson read Bob's poem everybody there realized they had heard something special and that the author was a very unique Australian.

Within twelve months, Bob was reciting his own work and went on to win many awards, including The National Country Music Muster Bush Poetry Awards.

After turning professional, the accolades continued with three

Bush Laureate 'Album of the Year Awards', and a prestigious Tamworth Song Writing Award.

Singers such as Brian Letton, Mark Tempany and Noel Simonsen have all recorded Bob's works, and there is rarely a festival in Australia goes by where at least one of Bob's poems is not recited.

This frenetic little spark of humanity absorbed knowledge like a sponge and the true measure of the man was that he chose to share it unselfishly and without exception.

Bob's writing and performance workshops were always outstanding, but most up and coming performers gained the most inspiration from simply watching Bob perform.

Standing beside the stage getting ready to walk on and perform in his wake, was always an intimidating task for the next entertainer, because no-one whipped the Poetry crowds into a frenzy like the Larrikin in full flight.

On a personal note, from wood turning to homebrew, Bob was a very handy man to have around.

Each year at The National Country Music Muster, Bob and his wife Sandy would turn up early to set up camp, erecting elaborate camp furniture and creating an atmosphere that welcomed not only fellow Poets and Performers but the hordes of Larrikin Club fans who followed him around the country.

And gathering around his campfire also came so many children, seated in classrooms, perched in the front rows of his concerts and of course cradled in Poppy's arms in the lounge room. Such a small fire, such great warmth.

If you ever stopped to yarn with the larrikin, you realized how proud of his family he was. Sandy and Bob's three children Linda, Paul and Tammy have a total of seven grandchildren, and Bob's Mungar meadows backyard was like Disneyland. He turned his hand to anything

from small wooden toys to Flying Foxes and elaborate Tree Houses and swings. And as if these avenues to vent his endless ingenuity weren't enough of an outlet, this little Bob The Builder erected his own house and was a 'carpenter on call' to family and friends for whom he would always oblige.

From Backhoes to entire computer systems, there was nothing Bob was afraid to tackle. He enjoyed impressing and inspiring others with his tenacity, but he didn't want accolades, he simply wanted the next challenge.

In passing on, Bob has taken on the ultimate challenge. In recent years he knew his time here was tentative, yet the fact that his passing has stunned so many of us that knew him well, indicates just how little he dwelt on his own misfortunes.

One of his young prodigies Carmel Dunn (Current Female Australian Bush Poetry Champion) said at Bob's funeral. "God must have needed a laugh more than us."

They say most dogs will adopt the characteristics of their owners. I can still see Bob through the antics of his little fox-terrier mate Snoopy.

If you ever get to watch Snoopy, you will see Bob, scampering around, always hunting up a bit of mischief and niggling at us to come outside and play with him.

As Bob's body passes over, his spirit lingers on to play with us for as long as we remember his gentle soul, and the years of pleasure he gave to us all.

We will raise more than the odd cold one in Bob's honour. He will be sung about, spoken fondly of and comically cursed, but Bobby Miller you beautiful man, you will never be forgotten, for as you loved life, you will be forever loved by us all. Thanks for the memories mate.

Marco Gliori

Roses for Bob

© Carmel Dunn Warwick Q.

As I sit down and try to find
The words to write you, Bob
To say how much you've done for me
I tell you, it's a job!

'Cause how can I, a Uni girl,
Only just nineteen
Express the love you've shown for me
And just how much you mean.

Can words describe encouragement
You gave to me first thing?
You'd hardly even met me
Yet you held me 'neath your wing.

You spoke to me with words of praise
And gently guided me
To make my rambling notes become
Some alright poetry.

And Bob, can I describe to you
The honour that you gave
When you asked me to record with you
Boy—you sure were brave.

'Cause you were a living legend Bob
Ask any other poet
You've set a standard few will meet
And, Bobby don't I know it.

You've opened book and house to me
You're part of family now
You and Sandy both are Dunns
Yet still I can't see how-

To quite express my thanks to you
And with words my love impart
So Bob, just know I loved you heaps
And you're always in my heart.

Thank you to the following contributors to this issue.

Jack and Stella Drake, Graeme Johnson, Rod Worthing, Sandy Lees, Ellis Campbell, Greater Taree City Council, Allan Edwards, Bruce Cox, Dean Trevasakis, Phil Maiden, 'Skew Wiff', Gulgandra Visitors Centre, Mulwala Services Club, Brian Bell, Ed. Parmenter, Carmel Dunn, Marco Gliori, Val Bicton, Milton Taylor, Michael Darby, Merv Webster, Wally Finch, Louise Dean, Carol Reffold, Geoffrey Graham,

'BOBBY'

My wife said, 'There's a two day poetry workshop being organized at Bowraville soon, lets go!'

This was our first introduction to poetry writing and our teacher was none other than the master Bobby Miller.

The workshop was conducted at Bowraville, a small village inland from Nambucca Heads on the North Coast of NSW.

The two days and hectic night were 'fun' from start to finish with the master weaving his poetry magic and of course Bobby's usual antics dispersed throughout.

It took Bob two days to finally extract a poem from my fevered brain but he finally succeeded.

Over the following years I have been proud to be able to say that I was a friend of Bob and Sandra, and I was always amazed when a poetry discussion developed in a club, pub, caravan park or elsewhere that the conversation finally touched on the genius of Bobby Miller.

It was a privilege to have known him

Ed. Parmenter.

Secretary.

FROM OUR SECRETARY'S DESK

My first year as Secretary is coming to a close and I would like to thank all the members who have corresponded with me for their assistance, humorous comments and clever quips.

2002 was a most rewarding year with an increase in membership. Many new groups were formed, and there has been an overall expansion of interest in bush poetry.

I hope to soon have a result regarding Public Liability Insurance from our Broker, who is in receipt of the compilation of the Questionnaire which was circulated to our members.

Thank you to those members who completed and returned the Questionnaire. The interest shown in this subject was very heartening.

I would like to thank Frank Daniel for his invaluable help during the year. Frank's expertise and vast historical knowledge of the ABPA has certainly helped make my job a lot easier.

Many thanks to Rosemary Baguley for her concise book keeping and promptness in reply throughout the year.

There are many items of interest to be discussed at the A.G.M. If possible, please attend and support the ABPA.

I wish all members a happy Christmas and New Year and good health for 2003.

Lastly I would like to thank Marg. (the Secretary's Secretary).

Ed. Parmenter. Secretary. ABPA Inc.





Letters to the Editor



Most of the letters received since the October issue have dealt with current affairs and general gossip in the poetry world.

However one letter, matching a number of similar letters on the same subject over the past year shows reason for concern.

The writer suggests that "the Association should seriously re-examine the entertainment aspect of bush poetry." He has noticed a "tendency for the acknowledged performers to include in their repertoire pieces which are distinctly smutty and which, while receiving applause, do not, in his view, meet the criteria of being suitable for family entertainment."

I agree but, like so many aspects of bush poetry events, it is almost impossible to police such matters and, whilst some organizers advise that distasteful language or unsuitable material will not be tolerated, and that offenders will be asked to leave the stage, the 'crime' has already been committed before action can be taken.

I suggest that performance poets take a closer look at their 'funny stuff' and give it a bit of a pruning before it runs rife and our popularity wains. (Editor).

On matters of plagiarism,

another writers opinion:

I am sure I can speak for all bush poets when I say that we treasure and guard our work jealously, irrespective of the quality it may be judged to have. The very nature of bush verse, as opposed to traditional verse, is that it epitomises the unique Australian way of life, particularly in the bush, where the true 'heroes' of our culture reside, or have resided.

The idea that someone is plagiarising another's work is, UN-Australian, to say the least.

To me there is no debate. These people should be exposed and named publicly, through our magazine, and denied any involvement in further written or performance competitions.

We can go on repeating what's already been said, but apart from the strong suggestions above, I feel that it is firstly up to readers and listeners to personally approach the offenders and embarrass them on the spot, if they can be embarrassed at all. (Editor).

~ REMINDER ~
**SUBSCRIPTIONS
ARE NOW DUE
PAY NOW AND WIN**
(SEE NEXT COLUMN) >>

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTIONS DUE NOW

Early-birds can win!

Time to renew membership

Annual subscriptions to the
Australian
Bush Poets Association Inc
fall due on
December 31st.

As an incentive
for prompt payments
the ABPA is now offering
the following gifts in return to the
first and second renewals drawn
from a list of members
having paid up by December 31.

First prize:

* Two tickets to the Australian Bush Laureate Awards in Tamworth on Tuesday 21st January. (Tickets are transferable or will be sold on behalf of the winner) Value (\$50).

* A copy of 'An Australian Treasury of Popular Verse' from ABC Books and Jim Haynes. (\$32)
One years free subscription to the ABPA. (\$25).

* Two ABPA hat pins. (\$10)

* Akubra Hat. Gift voucher (\$120)

Second prize:

* A Drizabone raincoat \$150

Please send payment of **\$25** to the
Treasurer: Rosemary Baguley
22/12 Taurus Rd Capalaba Qld 4157

NOTICE OF MEETING

In accordance with rule 23 for incorporated associations, members are advised that the Annual General Meeting of the Australian Bush Poets Association Inc. will be held in St. Peters Church Hall, Vera Street, Tamworth at 2pm on Saturday 25th. January 2003.

Agenda items include: Confirmation of minutes of last AGM - Receive Reports - Election of Office Bearers - Allocation of Australian Championships for 2004 - Confirmation of State Championships for 2003 - Allocation of State Championships for 2004 - General Business.

All members, intending members and interested persons are cordially invited to attend.

Notices of motions or pending business should be directed to the Secretary ABPA Inc.

Australian Bush Poetry Championships

Expressions of interest regarding the holding of the Australian Bush Poetry Championships in 2004 are now being called for consideration at the AGM in January. Please direct all correspondence to the Secretary ABPA Inc.

Australian Bush Poetry State Championships

Expressions of interest regarding the holding of Australian Bush Poetry State Championships in the different States in 2003 and 2004 should be directed to the Secretary ABPA Inc. The aim of the Association is to have State Champions recognized in their own States.

Sgd. Edward Parmenter, Secretary, 1 Avenue St Coffs Harbour NSW 2450

VALE: TOM DUNN

1937 — 2002

The passing of Tom Dunn of Warwick Qld., added further to the sad news of the past month.

Tom was the husband of Maureen, father of Mary Anne, Christine, Pauline, Mark and Carmel.

Formerly a farmer, farmhand and motor mechanic, Tom spent his latter days as a radio announcer and as a community bus driver for the St. Vincent de Paul Society.

Tom was a quiet achiever, who with Maureen, supported Carmel in the development of her poetry career.

Though not a performer in the conventional sense, Tom had a large repertoire of poems and was a splendid reciter when he could be persuaded to 'give us a poem'.

He was also very active in the local Community Radio station

Tom Dunn
d. 17/11/02
Sometimes you're lucky to meet a gent
Who always keeps his cool
Who's wise and kind and helpful
But can tolerate a fool
A man who spreads goodwill and cheer
All 'round to everyone
Synonymous with decency
Such a bloke was Thomas Dunn.

Michael Darby

Rainbow FM on which he presented a country music programme.

It was on this programme that Tom publicised Bush Poetry and played tracks from albums of many bush poets.

Tom was a quiet achiever, who worked without expectation of reward or recognition for his efforts. Bush Poetry has lost one of its great stalwarts with his passing.

Tom was laid to rest in Warwick he sympathy of the ABPA goes to his family.
May he rest in peace.

HAMPTON PUBLIC SCHOOL

Another acorn has yet been planted with the adoption of Australian bush poetry at the recent Hampton NSW School fete.

Hampton, situated just west of the Blue Mountains off the Great Western Highway was treated to some accomplished junior performers in a spirited original verse competition.

Winner of the Junior section was Grace Harvie of Penrith, grand daughter of ABPA members Terry and Dulcie Regan.

The novice and the open sections were won by Jack Sammon of nearby Rydal with 'Women of the West' by George E. Evans in the Traditional and 'The Drovers Days' in the original section.

An exceptional first time per-

formance by a local farmers wife, Rebel Bullingham, was applauded when she delivered two original real life action poems dealing with the mastery of horsemanship and characters at the local pub.

New ABPA member, David Smith of Hampton also entered the challenge with a great recital.

Coordinator for the inaugural competition Michelle Duff said that the fantastic public response to the poetry was so encouraging that she and the committee are now keen to carry on with another competition in 2003.

Michelle had no shortage of helpers on the day with the judging and compereing being shared between Milton Taylor, Terry Regan, Ken Dean and Frank Daniel.

BOBBY MILLER -

My first recollection of Bobby Miller was at the Longyard Hotel's Fireside Festival in Tamworth in June 1993.

It was the June long-week-end and sixteen poets had gathered to share their good natured humour and hilarious verse.

Included in the group was the late Charlee Marshall, the late John Philipson, Gertrude Skinner, Marion Fitzgerald, Ray Essery, Jim Haynes, Noel Cutler, Norma Pfitzner, John Bishop, Blue the Shearer (Col Wilson), Marco Gliori, Murray Hartin, and a young girl from Rocky by the name of Shannon . . . whose surname eludes me and her father Don.

The festival coincided with a national Hockey carnival and over 500 female hockey players were in town for the weekend.

The small Duri Harbour Bar on the corner of the Longyard was set aside for the Poets to perform on the Friday night and we couldn't move for hockey players and fans.

None had come to see the poets or had ever heard of a bush poet.

An old door was secured from the backyard, and laid out on four plastic milk crates to form a stage, Jim Haynes added his Microphone and two speakers and we were set to go.

Two truck-drivers eating their evening meal questioned what was going on and when told 'Poetry', their expletives indicated uneasiness and they threatened to go elsewhere.

Before finishing their meal, they were laughing harder than the rest and, ably assisted by copious amounts of liquid amber and, following examples of fair dinkum bush humour from Bobby and others, were absolutely full as boots, and were the very last to leave.

Miller took the cake that night and with his then, more than obvious nervousness, never once looked like gaining the prominence in bush poetry circles that he attained and so well deserved.

Frank Daniel.

MELANIE HALL

Melanie Hall is one of an emerging new lot of poets making themselves felt in bush poetry competitions.

Melanie grew up in Townsville Q. and was schooled through to year twelve after which she took some training as a commercial artist and worked as sign-writer and ticket writer until her children came along.

Melanie and husband Richard have an eighteen year old son and a sixteen year old daughter.

Her father, Frank Fayers, has been writing poetry and philosophy for as long as she can remember. He was born at Boulia and grew up in Julia Creek in western Queensland.

Her grandfather Arthur Fayers also wrote some poetry and, being a bit of a legend around Julia Creek, was known as the Galloping Ghan. Richard Magoffin has written about him in some of his poems.



Towards the end of 2000 Melanie and her husband attended a country music festival in North Queensland where she discovered a Poets Breakfast, and a Bush Poetry Competition. Never a singer as she claims, she took her chances in that competition with one of her father's poems and won.

With her newly discovered performance skills Melanie took in a number of other poets outings including Charters Towers and Winton, and ventured into writing her own work.

Two years later Melanie says "I am now starting to think that *maybe*

WINTON—2003

Change in Rules

The Annual Qantas - Waltzing Matilda Bush Poetry Championships will be held in Winton Q., Outback Australia, from Thursday 26th June 2003.

Winton has long been associated with Bush Poetry being the home of Australia's most prestigious Award since 1972, the The Bronze Swagman Award for written bush verse.

Entries for the Bronze Swaggie close on March 31st 2003.

Another of Winton's famed awards is the The Little Swaggies' Award for Junior Written Bush Poetry and entries for this section close on April 30th 2003.

Children's bush poetry events are staged in Winton on Thursday 26th and Friday 27th June as part of the Junior Performance Festival.

This competition is based on the following:

Individual Competition all School Grades 1 – 12

School Group Performance of Bush Poetry

Clover Nolan Primary & Secondary Championships

From Saturday 28th to Monday 30th June the Qantas - Waltzing Matilda Open Bush Poetry Championships, Male and Female will be decided with each of the winners awarded a return trip to Elko Nevada, USA in January 2004 for the Cowboy Poets Gathering at the Western Folklife Center.

I can call myself a poet. The more I performed the more I wanted to".

Melanie will be joining the line-up at the Longyard Hotel in Tamworth during Country Music week in January.

"I am really looking forward to coming to Tamworth, I have no idea what to expect", says Melanie, "I hope to see lots of poetry and poets, and hope to pick up some tips on writing and performance skills."

The Christina MacPherson Novice Bush Poetry Championships, Male & Female and the Australian Bush Yarn-spinning Championships, Junior, Senior & Masters will be part of the Winton celebration, with Bush Poetry Concerts, Fun Team Poetry Competitions and Non-Competitive Bush Poetry all being part of the big programme of events.

The winner of the 2003 Bronze Swagman Award will be announced and presented with the Bronze Swagman Trophy valued at \$2,500.

Entry forms will be posted out in March 2003

All enquiries:

SSAE to Louise Dean

P.O. Box 120 Winton. Qld. 4735

Ph: 07 4657 1296 Fx: 07 4657 1541

Please Note:

There has been a change of rules regarding the Open Championships in 2003

These changes have been devised to compliment the Bronze Swagman Awards and are retrospective:

"Any competitor can only win the Open Competition two (2) years in a row, then they must retire for the next competition, after which they are then eligible to re-enter"

THE MAN FROM SNOWY RIVER FESTIVAL

will be held before Easter in 2003, from *Thursday 10th to Sunday 13th April, 2003* in Corryong Victoria.

Apart from the \$11,000 horse 'Challenge', the Aussie Bush Poetry and Music competition is offering \$4,000 in prize-money.

There will be sixteen sections for written and performance bush poetry, yarns and drama.

Walkup poetry is always a feature on Banjos block where bush tucker is available during the day and where the action never stops. .

GOT THE MESSAGE?

Sandra J Queenborough Binns 2.10.2002

At school my teacher told me
I should choose my words quite boldly,
and 'got' was not a word that I should use.
I should try to be astute,
I should find a substitute;
'got' is a word that's very much abused.

The use of 'got' she'd say
gives your ignorance away —
you could find another word, more eloquent;
are you lazy, or just tired?
You could substitute 'acquired' —
Or other ways to say just what you meant!

Well, I got to realise —
I mean came to realise—
my teacher had been right in what she said.
As old and wise I grew
(that's 'grew', not 'got' mind you!)
another word came forth to plague instead.

And it narks me something shockin'
when I strike the new word 'gotten'
that's been sneaking into our vocabul'ry.
Every book I pick up lately
has been stirring me up greatly
with it's ill-begotten choice of words, you see.

For the heroine has 'gotten'
mixed up in something rotten,
and someone 'gotten' something, anyway!
Now if I can raise my voice —
if I really had a choice —
I think I would prefer 'got' any day!

LOST POETRY

BRIDGING THE GAP.

In the April issue help was sought on the identity of one 'Hawkeye Edwards' who lived in Sydney and wrote some poetry around the Mid North Coast of NSW.

No replies came forth until a letter was received from Bruce Cox of Port MacQuarie in October.

Bruce tells us that there is a bridge named Henry 'Hawkeye' Edwards Bridge on the northern crossing of the Manning River south-east of Cundletown on the Pacific Highway by-pass of Taree.

Bruce suggested that if the Taree Council saw fit to name a bridge after this bloke they must have some information on him.

The Taree Council was contacted and it was found that Henry Edwards was a poet of no mean talent. Further information was forthcoming and is reproduced in part on page 14.

GALSTON

COUNTRY MUSIC FESTIVAL

"BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS" 8/9/2002.

Since it's inception as a fully fledged Country Music Day some seven years ago, the Galston Country Music Festival has also become renowned for its Bush Poets Breakfasts.

This year was certainly no exception as Graeme Johnson of West Ryde was fortunate as Poetry Director to assemble a line up of four National Champions to entertain the crowds. With talent like that on hand the show was bound to be a stunner.

Current and Four-times Australian Bush Poetry Champion Milton Taylor was the trump card supported on the day by previous winners of the National Reciters Award (National Folk Festival) in the form of John Dengate, Vivienne Sawyer & "Rhymin' Simon Campbell.

The crowd was enthralled as these masters of verse produced one of the funniest, most engaging sets of Rhyme & Meter ever seen. Congratulations to each and every performer on a job well done. Bush Poetry at its best.

ILLAWARRA FOLK FESTIVAL

Having moved from its traditional base in March 2001 to its new home in September 2002 the 18th Illawarra Folk Festival once again attracted huge crowds to the delightful hamlet of Jamberoo on the NSW South Coast.

Poets were seen to be roaming in large numbers over the Festival site leading the punters on a merry chase through the Poets Breakfasts in the Main Marquee on Saturday and Sunday mornings and in and out of a number of smaller more intimate venues for Workshops, Blackboard sessions for beginners, New Voices sessions and the like.

Featured Poets Vivienne Sawyer, Arch Bishop, Vic Jeffries, Jane Faulkner, Jan Lewis, Keith McKenry and Graeme Johnson had a ball and packed venues out over the weekend.

The "Wooly Yarnspinning" and Limerick Competition titles were also up for grabs with "Wooly Yarnspinning" 1st: Vivienne Sawyer 2nd Jan & Dale 3rd Graeme Johnson & Kevin Donovan.

The Great Guinness Limerick Competition
1st Bev Stuart 2nd Ken Smith 3rd Jan McDonald.

2002 KEMPSEY BREAKFAST

Kempsey Country Music and Trucking Festival in September has been hailed as the best yet.

Grafton bard, Bill Kearns featured at the Riverside Concert and the RSL Club Blackboard concert and the Poets Breakfast.

Bill was joined throughout the weekend by Ed and Margaret Parmenter, Ray Halliday, Sam Smyth, Rod Worthing and Janice Downes as well as John Prosdocimo, Shirley Everingham, Harold Metson and John Gray.

Junior poet Emily Breckel-Smyth treated audiences to a taste of what younger performers can achieve.

BOOK REVIEW 'TRUCKIN' ABOUT'

By Sam Smyth

In his first book, Kempsey Bush Poet Sam Smyth recognises the contribution which the many forms of road transport have made to the development of Outback Australia.

Inspired by stories of bullockies, Afghan camel trains and mailmen, Sam's yarns and poetry give the reader a humorous and lighthearted look at things that happen when you're just *truckin' about* and as a true bush, he offers readers content which is very authentic.

The book presentation is further enhanced with both colour and black and white images digitally mastered from old family photographs.

For a good read on something truly Australian, check out 'Truckin' About' by Sam Smyth 02 6562 6861

MY MISTRESS

© Sam Smyth

From her sprawling sandy beaches
To her mountain forests high
Her slopes, her plains, her deserts
Underneath that southern sky

There lies a taunting mistress
So wild, so young, so free
Abound in exquisite beauty
But as unpredictable as can be

To see her gentle side
She's like a mother with a child
She may lull you to thinking
That she's rather meek and mild

But I tell you mate tread carefully
For she'll put you to the test
And if you don't heed her warnings
You'll come off second best

But no matter what her moods
She's the greatest land on earth
And I'm so very glad
She's the place of my birth

No matter where I wander
No matter where I roam
I'm proud to be an Aussie
And call Australia home

MID-COAST SUNDOWNERS

The Mid Coast Sundowners Bush Poets Breakfast, organized to present prizes to the winners of the Great Lakes school Students written poetry competition was a great success.

The level and standard of their entries, their eagerness to participate on stage and recite their poems was a great effort and success of their own making.

The event was attended by at least one hundred people. Many had travelled long distances to attend and help run the function on the day, with some great names amongst them.

Whilst the initial organizing was done by the two Sundowners, the success of the day has to be attributed to the help, cooperation and assistance of the combined efforts and attendance of the Midcoast Poets Group, which exists from Grafton to the Great Lakes area and beyond. This again proves there is strength in unity.

Special mention must go to Reid Begg whose brainchild the competition was and for his untiring efforts bringing it to fruition.



NEW SUNDAY RADIO SHOW

From the 10th of November Dusty Carter of 4AAA Radio will be heard nationally on Sunday mornings with his new show promoting Australian Bush Balladeers and Australian Bush Poets through the national indigenous network.

This programme will be called the The Sunday Bushies Breakfast and will be broadcast from 7am - 8am taking the form of interviews

COO-EE FESTIVAL

The Coo-ee March written poetry competition was once again a marvellous success with Dubbo's Ron Stevens taking out the honours with 'Unfinished Letter Home' and 'A Coo-ee Dawn' in first and second places ahead of Brian Beesley with 'A Coo-ee Remembers Anzac Day 1928'.

Vera Hepple of far north Queensland won the Outback section with her 'Leichardt's Bones' with Oliver Thomas and Magda Neeld respectively following.

The humorous section was won by the 2002 Asthma NSW finalist Carolyn Aldridge Alfonsetti of Epping NSW - 'The Granny (a la Chaucer)'. Oliver Thomas was second and Carolyn took out third place.

Roger Vickery from Harbord won the open section with 'The First Deed of Hereward The Wake' with runners up Ron Stevens and Frances Hackney.



and recitals from all over.

To be pre-recorded on Wednesdays and Thursdays, Dusty plans to keep his audience updated with regular bush poetry news.

4 Triple A Radio is Brisbane's country music radio station, bringing you all the best in country music 24 hours a day on 98.9FM. It's also the place to be for great Aboriginal and Torres Strait Islander sounds, and for live broadcasts of some of Australia's biggest music festivals. So join the ever-increasing numbers of listeners who keep their dial locked on 98.9FM Murri Country.

Wilbur Howcroft is a genuine Mallee Cocky with a wheat farm at Culgoa in Victoria. Wilbur commenced writing at forty-seven, is now 'too old to remember' and as prolific as ever. The Bard of the Mallee is famous for his limericks and four-liners and as well as bush verse

The poem opposite was written by Wilbur Howcroft in the mid 1970's and was lately featured in *An Australian Heritage of Verse* published by ABC Books, but like a number of old poems being 'discovered' these days we find that it has also been 'pinched' and altered a little to become yet another 'original' poem.

~~~~~  
See-saw the season's poor  
All our wheat'll die for sure  
Banker, Banker, kind and just,  
Lend me dough or I'll go bust.

WG Howcroft.

### **The Australian Bush Poetry Performance Championships**

**Mulwala Services Club**

**16th.- 19th May 2002.**

Contact Karen Bromley.  
03 5744 2331 Mulwala Services Clu

### **THE RAILWAY HOTEL**

© Wilbur G Howcroft Culgoa Vic.

When Joe was a young 'un, his cheeks flecked with down,  
He drew his first pay cheque to head into town.  
Then up spoke his father: 'Son, heed my words well –  
Keep clear of the girls at the Railway Hotel.

'Those harpies will fleece you of all that you own,  
They're wicked and wanton with hearts hard as stone.  
Believe me, young fella, the road straight to hell  
Begins at the door of the Railway Hotel.

'They'll ply you with whisky, with beer, rum and gin,  
Then when you're half sozzled they'll lead you to sin.  
They're skilled at seduction, at this they excel –  
Those trollops who tempt at the Railway Hotel.'

'Gee whiz!' cried our hero, with awe on his face,  
'So that's what goes on in that old wooden place!  
Our parson has warned me of women who dwell  
In dens of ill fame like the Railway Hotel.

'It seems I can still hear that old preacher's words  
On drinking and gambling, bad language and birds,  
But where did he gain such knowledge, pray tell,  
Of girls like the girls at the Railway Hotel?

Joe caught a fast pony and girthed it up tight,  
Then, bidding his father a hasty goodnight,  
He sprang in the saddle and galloped pell-mell  
For his destination – the Railway Hotel!

**The Board of Directors  
of**

**The Australian Bush Poets Association Inc  
would like to express their best wishes to  
Members of the Association  
and the many readers and followers of  
Australian Bush Poetry  
for a**

**Merry Christmas**

**and a**

***Happy and Poetic New Year***

*Rosemary Baguley, Liz Ward, Carol Reffold  
Ed Parmenter and Frank Daniel*



In the October newsletter information was sought on a particular poem, space only permitting the inclusion of one verse.

One reply accredited the poem to the greatest poet never to write a book, *Anonymous*, but resultant follow ups and a note from new member Dean Trevaskis found the poem to be as follows:

## THE ROUSEABOUT

Thos. E Spencer

In a humble hut, on a scrubby flat,  
Near the land of the setting sun,  
Lived a simple but honest rouseabout,  
Who rejoiced in the name of Dunn.  
He could warble as sweet as a bandicoot,  
He could dance like a kangaroo,  
His age, it was just about four-feet ten,  
And his height about thirty-two.

He worshipped a beautiful female maid  
Who lived on a distant plain;  
Whose husband had gone to a far-off land,  
And had never come back again.  
She had bright blue hair, she had rosy eyes,  
And her cheeks were of golden hue.  
So Tommy set off, as the sun went down,  
To tell her he loved her true.

He traversed the hills and the mountain peaks,  
He climbed up a rugged plain,  
He swam the beds of the dried-up creeks  
And he tramped o'er the raging main.  
He saw not the wind on the distant hills,  
He heard not the rising moon,  
For his soul was dead, and his burning head  
Was as calm as a big monsoon.

## TOP ROUND-UP AT DORRIGO

Dorrigo really rounded up some top poets for this year's event on November 9th and 10th. All performers were from the area between the Hastings and the Tweed and highlighted the very high quality of Bush Poets in this northern region of NSW.

Russell Churcher from Wauchope compered the Saturday Round-Up and ably led a group of seventeen poets in the best presentation of poetry that Dorrigo has enjoyed. Two popular guest performers were Malcolm McLeod and Max Taylor from Inverell.

In response to audience acclamation the four following performers were presented with bags of potatoes and pumpkins as a reward for their efforts: Max Taylor, Inverell; Ed & Marg Parmenter, Coffs Harbour; Cay Fletcher, Taree and Janice Downes, Port Macquarie.

Bill Kearns from Grafton was key performer at Sunday's Poets Breakfast and was supported by twelve very able performers to provide a hilarious morning of poetic fun.

The Dorrigo Round-Up is not a competitive event but attracts a quality of poetry and performers that would do well at any competition.

His eye, like a hurricane, roared aloud,  
His voice, like the lightning flashed,  
The blustering blizzard it boomed and burst  
As on through the dust he splashed.  
He rode on a flea-bitten chestnut mare,  
With a patent pneumatic tyre;  
And the sparks from the feet of his flying steed  
Set Billabong Creek on fire.

He leapt from the train at the half-way house,  
And stood at the maiden's door;  
He wept at the sight of that dear old spot  
Which he never had seen before;  
He stood on his head at the maiden's feet,  
And he begged her his lot to share,  
Then, brushing tear from his glist'ning ear,  
He spoke of his dumb despair.

"See! see!" he exclaimed to the winsome maid,  
in syllables tall and sweet,  
"The whole of my expectations I cast  
At thy beautiful, blushing feet.  
For you I would live – through eternity!  
Say 'yes' – for my own sweet sake,  
And without a murmur I'll sacrifice  
All the millions I hope to make.

Then the maiden rested her blushing nose  
For a moment on Tommy's chest,  
And she said, as she cuddled his crumpled form  
To her soft and capacious breast,  
"As I have been true in the years to come,  
I'll be true in the past," said she.  
And she winked her ear at a native bear  
That was perched on a pumpkin tree.



## Grenfell - Birthplace of Henry Lawson

Henry Lawson was born on the Grenfell Goldfields in 1867. His parents were Peter Larsen, a Norwegian Carpenter and Louisa, a woman very active in matters which today would be associated with the feminist movement.

Shortly after his birth Henry's father pulled up the camp and moved back to Pipeclay, in the Mudgee-Gulgong area.

In 1924 the place of his birth was marked by the erection of an obelisk which now stands under a large gum tree planted by his daughter, Bertha Jago. in an area known as Lawson's Oval



## BITS AND PIECES

Left out of the last issue of the news was mention of Rod Worthing of Port MacQuarie who conducts a radio show 2WAY FM 103.9 at Wauchope. He plays Australian Country Music and Bush Poetry. Some restrictions apply, the material used must not contain the four-letter word 'guys', and each artist must sound Australian, (must say 'can't' not 'cain't').

Just one more effort in keeping our language Australian. Goodonya Rod, eh? Send your CD's in for more airplay to 901 Oxley Highway Port MacQuarie. 2444

The Bundaberg Poet's Society Inc. held their annual general meeting on September 14th last. Elected to office are the following: President, John Lees. Vice-President, Jim Lysaght. Secretary, Joan Lane. Treasurer, Sam Dye. Committee members, John Lees, Liz Ward and Lee Miller.

The Kyabram Lions Club and the Bush Verse Group combined for a great night out at the Ky Club on September 18th.

Sixteen poets and yarn-spinners turned up with the best poet going to Col Millington and the best yarn to Keith Hocking (John Johansen Perpetual Trophy).

Molly Sparks and Johnno Johnson won the 'Skew-Wiff' award for their duet 'Mulga Bill's Bicycle'.

The schools competition attracted 150 entries with the winner being Zak Atkins from St. Patricks School Tongala with his excellent poem 'Outback'.

The Bundy Mob is now in the early organizing stages of the Poetry Muster 2003.

Although not until July, it goes to show how the most successful events on the calendar are planned well in advance. Keep an eye on the poets calendar.

## ULONG MOUNTAIN

Approximately 200 people attended the inaugural Ulong Mountain Musta event on the 2nd November, 2002. Ulong is about 45 minutes west of Coffs Harbour on the NSW mid north coast.

The Ulong Musta is envisaged as becoming an annual event. The night was a total success with patrons enjoying a BBQ, an Art Exhibition, Bush Poetry Competition, yarn spinning competition and a family dance accompanied by the Tallowood Dance Band.

Organizer, Mr. Malcolm Miller, should be congratulated on his efforts in convening this first event.

The poetry competition was won by Margaret Parmenter, and the yarn spinning was a tie between Sam Smyth of Kempsey and Ed Parmenter of Coffs Harbour.

Ten year old Emily Smyth received an encouragement award for her presentation of 'The Thong' by Col Willson.

## THE LONGYARD POETS BREAKFASTS

A regular feature of the Tamworth Country Music Festival since 1992 has been the Traditional Longyard Hotel Bush Poets Breakfasts.

Hosted by the Australian Champion Yarnspinner and Bush Poet, Frank Daniel, the Traditional Bush Poets Breakfasts attract capacity audiences daily.

People love to get off to a good start on festival mornings and what better way than with a laugh to set the mood for the rest of the day.

The Longyard is certainly the place to do this as Frank leads six guest poets daily in a fast moving two-hour programme of bush yarns and poetry with the audience, always wanting more and coming back repeatedly during the festival.

All members of the Australian Bush Poets Association, the guest poets are selected on performance

## NAKED POETS

The Naked Poets will be firing once again at the Tamworth Golf Club in 2003 and will pay special tribute to their great mate 'The Larrikin', Bobby Miller. Two shows will be presented throughout the week.

A 'Best Of' - 90 minute lunch time matinee - 'Loose Ends And Wobby Bits' - will be presented at 11.30am on Mon 20th, Tues 21st, Thurs 23rd and Fri 24th. January.

A distinctly separate 'Best Of Show' - 'Turbulence And Other Hot Air' - will be presented on Mon, Tues, Thurs, Fri and Sat Nights at 8pm.

Bobby Miller was to play an integral part in the shows and will be sorely missed, but the Naked Poets intend to celebrate his memory with their usual mad-cap antics.

The Young Cherry Festival's inaugural Bush Poetry competition and two breakfasts will be held from Friday to Sunday, 6th - 8th December at the Young Golf Club.

Further details can be found in past issues or by contacting the Greg Broderick on 02 6382 3883

ability, their past record as entertainers and their audience appeal.

Marion Fitzgerald of North Star returns in January alongside such regulars as Ray Essery, Jack Drake, Noel Stallard, Terry Regan, Jim Brown, Shirley Friend, Glenly Palmer, Marco Gliori, Murray Hartin, Gary Lowe, Donny Lloyd (The Fat Fella from Pillar Valley) and the mad-cap Neil McArthur from Ballarat.

New faces in 2003 will include Melanie Hall of Townsville (p.9) and Debbie Andersen of Warwick who has been making her mark in recent competitions and Veronica Weal of Mt. Isa.

The Longyard gates open at 7am for an 8am start. Be early.



## ABC BOOKS Media release

### Heritage, Laughter and Entertainment:

Not content with his previous sell-out collection, *An Australian Heritage of Verse*, (re-printed three times in two years), Jim Haynes has now returned with an even larger collection, *An Australian Treasury of Popular Verse* published by ABC Books.

Rhymed verse for entertainment and recitation is experiencing a huge renaissance and this collection of popular rhymes could well become the reciter's bible. The verse collected here is, first and foremost, entertaining.

Jim is well known for writing, performing and telling stories as well as being a popular singer and entertainer on the country music circuit.

*An Australian Treasury of Verse* includes many poems that may ring a bell: verses remembered from childhood, recited by family members or learned in the classroom or playground.

There are also many long forgotten or never previously discovered treasures, plus many hilarious new verses from the new wave of bush poets.

Jim has gone to many original sources old magazines, manuscripts, and old books now out of print to compile a collection of over 500 Australian poems. Jim spent several days in the National War Memorial archive reading the hand-written poems and letters of the original ANZACS.

There are 11 sections with headings such as *Gambling and Grog*, *Longing and Lust* and *Lies and Laughter*. It is not just a compendium of well-loved and often brilliant verse, but a portrait of Australia and our unique character.

## FROM the WEST — A DOG'S EYE and DEAD 'ORSE

(Deconstructing "I'll Have Chips"  
by Jim Haynes) - from *Stinger  
Nettleton WA Bush Poets*.

One of the stated objects of the WA Bush Poets & Yarnspinners Association Inc. is "to conserve and maintain the Australian Idiom".

When these objects were being drafted, some members of the steering committee wanted to be more specific and talk about active resistance against the loss of the Aussie vernacular.

It wasn't the creeping insidiousness of globalisation as it applied to our language that was the issue however — it was pure and simple paranoia about the Americanisation

of our culture in general, particularly via our youth.

I should declare at this point that I was one of that committee and felt strongly that the paranoia was justified. I thought stand-up poet Jim Haynes was close to my own position on the matter when I read his 1994 - published poem "I'll Have Chips". The title is of course a retort to those who would ask "do you want fries with that?".

In his prologue to the poem, Haynes says:  
"Growing up in Australia I learned to respect other people's cultures...My American friends who visit Australia are horrified at the way we are being swamped by the worst aspects of their society. I wonder why more Aussies don't seem to notice, or care?".

It also features a great selection of classic poems from Henry Lawson, Banjo Paterson and Will Ogilvie alongside contemporary writers of verse such as Colin Wilson, Bruce Simpson and Max Fatchen.

None of the poems from *An Australian Heritage of Verse* appear in *An Australian Treasury of Popular Verse*. The two collections are entirely different giving a total of over 900 poems, and are therefore complementary.

### ABPA Members can take advantage of a special mail-order offer from Jim Haynes.

**An Australian  
Treasury of Popular Verse**  
(over 500 popular and entertaining  
Australian rhyming poems)

**PLUS**

**An Australian Heritage of Verse**  
(400 great poems for recitation)  
for the special ABPA price of  
**\$49** (including express postage)

**PLUS a FREE copy of Jim's own book of verse,  
'I'll Have Chips!'**

Send cheque or postal order for \$49 made out to  
'SINGABOUT AUSTRALIA'  
to PO Box 183 Kingsford 2032

To order just the new book

**An Australian Treasury of Popular Verse**  
Simply send a cheque or postal order for \$32

To some extent I think we at the WABPYA felt that we were the sheriffs — sorry, the lifesavers of the dinkum Aussie lingo — sorry, spoken word. We set out not only to have a monthly get-together in a suburban pub to amuse and impress each other with our ability to recite puerile poetry and spin silly stories or yarns. We also wanted to be a posse — sorry, a lobby group, to convince our youth that we had a wonderfully rich and colourful culture and tongue of our own, so there was really no need to go borrowing from Northern America. 7 years down the track, my views have mellowed somewhat.

In the 1960s, a Melbourne Architect named Robin Boyd wrote a book called 'The Austra-



lian Ugliness' in which he coined the name 'Austerica', to describe the worst influences of the USA on the Australian streetscape in particular but culture in general. Boyd did this from much the same patriotic standpoint as (and would no doubt have agreed with) Haynes when in the 1990s he wrote:

*"We're a funny mob, we fought,  
To keep invaders from our shore,  
And whinged about the migrants,  
And tried to shut the door,  
On people who were happy  
To come and live with us,  
To adapt and share our lifestyle,  
And then we make NO fuss  
When a foreign culture comes along  
That's pretty second rate  
And wipes ours out! No worries,  
Call me 'Dude' instead of 'Mate'*

In my view however, both Boyd and Haynes mistook for cultural imperialism what was (and is) really no more than successful marketing. Post-war Australia was a wealthy country, hungry for those luxuries of life that seemed to be sourced primarily from North America. Our own 1960s advertising gurus (which included such latter-day Aussie literary icons as Philip Adams and Peter Carey) were quick to obey the laws of supply and demand, leaving the cultural cops of the day standing somewhat flat-footed.

Haynes goes on to stick it into the Austericans (such as those who give our sporting teams yankee names) with:

*"I wonder about those who think  
We just can't be respected,  
Unless we imitate a way of life,  
To which we're not connected"  
and addressing them directly by:  
"From every parent, teacher and  
poet,  
Who tried to show a kid,  
Our great Australian heritage,  
Thanks a lot for what you did!"*

(This is meant sarcastically, by the way). It is here that Haynes reveals that he too is a victim of the paranoia about our youth being indoctrinated. But is there really anything to worry about? Are our

young people really heading down a one-way trail to Austerica?

Growing up in the 1950s and 1960s, my parents jived to Bing Crosby and Cranky Frankie. At family singalongs, my cousins pounded out everything from Jolson to Sedaka on the pianola. My boyhood heroes were mostly movie and TV cowboys, until I discovered The Beatles. I once thought of Ned Kelly as an Aussie Jesse James, the Light Horsemen as our version of the 7th Cavalry and so on. Somehow though, I got over it eventually.

Globalisation of culture has its good points, which perhaps aren't readily apparent. While it does mean we tend to be swamped with commercial crap from elsewhere, through the magic of the internet, we also have a unique opportunity to experience other rich cultures, such as those of Africa and our Asian neighbours. It also creates the opportunity for others to learn more about our culture, as evidenced by the growing tide of culture tourists and exchange students, enthusiastically enrolling in courses in Australian history and literature. And far from dying out as predicted by Alan Seymour, Eric Bogle and others, the Anzac tradition is today stronger than ever, particularly among our youth.

The role of bush poetry in Australian culture is not insignificant. The original 'Bush Poets', those who wrote for the Bulletin during the late 19th early 20th century, had a lot to do with the creation of the Australian Image - that myth we cling to as a way of defining our national identity. It is important that we realise however that bush poetry is a living art form and as such must continually absorb influences from its surroundings, whether positive or negative, recycling them and reconstructing itself accordingly.

As bush poets then, I believe we have an ongoing function in the overall cultural structure, as both educators and marketers. At every opportunity, we should engage with not only our own youth, but also the outside world and deliver the message that Australia has its own rich culture that helps us identify where we came from to reach who we are today and why. This needs to be linked to an open invitation to others to engage with us as well. Maybe we should look at our packaging from time to time but on the whole, we need not be too concerned about our product. In short, I say think global - act local!

And anyway, aren't chips the Pommy National dish?

Stinger Nettleton.

## DUNEDOO'S "GREAT DUNNY CLASSIC"

**March 29 & 30 - 2003**

**Written Bush Verse  
Competition**

**Three Sections**

- 1. Original Serious**
- 2. Original Humorous**
- 3. Under 16's Original Verse**

**Closing date 7th. February 2003**

**For further information or entry  
forms please contact**

**The Dunedoo & District  
Development Group,**

**P.O. Box 1, Dunedoo, NSW 2844**

**PH: (02) 63 751 975**

**FAX: (02) 63 751 976**

**Email: dddgroup@bigpond.com**





## HOT TIMES

### HIT EUKEY POETS

"We're back on air" says Stella and Jack Drake after they were evacuated from their property with bush fires raging to the top of Peltzers Rock (the hill behind their house) along with the rest of the Eukey residents.

"The whole sky was black" Stella recalls, "I went to the Red Cross like a good girl with the cat in the basket & the van full of family history, photographs, poetry CDs & books, clothes and enough to start all over again, Nevil Bryant took a ute full of saddles etc., Jeff Simpson took a ute full of computer/photocopies etc. and a very worried Bobby; Jack sneaked back after the police had gone with Jock in the ute."

"When the rage hit the top of the hill, it turned 45 degrees and raged directly East then the edges slowly burned down the hill towards us. That night when the wind dropped the local boys back burned from our fence line up towards the oncoming slow fire and cleared out all the rubbish between it and us."

Stella managed to sneak back home at dusk through the back roads with the cat and Bobby and the food van.

"Three times the fires were heading for us" she says, "Thursday, Saturday and Monday. The good news is that we didn't lose a blade of grass (what is left in the drought conditions anyway) but neighbours all around the district have houses sitting in black & grey ash paddocks. The hot conditions and strong winds made it all very fierce. I haven't totally unpacked

"We had 25 camper vans in the front paddock for the big concert in town on Saturday night. As soon as it jumped Eukey Road on Friday, I sent them into the Stanthorpe Show Grounds where they were safe. We cancelled the concert as 6 homes went and 1 lady lost her life when she went back for photo albums. We didn't think it was appropriate to continue plus all locals were out fighting fires anyway.

Just as well we didn't go to Binna Burra/ Brisbane on Sun/Mon as we spotted a flare up on Monday which almost got a neighbour's home.

So back to normal once I get the photocopier and printer working again. Love to all and thanks for your phone calls to see if we were OK."

Jack and Stella

## 'Rhyme and Reason' - Writing Tips from Ellis Campbell

### POETIC TERMINOLOGY -

**Alliteration** is the repetition of the first consonant in several words in the same line.

Example from one of my very early poems, Old Man Drought.

*'Men can sail the seven seas in ships of steel so stout.'*

Another one from The Quickness Of The Hand Deceives The Eye (and sometimes blackens it).

*'Weaving through the water-way and down the winding walk  
past the pond in Peoples Park - with never pause to talk.*

*Wally worried while he worked and wondered what he'd say  
when he went to wash his hands and put his gear away.'*

**ENJAMBMENT** is a handy tool that most good poets use. It helps a line flow and look more natural.

I love a good solid rhyme at lines end but there is a danger of monotony if overdone. A few enjambed lines throughout the poem ensures this does not happen.

An example stanza from my poem The Spreading Blight.

*'The mournful low of starving stock is echoing their fate;  
the harking crows in loud refrain all day anticipate*

*another beast will flounder on its weakened joints and fall -  
repart they share with carrion hawks. 'The foxes cruelly maul  
the helpless prostrate animals and eat the bovine tongue.*

*Abandoned calves moan touchingly and wander dazed among  
the carcasses of mothers rotting in a putrid field;  
all victims of a tyranny beyond compassion's shield.'*

Enjambment is one reason why I have discarded the old idea of starting every line with a capital letter.

An unwarranted capital letter in the middle of a sentence of prose is a stumbling block and looks unnatural. I find the same with verse. But that is a personal choice for individual writers.

**IMAGERY** is simply painting pictures with words. Example from my poem Fall Of The Seasons.

*'Summer has faded and autumn's extolling*

*all of its virtues through downs ever rolling.*

*Tanned with the colours that patiently mellow -  
tinting the dales with a tawny and yellow!'*

Read Veronica Weal's, *Where The Eagle's Shadow Falls* -- Bruce Simpson's *Gold Star* -- Peter Moltoni's *Slaughter Road* -- or Ron Stevens' *Westerly*. One needs little imagination to see a vivid picture.

Likewise great performance poets such as the late Bob Miller with *The Will*, Milton Taylor with *Queenie Lucinda O'Toole* and Bob Magor with his *Caravanning Bliss* can make their words live and paint pictures a blind person might see clearly. These great writers and performers - and many more like them - have the wonderful talent of imagery. We are privileged to share this.





## INVERTED PHRASES -

I am sure the number of poets (liars excepted) who can truthfully claim to have never used an inverted phrase to make a convenient rhyme are very few. It is something that comes naturally to us and it is tempting to use these rather than do the hard work of trying to avoid them.

But, as applies to every walk of life, the easiest way is rarely the best way. From time immemorial Bush Verse has been the poor relation of Australian literature. Of course I don't agree with this, but it is a simple fact of life.

No bush poet is spoken of in the same breath as Les Murray, Judith Wright, Kath Walker, etc. It is easy enough to adopt an attitude of: who cares?

But as entertainers (yes, writers are still entertainers - though vastly different to performers) we have a duty to give our reading public the best we can offer.

I am fond of quoting lines from my own poetry to demonstrate something right. Incidentally this is not because I believe mine is the best, but simply to show that I can put into practice the things I advise others to do.

I could easily quote from Paterson, Lawson or Ogilvie, but anyone can do that without being a poet themselves.

This time I am going to be the baddie and look back through some of my verse and see if I can find a few examples of inverted phrases. I don't think I am setting myself an impossible task. Here goes:

*'He could fence and shear and timber cut.'*

Of course one would normally say, *'-and cut timber.'* But that would boggle up the rhyme -or metre, or something - so I do it the easy way. Another one. *'Seeking ever the harshness to tame.'* Of course one would naturally say, *'seeking to tame the harshness.'* But that would have wrecked my good poem - so I took the easy way out.

Again: *'Gleaned from a modest education his knowledge all amazed.'* You would, of course, normally say, *'amazed all.'* But that would have spoilt the whole stanza!

Finally, *'a worker great and a sportsman grand'* rather than *'a great worker and grand sportsman.'*

I hasten to add these are all taken from my first book. I have got better as time went by!

How to avoid inverted phrases? Good question. It usually means throwing that line, at least, away, and thinking of something else. Not always easy. Sometimes it is necessary to rewrite the whole stanza - or most of it. A bloody nuisance - but (as a famous? Australian Prime Minister once thought he'd invented) *'life wasn't meant to be easy'*.

It can be done, as our top poets regularly demonstrate. Over the years judges have become increasingly hard on inverted phrases. Every time you see that part of your work underlined by the judge you can be assured that you have lost points.

With the quality of verse being entered in most competitions today, that point could cost you a place among the prize-winners. I am sure the same applies with publishers. Make your verse flow as naturally as possible and don't handicap yourself!

Best wishes to all for a happy Christmas and a poetic New Year.

*Ellis Campbell*

## WALLA WALLA HERITAGE FESTIVAL

(Megan Connellan - Albury Border Mail)

Close to 1000 people paid homage to the ultimate Aussie outback symbol, the backyard dunny, at the Walla Walla Lions Heritage Festival on Sunday November 10.

Getting in among the action was festival secretary Mrs. Janet Paech in the original Walla Station outhouse or, as it was labelled in 1886, the earthen closet.

Mrs. Paech said the toilet was different to most as lime was released into the pit below to stop undesirable odours.

"It was lots of fun paying tribute to the backyard dunny," Mrs. Paech said. "The Heritage day is getting bigger every year and we were extremely happy with the turn-out. We had a fantastic day paying tribute to the past and I judge a successful day on the faces of the crowd and everyone was smiling and having a great time.

"A big hit was the Australian Champion Yarn-spinner and bush poet, Mr. Frank Daniel."

She said it was important to have a close look at yesteryear as it helped to ensure a brighter future.

People from as far as Canberra attended, along with busloads from Albury and visitors from Porepunkah. Over \$2000 was raised on the day and will be put back into the Walla community. Stallholders made the most of the theme and dressed in period costumes.

\*\*\*\*\*

Special guests at the Walla Walla Heritage Festival were Reg Phillips from Lavington, President of the Snowy Mountains Bush Poetry Group, and Annette Roberts of Bellbridge, both members of the ABPA.

Someone is bound to ask - so here's the answer, Walla Walla is situated about 90 kays south of Wagga Wagga more or less in the direction of Albury. It is an area first settled in 1869 by German migrants who came by wagon train from Ebenezer in South Australia. (find your own Ebenezer). Porepunkah is the home of members Norm & Heather Thompson situated in Victoria, near Bright, about halfway between Ovens and Smoko .



## THE CURLEW'S SONG

by Henry 'Hawkeye' Edwards.

Our poets created the music of life  
And their measures, ideal and true  
Have been chanted and sung wherever men go  
From Africa's sand to Siberia's snow  
But no one has written - as far as I know -  
Of the song of our native curlew.

Tis the song of the woods in Australia's land  
And it rings all the bush through and through  
It echoes around from the East to the West  
And we think as we lie on our pillows to rest  
There is nought to remind us of realms of the blest  
In the song of Australia's curlew!

It starts with a delicate whistle at first  
And we think it won't make much ado  
But it whistles and whistles, and whistles again  
Till it sounds like the shriek from a runaway train  
And at last dies away in the awful refrain  
of the song of our native curlew.

On the mountains far off from the homes of our race  
Where gold is - if men only knew  
Where wind sways the gum like a great nodding plume  
With a murmuring sigh o'er the blackfellow's tomb  
Like the yells of a fiend in the gathering gloom  
Comes the song of our native curlew.

Away in the West on the spinifex plain  
By the banks of the lonely Paroo  
Where stars of the night look on oceans of sand  
And camp-fires by winds of the desert are fanned  
Like the scream of a siren far over the land  
Comes the song of our native curlew.

When sons of Britannia first settled in peace  
Where blue-gum and apple tree grew  
When the mopoke was hooting away in the glen  
And the blood-thirsty dingo came out of his den  
There was nought that could startle such  
brave-hearted men  
But the song of Australia's curlew.

When the moon dressed those fields by the  
Hawkesbury stream

With a fret-work of glittering dew  
And light-hearted children drew near to the blaze  
And talk'd of the mildness of those winter days  
Then silently, stealthily out of the haze  
Came a sombre inquisitively crew -

And stood in a ring on a grass-cover'd spot  
Like the black that corroboree do  
And shrieked till the children all started and stared  
Till the babe in the cradle was wakened and scared  
And Dante's inferno grows feeble compared  
With the song of our native curlew.

The magpie, the jackass, the lyre-bird lone  
Give the psalm to our white cockatoo  
He captains the choir in the home of his friends  
To nature's new music variety lends  
But always the peerless crescendo depends  
On the song of our native curlew!

And tonight in the bush at the back of our town  
You can prove that my words are all true  
For shadowy forms will come scampering by  
With a yell and a shriek and a sob and a cry  
Till we're almost inclined to start wondering why  
God made the Australian curlew!

## Henry 'Hawkeye' Edwards

In the April issue of this newsletter a request for information about Henry 'Hawkeye' Edwards, a poet from the north coast, was posted.

It was not until October that a reply came forth from Bruce Cox of Port Macquarie NSW who happened to notice a bridge named after Mr. Edwards at Cundletown, near Taree on the North Coast.

Through the internet, a search on Taree Shire Council, and a reply from Lisa Greenwood, (Readers Services Librarian at the Greater Taree City Council), came a considerable amount of information.

Further contacts brought two

emails in reply from Henry's grandson Allen Edwards and great grandson Greg.

'The Curlew's Song' was an attachment to Allen's email.

Henry 'Hawkeye' Edwards died in the early hours of Monday 18th September 1939 in the Manning District Hospital at the age of 79 years and the Manning District had lost one of her most legendary and well-known citizens. 'Hawkeye' was an outstanding and prolific poet, orator and self-made scholar and critic.

Local events of 'importance' were recorded by him in verse and prose, while a 'speech' by him at any public function was a feast of wit and hu-

mour, wrapped about solid facts.

His mind was considered to be 'a vast storehouse of knowledge which found ready expression by means of the tongue and pen'.

He was an ardent lay preacher of the Church of Christ, a forceful advocate of temperance, a keen and skilled debater, a prolific and well-recognised contributor in verse and prose to the local press, and ardent supporter of women's suffrage, a staunch free trader, a sports organiser, and a passionate Single-Tax advocate.

Henry was born at Cundletown on 28 February 1860. His grandfather George, an emigrant from Bristol, was the first man to open business as a storekeeper in Port



(Henry 'Hawkeye' Edwards . .) Macquarie. Henry's father William Edwards left Port Macquarie and set up a small boot-maker's shop in the newly formed Cundletown and soon after acted as a shipping agent for coastal cargo vessels stopping at Cundletown wharf as well.

Henry inherited these two businesses from his father, having taken up the boot-making trade after leaving school.

Henry Edwards was gifted with the capacity for ready self-expression and armed with a strict religious background in early life, it was natural that he should become an active churchman with the example ever before him of the Wesleyan local preacher. He rebelled against the Wesleyan practice of baptising little children, believing that baptism should be a personal decision for people of more mature age. He later joined the Church of Christ as a voluntary preacher.

The outflow of 'Hawkeye's' verse and prose in local newspapers like the *Wingham Chronicle*, the *Manning River Times* and the *Northern Champion* was enormous.

'Hawkeye' was the nom-de-plume he used in these publications. He wrote both humorous and serious verse and mainly concentrated on local events, issues and history.

His poetry was very well received and he was often commissioned to record in verse events of local significance such as births, deaths and marriages.

'Hawkeye' became, therefore, an important and constant chronicler of local happenings. He was a swift writer and could produce pieces for publication on very short notice. He was even called upon to write epitaphs for gravestones.

His published work on occasions revealed a keen sense of satire and wit. In his poem on Henry Parkes visit to Cundletown in 1887, 'Hawkeye' satirically describes the pageant and ceremony surrounding the wily politicians arrival at

Cundletown by river, how the shops and stores were especially closed, and the false pomposity of the whole occasion:

*Fling out your banners with a cheer  
And let Smith's cannon roar;  
Host Bryant, tap some Toohey's beer,  
McClintock, close your store.  
Call yonder Hebrew to suspend  
The triumph of his race,  
While baronets will condescend  
To glorify this place.*

*And sweep the dust of years away,  
Let all be taut and trim,  
The great Sir Henry comes to-day,  
And we must welcome him.*

And so on. This poem displayed 'Hawkeye's' adeptness at political and topical satire.

He was usually at his best in the humorous mode. But he could also turn his hand to lyrical poetry as he proved in his 'Ode to the Manning River'; -

*On, like a flashing steel it passes,  
Fringed with evergreen and sand,  
Radiant as that sea of grass is  
In the Bible's better land -  
Not to hear poetic dreamers  
In soft summer snail-shells curl'd,  
But a fleet of busy steamers  
Fitted out to serve the world.  
Circling islands, built and nourish'd  
By the floods of ages past,  
When great forest giants flourish'd  
And their million leaves were cast  
To prepare for sons of Britain  
In another fairer clime,  
Homes of which the sage has written  
Dimly, on the sands of time.*

His lyrical verse reflects a deep and abiding love and appreciation of the physical beauty of the Manning Valley. Of the sweep of the Manning River in front of his home he once wrote:

*Were I the bard of Avon's side,  
The peerless son of England's pride,  
Of her immortal Scot;  
I could not choose a fairer theme  
For painter's brush or poet's dream  
Than this enchanting spot.*

Henry 'Hawkeye' Edwards presented a wide range of everyday reminiscences to an appreciative local audience who read the local

press. He brought back a pioneering past that still was within living memory of Manningites in the 1920's and 1930's. In doing so he became a legendary figure himself still well remembered and respected for his writing skills.

His graphic pen was capable of biting satire, he was absolutely fearless in his opinion, and he had a ready flow of language such as few of us possess.

In 1928 when the Liquor Referendum was lost 'Hawkeye' lashed out with a satirical poem on the subject:

*All nature keeps sighing  
For water to come,  
But boozers are buying  
Scotch whisky and rum;  
And pastors are boasting  
Of tolerance wide,  
While wasters keep toasting  
With bibulous pride.*

He never gave up hope on this issue:

*Have patience, good Aussies,  
Some day we'll be dry,  
The Gussies and Flossies  
Will scorn ev'ry lie;  
Thirty seasons behind  
The Yankees in cars;  
The same thing we'll find  
In closing the bars.*

But for the moment he conceded temporary defeat on the issue:

*Sound the loud timbrel  
From Bourke to the sea,  
The Brewers have triumph'd.  
Rum rations are free.  
Ye men that drink water,  
Have nothing to fear,  
Each dry son and daughter  
In comfort appear.*

**INSURANCE** ABPA Secretary Ed. Parmenter is still waiting on a reply from the insurance regarding public liability insurance.

The response to the questionnaire was well beyond expectations, but unfortunately no advances have been made. For the time being it is advised that poets check with the venues in which they are appearing as per insurance requirements.



## O'MARA'S NEW INITIATIVES IN PLACE FOR O'MARA'S

To keep the annual Stanthorpe Festival "O'Mara's High Country Poets" going ahead, the organising committee will be including a few new features in 2003.

The big prize money will again be a feature of the fifth annual event and the committee has secured the services of Chris Jensen of ABC Radio as a member of the Judging Panel.

Jacaru Australia will once again support the event with their True Blue Aussie products, so all competing poets will take home a prize of their choice from a bush hat, oilskin cap or polo shirt from the highly distinctive Jacaru range.

A Souvenir Programme with the history of the event and winning poems from the last four years, will be available for sale in the newly constructed poets' Marketing area - a fair dinkum Aussie bough shed.

As a special tribute to the poets who kept our craft alive through the dark ages when no one cared about Bush Poetry, 2003 will see the start of a new annual award sponsored by Jack Drake.

The first "Old Masters Award" will be presented to a poet whose services to Bush Poetry over the years, will be recognized in the form of a handsome one off trophy. There is a list of future recipients but who will be the inaugural "Old Master"? - Be there to find out.

Due to interest by local junior contestants, funding has been obtained for performance and writing workshops in the week leading up to the event when Australian Champion, Milton Taylor will be spending four days coaching students in local Granite Belt schools.

Sponsors O'Mara's Hotel, Huddleston Solicitors, Granite Belt Tyre Services, Jacaru Australia and The Stanthorpe Wine Centre, are all on board again. With new sponsor Matt's Deli of Stanthorpe, the cash awards, gifts and trophies for 2003 come to a grand total of \$5,550.00. Brochures and entry forms are now available. Contact Jack Drake, Box 414 P.O., Stanthorpe Q 4380 ph 07 46 837169 or [jdrake@halenet.com.au](mailto:jdrake@halenet.com.au).

## Poets Breakfasts Tamworth City Bowling Club

The program for the Bush Poets Breakfasts at the Tamworth City Bowling Club during Country Music Week has almost been completed, and features a great line-up of well-known performers and some very talented newcomers making their first appearances in Tamworth.

Information regarding performers schedules will be sent out to those who applied.

The Breakfasts will run from 7.30 am to 11.00am daily, starting on Friday the 17<sup>th</sup> January through to 26<sup>th</sup> January inclusive.

You'll all be welcome at Sam Smyths new venue, so come along, say G'day, enjoy the great line-up of Bush Poets and good value, meals at the Tamworth City Bowling Club.

## BENDIGO GOLDFIELDS POETS

Following the Victorian State Championships at Stratford, ABPA member, Colin Carrington of Bendigo, thought it a good idea to form a bush poets group in the historic goldfields area.

The Central Victorian Gold Fields played a very important part in the heritage of Australia, and what better place to coordinate a new bush poetry group.

With little time up his sleeve, plus an endeavour to capture the presence of Rod Williams, who was on tour in Victoria and would be appearing at nearby Inglewood, Colin moved quickly and with the right kind of publicity drew an enthusiastic crowd of interested persons to a public meeting at the White Horse Hotel, Eaglehawk Road, California Gully, between Bendigo and Eaglehawk, on Wednesday 23<sup>rd</sup> November. All this in less than ten days.

"The purpose of the meeting was to gauge the feeling of those present towards forming a local bush poetry group," said Colin.

"Thirteen turned up for the meeting with a couple of apologies which was encouragement enough to carry on."

The presence of, and performances on the night by Rod Williams, Col Milligan, 'Whipstick' Worthington and Carol Reffold created further interest.

Support for the new group came forth from various community members including Geoffrey Graham who MC'd the evening.

Moves are now under way to have the new group named, set their aims and become incorporated and covered by insurance.

"It is anticipated that monthly concerts will be held at the White Horse and once this venue is established as a bush poetry outlet, it should romp home as another success story."

Contact Colin Carrington for further information. 03 5441 2425.



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**Supporting the ABPA  
AS AUSTRALIAN AS  
BUSH POETRY**



## VICTORIAN BUSH POETRY STATE CHAMPIONSHIPS

STRATFORD VICTORIA 12-13/10/02

'Stratford on Avon', all sounds terribly British doesn't it?

The reason being that Stratford in Victoria is one of the few towns in the world (to be called Stratford) that is situated on a river called the Avon. (Much like it's famous British cousin.)

Stratford Vic., also being the venue for the Inaugural 2002 Victorian Bush Poetry State Championships run by Denis & Julie Carstairs & the members of the Gippsland Bush Poetry Club.

Judges for the championships were Neil McArthur, Graeme Johnson, Sue Gleeson, Neil Hulm and Eric Britton - and were unanimous in their praise of the contestants and, in particular, the very high standard of Performance skills shown across the board.

Only a few points separated the finalists as appears to be the case in most competitions these days.

The results of the competition were:

Victorian Bush Poetry State Champion Milton Taylor

Runner Up Roderick Williams

Highly Commended, Annette Roberts and Col Milligan (Tie)

Best Traditional Poem Roderick Williams

Best Original Poem (on a count back) Roderick Williams

Victorian Bush Poetry Junior State Champions Emma Masters from Stratford & Emma Carstairs from Lakes Entrance. (Tie)

Two Poets Brekky's were held in the Peppercorn Café coordinated by Graeme Johnson and Neil McArthur before the Competition heats to help the contestants relax and warm up.

Some of the Poets performing included, Eddie Dalton, Lance Parker, Chris Howarth, Denis Carstairs, Ed Walker, Jan Lewis, Jim Wetherstone, Carol Reffold, Colin Carrington, Whipstick Wortho, Geoff Beach, Neil Hulm, Des Bennett, Ross Noble, Geoff Hahn, Pat Baird, Col Milligan, Emma Masters and Linda Watson.

The Victorian Bush Poetry State Championships, held in Stratford, were considered by all attending to be a great success. The stage was decorated around a campfire setting with swag, saddle and drizabone set among the gum tree branches, the atmosphere and feeling was fantastic. Anyone with an interest in Australian old time memorabilia items could have browsed forever.

President of the Gippsland Bush Poets, Denis Carstairs wishes to thank all the Poets, Judges, Scrutineers and members of the Gippsland Bush Poets, in particular his wife Julie, for making the weekend the success it was.

## NATIONAL BUSH POETRY CHAMPIONSHIPS ROYAL NATIONAL SHOW BRISBANE

August 2002.

RESULTS. Traditional/Contemporary

1<sup>st</sup>: Carmel Dunn 2<sup>nd</sup> Graeme Johnson 3<sup>rd</sup>: Ron Liekefett

Original 1<sup>st</sup>: Harry Pickering 2<sup>nd</sup>: Garry Lowe 3<sup>rd</sup>: Jack Drake

Best Overall Comedy - Garry Lowe

## LISMORE BUSH POETRY COMPETITION -

16th November 2002

Rain somewhat hampered the weekend at Lismore Country Music Festival, but did not dampen the enthusiasm of the entertainers, especially the Bush Poets in the inaugural Lismore Bush Poetry Competition.

An estimated 300 hungry people and at least another 50 watching from the background took in the Bush Poets breakfast and the competition.

Performances of the competitors throughout the Festival were of a high standard which made it a tough task for the judges, Shirley Friend, Trish Anderson, Mary Finch and Wally Finch. Note the judges' line up — nearly all women! Possibly a sign of better gender balance in future. Unfortunately the rain had a very negative effect on how things might be handled in the future but the jury has yet to meet on that.

The important thing to remember is a lot of positives came out of the venture, good contacts were made and Bush Poets will be welcome back in Lismore.

The organizers wish to thank those who contributed to the festivals success, especially the generosity of the major sponsor Norco, Pauls Milk, the North Coast Show National Society, Radio 88.9 FM and the Northern Star, whose backing gave the required support.

Competition Results:

**Written section:** 1st. Geoffrey Graham, Eaglehawk V. 'Bloody Triumph' - 2nd. Doug Berry, Ravenshoe Q. 'Bin Laden Seen at Ravenshoe' - 3rd. Ellis Campbell, Dubbo NSW. 'Ever Turning - Ever Yearning'.

**Performance Section.**

Novice Male - (Any Other Poet) 1st. John (The Joker) Pamplung. 2nd. Bruce Hunter. 3rd. Rod Worthing.

Novice Female - (Any Other Poet) 1st Anne M<sup>C</sup>Burnie 2nd. Janice Downs

Novice Male - Original 1st. John (The Joker) Pamplung 2nd Bruce Hunter.

Open Male - (Any Other Poet) 1st Ron Selby 2nd John Bird 3rd. Noel Stallard

Open Female - (Any Other Poet) 1st. Debbie Andersen 2nd. Gabby Colquhoun 3rd Pamela Fox.

Open Male - Original 1st Noel Stallard. 2nd Ron Selby 3rd John Bird

Open Female - Original 1st Cay Fletcher 2nd. Pamela Fox 3rd Debbie Andersen.

Best Male Poet - Noel Stallard

Best Female Poet - Debbie Andersen

Best Overall Poet - Noel Stallard.



## A DOG'S LIFE

© VP READ Bicton WA

26/10/02

I can't rise in the morning without coffee or some tea,  
That daily dose of caffeine does a miracle for me.  
And I rarely have a shower 'cause I cannot stand the din  
Of icy water bouncing off the corrugated tin.  
Sometimes I take a pep pill, for this life can get me down,  
And I'm always complaining. (A gutsacher of renown).

I get riled when I get tucker that's the same day after day,  
I've tossed the muck at Cookie, so she keeps out of my way.  
And I expect my loved ones, (although that lot's far and few),  
To accept my strange behaviour because surely it's my due.  
If they leave me on my lonesome, well, I tear the place apart,  
They may not think I'm sensitive, and that breaks my old heart.

I loathe inclement weather, 'cause it plays up with my bones,  
I tell you, I'm not cheerful, and I fill the place with groans.  
While everyone is dancing round and cheering that there's rain,  
I hobble round on crutches in such agonising pain.  
And I am never sober, (which I'm happy to relate),  
I'm boozing in the morning, and keep boozing until late.

Now, mate, the God bit's got me stumped 'cause He's a mate of mine,  
He knows my soul is black and blue, that I have crossed the line.  
But I don't think He'll send me down to suffer in the fire,  
Because I've always done my best, (though unrepentant liar).  
And when my critics give me stick, I tell them where to go,  
Cause Pete will surely understand an old bloke's puff and blow.

And don't blame me when things go wrong, I've got my share of strife,  
I've suffered thirty years of hell with Flo, my ugly wife.  
And I don't need psychiatrists to tell me life's a mess,  
When things start getting on my nerves, drink eases my duress.  
I'd like to say I tell no lies, I don't stray from the beat,  
And that I live a healthy life, but that would be deceit.

When overcome by tension, I withdraw into a fog,  
I've never seen a doctor yet, and I sleep like a log.  
My wife may not be lovely, but she's warm as all let out,  
And I curl myself around her when I'm suffering with gout.  
Let it rain, and loudly thunder, I sleep soundly like a lamb,  
Yeah, I'm a dog! A lousy dog! My wife says that I am.

## THE DINKUM AUSSIE (ABPA - AUG/SPT 2002).

VP READ Bicton WA.

26/10/2002.

I had to have a giggle when I read Johanson's rhyme,  
What a wonderful description of our good old Aussie strine.  
He's got it down word perfect, but his name suggests that he  
Was born in some far distant clime, so differently to me.  
Or maybe he was born here. Were his folks pioneers?  
No matter, let's all cheer him, and shout some icy beers.  
For he's given information that's invaluable to all,  
Our beloved Aussie slanguage that few of us recall.  
So thanks, John, for the poem, 'cause it brought great memories back,  
Of how we spoke when I was young, and tramped the tucker track.

## WELCOME BACK VAL!

It's been some time since Valerie P Read of Bicton WA graced the newsletter pages so, as a form of welcome back two of her poems have been included on this page, both inspired by poems published in earlier issues.  
GoodonyerVal!

## DUNEDOO

Dunedoo is a pretty little town of less than 800 people, situated on the crossroads of the Golden and Castlereagh Highways, on the Talbragar river one hour drive east of Dubbo in the Central West of NSW, in the Coolah Shire.

The Bush Poetry Festival is held each year, mostly in March. Milton Taylor is usually MC for the weekend and conducts workshops for students from Dunedoo and surrounding schools during the week and on Saturday morning for interested adults.

On Friday night, yarns and poetry abound at one of the local pubs with free entry. Saturday morning the markets in the street are growing in popularity and on the Saturday evening, the poetry competition is held at the local Golf club to a packed house. On Sunday morning, the P&C sell a cooked breakfast, in the park while the school band plays before impromptu poetry, where this year, juniors will be encouraged to participate.

Fifty minutes south will find you at the Mudgee wineries and just half an hour, from Dunedoo, along the same road will take you to the amazing Gul-gong Museum. To the north is Coonabarabran, the Warrumbungle Mountains and Siding Spring Observatory.

One hour south is the Wellington caves, Burrendong Dam and the Arboretum. An hour and a half east will take you to the Hunter Region (wineries) Dunedoo is in the middle of everywhere.

The local Development Group is a progressive little band of people working for the benefit of the town. They have rebuilt the children's playground in the park and had the railway station restored to house the community FM radio station. 101.5



The DEV. Group are establishing an environmental study site called the Woodland Learning Centre, where schools, universities etc will visit in a holistic learning environment, and have carried out considerable improvements around town.

Dunedoo has excellent schooling facilities, from playgroup to preschool, to yr. twelve and TAFE, with two primary schools which are the main employers with agriculture, a hospital, (and doctor) aged hostel and privately owned, selling stock yards. Sport is a major part of the social structure of the town and the Lions club is a very supportive service club.

Two clubs, two hotels, a chemist and all the other necessary shops, make Dunedoo a great place to live. 'Where the People Make the Difference' is the town motto. The Development Group made national and international news over the past two years, when the Development Group wanted to build the worlds biggest 'Dunny' in Dunedoo. However many of the locals did not like the idea and it did not proceed. Millions of dollars worth of town promotion was received as well as a half hour documentary on the ABC.

Sue Stoddart and her very active committee would love to see you at the 'Great Dunny Classic' Bush Poetry festival in March. As well as great prize money, a trophy will be awarded to the best single performance for the evening and the best 'Dunedoo' poem.

Winners of the written competition will be announced during the evening of the performance competition.

## 'ELMSLEA' - BUNGENDORE

Annually, as part of the Bungendore Country Muster, the Bush Poetry at 'Elmslea' Homestead has been a feature since 1996.

The inaugural Bush Poets Breakfast was held on the lawns of

the Light Horse Building in the main street where audience numbers overflowed out onto the roadway.

Since then the breakfasts have been conducted in the spacious ground of 'Elmslea' Homestead.

This 1910 classic Federation Homestead of 60 squares is situated within walking distance on the outskirts of historic Bungendore Village and is nestled in a beautiful garden setting amongst a magnificent stand of 160 year old elm trees. This grand house provides a central base and easy access to Canberra, the South Coast and the Snowy Mountains. (02 62381560)

Primarily most of the audience consists of many locals, with a huge influx of patrons from nearby Queanbeyan and Canberra. Others travel from as far as Yass, Goulburn, Braidwood and the South Coast. It is not uncommon to see as many as 350 present for the daily performances.

Compere for the 'Elmslea' breakfasts is former local resident, Frank Daniel.

The first weekend in February (1st & 2nd) is the date to remember, with the three hour 'brekkies' starting at 8am each morning, with a cooked breakfast made available by the Queanbeyan Bush Poets.

Always in the background, but never forgotten, the Queanbeyan Bush Poets will feature in the performances on the Saturday morning, poets such as David Meyers and Laurie MacDonald being well known throughout the southern tablelands.

The Queanbeyan Poets are one of the oldest poetry groups associated with the Australian Bush Poets Association and meet monthly in premises in Poets Lane Queanbeyan on the fourth Thursdays. Ph. David Meyers 02 6286 1891.

## TAMWORTH CANCELLATION

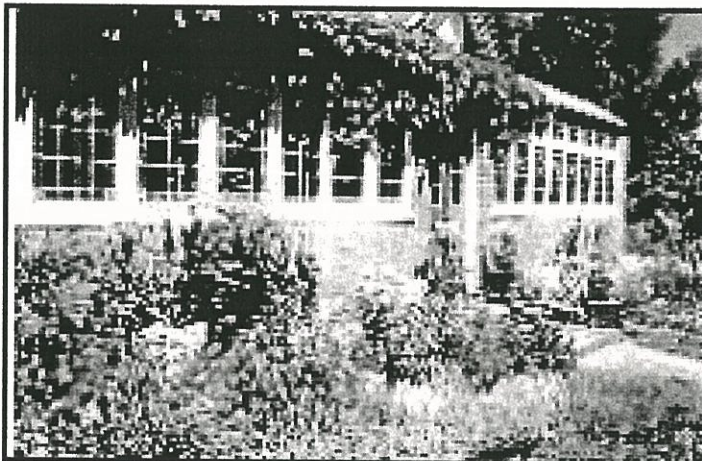
It is with deep regret that Carol Reffold announced that the series of bush poetry concerts and events, which were planned to be held at the Anglican Church in Tamworth during Country Music Week 2003, have been cancelled due to the difficulties in obtaining realistically-priced public liability insurance.

She would like to say a big 'thank you' to all the poets who committed to participate in the season of shows and is sincerely sorry for any inconvenience this cancellation will cause.

Carol is well aware that many poets had planned their Tamworth experience around their commitments to shows at the Church and will be very disappointed.

**Editors note:** I am well aware of the amount of time and planning over the past six months that Carol has put into the production of her Bush Poets of Australia show at the new location in Carthage St. not to mention the expenses incurred.

If there was something we could do about it we would.



**ELMSLEA  
HOMESTEAD**



## Regular Monthly Events

### New South Wales:

- 1st Tues **TUGGERAH** Lakes Poetry Group. 7 pm The Entrance Leagues Club. 3 Bay Village Rd, Bateau Bay.  
Joan Johnson 02 4332 5318, Judy Stanton 02 4388 5972
- Each Tues **TWEED HEADS** Poets and Writers on the Tweed. Library Meeting Room. Lorraine Richards 07 5590 9395
- 1st Thurs **GLADESVILLE** - North by Northwest Poetry & Folk Club. Cornucopia Café. Graeme Johnson 02 9874 7653  
(Grounds Old Gladesville Hospital - off Punt Rd - follow signs). Jenny Carter 02 9887 1856 or 0412 222 690
- 3rd Sat. **LIVERPOOL** Poet's 12 - 4 pm Liverpool Library - 170 George Street Liverpool. David Price 02 9825 0402
- 2nd Mon **KATOOMBA** - Parakeet's Poets - Parakeet Café - 7 pm. Katoomba St, Katoomba. Denis Kevans 02 4757 3119
- 2nd Tues **HUNTER** Bush Poets. 7 pm, Tarro Hotel, Anderson Dr, Tarro. Bob Skelton 02 4953 2751
- 2nd Wed **DORRIGO** Mountain Top Poets, 7 pm, April, June, August, October. Murray Suckling 02 6657 2139
- 2nd Thurs **TAMWORTH** Poetry Reading Grp. unit 2, 8 Illoura St, Tamworth. Keith 02 6766 4164. Maureen 02 6765 6067
- 2nd Frid **BUNDEENA** - Pheasant's Hut Folk Club - Ph. Yuri 02 9527 0955 - 0419 412 093
- 2nd Frid **COOMA** The Monaro Leisure Club - 7 pm Vale St. Cooma - Elaine 02 6454 3128
- 2nd Sat **KEMPSEY** or Port Macquarie. Hastings Macleay Bush Poets. Phone Rod 02 65813161 or Janice 02 6581 3552
- 3rd Fri **JUNEE** Bush Poetry Group. 7.30pm, Junee Community Centre. Brian Beasley PO Box 82 Junee. 02 6924 1317
- Last Tues **GRAFTON** Live Poet's Society - Roches Hotel, 7.30pm. Bill Kearns 02 6642 2772
- 4th Wed **INVERELL** Wednesday Writers, 7.30 pm, Empire Hotel. Ida Morse 02 6722 2425
- 4th Thurs **QUEANBEYAN** Bush Poets. Poet's lane, Queanbeyan. David Meyers 02 6286 1891
- 2nd last Mon **MID-COAST** Sundowners - Bush Poets meet in a private home. Reid 02 6554 9788. Phil 02 6552 6389
- Last Tues **GOSFORD** Spaghetti Poetry Group. Gee Wong Restaurant, 197 Mann St. Bob & Ester Sennett 02 4325 2590
- Last Thurs **PENRITH** Writers on the River, Caddies Coffee Shop, 2 - 3 Castlereagh St Penrith. Brian Bell 02 4739 2219
- Last Fri **KANGAROO VALLEY** Folk Music Club. Bush Poets welcome. Carl Leddy 02 4465 1621 re venue.
- Last Sat **MORISSETT** Australian Christian Writers Fellowship, Hunter Div, Morisset Baptist Church Hall, 1.30 - 4 pm.

### QUEENSLAND:

- Each Wed. **TOWNSVILLE** Writers - 7.30 pm Hodel Room, City Library, Thuringowa - Ph. Phil Heang 07 4773 4223
- WINTON** - Matilda Caravan Park - Pinki & her Pee Wee Poets
- 1st Thur. **MAPLETON** - Red Kettle Folk Club. Mapleton Hotel - 8.30pm Jacqueline Bridle 07 5478 6263
- 1st Sat. **EUMUNDI** Poets & Musicians - Eumundi Markets in Courtyard outside Rob's Bakery. Elizabeth 07 5449 1991
- 2nd Sat. **BUNDABERG** Poets Society 1.30 pm - Jim 07 4152 9624 - Sandy Lees 07 4151 4631 - Marilyn 07 4154 1663
- 1st & 3rd Wed. **KILCOY** gardens Motor Inn - Hope Street Kilcoy 7.30 p.m. Phone 54 971 100 (Robyn) or 54 971 458 (Pat)
- 1st & 3rd Sun. **NORTH PINE** Country Markets, 9 am Dad & Dave's Billy Tea & Damper. 07 3285 2845 - 3886 1552
- 2nd & 4th Thurs. **GYMPIE** Golden Pen Poets. Old Gympie Town Hall. 7 pm. Phil Morrison, 07 4773 4223
- 3rd Tues. **REDLANDS** Poets Society. Times vary. Aug. meeting 2pm. Sept. 7pm. Vivienne 07 38244038 - Elaine 32452114
- 3rd Sun. **WOODFORD** - Lairs, Larrikins and Liars. 10.30 am - Jalia's Café - Mark Feldman 0407 625 408 - 07 5496 1157
- 3rd. Mon. **SHORNCLIFFE** - 7.30 pm - Poets in Park - Café on Park - Anne 07 3869 1282

### SOUTH AUSTRALIA

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

### VICTORIA

- Monthly **CORRYONG** Top of the Murray Poets and Story Tellers Corryong - Jan Lewis 02 6077 4332
- 1st Mon **KYABRAM** Bush Poets. Every 2nd Month, Kyabram Fauna Park, 7.30 pm. Mick Coventry 03 5852 2097
- 6 weekly, **GIPPSLAND** Bush Poets. Rosedale Hotel, 7.30 pm. Dennis Carstairs 03 5145 6128

### WESTERN AUSTRALIA 1st Frid **CANNING BRIDGE** - WA Bush Poets & Yarnspinners, 7.30 pm, Raffles Hotel -

Michelle Sorrell 08 9367 4963 <mailto:msorrell@iinet.net.au>

Last Thursdays. **MARGARET RIVER**. 7pm at the Community Centre. Ph. Brian Gale 08 9757 2431

## **NEW RELEASE**

With six books behind him and a double album of Australian Bush verse to his credit, Queensland poet, Merv. Webster (The Goondiwindi Grey) has released a biography of bush verse and yarns in another volume of his work 'A Muster of Australiana' to give readers a taste of his earlier books.

Much pleasure can be gained from reading the fascinating biography 'In Days Gone By' and then the selection of poems, the best from the six previous albums. Phones 07 4159 1868 Mobile 0427 591 868

## **LOST POEM**

"Some time ago," writes David Williams of Benalla Victoria, "I heard a poem along the lines of 'If it doesn't rhyme it ain't poetry'."

"Can anyone help me with the words so that I can make the point at the occasional Festival.

Thanks for all your friendships."

Dave & Brenda Williams [pommypen@hotmail.com](mailto:pommypen@hotmail.com)  
42 Boger Street BENALLA 3672



## POET'S CALENDAR . . . . .

- Dec 1..... Mid North Coast NSW Bush Poets Xmas Get-together. 12 noon at Sam Smyth's home.  
242 Old Station Road, East Kempsey. Enq. 02 6562 6861
- Dec. 6,7,8 **YOUNG NSW CHERRY FESTIVAL.** Open Performance Poetry Competition.  
\$1,200 PRIZEMONEY. Entries Ph Greg Broderick 02 6382 3883
- Dec.18..... **GULGONG** Folk Festival. Australian Bush Poetry, Yarn-spinning, workshops, music, dance.  
Contact Bob Campbell 02 6373 4600 Di O'Mara 6374 4600 ncompton@hwy.com.au
- 2003**
- Jan 18-26 **Tamworth. Traditional Bush Poets Breakfasts. Longyard Hotel.** Frank Daniel 02 6344 1477
- Jan. 16-27 **Tamworth. City Bowling Club Poets Breakfasts.** 7.30 am Sam Smyth coordinator. Ph. 02 6562 6861
- Jan. 19-25 **Tamworth. Chris and the Grey - Laughter and Tears Show.** 10.30am & 3.30pm outside Grace Bros
- Jan. 22-25 **Imperial Hotel - Tamworth Bush Poetry Group Performance Competition** Heats and Finals
- Jan. **Tamworth City Golf Club. The Naked Poets** see p. 11.
- Jan. **Tamworth City Golf Club. Sex Lies and Bush Poetry.**
- Jan 25 **Tamworth. The Blackened Billy Verse Competition** - Presentation of Winners. Imperial Hotel 10.30 am.
- Jan 25 Closing Date. **John O'Brien Written Poetry and Prose Competition.** Traditional, Contemporary & Humorous. Prose: Short Story to 3000 words. SSAE to PO Box 89 Narrandera NSW 2700 Ph. 1800 672 392
- Feb 1-2 ... **'Elmslea' Homestead Bungendore NSW.** Poets Breakfasts 8 - 11am daily with Frank Daniel  
Limerick challenge Sat. Ph. 02 6238 1651 **'Us Not Them'** in Concert 11 am 1st Feb.
- Feb 7 \*... Closing date. **Dunedoo 'Great Dunny Classic'** - Written Verse Competition to 100 lines. \$5.00 entry fee.  
SSAE for Entry forms etc. Dunedoo & District Development Group, P.O. Box 1, Dunedoo, 2844  
PH: (02) 63 751 975 FAX: (02) 63 751 976 Email: dddgroup@bigpond.com - Sue Stoddart \*
- Feb 7 - 9 **Whittlesea Country Music Festival** - Bush Poets Breakie Sunday 9th - 8.30 am  
Contact Geoffrey W Graham - Eaglehawk Ph 03 5446 3739
- Feb 14-16 **Boyup Brook W.A. Annual Festival.** Poets Breakfasts etc. Ph. Brian Gale 08 9757 2431
- March 4... Closing date. **Ipswich Poetry Feast.** Written Competition. 7 sections - Primary Schools to Open.  
\$1900 Prizemoney. Entry Forms etc. SSAE to Ipswich Poetry Feast. Ipswich Library & Information Centre  
PO Box 191 Ipswich 4305 www.library.ipswich.qld.gov.au/poetryfeast
- Mar 9..... Claiming the date. **Wauchope Bush Poets Competition** - Hastings MacLeay Bush Poets Group,  
Contact Jan Downes 02 6581 3552. Email cut\_downes@hotmail.com Rod Worthing - 02 6581 3161
- Mar 12.... Closing date. **Grenfell Henry Lawson Festival** of Arts Inc. Short Story and Verse Competition. \$2100  
prizemoney - 2 statuettes. Info. SSAE to Marion Knapp. PO Box 77 Grenfell NSW 2810 Ph. 6343 1284
- Mar 14-17 **Narrandera NSW** John O'Brien Bush Festival. Poets Breakfasts.  
\$1000 performance poetry competition. Narrandera Tourism. Ph. Julie Briggs 1800672 392
- Mar 14-16 **O'Mara's High Country Poets, Stanthorpe Qld.** \$5,550 prizemoney & awards.  
Entry forms - Contact Jack Drake ph 07 46 837169 jdrake@halenet.com.au
- Mar 16..... **Beaudesert Norco Bush Poetry Competition** - Written section and Open Male, Female and Novice  
Performance Sections. Phone 07 5595 2247 - 07 5527 8688 or Write to: Beaudesert Bush Poetry Competition P. O. Box 1229 Nerang Qld 4211 Email: [info@.austcountry.com.au](mailto:info@.austcountry.com.au)
- Mar 29-30 **Dunedoo NSW 'Great Dunny Classic'** Performance competition. Contact Sue Stoddart. 02 6375 1975
- Apr. 10-13 **Corryong Vic.** Man From Snowy River Festival. \$4,000 prizemoney - bush poetry, yarns and music.  
Poetry & Music Entry forms available December. To be added to database, phone or email Jan Lewis,  
0260774332 poetfarm@corryongcec.net.au.
- Apr. 20.... **Nambucca Heads** Poets Breakfast. 8 am at the Bowlo. Feature poet TBA. Enq. Maureen 02 6568 5269
- Apr. 25-27 **Canowindra NSW** Martis Canowindra Balloon Festival - Frank Daniel 02 6344 1477
- May 16-19 \* \* \* \* \* **AUSTRALIAN BUSH POETRY CHAMPIONSHIPS** \* \* \* \* \*  
Contact Karen Bromley. 03 5744 2331 Mulwala Services Club
- May 30.... Closing Date. **Bush Lantern Awards.** Written Bush Verse Competition.  
Entry forms - SSAE to Liz Ward. P.O. Box 62 Mt. Perry Qld. Phone enquiries: (07)
- Jun. 6-9.... Grenfell NSW - Henry Lawson Festival.
- Jul 4-6... **Bundaberg Poets Society Inc.** Bundy Muster. Competitions, Open, Novice, Duo's, Yarn Spinning,  
Entry forms. SSAE to Muster Committee P.O. Box 4281 South Bundaberg. Q. 4670  
Phone Sandy & John Lees. 07 4151 4631 - Jim & Joan 07 4152 9624 - Sam 07 4156 1216
- June 26-30 **Qantas Waltzing Matilda Bush Poetry Awards** - Winton Qld. See page 8.  
Contact Louise Dean PO Box 120 Winton. Qld. 4735 Ph: 07 4657 1296 Fx: 07 4657 1541
- Aug. 15.... Closing date. Outback Writers Centre Inc. **Dubbo National Poetry Competition.** Max. 80 Lines. Usual  
conditions apply. No limit to number of entries at \$5.00 each. No entry form required. Add cover sheet.

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## DEAR, OH DEER!

For better or for worse they'd pledged  
Upon their wedding day,  
But all the so called better bits  
Had somehow gone astray.

Poor Blue and Joan had lost the zing  
That matrimony brings,  
So both sought out a counselor  
And hoped he'd patch up things.

I sense you do not spend much time,"  
The counselor advised,  
"On doing the together things  
You both once highly prized."

"The best advice that I can give  
Is, spend less time apart.  
Go find a common interest  
And that will be a start.0

While driving home Joan said to Blue,  
"I know what we can do.  
Next week when you go hunting dear  
I'll come along with you."

"But Joan you've never seen a deer  
Or ever used a gun,  
But still if that is what you want  
I guess it could be fun."

## Ode to the Larrikin

© Evan Schnalle

He was a man who stood out in the crowd  
And he made all us poet's very proud  
He brought us laughter and he brought us tears  
By telling us of his troubles and fears.

He told us all about the highway curse  
And his wife's driving lessons which was worse  
He told us about his sexy cousin  
And how she won him beers by the dozen.

He told us how he loves Sandy his wife  
Most of all why he loves his married life  
And he wouldn't be a bachelor again  
Because the mess causes him too much pain.

He explained how bingo's the place to go  
Whenever your broke and spent all your dough  
How burglars showed they felt sorry for him  
And left money 'cause his house was so grim

He told us when drink driving he'd realised  
At anytime you could be breathalysed  
And getting on with trainers is prudent  
So now he's Raymond's favourite student

The next weekend they set on out  
And Blue advised his Joan  
To watch for hunters who may claim  
A deer that's not their own.

With Joan concealed and out of sight  
Blue showed a lot of nous  
And circled 'round to chase a deer  
Towards his waiting spouse.

Then suddenly he heard a ... BANG!  
Which made his poor ears ring  
And as he worked towards his wife  
He heard Joan arguing.

Blue saw as he peered through the trees  
His Joan and some poor dude,  
Both locked into a verbal war;  
A ding dong all out feud.

The bloke then cried "Okay! Okay!  
You keep the flaming beast,  
But may I have the saddle though?  
Please grant me that at least?"

Merv Webster  
The Goondiwindi Grey



## EVAN SCHNALLE

Born in 1986, Evan is a Rockhampton (Qld.) Grammar School student.

Interested in country music and bush poetry since he was 12 years old, Evan has competed in many country music talent quests specialising in monologue type songs and bush verse, winning awards from as far north as Charters Towers to Nelligen on the south coast of NSW.

Evan's large repertoire of bush verse contains many self-penned humorous and serious poems. He produced his first CD at thirteen years.

This young performer is making a big impact throughout Eastern Australia with his unique style of comedy in the country music and bush poetry scene.

He told us you could live in the city  
And still be a true dinky-die Aussie  
Not only was he a master of writing rhyme  
His renditions amazed us all the time

Bobby Miller was this great Aussie's name  
And so poetry will never be the same  
He was bold as brass and shiny as tin

## PALMA ROSA POETS

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## GOSSIP

© Frank Daniel Canowindra 24.7.02

It's hard to keep a secret in our little country town  
once the gossips get wind of it, and bandy it around.  
There's nothing ever precious once the story telling starts,  
each one 'keeping it a secret' - God bless their bleedin' hearts.

The 'truth', as told in rumours, varies every single day,  
When telling one another what they heard another say.  
Some lay claim as 'dinkum witness' to things they've never seen;  
seeing incidents arising from parts they've never been.

Some swear that they were witness to the very 'witnessor';  
each backing up each other to the full strength of the law  
till they reach their evil summit and, heading for a fall,  
illegally insisting what was not the truth at all.

There's nothing ever sacred once the gossips start to sprout,  
so much for all the whispering, (it may as well be shout),  
each telling one another what they heard another say,  
though the stories often vary in different kinds of way.

Some yarns are so mishandled as they waver from the truth -  
the whole town's subject to attack from Grannies down to youth -  
for gossips need embellishment and need to be the first,  
'cause telling yarns that others tell, is always rated worst.



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## GEOFFREY GRAHAM

Late news from Geoffrey W Graham tells us this very busy entertainer has been performing four different shows this year, including his latest performance 'A Taste Of the Outback'.

After trialling shorter versions at Corryong and elsewhere he did his first 2-hour Outback show at Charters Towers in October.

The response was excellent and with testimonials from people like Bruce Campbell the founder of the year of the Outback concept, Geoffrey can push on knowing it's working well.

Charters Towers was his only Queensland performance this year with the family man finding himself working closer to home the rest of the year.

Geoffrey says "Congratulations to the Charters Towers committee on their organisation of the week-ends activities and my personal thanks to Norah Vinson for her splendid work and hospitality. I couldn't stay for the whole week-end, but I was able to do a bit at the poets breakfast on the morning.

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