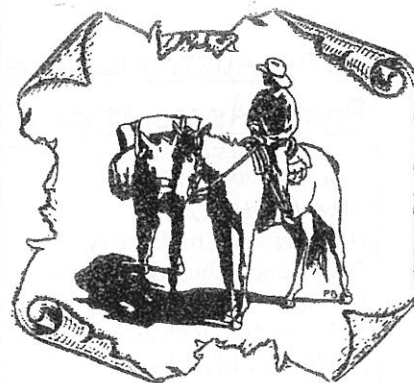


# *The Australian Bush Poets Association Inc. - Newsletter -*

Volume 10 No. 3

June/July 2003



## AUSTRALIAN CHAMPIONSHIPS

### THE MURRAY MUSTER FESTIVAL

#### Mulwala NSW

Morning mists floating on the waters of Lake Mulwala provided a stunning backdrop for the opening of the Australian Bush Poetry Championships at the Mulwala Services Club on Friday 16th May.

The championships, run as part of the Murray Muster Festival was a huge success, with overflow crowds attending the heats, and at the finals on Sunday night.

Five Poets Breakfasts, hosted by The Naked Poets were conducted with full houses, a great way to start any poets day.

The Naked Poets concert on Saturday Night was a sell out and received rave reviews. The Naked Poet, under the guidance of Jocelyn Cowie made up the judging panel for the competition.

Music provided an accompaniment to the poetry and the crowds enjoyed the talent of Gary Shearston, Pete Denahy, Darren Colston, Jim Haynes, Melinda Schneider and Michael Carr at various venues.

Des Bennett, well known Victorian member, showed his versatility, for as well as being a proficient poet, is a talented pianist who played in the Anzac Lounge over the weekend.

The competition was of the highest standard throughout and picking a winner during the course of the contest was impossible.

The long awaited announcements were made on Sunday night.

### AUSTRALIAN PERFORMANCE BUSH POETRY CHAMPIONSHIPS

**Ladies Australian  
Bush Poetry Champion:**

**Kerry Lee**

**Men's Australian  
Bush Poetry Champion:**

**Noel Stallard**

Heat winners were as follows:

Ladies Contemporary:

Anita Reed - Holland Park Q.

Ladies Traditional:

Jennifer Haig - Toowoomba Q.

Ladies Original:

Kerry Lee - Oakford WA.

Mens Contemporary:

Noel Stallard - Arana Hills Q.

Men's Traditional:

Milton Taylor - Portland NSW.

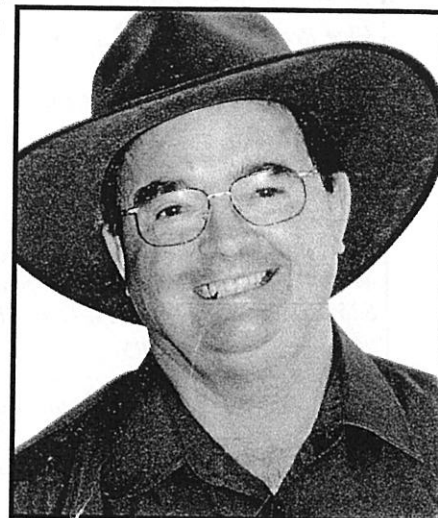
Men's Original:

Milton Taylor - Portland NSW.

The Mulwala Services Club was very pleased with the weekend and indications are that the Murray Muster Festival will be held again next year.

The ABPA welcomed the appearance of Rod and Kerry Lee representing the West Australian Bush Poets at Mulwala.

Whilst 'over east' they took in a number of functions, met a lot of poets and organizers and will be taking home a lot of valuable information to assist the West Aussie Bush Poets



Australian Champions 2003  
**NOEL STALLARD**  
**KERRY LEE**

and Yarnspinners with the running of the Australian Bush Poetry Championships in WA in October 2004. (See p. 2)

**STOP PRESS!**  
**NEW BUSH POETRY ALBUM**  
Go to page 19

## **The Australian Bush Poets Association Inc.**

(Established 1994)

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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 an SSAE (stamped self-addressed envelope) to the addresses supplied.

## **Presidents Report**



*G'day.*

I can't help thinking how exciting the Australian Bush Poetry Championships must have been at Mulwala recently.

For various reasons and with mixed feelings I was unable to attend, but reports have flooded in from all quarters, some praising the event, while others expressed disappointment in comparison to last year – chiefly the non-inclusion of a Written Bush Verse Competition. (See page 28)

Professionalism has certainly come to Bush Poetry and, from what I believe the quality of the performers was higher than ever. It appears that a level plain has been reached where none stand out significantly more than others. What an onerous task it must be to judge such a classic event.

From the West came Kerry and Rod Lee of Diggers Camp, Oakford, both ending up finalists, with Kerry taking out the Ladies Championship. Congratulations Kerry, well done.

Congratulations also to Noel Stallard for his supreme effort in taking the Men's title home.

Well done to everyone involved, to the Mulwala Services Club, to Noel Cutler for his organizational skills, to the poets and supporters.

With this newsletter absolutely bulging at the seams, it has become necessary to forego a couple of items I had for this report, to make space for a letter from Kerry (and Rod) Lee who visited Canowindra en-route from Mulwala to Brisbane. I guess that's one way to shut me up!

Keep on writin' and keep on recitin' . . . .

*Frank Daniel*

### **From Kerry Lee, Oadford WA.**

As we drive out of Mulwala into the sunrise I am euphoric. To win the Australian Bush Poetry Championships is fantastic. I am still in a state of disbelief. But what is even more fantastic is the genuine warmth and friendliness of the bush poets, the supporters and the people of Mulwala.

Rod and I came to the Championships to forge a link between East and West to promote the Championships in Western Australian next year, and to gain a better understanding of the intricacies of running the competition.

We gained so much more. From the time we walked into the Services Club we were amongst friends. There was always someone to chat to, to share a concern with, to give support. We knew we were among a very special group of people. I will treasure these memories even more than I treasure my magnificent trophy.

Thank you all for making us feel so welcome.

We look forward to seeing many of you in our State in October 2004.

*Kerry Lee*

**Contributors.** Belinda McKimmie, Jan Lewis, Neil Hulm, Reg Phillips, Ron Liekefett, John Best, Dennis Carstairs, Julie Briggs, Ed Parmenter, Jennifer Haig, Maureen Stonham, Janice Downes, Bessie Jennings, Ron Brown, Milton Taylor.



## OLD HENRY

© Duncan Williams. Tamworth 2002

Old Henry wrote of Sweeney,  
And a word to Texas Jack,  
With sympathy and pathos,  
In the shame of going back.  
I've read most Henry's stories,  
And I've studied him for years,  
Had the insight for Australia,  
The stories of the pioneers.

At a cemetery plot at Waverley,  
Overlooking the ocean view,  
I've stood by Henry's gravesite,  
Felt proud and honoured too.  
I've spent hours in the libraries,  
With the history books of old,  
From his early life at Grenfell,  
To old Gulgong's hills of gold.

Come have a drink we'll call it,  
By the Darling River town,  
With old Henry's words of Sweeney,  
Of a man so broken down.  
And of characters he wrote of,  
Many a night spent round a fire,  
Jack Ellis and Jimmy Nowlett,  
Bill, Jack Dunn of Nevertire.

Hannah Thornburn, Mary Gilmore,  
Became part of Henry's life,  
And Mrs. Byers, the land lady,  
Stuck through Henry's saddened strife.  
I've found faith in Henry's verses,  
In his strong and unique way,  
-And I guess this would agree,  
With the poets of today.

## IPSWICH FESTIVAL

The rhythmic sway of words from the Ipswich poetry fest gave rise to the final weekend of events for the 2003 Ipswich Festival.

The large crowd that gathered for the presentation of the poetry awards in the Global Arts Link can only be described as an indication of what a stunning success the awards were.

Guest speaker, former state treasurer and Ipswich MP, David Hamill, set an amusing fun-filled tone with a poem *'Me and My Dog'*, to start proceedings.

He then read from a letter from noted Ipswich poet Thomas Shapcott now head of the creative writ-

ing of the university of Adelaide, have been the only entry. which congratulated the idea of an Ipswich Poetry Fest.

'I only wish there was something like that when I was young Mr. Shapcott wrote, noting that his first published poem appeared in the Queensland Times in 1950, where he 'ruthlessly accepted first place, and ten shillings and sixpence', despite his strong belief that he may

ing local characters and talent.

Record entries in all events signalled the success of the weekend and the line up of top class talent has made Corryong's Man from Snowy River Festival one of the most prestigious throughout Australia. The results are the rewards of a very successful group of local volunteers.

**Poetry And Music Prizes** Open Written Silver Brumby award. Ken Dean; Runner-up: Rod Williams. Under 17 Todd & Sam Klein.

Original Performed poem: Terry Regan. Runner-up: Rod Williams  
Original Performed poem: Betty Walton. Runnerup: Annette Roberts.

Australian non original Poem. First Terry Regan. Runner-up: Colin Milligan.

Australian Poem. First Annette Roberts. Runner-up: Betty Walton. Aussie Yarn: Don Anderson Runner-up: Lance Parker.

Banjo's 'Man from Snowy River' Ballad recital. Rod Williams Runner-up: Terry Regan. Third: Jim Weatherstone.

Aussie Comedy Act. Col Milligan. Runner-up Denis Carstairs.

Jack Riley Heritage Award. Harold Briggs. Runner up. Runner up Jill Meehan. Third Barry Lake.

Terry Regan won the coveted Clancy's Choice award followed by Roderick Williams.

**Next year's festival:**  
**Thurs 1<sup>st</sup> – Sunday 4<sup>th</sup> April**  
**2004 Jan Lewis 0260774332**

From over 1000 entries Trevor Sweeney of Hamilton Vic took out first place in the Open Bush Poets Awards with 'The Bloody Tractor', (p7.). Second place went to Leanne Jaecocke of Thangool Q. with *'The Tale of the Cat'*.

Margaret Alborough-Telfer won first place in the Open-Other Poetry section.



## CORRYONG FESTIVAL ROUNDUP

The Upper Murray Community recreated all the right ingredients for a bush gathering where the whole family could enjoy good old-fashioned hospitality and atmosphere. The community must be congratulated for its superb efforts and support toward this years Festival. Each year more and more of the community is becoming widely involved in the preparations and organising of the Festival and the results are hugely rewarding.

The standard of Bush Poetry & Music was voted 'the highest anywhere' by the fifty or so entertainers and competitors from all around Australia, who entertained crowds daily from Thursday at Day Care and the Court House & Corryong Hotels, to Banjo's Block, Attree Centre, the Caravan Parks and Lion's Youth Hall.

This year the Corryong district encountered a very quiet Christmas holiday period but the efforts of the community resulted in an outstanding festival attracting well over 11,000 visitors over four days. A program full of events for the whole family allowed visitors to enjoy the Upper Murray includ-

## BUSH POETRY IN DUNEDOO — BIGGER AND BETTER

The Dunedoo Bush Poetry Festival conducted by the Dunedoo Development Group from March 28th to 30th, has been claimed a huge success, filling the town with visitors from across Australia.

Motor-homers, vintage car enthusiasts and musicians as well as the poets, Ulysses members and locals enjoyed the talents of three Australian champions, many awarded poets, other poets and up and coming young poets from the town and district.

Ted Webber of Narellan Gardens hosted the 'Poets at Play' in the beer garden of the Royal Hotel on the Friday night, with over ninety guests in attendance for the yarn-spinning.

Markets on Saturday morning and buskers added to the festival atmosphere.

Fourteen very keen enthusiasts attended Milton Taylor's Bush Poetry Workshop at the Bowling Club on the Saturday morning, with a number of 'L' platers honing in on their new-found interest.

Heats of the competition started after lunch at the Dunedoo Golf Club, with over 200 people packing in for the Saturday night performance competition.

"Dunedoo is now held, as a very important event in the poet's calendar and this festival will only get bigger", said Festival Coordinator, Sue Stoddart, "The Development Group are delighted with the results and already planning for next year".

"The Written competition dou-

bled in size in just two years and our thanks to Maureen Stonham for judging once again."

Visitors to Dunedoo were more than impressed with the line up of talent, the facilities and the local hospitality, with that now cliched saying 'I didn't know it was like this' or 'this is my first time - I won't miss another', coming from many first-timers.

With Australian Champion Milton Taylor as Master of Ceremonies, audiences found themselves in for more than their monies worth with his entertaining, humorous and informative style of presentation. Milton also conducted workshops for school students and included some of them in many aspects of the weekend.

This mans talents, and those of the other poets, made this festival a huge success.

Because of this success, Dunedoo is being looked on favourably as a place to hold the state and national Bush Poetry championships in the future.

Winner of the Great Dunny Classic, was Ted Webber from Sydney, with 'The Ghosts of Dunedoo'. This poem also won the Best Poem with a Dunedoo theme.

The weekend festival was sponsored by Leigh Stoddart and Landini Tractors, Wool Network, Sullivans Valvoline, Bearepairs and Dunedoo Coolah Landcare.

The workshops programme for the festival was make possible through a Quick turnaround grant provided by Regional Arts NSW through the Regional Arts fund. A Commonwealth Government initiative supporting the arts in regional and remote Australia.

## ABPA Inc. BADGE



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- It looks like a penny -  
- It's the colour of a penny -  
- It's the size of a penny -  
- It looks great -  
**It's only \$5 post paid  
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(Fits lapel or hat)

### Ideal gifts

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1 Avenue St.  
Coffs Harbour NSW 2450

## ABPA ANNUALS

NO. 9 2004

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Write to the Secretary

Ed. Parmenter

## The Australian Bush Poets Association Inc. QUEENSLAND BUSH POETRY STATE CHAMPIONSHIPS

In conjunction with the

North Pine Bush Poets Group

### Camp Oven Bush Poetry Festival

22nd to 24th August 2003

North Pine Country Park - Dayboro Road Petrie Qld.

Ph. John Best 07 3285 2845

## ABPA VICTORIAN STATE BUSH POETRY CHAMPIONSHIPS

Stratford V.

11 - 12 October 2003

Entry Forms -

SSAE Dennis Carstairs

PO Box 159 Stratford V. 3862

Ph. 03 5145 6128

Email: carstairs@netspace.au

## ABPA QUEENSLAND STATE CHAMPIONSHIPS

The Inaugural Australian Bush Poets Association Queensland State Championships are fast approaching. The venue is the Pioneer Country Music Hall set in the picturesque grounds of the North Pine Country Park, Dayboro Road, Petrie, on Brisbane's northern fringe.

The weather in late August will be a real tonic to Southerners shrugging off yet another Winter, so make it a date to be at North Pine.

The Championships will be conducted in conjunction with the North Pine Bush Poets Group Camp Oven Bush Poetry Festival from 22nd to 24th August 2003 and promises to be the group's most successful yet.



Nominations close on 31st July with a limit of 25 competitors in each category.

Befitting such an auspicious occasion, the organizers have secured the services of the talented and experienced Janine Haig, Milton Taylor, Ray Essery and Gary Fogarty as judges.

They themselves will no doubt thrill and amaze the audience at the ever-popular Festival Concert on the Saturday night.

Entries in the written section will not be eligible if post marked later than 25<sup>th</sup> July 2003, and should be sent to Mary Hodgson, 74 Diamond Valley Road, Mooloolah Qld. 4553.

Entries for the performance sections will be received up until Thursday 31<sup>st</sup> July 2003 on a first come first served basis with a limit

of 25 per section.

All entries for performance works should be sent to John Best, 1 Whiteside Road, Whiteside Qld. 4503

Novice competitors will be permitted to enter the open categories. Acceptance will only be confirmed after the closing date, so as not to disadvantage established Open Competitors. Refunds will be made on fees paid and not used.

Any poet who is already the holder of an ABPA Championship in another State in 2003 will not be eligible to enter the Qld State Championships in 2003.

For those requiring accommodation, dormitory style is available at Camp Warrawee a short drive, or a fifteen minute walk from the venue, or in campsites adjacent to the venue.

Hotel accommodation can be obtained from the Kallangur Hotel (07 3886 2366) or the Crown Hotel Dayboro (07 3425 1101).

Prizemoney for the competition totals \$2,500 plus trophies. The Awards presentation ceremony will take place at 3 pm on the Sunday with a Camp Oven Concert to be held on that night at 7.30pm with Ray Essery, Janine Haig, Milton Taylor and Gary Fogarty.

For further information contact; John Best Secretary on 07 3285 2845 or our President Ron Liekefett on 07 3285 2180 or email: rliekefett@dodo.com.au

## SOUTH AUSSIE NOTES

News from South Australian tells us that Bob Magor took out the written section in the Poetry Unplugged competition run by the SA Bush Poets. Runners-up were Anne Rogers and Olive Gamble.

The SA Bush Poets have submitted a programme of Bush Poetry to the Riverland Country Music Festival which will be held from June 3-7th to include Singalongs, Campfires, a Poets Breakfast and a Poets Showcase.

## BUSH POETRY AND MUSIC AT WARRANDYTE

Be part of a new  
entertainment experience  
First Sunday of each month  
Club Warrandyte  
(The Grand Hotel)  
120 Yarra St, Warrandyte  
(Melbourne) at 2pm

ARVO stands for 'Australian Rhyming Verse Orators' - a newly formed group which proudly follows in the steps of Banjo Paterson and Henry Lawson, mixing traditional and original Australian verse with yarn spinning and music.

You will hear the well known classics as well as bush verse written by performers.

You'll be entertained, amused and inspired as exponents of the Australian Spoken Word show what they can do with a good mix of music thrown in as well.

They'll make you laugh, bring a tear to your eye, and you'll feel proud to be Australian.

The premiere "Shamrock, Cactus and Gumleaves" will be Sunday 6<sup>th</sup> July 2003

FREE ADMISSION TO SHOW  
Bookings - Club Warrandyte (03) 9844 1199 Fax (03) 9844 3192

Poets & Musicians -

Contact Laurence Webb

0438 872 653 (see page 6)

The South Australian Bush Poetry Championships will be conducted on June 7th in the Oasis Room of the Barmera Hotel. Though this notice may be a little late for some, those who can attend should give a call to Maurice O'Brien on 08 8326 8788.

When in South Australia visitors are reminded that the Strauss family, led by Tim and Graham run poetry recitals at the Barmera Markets. The next dates are October 5th., November 2nd and December 7th and all are welcome.





## Letters to the Editor



### APOLOGY

No matter how hard you try it's easy to slip up now and then.

On two previous occasions I have referred to Carmel Dunn as our 'current' Australian Ladies Champion Bush Poet, where the honour rightfully belonged to Maxine Ireland.

Maxine won the Australian Ladies Championships at Mulwala in 2002. Carmel won the title in Winton in 2001.

Please accept my apologies Maxine, you certainly deserve the recognition, Frank. (See p. 23)

\* VALE: Dal Alchin.

Just thought I'd drop a note because a few of the folk from ABPA might be interested to know that my husband, Dal, died on the 25th March very peacefully after a short illness in a local nursing home. He was quite some years my senior and was 91 years of age at his death - we'd had a great 40 years of marriage and I'm so thankful for the time we had together. I'm sad but trying to be realistic, and I've had an overwhelming lot of love and support from family, friends and from my Christian faith.

Not doing much with my pen as far as bush poetry is concerned at the moment but I will get back to writing before too long and hopefully will be a serious contender for places in competition again.

Thank you and best wishes, Joyce. (Alchin.)

(Our deepest sympathy Joyce, it'll be good to see you back on the track again. Frank)

\* Have you met this ex railway Cook? An Urgent Appeal

Brian Dunnett writes asking for help in finding an ex-railways cook who worked on one of the railway construction camps near Katherine NT. During Country Music week he was camped in the Caravan Park near Peel Street, where he entertained with Australian Folklore.

### BITS AND PIECES

AMUSING INFO: (One is never safe with our roving reporters).

° Neil McArthur certainly had to keep his 'spirits' up over the Ten-terfield Oracles of the Bush week-end. Everyone (except him) saw the humour in the fact that, after a rather large night out at Paul Petrie's Barn, he had to do a lunch at Kurrajong Downs where they were holding wine tasting with the poetry! Don't worry - he didn't drink any wine. No, Neil stuck to the beer!

° Melbourne..The next meeting and concert of the new Melbourne based bush poetry group, Arvo's, will be Sunday July 6th at Warrandyte Hotel, 120 Yarra Street, Warrandyte, near Melbourne. A Poets lunch at noon and a concert at 2pm. Contact Laurie Webb 0438872653.

In June the Arvo's will be heading North to join the Bendigo (Central Goldfields) bush poets at the White Horse Hotel, California Gully. Lunch will be at 1pm for a 2pm start and those interested should meet at Laurence Webb's place for departure from Melbourne via Eddies Bus. Phone Laurence on 03 9712 0514

° South Aussie Bush Poets Chairman Maurie O'Brien and wife Di, when on holidays recently, stopped off at a roadhouse for lunch where, on leaving, Di left her glasses behind. She didn't miss them for half an hour, and Maurie complained all the way back to the roadhouse. As she was alighting from the car at the café Maurie remarked, 'And while you're in there, you may as well pick up my hat too.' Goodonya Maurie. If you're in the South, join the South Aussies at one of their meetings. Ph. 08 8326 8788

° GOING WEST IN 2004?  
PLEASE GO TO PAGE 27

## LOST POETRY

Help is required with the following 'Lost Poems'. Readers who can help are asked to please send text and authors details etc. to the editor.

\* Firstly this one;

*The calico cat she sits on the mat  
As gay as a sunflower she.*

*In orange and black you see her blink*

*And her face is white and her nose is pink*

*And her eyes are green of the sea.*

\* Glenny Palmer is looking for a poem by a lady author about people who are not good in the early mornings. (Sounds like Glenny!) Can you help?

\* Who knows of a poem called 'Ron the Snake Man'.

\* And this one;

*"Little river running free*

*On your way to the deep blue sea"*

\* And then;

We have had a request from an overseas visitor trying to locate "an Australian poem which describes Jake the Spruiker, recovering from a hangover, meeting a parson who is on a horse. It continues with examples of water caused catastrophes (grog versus water)."

\* Who knows of this one?

*"He was out of Pete by Lumock  
Which the stud books don't record  
As the highest type of breeding  
But I'll tell you one and all  
There never was one like him  
From the Barrier to the Bight  
From the very day Pete dropped him*

*The dappled colt showed fight*

\* Lastly, a poem about a man with one hair, 'he washed it and combed it and parted it in the middle'

I have been asked to try to track down a poem, author unknown. The title is probably "Wing Fat" and it starts,

*They say he stole a speckled hen*

*One pig - two boots - a hat,*

*But Wing just murmured now and then*

*"Me no savvy that."*

## THE BLOODY TRACTOR

© Trevor Sweeney, Hamilton Vic.

(Winner: Ipswich Open Bush Poetry - Written Competition)

I remember my old granddad, who's departed from this earth  
He was an inspiration and a constant source of mirth  
Like the time he spent one August out there in the shed  
He went to start the tractor but the bloody thing was dead  
He turned the key like normal,

the engine groaned and popped  
A cloud of thick white smoke came out  
and the bloody thing just stopped

When he turned the key again there was not a sign of life  
Granddad got his tool box and that always led to strife  
First off came the bonnet, which wasn't really hard  
He took out the radiator and put it in the yard  
"Then the words I dreaded most, "son you watch and learn"  
And like everything that Granddad did,

things took a nasty turn.  
"I know what I am doing, I've been doing this for years"  
What Granddad did to farm machines

reduced grown men to tears  
He went and got a shifter, and he undid all the bolts  
He got the biggest hammer and gave the head a jolt  
He should have been more gentle, used a bit more care  
That would have stopped the chunk of head

flying through the air  
"Bloody alloy castings! they make these things from crap"  
Well anyway the tractors head was now a lump of scrap  
Granddad not defeated drained the oil from the sump  
Well he kind of sort of drained it; it came out lump by lump  
He took out all the pistons, laid them in a row  
They looked to be in real good nick,

"Why won't this thing go?"  
Granddad's on the blower, "I need to order parts"  
"I've pulled down all the motor,

I hope the damn thing starts."  
"I will need all new gaskets," and he asked about the head  
When told the price,

I can't repeat, the things that Granddad said  
Granddad asked the parts man, if he had one second hand  
Of course the tractor Granddad bought,

was some obscure brand  
"I don't think you will get one" the parts man had a gloat  
The parts man said "I'll order one, -

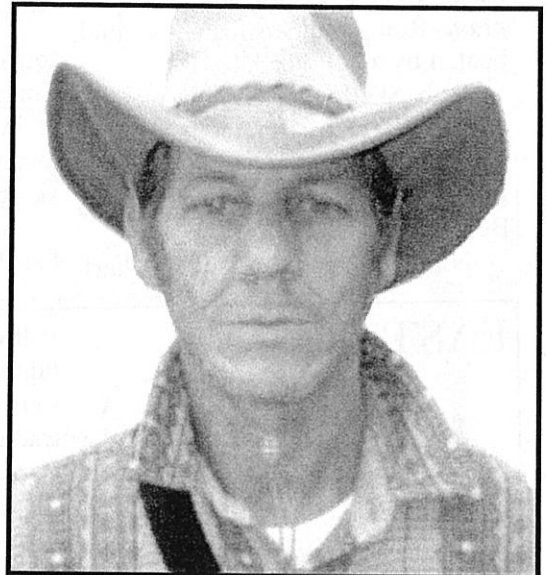
it'll take a month by boat"  
The day arrived the parts turned up, all the bits were right  
Granddad said, "I'll make it run, if it takes all bloody night"  
He came out in the morning with this enormous grin  
He turned the key and as you've guessed not a bloody thing  
Granddad wasn't happy you should have heard the din  
We had to bite the bullet and call a mechanic in  
Granddad didn't like it he didn't like to lose  
The cause of all this trouble, a lousy 2 cent fuse.

## HUNTER UPDATES

The Hunter Bush Poets have been busy of late with a number of functions and a February appearance in Newcastle by Pam Ayres. As always her monologues are well crafted and captivating and her poems are clever and witty.

A Heritage Week Performance Poetry Competition was held in April at the Honeysuckle Markets with Gary Lowe and Ron Brown adjudicating. Gabby Colquhoun won the Original section and Carol Heuchen won both the Traditional and the Contemporary sections.

Two unsuspecting English Backpackers, Lucy Jordan and Domenic Falcone, being about as impartial as one could expect, were asked to decide the best performance of the night, and Gabby Colquhoun took their eye for this award.



**BOB CUMMINGS - PRESIDENT  
HUNTER BUSH POETS**

The next meeting of the Hunter Bush Poets is at the Tarro Hotel on Tuesday 10th June at 6.30 pm, and President Bob Cummings extends a cordial invitation to all travellers and visitors to the area.

The Hunter Bush Poets were well represented at The Man from Snowy River Festival in Corryong this year, with 'The Minmi Magster' Bob Skelton, Roderick Williams, 'Aitch', Toni and Bob Cummings to name a few.

The Magster's Land Cruiser proudly flew the Hunter Bush Poets banner in the festival parade.

The trip to Corryong was quite an adventure on its own with members taking a seven day round trip over the 1700 kays journey.

If you're ever in the area phone Bob Skelton 02 4953 2751.

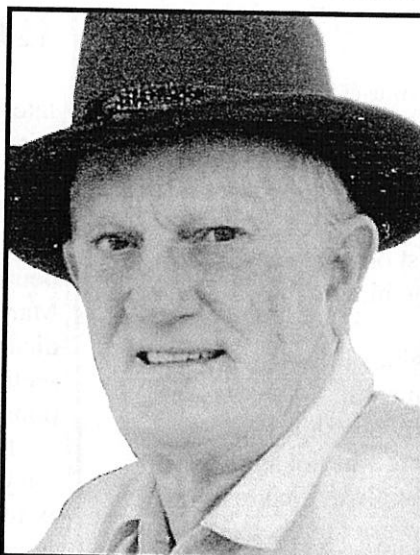
## CORRYONG - TOP CROWD AT BOTTOM PUB

An excellent crowd attended the Bush Poets and Songsters "Fun Night" held at the Corryong Hotel on Friday 11th April. The seventeen performers came from as far away as the Queensland border and Melbourne.

Jim Weatherstone of Caldwell, A.C.T. walked off as winner of a very tough competition with a beautiful clock set in polished timber, and the title of *"Upper Murray" Bush Poetry Performance Champion*. Rod Williams came second, beaten by a half head.

Bob Skelton of Minmi was the best of the Yarn Spinners. Annette Roberts received top points in the Ladies Recital, followed closely by Betty Walton.

Nineteen year old Nathan Charl-



NEIL HULM

ton of Junee took out the Country Songsters Award.

All performers and helpers were awarded an *"Upper Murray"* souvenir coffee mug.

An excellent concert was held in the Pool Room of the Hotel on Sat-

urday night. Nathan Charlton held the crowd spellbound with his 'Slim Dusty' style songs and singing.

J. J. Cuthbert of Gembrook, Vic., Rod Williams of Oxley Island, N.S. W. and Bob Skelton also performed to form a very entertaining team for the evening.

A very special thank you to mine hosts Kris and Leif and to Mark at the Courier for his tangible support. Sunday morning saw J.J. Cuthbert under canvas at the Lions Club Food Bar for a few songs.

Following his performance of 'When The Rain Tumbles Down In July' he asked, "What would you like next?" A request came from of the crowd, "How about 'April Showers?'"

Volunteers at the Food Bar were very happy and impressed and commented that 'the entertainment made them feel as if the Festival had come to them and had brightened up the area.

## EASTER at NAMBUCCA

If ever proof was needed that Bush Poetry continues to thrive along the Mid North Coast of NSW, one would only need to have been present at the Nambucca Bowling and Recreation Club on Easter Sunday morning for their annual Bush Poets Breakfast.

Regular visitors to Nambucca were not disappointed when Bill 'Lobo' Lasham took to the stage as featured artist along with his alter-ego 'Little George'.

Bill, from North Rocks in Sydney, is a seasoned entertainer well-known along the eastern seaboard where he has gained recognition for both his writing and performance skills.

Bill is a regular at many of Sydney's western suburbs venues and has made several excursions into the inland, in particular, Tamworth during Country Music week.

Concentrating on a strong comedy routine in most of his work,

Bill offered a very witty and entertaining show format, incorporating original and contemporary/traditional verse.

Strong representation from the Mid North Coast and the newly formed Hastings Macleay Bush Poets Group strengthened the gathering.

Supporters included Ed and Margaret Parmenter from Coffs Harbour with their ever popular duets and Bill 'Hippy' McClure from Tin Can Bay, with a surprise visit from I.M. Grate of Brisbane.

Audience participation was strong and an encouragement award was presented to Terry Byrt of Valla for his rendition of 'The Geebung Polo Club'. Sam Smyth was runner-up.

During the concert nine other performers from Brisbane, Sydney and the local area shared their poetic skills.

Many thanks to the event sponsor, Nambucca Heads Bowling and Recreation Club, whose staff and volunteers literally excelled them-

selves, not only on the day but in the lead up to the event.



'LITTLE GEORGE'  
alias Bill Lasham



**NEIL HULM** was born in Wagga Wagga in 1930 at a time when his father owned a property at Mangoplah.

Neil has been writing Australian Bush Poetry for over twenty years; telling his stories and recording his history in verse and yarn.

Later his father sold the family farm and moved to the Tumbumba region where he owned a

property on the Mannus about seven kays south of town.

Neil recalls 'in 1943 we first rode onto our section of the Great Divide when Dad was granted a grazing lease on Bullock Hill, near Kiandra towards the northern end of the Snowy Mountains.

The Five Mile Creek, which begins in the grazing lease, is part source of the Eucumbene River and is the most northerly water to flow

into the Snowy River." Neil's long and varied career has seen him riding racehorses for his grandfather, as a bushman, an A-grade Polo-crosse player, horse-breaker, rodeo rider, rodeo judge and as a race-horse trainer.

Neil now lives in Albury NSW and keenly follows bush poetry events in the south, formerly being the inaugural Secretary of the Snowy Mountains Poetry Group.

## SNOWY RIVER © Neil Hulm

Where the silent spongy peat bogs  
Lose their moisture drop by drop,  
And the trickles gather slowly  
From around the mountain top.

And there throughout the regions  
Where the frozen snow drifts lie;  
The dark grey clouds are waiting  
Like a blanket in the sky.

We learn to meet the seasons  
And we find which times are best,  
To miss the winter snow storms  
And the big rains from the west.

When first I saw the Snowy  
On that forgotten day,  
I heard the river roaring  
And I saw the wild, white spray.

I heard the big rocks rumble  
As they rolled along her bed;  
And the changes unbelieving  
From the northern water-shed.

For there the gorse were flowering  
In her patches through the run,  
With the everlasting daisies  
Ever reaching for the sun.

Where the south winds of the autumn  
Curl the ash tops back and forth,  
Where snow gums small and twisted  
Spread their limbs out to the north.

The flat topped pools are gentle,  
But the trout are never slow;  
The dredge holes of the gold mines  
Never baulked the river's flow.

But there about three thousand feet  
Up above the Tasman sea,  
The gorges closed at Jindabyne,  
With the Snowy running free.

The river ran full up and wild

With the mountain's melting snow,  
The water jarred across the rocks  
And spread to the over-flow.

She raced her way around the bends  
Through boulders tall and grey,  
She grabbed the dead wood in her path,  
Then she swept it far away.

Away beyond the boundary,  
With the State line east and west,  
In a rugged, lonely country  
Where the Snowy's at her best.

A crest, a drop, a hundred feet,  
She crashed to the rocks below;  
Where leaves and foam that mix as one  
Were lost to the icy flow.

The man in the moon was smiling,  
As a child with the sweetest dream;  
And a million stars were dancing  
In the ripples of the stream.

And down across the Gippsland flats  
Where she ran out wild and free,  
She crossed the Princes Highway  
To join with the Southern sea.

The smoothly rounded river rocks  
Now lie idle in their bed;  
The snipe and swift and black duck gone,  
For the Snowy River's dead.

For the 'pollies' in the cities there,  
Had signed and sealed their dream,  
And they cut off nature's wonders  
With the Snowy Mountains Scheme.

Now the river's but a trickle,  
Yet so many years adored;  
We've been handed down a promise  
That the Snowy be restored.

So we'll wait and cheer the 'pollies'  
In the sunshine, snow or rain,  
While they raise the gates of freedom,  
And the Snowy lives again.

## MEMO TO POETS

Poets wishing to see their work in the first draft of the anthology "One Hundred Poets of the People" by Michael Darby are invited to view the work in progress, on his website [www.poetsatoe.da.ru](http://www.poetsatoe.da.ru)

Particular poems or poets may appear in this draft without necessarily being part of the final publication. Most but not necessarily all of the living poets whose work is included in this draft have already given consent for their work to appear in the book. The consent of all will be sought before the work is published.

Feel free to suggest changes to your entry by email to [darby@tpg.com.au](mailto:darby@tpg.com.au), or if you have been excluded from the anthology, either through inadvertence or lack of contact details.

Those not on the net can write to Michael Darby 333/3 Holtermann Street Crows Nest NSW 2065. Phone 0413 348 843

Contact is also welcome from individuals who have poetry written by an ancestor which deserves inclusion.

Publishers with open cheque books are also invited to view the work in progress.

### Poetry is great . . .

Around 1956 I asked my father, the late E. Douglas Darby, to explain the difference between prose and poetry. He replied: *"If something is important, write it down in prose. If it is very important, write it down using poetry."*

I owe to my father a heartfelt apology for not having taken poetry seriously until after his demise.

This anthology concentrates on Bush Poetry, so I should attempt a definition. Bush poetry uses a rhyming scheme, has a consistent metre, and is easy to learn, remember and perform. Its subject matter will be an Australian experience, or an experience with which Australians can identify. Bush poetry is not necessarily about *the bush*, but one can expect that successful bush

poets will use outback themes, at least for some of their material.

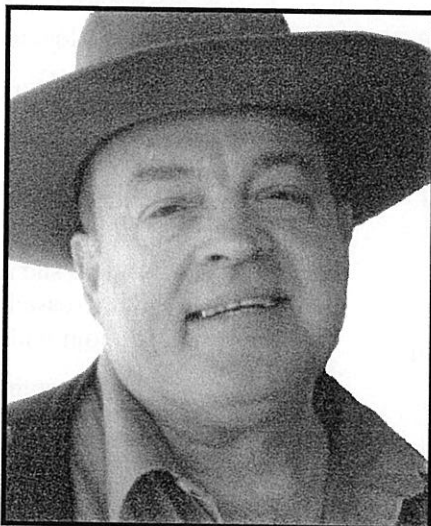
Most of the poets represented in this anthology are Australian or have had close ties with Australia.

Britons, Canadians and New Zealanders are also represented.

Included are small samples of the works of certain poets – for example Robert Burns and Samuel Johnson – whose works were familiar to, and likely influential upon, the Australian poets of a century ago.

In this anthology, selected bush poets, living and dead, are presented in alphabetical order, with their works also in alphabetical order.

To write bush poetry it is not essential that one has direct experience of the hardships and the joys of the outback. But any city-raised poet will admit to admiring the wonderful authenticity which characterises the splendid work of the genuine bushies such as Bruce Simpson, Helen Avery, Geoff Allen and Ross Keppel.



MICHAEL DARBY

Australia has some great poets writing today, and I am particularly honoured to present some of the works of Ellis Campbell, Graham Fredriksen, Liz Ward and Veronica Weal. Among the many fine contemporary poets in this anthology, these four – all Queenslanders – exhibit three characteristics which I admire, namely authenticity, consistent quality and prolific output.

Yes, it is true that my poems outnumber those of more talented poets. The reason is that most of my contemporaries have published their own works, and I am incorporating the relevant details of their works to the extent of availability.

Please buy the books by Australia's contemporary poets, and also invest in the tapes and CDs produced by the many gifted Australian poets who offer their works to the public.

The literary works of the great traditional poets may be found in a host of good anthologies, and every home deserves to have poetry on the bookshelves.

Moreover, I want to encourage readers of this anthology to employ Australian poets as performers. Brighten up the life of a loved one by commissioning a poem. Engage a poet as compère of your special event. Give your conference or convention or motivational gathering a boost with a performance by a poet. Contact details of the available poets are provided in this book, and will be progressively updated on the website.

No anthology has ever pleased everybody. Factors which have contributed to the inclusion of a particular poem have included: 1. I like it. 2. I believe it will stand the test of time. 3. My audiences have requested it. 4. It's in my repertoire. 5.

I'm confident of the accuracy of the text.

Where known, I have included the date of first publication, or at least the likely year of authorship. I take this opportunity of issuing this homily to all poets: please date your work.

I have made an effort to avoid mistakes, and while apologising for those errors I have missed, I ask all readers to bring rapidly to my attention any and all mistakes, so that these may be corrected for future editions.

*Michael Darby*



## WINTON 2003

### BRONZE SWAGGY AWARD

Australia's most prestigious award for traditional bush verse, the Bronze Swagman, celebrates its 31st year during the Year of the Outback.

The announcement of the winner of the Bronze Swagman will be the highlight of the annual Waltzing Matilda Bush Poetry Championships at Winton from June 20 to 24. The worldwide competition is expected to attract more than 500 entries this year.

It was in the Winton region that "Waltzing Matilda", Australia's national song, was written back in 1895. But the Winton story goes far beyond that.

It's about sheep stations and shearing stands, vast cattle runs and the huge road trains that haul their stock into the markets. It's about opal miners - hand mining or digging with huge excavators on the fields to the south. It's about a surrounding landscape, pristine and ruggedly beautiful.

A great introduction to this vast land is the Tattersalls Hotel in Winton. Long term publican of the hotel, Paul Neilsen and his team, extend their hospitality to the varied workers and classes of the region.

The public bar can be a maze of miners and shearers, station owners and ringers, truck drivers and agents, road workers and machinery operators, roo shooters, park rangers, gem buyers, meat buyers and travellers alike.

The two-storey hotel is an authentic outback corner pub situated within the business district of Winton. It is also the headquarters for Diamantina Outback Tours, estab-

lished by Paul as a direct result of his extensive involvement in the hospitality industry and his commitment to the natural environment. He is dedicated to running his tours as a sustainable operation that does not impact on the local environment.

One of the special areas featured on his day tour excursions is the Merton Escarpment. Diamantina Outback Tours has the exclusive rights to this spectacular area. Another site visited on the tour is the Lark Quarry Environmental Park, a significant fossil site of dinosaur footprints.

The main operating season for the tours is mid-April to early October.

Diamantina Outback Tours holds advanced accreditation under the Nature and Ecotourism Accreditation Program and has accreditation with the Savannah Guides.

### WALTZING MATILDA BUSH POETRY AWARDS

The Waltzing Matilda Bush Poetry Awards will be conducted in the Winton Shire Hall from Thursday June 26th through to Monday June 30th.

The Junior Festival starts at 9am on the Thursday and Friday mornings.

Entertainment in local pubs, clubs and caravan parks follows on Friday evening.

The Performance Poetry competition kicks off on Saturday at 9am. Open Male and Females sections will be conducted, including Yarn-spinning and the Outback Oscars.

Concerts featuring Shirley Friend, Neil McArthur, Marco Gliori and Garry Lowe and the presentation of the Bronze Swagman award.

There will be a Poets Revue and sausage sizzle on the Sunday night followed by an Old Time Dance. Contact Louise Dean.

SSAE  
Waltzing Matilda Bush Poetry Awards  
PO Box 120 Winton Qld. 4735

## WARWICK BREKKY

Over the pounding of Polocrosse ponies' hooves at the World Cup, poetry was also alive and kicking in Warwick. At the Stockyard Hotel on May 4, we saw Max Jarrott, Debbie Andersen, Jack Drake, Ron Selby and Jennifer Haig performing at a Poet's Breakfast. As the bacon sizzled, so did the quality of poetry with an abundance of jokes thrown in for added flavour.

It is always wonderful to see the collection of people at a Breakfast. There were some poetry buffs in the audience who also had the opportunity to share their verses at the half-way mark of the morning which provided even more entertainment for all.

Guest poets included Steve Smith of Rocky, Rob Spence from Brisbane and Ned Winter from Cecil Plains and Graeme Kirkland of Allora.

With Max compering the first half of the morning and Jennifer the second, it was a lively time with the continual claim that 'poets always tell the truth!' There were some suspicious looks from the audience on this declaration.

Congratulations must go to Max for organising the Breakfast. He collected together the humour of Ron's drinking adventures, that mischievous cattle dog of Jack's, the classic beauty of Debbie's words, Jennifer's woes of poetic daughterhood as well as his own special taste of bush adventures. It certainly made for a successful morning of poetry.

### PERFORMERS PUBLIC LIABILITY INSURANCE

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ABPA INC.  
1 Avenue Street  
COFFS HARBOUR NSW. 2450  
Phone. 02 6652 3716



## The GREY MARE'S RUN

© Ken Dean. Marrangaroo NSW 09/02

When the moonlight holds the ridges, hard against a velvet sky,  
And the loose-plank wooden bridges speak of travellers passing by,  
When the breeze is faintly sighing to the she-oak's gentle song,  
And a plover's voice is crying, in an ancient evensong,  
As the winter mists are falling in a vale of mystic light.  
You may hear the plaintive calling as the black ducks rise in fright,  
When the skittish mountain horses, like faint shadows, pause to drink,  
And a drifting cloud endorses that their world stands on the brink.

*For the mountain ways are changing,  
And those grand old days are done,  
When the brumby mobs came ranging,  
Far across the Grey Mare's run.*

Like lost phantoms, they are coming to the moonlit billabong,  
You can hear their hoof-beats drumming, to some distant dreamtime song,  
Past the vicious barbed wire fences stretching out beyond their track,  
Where the rule of man commences, and the brumby's fate is black,  
For the horse traps have been readied and the gates are hung in place  
The old Judas mare's been steadied in the yard beyond the race.  
As the night comes slowly drifting through the red-gums by the creek  
And the winter winds are lifting, as the air hangs cold and bleak.

*For the mountain ways are changing,  
And those grand old days are done,  
When the brumby mobs came ranging,  
Far across the Grey Mare's run.*

With the dark bay stallion leading in his cautious, wary gait,  
See the brumby mob come feeding, where the manmade dangers wait,  
As the crystal stars are weeping and the she-oaks gently sigh,  
And the mountain mists come creeping, as the lovelorn plovers cry  
Of the dangers that are waiting, of the freedoms to be lost,  
Then, they hear the trap-gate grating and they start to pay the cost,  
For their roving days are over, and a lead stall lies ahead  
In the camp of some boss drover, where the western rivers spread.

*For the mountain ways are changing,  
And those grand old days are done,  
When the brumby mobs came ranging,  
Far across the Grey Mare's run.*

Now the big bay stallion's broken, his young mares are next in line,  
But the auctioneer has spoken, and he's caught the knacker's sign,  
These old mares have no tomorrow, their last journey, no return,  
And their eyes are pools of sorrow, for those distant hills they yearn;  
As the rain comes gently sweeping past the snow gums on the rise,  
You may hear the willows weeping and the night-bird's mournful cries  
When the ghosts of brumby horses prance along a distant crest  
And the hand of man enforces, mad destruction's dark bequest.

*For the mountain ways are changing,  
And those grand old days are done,  
When the brumby mobs came ranging,  
Far across the Grey Mare's run.*

*(Winning poem, The Silver Brumby Written Awards Corryong 2003)*

## GOLD CITY

### BUSH POETS Inc

The Gold City Bush Poets will be staging their inaugural Festival of Australian Bush Poetry on Saturday 21st June.

To set the event off an 'Around the Boree Log' evening will be held at the Charters Towers Caravan Park with a walk-up poetry segment.

Entries for the written poetry section with four age groups and a theme 'The Year of Fresh Water' close on June 6th.

Entries can be directed to  
PO Box 38

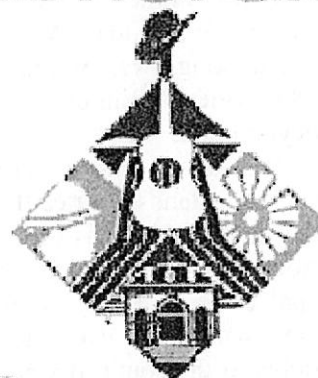
Charters Towers Q 4820

Ph. Arthur Rekow 07 4787 2409

Mary Goodlet 07 4787 7944

Fax. 07 4787 7906

# Emerald



# Gems of Country Weekend

Change of date. See page 20



## OUR RHONDA

© Greg Scott Moonan Flat NSW

We're gathered here this evening from various walks of life,  
To help support a mate of ours who's run in to some strife,  
Well known throughout the district for her journalistic flare,  
Whenever news broke locally, you'd find our Rhonda there.

The spirit of the Advocate, she never let us down,  
Attacking thorny issues which were vital to our town,  
The Hospital, the piggery, the main street traffic flow,  
Reporting on them fairly, giving everyone a go.

She'd follow up a story like a bloodhound on a scent,  
And fearlessly report on every notable event,  
From sporting fields to politics, high life to battered wives,  
For a decade she has chronicled the fabric of our lives.

But fate has played a dirty trick, a looming operation,  
And typically our Rhonda chose to use the situation  
For the benefit of others, and that's why you find us here,  
To raise some funds for cancer, and to help her persevere.

So let us drink to Rhonda, be it whisky, beer or claret,  
For very soon our dear old mate will look like Peter Garrett,  
But speaking as a poet who is follicly impaired,  
Don't let it haunt you Rhonda, there's no reason to be scared.

There's thousands of us walking 'round with stylish, shiny domes,  
They're very cool in summer, and we save a lot on combs.  
And another great advantage that will help to ease the pain,  
You've an early warning system if it ever rains again!!

But please believe me Rhonda, as you glance around this room,  
Though coming weeks will no doubt  
bring their share of doubt and gloom,  
Remember all the faces that are gathered here today,  
And know that we'll be with you, every step along the way.

## TAKING THE BUSH TO THE CITY

During April Ellis Campbell FAW members from the Blue conducted a Bush Poetry Workshop at North Rocks, organised by Eastwood/Hills FAW who had twenty-seven members in attendance. Almost all attending were talented writers of one form or another, including George, Editor of Yellow Moon magazine; Denise Aldridge, noted writer and poet, literary lecturer and judge; Carolyn El-dridge-Alfonsetti, who excels in all phases of verse and free verse writing, short stories, articles and bush verse; Award winning poet, Brian Beesley; plus a number of noted short story writers and

Ellis performed one of his prize winning Bush Poetry to alleviate any scepticisms that may have existed about our craft. They loved it. Question time brought many enthusiastic and intelligent questions. At the conclusion of the workshop Ellis performed a couple of his more humorous poems after which most of the participants made their way to Brian and Kathy Beesley's place for a bar-be-que and a few beers. In all, a wonderful experience and a thoroughly enjoyable afternoon.

## BEATING

### THE CHAMPS

© Mavis Appleyard. Warren NSW

Tiger's prowess is his pride  
Should his competing be denied?  
Kathy Freeman slow your stride  
You know how hard Nova tried.  
Ian Thorpe should rest his feet  
So that Grant can win a heat.  
Will Ron and Ellis still compete  
When there's no one else to beat?  
You can only show your mettle  
When put to the test.  
Just where's the pride in winning  
If you don't beat the best.

## JOHN O'BRIEN POETRY & PROSE

### RESULTS.

Traditional Verse. 1st. Bessie Jennings, Port Macquarie - *Mountain Nights*  
Highly Commended. Ron Stevens, Dubbo - *Pinnacles*. Elizabeth McIver, Griffith NSW - *Crayon Memories*  
Contemporary. 1st. Vera Hepple, Raven-shoe, Qld. - *Sea Change*  
Highly Commended. Heather Yates, Kingsgrove NSW - *Pieces of Eight*  
Kelvin Gillam, West Leederville, WA - *History of Shells*  
Humorous. 1st. Joanna Burke, Ballina, NSW - *Change from Twenty*  
Jim Horan Poetry Award. Margaret Glen-denning, Everton Upper, Vic. - *The Post Boy*. (p. 21).  
Award for Prose. 1st. Margot Shugg, Bradbury, NSW - *Funny Business*.  
Highly Commended. Marjorie Darling-Ward, Frankston Vic. - *Praise the Bruised Heart of the Writer*.  
Entries for next years competition close on Friday 24th January 2004. Entry forms available from September 2003.  
Enquiries 1800 672 392

**ABPA**  
**NSW STATE BUSH POETRY**  
**CHAMPIONSHIPS**  
**Narrandera NSW**  
**18th - 19th October 2003**  
**Entry Forms - 1800 672 392**

## NOT TOO BAD

Thomas E. Spencer

De cottage vas close py der garden gate,  
It vas not mightdy hardt to find it,  
A couple of gum-trees grew shoost in front,  
Und a pig shty grew shoost pehind it.  
Dere vos milk-cows und sheep on der clover-flat  
Und a creek vhere der vater ran,  
Der misdress of all, vas der Vidder McCaul,  
Und I vos her handy man.

Ach, shveet vas der ploom on der orchard-trees,  
Und lofely der flowers in shpring;  
But, der vidder's daughter. Yemima Ann,  
She vas shveeter ash efferyting.  
She valked on der ferry ground I lofed,  
Und her eyes were so lofely prawn,  
Dat vhenaffer I see dat she looked at me,  
Vhy, I felt mineself top-side down.

I lofed mine life ash I lofed dat girl,  
Und a vink from her tvinkling eye  
Ash I helped her moundt on der old prawn mare  
Made me feel apout ten feet high.  
Vhen she cantered home ash der sun vent down,  
Und I lifted her oop to der ground,  
Vhen I felt her yoomp, mine heardt vent boomp,  
Und I felt apout twelfe feet round.

So I shpeaks to mineself, "I must hafe dat girl,  
For mithout her I aint no use;"  
So I tole her von day vhat a duck she vas,  
Und she tell me I vas a coose.  
Den a shearer coomed town from der Lachlan,  
Pout ash tall ash a wool-shed toor,  
Und he took her away on a pullock-tray,  
Und she neffer comes pack some more.

So I vent, vat you calls, "clean off your shoomps,"  
I crinds oop mine teeth und schvear;  
I knocks mineself town mit a pag of shaff,  
Und I picks mineself oop py mine hair.  
I shvears I could hang and trown mineself,  
Und fill mineself oop mit shot too;  
Put, shoost vhen I run to get mine gun,  
Der vidder, she tole me not to.

She said, ash she fried me some eggs for mine tea,  
Und her tears shpluttered in der pan,  
"Vas it not goot enough to her daughter lose,  
Mithout losing her handy man?  
Vas der fish not ash good vhat vas in der sea  
Ash der fish vhat vas taken oudt?  
If der shnapper I sought vas got shnapped oop und  
caught,  
Dere vas plenty more shvimmin spout."

So I said, "Do you know vhere dat fish to find,  
Apout vat you gone und told me?"

Und I town-sat mineself py der vidder's side,  
(Und the vidder she neffer shcold me).  
Ash der vidder she mix oop her tears mit mine,  
I got prave und mine heardt grew polder;  
So mine left arm I placed round der vidder's vaist  
Und der vidder's head fell on mine shoulter.

Ach, shveet vas der shmell from der new-fried eggs,  
Vhich der vidder vas shoost peen frying;  
Und shveet vas der glance from der vidder's eye,  
(Mit her head on mine shoulter lying).  
If I gissed her ten times I gissed her vonce  
Pefore effer I thought of shtoppin:  
Und der pig pullock-pell in der milk-pan fell,  
Und ve neffer heardt it droppin.

I takes mine seat in der parlour now,  
In der gitcheen I hangs mine hat,  
Und der milk-cows feed shoost across der creek,  
Und der sheep on her clover-flat.  
I snapped oop der fish dat vas shvimmin apout,  
Und I neffer no more got mad,  
Und I tinks of a night, ash mine shmoke-pipe I light,  
Dat I didn't do - NOT TOO BAD.

## THOMAS EDWARD SPENCER (1845-1911)

Thomas E Spencer was born on 30<sup>th</sup> December 1845 at Hoxton Old Town London, the son of Daniel O'Brien, a cabinetmaker, and wife Ann (nee Coulthard).

At age eighteen Thomas visited the Victorian gold-fields with a brother (name unknown) to try his luck. Disappointed, he returned to London a year later.

For reasons I am unable to attain, he shed his patronymic name, i.e.; changing ones name to that of his forefathers. I have no knowledge of his grandparents or other forebears.

It could be supposed that a skeleton existed in one of his closets or, as in those days, a warrant for some misdemeanour may have been executed in his name. It is possible that the name change was required when at that time he joined the Masons, who were Anglicans, and had no tolerance of the Catholic Religion or the name O'Brien (a good old Irish Catholic name).

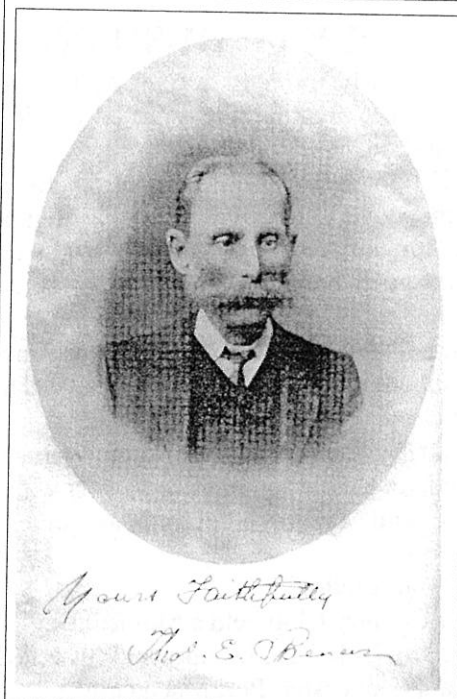
At twenty-four years of age he married Jane Harriett Strew in the parish church at Hackney.

He was a Stonemason by trade and at the same age became Vice President of the Stonemason's Society of London, arbitrating to settle many industrial disputes.

In 1875 at the age of thirty, Thomas migrated to Sydney and set up as a building contractor, winning Government contracts for Goulburn Gaol, the University of Sydney Physics Laboratory and the Sewerage System in Sydney.

His wife died in 1880 (reason unknown) leaving





Verses' (1906), and 'Budgere Ballads' (1908).

'Budgere Ballads' was re-printed in 1910 re-titled 'Why Doherty Died', (paperbacks), because many people associated 'Budgere' with the swear word 'Buggery'. Apart from two books of prose, Spencer wrote several comedy sketches of an Irish Australian – 'The Amazing Adventures of Mrs. Bridget Mc Sweeney' (1906).

His short stories included 'A Spring Cleaning and other Short Stories' (1908), a novel 'The Haunted Shanty' (1910), and 'That Droll Lady' (1911).

Spencer's last novel 'Bindawalla' was published post-humously. A further unfinished novel was never published.

All his books were sold and published by the New South Wales Bookstall Co.'s Shilling Series by A.C. Rowlandson.

In a more serious vein, he exposed Preachers as 'Purveyors of Socialistic Rot', this being brought out in his prose piece 'Latter Day Patriots'. He vilified pragmatic Politicians in his prose 'The Political Deadbeat'. Even in his own trade as a builder and stonemason Spencer took to task dishonest builders in his prose 'Suburban Simplicity'.

At 1pm on 6<sup>th</sup> May 1911 at his home in 387 Glebe Point Road, Glebe, Thomas E Spencer died of heart failure and Chronic Bronchitis. He was attended by Doctor Burfitt who stated that death was caused by 'dilatation of the heart'. His funeral took place on 10<sup>th</sup> May 1911.

On 8<sup>th</sup> September 1920, the board of General Purposes recommended that the sum of sixty pounds be given to the Sydney Hospital for a Thomas E Spencer Bed and this is recorded on an Honour Board in the Hospital today.

Thomas Spencer was survived by his wife, two sons and two daughters as well as the son of his first marriage.

## THE SONG OF THE SUNDOWNER TE Spencer

I'm the monarch of valley, and hill, and plain,  
And the king of this golden land.  
A continent broad is my vast domain,  
And its people at my command.  
My tribute I levy on high and low,  
And I chuckle at Fortune's frown;  
No matter how far in the days I go,  
I'm at home when the sun goes down.

In the drought-stricken plains of the lone Paroo,  
When the rainless earth is bare,  
I take toll from the shepherd and jackeroo,  
And I sample their humble fare.  
Not a fig care I thought the stock may die,  
And the sun-cracked plains be brown;  
I can make for the east, where the grass is high,  
I'm at home when the sun goes down.

When river and creek their banks o'er leap,  
And the flood rolls raging by;  
When the settlers are mourning their crops and sheep,  
I can watch them without a sigh.  
What matter to me if their fences go,  
I can find a good meal when the sun is low,  
And a home when the sun goes down.

So I wander away at my own sweet will,  
Be it northerly, south or west;  
When I'm hungry my paunch I can always fill,  
When I'm tired I can always rest.  
I care not what others may do or think,  
'm a monarch without a crown;  
I can always be sure of my food and drink,  
And a home when the sun goes down.

Thomas with a seven year old son. Approximately two years later, on April 6<sup>th</sup>, 1882 at Goulburn NSW, Thomas married Sarah Ann Christie with Wesleyan forms (Anglican religion).

He stood for the seat of Ashburnham in 1894 for the Legislative Assembly, and was defeated. He then entered the field of Industrial Arbitration, and was appointed the Employers representative in 1907 under Judge C.G. Heydon, and was a member of some thirty wage boards.

Spencer was considered the best and fairest arbitrator in the country by both employers and employees. Being a Mason, Spencer helped to begin the formation of the united Grand Lodge of New South Wales in 1888, was a Deputy Grand Master from 1894 to 1896, and was a leading member of the Leinster Marine Royal Arch Chapter of Ireland and the New South Wales Masonic Club.

Spencer is best known for his humorous ballads, several of which include 'How M'Dougall Topped the Score', 'Why Doherty Died' and 'O'Toole and McSharry', have become familiar recitation pieces. His ballads, frequently contributed to the Bulletin, appeared in two collections of his work 'How M'Dougall Topped the Score and other

## RHYME and REASON

Writing tips from  
Ellis Campbell



The first stanza of a poem is actually an introduction and very important. It should be attention grabbing, or at least interesting enough to urge readers to read on. If the first stanza is boring or awkward to read the chances are the reader might abandon that poem and search for something more interesting. A pity because he/she could be missing what is otherwise a good poem.

Also, very importantly, the first stanza sets the rhyming and metre pattern of your poem. It is there that you decide how many lines are to be in the stanzas, if your rhyming pattern is to be **AABBCC - - ABABCD CD -- AABCCB** or whatever else you might choose. Are you going to have 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14 or 15 syllables in each line? Are your lines going to be identical or alternate lines be of different length? Is your stress pattern going to be Iambus or Trochee, or are you going to use both by alternating each line. If so the rhyming pattern is usually **ABABCD CD** and the Iambic lines should rhyme with each other, likewise the Trochiac lines.

I'd advise anyone to take great care with that first stanza. Are you having trouble with your rhymes? Does the metre seem awkward and hard to maintain? Suitable descriptive words hard to find? I can assure you that if your first stanza gives trouble, there's heaps more trouble ahead! Take plenty of time with the first stanza - it will save you time and problems later in the poem.

Keep at it until you are happy with the rhymes and the metre flows comfortably. Don't choose a rhyme and rhythm pattern that is too difficult to maintain.

As I have said many times: keep it simple and make it sound natural. You might get a buzz by writing a highly flamboyant stanza with fancy rhymes and complicated stress pattern. But by the end of the poem you will be a nervous wreck trying to stick to it. What you thought was going to be something special will turn out a bloody mess and you will have shown that you are way out of your depth.

Next issue: Metaphors and similes.

*Ellis Campbell*

## HASTINGS McLEAY BUSH POETS

Members of the newly formed Hastings McLeay Bush Poets Group have been making their presence felt at a number of recent festivals.

At Tenterfield's Oracles of the Bush, Shirley Everingham from Wauchope was the winner of the Humorous Written Verse section with "Rabbit Resurrection", and also took 1st prize in the poets brawl.

Keeping it in the family, Shirley's sister, Claire Reynolds from Gloucester won the Traditional Performance Section with her superb rendition of Will Ogilvie's "The Riding of the Rebel".

In the written poetry comp at the John O'Brien Bush Festival in Narrandera, Bessie Jennings came first with "Mountain Nights"; and at Ipswich Poetry Feast gained a Highly

Commended for "The Auction".

The Gloucester Country Club held a Mothers Day Luncheon followed by Billy Tea, Damper and Bush Poetry featuring poets from Gloucester, Port Macquarie and Kempsey.

Versatility was the order of the day with Traditional, Contemporary and Original works from Bessie Jennings, Gabbie Colquhoun, Claire Reynolds and Janice Downes, with some fine examples of humour from Rod Worthing and Sam Smythe.



CLAIRE REYNOLDS & SHIRLEY EVERINGHAM



JANICE DOWNES, MELANIE HALL,  
GABBIE COLQUHOUN & BESSIE JENNINGS

## TENTERFIELD REPORT

What drew such huge crowds to the 7th Tenterfield Oracles of the Bush on April 11<sup>th</sup>, 12<sup>th</sup> and 13<sup>th</sup>?

Was it Ted Egan, Gary Fogarty, Neil McArthur, John Major and Carmel Dunn; the Centenary Re-enactment of Banjo Paterson's Wedding; the opportunity to meet the 2003 Tenterfield Legend, Terry Kneipp?

Perhaps it was a combination of all that plus the numerous other events on the program so expertly organised by the Tenterfield Committee.

It appeared that everyone came together for The Big One – the Poet's Concert on Saturday night in the Shearing Pavilion. About 600 people crowded in leaving standing room only.

From Ted Egan's supreme style playing the beer carton (shame it was Fosters) to Neil McArthur in a kilt with his face painted blue, the audience cheered themselves hoarse!

Carmel showed us why she was such an excellent representative for Australia in America, while Gary and John tried to outclass each other with yarns – each more dramatic than the last.

On Friday morning the Norco Children's Concert displayed the younger talent that will be threatening the Open competitors in the near future. The Judges commented on the exceptionally high standard of performers.

As a prelude to the finals of the Looming Legends, a Poet's Brawl and Breakfast was held at Jubilee Park. The food was fine and the audience was not shy in sharing their one minute poems.

The Oracles of the Bush would not be the same without the very popular Looming Legend Bush Poetry Competition?

The three Looming Legend heats were held over two days with an amazing variety of competitors and poems in both the Original and Tra-

ditional sections.

Once again the crowds left little room in the newly renovated School of the Arts Theatre.

The finals on Sunday brought together six Original Finalists and seven Traditional Finalists. The tears and laughter came together and all waited with baited breath for the results.

In an extremely close competition, Jennifer Haig won the Original and was awarded the prize money and a clock made from the famous Cork Tree of Tenterfield. This was a thrilling experience for her which won't be forgotten for a very long time.

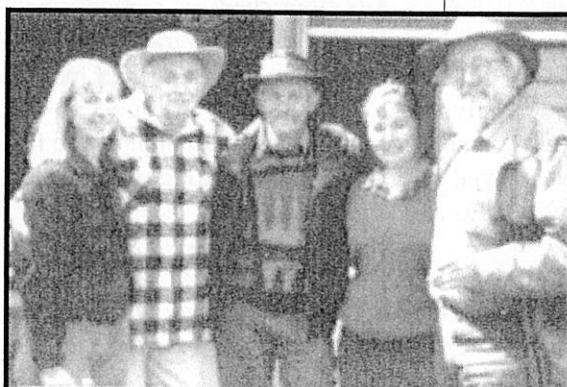
In the Traditional Competition, Clare Reynolds was announced the winner with a spectacular rendition of the 'Riding of the Rebel' by Will Ogilvie.

Shirley Everingham from Wauchope was the winner of the Humorous Written Verse section with "Rabbit Resurrection", and also took 1st prize in the poets brawl.

In the Written sections, Shirley Everingham won the Humorous Section with 'Rabbit Resurrectio'; Ellis Campbell took out Section 2 with a poem celebrating Battler spirit, Liaisons OR expressing contemporary concerns).

There were tales a-plenty, times of fun and a whole heap of legendary poets at Tenterfield in 2003. It will definitely be hard to top – but the Tenterfield Committee will be up to it.

Certainly it is hoped that the crowds, in all their glory, return in 2004 to support the Oracles of the Bush as well as they did this year.



## ABPA STATE

### CHAMPIONSHIPS

State Performance and Written Bush Poetry Competitions yet to come include:

\* **South Australian** State Titles will be held at Barmera on June 7th at the Barmera Hotel in the Oasis Room. Phone Maurie O'Brien 08 8326 8788

\* **Queensland** State Championships to be held in conjunction with the North Pine Camp Oven Festival at North Pine Country Park from 22nd to 24th August 2003. Go to page 5 for more information.

\* The **Victorian** State Championships are to be conducted at Stratford in Victoria's Gippsland on the weekend of October 11th and 12th. Further news will appear in the next issue of the ABPA Newsletter. Contact details appear on page 11 of this issue.

\* The **New South Wales** State Championships will be held a week after the Victorian Championships at Narrandera NSW, the gateway to the Riverina, on the 18th and 19th October. More news next issue, contact details on page 13.

\* The **Australian Championships** will be conducted in Perth WA in October 2004. Poets and readers interested in travelling to the west are asked to contact Ed Parmenter, Secretary of the ABPA re travel plans.

Bards at Tenterfield  
L to R.  
Debbie Andersen  
Max Jarrett  
Ron Selby  
Jennifer Haigh  
Jack Drake.

**GO WEST IN 2004  
SEE PAGE 27**



## TEX MORTON

Tex Morton was the top selling recording artist in Australasia in the 1930's, outselling Bing Crosby, Gracie Fields and the young Frank Sinatra; he was one of the most famous entertainers in North America during the 1950's. Tex Morton's shows were legendary across continents. His one-man performances took him from Nelson, New Zealand, to Sydney, Darwin, Los Angeles, Vancouver, Montreal, Chicago, Boston, New York, Paris, London, Jamaica, Asia and a thousand points in between. He played with Chet Atkins, Hank Williams, Gene Autry and Floyd Cramer; sparred with Errol Flynn. In the age before television and constructed media personalities, Tex Morton was pure talent: the entertainer as the real thing.

New Zealander Tex Morton lived a life of breath-taking achievement, attaining mastery, fortune, and huge international fame in several careers: a recording star (300 songs), singer-songwriter, stage artist (touring sensation in North America, Europe, Australasia), circus entrepreneur, best-selling comic writer, Hollywood screen actor, and world authority of hypnotherapy with a Doctorate from McGill University.

He was named Robert William Lane when he was born in Nelson in August 30th 1916.

He began playing the guitar early, and at 14, born to run, left home to launch himself into show business.

By the age of 16 he was playing in a travelling band and made his first recordings - the first hillbilly and western songs to be recorded outside America.

The 20 or so sides were pressed by a Wellington company onto aluminium discs, which could only be played with a hardwood or bamboo thorn needle. They were played extensively on New Zealand radio and are now priceless.

In 1932 he took a new name, Tex Morton, from a sign seen on a Waihi garage, and toured the length

of New Zealand. In Bluff at the end of 1932 he departed for Australia, beginning as a busker in Sydney with an old suitcase and a battered guitar. Sydney was experiencing the effects of the Depression and as work was hard to come by Morton was forced to take any job on offer, including working on the then-being-built Sydney Harbour Bridge, singing, outside bars, and stints as a drover and shearer.

Tex then drifted up to Queensland and for three years he led a rough and tumble life there. In 1935 Tex returned to Sydney where he hustled the Columbia Gramophone Company, for an audition. He recorded a song called *You're going to leave the old home, Jim*, won a talent quest and recorded eight singles.

He hit the road again, ending back in New Zealand in 1936, broke and disappointed that his four year foray into the Australian entertainment scene had been unsuccessful.

In New Zealand, literally singing for his supper, Morton was confronted by the surprise of his life: life size cut-outs of himself in record stores all over the country, promoting "Tex Morton, the Singing Cowboy Sensation". His recordings had become an overnight success without his knowledge. Morton found himself an idol, mobbed in the streets from Palmerston North to Perth.

The young singer's years of sleeping under bridges, riding on goods trains, performing in circuses and singing in the streets had miraculously paid off.

During the mid to late 30's Morton flourished as a recording star. He recorded 68 tracks in the next four years. His style had matured to a distinctively Antipodean sound. Lyrics reflected much of the harsher side of life during the Depression years, with titles like *Yodelling Bagman* and *Wrap Me Up in my Stock- whip and Blanket*.

Some of his most famous tracks dealt with his earlier experiences



(and those familiar to many of his fans) as a "boundary-rider", hitching free rides on the trains. The most notable, *Sergeant Small*, was about a ruthless Queensland policeman who tracked down fare evaders, in the words of Tex,

*I wish I was about twenty stone high on seven feet tall*

*I'd go back to Western Queensland and beat up Sergeant Small.*

One of his songs can be found on the next page with a typical Tex Morton preamble.

## Looking Over My Shoulder

*Bill Glasson*  
*His One and Only Album*

21 Tracks  
from an old Master  
**\$ 15.00 inc. Postage**

Send payment to  
Mr. Bill Glasson  
'Tremearne'  
M.S. 544  
CLIFTON QLD. 4361

Recorded at Right Track Studios,  
Yangan, Warwick Q.

## YOU'LL NEVER BE MISSED

Friends, here is something that I want you always to remember, especially you young people, even when you're big and strong and grown up and maybe successful in life, I want you to think back sometimes to old Tex and, well, remember what he told you when you were just a youngster. Will you?

'All this world is a stage', that's what Shakespeare once said

and you'll find that it's very very true.

An actor's success might sometimes turn his head and he thinks without him we can't do.

But there's none in this race, that we can't replace from old age to youth in his teens;

for instance, a sight I witnessed one night in a theatre behind the scenes.

The call boy was shouting, intense,

announcing the play to commence

when the Star cried 'Wait! I'm just a little bit late!' but that curtain went up and the show, it was great.

'I'll never be ready' the star loudly cried

'Well I wouldn't worry!' the Call Boy replied,

'for if you're displeased you can pack up and get,

the show will go on just the same, never fret;

'and there's another fella waiting to take your place

and he knows every line, every move in your face

the show don't depend on you to exist

and if you're not here you'll never be missed'.

And you'll find friends it's just the same in your everyday life.

Each one of us wants an important role

but in striving for wealth, you're gonna sacrifice your health

and all just to reach a high goal.

But when your wealth you've attained and your service you've gained,

you're just like the fool in the play.

You think with no doubt that without your presence this world couldn't last another day;

but just when you've made a big start

you might suddenly be called to depart,

but this world will go on just the same never fret.

your absence in fact will break nobody's heart

so always be ready to pack up and get.

This world will go on just the same never fret.

Now you die, and you go to ..... well . .

it matters not where for a thoroughbred here

is a thoroughbred there

and there's some born pound foolish and some

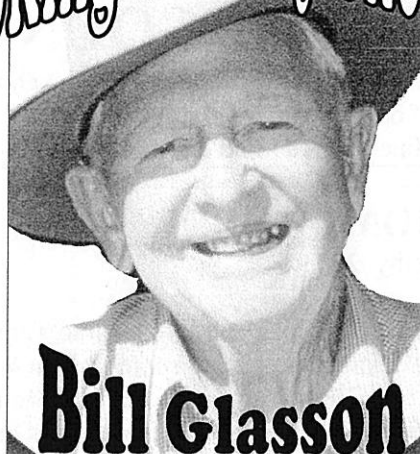
penny wise

but six feet of earth makes us all the same size.

Yes you may feel important down here when you exist

but after you're gone, you'll never be missed.

## Looking Over My Shoulder



Bill Glasson was born in Brisbane in 1924, and was educated at Brisbane Boys College. He was a jackeroo on 'Lara Downs' Julie Creek for two years, and at eighteen joined the Army, later remustering to the RAAF.

Most of his life was spent managing family properties at Roma, Richmond and Narangba. In the 1960's he drew a block in the Moonie district and in 1979, he and his wife Del moved to 'Springfield' at Pilton.

It was then that Bill began his twilight career at the age of 50, of writing Bush Verse. He has won numerous awards including the prestigious Bronze Swagman in 1979, and the Henry Lawson Diamond Shears in 1985.

At the age of 70 Bill was encouraged to start performing his work and he had lots of success in many competitions, including Brisbane's RNA.

Recently, ill health has caused him to retire and in 'Looking Over My Shoulder', he recites some of his favourite poems.

The instigation for this album came from his daughters who thought he 'should do one before he turned up his toes'. As Bill says, 'I haven't been going too well lately as my prostate cancer has started spreading, but a good doctor and lots of medication has made me feel a lot better and so I hope to keep going for another year or two. I am in my 80th year and haven't done too badly'.

Not able to get to many bush poetry competitions these days unless they are close to home, Bill has lost touch with a lot of his old mates. He hopes that this, his 'one and only CD' will take him back to some of those old cobbbers.

[In a letter accompanying his CD, Bill asked that I take a listen, see what I think of it, and then do an ad for the ABPA. 'You write the ad and send me the bill', he wrote.

Bill, the sincerity of this album alone is payment enough, the gently flowing style that is yours will sell this album. Those that have known you in the past have never forgotten you, and the album will remind them of the gentleman that you are as long as they live. For those who have never met you, may they find you in this recording, your old cobber, Frank Daniel]

# EMERALD - GEMS OF COUNTRY

The Emerald Gems of Country Weekend has had a change of date to June 21st and 22nd.

Coordinator Fred Wild has advised that the organis-

ers of Emerald's country music event have moved it back to June which will cater for poets bound for Winton the following week.

Gary Fogarty, Jack Drake and friends will be conducting bush verse and performing workshops so Winton contestants and others can get a few tricks up their sleeves.

## MY HOME TOWN

© Ron Selby 2003

I've been to Innaminka and I've been to Tamworth too;  
Been to Adelaide and I spent some time in Waterloo.  
I've seen the sights of Sydney town and Melbourne in the Spring,  
Hit Brisbane in the summer time and Gin Gin on the wing.  
Cairnes is mostly pretty good but the tourists are quite bold  
But Toowoomba, Up in Queensland – Mate!  
– that's where it's bloody cold!

I went to Winton and Mount Isa – there's nothing there but dust –  
Then I travelled down to Birdsville in a Holden full of rust;  
By the time I got to Charleville that car had seen its day,  
Then I legged it on to Bundaberg, then down to Tin Can Bay.  
I headed then for New South Wales and at Nyngan searched for gold,  
But Toowoomba, Up in Queensland – Mate!  
– that's where it's bloody cold.

Canowindra, there's a place that equals Lithgow any day  
Guyra is another place I would not like to stay.  
Ballarat, Warragul and Sale you can't find any work,  
Who wants to go to Broken Hill or to the back of Bourke?  
These places might be fine for some, to others they'd be old,  
But Toowoomba, Up in Queensland – Mate! – that's where it's  
bloody cold!

You may dig for coal in Wollongong or opals at Hill End  
But shovelling snow in Bendigo will drive you 'round the bend  
Fishing's good in Arno Bay or Whyalla and Port Augusta,  
But don't try fishing Canberra – the outcome might disgust ya!  
There's good trout in Lake Cargelligo – at least that's what I'm told  
But Toowoomba, Up in Queensland – Mate! – that's where it's  
bloody cold!

A holiday in Albury may be someone's cup of tea,  
But I've been to Wodonga and that's close enough for me!  
Way down there in Victoria you'll find so many towns  
But someone told me once the Yarra River flows upside down.  
Phillip Island's full of Penguins, and Warraguls fairly old,  
But Toowoomba, Up in Queensland – Mate!  
– that's where it's bloody cold!

You may be proud of Australia or proud of your home town  
But get off your bum and travel – have a look – and move around.  
Every state in this big country has towns both good and bad,  
I've tramped across this wide brown land  
and one thing makes me glad,  
To come back up to Sunny Queensland before it's all been sold  
But Toowoomba, Up in Queensland – Mate!  
– that's where it's bloody cold!

It's all part of two Bush Poets Breakfasts being held on Saturday and Sunday during the Gems of Country Weekend.

Emerald schoolchildren will participate in the Breakfasts where they and others who fancy themselves as bush bards can join in with Jack and Gary.

Admission to the breakfasts and workshops is free and tasty hot breakfasts can be purchased.

Working as a team Jack and Gary will be catering for poets ranging from the beginner through to the more advanced.

The more advanced poets are encouraged to bring poems they are working on to the workshops.

"We often find some people are reluctant to come to workshop because they don't think they know enough, but we can go right back to basics and help those who have never written a poem" Gary said.

The performance workshop to be held at 10am on the Sunday will provide for a range of skills from the first time performer through to the more experienced who just need to refine their act. This should prove beneficial to poets competing at Winton the following weekend.

Workshops will be interactive with participants free to ask questions and the two masters will tailor the workshop to meet the needs of those attending and work on the areas they identify.

For more information contact Gary on (07) 46 95 1228 (night times).

A \$500 busking competition will be conducted on Friday, June 20th.

Workshop registration forms will be available soon and can be obtained from Fred Wild on wildpub@bigpond.com, or SSAE to 20 Yamala Street, Emerald 4720 or phone 04160 95997.

You can keep up to date with what's happening in Emerald on the internet. [www.emerald.qld.gov.au/GOC](http://www.emerald.qld.gov.au/GOC).

**MAKE IT TWO-UP IN JUNE  
WINTON & EMERALD**



## THE POST BOY

© Margaret Glendenning. Everton Upper Vic.

Once again I'm awake - a white, frosty moon  
Stares through the motionless trees,  
An echo of sound somewhere in my mind  
Lingers, to puzzle and tease,  
What did I hear? A faint drumming beat  
Pulsates around the room still  
And just for an instant a dark silhouette  
Is poised on the brow of the hill.

On the chilly verandah the dog sits prick-eared  
Quivering under my hand,  
Voicing an uneasy, questioning whine  
For something she can't understand,  
Every week at this time since winter set in  
I have left my warm bed and tip-toed,  
Disturbed by a flurry of galloping hooves  
On this seldom used, winding back road

Patience rewarded - a glimpse of a horseman  
Cold starlight rimmed, brilliantly clear,  
His mount seemed to float over ice underfoot  
Tho' laden with packed saddle gear,  
A slight form leaning forward raised a gloved hand  
To the hat brim pulled low on his face,  
Then vanished before me - the bright sun of morning  
Revealing no hoofprint or trace.

"It's the post-master's son", the old bioke at the pub  
Answered me matter-of-factly,  
"He'd be maybe fourteen, round about that -  
Can't remember the kid's age exactly."  
"But, why does he ride there at that time of night?  
And where on earth could he be going?  
No-one lives out that way and the track peters out  
Where all those young pine trees are growing."

Pine trees!" the old man deliberately spat,  
I could see I was in for a sermon,  
"Used to be beautiful, natural bush -  
Now it's covered in European vermin!  
The boy - " I reminded "ignores me completely,  
He's always in such a big hurry,  
I'd not like a child of mine riding so late,  
Surely his parents must worry."

His parents - ? my friend forgot his pet hate  
Of offending far slopes of dark green,  
"The boy is long gone - he crashed through the bridge  
And drowned back in Nineteen Sixteen,  
He delivered the mail to a small mining town,  
No, it's not on the map any more,  
Like so many youngsters, he worked like a man  
When our diggers marched off to the War.

So needlessly tragic - he stayed too long trying  
To salvage those damn canvas sacks,  
Died never knowing his injured horse bore them  
Ashore 'fore it dropped in its tracks,  
There's records and stuff, newspaper clippings  
In a case at the local Museum,  
A few photographs, the boy's brown felt hat,  
Muddied mailbags - if you want to see 'em.

You're not the first one to sight him, y'know,  
A pale lad on a bloodstained horse riding  
To the timetable kept by the old rattler steam-train  
That dumped goods and mail at the siding."  
I grieved for the boy on his endless long ride  
Such a lonely, impossible quest,  
His unquiet heart held fast by a vow  
That would not let his sad spirit rest.

"The mailbags - " I mused, " the ones he thought lost -  
Mate, you've just given me an idea."  
He shot me a mystified, wondering look  
Before toasting me over his beer,  
My request caused a stir and raised amused eyebrows  
In the Museum some minutes later,  
Yet attracted a quite sympathetic response  
From the surprisingly helpful curator!

I waited and shivered - and not just with cold,  
Praying all would go as I had planned,  
The dark shape sped toward me but suddenly checked  
As he saw what I held in my hand,  
"Your mailbags" I whispered, "recovered undamaged."  
His smile was as sunshine through rain,  
A triumphant salute, a joyous "Yahoo!"  
- The Post Boy did not ride again.

*The Post Boy by Margaret Glendenning of Everton  
Upper Victoria, was the winner of the Jim Horan Bush  
Poetry Award at this years John O'Brien festival at  
Narrandera NSW.*

### \* DORRIGO \*

Bush Poetry Roundup  
November 1st.

Dorrigo Bush Poets Roundup  
1.30 pm Dorriggo Bowling Club.  
November 2nd.

Dorrigo Bush Poets Breakfast  
8 am Dorriggo Hotel (Top Pub)  
Enquiries Murray 02 6657 2139

### NEW ALBUM

#### 'OUT ON THE TRACK'

First release

'LOST 'N' FOUND'

('Aitch' and Toni)

\$20 inc postage

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### CASINO BEEF WEEK

CECIL HOTEL

Bush Poetry

Competitions

Bull Yarns

Neil McArthur, Marco Gliori,  
Shirley Friend and Ray Essery

29th May - 1st June

Ph 02 6644 8285

## NEW BLOOD WINS AT CORRYONG

Harold Briggs is a success story of its own making. Harold, of Muswellbrook NSW, made his first appearance at a Bush Poetry Festival in April 2002, when he visited Corryong for the Man From Snowy River Festival.

It was at Corryong in 2002 that he witnessed his first ever gathering of poets and saw for the first time Performance Poetry in its many and varied forms.

Harold won the Jack Riley Heritage Award 2003 in his first attempt at this award, and is still getting over the shock.

When he saw Frank Daniel win this award in 2002 Harold thought it would be a fine ambition to set for himself and went home and wrote a poem specially for this event.

He spent eleven months rehearsing and rehashing, practising on his wife Janice, his friends, and anyone who would give him an ear.

On the morning of the presentations at Banjos Block rain was imminent, and the organizers asked for help to move the trophies under cover. Harold commented as he helped carry the sizeable Heritage Award, ('the big block of wood' as he calls it), that "it would be the only time he

would ever get to handle it."

Needless to say, those in the know, kept mum about the results.

Born at Yackandandah in North Western Victoria in 1948, Harold was raised on a dairy farm in the Kiewa Valley, and at 13 years, left school to help more on the family farm.

His mother passed away in his sixteenth year, and his father died a week before he turned 18.

The farm was sold and Harold, after three weeks training without pay, went to work for a bulldozing contractor. He has been involved with earthmoving and land clearing ever since, working as far north as Collarenebri in Northern NSW, to the Newcastle area.

His first attempts at writing were not exactly successful. Whilst at Collarenebri, Harold decided that it was time he recorded some of his life's stories, and thought verse was the way to go.

He still has the first line of his first attempt, but the second line has had him stumped for the last 23 years.

Harold says his 'lack of education and his failure to read books was his main failing in any attempts at putting verse, or any words at all for that matter, onto paper.'

A 'cockie's wife at Lightning Ridge made some attempt to put him 'right' but the learning was lost when he moved to the east coast.

The 'writing bug' still persisted and in February last year, whilst batching for seven weeks and without a telly, made another attempt, but sadly lacked knowledge of meter and syllable count.

Persistence, and the help of the many poetry mates that he has found over the past fourteen months has paid off, and the ABPA has another proud and loyal member, singing the associations praises and promoting bush poetry to the hilt.

Goodonyer 'arold.

Go West next year mate!

## THE RIDE

© Olive Gamble SA

When you're racing 'cross the paddocks,  
While the wind's blasting your face,  
The horse is doing its damndest  
'cause you have to win this race.

There's a mare out there who needs help.  
She's going to foal any time;  
You take the quickest way and hope  
Everything will be just fine.

Crouching low into the saddle,  
The horse clears a barbed-wire fence,  
And silent prayers go winging  
As you feel each muscle tense.

Rain is slashing tiny daggers  
As it tries to slow your pace,  
But your heart's out with that birthing  
And there is no other place.

When the weeks have not gone quickly  
And the foal is overdue,  
There's precious little time to think,  
Will she lose this one too.

It's a race 'twixt you and nature,  
Pitting wits against each skills.  
Then the horse careers wildly -  
God no, not another spill.

But when righting herself swiftly,  
You just breathe a thankful sigh,  
Seems the ride is never ending,  
Then appears a welcome sight.

The vet's got there ahead of you,  
With crossed fingers and big grin  
Soothing the mare with gentle voice  
As she rolls her eyes at him.

Where suddenly there is movement,  
And she strives with all her worth  
A gorgeous foal appears, you've just  
Seen the miracle of birth.



**HAROLD BRIGGS**

Eyeing off 'that big block of wood' at Corryong.



**With the 'Big Block of Wood'**

# SCONE HORSE WEEK

Scone has become a focal point for Bush Poets in the Hunter Area with the Yarns Night at the Royal Hotel a popular event on the Scone Horse Week calendar.

## THE BUSH FIRE

By Maxine Ireland



She sifted through ash, that once  
was her home,  
Emotionless;--drained;-- and  
beat!  
No matter how long;she will  
never outlive  
The trauma! the smoke! and the heat!

They noticed, one Sunday, just after mid-day,  
The stillness, the foreboding quiet.  
No birds, no cicadas, no rustle of leaves;  
'Twas eerie and still as the night.

They were quite unaware, for they'd failed to observe  
The faint trace of smoke in the air.  
The air was so still, not a breath to disturb  
Even the fine Maidenhair.

They turned on the telly' to watch the sport  
And relax for the afternoon.  
But a news-flash brought a bush-fire report  
And the threat of imminent doom.

They felt they were safe, at least for a day.  
With no wind to bring danger their way.  
Still; they rechecked the gutters and raked the ground;  
Filled buckets with water; and hosed all around.

They worked in the heat till they felt they could drop  
But they still carried on, unwilling to stop.  
They took every precaution the fire-drill advised,  
But then to their horror; they realised;

With the threat of a storm and a southerly change  
The fire had turned and swept up the range.  
It came with such force and ferocity,  
Swirling and leaping from tree to tree.

Engulfing the whole countryside with fire.  
As the wind grew stronger the flames leapt higher.  
It sucked up the oxygen and replaced it with smoke.  
They knew they must leave; for to stay was to choke.

They took to the car and escaped to the lake  
And rowed from the shore. For safety sake.  
Then remained on the water until all danger passed.  
'Twas like a bad dream. It had happened so fast.

She sifted through ash. That once was her home.  
Emotionless;--drained;--and beat.  
No matter how long;she will never outlive  
The trauma! the smoke! and the heat!

The Yarns night started in the 1980's as an event for poets and joke tellers which has evolved into a night of great poetry and genuine yarns.

Locals know they have to get in early if they want a seat in the beer garden; however, even late comers are accommodated as the performances are broadcast on TV screens mounted throughout the Hotel.

The night kicked off at 6.30pm on Tuesday 13th May with performances from the winners of the School's Performance Poetry Competition which was held on Monday at the Scone Public School. This event attracts student from Scone and surrounding areas who compete in traditional, contemporary and original sections for Infants, Primary and High School. It takes half a day to judge the enthusiastic participants in this competition and each year the depth of talent displayed increases.

The Yarns Night audience was treated to a wonderful display with each of the children performing superbly. Special guest at Horse Week 2003, Milton Taylor, introduced the students before handing over to 'Blue the Shearer' to MC the night. Blue has been a regular visitor to Scone over the last 8 years and together with Bernard Bolan (Folk Singer extraordinaire from Sydney) adds an extra dimension to the entertainment providing breaks between the competitive sections.

Having started with outstanding performances from students, the night just rolled along from highlight to highlight finishing with four of the best yarns to be heard anywhere.

The Women poets from the Hunter were exceptional taking out first place in each section as detailed below:

Traditional: Phillipa Abbott from Scone, Contemporary: Shared by Gabby Colquhoun of Gloucester and Carol Heuchan of Cooranbong. Original: Gabby Colquhoun. Judges for the night were Pam Saunderson-McLeay, Milton Taylor and Ron Brown. The Yarns section saw a close finish with Milton Taylor just nudging out Colin Newsome to take first place. General comment was that is was definitely the best yarns night ever.

To further foster bush poetry in the local schools Milton Taylor together with Colin Newsome, Carol Heuchan, Gabby Colquhoun, Brian Coghlan and Ron Brown performed at the Scone Public School and St Mary's Primary School earlier in the day. Carol, Gabby, Colin and Ron also put on a concert for patients at the Nursing Home on Wednesday morning.

Lance Parker went through his paces  
At Mulwala and various places  
And the folk did admire  
His resplendent attire,  
Not forgetting his lovely red braces.

Skew Wiff (Watt's 'is name).



## 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** Poets 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
- 4th Frid **YOUNGSTREET POETS** Writer's Centre Rozelle Ph. Winifred Weir 02 9971 6206
- 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
- 1st Sunday **ARVOS** Bush Poetry. Club Warrandyte - Grand Hotel 120 Yarra St. Warrandyte. 2pm. Ph. 03 9844 1199
- Poets and musicians phone Laurence Webb 0438 872 653

- 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

### **BRONZE SPUR WRITTEN VERSE AWARD**

#### **Original Bush Verse - Theme 'Rural Australia'**

Open to Published non-prize-winning poems

1st Prize. Handcrafted Bronze Spur Trophy & \$100

Runner-up \$50 plus Ribbon - Third \$25 plus Ribbon

Entries \$4 per poem (limit of 4) to 100 lines

**Closing Date 1.7.2003**

No entry forms, usual conditions. SSAE for results

Ellen Finlay Norfolk Station Camooweal Qld. 4828

### **ABPA**

#### **AUSTRALIAN CHAMPIONSHIP WRITTEN BUSH POETRY COMPETITION**

**ENTRIES CLOSE 31st JULY**

SSAE for entry forms and details

**FRANK DANIEL**

**PO Box 16 CANOWINDRA NSW 2804**

(See page 28)



## POET'S CALENDAR . . . .



- June 6-9 **Grenfell NSW Henry Lawson Festival**
- June 6-15 **Beaudesert Country & Horse Festival. Poets Brekkies. Performance Competitions.**  
SSAE PO Box 242 Beaudesert Q. 4285. Ph. 07 5541 4355 fx 07 5541 3722
- June 30 Closing Date. **Nimbin A & I Society Inc.** Written verse competition. No Entry Forms, use Cover note.  
Entry fee of \$3.00 each entry to Susan Jackson, 1189 Williams Road Lillian Rock 2480. SSAE for results.
- June 8 **Queensland Day. Annual Open Day & Bush Poetry Competition.** Customs House Goondiwindi Qld.  
SSAE Phyllis Zirbel Hon. Sec. PO Box 190 Goodndiwindi 4390 Ph. 07 46712156 e: pez@bigpond.com
- 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
- Jun 26-30 **Qantas Waltzing Matilda Bush Poetry Awards - Winton Qld.**  
Contact Louise Dean PO Box 120 Winton. Qld. 4735 Ph: 07 4657 1296 Fx: 07 4657 1541
- July 15 Closing date. **NORTH PINE BUSH POET'S CAMP OVEN AWARDS 2002** Open Written Bush Verse.  
SSAE - Mary Hodgson 74 Diamond Valley Road Mooloolah Qld. 4553 - 07 5494 7260
- Aug 15 **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. Send to PO Box 2994 Dubbo NSW 2830  
Claiming the date: North Pine Festival. Written and Performance Poetry Competition. Ph. 07 3285 2180
- Aug 22-24 **QUEENSLAND STATE CHAMPIONSHIPS** in conjunction with the **North Pine Camp Oven Festival.**  
John Best Secretary 07 3285 2845 -President Ron Liekefett rliekefett@dodo.com.au (See page 11)
- Aug 27 Closing Date. **The Vera Newsome Poetry Award** \$300 single prize to poem not more than 50 lines.  
No entry forms - use cover sheets. SSAE for results. PO Box 71 Avalon NSW 2107 9971 6206
- Aug 29 Closing date. **Coo-ee Festival GILGANDRA** Written Competition. SSAE PO Box 171 Gilgandra 2827
- Sept 5 Closing Date. **Victorian Bush Poetry State Championships Written Competition. \***
- Sept 19 Closing date. **Victorian Bush Poetry State Championships performance competition. \*\***
- Oct 5 **BIG DOO at Brymaroo** - Open & Novice Performance Competition Traditional, Original & Humorous -  
Contact G. Bowtell Ph/fx 07 4692 1347 mailto: glenoles@bigpond.com
- Oct 11-12 **VICTORIAN BUSH POETRY CHAMPIONSHIPS** Stratford Vic. Contact Dennis Carstairs.  
(o3) 5145 6128 email: carstairs@netspace.net.au SSAW PO Box 159 Stratford V. 3862  
www.gippslandwritersfestival.net
- Sent for.* Oct 18-19 **NEW SOUTH WALES BUSH POETRY CHAMPIONSHIPS** Narrandera. Contact Julie Briggs  
1800 672 392. Narrandera Tourist Centre PO Box 89 Narrandera NSW 2700 www.johnobrien.com.au
- Oct 31st Closing date: **AUSTRALIAN BUSH LAUREATE AWARDS - TAMWORTH**
- Nov 1 **LIMESTONE COAST** Bush Poetry & Yarn Spinning Competition. Lucindale South Australia  
SSAE Grahame Jenke PO Box 34 Lucindale SA 5272
- Nov 1-2 **DORRIGO Bush Poetry Roundup** Nov 1. **Dorrigo Bush Poets Roundup.** 1.30 pm at Dorriggo Bowling Club.  
Nov. 2 **Dorrigo Bush Poets Breakfast** 8 am Dorriggo Hotel, (Top Pub). Enquiries Murray 02 6657 2139
- Nov Walla Walla
- Dec 6-7 **YOUNG NSW** Competition and Breakfast. \$1100.00 prizemoney.
- Dec 28 **WOODFORD Folk Festival**

### OCTOBER 2004 AUSTRALIAN BUSH POETRY CHAMPIONSHIPS WESTERN AUSTRALIA

ENTRIES IN THE BUSH POETS CALENDAR ARE POSTED FREE OF CHARGE. MAKE SURE YOUR FESTIVAL IS LISTED

#### BUNDABERG POETS' SOCIETY INC. BUNDY BUSH POETRY MUSTER

JULY 4TH, 5TH & 6TH

Open Performance Competitions

Intermediates, Novices, Under 15's, Duos

Dark & Stormy One Minute Cup

Yarn Spinning

SSAE for Entry forms:-

Muster Committee,

Bundaberg Poets' Society Inc.,

PO Box 4281,

SOUTH BUNDABERG. 4670

Phone: John & Sandy (07) 41514631,

Jim & Joan (07) 41529624 Sam (07) 41561216

#### YOUNG NSW CHERRY FESTIVAL 6-7 DECEMBER

\$1,100

Prize-money

Competition

Saturday 8pm

Breakfast Sunday

Entries close Nov. 6th.

Greg Broderick

02 63 823883

Updates next issue

#### DORRIGO Second Annual FOLK & BLUEGRASS FESTIVAL 10-12 OCTOBER 2003

Poets Breakfasts

BUSH POETRY

TALL TALES

Contact Jack Sommers

49 Merewether St

Merewether NSW

Ph. 04 2917 9230

www.dorrigo.com/

## THE SNOWY MOUNTAINS BUSH POETRY CLUB INC.

### A SONG FOR DAD

Key D/Waltz Time

© Reg Phillips Lavington NSW 2003

*We've just lost our dear old Dad Jimmy...  
he has finally passed away.*

*We knew that he soon would be leaving,  
because we all had heard him say. . .*

"I've lived all my life as a farmer,  
Now my body is old and worn out,  
My eyesight is gradually failing  
And to talk to me you have to shout.  
I can hear your dear mother calling  
She's put on a nice cup of tea.  
So I think that it's time I was leaving,  
So please don't cry so much for me".

He'd worked so hard in his lifetime,  
To provide for his wife and his kids.  
He never had very much money,  
And often was down on the skids.  
Generous and fair, he'd always be there  
To help any body in strife.  
And a day on Lake Buffalo fishing  
Was his favourite pleasure in life.

And now that he has departed,  
The old place will not seem the same.  
The Windmill will sure stop its turning  
And the old roof might let in the rain.  
The sheds out back are all tumbling down,  
And they look like they're ready to fall,  
But the tall palm tree in the garden,  
Is still the strongest of all.

As we lay him down next to our mother,  
Thoughts of his life crowd our mind,  
Of the good and honest life he led,  
And how he was rarely unkind.  
We will always have fonder memories,  
Of his laughter and his little jokes.  
Of the way he held his great grand kids,  
'Coz he loved those dear little folk...

O Father, our dear old Father.  
Forgive us if we seem so sad,  
But we know that you are happy,  
As you're over the troubles you had.  
There'll be no more doctors and nurses,  
There'll be no more hospital beds.  
Now, there'll be old friends and Angels,  
And Mother beside you instead.

We hear that Betty Olle of Kyabram  
has had a nasty fall and has been laid off  
for some time.  
A speedy recovery from everyone Betty.

### A Song For Dad was

written by Reg Phillips, and sang  
by him at his late fathers funeral.

Reg, sometimes known as the  
'Man in the Hat', grew up on his  
father's farm in the Ovens Val-  
ley where he grew tobacco.

In 1974 Reg moved to Albury to  
work with the Gas Company for  
24 years and has since worked as  
a tour guide in a gold mine at  
Yackandandah; as a winery tour  
operator, and finally as a school  
bush driver.

Reg is currently 'temporarily  
retired' after a few health prob-  
lems and is 'hell bent' on enjoy-  
ing himself by attending as  
many Bush Poetry and Country  
Music functions as possible.

Having recently acquired a  
guitar Reg can often be heard  
practising in caravan parks and  
behind country pubs with his  
dog 'Toby' yodelling beside  
him - they sing in the key of 'D  
for Dog' of course.

Reg started writing bush po-  
etry in 1996 and has since found  
that he loves compering shows  
rather than competing.

He writes about life's experi-  
ences on the farm and is re-  
nowned for his repertoire of  
Irish yarns. If it wasn't for his  
moustache, he could be well de-  
scribed as a bare faced liar,

As President of the Snowy  
Mountains group Reg leads a  
merry band of 'reprobates'  
through many a crazy evenings  
entertainment, in pubs, clubs, on  
paddle steamers, and in retire-

ment villages.

Members of the Snowy mob  
encompass many talents from  
Poetry first and foremost to song  
and music. Reg Phillips being an  
accomplished poet as well as a  
singer, song-writer and musi-  
cian.

Reg says the greatest enjoy-  
ment he has is the laughter and  
friendship of his fellow poet  
mates.

Reg Phillips is President of  
The Snowy Mountains Bush Po-  
etry Club Inc. now celebrating  
its eighth anniversary since for-  
mation on 11th May 1996.

The inaugural President was  
Dick Shanahan of Woomargama  
NSW and Neil Hulm of Laving-  
ton was Secretary Treasurer.

At this years AGM Reg, of  
Lavington NSW, was returned  
as President for his fourth term.

Senior Vice President is Col  
Milligan of Benalla and vice-  
presidents are Don Anderson of  
Leeton, Barry Martin of Bun-  
gendore and Annette Roberts of  
Bellbridge.

Sue Gleeson is the Secretary  
Treasurer

Delegates from southern re-  
gions include Jan Angel  
(Narrandera), Jack Woodbridge  
(Tumut),

The close proximity of many  
of many festivals in the Murray  
region see members attending  
gatherings on a regular basis,  
especially adding more strength  
to newly formed Victorian sub-  
groups.

### \*\*\* STOP PRESS \*\*\*

#### — AUSTRALIAN HERITAGE FIND —

PART OF AUSTRALIA'S HERITAGE 'SURFACED'  
IN VICTORIA'S BENDIGO REGION IN MAY 2003

— LAST SIGHTED IN 1896 —

OF GREATER SIGNIFICANCE THAN THE  
FINDING OF MUTTABURRASAUROS  
PHOTOGRAPH AND FULL DETAILS  
IN THE NEXT EDITION



## WESTERN AUSTRALIAN TRIP

**It might seem a long way off, but when it comes to long range organizing, the Australian Bush Poetry Championships to be held in Western Australia in October 2004 are only just around the corner.**

For two reasons, the ABPA would like to hear from Poets and readers interested in making the

long journey to the West for the Championships.

Firstly, it is important that an indication of numbers can be obtained to assist the West Australian Bush Poets in their forward planning, determining venue sizes, accommodation and catering requirements etc.

Secondly, the ABPA is looking into group bookings for travel by Coach, Train and Plane.

Some have indicated already that they would like to form a convoy of

caravans, motor homes and cars to drive over.

Ted Webber of Narellan Gardens has kindly offered to act as co-ordinator for this part of the journey and would like to hear from interested road traveller.

Contact Ted on 02 4647 1871 email [juneted@yahoo.com](mailto:juneted@yahoo.com)

As the very essence of road travel is the freedom to set your own route and speed, it would not be Ted's intention to set a rigid timetable but, rather, if all those interested were to send basic details of their travel plans to him, (i.e. start location and date, and preferred route) he could sort them into compatible lots and put like-minded travellers in touch with each other.

Once groups are formed meeting and stopping points could be arranged, places to see and on route concerts organized. Readers are invited to submit ideas as well. Ted and June will be in Winton and Bundy, so bail him up and help get the ball rolling.

Likewise, those interested in Coach travel should contact coordinator Noel Stallard with their ideas in this regard. Noel will be negotiating with Coach Companies and will need numbers as early as possible.

Noel Stallard Ph. 07 3351 3550 or Em: [heritagepoetry@dodo.com.au](mailto:heritagepoetry@dodo.com.au)

Those interested in travelling by train should contact Ron Liekfett so that he can make early discount bookings.

Ron Liekfett. Ph. 07 3285 2180 Em: [rliekfett@dodo.com.au](mailto:rliekfett@dodo.com.au)

And, if you feel like winging it, and can't afford the time to travel on terra firma, contact Ed Parmenter. Ed is looking into the aerodynamics of flying poets to the west.

Ed Parmenter. Ph. 02 6652 3716 Em: [edandmarg@tsn.cc](mailto:edandmarg@tsn.cc)

**PLAN AHEAD  
GO WEST IN 2004  
WILDFLOWER SEASON  
BUSH POETRY**

## OLD AGE

© Terry Anderson SA

Did you notice that I'm limping  
As I came to the stand  
'cause on painkillers I'm skimping  
And marijuana's banned.

For old age has caught me napping,  
It's caught me on the hop.  
And my skin is loose and flapping  
Plus I'm getting thin on top.

The reason why I tell you this;  
My mem'ry's gone on me,  
It operates by hit and miss,  
My poem's history.

I'll ad lib for a little spell,  
I'm sure it will come back.  
I remember really well,  
Recalling it's the knack.

The places where my muscles stood  
Are wobbly as can be.  
Now I think I'm doing good  
To hold my cup of tea.

My ears both hardly work at all,  
And age spots now abound.  
So for me to watch the football  
I just turn up the sound.

This just drives my wife to drink,  
So I join her in a few  
But my balance teeters on the brink  
As I down my home brew.

My eyes are pretty good, they say  
Through glasses thick and grand  
They took my cataracts away  
Now I can see my hand.

My sense of smell just took a bow,  
It's prob'ly just as well,  
For wind is quite a problem now  
But I can't really tell.

My tastebuds were the last to crash,  
I just love my tucker,  
Now when I try to eat my mash  
My lips kind of pucker.

I've grown another chin or two,  
My tummy is enlarged  
My pacemaker's now overdue  
To have the batt'ry charged.

Libido's a forgotten word  
Viagra's a habit.  
I think I'm due September third  
Breeding like a rabbit.

The new hip wasn't all that bad,  
It hurt a bit for sure,  
I think the knees were worse a tad  
(I claimed them from the war).

Toe nails ingrown, which wasn't good,  
Have caused my feet to hurt.  
My doctor said I really should  
Just scrub off all the dirt.

Bandy legs and pigeon toes  
Have caused me some distress  
Then adding further to my words,  
My piles are in a mess.

You shoulda seen this bloke I saw,  
Visiting the clinic,  
An old bloke who was quite bore  
I am not a cynic.

I give the other bloke a go  
I listened to his moans  
He listed problems blow by blow  
That ailed his skin and bones.

I'm glad that privately I keep  
Disorders which I have  
Now off this stage I'll have to leap  
I'm caught short for the lav!

This Poem was collected by James Andrew MORRISON sometime between the year 1895 and 1925. Copied in 1945 by Ray Morrison from an original book.

**WHEN THE BINDER WILL NOT GO** Author unknown

In the crowded city workshops there are clever, brainy men,  
Who can straighten up a motor, or a broken fountain pen;  
But the place to try your mettle, put you fairly to the test,  
Is underneath a broken binder in the broiling fields out West;  
You may stand a sulky camel or a starved merino "Yoe",  
But you'll find your temper rising when the binder will not go.

Then you crawl beneath the "jigger" where there's hardly room to swear,  
And the oil drips down upon you, and the flies are everywhere,  
When you're ten miles from the township, and a mile from any friends,  
With a screw-wrench and a hammer, and a lot of odds and ends;  
Then you'll use some bitter language, and your heart will fill with woe,  
When you're stranded in the paddock, and the binder will not go.

So you tinker with the packers, and the trip spring and the chains,  
Screw a lot of nuts on tighter, skin your knuckles for your pains;  
Then you oil her up completely, and you make another start,  
And you find she's going grandly, working smooth in each part;  
And you're feeling so elated that you raise your voice in song,  
Till you chance to look behind you, and the knotter has gone wrong.

Then you quickly stop the horses, and you sling her out of gear,  
And you bless that ancient binder, and your words are very clear,  
As you overhaul the knotter, and once more you try your luck,  
But she's elevating nothing, for the canvases are stuck;  
Then your thoughts you strive to utter, but the words they will not flow,  
And there's little use in talking, when the binder will not go.

So the day drags on to nightfall, and you bless the setting sun,  
The the boss comes poking 'round you, just to see how much you've done-,  
And you tell him that his binder's a delusion and a snare,  
And you've never seen its equal in this wide world anywhere,  
But he answers very grimly, and his words are short and slow,  
"Its between you and the binder; but, there's one of you must go".

**OUR FLAG** Author unknown

*Our flag bears the stars that blaze at night  
In our Southern sky of blue.  
And a little old flag in the corner  
That's part of our heritage, too.  
It's for the English, the Scots and the Irish,  
Who were sent to the ends of the earth,  
The rogues and the schemers, the doers and dreamers  
Who gave modern Australia birth.  
And you who are shouting to change it,  
You don't seem to understand,  
It's the flag of our law and our language,  
Not the flag of a far away land..*

*Though there are plenty of people who'll tell you  
How, when Europe was plunged into night,  
That the little old flag in the corner  
Was their symbol of freedom and light.  
It doesn't mean that we owe allegiance  
To a forgotten Imperial dream,  
We've the stars to show where we're going  
And the flag to show where we've been.  
It's only an old piece of bunting,  
It's only an old piece of rag,  
But there are thousands who have died for its honour,  
And shed their best blood for our flag..*

**ABOUT THE BINDER**

The accompanying poem about the Reaper and Binder comes from a hand-written collection of poetry gathered by one, James Morrison, some time between 1895 and 1925.

This collection is now in the hands of his son Ray, who copied them in 1945 and recently transferred them to a computer.

The 'Binder' was submitted by Bruce Reineker of Casino who believes that poetry such as this 'deserves a better fate than being confined to an old book in a bottom drawer'.

**AUSTRALIAN CHAMPIONSHIP WRITTEN BUSH POETRY COMPETITION 2003**

**The disappointment in there not being a written competition at the recent Australian Bush Poetry Championships in Mulwala has caused much concern.**

Written competitions are another means of allowing poets who do not perform, or live too distant from the venue, to still be a part of the Australian Championships.

We need an Australian Champion writer in 2003. As President of the ABPA, with the consent of executive officers who could be contacted at this late minute, I have taken it on myself to ensure that there will be a Champion writer in 2003.

Writers of bush verse are asked to send me a DL size Stamped Self-Addressed Envelope at **PO Box 16 Canowindra NSW 2804.**

In return entry forms, full details of the competition, prize-money, and award presentation will be advised.

This has been a very last minute decision and one that I know will be appreciated.

Closing date for entries July 31st.

Regards,

Frank Daniel