

The Australian Bush Poets Association Inc. - Newsletter -

Volume 10 No. 5

October/November 2003



QUEENSLAND STATE CHAMPIONSHIPS

INAUGURAL ABPA QUEENSLAND STATE CHAMPIONS - MELANIE HALL & TERRY REGAN

The picturesque setting of North Pine Country Park was the location for the first Queensland Bush Poetry Championship incorporating the eighth Camp Oven Festival held on the weekend of 22-23-24th. August.



**Queensland's First Lady
Champion Bush Poet, Melanie
Hall of Townsville, Q.**

The Pioneer Village Country Music Hall proved an ideal venue with its excellent stage, lighting and sound. The members of Pioneer Village Country Music Club worked tirelessly all weekend to provide meals and refreshments for all who attended. Because the Music Club once again made available their showers and toilets for the en-

tire weekend, over twenty groups decided to camp on site, thus adding to the atmosphere of this great rural setting complete with Koalas and abundant bird life.

The competition got off to a wonderful start on Friday evening when nineteen took part in the biggest junior competition ever, in the history of North Pine Bush Poets.

Nine poets followed in the Novice competition in which the standard of all performances was very high.

Saturday morning saw the start of the open competition. Twenty five male and fifteen female poets took part in what has been described by many observers as the highest standard of competition they had seen. The event comprised three categories. Male and female competed separately in Traditional, Modern and Original sections.

On Sunday afternoon, after the pressure of competition was over, about twenty poets took part in the Camp Oven Cookup one minute cup. These events are always hilarious and this was no exception. After being called back by the judges for a second look at his almost unbelievable act, the prize went to Paddy O'Brien.

For many people, the highlight of the weekend was the Saturday evening concert. Judges, Ray Essery, Milton Taylor, Gary Fogarty and Janine Haig, supported by balladeer Dusty Fraser and folk singer, Maxine Chisholm, entertained an audience of two hundred and fifty people with three hours of poetry, serious and humorous,

bush ballads and some lovely renditions of Henry Lawson poetry set to music. Janine's evocative recital of her Bronze Swagman Award winning poem "Not Gone" left not a dry eye in the hall.



**Inaugural Queensland State
Champion Bush Poet,
Terry Regan, Blaxland, NSW**

The success of our First Queensland State Championship is due to the efforts of many people. The committee and members of North Pine Bush Poets deserve sincere congratulations for the marvellous effort which went into the planning and conducting that made the festival such a huge success.

The committee has decided to take up the option to hold the 2004 Championships at North Pine and to that end, plans are already in train to make next year even better.

Report submitted on behalf of the committee by Ron Liekefett, President, North Pine Bush Poets Group Inc. (Continued page 4).

The Australian Bush Poets Association Inc.

(Established 1994)

Abn: INC 9877413

Arbn 104 032 126

Website: www.bushpoetry.com.au

Email: abpa@bushpoetry.com.au

President: Frank Daniel

P.O. Box 16 Canowindra NSW 2804

Ph. 02 6344 1477 Fax. 6344 1962

Email: bushpoet@bushpoetry.com.au

Vice President: Milton Taylor

Secretary: Ed Parmenter

1 Avenue St Coffs Harbour 2450

Ph/fax. 02 6652 3716

Email: edandmarg@tsn.cc

Treasurer: Marion Fitzgerald

'Mount Carmel' North Star 2408

Editorials: All copy to Frank Daniel

Membership: Annual subscriptions
\$25.00 1st January to 31st December
payable to the Secretary.

© Copyright belongs to
Short Street Productions and the
Australian Bush Poets Association
Inc. unless otherwise stated.

All rights reserved.
Reproduction in whole or part by any
manner or method whatsoever
without written permission is
prohibited. Poems and/or
articles (Inc. photographs) appearing
in this newsletter are the sole
copyright of the publisher and the
authors themselves.

Copying, performing or
using such poems otherwise without
the express permission of the authors
is not permitted.

The Australian Bush Poets
Association Inc Newsletter is set-up,
published and posted direct to
subscribers bi-monthly by Truthful
Publications® & Short Street
Productions®

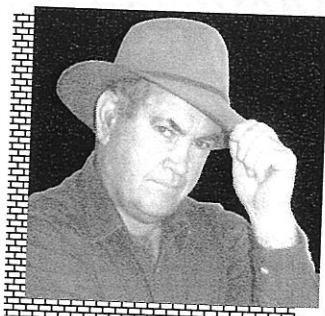
P.O. Box 16 Canowindra NSW 2794.

Ph. 02 6344 1477 Fx 02 6344 1962

(ABN. 75 069 376 683)

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

Presidents Report



G'day all,

The past couple of months have been fairly hectic here in Canowindra and from all reports a rather busy time Nationally for Bush Poetry.

Sadly we've lost an old mate in Brenda Williams of Bendigo; a real trooper in her own right having more than her fair share of troubles health-wise over the past few years. Our deepest sympathy to husband David.

Very little response was received to Murray Hartins letter but those who did sympathized with the fact that somebody took the liberty of recording his 'Turbulence' without his permission. We can go on forever about performers reciting another writers work without permission, but it still remains that if it wasn't for somebody performing the works of our predecessors, some of them would only be marginally as well known as they are today. I've asked myself, 'who gave all the old drover's and bushmen permission to recite non-original works around campfires; I'm sure they didn't ask Paterson and Lawson'. Still I insist that it is most important that performers acknowledge the authors when doing their work.

Congratulations to Merv Webster of Bargara Qld. in winning the Australian Bush Poetry Written Championships for 2003. A win in the presented company was indeed an achievement. Although not run in conjunction with the Australian Bush Poetry Performance Championships, it was without doubt a popular and important competition. In future it will be an essential ingredient of championship competitions that the organizers include a written section before approval is granted to run their competition. Merv's winning Poem, 'The Passing of Stumpy Shore' appears on page 3.

Membership is due once again at the end of December and reminder notices are included in this issue.

Insurance has become a more important issue than ever, with more and more poets (and musicians), confronted with requests for proof of insurance before performances. The ABPA Insurance is so far the cheapest alternative available and a renewal/joining form is included herewith. On a personal note I received a notice from a major east-coast venue that in future I have a workers compensation insurance cover before my next show. Where's it all gonna end?

The news of Slim Dusty's demise was another blow to lovers of all things Australian. Being late news I've included a press release from the ACMAA on page 23.

This issue has been increased to 32 pages owing to the availability of copy and my thanks and appreciation to those who contributed so well.

Keep on writin' and keep on recitin'

Frank Daniel

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTIONS FALL DUE ON 31st DECEMBER

ABPA WRITTEN POETRY CHAMPIONSHIPS 2003

MERV WEBSTER TAKES OUT ABPA CHAMPIONSHIPS WRITTEN BUSH POETRY COMPETITION

THE PASSING OF STUMPY SHORE

By Merv Webster - Bargara Qld. ©

The Constable had found the man 'round five on Friday mom,
Apparently while on his shift from midnight through till dawn.
Two youths, with blood stains on their clothes, detained drunk in the park
Disclosed they'd rolled some homeless bloke, sometime just after dark.
As Sergeant in this country town I'd lived round here for years;
Observed some pretty callous things, but this left me in tears.
The aged and fragile frame lay slumped there in a pool of mud
And through his snow white hair and beard was clotted, crimson blood.

The Constable looked up and said, "There family we can call?
For surely someone knows him Sarge. You know the bloke at all?"
"He's known round here as Stumpy, lad, been here a year or two.
Came out way back in sixty three to work on Beetaloo,
Then worked his way to overseer and often came to town;
Was captain of the football team, a sportsman of renown.
He married pretty Sheila Clark and when his son was four
They called conscripts for Vietnam, which saw him go to war."

"A war of conflicts that would scar and traumatise the mind,
Confusing, cruel, and futile acts some failed to leave behind.
Inherent post traumatic stress was that war's legacy,
Together with the stump you see attached below his knee.
The old man lying there my lad is testimony too -
A life spent fighting guilt and fear his mind could not subdue.
Poor Sheila shared his sleepless nights, the flashbacks and his pain,
But in the end she lost the fight as Stumpy left again."

"He camped in squats around the town and drowned his pain with wine,
Withdrew into his own quiet world, content now to resign,
From all of life's inequities, the company of folk,
But all the town saw Stumpy Shore, a harmless poor old bloke.
His Sheila raised their only son, who still lives here today;
Who cared for her through all those years until she passed away.
She'd told him of the man she'd known before he went to war,
So in his mind he held no grudge against old Stumpy Shore."

In fact one day down by the creek, while Stumpy washed his socks,
He saved a lad from drowning as he'd dived onto some rocks.
The boy he saved that very day was his own grandson Kim;
Ironical, I guess eh lad, that Stumpy should save him.'

"You know Sarge, when I found the man, I thought him just a bum
And judged the bloke on what I saw, but this has left me numb.
The facts are mighty sob'ring Sarge and now I feel real bad.
You reckon we can find his son?" 'You're talking to him lad.

The Australian Bush Poets Association Inc. is proud to announce the winner of the 2003 written bush poetry championships is Merv Webster, 'The Goondiwindi Grey', of Bargara Queensland.

The written competition was omitted from the Australian Championships this year and, until ABPA President Frank Daniel decided to do something about it, was almost a non-event.

Support from executive members and a number of leading writers approached, brought the written section back to life.

Inaugural ABPA member, Carmel Randle of Preston Q. was appointed judge and came up with the following results.

First. 'The Passing of Stumpy Shore', Merv Webster

Runner-up. 'The Day Dad Dug the Bore', Leanne Jeacocke of Thangool Qld.

Very Highly Commended:

'Jump on Twenty Three' by Veronica Weal of Mt. Isa Q and 'The Toll' by Ellis Campbell of Dubbo NSW.

Highly Commended:

(no specific order)

'Five Days a Week' by Ken Dean, Marrangaroo NSW

'Pioneer Woman' by Ann Griffiths, Penrith NSW.

'Counting on Daylight', by Graham Fredriksen, Kilcoy Q.

'Bill Drummond', Doug

Hutcheson, Logan Central Q.

'Give Us This Day Our Daily Bread', Doug Hutcheson

'It's a Dogs Life' Janine Haig Eulo Q.

'Final Journey' Ellis Camp-

bell. 'The Shearing Shed

Speaks' Brian Bell, Glenbrook NSW.

(Runner-up poem on Page 8)

Queensland State Championships

Results

The Inaugural Queensland State Championships attracted over sixty poets in eight categories, including Junior, Novice, Male & Female Open Traditional, Modern and Original.

The event was an outstanding success attracting good audiences for all sections.

Awards went as follows.

Juniors:

First. Mathew Collins. Second, Scott Lewis and third to William Fellowes.

Novice:

First Lance Reason, Second Betty Melton, Third Stuart Nivison.

Open Traditional Female:

First Melanie Hall, Second, Jennifer

Haig, Third Carmel Dunn.

Open Modern Male: First Terry Regan, Second, John Best, Third, Noel Stallard.

Open Original Female: First Melanie Hall, Second Carmel Dunn, Third, Jennifer Haig.

Open Traditional Male: First John Best, Second Bill McClure, Third Terry Regan.

Open Modern Female: First Melanie Hall, Second, Carmel Dunn, Third, Jennifer Haig.

Open Original Male: First Ken Dean, Second Noel Stallard, Third, Terry Regan.

WRITTEN SECTIONS:

The Written received over one hundred and fifty entries. The results being,

Open:

First Graham Fredriksen, Second Veronica Weal, Third Veronica Weal.

Junior 9/12: First, Stephanie Pascoe, Second, Christian Benbow, Third Dylan Shackley.

Junior 8 and under:

First Danielle Hoppe. (No minor places).

Highly Commended: Doug Hutcheson, Graham Fredriksen, Graham Fredriksen and Noel Stallard.

Queensland State Champions.

(See page 1).

IRISH TRIO COMING TO DORRIGO

Paddy and Glori O'Brien formed the 'The Irish Trio' after visiting Tamworth in 2002; later teaming with Malcolm Gladstone. Malcolm is an international performer having backed many well-known artists including the likes of Cleo Lane and Eric Bogle. His performances are both charming and captivating.

The Irish Trio Show is a concoction of Scottish, Irish and Australian: Bush Verse, Comedy, Comedic Dance and Music; journeying through Scotland with the likes of Donald McSparran (pictured) and Old Paddy from the Tweed with his new brand of chook.



The Trio is proudly returning to the 'Top Pub' over the Dorrigo Poets weekend run by Murray and Marie Suckling; where they will also be taking in the Saturday competition and the Sunday poets breakfast compered by the one and only Milton Taylor.

Hopefuls may take home a sack of spuds, a pumpkin and, if things get out of hand completely maybe an old worn out rabbit trap. "WARNING" You'll need a week to get over this lot.

ABPA Inc.

VICTORIAN BUSH POETRY STATE CHAMPIONSHIPS Stratford - Gippsland

11 - 12 October 2003

POETS BREAKFAST'S
With Neil McArthur
Secretary: Dennis Carstairs
Phone 03 5147 1684
carstairs@netspace.net.au

ABPA Inc.

NEW SOUTH WALES BUSH POETRY STATE CHAMPIONSHIPS

NARRANDERA NSW

17 - 19 October 2003

Performance Competitions
Entries Close October 10th
Phone Julie Briggs
1800 672 392

SAM'S TURNOUT Tamworth City Bowling Club January 2004

The Tamworth City Bowling Club (corner Napier and Brisbane Streets) will host another great line-up of talented Bush Poets during the 2004 Country Music Festival, where Sam Smyth will again be presenting his Bush Poets and Balladeers shows.

From the 16th to the 25th of January, inclusive, there will be two great shows daily starting with a 7.30am "Bush Poets Breakfast", for the early risers, then a 10.00am "Bush Poets Brunch", for those that party late the night before.

Both shows will run to the same popular format as last year with the emphasis on Australian Bush humour seasoned with talented balladeers.

The Brunch shows will also feature the inaugural "Bobby Miller Performance Competition", a competition for the performance of a Bobby Miller poem, which will be an annual tribute to Bobby's and his great works.

The competition will consist of six heats, starting on Saturday the 17th, with the final on Friday the 23rd, heat winners will receive a certificate and the winner of the final will be presented with a trophy. Those wishing to enter should do so ASAP by sending a stamped, self addressed envelope, and three preferences of dates for entry in a heat, to **Sam Smyth, 242 Old Station Rd, KEMPSEY, NSW, 2440**. At the time of writing, Sam is still finalising the program for the breakfast and brunch shows, but from enquires received so far, a top line up of performers is assured.

For more information on the program or group bookings, **contact Sam, Phone--02 6562 6861**

Sam and the crew wish you all the best and are looking forward to catching up with their old mates and meeting new ones at Tamworth 2004.

(NOTE: Callers who left messages on Sam's answering machine prior to the end of August are asked to contact Sam again if they have not had a reply.

It's not that he's not talking to you, his machine did not record the messages. Joe.)

NEARLY SPRING

© Max Merckenschlager

Amphibian ardour's rising:
explosively, wetlands sing.
Their fever is not surprising;
they herald the months of Spring.
The quest for a mating swimmer,
expressed in a thousand cries
that bubble and burst on simmer,
and promise a thousand lies.
The passions of love embolden:
how reckless! ...The risks they take!
Their overtures, deep and golden,
may summon a tiger snake.

THE COMING OF AGE

© Trish Joyce - Wilson WA

She was conscious of the sniggering
While travelling in the lift
Of a pair of teenage lovers
And she felt a little miffed.

Remembering in her younger days
Age demanded respect
Now some modern youngsters
This consideration do reject

Admitting she was aging
She was proud of the life she'd led
So she challenged this young couple
As she turned to them and said:

You may think that I am funny
But this advice I give is free
'As you are - one day I was
And as I am - one day you'll be'

Braidwood's Drover's Reunion

'Man from the Misty Mountains'

WRITTEN POETRY COMPETITION

\$400 Prize-money

ENTRY FEE: OPEN \$6.00

Intermediate (u18's) \$3.00 - Juniors (u12's) \$1.00

NO ENTRY FORM REQUIRED

Usual conditions apply - Use Cover Sheets

CLOSING DATE 7th November 2003

Enquiries: 02 4846 1115 or 02 4842 2394

Email: wivenhoe1@bigpond.com.au

Send entries and payments to

Jill Clarke 'Wivenhoe' Reidsdale via Braidwood NSW 2622

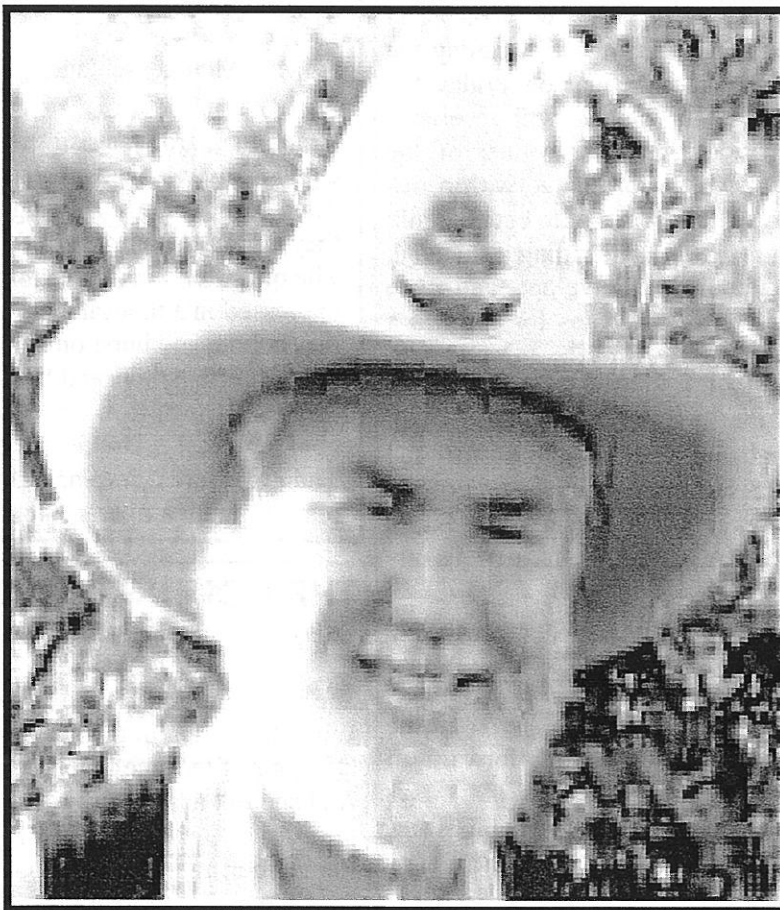
Prizewinners announced at Poet's Breakfast

Sunday morning 30th November

Braidwood Showground

SUBSCRIBERS to this issue:

Ron Liekefett, Paddy O'Brien, Jill Clarke, David Williams, Jeanette Doyle, Corry de Haas, Marco Gliori, Julie Briggs, Jim Haynes, Ellis Campbell, Merv Webster, Jan Morris, Frank Russell, Trisha Anderson, Sue Gleeson, Maureen Stonham, Colin Carrington, the Australian Country Music Association, John Williamson, Reg Philips, Sue Gleeson, Rod Lee, and Graeme Watt



Merv Webster of Barga Queensland

Winner - 2003 ABPA Written Championships.

Story and poem page 3.

CHANGE of ADDRESS

Milton Taylor has moved camp and is now living in the shadow of the 'Sandstone Curtain' in the beautiful Kanimbla Valley, one valley up from the famous Megalong Valley.

Who knows what inspiration might come his way in these new surroundings.

Milton wishes to advise that his new address is 'Timberton' 126 Cullenbenbong Road Hartley NSW 2790.

His ode-cologne is 02 6359 3374

Email:

miltonpoet@yahoo.com.au

His CD "Down Memory Lane" which features Carmel Dunn, is available from him for \$25 inc P&P

Milton Taylor will be conduct-

ing a performance and writing workshop in Brisbane on the 22nd of November. Further details from John Best 1 Whiteside Rd. Whiteside Q. 4503 - 07 3285 2845 longjohnbest@dodo.com.au



Winners will be announced and awards presented at the Australian Bush Laureate Awards 2004 on Tuesday 20th January at the Tamworth Town Hall.

Send in five copies of each book or recording - Entry fee \$11.00 per entry in any category.

HAMPTON POETRY COMPETITION

\$600 UP FOR GRABS

Once the Bush Poetry seed has been sown in an area it is hard to slow the growth. In 2002 a new seed was sown at Hampton Public School where the poetry was such a hit that organizers were amazed at the overwhelming response and are anticipating an even larger gathering this year.

The Hampton Public School will be conducting a garden party and Bush Poetry performance competition on 25th October at the school.

Starting at 11 a.m. with the childrens' section, a Novice will follow, and a Traditional/Modern section and an Original category will finish the day.

There are good prizes with \$600 in cash up for grabs and additional trophies available.

M.C. for the proceedings will be Milton Taylor.

Entries will be received on the day, cost of entry is \$5 per adult section and \$2 per junior.

Hampton is situated on the Oberon road, between Katoomba and the Jenolan Caves.

For further details phone Milton or Michelle on

0263 593 395 or email

miltonpoet@yahoo.com.au

CLOSING DATE 15th OCTOBER

Nomination forms are available from Australian Bush Laureate Awards PO Box 135 Tamworth 2340

Five categories:

1. Book of the Year
2. Original Verse Book of the Year.
3. Album of the Year
4. Single Recorded Performance of the Year.
5. The Judith Hosier Heritage Award

OBITUARY: BRENDA WILLIAMS

Brenda passed away peacefully at her home in Benalla on 1st August.

Having met husband to be David, while he was touring UK Brenda arrived in Australia in April 1998 and was married in October that year.

She quickly developed a great love and feeling for this Country which later showed in the Poetry she wrote.

Diagnosed with Breast Cancer in Nov 1999 Brenda wrote her first Bush Poem "From a Passive Smoker" the day following her operation. She became Whipstick Worthington's "Apprentice Poet" and received great encouragement from him and the other poets she met.

Brenda's real involvement with Bush Poetry began at the first Championships at Mulwala, where she joined the Association and began writing in earnest.

She had her own style of writing and performing poems about cancer, usually with a touch of humour to relieve the seriousness.

Her aim was to help and encourage other sufferers to fight and not give in. Her next poem soon followed "Never Give In"

Her poems about her travels and how she saw this country amazed people when they discovered she had only been here such a short time.

She wanted to be an Australian and when only given three months to live in October 2001, fought for and was granted Australian Citizenship a year ahead of the qualifying period. Brenda became a proud Australian on Australia Day 2002 at an emotional Ceremony where she shared with those present her poem

"Australia as I see it" part of which was published in the Herald/Sun three days previously. Her courage and fighting spirit gave her an extra eighteen months and she continued to write and entertain the Senior Citizens of Benalla as well as Cancer patients whilst they received their treatment - a captive audience as they all had tubes in their arms attached to machines.

On her last spell in hospital, three weeks before she passed away she entertained the other patients and nurses with her latest work

Her cheeky smile, quick wit and lively personality will be missed at gatherings.

Brenda's epitaph will read "A Pom who became a proud Australian - who wrote Australian Bush Poetry and became known as the Aussie Battler".

(On behalf of the Australian Bush Poets I would like to extend our deepest sympathy to David on the loss of Brenda. She was very well known at all the southern festivals, and was always ready to deliver her latest works at a moments notice.

Her charming nature, cheery smile and friendly chuckle ever belied her suffering.

Rest in peace Brenda. Frank.)



Young NSW NATIONAL CHERRY FESTIVAL

\$1000 FOR BUSH POETS

Sponsored by the livestock and estate agents of Young.

NEW VENUE -

Young Services Club.

On Saturday 6th December 2003 an Open Bush Poetry competition will be conducted at the Young Services Club at 8.00pm.

Prizemoney of \$1,000.00 will be divided \$500, \$200 and \$100 and 4 x \$50 going to the adjudicated best seven on the night -judges taking into consideration merit for material, traditional or original.

The 7 major prize winners are expected to perform at the breakfast

on the Sunday.

Entries close on 6th November. A ten dollar entry fee will apply.

Admission to this event is \$10 at the Visitors Information Centre. No guarantee of tickets at the door. Entries may be made by phoning Greg Broderick on 6382 3883 during working hours.

Bush Poets' Breakfast
Sunday 7 December at the **GOLF CLUB** open to all comers 8.30am for 9.00am.

A \$100 Encouragement Award will be given to Novices at this breakfast.

Compere for the competition and the breakfast will be ABPA President Frank Daniel.

The cost of a breakfast is \$10. It will help the caterers if breakfasts were booked by telephone before 5 December. Breakfasts can be

booked at Brodericks agency Phone. 02 6382 3883.

This competition is part of the 2003 Young Cherry Festival which runs over two weekends from Saturday 29th to Sunday 30th November and from Saturday 6th December to Sunday 7th December.

The Young Livestock and Estate Agents have renewed interest to once again combine their sponsorship for the Bush Poetry Competition which proved to be such a great attraction.

Visitors to Young during the Cherry Festival will find more than their share of local attractions, plenty to keep them busy during their stay.



OUTBACK WRITERS CENTRE

There were many fine poems among the 187 entries received from throughout Australian (and even the Philippines) for the Outback Writers Centre Written Poetry Competition, 2003.

Judge Ron Stevens of Dubbo found it difficult to narrow the choice down to twelve finalists, particularly so as styles varied from traditional forms to contemporary.

Subject matters likewise ranged from evocations of natural scenes, historical narratives to philosophical considerations.

In reaching the final List, Mr. Stevens gave weight to the appropriateness of the chosen genre to the subject matter and how well the poet conveyed his/her vision or inspiration for the reader's appreciation. Originality of approach also counted.

Mr. Stevens extends his congratulations to the award-winners. "To all entrants, please continue with your writing. A good many of the other submissions might well receive prizes in future competitions."

The results of the Outback Writers Centre Inc. Dubbo, written competition are as follows:

First. *Inland Mission*, by Brian Beesley, Cherrybrook NSW

Second. *Mary Died*, by Norma Balzer NSW.

Highly Commended. *Tsunami*, by Catherine Clarke of the Philippines. *Fence Falling Down* by John Reid, NSW. *Catches of the Bay* by Roger Vicary, NSW. *Earthsong* by David Campbell Beaumaris Vic. *A Statement* by Margaret Geeves-Gulrajani, Vic.

Commended. *Leaves* by Annette Irving NSW. *Phoenix Tree* by Tony Mount, Tas. *The Curlew's Cry* by Arthur Green Qld. *Darby to Joan* by Peter Moltoni WA *They're Building a Roundabout on the Corner*, by Dulcie Meadows, NSW.

THE DAY DAD DUG THE BORE

© Leanne Jeacocke (Runner-up Australian Championships)

Back when I was just a nipper, barely reaching Daddy's zipper,
I recall the day our lives were changed when Edward Miller came.
It was late one hot December and I always will remember;
'twas the day we dug the bore and things were never quite the same.

Now the drought was playing havoc with the cattle in the paddock;
They were skinny, sick and feeble and their ribs were sticking out.
And the same thing with the horses because all the water courses
had all long ago gone sandy 'cause there'd been no rain about.

Christmas Day was getting nearer, it was fast becoming clearer
that we had to sink a bore lest all the stock would surely die.
It was time to call Ed Miller, famous bore and post-hole driller.
He'd dug lots of bores for locals that had never once gone dry

But my Dad always wary. He said - - All this airy fairy
stuff with searching out the water with a stick is kind of daft.
He said "Ed, forget divining, I'm the king of water finding;
I know just the spot I reckon that you ought to sink the shaft."

He picked out a fine location near the roadway on our station,
saying "Bet your bottom dollar this spot's sure as eggs, my man.
Get your drilling rig here Eddie. Before sundown there'll be steady
water running down the hillside, 'cross the paddock to the dam."

There was no use in debating. It was always so frustrating,
once my Dad had made his mind up it was useless saying more.
When the word was "Start the borer!" not a soul there could be surer
than Ed Miller that this certainly was no good place to bore.

Eddie drilled along regardless, thinking he'll just show this smartarse;
Drill for days and not get water, send a bill to break his bank.
But in less than half an hour there's a cataclysmic shower
spraying up towards the heavens from the ten foot hole he sank.

Dad was awfully excited, and us kids ran 'round delighted,
Cheering Dad 'cause he had picked the very spot to start to dig.
Eddie gawked and tried to figure how the spout kept getting bigger;
'twas the weirdest thing he'd seen since he had bought his drilling rig.

Mum ran out to take a gander and she saw from the verandah
a tremendous site of water running down so fresh and cool.
We heard Mother's blissful screaming "tis the end of all me dreaming."
And she ran to ring Bob Backhoe crying "Come and dig my pool"

But the stream became a river, taking half the livestock with her,
Wreaking havoc down the paddock like we'd never seen before.
It was clear there'd be expenses - flooded sheds and broken fences.
Half the garden got washed clean away, disaster was in store.
Pretty soon the dam was brimming and the cattle were all swimming,
Doing freestyle, backstroke, anything at all to stay afloat.
'Twas incredibly surprising how the water kept on rising,
And the ute down in the yard resembled some weird kind of boat.

All at once it just abated. All the squirting terminated;
And we wondered what had happened -

had the stream been somehow sealed?
We just couldn't understand it. Not at all how we had planned it.
Then the flowing turn to trickle and the truth became revealed.

WESTERN AUSTRALIAN BUSH POETS

Welcome to WA.!

Nothing like getting started early. As you are all well aware WA will be hosting the Australian Bush Poetry Championships on 29th-30th October 2004. This will most likely be a part of a week long Bush Poetry celebration from 25th-30th October 2004.

The Westralians would like as many of their visitors as possible to be a part of this week's event.

Organisation at this point is just starting but they have booked an accommodation venue only 20 minutes from Perth's CBD that will accommodate many of the visitors looking for caravan, motor-home, camping and economy accommodation.

* This area has 20 powered caravan sites @ \$15.00 per van per night reduced to \$10.00 per night if staying for a week.

*Numerous unpowered sites @ \$12.00 per car per night - \$60.00 per week

* Three 3 bedroom family units

with sitting room, kitchen, shower and toilet @ \$70.00 per night. Ideal for three couples travelling together.

*Thirty 2 bedroom small rooms as part of a dormitory style building. Each building has a common kitchen. Showers and toilets are outside - @ \$15.00 per head per night.

*Sixty dormitory style beds @ \$10.00 per head per night. These are partitioned and small group of very friendly people could make them quite comfortable.

The toilet, shower and laundry facilities are good. It also has a large auditorium, separate common room and excellent kitchen facilities.

The tariffs are very reasonable, much cheaper than a standard caravan park. The whole facility will be reserved for the visiting poets and it is envisaged that this facility will be the social hub for the week's activities.

An alternative accommodation offer is on Rod and Kerry Lee's 10 acre property 30kl south of Perth CBD and 20 minutes from the facility mentioned above. This offer is still available and should the upper end of expectations be reached and both

options are required.

Those intending to go West in 2004 should assist the organizers by advising as early as possible; the advance knowledge will be advantageous - mode of transport and other requirements.

Further updates on the Australian Championships in 2004 will appear in each issue from now on.

Contact Rod & Kerry Lee -

160 Blair Road

Oakford WA 6121

Phone: 08 9397 0409

Em: diggers_camp@yahoo.com.au



KERRY LEE - Australian
Ladies Champion Bush Poet
(See page 12)

Then we heard the roaring motor of the council bloke's Toyota making dust along the back track soaring twenty meters high. Open eyed with nostrils flaring, he rocked up and started swearing; "You're a crazy pair of fools, you've just drained half the town's supply!"

All the townsfolk started fuming, it appeared they were assuming that the Council in its 'wisdom' had imposed a water ban. They demanded explanation for this dreadful situation; Marching round the Council Chambers with their protest signs in hand.

There was movement at our station when the whole town's population heard the word that we had water from what Dad and Ed had done. They brought boats with outboard motors,

and their toddlers in their floaters

for a super day of water sports and summer family fun.

Council charges were suspended once the busted pipe was mended, For his cunning secret plumbing, I congratulate my Dad. When the dam next needed filling, no more calling Ed for drilling! We just opened up the gate valve and we topped it up a tad.

And we stocked the dam that Sunday; lots of Bream and Barramundi; Got some Sleepy Cod and Perch and Mum put reeds along the shore.

CENTRAL GOLD - FIELDS BUSH POETS

The newly formed Bendigo Bush Poets Group has certainly filled a community void and is assisting in maintaining Australia's Heritage.

New poets and songsters are steadily joining the fledgling group and audience numbers are also on the increase.

On Sunday 16th November the Goldfields Poets will be conducting a junior competition for Students up to year 6 (Section 1) and students under 18 years (Section 2).

This will be the beginning of the Central Goldfields Poets bush poetry promotion in schools.

Further details can be obtained from Colin Carrington

Phone. 03 5441 2425

Em: colincarrington@mydesk.net.au

FELLOWSHIP OF AUSTRALIAN WRITERS NSW INC

The Fellowship of Australian Writers was formed in Sydney in 1928 by a group including Mary Gilmore, Steel Rudd and John le Gay Brereton, prominent writers at the time. There are now Fellowships in every state, with over thirty Regionals in New South Wales.

Since the inauguration, some of Australia's most acclaimed writers have passed through the ranks – including Miles Franklin, George Mackaness, Pixie O'Harris, Dorothea Mackellar and Marjorie Barnard.

The aims of the Fellowship are –

- To foster and promote the growth of Australian writing;
- To encourage the study of Australian literature;
- To assist Australian authors and dramatists;
- To encourage excellence in writing;
- To forge links with overseas writers

We claim to be the only literary organisation in the world where established writers are committed to nurture and develop new writing talent. Other countries have elite literary societies where members meet and socialise but such groups are closed to people still striving for publication. Our Fellowship is unique – with a membership of over 1,000 in New South Wales and close to 5,000 throughout Australia – in that everyone is welcome to join.

Regional Fellowships

The Regional Fellowships, non-profit and subscription based, hold regular meetings; conduct workshops and tutorials; hold writing competitions and publish anthologies of members' work.

Membership is open to anyone who has a love for writing; writers – whether amateur or professional – or anyone interested in promoting Australian literature.

Visitors are most welcome to attend meetings for further information or contact can be made by telephone, either to the State Office or the respective Regional. Check the list included on this site for the most convenient Fellowship for you.

Isolated Writers

For writers unable to attend meetings because of distance or disability, there is the Isolated Writers' Regional (conducted by correspondence), which provides support, advice, assistance and a chance to contact and commune with fellow writers.

Government Grant

A grant of money is received annually from the NSW Ministry for the Arts for outreach to country areas. This enables the FAW to send tutors, authors and writers to lead writing workshops and seminars in isolated areas and to visit schools in country areas to talk, inform and improve writing. The money is to be used to pay tutors' fees, accommodation and travel expenses. The FAW has a Workers Compensation policy to cover any paid employees such as tutors or speakers.

FAW Public Fund. The Fellowship of Australian Writers NSW Inc is included on the Register of Cultural Organisations which permits the FAW to issue tax deductible receipts for donations, which are then deposited in the Public Fund. These donations can be reclaimed by Regionals, when required, to be used for cultural purposes only.

Bursary. Every year the FAW presents a cheque for \$1,000 to the University of Sydney. This bursary is given to a student in the honours year who is studying Australian literature.

Membership Fees. Annual subscriptions are due on 1st January each year and are paid to the Re-

gional Treasurer where the member attends meetings. Each Regional sets its own annual fee. The major part of this amount goes to the FAW State Council as an affiliation fee to cover administration costs and printing and postage of the bi-monthly newsletter. Isolated Writers pay their subscription direct to the State Office.

Competitions The State Council conducts major competitions:

• **The biennial FAW Walter Stone Memorial Award** for an unpublished essay of 5,000 words on some aspect of Australian literature.

The FAW Jean Stone Award for Poetry for a poem or group of poems up to 50 lines.

• **The FAW Hilarie Lindsay Awards** held annually for school children.

• **The Wooden Horse Award** is offered every year for the first professional publication by an FAW member.

• **The FAW Marjorie Barnard Short Story Award.**

Fellowship Newsletter

Every member receives a copy of the official bi-monthly magazine, *Writers Voice*. This includes details of literary competitions and results, Regional news and members' writing achievements, advice for young writers, coming events, book reviews, letters to the editor, members' books for sale and articles of interest to established and aspiring writers. Contributions are welcome from all members.

JOINT EDITORS:

Jeannette Doyle and Peter Pike

Postal Address:

PO Box 488, Rozelle NSW 2039

Telephone & Fax:

(02) 9810 1307

Email Address:

faw1@bigpond.com

CORRY de HAAS

Corry de Haas started writing in 1987 when her husband retired and they moved to Helensvale, a lovely village situated on the fringes of the Gold Coast. To be able to write however, she first had to go back to school. She attended Creating Writing courses with TAFE, Gold Coast and later by correspondence with QDEC in Brisbane. Her first interest was in short story writing. While still 'at school' one of her short stories was accepted for publication in the "Famous Reporter," and she didn't come down from the ceiling for weeks.

Out shopping one day she came across a book of verse by Henry Lawson. She took it home and was hooked. He showed her the past of her adopted country in colourful scenes and she couldn't put the book down for weeks. Two months later she wrote her first poem, which she sent up to the Henry Lawson poetry competition in Gul-gong and much to her surprise reached the finals. This poem won a Highly Commended.

Since those first small successes her poems and stories have won many awards in competitions. Her verse has been published in anthologies, including the "Bronze Swagman Books of Bush Verse (1991, 1993 - 2000) and on Web sites in Canada and Guernsey; and were also published in "The Writers' Journal" USA.

Through her contact with the

poetry editor of the said journal, members of the Gold Coast Poetry Group were invited to send in Australian poetry and these were featured in a special article about Australian verse.

She has also acted as judge in Bush Poetry Competitions. For two years now her stories and poems have been broadcast on Radio 4 RPH for the visually impaired and on the "Words and Music" program on Radio NAG 91.3 FM, in Yepoon. Her articles have appeared in several publications, including the "Weekend Australia's Review Magazine."

At the moment she is working on the story of her first two years in this country, which might still evolve into a complete autobiography. She now faces a new challenge, namely, to get her computer to do what she dictates and let her play mother. Although it starts behaving like a friend, they still have some way to go before they will become bosom buddies.

Corry en Pierre de Haas are Dutch Australians and arrived here in January 1960, with five young children. Their youngest was born here, the only true blue amongst them.

'LETTER TO LAWSON'

© Corry de Haas, 1989

I have just made your acquaintance and must say I'm quite impressed by the splendour of the wording you - so stylishly - expressed. Your lines come to me like music, orchestrated by their sound, and the rhyme you used, though simple, held me in a trance I found.

Your younger years were spent in hardship;

parents'dreams on golden track,

Searching for an instant fortune, always onward, no way back.

Mother's blood spoke of the gypsy; father's heart was of the sea,

Could you've been other than a drifter with such a mix of history?

I saw the sad, painful yearning in the deep pond of your soul, and the wanderlust which drove you; its true essence made you whole. You took me by the hand and showed me Australia's velvet night but brighter than the stars above us was your own wond'rous light.

I walked with you the streets of Sydney, which by then had found its feet, saw the faces of the hungry and I recognised the need; or we camped along the roadside with you carrying a swag; drank tea from a drover's billy; laughed with jokes from 'Jack the Wag.

There you introduced them to me: 'Sweeney' and that 'Dan the wreck', drunk they were at their misfortunes, on a dusty sun-stroked trek; We traversed the open country and tramped back, down on the plains; seeking shelter in a shanty from the fierce monsoonal rains.

Oh, we met some fearsome people; dined with princes, paupers, all fraying blankets as our ground sheets, around a campfire in the fall. I cried with you in your sorrows and took heart when life was kind, or - as is the case with drifters - left world's chagrin far behind.

I heard the crackling of the whip lash, Cobb & Co on th' homeward run with the brasses and the leathers glistening in the evening sun; watched the shearers at the homesteads, aching limbs and burning backs, sweat in rivers down the faces, into rags around their necks.

Though they say you died a loser this is not what I have seen! Please don't suffer any torment o'er the man you might have been. You truly showed me your Australia, its warm heart in strange cadence while I travelled in a time-span of past years - beyond my fence.

Aoccdrnig to rscheearch at an Elingsh uinervtisy, it deosn't mtttaer in waht oredr the ltteers in a wrod are, the olny ipr-moetnt tihng is that the frist and lsat ltteer is at the rghit pclae.

The rset can be a total mses and you can sitll raed it wouthit a porbelm. Tihs is bcuseae we do not raed ervey lteter by it slef but the wrod as a wlohe.

Ceehiro

KERRY LEE Australian Ladies Champion Bush Poet—2003

The 2003 Australian Ladies Champion Bush Poet, West Australian Kerry Lee, was brought up in the Northern Rivers area of NSW in Grafton and still hasn't shaken the hayseeds out of her hair, even though she has lived most of her married life in cities.

Kerry met her husband Rod in Newcastle, where they lived for a few years before spending time in Malaysia and Ipswich, and, finally, settling in Perth. Rod was in the air force, hence the nomadic life-style.

Children and working a business with Rod took up all Kerry's time and energy for many years. However, she always retained her love of the country and animals, especially horses, so has lived most of her time in Perth on acreages where she managed to collect a variety of animals over the years.

The Lees have been living in Oakford on a 10 acre property, 'Diggers Camp', for twelve years and are developing it as a venue for Bush Poetry.

Rod and Kerry were introduced to Bush Poetry four years ago and have both become enthusiastic followers and performers of it since.

Over the past two years they have held four Bush Poetry weekends on the property. They have been a great success with up to 300 people attending and many camping over.

For the main concerts guests including Milton Taylor, Glenny Palmer, Ray Essery and Shirley Friend, have been flown in, all very special people to the Lees. The shows usually start with a display of natural horsemanship, the main concert, singing and poetry round the campfires and a Poet's Breakfast in the morning.

As well as entertaining people on the property Kerry and Rod entertain at various venues, along with their son David, a talented musician and uni student.

Their daughter Dale, shared Kerry's passion for horses when she moved on to uni and married she left one of her horses in Kerry's care. This is the horse in the following poem. He was a friend and mentor to both Dale and Kerry, and passed away at the age of 27 while having a play in his paddock. A tribute to a special mate.

A TRIBUTE TO SONNY

© Kerry Lee

"I'm sorry for your loss" said the words upon the card.
 "I know you loved him dearly. To lose him must be hard.
 So here's a little keepsake - for comfort, not for pain."
 And lying on the card was a lock of chestnut mane.
 As I gently stroked the shiny strands I drifted back in time
 To see a tall young thoroughbred, quite stunning, in his prime.
 We fell in love with you that day. It must have been ordained.
 And joyfully we brought you home - red coat and chestnut mane.
 You were my daughter's pride and joy at pony club and shows.
 Though we couldn't call you "Lion Heart" you won her many bows.
 I'd little cause to worry when you sped across the plain
 With her perched upon your large broad back,
 hands wrapped in chestnut mane.
 A gentle, placid giant, you taught her well until
 She bought a bolder partner to match her growing skill.
 But we couldn't sell you onward - with us you would remain.
 For you'd earned your place amongst us
 with brown eyes and chestnut mane.
 Dependable and constant, your life took another course
 As you soon increased in status to become companion horse.
 And rounding up the sheep no more sent us all insane
 For they'd meekly follow on behind your flowing tail
 and chestnut mane.
 When my dreams turned into nightmares, when I was afraid to ride,
 I timidly teamed up with you. You soon restored my pride.
 You gently led me through my fears 'till, confident again,
 I proudly rode you out at shows -white socks and chestnut mane.
 Then in service faithful to those lost and in distress
 We joined in many searches with the Mounted SES.
 Through scrub and brush and gullies, in the cold and driving rain,
 You carried on regardless with your soaking chestnut mane.
 You delighted in retirement. It was your goal in life
 To graze and dream and play, cocooned from toil and strife.
 Then, when you were badly injured I tried to ease your pain
 And caressed your stark and matted coat and tangled chestnut mane.
 The end was quick and painless while frolicking at play,
 And I'm feeling very grateful your passing came this way.
 For you were loved and you were special. In my heart you will remain.
 Yet, still I miss your soft warm breath and shiny chestnut mane.
 But life is not eternal for God has planned it so.
 Your life was long and happy. It was your time to go.
 So I cannot mourn your passing nor wish you back again.
 For you have earned eternal rest - red coat and chestnut mane.

The DRYZA-BONE LEGEND

© Marco Gliori - Warwick Q. www.saddlesaw.com

He's camped in the middle of nowhere
The night is so suffering cold,
The stars are sharp, and the dingos eyes
Stare aghast from the big black hole.
Home comforts are somewhere forgotten
As he boils the Billy alone,
Then rolls out his swag by the fireside
And curls up in his Dryza-Bone.

Behind in the dark are the mountains
Climbing high to snow covered peaks,
Where as a young lad he had galloped
Through rich Alpine forests and creeks,
And now, though his old limbs are grating
He has answered the call of home,
Returning the way he had left it
All wrapped up in his Dryza-Bone.

He dreams of the tracks he has travelled
While combing the outback for work,
Of droving with death on his doorstep
From the Kimberley through to Bourke,
Of fighting the busters and dust storms
And heart breaking rains on his own,
Yet always secure in the knowledge
He was wrapped in his Dryza-Bone.

On the backs of rusty old Rattlers
Or pushing along with the team,
From cattle yards up at the 'Curry
To Flemington races he's been
With a love he shared with the ladies,
But his heart they'd only have known
To be true when taken to fittings
For their very own Dryza-Bone.

But now he is back where he started,
When snowflakes start falling around.
When the crack of the whips are sounding
And cattle are keen to come down.
So tomorrow he'll join his old mates,
They'll all saddle up for old times,
And with tattered old 'oilers' flying
They'll ride with the best of their kind.

And should he make one final muster
When Angels come calling his name,
Forget the suits and razzamatazz,
For he won't be there to complain.
You can lay him down where you fancy
But his ghost will grumble and groan,
Should you fail to grant his one last wish...
To be wrapped in his Dryza-Bone.

GYMPIE MUSTER RAP-UP 2003

The weather was ideal, the atmosphere heavenly and the performances particularly devilish at this year's Toyota National Country Music Muster.

As was tradition the Poets opened the Muster at 8am on Tuesday with a two hour breakfast, courtesy of 'Dryzabone' and continued the rhyming feast over six days to capacity audiences.

Last years *Musterbeenbloodygood* Poetry Award winner, Melanie Hall appeared along with John Best, this years Qantas Waltzing Matilda Champion Poet, and Noel Stallard the 2003 Australian Bush Poetry Champion.

Other first timers at the Muster included Kevin 'Snake' Lovis, that loveable if not dusty character from Broken Hill, and Cory Jeacocke that irrepressible juvenile joker from Thangool who came rolling

onto stage on his unicycle.

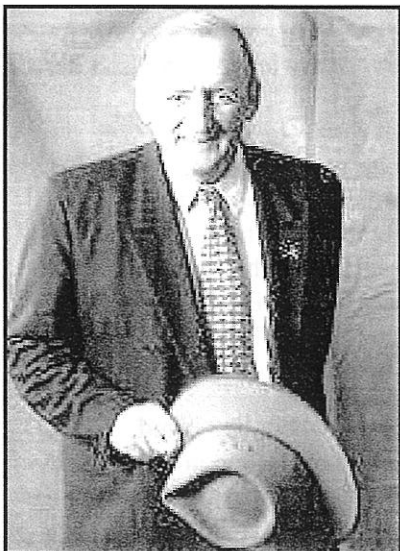
Gary Fogarty, Milton Taylor, and Ray Essery kept the fires raging at the Poet's camp with early morning fire-stoking competitions and Jack Drake's late night singing will be remembered fondly by the army cadets who were camped alongside him.

The Muster enjoyed record entries in both the Poets Brawl and The *Musterbeenbloodygood* Poetry Award this year. But there was one stand out performer who took both titles this year, in his first ever visit to the Muster. That character was a bloke by the name of Harry Donnelly from Noosaville. Harry was a popular winner, but had to withstand solid challenges from the other *Musterbeenbloodygood* finalists who were Brook Haystead from Toowoomba, Jim Tonkin of Jimboomba, Margaret Bye and Tony Caswell (both Muster regulars) and Dan Thompson who is making a name for himself around the Townsville region as a popular

poet and entertainer.

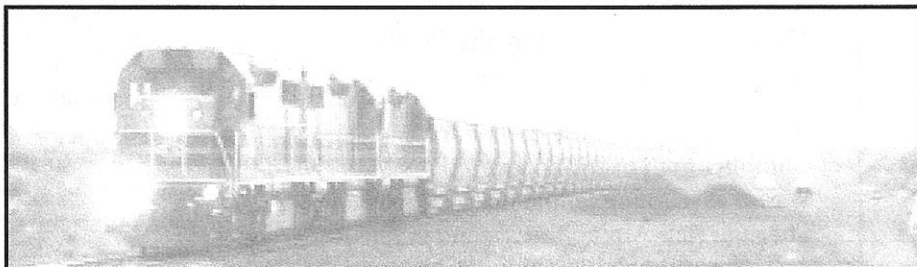
The Larrikin Concert proved a popular addition to the Muster program featuring not only poems by Bobby Miller, but a few 'out there' theatrical renditions by the likes of Neil McCarthur, Murray Hartin, and Gary Lowe. Carmel Dunn presented a stirring tribute to her father the late Tom Dunn (a close mate to Bobby Miller) and Mark Tempamy sang his moving version of Bob's poem Perhaps 'The Wrong Place The Wrong Time.'

The performance of the week (sadly I'm sure for the purists) belonged to Mark Feldman who's *Big Poo* tickled the fancy of the 'early' Muster crowd. It must be something about camping with nature eh? I will admit the road home was most welcome after so many exhausting nights spent under the stars, sharing the amiable company of ratbags, who make your's truly so proud to have been able to invite them all along.



THE GREAT AUSTRALIAN RAIL RHYME POETRY COMPETITION

**In salute of the world's first single system
standard gauge transcontinental railway**



"There's a new transcontinental line
Which is about to combine,
The best with the rest.
So it is to Darwin for the test!"

Tim Fischer (Former MP in the area
State and Federal, now Author and
Envoy for the Rail to Asia Project).

OPENING UP ASIA TO AUSTRALIAN INDUSTRY

A transcontinental railway
from Adelaide to Darwin was
mooted in the first sitting of Fed-
eral Parliament in 1901.

Despite the lack of progress in
the century just passed, Australia
will soon boast a major rail link
from Adelaide to Darwin.

The final 1420 kilometres of
standard gauge rail between Alice
Springs and Darwin will be com-
pleted ahead of schedule and will
open in January 2004. The rail-
link is set to take up the task of
moving a large part of the ever-
increasing Australian transport
load (set to double by 2020) to
export markets in Asia.

On this section of rail-
way..... 100 bridges and 1,500
culverts, 2 million sleepers, 8 million
sleeper fasteners, 145,000 tonnes of
rail.

Total cost of project \$1,100million
See www.adrail.com.au for more.

HIGH SCHOOLS WRITTEN COMPETITION

Tim Fisher (ex Deputy Prime Minister and ex MP) is now the
Envoy to "Rail to Asia", which is the transcontinental rail pro-
ject (from Adelaide to Darwin) that will be completed in Janu-
ary 2004. Tim has donated \$500 prize money for Julie Briggs of
Narrandera Tourism to run a written poetry competition for high
school students (Australia-wide).

Senior students, year 7 or above, are invited to enter their origi-
nal poem of between four and eight stanzas on any aspect of rail
and train travel.

First Prize \$300 - Second \$120 - Third \$80

***Prizes donated by Tim Fischer,
Envoy to "Rail to Asia"***

A separate flyer and entry form with conditions attached
has been included in this copy of the newsletter so that read-
ers might take a copy of it to their local high school in order
to promote the event and help spread the word for Bush Po-
etry.

Photocopies of the entry forms may be used.

Widespread interest is envisaged and, to assist with cata-
loguing, each and every poem entered must have a copy of
the entry form attached.

The results of the competition will be announced at the
Annual John O'Brien Bush Festival at Narrandera in March
2004.

Please send an SSAE with entries to receive a copy of the re-
sults.

***Further information and information on the John O'Brien
Bush Festival (17-21 March 2004)
call 1800 672 392***

DON'T FORGET TO TAKE A COPY TO YOUR SCHOOL

BUSH POETRY KEMPSEY NSW

Three well attended sessions of bush verse led by Marco Gliori were held as part of this years Kempsey Country Music and Trucking Festival.

On Saturday, 13th September, the inaugural Story-tellers and Yarn-

spinners Blackboard Concert was well supported by local bards, with a dozen or more on their feet spinning 'tall tales', all guaranteed by the performer to be based on fact!

This was followed by another Blackboard session of rhyming verse from poets who travelled from as far north as Ipswich

Qld to perform. During this session the audience were also treated to a credible performance by Marco's three lovely young daughters who obviously enjoyed performing for the crowd.

A Bush Poets Brunch was held the following morning where locals Rod Worthing and Sam Smyth ably supported Marco in compering the event.

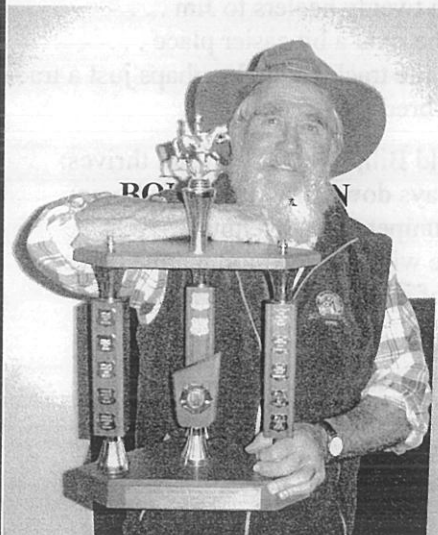
It was great to see both old and new faces at the microphone, including John Lloyd from Kempsey who was awarded the Sue Mayne Memorial Encouragement Award for his performance on the day. Nice to see the ladies well represented, especially novice performers Mary Kemp from Kempsey and Patricia Gentle from Coffs Harbour who both delighted the audience by performing their own original comedy rhyme.

The event organisers were most appreciative of the generous sponsorship which they received from many local businesses.

Next event on the Mid North Coast of NSW will be a weekend of bush poetry on the Dorrigo Plateau to be hosted by the talented Milton Taylor. It will begin with a morning writers workshop on Saturday 1st November and will be followed by an afternoon concert at Dorrigo Bowling Club. A Poets Breakfast to be held the following morning with Milton and his mates at the Dorrigo Hotel completing a great weekend of entertainment. Further enquiries to Murray Suckling, 02 6657 2139.

BUSH POET WEARS NEW HAT Champion of Charity Ride

Bob Skelton may be better known as the Minmi Magster, but now he another cap to wear - as Maitland's latest 'champion of char-



ity'.

The local bush poet was presented with the Dulcie Knight Perpetual Trophy on Saturday in recognition of the money he raised for the Morpeth Medicine Charity Ride.

The trophy is awarded to the rider who raises the largest amount in personal sponsorship, with a total of \$3600 securing Mr Skelton the honour in 2003.

"He's a very special guest and a real character, it was a great effort," charity ride committee member and councillor Steve Proctor said.

The trophy is named after Dulcie Knight, whose son Ken started the

ride 11 years ago to commemorate her death from cancer.

This is the third time Mr Skelton's name has appeared on the trophy, with previous efforts in 1998 and 1999 also earning him the title.

"I think I've only missed one ride in its 11 year history, it's a way I can use my love of horse riding to raise a few bob for those who need it," Mr Skelton said.

"You get really hyped up when you're going on the ride, it's a really big day and has got such a great following."

The secret to Mr Skelton's fundraising success lies in his other celebrated talent.

"I usually soften them up with a few rounds of verse and then urge them to dig deep - the people of the Hunter Valley always get behind it."

While all money has not been accounted for, Mr Proctor said the tally so far is pleasing.

"At this stage we've got around \$43,000 but there's still more to come and we expect to end up around the \$50,000 mark"

Money raised from the event will be donated to the John Hunter Children's Hospital, Riding for the Disabled and a small group of local charities.

'To All My Sponsors'

I take this opportunity to thank you
For your generous donation.

It is the least that I can do
To show my appreciation.

The money you so kindly gave
Boosted my faith in the human race,
And if there were more like you
This old world would be a better
place.

ABPA Inc.

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTIONS
Due end of December

PERFORMERS
INSURANCE
Renewals Due end of December

ABL AWARDS CLOSE
October 15th.

Queensland Written Championships

Grahame Fredriksen's 'Jim the Bullock Drover' was the judges choice in the 2003 Qld. Written Championships.

'JIM THE BULLOCK DROVER'

by Graham Fredriksen - Kilcoy Qld.

A crack of a stockwhip, a whistle, a hoosh,
and down the Wombunderry flats
comes Jimmy, the drover, with bullocks to push:
the King of The Overland, Lord of The Bush,
and his subjects are six-year-old fats.

And tall in the stirrups, surveying his realm,
he puts six easy miles in a day;
just enough distance to not overwhelm
him - the "fats" grand-parading with Jim at the helm
are guaranteed staying that way.

His boundless domains where the wallaroos stamp
are as temples to sultans or czars;
and he worships the grass where the bush cattle tramp
and the billabongs full by the overland camp
and the shrine of the Southern Cross stars.

His minions before him and Jim at the rei(g)n,
his throne is a Weinieke stool;
and his kingdom that stretches as far as the plain
(and is wide as the wealthiest sultan's domain)
he rules with a lackaday rule.

A tatty old corduroy's a robe unto Jim;
a cabbage-tree does for a crown;
his trinkets are swan-necks that jingle at whim;
and the courtiers and jesters that pander to him
are the cattle dogs follerin' roun'.

His Majesty's goblet's a blackened old quart;
his banquet is damper and tea
and a corned rump of cleanskin (as good drovers ought)
served to the gallery of James's court . . .
wherever that 'appens t' be.

His castle stays clean by continually shifting
along with the waters and grass;
and the squatters make certain his mob isn't drifting
too wide on the stockroutes, and that he is lifting
them fully six miles in a pass.

The frayed-ended stockwhip that hangs by his side
is as dear as a sword to a king;
and the flea-bitten roan Jimmy chooses to ride
may be only as "blue" as the spots on his hide
but can beat . . . bloody near anything.

He needs not a chariot; his wagonette
is as fine as a vehicle need be:
it's been pounded on gidgee-stoned pavements and yet
it is still going princely and I'd chance a bet
will be there for his gold jubilee.

Now Jimmy's "acquainted" with bullocky Bill
whom Kendall has championed - quite;
and Jimmy's familiar with Kendall and will -
in moments described best as "thee-atric-ill" -
very often a poem recite.

But where Bill's favourite bullock is yoked in his team
and strains at the pole to the job,
when acknowledging lyrically highest esteem,
the bullock for Jim that is reigning supreme
is the coacher that's leading the mob.

Yes . . . That quiet ol' poddy wot's settin' the pace,
he is worth twenty heelers to Jim . . .
Makes life on the road a bit easier place . . .
with his nose t' the track . . . and perhaps just a trace
of Iscariot bred into him.

And just like old Bill, like an Arab Jim thrives:
where he lays down his swag is his home;
the warrigals trumpet when evening arrives;
his walls are the wings of the mob that he drives
and his roof is the heavenly dome.

The white stars in clusters are his chandeliers;
yes, his carpet is "red". . . western dust;
and the nightrider singing to settle the steers
sings sweet as a minstrel to King Jimmy's ears
the "laureate ballades" august.

And while Jim is uncommon, he isn't unique,
for like Bill, he has dreams that comprise
improbable grass where his charges so sleek
are grazing content by some dubious creek -
unencumbered by probable flies.

To the ways of the wider world he is naive -
as is Bill - still he walks with a swing,
and he faces God's day with his heart on his sleeve;
and the Angels of Shine - and I - firmly believe
he travels the tracks of a King.

For Jim is a master, albeit of stock,
and while he just hasn't a clue
of science or wars or political bloc,
innocent, ignorant Jim on his crock
is . . . the man t' be bringin' 'em through.

Hear the crack of a stockwhip, a hooshta, a whistle,
and down the Wombunderry plains,
goes Jim through the gidgee stone, mulga and thistle,
and into the Providence bushland epistle -
the King of the Boundless Domains.

LONG JOHN BEST

The 2003 Qantas Waltzing Matilda Male Champion Bush Poet, John Best comes from Whiteside, just north of Brisbane.

He is a modest man as far as Bush Poets are concerned, with no tickets?????????

on himself, with a long and varied career behind him, resulting in his discovery of Bush Poetry and the ABPA.

John was born in England in 1938 and arrived in Australia as a ten-year old. He joined the RAAF as an Engineering Apprentice at fifteen serving in most mainland States and Malaya from 1958 to 1960. Discharge in 1969 found him with a family on the way and settling down wasn't easy, with four jobs in as many weeks.

John settled down to work on a Weighbridge for six years before entering into Sales positions in Real Estate and Ceramic Tiles for a further 5 years before returning to the Weighbridge job.

John's next move was as an on road inspector for the Queensland Transport Department. Here he specialised in Transport for people with disabilities and spent the last 11 years in the Human Resources Equity Unit, mainly involving disability issues.

John became involved in a play with Access Arts and toured the

East coast, with appearances at the Melbourne Fringe Festival, the Canberra National Theatre Festival and in four shows at NIDA in Sydney. The performance bug had bitten, and on discovering the North Pine Bush Poets Group only a kilometre from home, John climbed aboard.

He pottered about for five years, doing the odd show for Nursing Homes and Respite Centres some very odd indeed.

Entering the local Camp Oven Competitions and making a number of yearly pilgrimage to Winton John found little or no success. Then in 2001 at Bundaberg, everything clicked, the right poems, the right attitude and it was up and away.

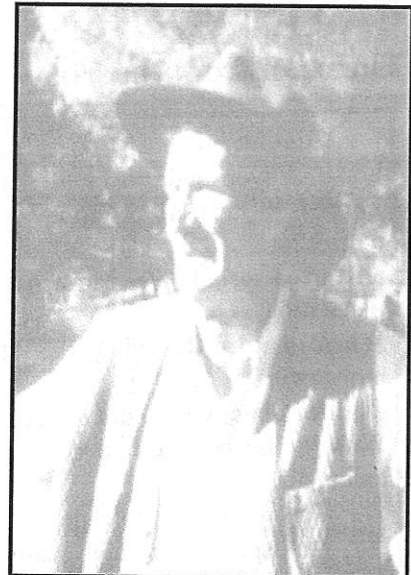
Moderates success has followed on and off since culminating in the Qantas Waltzing Matilda Award at Winton this year.

Any serious attempts at writing only started a couple of years ago and, as John says, "it's very slowly improving. It probably won't ever win a written comp but it is adequate for performance".

More frequent requests for appearances have followed the competition successes.

His work has become better known this in turn as we all know, has lifted his confidence and developed further improvement in his performance style.

As winner of the Winton Competition, John is looking forward to going to the Cowboy Poetry Gathering in Elko, Nevada in January next.



He will be accompanied by the 2003 Ladies Waltzing Matilda Champion Janine Haig of Eulo Q, whose experience from previous visits will be invaluable.

"Bush Poetry came along for me just before I retired and has been a Godsend," quotes John, "We've met some wonderful people and been to some great places we could never have visited. I spent all my life mooching from job to job pretty goal less, but this has given me a rich background of people and experiences to draw on. Only time will tell".

John Best Bush Poet
"Kumbaya"

1 Whiteside Road
Whiteside.Q.4503.

Phone 07 3285 2845

Email longjohnbest@dodo.com.au
('What's Fair' Page 21)

'GREAT DUNNY CLASSIC' BUSH POETRY PERFORMANCE COMPETITION

27 March 2004

Winners of Written Competition announced on the evening.

Sections

1. Junior. 2. Novice. 3. Original Serious. 4. Original Humorous.
5. Open Traditional or Established Work. 6. Original Poem with Dunedoo Theme.

'Great Dunny Classic' trophy for Best Performance .

Increased Sections

Increased Prize Money - To be advised December News

BRAIDWOOD NSW - DROVER'S REUNION

The Man from the Misty Mountains Poetry Competition

Renowned bush poet, pack-horse drover and bushman Bruce Forbes Simpson ('Lancewood') once wrote,

...And a packhorse camp is the place to be

When they're bringing the store mobs over

Oh life is happy with not a care,

With the bush smells strong on the balmy air,

such words suitably describing the atmosphere around many a drover's camp.

And true to fashion the atmosphere is being set for the inaugural Braidwood NSW Drover's Reunion to be held from November 28th to 30th 2003.

Braidwood, situated between Canberra and the Coast on the Kings Highway, will be celebrating its local heritage, the cattle industry, its cattlemen, roughriders and poets, highlighting the contribution of the Drover to the history of Braidwood and district.

Braidwood can boast of the Gold Rush days, Bushrangers, 'Archer' the first Melbourne Cup winner, valiant contributions to the Boer War and the First and Second World Wars as well as a vibrant and prosperous rural history.

The Braidwood 355 Show-ground committee is endeavouring to highlight the contribution of the Drover to the history of Braidwood by holding their inaugural Drover's Reunion.

A full program of events has

been planned for the whole week-end, including a Campdrafting, a Bull Ride, bronco-branding, bush music, Poet's Breakfasts and Yarn-spinning competitions conducted by Frank Daniel, Camp-drafting, Shearing Competitions, a Drover's Ball and many other events.

The program has been sponsored by local businesses in conjunction with Braidwood's Show Society, Campdraft Club, Pony Club and the Polocrosse Club, all proudly working towards the building of a new shower and toilet block.

Drovers who tramped the 'LONG PADDOCK' in the Braidwood District long ago are all welcome to attend; Droving being a more recent occupation during the droughts of the 1980's and the current drought, which hopefully is nearing an end.

Those with a story to tell and photographs to show will be more than welcome, and those wishing to learn something about the droving days should come along and listen to the many and varied personal yarns.

Drovers wishing to register for the reunion are asked to contact Mrs. Jill Clarke (does that name ring of Bushranging days?). Give her a bell on 02 4846 1115 or email wivenhoel@bigpond.com or contact Mr. Jim Sturgiss on 02 4842 2394.

Braidwood is also justifiably proud of its past association with such poets as Charles Harpur,



James Henry Sturgiss

Henry Kendall and even more so its own 'Man from the Misty Mountains', James Henry Sturgiss.

Jim Sturgiss was one of the greatest bushmen to live in the Braidwood - Nerriga - Sassafras region, having served in the First World War, including the charge on Beersheba. He served on home soil during World War II as a Major responsible for the surveillance on the New South Wales coast from Bermagui to Cape Howe.

He was known as the 'Galloping Major', and penned some of the most beautiful bush verse ever.

A written bush poetry competition is being conducted in his honour, and details can be found on page 26.

BEAUDESERT POETS GROUP

ABPA member Pamela Fox and one of her friends has enlisted the support of Glenny Palmer in seeking expressions of interest from all persons in and around the district interested in forming a Bush Poets Group in the Beaudesert Shire Qld.

Pamela says that should enough interest be shown she will organize an informal get-together to discuss the formation of such a group.

Interests will consist of Writing, Performing and Listening to Bush Poetry, with assistance to those wishing to learn more about Bush Poetry and meet like-minded people.

Readers, writers and performers living within Cooe of Beaudesert (or further afield) can contact Pamela Fox 07 5541 2662 or Betty 07 5541 2664 or Glenny on 07 5543 2606. .

'BUSHFIRE.'

© Corrie de Haas 2002

A little shard of glass lies dozing in the sunshine,
its tiny face reflecting torrid rays.

An eerie silence spreads across the forest, where
breezes whisper to the trees in secret ways.

Limp greenery defies the season's heat exhaustion.
A sparkle trembles, a wisp of silver smoke
curls its tiny fingers 'round a clump of grasses,
spells disaster with each caressing stroke.

The rigid scene of summer changes verdant backdrops.
Tall ancient trees detect unusual sounds.
A devious tongue of flame is creeping through the bushes
while native animals retreat to safer grounds.

Hands of fire reach out to fuel nature's furnace -
travel through the undergrowth, greedy for a hold;
gather twigs and branches - all within its pathway,
rush headlong at the brushwood, fierce and bold.

The forest's framework feeds the spreading fires.
Flames travel upwards into patient trees;
columns of smoke engulf the dying foliage
fuelled by a cruel, devastating breeze.

Fire winds lash the flames into ferocious settings
embracing all with grasping, hungry arms.
Grit of burning embers spreads a dangerous carpet;
heat lightning giving cause for fresh alarms.

The day turns grey; there are no colours - only ashes.
Shawls of shadows enfold the trusting trees.
Nude branches rattle, skeletons of former glory...
a barren landscape in a blackened frieze.

A BUSHMAN'S PLEA

Elizabeth Bray - Blair Athol SA

Carry me back to my old bush shack
To my home by the river's bend
Where the track is rough and the going's tough
And my dog is my only friend.

Where the sun beats down
and the leaves turn brown
In a broad and curling sheet
And the crackling sound of the baking ground
Ascends through the noonday heat.

Yet the rise and fall of the night birds' call
Can sooth like a lullaby
As the river flows and my firelight glows
And the tall bush timbers sigh.

Now I feel forlorn and my senses mourn
And I cannot comprehend
These city sights with their blaring 'Lights
So far from the river's bend.

I have missed the sounds where life abounds
And the peace at the end of day
When the soft mist curls and the river swirls
In the light of the sun's last ray.

So carry me back to my old bush shack
Where the tranquil waters lie
I am old and sick, so carry me quick,
For there's where I want to die.

A TASTE OF COWBOY POETRY

by Jim Haynes

These are a few observations about Cowboy Poetry that arose from a conversation I had with Frank Daniel recently. I am no expert in the field but it has been an interest of mine for many years and I have read quite a lot of it and also a bit about the subject. I also spent many hours picking the brains of good friends like Waddie Mitchell, Don Edwards and Hal Cannon. I also spent a week snowed in with Cowboy Poetry Paul Zarsysky on a remote ranch in Montana many Februarys ago, and that's a good way to find out a lot about Cowboy

Poetry!

Anyway Frank thought some thoughts on the subject might be of interest to lovers of Bush verse, as the two have many similarities, so here goes.

The Cowboy Poetry tradition has many similarities to our Australian 'Bush' verse tradition, and yet it is also very different in many ways.

The similarities are in the material, mostly praising a rural way of life and the freedom of spirit of the itinerant worker, drover or Cowboy. The sentiments expressed are also often similar, a love of the outdoors, an admiration for the rugged landscape, a feeling of companionship among men, especially working men, and a love of horses.

Another similarity with our nine-

teenth century Bush verse is that women are rarely seen as real characters in Cowboy Poetry. More often they are sentimental figures left behind, mothers, sisters, sweethearts, etc. Although there are great Cowboy Poems, like 'Lasca', where women take centre stage. The sentimental attitude to women in Cowboy Poetry is very reminiscent to me of Henry Lawson's attitude to women in some of his more sentimental verse.

Cowboy Poetry differs from 'Bush' verse, however, in the limited nature of its subject material. As we all know, the 'Bush' verse tradition has continued since its beginnings in the mid 19th century, despite some ups and downs it has continued to grow and flourish and is still

used in Australia to comment on just about all aspects of Aussie life. Cowboy Poetry was always a part of a much narrower tradition. In America's very varied and complex society, Cowboy verse has always been a fringe art form. Most of the well-known Cowboy Poems, like 'The Strawberry Roan', and 'A Border Affair', are much better known as songs than they are in their original form as verse.

Like our Aussie 'Bush' verse, Cowboy Poetry varies in literary quality from great Poetry to rhyming doggerel for amusement. In the same way that 'Bush' verse preserves the language, jargon and slang of the pioneering period of our history, Cowboy Poetry preserves the language, jargon, and attitudes of the lifestyle of the American West.

At its best Cowboy Poetry makes wonderful verse and this brief article doesn't allow me to include all my favourites. It also makes for beautiful songs, two of my favourite songs of all time come from Cowboy verses. Few songs can bring a lump to my throat time after time, but 'The Brazos River Song' and 'A Border Affair' are two that never fail to do that whether I am hearing them or singing them.

I first heard 'A Border Affair' on an album made almost 40 years ago by the Canadian singer Ian Tyson. I met and performed with Ian in 1993 and by then I was aware that the song was written by the great Cowboy Poet, Charles 'Badger' Clark. When Ian first recorded it he was a 'Folk' singer. He later became a great writer and singer of typical Western, or 'Cowboy', songs. Obviously he was much influenced by his discovery of Badger Clark and other great Cowboy Poets.

While touring the Western states of the USA with Don Edwards and Waddie Mitchell in 1993 I was able to find out much more about Cowboy Poetry. Don Edwards is perhaps the best living 'Cowboy' singer, but he is also an historian and collector of verse and songs and

knows the origin of just about every song and tune any Cowboy singer ever sang! It was Don who brought songs like 'His Master's Call' and 'Utah Carroll' to the attention of his friend Marty Robbins back in the 1950s. Those two songs were on the first L.P. record I ever bought, "Marty Robbins - Gun Fighter Ballads and Trail Songs". So, you see, I had been a huge fan of 'Cowboy Poetry' and 'Cowboy songs' long before I had the great pleasure of performing and touring with some great Cowboy entertainers, including Don Edwards, back in 1993.

Waddie Mitchell and Baxter Black are probably the best known modern 'Cowboy Poets', although there are dozens making a living from Cowboy Poetry in the Western states. In these areas 'Cowboy' or 'Western' songs are still very popular and are considered to be a very different type of music to the 'Country' music that comes from Nashville.

So, who are the great Cowboy Poets? Well good old Anonymous wrote quite a few, but the first great Cowboy Poet was probably

D. J. O'Malley. He grew up in various Western forts, in Kansas and later Montana, where his stepfather was fighting in the Indian Wars during the 1870s. His Poetry is quite old-fashioned today, it is full of slang and Cowboy jargon which makes it difficult to understand at times (a bit like those CJ Dennis' verses which are full of Sydney slang from around 1900) but he had a great sense of humour and could be quite nonsensical at times. His best known Poems are 'Cowboy Reverie', 'A D-2 Horse Wrangler' and 'A Cowboy's Death'.

Here is his advice to any Cowboys tempted to try horse-breaking as a profession:

*I've travelled up and I've travelled down,
I've travelled this country all around,
I've lived in city, I've lived in town,
And I have this much to say:*

*Before you try it ... go kiss your wife,
Get a heavy insurance on your life,
Then shoot yourself with a butcher's knife,
It's far the easiest way.*

Charles 'Badger' Clark was born in Iowa in 1883 and grew up in towns like Deadwood where his father was a Methodist Minister. He only lasted one year at the Wesleyan University in Dakota before heading to Cuba as a rancher. He later lived and worked on ranches near Tombstone, Arizona and his verse was first published around 1917. He was by all accounts a very modest man who was surprised by the popularity of his verses.

Among 'Badger' Clark's best known Poems are 'Cowboy Prayer', 'The Legend of Boastful Bill' and 'A Bad Half Hour'. He was a great champion of the open range and fought against the cutting up of the cattle country for settlement and development. Here is part of his powerful poem called

'The Old Cow Man':

*'Twas good to live when all the sod,
Without no fence nor fuss,
Belonged in partnership to God,
The Gover'nment and us.
With skyline bounds from east to west
And room to go and come,
I loved my fellow man the best
When he was scattered some.*

*Oh it's squeak, squeak, squeak,
Hear 'em stretchin' of the wire!
The 'nester' brand is on the land,
I reckon I'll retire.
While progress toots her brassy horn
And makes her motor buzz,
I thank the Lord I wasn't born
No later than I was.
Their house has locks on every door,
Their land is in a crate.
These ain't the plains of God no more ...
They're only real estate.*

As well as his 'political' thoughts, Badger Clark wrote with great accuracy about the life of the working Cowboy. But, as I have only room for one more poem, here is his great love poem:

'A Border Affair'

*Spanish is the lovin' tongue,
Soft as music, light as spray.
'Twas a girl I learned it from,
Livin' down Sonora way.
I don't look much like a lover,
Yet I say her love words over,
Often when I'm all alone -
"Mi amor, mi corozon."*

*On the nights that I would ride
She would listen for my spurs,
Throw the big door open wide,
Raise those laughin' eyes of hers.
And my heart would nigh stop beat-
ing
When I heard her tender greeting,
Whispered soft for me alone,
"Mi amor, mi corozon."*

*Moonlight on the patio,
Old Senora noddin' near,
Me and Juana talkin' low,
So the madre couldn't hear.
How those hours would go a flyin'!
All too soon I'd hear her sighin'
In her sorry little tone,
"Adios, mi corozon."*

*Then one time I had to fly
From a foolish gamblin' fight,
And we said a swift goodbye
On that black unlucky night.
When I loosed her arms from clingin'
With her words the hoofs kept ringin'
As I galloped north alone,
"Mi amor, mi corozon."*

*I ain't seen her since that night,
I can't cross the Line you know,
She was Mex and I was white;
Like as not it's better so.
Yet I've always sort of missed her,
Since that last wild night I kissed her,
Left her heart and lost my own,
"Adios, mi corozon."*

(And, for those whose Spanish isn't great, *Mi amor*=my love *mi corozon*=my darling *madre*=mother *Adios*=go with God).
(More Cowboy Poetry in the December issue. Joe)

WHAT'S FAIR?

© John Best. Whiteside Qld.

By Jeez I've had a gutful. of these people that you meet,
Who walk and talk peculiar, why are they out on the street.
Struth. some of them can't even walk; they ride in chairs on wheels,
Don't they ever stop to wonder how uncomfortable it feels?
To have to look. at them. and listen to the funny sounds they make.
We've got to find a better way. for everybodys sake.

Let's build more institutions and lock 'em out of sight.
And if they must get out at all, then let 'em out at night,
When I don't have to see 'em. 'cause I'm sensitive you see,
What do you all reckon listeners, are there any more like me,
Who believe that as Australian's we deserve some Human Rights?
No don't let 'em out in daylight, just keep 'em locked up tight.

'Cause if we don't try and stop 'em now,
while we've still got a show.
And they get an education; they. They'll get half smart you know,
And be wanting jobs, and asking why, they can't be like us?
And get around this country, in a train or plane or bus
And len God help us. Housing, and next we're off overseas
To the Para-bloody-lympics and then the whole world'll

Know we're not all perfect. not all long and lean and tough.
I ask you fellow Aussies, is this good e-bloody nough.
No of course it's not, these issues have been hanging round for years,
But when they were raised, met eyes that glazed,
or fell upon deaf ears,
Can we not see, the inequity, is it so hard to find?
Or have we perhaps. heaven forbid. selectively, gone blind?

So you, yes you, your smugness,
with your "I'm all right Jack" smile.
Got life by the short and curlies eh; well you listen up a while,
The disabled, migrants, oldies, you give us half a chance,
And we'll try and change this country; all we want is to advance,
Our lot in life and probably, improve yours getting there,
And so I pose this question, is to Advance Australia.. Fair?

SEX - LIES and BUSH POETRY

Sex Lies and Bush Poetry will again be at the Tamworth Golf Club on the following days: Night Shows 8:00pm Saturday 17th., Sunday 18th., Wednesday 21st Afternoon Shows 2:00pm. Wednesday 21st. Thursday 22nd. Friday 23rd. Saturday 24th.

Bookings can be made by calling 67659393

Special Show at Paul Petrie's Barn Tenterfield on Friday Night 16th January enroute to Tamworth.

This years lineup sees all the poetry regulars with Gary Fogarty, Neil McArthur, John Major and Jack Drake returning.

The guest singer this year is the exciting rising star Adam Kilpatrick, Adam is a finalist in the Best New Talent Section of the Mildura Independent Country Music Awards this year and has been a huge success at Gympie the last two years packing out the Muster Club day after day.

THE SNOWY MOUNTAINS BUSH POETRY CLUB MEXICANS INVADE GALSTON

Sunday September 14th, saw Annette Roberts, Colin Milligan and Geoff Jackson from Victoria, attend the Galston Country Music Festival on invitation from Graeme Johnston. Annette said the whole weekend was a real hoot, with the Victorian Poets being treated like royalty after putting on their best effort to have the audience bursting with laughter throughout the performance. "It was great to see our members from down south, gaining recognition in the city, with all due thanks to Graeme for his foresight and hospitality over the weekend," said Annette.

HILSTON COUNTRY FESTIVAL

Reg Phillips and friends (and Dog) travelled to Lance Parker country on the 13th of September, where Reg landed the task of compering the afternoons entertainment. There was a great line up of artists including John Vagg and his young daughter Bonney who proved to be a brilliant young reciter.

Wally Mitchell, a renowned poet from Louth recited several traditional Will Ogilvie and 'Banjo' poems adding to the variety of the afternoon. There were singers, Whip-crackers didgeridoo players and one certain character from Lavington with a singing dog. This was Hillston's first Festival and it was a credit to the local Lions Club for a great day.

2004 VICTORIAN CHAMPIONSHIPS

The 2004 Victorian Championships will be held on the weekend of February 21st - 22nd in Conjunction with the Shepparton Country Music Festival.

The festival is being organised by the Shepparton Rotary Club

which is more than happy to have Bush Poetry added to the entertainment; and will be assist in the promotion of the championships.

The competition will be held in compliance with ABPA rules. There will be both Male and Female Victorian Champions decided from three rounds, Original, Traditional and Contemporary. There will be no finals, the State champion being decided from the highest aggregate scores. Only a Victorian resident can win the title but poets from all states are very welcome to compete in the individual sections with the right to win any section.

There will be a Junior section and also a written section.

All thanks to Dennis Carstairs for his assistance with the organisation of next years championships.

For information and application forms, Contact Reg Phillips on (02) 60402508

Email poetreg@dodo.com.au

Sue Gleeson On (02) 60433220 email smbc@optusnet.com.au Annette Roberts on (02)60264503

SHEPPARTON FUND RAISER

On the 9th of September, a show was conducted at the G.V Hotel in Shepparton to raise funds for next years Victorian State Championships. Compered by Reg phillips, the Audience of around 60 Rotary Club and Probus Club members enjoyed a great nights entertainment by Annette Roberts, Molly Sparks Johnno Johnson, Colin Milligan and Des Ginna. Special thanks must go to the Shepparton Rotary Club for organising the night.

BENALLA ROSE FESTIVAL

On October 31st there will be another fund raiser show held at Benalla. This will be in conjunction with the Rose Festival and we are hoping for a good turn out as the town will be in full festival mode. For information Contact as above.

PALMA ROSA POETS

A Fabulous night of poetry was held at Palm Rosa on Wednesday 27th August with five times Australian champion Bush Poet Milton Taylor.

Milton was supported by two times Junior Australian Champion Bush Poet, and former open Ladies Australian Champion Carmel Dunn of Warwick.

And what a wonderful evenings entertainment it was.

Milton and Carme gave an enthralling night of laughter and tears taking their audience on a journey from the pioneering days to the present.

Audience member, Glenny Palmer was enticed to perform a couple of poems, while the Inaugural Queensland Ladies Champion (2003) Melanie Hall of Townsville rendered a beautiful poem in reply to Julian (Curlew) Stuart's moving poem 'Boko'.

OUTBACK AT THE OASIS

Carol Reffold is pleased to announce that the Oasis Hotel on the Armidale Road, Tamworth, with its huge backyard Amphitheatre, will be the venue for her Outback at the Oasis Bush Poetry Presentations from Monday 19th to Friday 24th January 2004.

The programme will feature four sessions daily with 'Living legends of the bush, drovers and busted-arsed Ringers' concerts - Bush Poetry and the best in Australian Ballads, with featured artists, special themes and walk-up poetry and a Poets Brawl.

Feature artists will include Ron Liekefett, Trish Anderson, Milton Taylor and bush balladist Robbie Gough.

Anyone who wishes to be considered, please call Carol on 03 9740 4868 or email patchworkpoet@hotmail.com

AUSTRALIA MOURNS THE LOSS OF SLIM DUSTY

Australia, and particularly the Australian music industry, is mourning the loss of its greatest name - Slim Dusty - the King of Australian Country Music.

Slim died at home in Sydney at 9.10am today in the company of his wife and soulmate Joy McKean and his two children, Anne and David, after a lengthy battle with cancer.

For all his life, Slim's passion for Australia was reflected in the songs he sang about people and places all over the continent. With his wife, Joy McKean, Slim travelled millions of kilometres with his country music show, taking their music to every corner of the nation from major cities to remote Aboriginal communities.

Born David Gordon Kirkpatrick on June 13, 1927, at Kempsey, NSW, the superstar-to-be called himself 'Slim Dusty' for the first time at just 11 years of age in 1938. He wrote his first song - The Way The Cowboy Dies - the year before that and made his first, self-funded, recording just four years later in 1942... Song For The Aussies and My Final Song... little could he have known what was to be his destiny over the next 60 years as he became one of the nation's best known personalities and one of the most awarded Australians ever.

Slim was the first Australian to receive a Gold Record (still the only 78 rpm gold record in existence in this country), the first Australian to have an international record hit, and the first singer in the world to have his voice beamed to earth from space in 1983.

In his amazing career, Slim won 36 Golden Guitars (an achievement unlikely ever to be equalled), more Gold and Platinum Record Awards than any other Australian artist, Australian Record Industry Association (ARIA) Awards, including

induction into the ARIA Hall of Fame, video sales Platinum and Gold Awards, an MBE and Order of Australia for his services to entertainment, and he was one of the earliest inducted to the Country Music Roll of Renown.

Slim achieved national and international success in 1957 with his worldwide hit single A Pub With No Beer which became the first official Gold record achieved in Australia. And many famous songs and recordings followed right up to 2000 when he released his landmark 100th album Looking Forward Looking Back. This year Slim celebrated his 60th anniversary as a recording artist, all of them with EMI, amassing an amazing catalogue of 106 albums with estimated career sales of some six million, more than any other Australian in this country.

Slim Dusty played an active role in the Australian country music industry. In 1992 he was one of a small group who formed the Country Music Association of Australia becoming its founding President, serving in that position until his retirement in 2001.

In a special tribute, CMAA President John Williamson said Slim Dusty was a true Australian legend, a pioneer and would be sorely missed by Australia's country music family and his mountain of fans. See detailed statement following. Australia salutes Slim Dusty - an outstanding Australian - a man who has helped shape the face and character of our nation.

SLIM Slim Dusty was a true Australian legend. He was a pioneer and will be sorely missed by Australia's country music family and his mountain of fans.

With Buddy Williams, Stan Coster and now the King of Country Music gone it is nearing the end of an era in Australian folklore. Smoky Dawson is still with us, and so is Chad Morgan and Shorty Ranger. Men who have been known as much for their hats as their music, and their hillbilly tags. Slim was the voice that kept the



link with "Banjo" and Henry Lawson. He was the star that our bush ballad writers could sing through. He was "the keeper of the flame" that crackled on a gidgee campfire. He sailed through the rock 'n' roll era that nearly stole our identity. And when we sing Waltzing Matilda we will think of Slim around the campfire, outside the caravan that brought country music over gravel and dirt roads to all bush Australians. He was God to itinerant workers and truck drivers. He was God in aboriginal settlements.

What kept him going? I guess it was his love of recording another song and travelling with it around a wonderful land; the addiction I know only too well. Slim's intensely competitive nature I'm sure came from the old days. >From the in-the-face battle between tents at the showgrounds, where success was measured by drawing a bigger crowd than the bloke down the line.

Slim showed me the strength of a simple Aussie ballad. No frills. As pure and as straight to the point as the characters he sang about. And in my opinion we must make sure we never lose the essence of how we describe true blue Aussies.

And to Joy McKean, the woman behind him; she will always be the tower that supported the icon. I hope she continues to write great songs like "Lights on the Hill". For she too, is an icon to be recognised. My heart is most heavy for her and the family.

I know Slim would love me to say, on his behalf, Happy Campfires. We'll miss you mate. John Williamson

FROM THE GREY

Ernie Dingo's message certainly seems to be reaching out to the tourists as during the four winter months that Chris and the Grey spent at Charleville Q., the Bailey Bar Caravan Park was full every night with good crowds gathering round the campfire each evening to enjoy their show 'Laughter and Tears From The Bush'.

'Chris and the Grey', (Christine and Merv Webster), are finding folk keen to find more bush poetry in their own states, and they more than enjoy passing on details and information about the many competitions and venues that are continually springing up around the country.

the Duo's double CD 'Laughter & Tears from the Bush' and Merv's new book 'A Muster of Australiana' has done very well.

Chris and Merv performed and compered at the Boondooma Homestead 'Spirit of the Bush' weekend near Kingaroy. This is proving to be a great venue for bush poetry and balladeers and is held over the last weekend of April.

They also performed at the Yowah Opal festival in July and the Clermont Gold Fest in August to enthusiastic crowds. At the moment they are putting the finishing touches to their new album at Buddy Thompson's Boondooma studio and hope to release it before the end of the year.

Check out their website at www.bushpoets.go.to or write to 8 Hawaii Court Bargara Qld. 4670. Look for them again in Tamworth 2004.

Dates to remember:

Brymaroo Q.

Victorian State Championships

NSW State Championships

Kempsey, Galston, Dorrigo,

Forster and Young, Walla Walla,

Braidwood, Umina, Limestone

Coast SA.

ABL AWARDS.

Find them in the Poets Calendar.

RHYME and REASON

Writing tips from Ellis Campbell

SATIRIC VERSE

I am devoting this final column to satiric verse. That is holding up for ridicule politicians, royalty or whatever might be current news. In satiric verse the poet usually exaggerates things he believes unimportant and understates more important things. Politicians are the most popular target for satiric verse - for obvious reasons. If you wish to make money via a newspaper column or radio station this is the most likely verse to meet that market. Conversely it is also the least valuable as real art. "A week is a long time in politics" is a popular and very true saying. This applies to most "news". What seems most important this week will be erased by some new development overseas, a new scandal in high places or a multiple murder somewhere next week. For satiric verse to have value the poet needs an ever ready market -- you must write the poem and use it the same day. Or it will be too late. I suppose I should give an example from my own verse, as I have always done.

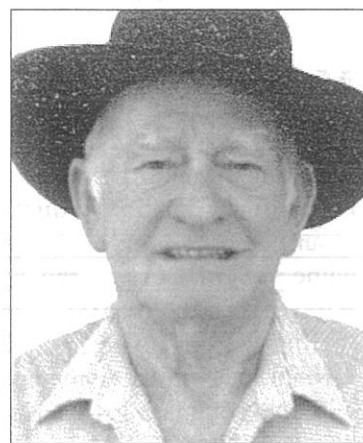
"He was more than just ambitious and officials grew suspicious;

and thought - his actions overwrought with guile.

But an illness soon beset him and his lawyer said,

Forget him he won't live long enough to see the trial."

This stanza was in the middle of the poem. Here is the final



stanza.

"The whole thing was misleading - it was time to start proceeding -

our justice-system's honour be upheld.

But the thought of jurisdiction caused an instant re-affliction of something only freedom ever quelled."

Perhaps you can guess who? I have enjoyed doing this regular column for ABPA. How much help it may have been to fellow poets I have no way of knowing. Quite a few have taken the trouble to tell me they have enjoyed my tips and I thank them for that. I believe Bush Poetry is alive and well, and will go from strength to strength for some years to come. It had been a very important part of my life and I like to think I have contributed in some way to its continued popularity. I hope I can continue attending poetry festivals for some time yet and look forward to renewing acquaintance with so many wonderful friends who share this grand interest.

Regards to all,

Ellis Campbell

From Armistice Day to Remembrance Day

The first Remembrance Day was conducted in 1919 throughout the Commonwealth. Originally called Armistice Day, it commemorated the end of hostilities (the signing of the armistice) which occurred on 11 November 1918. It came to symbolise the end of the war and provide an opportunity to remember those who died.

According to the Department of Veterans' Affairs, "After the end of World War II, the Australian and British governments changed the name to Remembrance Day. Armistice Day was no longer an appropriate title for a day which would commemorate all war dead.

"In October 1997, the Governor-General issued a proclamation declaring 11 November as Remembrance Day and urging Australians to observe one minute's silence at 11.00 am on Remembrance Day each year to remember the sacrifice of those who died or otherwise suffered in Australia's cause in wars and war-like conflicts." Lest we forget.

WAR MEMORIAL

© Maurice O'Brien. SA.

In many country towns and city suburbs are war memorials topped by a stone soldier.....

"Of what are you thinking, soldier of stone?"

Of what are you thinking, soldier of stone
as you stand in the swirling dust?

"Of desert dusts of a foreign land
where our countries young soldiers fought.
Of precious blood spilt on burning sand
shed for the victory they sought.

That's what I'm thinking, standing alone
here in the swirling dust".

Of what are you thinking, soldier of stone
as you stand in the blowing wind?

"Of the winds that blew across the sea
where our sailors were young and brave.
Of the navy's fight to keep us free
and those left in a watery grave.

That's what I'm thinking standing alone
here in the blowing wind".

Of what are you thinking, soldier of stone
as you stand in the pouring rain?

"Of the jungle diggers brave battle
in those places humid and wet.
Of the hidden gun's deadly rattle
leaving young men laying there yet.

That's what I'm thinking standing alone
here in the pouring rain".



Of what are you thinking, soldier of stone
as you stand in the blazing sun?

"Of the quiet places where young pilots lay
and the sunny skies of their flight.
Of young men who flew into the day
and remained ever in the night.

That's what I'm thinking standing alone
here in the blazing sun".

Of what are you thinking, soldier of stone
as you stand in the dawning bright?

"Of the wartime woman's leading light
nurses, clerks, supply staff and more.
Of women who showed such gentle might
and those who lost their life in war.

That's what I'm thinking standing alone
here in the dawning bright".

Of what are you thinking soldier of stone
as you stand in the chilling fog?

"Of men and women - prisoners of war
who struggled hard just to survive.
Scarred by the chilling horrors they saw
those who came home barely alive.

That's what I'm thinking standing alone
here in the chilling fog".

Of what are you thinking, soldier of stone
as you stand in the evening light?

"Of those for whom "Last Post" sounds at night
the ones buried on foreign shores.
Of faces kept in memories sight
faces of the victims of wars.

That's what I'm thinking, standing alone
here in the evening light".



BLUEY, JACK AND ME

© VR (Vic) Jeffries - 2002

One bit me for the makings - the other need a light,
that was how I met these blokes if memory serves me right.
Although the years have flown away I never will forget
the mates I made that day over a lousy cigarette,
because then we boarded a ship leaving Circular Quay
and sailing off to fight the war went Bluey, Jack and me.
It was less than thirty years since our fathers earnt their fame
and every man amongst us swore we'd uphold that name,
for while our coppers were serving almost every where,
we were going to be the mob to stop the Japs "Up there."
As part of the Eighth Division went 'The Dreadful Three'
yes, that was what they called us then, Bluey, Jack and me.

History shows there was something wrong with our leader's plan
and how most of us became the prisoner's of Japan.
For years we stuck together determined we would live
giving to one another all we had that we could give,
that was not unusual and looking back it's plain to see,
dinkum mateship saved the lives of Bluey, Jack and me.
You can talk about your pals and chums even comrades too
but you never saw the likes of the friendship that we knew.
The other blokes in the camp who came from a different land
used to think we were brothers they could not understand:
mateship built Australia - it is how we are born to be -
then they had never seen mates like us, Bluey, Jack and me.
We cared for one another, sharing our scraps of bread,
I still remember Bluey bathing my fevered head
and how those crazy skeletons saved my worthless hide
by doing my share of work - if you couldn't work you died.
Jack declared, "There'll be none of that for The Dreadful Three!"
That was how we lived for years, Bluey, Jack and me.
So we battled on together through torment, pain and hell,
surviving in a manner simple words could never tell.
Till at last the war was won and on that glorious day
I recall how those who freed us turned their heads away;
they could not bear to look at - no they couldn't bear to see -
the almost dead who greeted them with Bluey, Jack and me.
Now I'm searching in my heart for the words I'd like to say,
while Blue left us years ago we're burying Jack today,
but as I see that soldier raise the bugle to his lip,
I have to quickly close my eyes and seek a firmer grip.
Because between their graves there's a plot reserved for me,
and I know it won't be long before once again we're three.
While I'm sure they wait in heaven - if perchance they've gone below,
Mate, that makes no difference because where they've gone I'll go.
Though I trust The Lord in his wisdom will readily agree,
mates like us should stay together throughout eternity,
and He would never separate the famous 'Dreadful Three'
'cause I reckon we might have earnt our keep - Bluey, Jack and me.

Vic Jeffries Poem

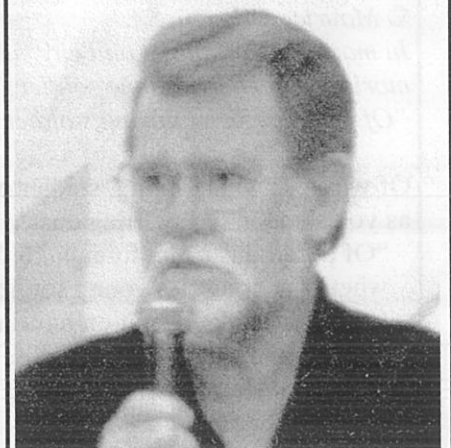
With the British surrender of Singapore in February 1942, approximately one hundred and thirty thousand allied troops became prisoners of the Japanese Army.

Seventeen thousand of that number were Australians, mainly from the 8th Division, A.I.F.

A further three and a half thousand Australians were taken prisoner during the war in the Pacific.

Nearly eight thousand of those captured died, or were killed, while suffering years of unimaginable hardship, starvation, torture and degradation at the hands of their captors. Many more died soon after returning home.

However, never had the world see a finer example of that inherent, almost indefinable something that makes all true Australians unique. That special something we call mateship.



Vic Jeffries was born and raised in the inner Sydney suburb of Leichhardt before enlisting in the RAAF in 1962, which enabled him to travel and work throughout Australia and most of Asia. Vic served in Vietnam, and since leaving the air force has had jobs as varied as driving truck to managing pubs and just about everything in between.

Vic has had a lifelong interest in most forms of poetry, and writes and performs his own as well as others work.

TIMES HAVE NOT CHANGED

By Hugh Rae Hutcheson.

Be not deceived ye men,
To truth you must now bow.
Would you not do again
What you are doing now?

You say you'll ne'er again
Put on this drab khaki.
Be not deceived ye men
Your choice this time was free

T'was not to roam afield
Nor yet for sake of thrill
That you have fought and reeled
Against a madman's will.

You say you did not rise
Because your country called.
Oh men, unveil your eyes,
Admit you were appalled

Admit your sense of right,
Your sense of self respect,
Your conscience made you fight,
Lest earth itself be wrecked.

Admit adventure's lure
Was but a mere veneer
You seized on to obscure
The thoughts you hold most dear.

Once, in another war
Your country wrote her name
Your fathers fought before
This time you bear the flame.

Last time they fought to save
Us from the tyrant's curse
They sought a soldier's grave
To save us from a worse

And ye who fight this war
Have heard the same old call
Your fathers heard before
You are their sons - that's all.

That's why, should country call,
You'd once more take your stand,
Prepared to give your all
To make a freer land.

[Written in the Western desert as a result of many discussions on the topic dealt with. Patriotism, the call of King and country, defending the flag and such sayings were pooh poohed, but I am convinced that times have not changed. H.R.H.]

Copyright © H. R. (Bill) Hutcheson from the collection "Runaway Pen - 1939 - 1942"

FROM THE DUGOUT

In 2003 Doug Hutcheson received a Highly Commended award at Beaudesert for his poem 'Morning Parade' in which he expressed his feelings about Anzac Day and honoured the memory of his father, Hugh Rae (Bill) Hutcheson.

Hugh Rae Hutcheson fought in Egypt during WWII and was a regular contributor of pencil and charcoal sketches of desert scenes to newsletters published for the allied forces.

Unbeknown to Doug, his father was also an accomplished poet.

Rummaging through some of his father's memorabilia recently Doug unearthed an old, yellow typescript passed on to him by his mother when his father passed away in 1980.

He was in Signals where no doubt he had access to 'high-tech word processing equipment'. The accompanying is from his collection, typed in his dugout. Across the span of sixty years, an old soldier laid to rest in 1980 has spoken to his son, and as Doug suspects, to many of us today.

The REGIMENTAL FLAG

James Henry Sturgiss. 1890-1983

A symbol of valour, a wind-whipped rag
Salute! to the Regiment's passing flag,
On that 'brodered banner old battle names
Bring our cold hearts comfort like leaping flames.

What pictures they bring of the days gone by
When our hopes were green and our hearts beat high,
The thundering charge with the blue steel drawn
On the night-long ride, to the rush at dawn.

Through the valley's sun or the khamseen's breath,
Through battle and boredom and sudden death,
Only those who rode in those days now lost
Can measure the effort or check the cost.

For faith of the living and vanished dead
Is woven as one through each silken thread,
Illusion, Adventure and Youth are gone,
With years, like ghost horsemen, galloping on.

Last roll-call is over - last orders read
The Past is dead and must bury its dead,
Today to the pomp of procession brave,
This last time gathered, we fill in its grave.

'Ere we furl it at last with its banner spread,
Let it dip in salute to the gallant dead:
The trumpet is silent, Last Post is o'er
And the fiery horsemen shall ride no more.

TAMWORTH POETRY READING GROUP

Of all the busy people in this world, one of the busiest would have to be Jan Morris or Tamworth.

Jan has been part of the Tamworth Poetry Reading Group for ever, and is known by all as the 'lady who runs the Imperial Competition'.

The Imperial Competition as it is known is one of the oldest performance bush poetry competitions in Australia.

Jan has now extended her expertise to the organizing and conducting of the famous 'Blackened Billy Written Competition'

The Tamworth Poetry Reading Group is once again presenting its two famous competitions in 2004.

'The Blackened Billy Verse Competition Year 2004' and the Performance Poetry competition during Country Music Week in January.

The 'Blackened Billy' written competition has \$500 in prizes as well as the well-sought after Blackened Billy Trophy.

Entries for the competition close on 30th November and winners will be announced at the finals for the Tamworth Bush Poetry Competition on Saturday 24th January.

'The Country Energy Tamworth Bush Poetry Competition' will be held at the Imperial Hotel, Tamworth from 21st to 24th January 2004. There are two sections, Original and Traditional. Prizes to the value of \$1700 and a Golden Damper Award for the winners of each section.

For more information on both of these competitions, please send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to Jan Morris

Tamworth Poetry Reading Group
PO Box W1
WEST TAMWORTH NSW 2340
Email janmorris@northnet.com.au
Phone 02 6765 9478.

LOOKOUT !!!

THEY'RE HEADING YOUR WAY
"THE IRISH TRIO"

PADDY & GLORI O'BRIEN

With INTERNATIONAL SINGER,
GUITAR AND BANJO PLAYER

FROM THE ISLES -

MALCOLM GLADSTONE

A RARE DOSE OF INSANITY AT THE

"TOP PUB" DORRIGO

SATURDAY 1ST NOVEMBER 8.00PM

DON YOUR KILT AND LEG ROPE YOUR BAGPIPES FOR A TURN FOR THE WORST

MUGS FOR PUNISHMENT? CATCH THEM THE NIGHT BEFORE AT

THE BELLIGEN GOLF CLUB FRIDAY 31ST OCT. 6:00PM

(Paid ad)



BLACKENED BILLY

WRITTEN VERSE COMPETITION 2004

\$500 Prize-money plus the famous Blackened Billy Trophy created by Fred Hillier and certificates.

Winners announced Saturday 24th January at the Imperial Hotel

CLOSING DATE: November 30th 2003

The Country Energy

Tamworth Bush Poetry Competition

Imperial Hotel, Tamworth

January 21-24, 2004

\$1700 Prizemoney plus Golden Damper Award

for winners of each section

Entry forms and enquiries - SSAE to

Jan Morris. PO Box W1 West Tamworth NSW 2340

Email janmorris@northnet.com.au Phone 02 6765 9478

FAW WOLLONDILLY *Scribblings*

\$1275.00 Prizemoney

SHORT STORY: Open theme to 2,500 words

TRADITIONAL POETRY: Open theme to 80 lines

FREE VERSE POETRY: Open theme to 60 lines

Winning entries will be published in FreeXpresSion Magazine.

Entry Fee: \$5.00 per entry or \$20.00 for 5 entries

NO ENTRY FORM REQUIRED

Normal competition conditions apply. Use separate cover sheets.

Enquiries: Jeannette Doyle (02) 6624 1933

email: scribblings@jmdoyle.com

Please send entries with cheque or money order (made payable to FAW Wollondilly) to:

Competition Secretary, PO Box 4210, Goonellabah NSW 2480

CLOSING DATE: OCTOBER 7, 2003

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

3rd Sat. **LIVERPOOL** Poet's 12 - 4 pm Liverpool Library - 170 George Street Liverpool. David Price 02 9825 0402

2nd Mon **KATOOMBA** - Parakeet's Poets - Parakeet Café - 7 pm. Katoomba St, Katoomba. Denis Kevans 02 4757 3119

2nd Tues **HUNTER** Bush Poets. 7 pm, Tarro Hotel, Anderson Dr, Tarro. Bob Skelton 02 4953 2751

2nd Wed **DORRIGO** Mountain Top Poets, 7 pm, April, June, August, October. Murray Suckling 02 6657 2139

2nd Thur **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 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 Tue **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 Thur **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 Tue **GOSFORD** Bush Poets - Gosford Hotel - Bob & Ester Sennett 02 4325 2590

Last Thur **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.

Each Sunday. 9am **TWEED HEADS PIONEER COUNTRY BUSH POETS**. Graeme Brunckhorst. Ph. 07 55246668

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, Larikins 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

3rd Wed. **CHARTERS TOWERS** Caravan Park 10.30am. Ph. Arthur 07 4787 2409. Mary 4787 7944 Harry 07 4787 3211

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 **MELBOURNE** - **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

4th Sun **BENDIGO** Goldfields Poets. Whitehorse Hotel - California Gully. Colin Carrington 03 5441 2425
mailto:colincarrington@mydesk.net.au

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

INAUGURAL UMINA BEACH FOLK FESTIVAL

Friday 17th to Sunday 19th OCTOBER THE UMINA BEACH BOWLING CLUB
and associated venues. (near Ettalong) **THREE FULL DAYS OF ENTERTAINMENT**

2 Big Poet's Breakfasts (Saturday and Sunday) Plus black board concerts

Contact: Vic Jeffries 02 9639 4911 - jeffries@tech2u.com.au Frank Russell 02 4341 4060 Website:
www.geocities.com/troubadourfolkclub/umina. (See page 31 - Galaxy of Stars).

POET'S CALENDAR

- Oct 5 **BIG DOO at Brymaroo** - Open & Novice Performance Competition.
Contact G. Bowtell Ph/fx 07 4692 1347 mailto: glenoles@bigpond.com
- Oct.10 **Closing Date. NSW Bush Poetry State Championships Performance Competition.** (See page 9)
- Oct 11-12 **VICTORIAN BUSH POETRY STATE CHAMPIONSHIPS Stratford Vic.**
Contact Dennis Carstairs. (03) 5145 6128 email: carstairs@netspace.net.au PO Box 159 Stratford V. 3862
- Oct 17-19 **UMINA BEACH FOLK FESTIVAL.** See advertisement on opposite page.
- Oct 18-19 **NEW SOUTH WALES BUSH POETRY STATE CHAMPIONSHIPS Narrandera NSW.**
Contact Julie Briggs. 1800 672 392. Narrandera Tourist Centre PO Box 89 Narrandera NSW 2700
www.johnobrien.com.au juliebriggs@narrandera.nsw.gov.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** Enquiries Murray 02 6657 2139 (see page 17)
- Nov 9 **WALLA WALLA NSW** - Heritage Festival with Frank Daniel. Junior Written Competition. See page
- Nov.28 **BRAIDWOOD NSW**—Drovers Reunion, Rodeo Poets Breakfast, Yarnspinning Competitions. See p. 13
- Dec 6-7 **YOUNG NSW BUSH POETRY Competition and Breakfast.** \$1100.00 prizemoney. Ph. 02 6382 2506 ah.
- Dec 28 **WOODFORD Folk Festival**
- 2004** January - **TAMWORTH NSW - BUSH POETRY -**
FRANK DANIEL and the **TRADITIONAL LONGYARD HOTEL** Bush Poets Breakfasts.
SAM SMYTH and the **TAMWORTH CITY BOWLING CLUB** Bush Poets Breakfasts (p.5)
CAROL REFFOLD'S OUTBACK at **The OASIS HOTEL.** 19th - 24th January (p.22)
THE NAKED POETS - TAMWORTH GOLF CLUB
Sex Lies and Poetry - TAMWORTH GOLF CLUB
The IMPERIAL HOTEL BUSHPOETRY COMPETITION See p. 22 *Tamworth Poetry Reading Group*
- Feb 1st weekend. **Bush Poets Gathering - Elmslea Bungendore NSW** with Frank Daniel
- March **Dunedoo NSW Bush Poetry competitions and yarn spinning**
- March **John O'Brien Bush Festival - Narrandera NSW**
- June 18-20 Charters Towers Festival of Australian Bush Poetry.** Ph. Arthur 07 4787 2409. Mary 07 4787 7944
Harry 07 4787 3211. Note meetings 3rd Wednesday of month - 10.30am Charters Towers Caravan Park
- June 27 **Mt Larcom Poets Breakfasts and competition.** Sec. Mt Larcom Show Society, P.O. Box 49, Mt Larcom 4695.

TO RAISE



A SMILE

Poems by
Vivienne Ledlie

WALLA WALLA NSW HERITAGE DAY BUSH POETRY AWARD

Walla Walla Lions Club will be conducting the Walla Walla Wagon Wheel Award for Written Bush Poetry as part of the towns Walla Walla Heritage Day
November 9th 2003.

Three sections apply. Open class - Under 12 yrs and 13 to 18 years
Wagon Wheel Trophies and Certificates will be awarded.

No entry forms required - no entry fees applicable - use cover sheets

Deadline October 31st 2003

Post to: Bush Poetry Competition PO Box 22 Walla Walla NSW 2659

'To Raise a Smile', Vivienne Ledlie of Brisbane has come up with a novel way to support the Redlands Friends of Operation Smile Australia. Operation Smile Australia is a not-for-profit organization providing life-changing cranio-facial surgery for children in the Asia-Pacific under-developed countries. Medical teams give of their time freely.

Redlands Friends of Operation Smile assists in this endeavour by raising funds for associated expenses such as theatre and hospital costs and airfares.

Money raised from Vivienne's anthology, 'To Raise a Smile', will be donated to this charity. The anthologies are \$5 each (\$6 posted). Contact: Vivienne Ledlie, 5 Lorton Court, Alexandra Hills. Q 4161. Ph. 07 3824 4038 email ledlielv@bigpond.net.au



CARRY ON MATE

On August 26 last, famous racehorse trainer Max Lees of Newcastle passed away, his death spooking the racing industry throughout Australia. Max was described as a legend by all who knew him. He is survived by his wife and three children, and just before his demise he told his eldest son Kris to 'Carry on Son'. Max was born in 1938, became a jockey and, after a serious race fall, took up training. His once in a lifetime wonder horse, 'Luskin Star' shot him to world prominence in 1977; Luskin Star being one of the greatest two-year olds ever winning 13 from 17 starts under Max Lees guidance. At Warwick Farm the day after he died his horse bolted in to win the last race ridden by Allen 'Robbo' Robinson. The name of this horse is 'Carry on Mate', and the following poem is a tribute to Max Lees, from Harold Briggs of Muswellbrook NSW.

Max Lees, you're a fair-dinkum champ,
a legend so they say!
A gentleman, a thoroughbred,
in every single way.
It's sad to hear of your passing,
we were shocked today.
Mate you left us with memories
no one can take away.

Your son Kris will make you proud,
he's progeny of Lees,
He won't falter at the winning post
or buckle at the knees.
Wait and see, I won't be wrong,
he's a chip off the old block;
He's just like you Max, he comes from
first class breeding stock.

Enjoy your time in Heaven,
with your horses and some mates,
Don't forget each day, grab your binocs
off the Pearly Gates.
Keep a close watchful eye
upon your darling loving wife;
She was your strength and backbone
through every part of married life.

You knew you didn't tell us
you had one more race to run;
I bet you enjoyed it with
exhilarating fun.
You will never be forgotten,
you're on the list of great
The achievements in your life will always
'Carry On Mate'.

GALAXY OF STARS IN UMINA

Umina will be overtaken by the largest collection of musicians, singers, poets and dance presenters ever to gather at the one group of venues on the Central Coast, when the Umina Beach Folk Festival takes place in October.

The Umina Beach Folk Festival (previously held at Patonga) is the third festival organised by the Troubadour Folk Club, part of the Central Coast Bush Dance & Music Association, Inc. and is expected to become the second largest folk festival in New South Wales.

The festival features two auditoriums with concerts running simultaneously in both venues on Saturday, Saturday evening and Sunday.

Over 100 performers from NSW, Vic., Qld., ACT and even Ireland have been engaged to provide non stop entertainment. There are also two music workshop rooms and a singing room constantly in use.

A singing room is also available and will be used as a base for the Festival Choir.

A separate area has been set aside for two **Poets' Breakfasts** in the mornings and for a blackboard concert on the Saturday evening. Well known bush poets, Vic Jeffries, Viv Sawyer and Barry Lake will host the poet's breakfasts and will encourage everyone present to participate.

Saturday night will also feature a Blackboard Concert in the Club Bistro where performers place their name on a blackboard and get their chance to entertain club patrons from 6pm to 9.30pm.

The Festival starts on Friday evening, October 17 at 7.30pm and concludes on Sunday afternoon at 5pm.

Day and evening tickets are available at the door and cost only \$8 for Friday evening, \$10 for Saturday, \$10 for Saturday evening and \$10 for Sunday with reduced prices for children and youths.

Umina (Ocean Beach) is located on the Woy Woy Peninsula on the sunny Central Coast of New South Wales, just one hour from the Sydney CBD.

Further information:

<http://geocities.com/troubadourfolkclub/umina>
Vic Jeffries 02 9639 4911 - jeffries@tech2u.com.au
Website: www.geocities.com/troubadourfolkclub/umina.

KYABRAM NEWS.

(from the 'two-days late' Graeme Watt)

Another very successful Verse and Yarns night was held by the Kyabram Bush Verse Group on Thursday 18th September with over 100 in attendance.

The 'Best Poet of the Night' was Molly Sprakes who beat all the blokes when she 'Wished She'd Been a Bloke'. Col Milligan won the Johnny Johansen Yarn Spinning Trophy with an hilarious yarn about Irish Twins.

The 'Skew Wiff' award went to Alex Allit of Deniliquin. The outright winner of the Primary Schools written competition was presented to Holly-Beth Andrews-Maddock from the Haslem Street School with her poem 'Aussie'.

ONE SIDED ARGUMENTS

BY Brian Coghlan

You've all heard stories, I have no doubt
Of the strange behaviour of men 'further out';
Of say, drovers who'll yarn to the Billy all night,
And even talk themselves into a fight.
I've seen a man in the horrors all week,
Converse with his swag out near Tennant Creek;
But one that I know of, to beat all the band,
Took place near Cloncurry,

midst mulga and sand.

This yarn which I reckon is one of the best,
Was held by a man with a white-ant's nest;
This nest he transformed to look like a face,
With a mouth, two eyes, and a nose, all in place.
A stick for a pipe completed the job,
Along with a hat which was fit for a 'nob'.
On the side of the road, to while away time,
This joker conversed with his listener so prime;
Though he was stone sober, I'm led to believe,
Some unwitting person he might well deceive.
But when you are married, and tied to a wife,
If she's argumentive you'll get lots of strife;
It's better by far to be single, like me,
And talk to yourself or a tree stump. You'll see.

EDITORS NOTE:

The above 'One Sided Argument' was incorrectly attributed to David Campbell of Beaumaris Vic in the August September issue.

My mistake, it was actually written by Brian Coghlan of Greta NSW.

Sincere apologies Brian.

Frank Daniel

WATT - A NIGHTMARE

© Frank 'Joe' Daniel

The road of life's a bumpy one with potholes by the score
and life's a flaming gamble with lots of risks in store.
There's lots of push and lots of shove,

less give and more of take;
blokes like Watt and Parker reaping all that they can rake.
They're happy while they hold the floor,
while they are shining bright;
money grabbing misers who'll defy all copyrights
to pinch ideas for a poem - then make a hash of it
submitting to the editor with 'please sir! make it fit!'

I told Watt in last issue that he'd had his final run,
No more I'll pen his scribblings, I'll burn 'em by the ton
Now he's seeking legal action - a bid to raise some cash;
he reckons I insulted him and acted rather rash.
But he forgets - the final say is mine whilst here I sit -
I'll please myself just what I do when publishing his wit.
So here I turn him upside down and stand him on his head -
Just spin the magazine around to see what Watty said.



For and on behalf of Parker and Watt.

Signed ... *Watt* ...

THE LAST WORD
From Watty and Parker (Not bloody likely. Ed.)
Dear Sir,
I am writing you this letter,
As I thought that I had better,
Inform you of our feelings of disgust.
Mr. Parker and myself,
Are now suffering ill-health,
Because we think your words were quite unjust.
You said, "Drive! and much rot",
To Parker and to Watt,
When everybody knows it isn't true.
We are both of gentle stock,
And you really shouldn't knock,
Two gentlemen of honour, through and through.
Some people even say,
We are the Shakespeares of today,
But we are much to modest to agree,
We never ever jest,
And we try our very best,
To speak imperfect English, him and me.
So please, no more jokes,
When writing of us blokes,
Show respect for Parker and for 'Skew'.
And as for what you've done,
Although you think it fun...
OUR SOLICITORS
WILL BE IN TOUCH WITH YOU.

ABPA Inc. BADGE



It's Copper
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

Ideal gifts Send payment to the
Secretary - ABPA Inc. Ed Parmenter
1 Avenue St. Coffs Harbour NSW 2450