

# ABPA

The Australian Bush Poets Association Inc.



Volume 15

No. 3

June - July

2008

*Magazine - (since 1994)*



## QUEENSLAND STATE CHAMPIONSHIPS

The 2008 Queensland State Championships conducted at Charters Towers were won by John Lloyd Calen Q. and a very excited Cay Ellem from Murrumba Downs Q. The Gold Nugget written awards were taken out by Ellis Campbell of Dubbo NSW.

See P. 13.

**TERRY REGAN** of Blaxland NSW has won and has been placed in numerous Bush Poetry Performance Competitions over the years. These include, Queensland and NSW State Male Champion and National Male Champion. He says the competitions are so strongly contested that, no matter how well you perform, there is always an element of luck. He was particularly pleased when his CD, 'Through the Horse's Eyes and Other Poems', was a finalist in the 2008 Australian Bush Laureate Awards. Read more on page 23.

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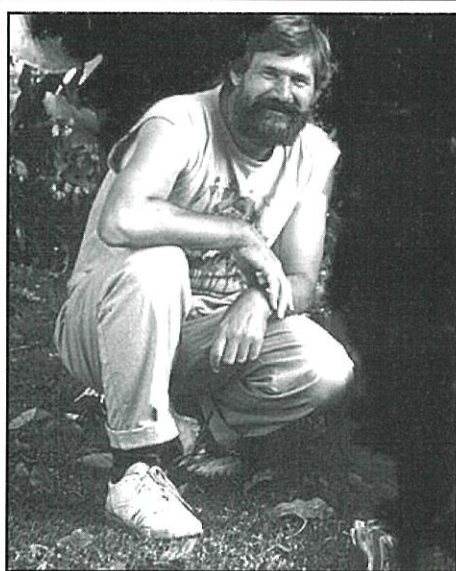


A CD of Max Merckenschlager's poems and songs that have won awards, including 2006 and 2007 Nationals and 2007 Bush Lantern, is available simply by sending a cheque (minimum \$20) made out as a donation to Medicine Sans Frontiers (Doctors Without Borders) who are doing such a fantastic job for humanity in the world's hotspots. Max's poetry is not available commercially, so this is probably the only way anyone interested can obtain it, other than going to his website. His CD would be virtually cost-free, as the recipient would be able to claim a full tax offset on the \$20 he/she donates.

Max will arrange for MSF to forward a receipt to the full donation. The poems on the CD would be in both spoken and word.doc downloadable forms.

Max and Jacqui Merckenschlager RSD 2077 CALOOTE SA 5254

www.scriptsongs.com



## KING CLYDESDALE

© max merckenschlager

Winning poem in the 2008 Dunedoo

Written competition.

emailing saves resources....

I ream of paper uses 6% of a tree and puts 5.4kg CO2 in the atmosphere

3 sheets of A4 paper use 1 litre of water to make

He leans on the farm-gate, his chin on the rail,  
there's a far-away look in his eyes,  
and the breath of his morning condenses in cloud  
as he shivers and wistfully sighs.  
Down the lane to his mem'ry he's watching for life  
and for hours he'll patiently stand,  
while he dreams of a past before horses of steel  
in a time he was king of the land.

He remembers the barn with its mangers of chaff  
lit by kerosene lamps in the gloom,  
and a clatter of cans when the water was fetched  
and a ritual brush from the groom.  
Those long days of toil as the seasons marked time  
till the horses were bedded on dark,  
when a hooting of owls in his valley of farms  
had an answer in echoing bark.

There's a petulant bird cock-a-hoop on his rump  
in a gyrating wag to the west,  
with a smouldering stare under pencil-white brows  
making takeaway trips to his nest.  
Down the lane to his mem'ry he watches for life  
while he chatters away on his stand,  
and he dreams of a time before horses of steel  
when his friend was a king of the land.

Now the swingles are rusty, the leathers are cracked  
and his collars are broken and worn,  
the mouldboard's forgotten, the chaffcutter's sold  
and his master sleeps in after dawn.

He is waiting in silence as seasons roll by  
from the vigil he keeps by the gate,  
while he listens for someone to whistle him home  
and he wonders how long he must wait.

So he leans on the farm-gate, his chin on the rail  
there's a far-away look in his eyes,  
and the breath of his morning condenses in cloud  
till he shivers and wistfully sighs.

Down the lane to his mem'ry he's watching for life  
and for hours he'll patiently stand,  
while he dreams of a past before horses of steel  
when he ruled as a king of the land.

The following poem "Canoe Tree, Currency Creek" was placed 2nd at the recent Adelaide Plains Poets competition in a "mixed field" of genres. The tree, located alongside the Strathalbyn/Goolwa main road in SA, has a scar of 5 metres, which indicates that a craft capable of carrying quite a crew was cut from its bark. It has been nominated to the National Trust's Significant Tree Register and it features in tourism information on a number of Australian websites. It was ringbarked by persons unknown between Christmas Day 1998 and New Year's Day 1999. A rescue operation has saved it, and it hangs on tenuously to life.

## CANOE TREE, CURRENCY CREEK

Placed 2nd, 2008 Adelaide Plains Poets Inc competition.

Theme "Homesteads, Tin Sheds & Everything In Between"

For ninety years the youngster stood  
and watched a grand parade  
of creatures in and on its wood  
and camped beneath its shade.

It passed the tests that nature  
set in fire, drought and flood  
each youthful misadventure  
stealed the sap it ran as blood.

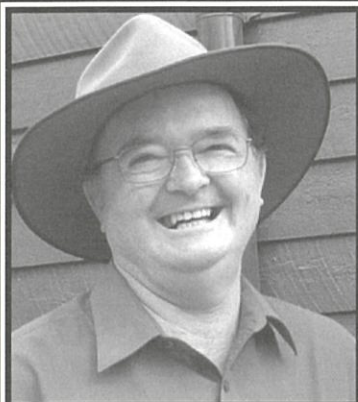
A callous curled around the mark  
where skin was wedged and peeled  
to shape a craft of floating bark  
which many seasons healed.

The tree endured invasion  
noting history with pride  
to people classed 'caucasian'  
in their post-colonial tide

three centuries of college  
stored within its annual rings  
the universal knowledge  
which a living classroom brings

three centuries to matchwood  
for an Aussie wild and free  
and each of us is lessened  
by the axing of this tree.





## PRESIDENT'S REPORT

G'day Members,

Sadly Frank's health will not allow him to continue to be the editor of our Newsletter. Everyone was dreading this day as the standard he has created is a daunting legacy for one to follow. We have been making various inquiries and would be very keen to hear from any member who would be willing to pick up the baton. Hopefully we can have someone in the near future as it is unfair to ask Frank to continue when it could be detrimental to his wellbeing.

Among the rich experiences I have enjoyed as a member of the bush poetry movement is the camaraderie of fellow poets and the genuine pleasure you

have when you catch up with them at gatherings and this fellowship only heightens the sadness when one of these mates dies. Since our last newsletter we have lost at least two significant members.

Robert Johnno Johnstone, dearly loved partner of Molly Sparkes, left us after what nobody expected to be a fatal illness. I was with Molly in Narrandera when Johnno was recovering from what most regarded as routine surgery and while it was obvious she was concerned and missing her mate there was no suggestion of what was to quickly happen.

On behalf of all members Molly I want to express to you and your family the sincere condolences of the bush poets for your loss and to say to you how grateful we are for the joy and happiness that Johnno brought to so many people through his bush poetry and his genuine concern for people. May he rest in peace.

Another good mate to leave us was Dan O'Donnell. Dan was a member of the North Pine Bush Poets for the last six years and finally succumbed to his battle with cancer. This quiet, unassuming, gentle man would be one of the two most affirming men I have ever met. Whoever you were, when Dan met

you, his first sentence would always be to acknowledge something positive you had done. This praise or affirmation was not patronising but genuine recognition of what Dan saw as an achievement. You would never know, unless someone else told you, that this man was a scholar, a university lecturer, a publisher of learned works and a vehement newspaper critic of social and government injustices.

We can learn so much from our bush poetry mates and the loss of these is a timely reminder to all of us to acknowledge, value, appreciate and affirm the mates we have while we have them.

*Noel Stallard*

With the passing of 'Johnno' Johnstone and Dr. Dan O'Donnell we realise again that . . .

'Our world becomes a sadder place when mates depart from mates  
The track we trudge is long and hard with many open gates.

Gates ajar to ease our travels, welcome smiles to greet us all,  
but none to ease the pain within when one must heed the call.

There's friends we make along the way, where courtesy is shown;  
with warm hand-shakes and greetings other folk have never known.

There's parting after meeting; glistening tears in shaded eye;  
but never grief in parting - Bush Poets never say good-bye.

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

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

Frank Daniel 2002  
'Bush Poets Never Say Goodbye'

## VALE: DAN O'DONNELL

"Dan's gone", the phone voice sadly said, though this was no surprise,  
We knew on Friday our farewells would be our last good byes.  
His voice had gone but his "thumbs-up" still told us he was there,  
He'd fight this Aussie battler Dan, till he ran out of air.

This unpretentious, modest man came late into our lives,  
and thrived in this bush poetry like honey-bees in hives.  
His first thought was for others and what praise he could bestow,  
A more affirming, caring bloke I can't say that I know.

He claimed his poet mates had filled his life up to the brim,  
but most would claim that Dan gave us much more than we gave him.  
He'd never talk of his success or generous deeds he'd done,  
His scholarship and published works; the writing prizes won.

His size was quite diminutive, a shy, retiring man,  
Until bush poetry's phone box created SuperDan.  
The transformation brought about gave Marion a fright,  
bare-chested Dan in Charters Towers really was a sight.

The Billy Tea and Damper Sunday shows will still go on,  
and while Dan's kilt and sporran and his Aussie flag have gone.  
We'll feel his presence still with us inspiring every cause,  
And you can bet it will be Dan who leads the crowd's applause.

Noel Stallard 03-04-08



## VALE: 'JOHNNO'

Robert Johnstone came into the lives of Molly Sparkes and her family over thirty years ago.

He and Molly were great companions and did so many things together. The fondest memories of him are his love of the bush and camping, his kindness to the kids and his many boating escapades; he was always a patient man and loved children.

'Johnno', it is said, was a kind man and would never hurt anything, and would not even kill a spider or a snake.

He was a regular source of laughter and fun at children's birthday parties, especially when Bongo and Mimbi the clowns turned up to perform their tricks.

Christmas was an extra special event for both young and old when the big happy Santa handed out presents, lollies and balloons and when had their photos taken on his knee.

'Johnno' was a keen golfer. He was a past President of Kyabram Parklands Golf Club spending many happy hours working for the club and spreading his free-flowing bulldust with his mates.

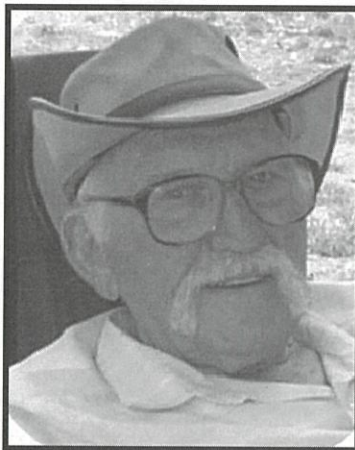
He gained much pleasure from

both indoor and lawn bowls.

He was quite adept as a handy man and often turned his skills to woodwork and cabinet making.

Johnno' participated in anything and everything with his two families and grew a large moustache for 'Movember' to raise funds for another worthy cause, and retained the 'mo' because it fitted with his love for bush poetry and the joy that it gave ....

There are only good memories of Johnno and he will be sadly missed.



## JOHNNO'S FAREWELL

Johnno was a fella,  
A rather quiet sort of bloke.  
But he made a lot of friends  
Among the Bush Poetry Folk.

He loved his good friend Molly,  
And their little caravan  
In which they followed the Poets 'Do's'  
That were on, throughout the land.

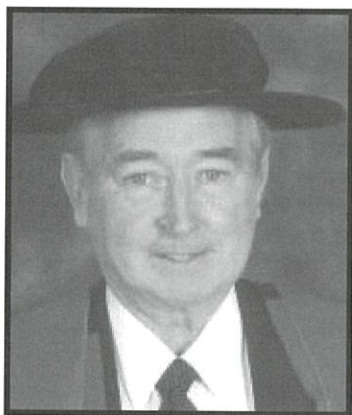
They both were good club members.  
Always there to help another.  
And just like salt and pepper,  
There was never one, without the other.

He'll be missed around the camp fires  
At the Poets Brekkies too.  
And our thoughts go out to Molly,  
His grieving family and friends so true.

Johnno's up in heaven now,  
And he doesn't have to hike,  
You see, he visits his departed mates  
On "Mulga Billy's Bike"

*With sincere condolences  
From Reg Phillips - President,  
Snowy Mountains Bush Poets*

## VALE: DAN O'DONNELL



Hundreds of thousands of newspaper readers came to know Dan O'Donnell of Stafford Heights Brisbane- indefatigable writer of letters to newspapers- as a fearless social commentator.

Over more than 40 years he had more than 1000 letters published- not only in the Courier-Mail and The Australian but in dozens of provincial newspapers as well.

His scholarship was prodigious. He wrote 14 books, including three biographies, more than 100 research articles in scholarly journals and delivered professional addresses at national and international educational and historians' conferences.

He was a humble and unpretentious man whose contribution to education, history and heritage enriched many lives. He had a small and wiry stature and was quick on his feet. At High School he began his boxing career and he and his brother Don became champions. It was the era of the Jimmy Sharman's Boxing Troupe which toured fairgrounds and anyone who could "go three rounds" with the professional boxers would win a guinea. Dan was often awarded the prize "because they couldn't catch me in the ring."

He met his future wife Marion when he was teaching in Glasgow. They married in 1961 and had a daughter, Jenny.

Over the past eight years he won competitions for bush poetry in venues

as far afield as Perth and Charters Towers

Dan had a love of music - as a performer, connoisseur and historian. He played the saxophone and in a humorous way the ukulele. He also played the alto sax in an orchestra in Hamilton, Ontario.

He had a particular sympathy for the underdog and the underprivileged whether disadvantaged children or others in society and an advocate for research and documentation of the dispossessed aboriginal people of Australia.

For more than seven years Dr. O'Donnell had battled cancer.

He was the most loyal of friends and a person of courage. He had a boundless capacity for affection and an enjoyment in the interests of others. He was a consummate professional in all that he did. His creativity has left a legacy which will be used, referred to and enjoyed by generations to come.

Professor John Peam



## THE FINAL MUSTER

Ellis Campbell has just released his sixth book, *THE FINAL MUSTER*.

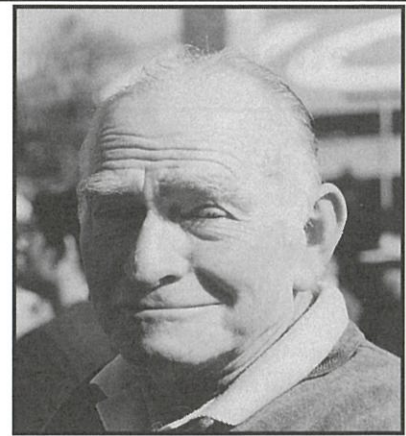
Twenty years ago his ambition was to one day produce a book of major award winning poetry, i.e. first, second and third prize winners. Ellis achieved this in 1997 with the publication of *'Eye Of The Beholder'*, containing 45 major award-winning poems.

He repeated this in 2000 with the publication of *'The Gloss Of Bush'*, containing 53 major award-winning poems. In 2002 he produced *'Shadows Of Yesteryear'*. This book contains 42 poems, 37 of which are first, second and third prize winners. But Ellis has gone one better in *The Final Muster*. This unique book contains 40 first prize-winning poems, not previously published in his other five books. Ellis believes many of these are among the

best poems he has written, including *'Ever Turning-Ever Yearning'*, *'Valour Rode The Range'*, *'A Sacrifice Supreme'*, *'The Memory Burns'*, *'July Rain'*, *'Wanderer's Return'*, *'The Sun Will Shine Again'*, *'Who Cares? Mission Accomplished'*, *'Jim'*, *'The Carlton Clydesdales'*, *'Sophie'*, *'Last Call Of The Coo-ees'*, *'Master Stockman'* and many more.

As the great Queensland poet Veronica Weal says, "Any poem winning first prize in today's competition is a good one." As always Ellis says he tries to give his readers value for money. "I try to give the best quality product that I can, at the most reasonable price," he said. In addition to his six books Ellis released his first CD to coincide with his 80th birthday in November, 2006. He says he is happy with sales and the feedback he has received on his CD.

Ellis still has about 400 unpublished poems - many of these second and third



prizewinners - plus a couple of first prize winners collected since *The Final Muster* went to the printers. "But I think this will be my last book. Time is running out for me," he said. "But I am still writing fairly successfully. I have collected two first and two second prizes over the last few weeks."

## CORRYONG 2008

It was certainly '... On in Corryong' in 2008, despite the earlier cancellation of the regular annual event (due to equine influenza) ... the lack of horses and horsemen dampened not the enthusiasm of the locals nor the many performers who gathered for the four nights and three days of celebration.

A newly formed local committee, led by Betty Walton and Maurie Foun, in less than three months saw to it that Bush Poetry and Songs would lead the way in keeping the traditions of home made entertainment alive and to the fore in Corryong.

The Meet and Greet at the Corryong

Hotel set the mood for the weekend of poetry and song with fourteen performers on the first night.

Saturdays performance competition was hotly contested with Jim Brown of Heathmont V. the winner overall with *'The Last of the Drovers'*. Runner-up was Reg Phillips of Lavington NSW with *'Me and the Croc'*. Those highly commended were Annette Roberts, John Peel, Carol Reffold and Rod Williams.

The yarn-spinning competition was won by Reg Phillips, second went to Jim Brown and third to Rod Williams. Campbell 'the Swaggie' Irving was runner up in the open busking competition behind Ian and Di Simpson.

The open written competition was won by Ellis Campbell of Dubbo

There was plenty of entertainment for and by the children with some amazing talents displayed in song and verse.

Cooked breakfasts were a daily affair at three locations along with blackboard concerts, variety concerts and an art and photographic exhibition.

The three-hour Finale concert held at Colac Colac (pron. Clack Clack) Caravan Park was another highlight of the weekend with stellar performances by singers, poets and story-tellers alike.

Planning is already underway for a comeback of the regular *Man from Snowy River Bush Festival* from the 2nd to the 5th April 2009.

## A New Day in the Bush

© Noel Causer Corrimall NSW

As the suns early rays touch the horizon,  
and searching beams of light filter through distance trees.  
I hear the bellowing cry of a lone steer echoing, calling  
mates to another searching day for that lone blade of grass,  
that may have been missed yesterday.  
Close by I hear the chattering call of the Willy Wag tail,  
as they spread their message of good cheer and hope  
that all is well, and we are at peace with nature.

Sheep dogs start up a crescendo of barking, straining  
chains to attack a staying steer, who appears undeterred  
by their snapping and boisterous power-play.  
A type of animal play time played out every morning  
as a warning, "keep off our space or else".

Two eagles soar high above tree tops  
circling slowly, wings spread wide, suspended  
on unseen thermal updrafts, waiting patiently  
for that one unsuspecting rodent far below.

A distance crescendo of Galah's echo across parched  
fields, already encompassing twirling eddies lifting precious  
soil upwards in a slowly spiraling tunnel.

Two crows give their mournful cries, as they sit patiently  
awaiting their chances of a wayward egg dropped within  
their reach.

As the sun rays slowly take hold spreading warmth,  
many other scenario's unfold as the bush comes alive.

The constant chatter of small birds, swallows, eying off  
potential nesting places yet to be established.

This is the bush opera played out every day,  
free to all who have the capacity too hear and enjoy.

The time to listen, and the time too appreciate.

The lords wonderful works that are all around us,  
if we only have the time to stop and take it in.

I guess that's why we, "Love a Sun-burnt Country".



## Letters to the Editor

Dear Frank,

Please allow me space to voice a matter that has been of concern to me for some time. In competitions I have judged in recent years I have been disturbed by illegal entries.

One glaring one was a poem that had won a very prestigious competition, and published in ABPA magazine, I found entered in a competition I judged a few months later. I learned from other judges that this poem had been entered in at least two other competitions. I believe the competition organisers should take a little more responsibility on this matter and not pass on to the judge any poem they recognise as illegal. From the competitors' point of view it is a waste of money to enter a poem that will be thrown out. Should the judge not recognise it and award the poem a prize, only to have the prize retracted later, this becomes an extremely embarrassing situation. I prefer to think this is more often a matter of carelessness than a deliberate attempt to cheat. Competition rules do vary and it is the responsibility of the competitor to read, understand and abide by each competition's rules.

The most common rule is, "must not have won first, second or third in any competition or been published."

However, there are several variations. "Must not have won another competition or been published for payment" is another fairly common one. Under this rule poems winning second or third in another competition, and being published in ABPA or *FreeXpression*, etc, are eligible. An occasional one might bar first & second, but accept third. Another one is, "must not have won a prize in another competition at our closing date." This is a good rule, providing everyone plays fair and abides by it.

Corryong had a rule that barred only previous winners of Corryong competition - but this rule is rare. If the rule is not fairly common I believe it is the responsibility of the organising committee to make sure the judge is fully aware of the conditions.

Some years ago I entered a competition that had a rule of nothing being barred. Naturally most competitors took the chance to give some of their best poems a rerun. Apparently the judge was not informed of the conditions and threw out everything he recognised as previous winners! To be fair and save embarrassment to everyone concerned I urge competitors to read the rules carefully and abide by them.

The respect and friendship of fellow poets is worth much more than prize money and trophies won under dubious circumstances.

ELLIS CAMPBELL

## Oracles of the Bush

Report from a first time visitor.

As first time Oracle visitors my wife and I thoroughly enjoyed the experience. The organizers and the Tenterfield community turned on a real treat and deserve to be congratulated.

The cool mountain air, the friendly people and the colour of turning autumn leaves created an enchanting environment for our weekend away. The standard of Poetry was exceptional, moving us from side splitting laughter to tears of joy.

The entertainment provided by the professional Poets was excellent with Bob Magor, Bill Keams, Melanie Hall, and Dave Proust turning verse into visualized experiences.

Balladeer Matt Manning provided great musical support. The performance standard in the Looming Legend Competition was remarkable with John Llyod taking out the 2008 title with his poem *'Where two Rivers make a Creek'*. Clare Reynolds won the humorous written verse section with Ashleigh Pulford taking out the Junior Looming Legend title.

A winner in our opinion was Susan Carcary who impressed us with her research. She performed two Poems focusing on the Federation History of Tenterfield.

The way the Oracles were organised in association with a series of other community events made the weekend a worthwhile experience. We can highly recommend a visit.

Bill Dennis

To the Editor:

### Re Judging Rules for competition poetry

Over the period of the last few years there has been a good deal of controversy as regards the judging of Bush Verse performance competitions. To my mind the methods suggested so far are confusing, complicated, unnecessary. The early history of Bush poetry shows that the performances were usually around a camp fire or at a Bush concert perhaps. There were no judges. The audience showed their appreciation for each effort and the only decision at the end was "It was a bonzer night!". I reckon we could return to that style of a show.

If we must have a competition and a winner etc I would like to suggest a compromise. My idea is that the audience be the judges. Every member of the audience be given a complete list of names of performers and at the end of the performances they place a tick or

No. I. alongside their selection as the best performance. The slips are collected and counted, and a winner is announced. It's simple and the involvement of the audience would create a more relaxed atmosphere in every way.

There are several benefits from this style of competition. Mainly - no judges required and no compilation of scores.

- no waiting for judges to complete assessment.
- Less strain on poets.
- The audience would be more attentive and the result would be a 'bonzer night'. Why not??

"Banjo" and "Henry" were champion Australian poets without ever competing in a competition. The written word competitions necessarily need worthy judges but performance to my mind should be best judged by audience appreciation.

I would be interested to hear comments on this idea.

Yours Faithfully,  
"Skew Wiff" Watt.

## BULLOCKY'S TOAST

Here's to you as good as you are

Here's to me as bad as I am

But as good as you are

And as bad as I am

I'm as good as you are

As bad as I am

Success usually comes to those who are too busy to be looking for it.



## Waltzing Matilda Bush Poetry Awards 13th Annual Junior Festival

The Waltzing Matilda Bush Poetry Awards – Junior Performance Section, was held in Winton on Thursday 17th and Friday 18th April 2008.

Overall, there were 123 Individual and 21 Group performances from Prep-school to Grade 8, which demonstrates a huge commitment to the idea of promoting bush poetry and public speaking for our younger generation.

This year, 8 schools from across the outback region participated, plus the two local Winton schools. There was also the inaugural Teachers Section, where 4 teachers braved the stage to perform for their students.

Janine Haig from Eulo and Melanie



Hall from Townsville were judges this year, with Jennifer Haig from Longreach working as Compere.

Sponsors for this event were Corfield and Fitzmaurice, Mrs Jean O'Connell, Winton Shire Council, Wookatook Gift & Gem, Winton Business & Tourism Assoc Inc.

Any event is not possible without volunteers who help to make the Festival a wonderful success. Thank you to everyone who contributed in any way.

Mark your calendar for next years event on Tuesday 7th and Wednesday 8th April 2009 for the 14th Annual Waltzing Matilda Bush Poetry Awards – Junior Section

For further information please contact:

Louise Dean, P.O. Box 120,

Winton. Qld. 4735

Ph: (07) 4657 1296 Fx: (07) 4657 1541

Email: wooka2@bigpond.net.au

## THE BOOK OF AUSTRALIAN POPULAR RHYMED VERSE

This is the largest collection of Aussie rhymed verse ever published. All the greats and favourites are included in twenty-six browsable themed sections.

There is a poem here for every mood and every occasion - from ridiculous and hilarious doggerel to deeply moving and evocative literature.

In his exhaustive research and travels, Jim Haynes has unearthed every Aussie poem you ever heard recited or can remember one line of from school! He has included lost treasures from the glory days of The Bulletin, previously undiscovered and unpublished gems from the War Memorial Archives and many new verses from the popular writers of the 'bush verse' renaissance of the past twenty years.

## ABPA Website

The Australian Bush Poets Association Forum was launched on Tuesday the 8th of May 2007.

There are currently 100 Registered Users of which there are 40 ABPA members.

Congratulations must go to the registered users of the forum whose contributions have been the key to the forum's success. It is the users who post their work in the forum that captures the interest of others who don't necessarily post, but constantly return to the forum. It is great to see authors of bush poetry develop their skills and constantly improve the quality of their work.

In only 12 months this forum has assisted the ABPA website to become a worldwide resource for Australian Bush Poetry.

The ABPA website was established on Thursday the 2nd of February 2006 and is continually being edited to keep information about championships, competitions and bush poetry events up to date. There are also new bush poetry items of interest added as they are received.

A website can only be successful if its content interests its audience.

Thanks to all forum users for your assistance to create a forum an enjoyable experience for visitor and other users of the forum.

Go to [www.abpa.org.au](http://www.abpa.org.au)

This is not only a great reference book, it is 'the reciters' bible'

### Wonderful Reception for Jim's Magnum Opus

Jim has been thrilled at the critical response to his latest publication, The Book of Australian Popular Rhymed Verse, the 800+ page anthology of recitable Aussie verse released in April by ABC Books.

'You always hope the critics and reviewers will agree with your selection and appreciate the way you put an anthology together,' Jim said, 'but the response has been really overwhelming.

'This book has received more critical reviews and attention than anything I have ever done – and it has been universally positive. Even the usually toughest critics have been full of praise.

'Almost every reviewer seems to have understood and appreciated the things I tried to do to make this the best, biggest and most readable collection of Aussie verse ever published, the 26 sections, the balance between old and new, humour and nostalgia, etc.

'I couldn't be happier with the response, it makes me feel that all the years of researching, collecting, editing and arranging Aussie verse have been worthwhile.'

### Critical Acclaim for Australia's Largest-Ever Verse Anthology

'Haynes' passion for Australian verse and yarns means that we can continue to enjoy an important part of our literary tradition . . . In this anthology, humour is countered by pathos; the beauty of the bush is preserved and the piss is taken out of just about everyone.' Dianne Dempsey, The Age, Melbourne.

'Haynes has done a mighty job ... It's a treat.' Tony Grantham, Sun Herald, Sydney.

'It's the sort of book you can't stop reading out to people ... No Australian home should be without a copy.' Mary Vernon, Townsville Bulletin.

'This is indeed a very entertaining publication that should lead to a renewed interest in traditional poetry but a possible breakout of recitation.' John Caples, Launceston Examiner.

'This is a treasury of Australian favourites, and also a record of social history and national character.' Mary Powis, North Shore Times

'There's life in the old doggerel yet ... This book has the full range of that life.' Tony Troughear, The Newcastle Herald.

'Haynes has created the largest collection of Australian rhymed verse to be published ... a definitive collection of Australian heritage.' The Maitland Mercury.



## TRAVELLING STOCK - 1969 by Bruce Forbes-Simpson

Southward the road trains thunder,  
On through the hours of light,  
Never a halt this morning,  
Never a rest tonight.  
Hollow, and gaunt and hopeless,  
Dusty, and dim of eye,  
By night and day on their weary way,  
The travelling stock go by.

On through the noon day silence,  
On through the dust dry air,  
Away with the drought time harvest,  
The loading of dumb despair.  
Weary, and weak and wasted,  
Famished, and sinking fast,  
Two tiers high 'neath a brassy sky,  
The travelling stock go past.

## 2008 Victorian Bush Poetry Championships

The 2008 Victorian Championships will be conducted by the Victorian Bush Poetry and Music Association on the weekend of 11th - 12th October at the Benalla Bowls Club, Benalla Vic. The VBPM was formed several years ago with the main aim of ensuring annual championships would be held.

The association comprises the six bush poetry groups based in Victoria. (Snowy Mountains, Top of the Murray, Gippsland, Kyabram, Central Goldfields and Melbourne ARVO's.)

A new Executive was recently elected with Colin Carrington as President, Carol Reffold, Vice Presi-

dent, John Peel as Secretary and David Williams, subject to confirmation, Treasurer. Each member group has a representative.

The VBPM are confident they will continue to build on the wonderful success of the 2007 championships, which saw a record number of poets compete. ABPA President Noel Stallard is expected to attend and if so will also will act as one of the judges.

Full details will appear in the next ABPA Newsletter. In the interim should further information be required, please contact John Peel by email: [peel\\_jg@hotmail.com](mailto:peel_jg@hotmail.com) or by phoning 0428 312 287.

## I LIKES A LAUGH -

(Bush Philosophy)

© Graham Watt 20.4.2008

I likes a laugh an' bless me days!  
I see the mirth in others ways,  
Them city blokes wot think they're smart,  
An' play the same 'God bless me' part.

They alwus seem so full o' frowns,  
An' Tut! Tut! Tut! with moaning sounds.  
They makes me laugh they really do  
To see 'em look so glum an' blue.

They race around, no time to spare,  
An' when they're late, they tear their hair,  
I have to laugh, I have to grin,  
They work so hard an' try to win.

I sees 'em running after trains,  
I laughs becos they've got no brains,  
If they would wait, and have a spell,  
They could go tomorrer just as well.

They worry 'bout their sorry jot  
An' all the things they haven't got,  
While me I grins, I'm doing well,  
You see! I'm broke, so what the Hell!

They use big words an' call me 'sir!',  
Like I'm a 'Toff' - (as if I were?)  
I have to laugh at what they say,  
An' the 'flashness' in their way.

They chase each other up and down  
An' want the biggest house in town.  
They try so hard to get somewhere,  
An' never ever get quite there.

An' s'pose they did own half the town?  
An' lived like Kings without a crown?  
"Wot's the point?" I alwus said,  
'We're all the same when we are dead!'

## NSW Bush Poetry Championships

The Hunter Bush Poets, an affiliate of Hunter Valley Folk Club will be hosting the NSW State Championships under the auspices of the Australian Bush Poets Association Inc on 18th October 2008. Sponsored by the Morisset Country Club, the competition will be in the club's auditorium, Dora Street, Morisset (Eraring Power Station)

Entries for the two open written sections (serious and humorous) will close on September 18th, using ABPA Rules with first, second and third place prize money awarded in each category (plus commendation certificates).

The top scoring poem overall will be awarded the NSW Open Championship Trophy and \$300 prize money plus commendation certificates.

**ENTRY FEE:** \$10 per poem.

Entrants should include a large, stamped, self-addressed envelope for a comment/critique by a qualified ABPA Judge. A Dinner will be held at the Club Restaurant on Saturday night

(following which the winners will be announced) Bookings essential.

Hunter Bush Poets propose to produce an anthology of the top twenty poems. Royalties of twenty cents per poem per copy sold would be paid to contributors who grant their permission for such publication.

### PERFORMANCE COMPETITION

The Performance Competition is set down for Saturday 18th October. The Hunter Bush Poets will welcome all comers on Friday 17th at the Morisset Club with a Meet 'n' Greet and a Poets Brawl.

Prizemoney will be awarded to the first three placegetters in every category with \$300 and a trophy to each of the Male and Female Champions. Performance fees have been set at \$10 per poem and will close 30th September 2008

Entries are invited on a limited scale of first in best dressed for Novice Original and Novice Non-original.

Open classes will include Male and

Female sections for Classical, Modern, Serious and Humorous. Competitors may enter individual categories only, but to be eligible for Champion, all four open sections must be entered.

A Dinner will be held at the Club Restaurant on Saturday night. Bookings essential. Cost \$22 ea.

For entry forms and entries please contact the

Competition Secretary

R. Franks,

28 Erin Street,

Stroud. NSW 2425

Visit the website

[www.hunterbushpoets.org.au/dnn](http://www.hunterbushpoets.org.au/dnn)

for map and accommodation details.

Enquiries

Carol Heuchan Phone: 02 49 773210.

Email: [carrobity@hotmail.com](mailto:carrobity@hotmail.com)



## Outback lures young bush poets

More than 100 children from across outback Queensland have been involved in Australia's biggest junior festival for performance bush poetry. The Winton Junior Bush Poetry Festival wound up late last week, with students from across the state's central west attending.

Coordinator Louise Dean says while numbers were slightly down on last year, bush poetry remains an important part of the national culture.

"Bush poetry is certainly the link to the outback here with Banjo Paterson etc, so Winton certainly has that strong link to it in the best of ways anyway," she said.

"But bush poetry is so easy to learn because it has rhyme and it has rhythm - it's easy for the children to learn. It also tells a story."

Ms Dean says performing bush poetry helps young people develop skills.

"If they can get up in an eisteddfod style atmosphere, it's got to be a confidence booster for them down the track and in this day and age where the kids need every bit of help they can get, surely it's an added, extra boost if they can stand up in front of a crowd or in front of a group of people and speak publicly," she said.

## ABC NEWS

Throughout May, June and July 2008 ABC Far North will be bringing the spirit of the bush alive with a Bush Poetry and Ballad Competition.

After last year's roaring success, with entries submitted by over 500 bush poets nationally, ABC Far North and the Cairns Show have decided to broaden the 2008 competition to include two categories, Bush Poetry and Bush Ballads.

The Cairns Show will provide three cash prizes in each category, to be an-

nounced at Show on July 18th, 2008. The overall winner of both categories will also receive the Cairns Show Grand Prize Trophy.

Every Friday, from May 23rd, weekly winners will be announced in the Bush Ballad Competition on Kier Shorey's Breakfast program, and weekly winners of the Bush Poetry Competition on Pat Morrish's Morning show.

Daily, right throughout the Bush Poetry and Ballad season, readings and playing of poems and songs will be heard over the airwaves.

So get out those pens, banjos, harmonicas or whatever instrument comes to hand, and start writing; the ABC wants to hear from you!

## SPECIAL OFFER TO ABPA MEMBERS

### 'THE BOOK OF AUSTRALIAN POPULAR RHYMED VERSE'

The largest collection of Aussie rhymed verse ever published with 1000 recitable traditional AND modern poems & verses retails for \$49.99 and weighs 1.5 kilos ... so with postage and handling that's usually about \$65 by mail.

## ***BUT* ...here are TWO SPECIAL OFFERS to ABPA members**

**OFFER 1** – Buy the book for **\$48** which includes postage **AND get a FREE Copy of 'Great Australian Drinking Stories'** stories, verses, poems and quotes about the Aussie obsession with GROG.

OR

**OFFER 2** - Get **TWO** copies of

***THE BOOK OF AUSTRALIAN POPULAR RHYMED VERSE***

for just **\$75** which includes postage. Why not buy one for yourself and one as a gift for someone special or the grandkids !?

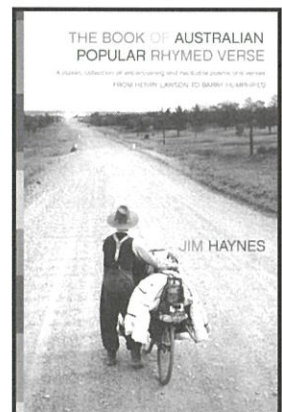
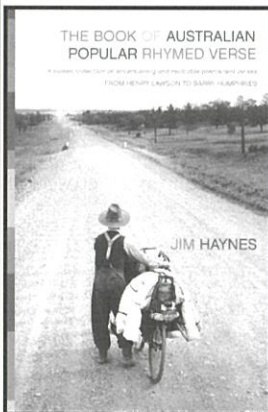
**Simply send cheques or money orders made out to :**

**'Singabout Australia'**

with your name and address

to

**ABPA Offer  
PO BOX 839  
Kensington  
NSW 2033**



The two Bush Poetry Competition Judges are former ABC Rural Reporter and Cairns Show board member, David Howard and local businesswoman, Megan Trimble.

The Bush Ballad Competition Judges are local music producer and Fish Talk presenter, Jason Hagen and ABC Far North's Breakfast presenter, Keir Shorey.

For more details, terms and conditions go to [www.abc.net.au/corp](http://www.abc.net.au/corp) or submit your work with your details to ABC Far North,

P.O. Box 932, Cairns 4870 or by email to [farnorth@your.abc.net.au](mailto:farnorth@your.abc.net.au)





## Robert Raftery

is Australia's Picture Writer . . . the Motivator's Motivator . . . Poet to its Olympians, and this country's leading corporate balladeer. He has been described as Australia's Mark Twain, with a hint of Michael Caine, and the lilt of Henry Lawson.

Robert Raftery is a master storyteller, and writer of verse. He is able to bring an audience to an inconceivable point of inspired emotion, with classic pieces, such as 'We're Goin' for Gold!!!', 'Why Do We Call em' Wallabies, Dad?', and 'Black Magic – Green and Gold'; then on through an avalanche of tear and cheer, with the proven formula of 'The Power of the Press'... 'Sayon Bloody Nara'... and 'Dawnie'....(a celebrated piece on the life of Dawn Fraser, as seen on "This is Your Life")

Robert can also assume the roll of Master of Ceremonies, introducing the presenters in a personalised and unique way, in sensitively crafted vignettes and verse.

If your credo is all about the qualities of spirit, passion, mateship, and values that conduit in inspired emotion he can be contacted through his website

[www.robertraftery.com.au](http://www.robertraftery.com.au)

His tag... "Australia's Picture Writer", has become a brand in itself, in Australasian corporate culture.



## **The Black Rose** **"The Rarest of the Rare"**

They met when the soldiers assembled with kitbag and cordite, and wore  
The khakis, the brass and the bayonets, and the terrible trappings of war.  
They were crack shots and rode like the devil with a humour that rattled  
like Morse,

As Infantry mounted and tempered to mateship, slouch hat and the horse.

They firmed up their friendship in training, their mateship was sealed on  
the Front,

'Mid deadly cross-fire and septic pariah and the brutal constraints of "the  
stunt".

The battle had raged and consumed them, the fighting intense in their  
zone,

That night to the tents came a warhorse, Ben's blood spattered "Ajax",  
alone.

And Tom to the C.O. petitioned. The captain, he listened and said,  
"That sector's baptised son, and christened, and consigned to the dying  
and dead.

"And soldier, permission is censured, I can't spare another young life",  
"Deny me a further slim Scripture, filed under, 'Letters to Wife'."

Tom snapped his heels and saluted, "I'm sorry Sir, I've just got to go."

And the captain remembered a mission on a bleak veldt a lifetime ago,  
And a certain sad smile claimed the captain as the lantern light bled from  
the fray.

He wished Tom a speedy recovery. With his blessings, Pip cantered  
away.

The moon checker flecked on the corpses and mottled the bronzed arma-  
ments,

All twisted and still and distorted and smelted in grim monuments.

Soon, faces presented familiar, then changed into faces of friends.

Tom's heart stopped for ages, the second he found the pale face that was  
Ben's.

He felt through Ben's greatcoat and stiffened then hauled his mate's  
weight on Pip's back,

And the enemy sensed, in that moment, two heroes at work on the track.

Tom entered the tent of the captain and eased the dead body to ground.

A general and staff were assembled and acknowledged the moment pro-  
found.

And the captain, he offered condolence and tendered a solemn refrain

On the noble bequeath of the rescue and Tom's action that ended in vain.

"In vain, Sir?" intoned the young soldier. His statement slit canvas and  
corps,

And washed out amongst the stark faces and the trenches that led to the  
war.

"Ben was alive when I found him. His gallant heart stopped on the way,

"And in your note home to his Mum Sir, there's some things I'd like you  
to say.

"Tell her, his last thoughts were with her; that Tom Turner will bury her  
son,

"And tell her his last words to me Sir, were ...

'Mate, I just knew that you'd come'."



## **AIDS ... INFECTIOUS ... KEEP CLEAR**

© Robert Raftery



By the mellowing swards of the hospital wards, in a wing of the children's floor, You'll find no blooms in the caring rooms, detached from the mainstream's core.

For smiles are rare for those stationed there, their cries are tepid and thin.

The tiny tots there, from their crimson cots share a world that is shrouded and grim.

And all that they know is the ebb and the flow of the muslin masked mentors that peer,

While their pink stickers quote, the deadly last note of "AIDS...INFECTIOUS...KEEP CLEAR".

"It's our baby who's dying", the fathers are crying. The mothers are strangled with grief.

And some come in nameless, abandoned and blameless, conscripted to life rendered brief.

And the reaper that waits them is taut as he takes them and shies from the bright, blazing rod,

Of the angel that bids the world's loneliest kids, to the all-loving arms of their God.

And a sad little teddy sits patient and ready, his face is set pallid and drear.

Been rejected of late by that same little mate with "AIDS...INFECTIOUS...KEEP CLEAR".

Was it nature or God who turned the first sod to extract this enforced retribution?

Some reason as 'clear', and venture to sneer, "It's the gays' and the molls' contribution."

All mankind will cringe at this terrible binge and the toll that will cause us to dread it.

And Christ help the one - the daughter or son - who knowingly options to spread it.

And some time tonight you might wake in a fright at the sight of life's great Overseer

As He touches the face of the whole human race ... and writes "AIDS...INFECTIOUS...KEEP CLEAR".

There's a lesson to learn at this century's turn, for the warnings are posted and clear -

We must sever the need for the lust and the greed and work on the want and the fear,

To unredden the rags of the old battle flags and slit the red jug'lar of war.

We're as much to blame, for this trans-global shame, as the dealer, the gay or the whore.

And some time if we ready, the eyes of a teddy will not see the pain or the tear

On the face of a tot or a sign on his cot that says, "AIDS...INFECTIOUS...KEEP CLEAR".

"My tiny literary lamp was almost snuffed out early", says Robert, "When one of my teachers wrote home"... "Dear Mr and Mrs Raftery... Robert is a decent boy... the bright little water wheel in his head is still intact... but sadly... the small rodent that was powering it...has left the building".  
"Thankfully... the rodent returned" - RR.

## **The Long Road Back**

by Dennis Hardy

I've shared a joke with diggers in a crowded R.S.L.  
Shared their thoughts and different points of view.  
I've walked that line of misery at the social service clubs

as those seeds of lone despare within me grew.

I've tramped a country mile, encountered good and bad,  
Back yesterday when beards were long and black.

Though I've lived in concrete towers and mixed it with the swell,

Still the Condamine and the Barcoo call me back.

The good old mates of yesterday are gathered round my bed,

those pound a week wild bushmen I once knew,

And I hear the Brumbies running through the spinifex and gum.

Oh what I'd give to ride with that old crew!

Now their names are just a mark upon some station ledger book that

tells how much their clothes and rations cost; While their owners

lived in England and partied with the lords,

And lost their fortune from these bushman at a toss.

My heart swells with pride when I think of men like these

Who gave their life and blood along the track;

Who will make my journey welcome when the Big Boss calls my name,

And we'll tramp once more along the road outback.

## **FIVE DOLLARS**

Zondrae King (Corrimal) 05/08

"Five dollars! FIVE DOLLARS! - is that all I get.

I need more than that just for my internet.

My friends all get thirty and that's not enough.

I need to buy CDs and makeup and stuff."

I answer her softly. I don't need to yell

she's heard it before but again I will tell

her that only Five Dollars, when I was her age

I'd work 40 hours a week for that wage.

The Hollows Foundation are still saving sight  
invite us to help them on TV each night.

I gathered five friends and five dollars each gave  
just twenty five dollars an eye we could save.

"Just five dollar, mister, this girl be your slave.

you give me five dollar, her life you can save.

She cook for you, clean for you, make easy life.

Then when she be 13 she make you good wife."

A thin piece of plastic, a trifle, and yet,

in some other places five dollars will get

a blanket, some chickens, some doctors advice

perhaps a tarpaulin or veggies and rice.

Take your pocket money, don't show me that face.

Just thank God you don't live in some other place.



## THE WALL of RENOWN - LONGYARD LEGENDS

After a lapse of ten years the once popular Poets Wall of Renown has been re-established at the Longyard Hotel.

Annually at the Fireside Festival held in June each year, bush poets were inducted acknowledging their contribution to bush poetry with eighteen poets added to the list up until 1998.

The ABL Awards were introduced in January 1996 at the Longyard, but because of crowd numbers, that ceremony eventually found a new home at the Tamworth Town Hall.

After 1998 the photographic display was discontinued and eventually removed from the Goonoo Goonoo (pron. Gunny Ganoo) room into storage.

The Gallery will be replaced during renovations and will include Photographs of the 2008 inductees Ellis Campbell and the Naked Poets.

The April-May issue of the ABPA Magazine saw the start of a long list of inductees since 1992, continuing in this issue with more to come. Each short bio is relevant to the inductee as at the time of election.



## MOUNT BEAUTY ALPINE COUNTRY

Bush poetry was given a high profile again at this year's Mount Beauty Music Festival. Carol Heuchan, Garry Lowe and Greg North impressed audiences to the extent that they received a standing ovation from 320 people after the final Poet's Muster on Sunday morning in the town's Community Centre.

The festival, held on the final weekend in April, is looking forward to its tenth anniversary in 2009. Poetry has been a feature of the festival from its inception. Tammy Muir, John Memery, Geoff Jackson, Alex Hood, Jan Lewis, Ted Egan, Graeme Johnson, Frank Daniel, Col Milligan, Neil McArthur, Reg Phillips, John Dengate, Carol Refford, Annette Roberts, Jim Brown and Ed Walker have all performed at different times over the past nine years.

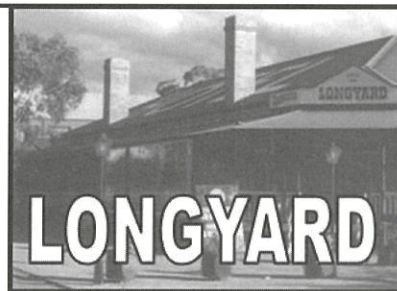
Apart from the Poet's Musters which are held on the Friday, Saturday and Sunday mornings,

the invited poets are scheduled to perform at other times, as they are popular with Mount Beauty audiences. Poets are sometimes asked to conduct workshops on writing and performance skills, for either children or adults, depending on what particular poets wish to offer.

Audience surveys this year placed the poets in the top echelon of performers in the voting for Performer of the Festival, with Greg North running close behind musicians Peter Denahy, Lloyd Spiegel and Tripod at a late stage of the count.

The festival continues to prosper, with ticket sales up 30% this year, accommodation in the Kiewa Valley sold out, and venues packed to capacity. Performance poets and yarn-spinners wishing to apply for employment at this friendly festival should consult [www.musicmuster.org.au](http://www.musicmuster.org.au) European settlement began when pastoralists first moved into the area in the 1830s. By the 1880s the springtime cattle drive up the mountains had become a well-established practice and a number of the stockmen's huts, which still dot the area, were built at this time.

The township of Mt Beauty was built in the 1940s by the State Electricity Commission (SEC) to accommodate workers on the Kiewa Hydro-Electric Scheme.



1994

**"Blue The Shearer"** (Col Wilson) was born and raised in the outer Sydney suburb of Wentworthville. He moved to the bush in 1968 and spent the rest of his life there, retiring as Regional Director of Youth and Community Services in 1986.

Col has had an interest in the mechanics of rhyme for as long as he can remember and began writing topical poems and plays on demand from the locals. Such classics as 'The Cross-Eyed Bull' and 'Esmerelda' eventually led to regular spots on ABC Radio through 2CR and then 2BL and the Regional Network. Col produced five volumes of collected verse and was in constant demand to perform around the country. He lives in Wellington with his wife of 45 years who is affectionately known as 'The Resident Censor'. Elected June 1994.

1994

**Bobby Miller** was born in Sydney and went to school in the Bankstown district before joining his parents in a housepainting venture in the bush. A real love of the outback soon developed and Bobby continued to travel the bush with an earthmoving business.



He began writing poems while waiting for the next stages of jobs to be ready and began to share them with his mates and family. It was obvious that they struck an immediate chord with real Aussies so Bobby began to enter, and win, verse competitions, including the 'Blackened Billy' in 1992.

After a lot of coaxing he began to recite his verse in 1993 and another great Bush Poetry performer, 'The Larrikin', was born. Bobby now lives in the rural town of Mungah, in Southern Queensland.

Elected June 1994.

1994

**Ted Simpson** was from the Fitzroy Falls area but spent several years farming near Goulburn before settling at Wagga Wagga. Ted worked with Telecom for 38 years and was also a Bee-keeper and poultry breeder. His skill with the spoons and bones led to a distinguished involvement in Bush Music and his band, 'The Bush Bandicoots', won the first two Tamworth 'Battles of the Bushbands'. As a reciter, with his distinctive thumb in waistcoat and swishing hat, he was known at festivals all over the country. He made two solo albums of bush verse, gave life to the words of some fine Australian poets and inspired many to take up reciting. He was on hand to help out with the very first Bush Poetry event at the Longyard. Ted died on January 25th, 1991. Elected June 1994.

Please!  
Can anyone  
supply a  
photo of Ted?  
Send to editor!



# LEGENDS



1995

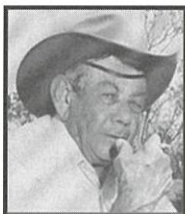
**Bob Magor** was born and bred near the small publess, blink and miss town of Myponga on the picturesque Fleurieu Peninsula south of Adelaide where he grew up with a love of the land. On leaving school he worked the family sheep property and in between busy times worked as a rouseabout and later as a shearer.

He inherited his fathers warped sense of humour and spending his early years in the ribald atmosphere of shearing sheds developed an outlook on life which allowed him to see the funny side of most situations.

His first book 'Blasted Crows' was in its fifth print inside three years and was quickly followed by 'Blood on the Board'. He was elected in 1995.

1995

**Bruce Simpson** was born in 1923 on a small farm west of Mackay in northern Queensland and, armed with the basics, having missed a secondary education through the depression years, started his career as a stockman on Alexandria Station on the Barkly Tablelands of the Northern Territory, an occupation that carried him through the rest of his working life.



Bruce won the inaugural, and now coveted and most prestigious, Bronze Swagman Award for Bush Verse in 1972 and again in 1975.

In 1990 he toured the United States with a group organized by the Australian Stockmen's Hall of Fame and the American Western Folklore Center. Elected in 1995.

1996

**Gary Fogarty**, our first recipient of the Bush Poets Wall of Renown honour for 1996 was born at Miles, on the Western Darling Downs and turned a childhood love of Banjo Paterson into a passionate pastime by writing and reciting Bush Verse. His 'bush credentials' are a unique blend of experiences working in drought relief, agricultural research, fat lamb production and grain farming. With his brother he founded the Below Park Shorthorn Stud and went on to notch up ten Brisbane Royal Show Championships. In 1986 a car accident, spinal surgery and an extended recovery led him to start writing Bush Verse.



He began performing in 1993, won five major Bush Poetry Championships in 1994 and took out the first Waltzing Matilda National Title at Winton in April '95. Elected June 1996.

## CHARTERS TOWERS 'GOLD CITY BUSH POETS Inc'



CHARTERS  
TOWERS  
HERITAGE CITY

history and character.

From a chance discovery of gold in 1871, Charters Towers was soon turned into a bustling metropolis, which in its heyday, boasted being the second largest city in Queensland.

Today, the pace is a little less hectic, with locals able to take advantage of the rich heritage of Charters Towers, whilst enjoying a modern affordable lifestyle through housing, health, education, sport and recreation.

The Country Music Festival occurring on the May Day weekend has been incorporated into 10 Days in the Towers which, as it suggests, is carried out over ten days filled with line dancing, bush poetry, workshops, street busking etc.

### Queensland State

#### Championships

The 2008 Queensland State Championships conducted at Char-

ters Towers got underway with a get-together and poets breakfast on Monday 28th April with poets Marco Gliori, Neil McArthur and Milton Taylor adding a taste of what was to come with plenty of walk-up poets and lively entertainment.

The big show was the meet and greet on Monday night at the Charters Towers Tourist Van Park with 170 treated to a meal, and some fine performances from the pro's and local budding poets. The Championships were declared open by the Mayor of the regional council.

The competition side of events opened on the Tuesday afternoon with the greatest number of entrants ever seen in the children's sessions.

In the main events the Queensland State Championships were won by John Lloyd and a very excited Cay Ellem.

The Gold Nugget written awards were taken out by Ellis Campbell of Dubbo.

As is usual Thursday evening saw crowd of Poets and spouses gather at the home of Gold City Bush Poets President, Harold and Dawn Jackson for a barbeque and drinks as they mulled over another successful event in the Towers.

## Punch-up on the roadside, Charters Towers-style

06May08

PLENTY of talk around Charters Towers about the local cattleman who gave a roadtrain driver a roadside lesson in road manners.

We won't reveal his name, but he was driving his body truck along the Gregory Development Road (Greenvale) when he was forced off the road by an oncoming roadtrain.

The cattleman via his UHF radio told the roadtrain driver to slow down before he killed someone. In reply, the roadtrain driver swore at the cattleman, and asks him if he 'wanted to make anything of it'. The cattleman came back with something like 'yeah, now that you mention it, I do'.

The roadtrain driver then invited the cattleman to turn around so they could sort it out man to man, an invitation he gladly accepted and, after making a U-turn, drove back to where the roadtrain bloke has pulled over. The cattleman proceeded to give the roadtrain driver a hard lesson in bush driving protocols. Before leaving, and after a job 'well-done', the cattleman propped the knocked-about truckie up against the bullbar of his roadtrain and left him there.

Climbing back into his own truck he drove off into the sunset. Just like in the movies. Just another day on the Greenvale road.



# Lost Poetry

The following poems have been on the shelf for quite some time with no response from the ABPA website.

If you can help please advise the Editor - Phone 02 6344 1477 or email editor@abpa.org.au

Jean Tebay, a long time member from Goulburn NSW is searching for a poem which contains the words 'when our beards were black' used as the last line in each stanza. Can you enlighten us.

Shirley Barnes from the Victorian Education Dept. would like to have the words to a poem about a student and his parents waiting for a parent/teacher interview. 'I am waiting in the corridor, me Mum me Dad and Me . . .' Do you know the rest?

Tanya Wolkenberg is researching horse bazaars for use on State Library of Victoria Website. In so doing she found reference to a Will Ogilvie poem about Kirk's Bazaar (in the Victorian Turf Cavalcade, Derby Clonard 1936). Clonard simply says: "No survey of the period 1845-1860 would be complete without references to Kirk's Bazaar, which the Scottish poet Will H. Ogilvie, has immortalised in verse." Later in the piece, when talking about the demise of the bazaar in 1925, he quotes the lines:

*Remember thee?*

*Ay, thou poor ghost, while memory holds a seat*

*In this distracted globe.*

These lines may be from Ogilvie's poem, however, as the quote is not

referenced it may not be from him at all ...

The State Library contains many books of Ogilvie's poems, but from Tanya's brief survey she is unable to locate this particular poem.

If you are familiar with a poem of Ogilvie's which may be about, or contain reference to, Kirk's Horse Bazaar please let the editor know.

Anita Kenny from the Department of Agriculture Fisheries and Forestry wants to know if anybody can shed some light on a book called Open Air Verse by AA Williams printed around 1937.

Have you ever heard of this person and do you know if he or his family is still alive?

The poems refer to Snuggle Inn near Engadine and Willie Dellitt the leader of the Snuggle Inn boys.

A bloke named Bob Crowe is asking for the rest of the words to this poem about 'Barbed Wire Bill'. Some of the words are as follows . . .

*'Twas at a place called Snookers Bend the creature first was seen*

*The biggest codfish ever known the Murray banks between.*

*The local liars all declared it weighed a ton or more,*

*And by Ike Walton's ghostly beard, Bill Barbwire promptly swore . . .'*

Please reply to the editor if you can help.

I'm looking for a shearing poem believed to have been recited at the opening of The Shearer's Hall of Fame at Hay in NSW. The story is about a young shearer who takes on an older more experienced 'Gun' and the race is on to ring the shed.

Any takers? Please let me know! regards, Frank

## Author Unknown!

Does anybody know the name of the author of the following poem? (Submitted by Colin and Debbie Carrington)

## I WORE MY FATHERS MEDALS

I wore my Fathers Medals  
Each Anzac Day for years  
But I never felt the glory  
Through the sting of unshed tears  
So I marched on sad and lonely  
In this military scene  
A small boy in a column,  
where his Father should have been.

The Bitterness would choke me  
And I marched with downcast head  
And I knew there was no comfort  
In the hour that lay ahead  
So I listened to the speeches,  
but I felt no surge of pride  
And the medals are small comfort  
When your Dad has fought and died.

The men who marched beside me  
Would pat me on the head  
With a kind of rough compassion  
For a boy who's Dad was dead  
And their eyes would fill with sorrow  
And a sadness cloud their face-  
For many boys with medals  
Marching in their Fathers place.

My heart would start to tremble,  
as the bugles note rang loud  
And the Last Post's haunting sadness  
Brought a stuffiness to the crowd.  
But I never saw their glory,  
For the bitterness that grew  
And my heart would fill with yearning  
For a Dad I never knew.

Always borrow from a pessimist - he never expects to get it back anyhow.

## ABPA Inc. BADGE



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It looks like a penny  
It's the colour of a penny  
It's the size of a penny  
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It's only \$5  
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Secretary - ABPA Inc. Ed Parmenter  
1 Avenue St. Coffs Harbour NSW 2450

## TRAVEL OZ

Television viewers who tuned in to the ABC's Travel Oz Programme at 6pm on Wednesday 21st May would have been treated to one of the best documented fifteen minutes of Australian Bush Poetry ever seen on the telly.

The highlight was the 2007 Winton Q. Outback Festival and Bush Poetry Awards produced by Grainer TV, a Sydney based television company specialising in documentaries for Australian and International markets.

With a little bit of everything and a little bit of everyone featuring many of our best known performers, it was an ideal opportunity to view some of our best; with Melanie Hall, Ray Essery, John Major, Glenny Palmer, Louise Dean and Keith Lethbridge of WA.

Australian and World champion Whip Cracking identity Noel Cutler was also featured as part of the Outback Festival with his dynamic whip cracking skills.



## GOLDFIELDS BUSH POETS PRIMARY SCHOOL FLOAT

In keeping with their aims of involving school children in the promotion of bush poetry, the Central Goldfields Bush Poets in conjunction with the Huntly Primary School entered a float in the 138<sup>th</sup> Annual Bendigo Easter Festival Gala Parade.

A special theme for the 2008 parade was 'Local Heroes' real or imaginary, living or dead.

In addition to Eaglehawk, Bendigo boasts a suburb named Ironbark. The CGBP's two 'heroes' were *Mulga Bill from Eaglehawk* and *The Man from Ironbark*.

The joint project resulted in an impressive float, with a barber's shop facade, a penny farthing bicycle and many other bush items on the truck, the tray of which was enclosed by an ironbark timber fence. With poet's voices booming from speakers at both front and rear of the truck, and continuous alternating lively and colourful performances of the two poems, it was the biggest promotion of bush poetry ever achieved in Victoria. Festival organisers estimate 50,000 to 60,000 people watched the parade.

The narrator for *Mulga Bill's Bicycle* was the evergreen Molly Sparks from Kyabram. Molly, like all adults and children was dressed in period costume. *Mulga Bill* was played to perfection by Strathfieldsay school boy Seth Dyett, who had won the performance section of his Grade in the 2007 Rusty Nail Festival.

Narrator for *The Man from Ironbark* was Colin Carrington, with Don McKinnon a veteran bearded CGBP member as 'the man'.

President of the Goldfields Bush Poets, Carol Reffold said; "The involvement of the Huntly school, with so many talented and enthusiastic students, has achieved much in increasing the awareness of the existence of the CGBP and demonstrating how children can learn history, improve drama skills, and have fun through bush verse."



ABC  
Australian Broadcasting Corporation  
BOOKS

## THE BOOK OF AUSTRALIAN POPULAR RHYMED VERSE

A classic and definitive collection of our Australian heritage of entertaining and recitable poems and verse  
FROM HENRY LAWSON TO BARRY HUMPHRIES  
By JIM HAYNES

rrp: \$49.95 paperback; 815pp; ISBN 978 0 7333 1904 4

This is the largest collection of Aussie rhymed verse ever published. All the greats and favourites are included in twenty-six browsable themed sections.

There is a poem here for every mood and every occasion - from ridiculous and hilarious doggerel to deeply moving and evocative literature.

As Jim Haynes says in his Introduction: Popular rhymed verse has many uses apart from fulfilling our emotional needs as poetry. It can document history, heroics and current events, tell stories, comment on social issues and satirise. At its best it is as subtle and satisfying as any form of literature can be, but its primary purpose is entertainment - whether it be for reading, reciting, performing or listening. The great Australian tradition of rhymed verse as social documentary and entertainment will live as long as there are Aussie words to rhyme. After all, this is a nation where, according to Henry Lawson, 'every third bushman is a poet, with a big heart that keeps his pockets empty'.

In his exhaustive research and travels, Jim Haynes has unearthed every Aussie poem you ever heard recited or can remember one line of from school! He has included lost treasures from the glory days of *The Bulletin*, previously undiscovered and unpublished gems from the War Memorial Archives and many new verses from the popular writers of the 'bush verse' renaissance of the past twenty years.

About the Author

Jim Haynes is an author, songwriter, performer, recording artist and poet. He has sold over 70,000 albums and written eleven bestselling books of stories and verse. He is winner of three Australian Bush Laureate awards for 'Book of the Year'.

The expression

### 'Back o' Bourke'

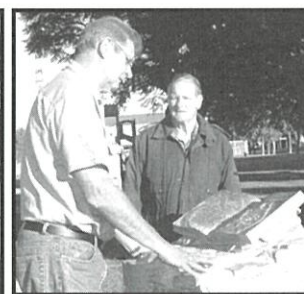
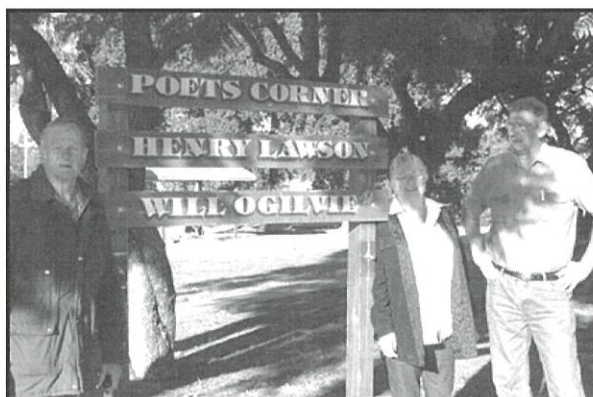
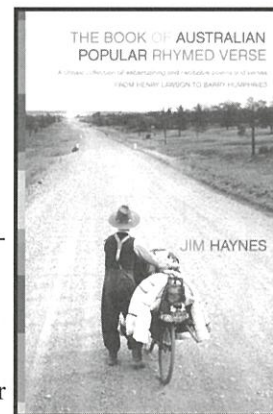
is written in Australian folklore as being where the Outback starts and farming land ends. But if you expect Bourke to be a red-dirt outpost in the dust then think again. The town is neat and pretty, with beautiful buildings dating from the 1800s, and monuments like Poets Corner, which honours Henry Lawson, Will Ogilvie and Harry 'Breaker' Morant.

Bourke is also an agricultural hub, surrounded by cotton fields, citrus or-

chards, grape vines, and the largest jojoba plantation in the southern hemisphere. Jojoba is a tough native of North America used by cosmetic and pharmaceutical industries.

Recently holidaying on the Darling were John and Glenny Best and John and Sandy Lees who supplied the photographs taken at Poets Corner.

In the photo you will notice that Henry Lawson and Will Ogilvie have boards with their names on. There was one for Breaker Morant but unfortunately this has been 'souvenired'.



At Poets Corner - Bourke  
Will Ogilvie memorial  
above





**2008 ABPA  
AUSTRALIAN BUSH POETRY CHAMPIONSHIPS**  
hosted by  
**The North Pine Bush Poets Group QUEENSLAND**  
**22nd, 23rd & 24th August 2008**



**Written Verse Competitions**

**CLOSING DATE 11th July 2008**

**OPEN SECTION** 1st Prize \$500 and Trophy  
2nd Prize \$300 3rd Prize \$100  
Adult fees are \$10 per poem or 3 for \$20  
Entries with fees must be posted to the coordinator,  
Mary Hodgson, 37 Mooloolah Rd. Mooloolah Qld, 4553

**JUNIOR SECTION**

	Primary	Secondary
First Prize	\$50	\$100
Second Prize	\$30	\$60
Third Prize	\$20	\$40

Entries (Free for Juniors) must be posted to:  
Junior Written Judge, Noel Stallard,  
PO Box 131 Arana Hills 4054 Qld.

**ALL Entry Forms**

[http://www.abpa.org.au/Bush\\_Poetry/Championships/  
Australian\\_Bush\\_Poets\\_Championships\\_2008.html](http://www.abpa.org.au/Bush_Poetry/Championships/Australian_Bush_Poets_Championships_2008.html)

**Accommodation:** [http://www.abpa.org.au/  
championship\\_files/aust/2008/Accommodation.pdf](http://www.abpa.org.au/championship_files/aust/2008/Accommodation.pdf)

Further information: SSAE - The Secretary  
M Vijars PO Box 701 Morningside QLD. 4170.

Or [manfred@rocketfrog.com.au](mailto:manfred@rocketfrog.com.au)

**Performance Verse Competitions**

**CLOSING DATE 11th AUGUST 2008**

**\$1000 prize money plus trophy**  
to overall Male and Female Australian Champions  
**Total prizes exceeds \$7,000**

**NEW VENUE (All Events) - CLUB PINE RIVERS**  
Cnr Sparkes & Francis Road BRAY PARK Qld. (North Brisbane)

**Categories: Junior and Novice**

**Open Male and Female**

(‘Classical’ - ‘Modern’ - ‘Original Serious’ - ‘Original Humorous’)

**Entry Fees \$10 each category (Juniors Free)**

**Billy Hay Memorial Yarn-spinning Trophy - Entry Fee \$5**

**Novelty Events:**

Duos - One Minute Poem (time Permitting) - Open mic sessions

**Friday Night** – Poet’s Brawl – (gold coin entry at door)

**Saturday Night - Gala Concert - Bookings Essential**

Phone Club Pine Rivers on 07 3205 2677

**July  
11th - 12th - 13th  
2008**

*Marco Giori*

**Presentation of 2008  
Bush Lantern Award  
for Written Verse  
Sunday, July 13th**



**FREE POETRY WORKSHOP**

In conjunction with the Bundy Bush  
Poetry Muster week-end Melanie Hall  
will conduct a story-telling session on  
Wednesday July 9th and a free poetry  
workshop in the Bundaberg Library  
on Thursday July 12th - 10am - Noon.  
Limited numbers - Bookings essential

**14th BUNDY  
BUSH POETRY MUSTER**

*Across the Waves Sports Club Inc.  
1 Miller Street*

**BUNDABERG Qld**

*Melanie Hall*

**Performance Competition:**

Open (men & women separate categories)  
Intermediate, Novice, Juniors (Under 15) Duo Performances,  
Yarn Spinning & Bundy Rum One Minute Cup

**Bush Lantern Award 2008**

Written Competition for Bush Verse  
Closing Date - May 30th - 2008

**All phone or email enquiries:**

John & Sandy - 07 4151 4631

[lees@interworx.com.au](mailto:lees@interworx.com.au)

Jason - 07 4155 0778

[blanata@bigpond.net.au](mailto:blanata@bigpond.net.au)

Dean - 07 415 1705

(for new email: check website)



*Gregory North*



**Entry Forms:**

**SSAE to**

Performance Poetry Co-ordinator  
or Bush Lantern Co-ordinator  
(whichever is applicable)  
Bundaberg Poet’s Society Inc.  
PO Box 4281  
BUNDABERG Q. 4670



## RIGHTS

Son came home from school one day,  
With a smirk upon his face.  
He decided he was smart enough,  
to put me in my place.

'Guess what I learned in Civics Two,  
that's taught by Mr. Wright?  
It's all about the laws today,  
The 'Children's Bill of Rights.'

It says I need not clean my room,  
don't have to cut my hair  
No one can tell me what to think,  
or speak, or what to wear.

I have freedom from religion,  
and regardless what you say,  
I don't have to bow my head,  
and I sure don't have to pray.

I can wear earrings if I want,  
and pierce my tongue & nose.  
I can read & watch just what I like,  
get tattoos from head to toe.

And if you ever spank me,  
I'll charge you with a crime.  
I'll back up all my charges,  
with the marks on my behind.

Don't you ever touch me,  
my body's only for my use,  
not for your hugs and kisses,  
that's just more child abuse.

Don't preach about your morals,  
like your Mama did to you.  
That's nothing more than mind control,  
And it's illegal too!

Mom, I have these children's rights,  
so you can't influence me,  
or I'll call Children's Services Division,  
better known as 'C.S.D.'

### Mum's Reply and Thoughts

Of course my first instinct was  
to toss him out the door.  
But the chance to teach him a lesson  
made me think a little more.

I mulled it over carefully,  
I couldn't let this go.  
A smile crept upon my face,  
he's messing with a pro.

Next day I took him shopping  
at the local Goodwill Store..  
I told him, 'Pick out all you want,  
there's shirts & pants galore.

I've called and checked with C.S.D.  
who said they didn't care  
if I bought you K-Mart shoes  
instead of Nike Airs.

## UPDATE: AUSTRALIAN CHAMPIONSHIPS

The North Pine Bush Poets tried out their new venue, the Pine Rivers Memorial Bowls Club, on the 10th May with a concert to raise funds for the Australian Bush Poetry Championships to be held 22-24 August.

The concert was successful, and the organizers now feel confident and at home in the Club and are ready to host the championships.

The Pine Rivers Poets are grateful to their major sponsors, the new Moreton Bay Regional Council and to Mr. Ron Chapman of Caravanning Qld for their financial support, as well as the Brisbane City Council who have promised support for a fund-raising breakfast.

North Pine's first anthology, another fund-raising venture, the brainchild of Zoe Younger, was collected and edited

by Zoe, ably assisted by Dot Schwenke who also did the illustrations. Zoe reports that the book sold well at the concert, and can be purchased by sending \$12.00 (including postage) to North Pine Bush Poets, P.O. Box 78, Woody Point, Qld 4019.

Rita Dean (Kev's wife) organized a raffle which raised a record amount.

Noel Stallard will be one of the competition judges as well as an entertainer at the Gala Concert, along with Melanie Hall, Milton Taylor and Garry Lowe, all of whom would need no introduction to bush poetry audiences.

All things considered, preparations for the championships are proceeding well, and it is felt that participants and audiences will thoroughly enjoy the festival, and take in some of the regions many attractions during the beautifully mild winter weather.

For more information, see the advertisement in this issue, or go to [www.abpa.org.au](http://www.abpa.org.au)

I've canceled that appointment  
to take your driver's test.  
The C.S.D. is unconcerned  
so I'll decide what's best.'

I said 'No time to stop and eat,  
or pick up stuff to munch.  
And tomorrow you can start to learn  
to make your own sack lunch.

Just save the raging appetite,  
and wait till dinner time.  
We're having liver and onions,  
a favorite dish of mine.'

He asked 'Can I please rent a movie,  
to watch on my VCR?'  
'Sorry, but I sold your TV,  
for new tires on my car.

I also rented out your room,  
you'll take the couch instead.  
The C.S.D. requires  
just a roof over your head.

Your clothing won't be trendy now,  
I'll choose what we eat.  
That allowance that you used to get,  
will buy me something neat.

I'm selling off your jet ski,  
dirt-bike & roller blades.  
Check out the 'Parents Bill of Rights',  
It's in effect today!

Hey hot shot, are you crying,  
Why are you on your knees?  
Are you asking God to help you out,  
instead of C.S.D..?'

## ENCOURAGE YOUNG WRITERS

Writers encouraging writers...please pass on the following to interested younger writers in your area:

The 2008 Gold Coast (Qld) Writers' Association "Children's/Youth Writing Competition", for ages seven to 17, is now open. ENTRY IS FREE.

This year's theme is MAGIC and entrants from throughout Australia are invited to weave their own special magic in creating short stories or poetry for the competition.

First, Second, and Third prizes will be awarded in three age categories, and all place-getters will receive a Certificate of Merit.

Competition closes last mail June 20, 2008. Full details and Entry Form are available on [www.goldcoastwriters.org.au](http://www.goldcoastwriters.org.au).

The Gold Coast Writers' Association encourages young people to further their writing skills and take pride in their work. An Adults' Writing Competition is planned for later this year. Contact Donna Mroz Turcic, Publicity Officer (Volunteer) Gold Coast Writers' Association (a non-profit organisation)

Gold Coast Writers' Assoc Mobile:  
0431 443 385



'Banjo' Paterson's famous poem was written in 1892. Here Duncan Williams has tried to capture a modern day version of this poem, with regards to 'Banjo'.

## In Relation to the Man from Ironbark

© Duncan Williams 2008

You've heard about the barber,  
and the man from Ironbark,  
the bushman's trip to Sydney,  
how he wandered over park.  
He's now become clean shaven  
and shave's his throat with care,  
and uses antiseptic cream  
'cause he thinks the cut's still there.  
He moved away from Ironbark  
to the busy Sydney town,  
he dresses now in suit and tie  
and doesn't loiter round.  
He mixes now with Sydney toffs  
gave the shearing game away  
and found himself an office job,  
in Sydney town to stay.  
He's friendly now to guilded youths,  
their eyes aren't dull any more,  
he's quietened down a lot more now  
to what he was before.  
His attitude is more polite,  
no grunt or rude remark,  
he's feeling a much better man  
than what he was in Ironbark.  
And now around the Sydney town  
it's believed he keeps a tote,  
and uses antiseptic cream  
upon his wretched throat.

## THE CONSERVATIONIST

by Wilbur G Howcroft

I was winding up me sundial  
when a friend rang up to say  
that a meeting was in progress  
in the hall across the way.

So I donned me best blue singlet,  
ran the clothes-brush through me hair,  
and strolled staidly to that building  
looking suave and debonair.

The wild-eyed joker on the stage  
stamped and screeched and raved  
about our dwindling forest lands —  
how the trees must all be saved.

'Take heed, my friends', he loudly cried,  
'our main aim in life must be  
to put our shoulders to the wheel  
and save each single tree!'

He raged about our heritage,  
all the trees we had in trust,  
with such frenzied fire and brimstone  
that it seemed he'd surely bust.

'Now is there one amongst us here',  
he bawled with animation,  
'who truthfully can testivy  
they've adied conservation?'

Then up spoke Blueey Cassidy —  
a well-known ego wrecker:  
'I've done me bit, I once shot dead  
a ruddy great woodpecker!'

When I got home last night, my wife  
demanded that I take her out to some  
place expensive.  
So I took her to a petrol station.

## THE ROARER

by Wilbur G Howcroft

He was vocally bombastic  
and his language was fantastic  
when he laced it with the lurid oaths of  
Hell.

He was wildly word-erratic  
and a combat-prone fanatic —  
so the farmer's fabricated fables tell.

He was only known as 'Roarer'  
and the less-than-holy aura  
of profanity that hovered round his  
tongue  
made him legend to the locals  
(who were easy going yokels)  
but a constant source of terror to the  
young.

He was homeless, he was farmless,  
and the townsfolk deemed as harmless  
the old hatter camped in scrubland  
dense and drear,  
but the kids became athletic  
when they heard his threats prophetic  
and would clear a well-run mile on  
feet of fear.

He was bearded, he was aging,  
but his temper's rampant raging  
put the roaring Mallee bulls to head-  
bowed shame.  
When some whisky he had taken  
the small peaceful town was shaken  
by those *frightful* oaths — too terrible  
to name.

When sufficiently 'in liquor'  
and his pulses beating quicker  
he'd awaken all and sundry with the  
yell:  
'I'm a fighter like be brother,  
me ole father was another,  
an' me mother was a fightin' man as  
well!'

He was only known as 'Roarer'  
but the townsfolk were the poorer  
when he headed for those scrublands  
in the skies.  
Where he pummelled and bombarded  
those great Gates the angels guarded  
till they meekly let him in to Paradise.

We sits an' thinks beside the fire,  
with all the stars a-shine,  
an' no one knows our thoughts but me  
an' that there dog o' mine.  
We has our Johnny-cake an' scrag,  
an' finds 'em fairly good;  
he can do anything but talk —  
an' wouldn't if he could.

HENRY LAWSON

## A SOUND ARGUMENT

Anonymous

'Oh Papa, dear, what word is this?'  
Thus spake our little daughter,  
A pert enquiring, saucy miss.  
'That word my dear is slaughter.'

She covered up the 's' and said,  
'Now Papa, what comes after?'  
With some dismay we scratched our head,  
'That word, my dear, is laughter.'

We saw that it perplexed the child,  
The lesson we had taught her.  
She asked again, and gaily smiled,  
'Why shouldn't that be lorter?'

Then, with a burst of happy glee  
That rang through every rafter,  
She cried, 'Just take me on your knee,  
And nurse your little dafter!'

## On dealing with Telstra and trying to find Someone in charge.

I'm in the Big Pond's deep end,  
I've never been a 'wuss',  
Sharks and snakes don't bother me,  
But there is this octopus.  
The 'Occies' name is Telstra,  
And there's one thing to be said,  
You can wrestle with its tentacles,  
But you'll never find its head.

Bigruss may 08

They say the whole world's down  
and out;  
But here's what I can't see:  
If every land, beyond all doubt,  
In all the earth is up the spout —  
Then who's the Mortgagee?

CJ Dennis - 1952



# GIPPSLAND BUSH POETS

3<sup>rd</sup> Annual AUSTRALIA POST  
GIPPSLAND WATTLE BUSH POETRY  
OPEN WRITTEN COMPETITION

## \$1,000.00 First Prize

Minor prizes:- \$250.00 and \$100.00

(Also Highly Commended and Commended awards)

Entry cost is \$10.00 per poem or \$20.00 for up to 3 poems.

For an entry form, send an S.S.A.E. to:-

Gippsland Bush Poets written competition,

C/o P.O. Box 453

MAFFRA Victoria 3860.

Or email:- [bjdraper@netspace.net.au](mailto:bjdraper@netspace.net.au)

**Entries close on October 31<sup>st</sup> 2008**

Ellis Campbell has agreed to be this year's sole judge.



Proudly sponsored by



## WINTERMOON FESTIVAL

The 12th Annual Wintermoon Festival was held in the hills at Cameron's Pocket, on the north-east edge of Eungella National Park, one of the largest rainforests in Queensland. It is 70 kilometres north of Mackay and 50 kilometres south of the Whitsundays. Wintermoon is an extremely well organized and well attended festival in an absolutely amazing venue with two permanent stages built on a high rise with large tarps strung up to augment the lovely shade trees which enhance the camping grounds.

Running along the edge of the property and accessible from the camp site is a rocky creek providing several swimming holes and low rapids for festival goers to enjoy a cool off in the heat of the day. Seating for the main stage area was simple rows of straw bails. Most people spread out rugs etc and sat on the earth using the straw for a back rest. Those who wished, sat in the back row or brought their own chairs and formed orderly rows behind. Because the stage is quite high there was an unobstructed

view of the performers for all.

Campbell (the Swaggie) Irving, Martin Pearson, Junior, Tiffany Eckhardt, and The Ploughboys were some of the more well known acts. There was also many local performers including a duo "Swoon" who could hold their own with any world famous acts. There was a visible Police presence (by invitation) and a totally enjoyable long weekend.



and a half hours. Zondrae King of Corimal, Campbell Irving (the Swaggie) from Wintermoon and John Vasello made up only some of the performing poets.

The Wintermoon Festival began in 1996 as a tiny local event with locals as entertainers and audience.

P o e t s  
Breakfasts were held on Saturday, Sunday and Monday mornings.

Martin Pearson was the Master of Ceremonies and, despite a sprained ankle, wore his serious 'hat' for most of the two



Word soon spread about the beautiful location, and family-friendly atmosphere.

Entertainers, visitors and volunteers have been journeying from all over the country to entertain and participate.

The organizers are more than pleased to say that although the festival has grown quite large, it still seems a "small, cosy festival" at heart because they're always surrounded by friendly, helpful people, and families are a big part of the festival, so the kids are always well catered for.



## The Australian Bush Poets Association Inc.

(Established 1994)

Abn: INC 9877413

Arbn 104 032 126

**Website:** [abpa.org.au](http://abpa.org.au)

**President:** Noel Stallard

11 Cestrum St, Arana Hills Qld. 4054

Ph 07 3351 3221

[heritagepoetry@dodo.com.au](mailto:heritagepoetry@dodo.com.au)

**Vice President:** Frank Daniel

PO Box 16 Canowindra NSW 2804

Ph. 02 6344 1477

[fda70930@bigpond.net.au](mailto:fda70930@bigpond.net.au)

**Secretary:** Ed Parmenter

1 Avenue St Coffs Harbour 2450

Ph/fax. 02 6652 3716

Email: [coffsmixture@hotmail.net.au](mailto:coffsmixture@hotmail.net.au)

**Treasurer:** Margaret Parmenter

1 Avenue St Coffs Harbour 2450

Ph/fax. 02 6652 3716

Email: [coffsmixture@hotmail.net.au](mailto:coffsmixture@hotmail.net.au)

**Editor:** Frank Daniel

PO Box 16 Canowindra NSW 2804

Ph 02 6344 1477

[editor@abpa.org.au](mailto:editor@abpa.org.au)

**Webmaster:** Andy Schnalle

Ph. 07 4934 1335

[web@abpa.org.au](mailto:web@abpa.org.au)

**Printer:** Central Commercial Printers

43-47 Keppel Street, Bathurst NSW 2795

Tel: (02) 6331 4822

**Membership:** Annual subscriptions  
\$30.00 1st January to 31st December  
payable to the Treasurer.

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The Australian Bush Poets Association Inc Newsletter is set-up, published and posted direct to subscribers bi-monthly by the ABPA Inc.

**Deadline for copy**—20th of month preceding the month of issue.

**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 can be obtained from the organizers by sending an SSAE (stamped self-addressed envelope) to the addresses supplied.

## BUSH POETRY SOIREE

### Bowraville Theatre

High Street, Bowraville NSW

featuring

Bush Poet

**Rod Williams**

& his Bonza Blue Dog

Jessie

1.30 - 4.30 pm

**Saturday 2nd August, 2008**

Entry - \$8.00

Local and visiting poets welcome.  
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## COMPETITION RESULTS ...

### QLD Championships 2008

Under 12's Serious - Abigail Blaikie 2- Madeline Ruddle  
Under 12 yrs Humorous -

1- Brooke Jurss 2- Andrea Busiko 3- Abigail Blaikie.

12-18yrs Serious - 1-Trent Jenkinson 2-Anika McMahon 3- Natalie Meehan.

12-18yrs Humorous- 1-Kate Laffey 2-Emma Davis 3-Trent Jenkinson.

12-18yrs Original 1-Trent Jenkinson

Novice Classical- 1-Julie Jenkinson 2-Dawn Jackson 3-Gwen Fox.

Novice Mod/Traditional 1- Julie Jenkinson 2-Gwen Fox 3-Dawn Jackson.

Novice Original 1- Julie Jenkinson 2-Barry Graham 3- Stella McMahon.

Intermediate Classical 1-Wendy Oss 2-Janeen Mapson 3-Harold Jackson.

Intermediate Mod/Trad. 1-Wendy Oss 2-Janeen Mapson 3-Harold Jackson.

Intermediate Original 1-Wendy Oss 2-Janeen Mapson.

Open Female Classical 1-Cay Ellem 2-Val Dart 3-Kathie Priestly 4-Rosa Christian.

Open Female Mod/Trad 1-Kathie Priestly 2-Carmel Lloyd 3-Eileen Flynn 4-Val Dart.

Open Female Original/Ser. 1-Jan Facey 2-Kathie Priestly 3-Cay Ellem 4-Eileen Flynn.

Open Female Orig./Humorous 1-Cay Ellem 2-Jan Facey 3-Janeen Mapson 4-Val Dart.

Open Male Classical 1-Geoff Mann 2- Barry Ellem 3- John Lloyd 4-Harold Jackson

Open Male Mod/ Trad 1-Barry Ellem 2- Geoff Mann 3- John Lloyd Harold Jackson.

Open Male Original Serious 1-John Lloyd 2-Geoff Mann.

Open Male Original Humorous 1-John Lloyd 2-Geoff Mann.

Open Yarn Spinning 1-Val Dart 2-Carmel Lloyd 3-Geoff Mann 4-John Lloyd.

Duos

1-Cay & Barry Ellem 2-Anika McMahon & Milton Taylor 3-Julie & Trent Jenkinson.

1 Minute Brawl 1-Jan Facey.

**QLD Open Female Champion Cay Ellem**

**QLD Open Male Champion John Lloyd**

**Written Gold Nugget Award**

1-Ellis Campbell- Ernie McBurney's Ride 2-Kym Eitel -The Ghost of Crackenback

3-Arthur Green -Shadows in the Mist.

### Narrabri Show Society Inc.

#### Poets' Breakfast.

Open Traditional: 1st Bill Pawley with  
"Paddy The gambler" 2nd Mark Thompson  
with "The Cross Eyed Bull" 3rd Jacqui  
Warnock with "Red Jack"

Original: HC Ellis Campbell with "Across  
The Condamine" HC Les Smith with "My  
Old Hat" 1st Mark Thompson with "Good  
Mates Are hard To Find"

2nd Les Smith with "Camooweal"

3rd Ellis Campbell "A Sacrifice Supreme"

HC Rick Partridge with "The Goanna"

HC Pam Thomas with "278 The Dale"

Local Original

1st Bill Pawley with "Farmer Tom"

2nd Ellis Campbell with "King Yetti Of  
Pilliga Scrub"

3rd Shane Seaton with "Big Sky At Sun-  
set"

HC Jacqui Warnock with "Harrah For The  
ells"

HC Max Pringle with "Phyllis Hannaford"

High School Traditional: 1st Katie Brooks,

2nd Ross Palmer, 3rd Emma Rice

High School Originals: 1st Nicole Chara-  
lambous, 2nd Katie Brooks

**Wee Waa Breakfast 17.5.08**

Jacqui Warnock 1st Red Jack by Mary

Durack - Max Pringle 2nd The Cross-Eyed

Bull by Col Wilson, Doreen Vance 3rd,

Stan Holland and Ken Wells H.C.

Max Pringle 1st The Christmas Pudding

Jacqui Warnock, 2nd, The Snake. Doreen

Vance and Stan Holland equal 3rd. and

Ken Wells H.C.

Jacqui Warnock picked up three firsts and

two seconds in poetry at the local Eistedd-

fod Max Pringle picked up two firsts and

two seconds.

I asked my Mother if I was a gifted child ...  
she said they certainly wouldn't have paid  
for me.

Children are natural mimics, who act like  
their parents despite every effort to teach  
them good manners.

Children seldom misquote you. In fact,  
they usually repeat word for word what  
you shouldn't have said.

**A Taste of Country**  
**HARDEN NSW**  
**25th October 2008**

**Open Performance**  
**Bush Poetry**  
**Competition**

**Restricted numbers**  
**Open Poets Brawl**  
**Sunday Breakfast**  
**Lots More**  
**Details next Issue**





Seven Miles from Sydney was written to perform at the official opening of a Ferry Exhibition in Manly.

## Seven Miles From Sydney

© Terry Regan Blaxland NSW  
27th March 2005

*Just "seven miles from Sydney and a thousand miles from care".  
The folk knew that was Manly and the ferries took you there.*

The year was nineteen thirty nine and I had just turned three when we moved down to Manly at South Steyne beside the sea. And then from nineteen forty, overlooking Curl Curl beach, our home was oh so humble but what joy was in our reach. We had the surf, the beach, the pool and all that bushland too; my boyhood was fantastic with so many things to do.

But when it came to highlights, well, the thing that took the crown, was riding on the ferry all the way to Sydney town. The trips were rare, we went to Sydney once or twice a year, and on those very special days my heart was in top gear. I see myself, a small boy, standing there on Manly wharf; the South Steyne was so huge it made me feel just like a dwarf.

It seemed to come in very fast; I thought, "the thing won't stop! It might land in 'The Corso' right outside the Jeweller's shop!" The Captain swung his handle down, the water foamed and boiled. She ground against the pylon then the deckhands, rope uncoiled, lassoed those black, steel bollards and no sooner had they thrown, they had it tied off on the ship – oh how that rope would groan.

Then came the time for boarding. With the gangplanks now in place we charged onto the lower deck and brother, what a race to get a spot where we could look down to the engine room. Then eagerly await the bell for engines to resume. I still recall the smell of oil, the wafting up of heat, while watching huge arms rise and fall to smooth and rhythmic beat.

Another highlight of the trip was when the musos played. I put a penny in their box and thought my day was made. I think back to the wartime boom, where ferries had to wait to take their turn with other vessels passing through the gate. They say the midget submarine, which sank the Kuttabul, gained access through the boom-net underneath a ferry's hull.

Then in the early fifties, as a young apprentice lad, I made that journey twice a day and what wild trips we had. When huge seas thundered through 'The Heads' the ship would roll and dive – I've seen the bottom deck awash and hoped I would survive! When diving down from wave to trough the shudders were severe; we often saw a passing ferry fully disappear!

They used to steer towards 'The Heads', whilst crashing through each wave, then turn and ride the waves back in - those dreadful rolls to save. At times the fog was like pea soup and we were late that day. With fog-horns sounding constantly we slowly made our way past Bradleys Head and Pinchgut, and those huge, black cargo ships which loomed above us in the fog – oh, they were eerie trips.

Those early Manly ferries were a vessel which had class, their Captains were true mariners – to them I raise my glass. Full credit also to the Scots who built those sturdy craft which battled through the roughest seas whilst travelling fore or aft. Yes, "Seven miles from Sydney and a thousand miles from care", we all knew that was Manly and the ferries took you there.



## Remember the South Steyne . . .

The S.S. South Steyne is a 224' (70 metre) long steamship making it the world's largest operational steam ferry. Built in Leith, Scotland for the Port Jackson and Manly Steamship Company, the South Steyne was launched on April 1st, 1938 and on July 7th 1938, it steamed the 22,000 kilometres to Australia arriving on September 19th the same year.

The South Steyne has been an icon of Sydney since 1938. As the famous Manly ferry, it crossed between Circular Quay and Manly over 100,000 times over its 36 years, carrying well in excess of 92 million passengers.

The South Steyne is perhaps the most famous of the Manly Ferries. The ship was the only ferry licensed to sail outside the Heads and from 1953 until 1973 made regular trips to Broken Bay each Sunday giving many Sydneysiders their first experience of an ocean cruise. Her career finished on August 25th, 1974 when she caught fire at her Balmain berth and was withdrawn from service as a commuter ferry. Restoration work commenced in 1987 at Ballina in New South Wales and later in Melbourne.

As much as possible of the original ship was preserved. Her appearance has been enhanced with many Art Deco features of the 30's, such as exquisite veneered timber panelling, brass fittings, a grand piano and the marble bar.

After a brief stint in Melbourne as a floating restaurant and five fabulous years in Newcastle, the ship streamed back into Sydney as the Sydney 2000 Olympic Information Centre at Darling Harbour until mid 1997.

Now (in 2007), the South Steyne is once again operating as a floating restaurant, this time next to Pyrmont Bridge in Sydney's Darling Harbour. Offering unsurpassed panoramic waterfront views of the Sydney skyline and an unforgettable dining experience.



## Profile: Terry Regan



**Dulcie and Terry Regan**

The second of five children, Terry was born at Cowra, NSW, in 1936. The family then moved to Hillston, NSW, where his father, who was an electrician, ran the Power Station.

By the time Terry was four years old they had settled in a little old house overlooking South Curl Curl Beach. Terry often reflects on his simple, happy childhood in the bushland paradise that was Sydney's Northern Beaches at that time. If not running barefoot through the bush they were down at the beach - when it was time to come home for lunch his mother would hang a towel out the window. Over the years they doubled the size of that little old house.

Terry left school at the age of fifteen to serve out a five year apprenticeship, in Carpentry and Joinery with the Postmaster General's Department. He worked for the Post Office for forty years; getting off the tools when twenty five and then working his way up through the technical positions in the Buildings and Properties Branch.

In 1962 Terry and Dulcie married at Dorrig, NSW, where Dulcie was raised on her father's dairy farm. They then moved to Blaxland, in the Lower Blue Mountains. It was a humble but happy start in a little one bedroom fibro cottage which was his grandfather's weekend. The first job was to build a kitchen and bathroom.

Terry says that he and Dulcie have always enjoyed working together. They believe it strengthens the bond, gives immense satisfaction and a greater appreciation of things. They still live in that house, which is now a mid-sixties style, three bedroom brick-veneer.

They raised two lovely daughters, Lynda and Jenni. Most of this responsi-

bility fell to Dulcie as Terry was away twelve hours on a normal day and sixteen hours when studying at Sydney Technical College.

On the poetry side, Terry's father was a very expressive poet who performed his work for family and friends. It was not until twelve months after his father's death, in 1972, that Terry wrote his first poem. He still believes that he somehow got in touch with 'the old man' that day. He wrote a number of poems until 1975 when he took up pottery as a hobby. He built a gas-fired kiln and for the next twenty years produced wheel-thrown pottery - No more poetry!

Terry retired in 1992. Dulcie followed eighteen months later and they began what they refer to as, 'the best part of their life'. Over the last fifteen years they have travelled all over Australia in their small motorhome - mostly by doing a three month trip each year.

It was during one of those trips, in 1995, that they met Milton Taylor at a caravan park in Longreach. As Terry watched Milton performing by the campfire he could feel his interest in poetry beginning to stir. During a talk with Milton he was given the following advice; 'Why don't you join the Australian Bush Poets Association, get your finger out and start writing again?' About six months later Milton shoved Terry up in front of a small poetry group at Summer Hill. Shaking like a leaf he performed the shortest poem he had written - not exactly a pleasant experience, but the dye was cast.

Like many other poets, Terry acknowledges that he owes a lot to Milton who became a friend and mentor. When Milton spoke, Terry listened and this, together with a lot of hard work, has borne fruit. He also considers himself most fortunate to have Ellis Campbell as a friend who he can turn to for advice on writing.

Terry's first competition was in Cloncurry, in 1996, whilst on a trip up to 'The Gulf.' This was followed by winning a competition at Charleville on the way back home.

In 1998, Milton recommended Terry to Frank Daniel, who was running the Bush Poets Breakfasts at the Longyard Hotel, and that was the beginning of many happy years performing as one of Frank's team of poets. Terry says it was always a pleasure to work with Frank at the Longyard. It was well run, had an

excellent sound system and a wonderful audience.

Over the years Terry has won and been placed in numerous Bush Poetry Performance Competitions. These include, Qld and NSW Male Champion and National Male Champion. He says the competitions are so strongly contested that, no matter how well you perform, there is always an element of luck. He was particularly pleased when his CD, 'Through the Horse's Eyes and Other Poems', was a finalist in the 2008 Australian Bush Laureate Awards.

Terry and Dulcie enjoy being part of the Bush Poetry Family - a strongly competitive, yet very friendly mob. He also tries to give helpful tips to other poets, in the same way that he was helped.

Terry's favourite saying is; 'If I wake-up it's a Good Day! And, if I don't wake-up it's a good way to go, so I am still a winner'.

### THE COCKATOO

I was stood at the side of the bird cage, admiring a big cockatoo, and I offered him part of me sandwich, 'cos I thought that he might like some too.

His head swivelled round like a merry go round and he missed every solit'ry crumb.

In the wink of an eye, he let out a cry and the bugger bit down on me thumb.

I yelled to the animal keeper, 'Hey, this bird is a menace you know,' and I pointed toward that damn cockatoo, with its feathers stood up in a show.

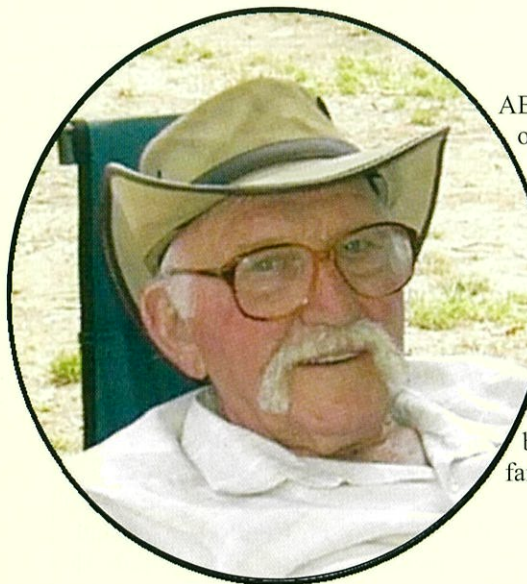
I said to the man with the bird seed, 'Now what are you going to do?' Then before I could think, as quick as a wink, the bugger bit that finger too. The animal keeper ran over and spoke to that big vicious bird.

Not scolding or cross like you'd expect from a boss and the cockatoo loved every word.

I held out my poor injured finger with blood trickling onto the mat, but the keeper just laughed and then shook his head - 'Aw, he's eaten far worse things than that.'

Peter Rondel  
Joondalup WA 6027 c. 2000

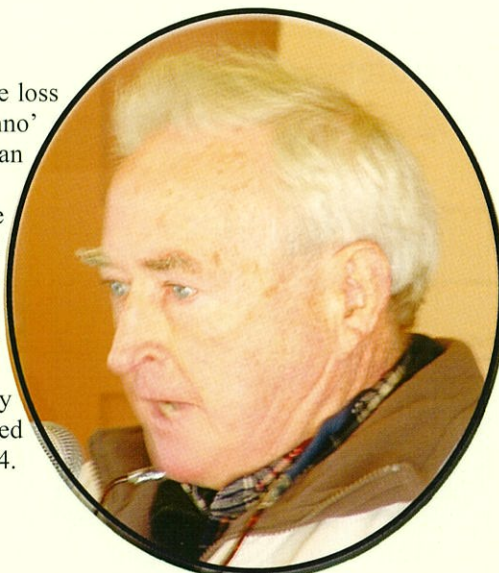




ABPA members were saddened at the loss of two remarkable friends in 'Johnno' Johnstone of Kyabram V and Dan O'Donnell of Brisbane Q.

Each was a great supporter of the Australian Bush Poetry and were prominent in competitions over many years travelling far and wide in their respective regions.

The ABPA Inc wishes to convey belated condolences to bereaved family members. Go to pages 3 and 4.



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**Q** stands for Queensland.

This great state may be  
 Approached by road, rail, aeroplane or sea.  
 But no one, unless other helpers fail  
 Would ever travel anywhere by rail.  
 And only an unmitigated goat  
 Would ever travel interstate by boat.  
 So, doubting as I do the worth of prayer  
 For those in peril on the roads and air,  
 It is my purpose when relentless Fate  
 Next leads me to that dear but distant State  
 To walk to Brisbane, travelling by night,  
 Going dead slow, and Keeping to the Right.  
 Anonymous quote 1946.

## THE MESSAGE

(Never Coming Home)

© Colleen McLachlan

Sol still shines in heaven, birds still sing their song,  
 Earth still yields her bounty, time still rolls along.  
 Broken Hearts will mend, p'raps, years will lessen pain,  
 Do you think that someday, I shall smile again.

All was fair and lovely on tat morn in spring,  
 Who would guess the sorrow eventide would bring?  
 Who could guess the message, speeding on its way,  
 Breaking up a home life, like the breaking day.

King and country called him — for their sake he died,  
 Now he rests, untroubled, on the mountain side.  
 In a lonely clearing, pointing to the sky  
 Rows of crosses marking, where our soldiers lie.

Live still moves on calmly — nothing seems to pause —  
 Everything is growing, springing out of doors.  
 Broken hearts will mend p'raps, hope will come again,  
 Some time in the future, I shall smile again.

## AURORA OF THE DAWN

© Colleen McLachlan

The birds are calling quietly, and from the still lagoon  
 The frogs begin to finalise their chorus to the moon.  
 The stars put out their candles, and the east wind gives a sigh,  
 And goes to waken up the clouds, and chase them through the sky.  
 The bush is still and waiting, and the blazing Morning Star  
 Is sending forth its signals like a beacon from afar,  
 The east is growing lighter, and now the magpie's throat  
 Is throbbing with the ecstasy of each impassioned note.  
 She comes! Her face all glowing — the star he diadem,  
 Her gown all rose and spangled, and fastened with a gem.  
 The glory of her golden hair is flooding ear and far,  
 She smiles — and Earth is clamouring 'How beautiful you are!'  
 The birds break out in singing, and from lagoon and creek  
 Is reflected back the radiance of daybreak at its peak.  
 Ah! But now the glow is fading and the brilliance dies away.  
 Aurora of the Dawn has gone to wait another day.

See ad. 'Tracks of Yesterday' by Colleen McLaughlin. (Page 20)

The trouble is that Queensland gets branded as being part of Australia. Joh Bjelke-Petersen 1981