

ARPA



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2009

The Australian Bush Poets Association Inc.

Magazine - (since 1994)

'There was movement at the station . . .'

The Man from Snowy River Bush Festival

The Man from Snowy River Bush Festival is held at Corryong, Victoria in the foothills of the Snowy Mountains halfway between Melbourne and Sydney.

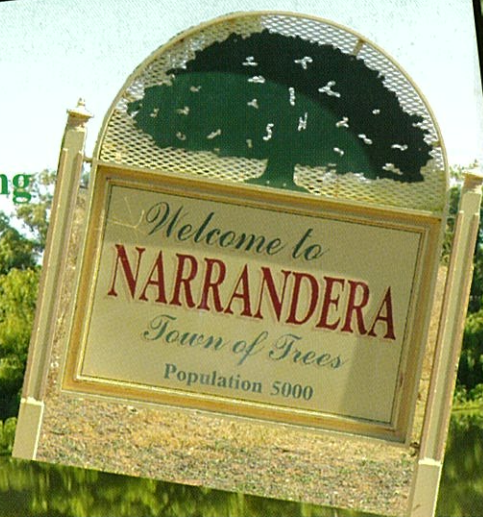
The festival was established in 1995, to celebrate the centenary year of 'Banjo' Paterson's poem 'The Man from Snowy River'.

This was a celebration of bush folklore, skills and traditions, bush poetry and music and a re-enactment based around the icon Jack Riley and all he represented.



John O'Brien Festival

- the festival of Australian word & song



Narrandera's John O'Brien Festival is the festival of Australian word and song.

Renowned for its friendliness the Community Bank volunteers are always there to help you and the locals are most welcoming.

Folk musicians love every minute of it, the pub sessions are legendary, the bush dancing is atmospheric, the Anzac tribute is quite a moving ceremony, bush poetry is highlighted in

no less than six poet's breakfasts, various concerts and two performance competitions plus poets and muso's walk-ups.

Country Energy Day in the Narrandera Park makes for a great family day out. The Kreative Kids Carnival and concert; Ford's Show'n'Shine; excerpts from Bananas in Pyjamas; amusements and a crafts fair as well as The Narrandera Bakery Billy-Cart Race.



Remember children may attend many of the indoor concerts, under adult supervision free of charge.



THE BLACKENED BILLY VERSE COMPETITION 2009

Judge's Comments

There were 284 entries for the Blackened Billy Verses Competition for 2009 and, I must admit, I continue to enjoy reading these cleverly written entries from far and wide. This year we received two entries from the United States, and it is obvious that the writing of Bush Poetry is not only popular, but it is also universal.

Congratulations to Jan and her committee for their efforts in continually attracting writers to participate in the "Blackened Billy". Once again it was most difficult to eliminate many first class entries from the final thirteen place getters. There were so many wonderful entries. The imagination and feeling which was so inherent in many entries was truly amazing, and I can empathise with writers when they are faced with putting the final touches to their work. In this year's competition, there were at least sixty entries that, in my opinion, showed extreme merit in creativity.

I was emotionally affected by many entries depicting hardship and sorrow, of beauty and imagery, and I fully enjoyed the many humorous entries containing great imagination and poetic licence. We have some very clever people in the country, and it is wonderful that the urge to put pen to paper to perpetuate this heritage is not waning. In fact, it seems to be increasing. Congratulations to all the entrants. Keep writing this work of extremely high standard.

FIRST PLACE: DESERTION by DAVID CAMPBELL, Vic.

From the very first stanza, the writer captures our interest with a beautiful rhythm and meter to accentuate the message. This is the too familiar story of the heritage of the land, and the continuing struggle for survival. In this narrative, the writer has crafted the viewpoints of father and son, and their contrasting outlooks on the future. Those of us who are not connected with the changing

rural outlook have been well and truly informed by this ballad. An emotional and cleverly crafted story by a gifted writer. A worthy winner of the Blackened Billy for 2009.

SECOND PLACE:

THE LONELY MINER by ELLIS CAMPBELL, NSW.

This is a well constructed and beautifully illustrated narrative depicting a gold miner's dream of becoming wealthy; all the while, wistful and lonely because his loved one is so far away. And, realistically, his efforts are in vain and hopeless. It appears he will not be able to be re-united with his Monique. I found myself deeply moved by the imagery and lyrical phrasing which so successfully depicts the story.

THIRD PLACE: MY AUSTRALIA – FROM A DIGGER by VAL WALLACE, NSW

A beautifully and emotionally written spiritual message from the ghost of a Digger killed in France during the Great War. The writer, with a blend of imagery and clever prose, has captured a thought-provoking and emotional plea for remembrance of Australian forces who served in World War I; all the while hearing the sound of foreign voices, and longing for a semblance of their own Australian heritage in some tangible and comforting form.

HIGHLY COMMENDED

Shirley Ward - Pommy Bill

Valerie P Read -

Last Ride on Knock 'em Down

Gary Fogarty -

Australian Cup 2004

Valerie P Read -

Grievances of a Babbling Brook

Zondrae King - Strike Me Pink

Zondrae King - In the Distance

Dick Lewers - Stars

Catherine Clarke - The Hunt

Max Merckenschlager -

Fury's Feast

Des Bennett -

The Saga of Dingo Ern

Keith Jones - Adjudicator

DESERTION

by David Campbell

Winner 2009 Blackened Billy

"I can hear the country crying," says my father, "for it's dying,
and the passing of that life will bring an end
to the toil of generations on so many outback stations;
it's a tragedy that's hard to comprehend.

For the land has been our living, it's the gift that
keeps on giving,
but I fear we've passed the point of no return.
Though we've tried to keep together, in the harshness
of the weather
we have seen our expectations crash and burn."

Then he pauses in his sorrow at the pain of each tomorrow,
and I see him brush away a sudden tear.
In that instant of emotion I can glimpse his long devotion
to the lifestyle he has always held so dear.

And the moment is revealing, for I've never known
that feeling,
never shared his eager passion for the land.
From my youth I talked of leaving for, although it
left him grieving,
it was something that I couldn't understand.

For the days are long and tiring, with a farmer's life
requiring
a commitment I was not prepared to give,
and the still, cold light of morning was, to me, a daily
warning
this was not the way that I would choose to live.

I detested herding cattle and the unrelenting battle
with a climate that was always at extremes.

I could only watch and wonder at the floods that
came to plunder,
and the droughts that ravaged all his hopes and
dreams.

Through the heat mirage's shimmer I would try to
catch a glimmer
of the beauty he insisted that he saw,
but the ever-present danger left me nothing but a
stranger
in a landscape that was rugged, rough and raw.

So I left, despite his pleading, and the life that I've
been leading
since departing has a pace that suits me well.
I enjoy the noisy clamour, and the gloss, the glitz, the
glamour;
I have fallen for the city's magic spell.

I am not alone in leaving, with my childhood friends
perceiving
that their future on the land is looking bleak.
So they're following ambition and are breaking with
tradition,
for they've learnt that there are other goals to seek.

With the land so unforgiving it is time to make our living in the townships and the cities, where we try to create a fresh beginning, find a brand new way of winning, where the wilful laws of nature don't apply.

But it's hard, upon returning, to observe my father yearning for a future that he knows will never be. He can sense my irritation, but it fosters his frustration, and he has to take his anger out on me.

"Ever since we lost your mother I've relied on you, no other, to attain the things we've wanted to achieve, but you're lacking any vision...I can't cope with your decision to just turn your back on all we've done and leave.

You see ruin, I see beauty...it's desertion of your duty, a betrayal of all those who've gone before. There are problems that need solving in a climate that's evolving, and that can't be done by walking out the door!

It's a certain sign of failure, a disaster for Australia, for we need you youngsters out here to survive, but you walk away forever, and that says to me there'll never be another chance to pull through and re-vive."

I say nothing, fully knowing that the reasons for my going are a fact of life I simply can't explain. Though my visit is but fleeting, from the moment of his greeting I've anticipated leaving home again.

For the fine, red dust is clinging and the perspiration's stinging as the stifling heat of summer presses down. While the sun climbs even higher I have only one desire... for my air-conditioned office back in town.

But I can't escape dejection for there is, in his reflection, an acknowledgement that we are just a part of a movement that's increasing, growing daily without ceasing, and it's striking at the nation's fragile heart.

A tradition's disappearing as the early pioneering is forgotten in this electronic age, and my father's generation is weighed down by desperation while our history now writes another page.

PRESIDENTS REPORT



G'day Members,

On behalf on the Association I wish to congratulate the members of the Executive who have been elected for 2009.

President, Noel Stallard; Vice President, Frank Daniel; Secretary, Ed Parmenter; Treasurer, Marg Parmenter; Editor, Frank Daniel; Web Master, Andy Schnalle.

As I reported at the AGM this will be my last year as President. I came into this role intending to give three years and by the end of 2009 will have served four. The recommendations for change that I brought to my Presidency have been presented and now it is up to someone else to continue the leadership. There are outstanding members of our Association who need to step up to roles in our executive and bring their innovative ideas that will improve the processes of the association. Most of us have benefited from being members and I believe we owe it to those executive members who have successfully toiled through the previous years not only to congratulate them for their contribution but to relieve them of their roles. It is too easy to sit back and say "No" to these roles and expect someone else to provide the service that the membership enjoys. Please seriously consider an executive role for 2010.

Because our organisation is so diverse it is difficult to get members' opinions on relevant events and procedures involving the writing and performing of bush poetry. One of my disappointments is the reluctance of members to communicate their concerns to the committee especially when email is virtually cost free and very accessible to members. I had no response to Stuart Marshall's suggestion of a sheet containing members products for sale being printed with the February edition much the same as the one-off calendar of the year events is printed in the Dec-Jan issue.

I had the opportunity on three occasions The Brisbane Ekka, The Australian Championships and the Victorian Championships to use the new Performance Criteria Judging Sheet we introduced at the general meeting we held in January 2008. Like my fellow judges I found the process relevant, effective and less complicated than the previous one and would encourage festival organisers to use this recommended sheet.

There is a concern I have with the way results are collated and the process used in determining place getters in performance competitions. These were explained at the General Meeting after the AGM and I will in a subsequent newsletter out-

line my proposal to those members who were not able to attend the AGM.

At this point I would like us to remember and to pay respect to those members who have passed away during 2008 and who made significant contributions to our Bush Poetry movement. I also wish to apologise for not including, in the last Newsletter, an appropriate tribute to the late Merv "Bluey" Bostock the founding President of the ABPA. Bluey was a "character" whose ideas for the association were like 100 kilometers per hour bushfires all going off in different directions. I met similar characters in the teaching game and I valued these people whose proposals challenged the status quo and made us consider various options that we would never have considered had they not lit the bushfires. Any worthwhile movement needs characters like Bluey. I hope to rectify my neglect with articles on Bluey in this issue.

On the 30th of November at the North Pine Memorial Bowls Club we held a Tribute Concert for our living legend, Bruce Simpson. Those of you who know Bruce would not be surprised that he wondered what all the fuss was about and what he had done to warrant such a celebration. Understandably distance and commitments prevented many from attending but written tributes came from Marion Fitzgerald, John Surrey and Ted Egan. In conjunction with the occasion Trisha Anderson launched Bruce's new CD entitled, Bruce Simpson and paid tribute to this legend of the droving way-of-life. Because Bruce's eyesight does not allow him to read I had the honour of presenting the 18 poems on the CD but we have Bruce giving introductions to 13 of the tracks and to have this 85 year old's voice recounting significant details of the droving times is the highlight of the CD.

At the AGM a motion was unanimously passed that we offer the vacant position of ABPA Patron to Tony Windsor as he has been for many years a great supporter of Bush Poetry and despite his parliamentary commitments always makes himself available as one of the three judges for the Golden Damper Performance Competition at The Country Music Festival in Tamworth. Tony accepted the offer and said he felt very honoured to be the patron of an organisation that he believes is integral to preserving the history and culture of our Australian way-of-life.

Once again thanks to my 2008 committee and I look forward to working with the 2009 committee to continue to advance the interest in bush poetry.

With gratitude,

President 2008

GUILTY OR NOT GUILTY?

Anonymous (Possibly from England)

She stood at the bar of justice
A creature wan and wild
In form too small for a woman
In feature too old for a child
For a look so worn and pathetic
Was stamped on her pale young face
It seemed long years of suffering
Must have left that silent trace

"Your name," said the judge,
as he eyed her
With kindly look, yet keen
"Is —" "Mary Maguire,
if you please, sir"

"And your age?" "I am turned fifteen"
"Well, Mary,"— and then from a paper
He slowly and gravely read
"You are charged here —
I am sorry to say it
With stealing three loaves of bread

"You look not like an old offender
And I hope that you can show
The charge to be false. Now, tell me
Are you guilty of this, or no?"
A passionate burst of weeping
Was at first her sole reply
But she dried her tears in a moment
And looked in the judge's eye

"I will tell you just how it was, sir
My father and mother are dead
And my little brothers and sisters
Were hungry and asked me for bread
At first I earned it for them
By working hard all day
But somehow the times were hard, sir
And the work all fell away

"I could get no more employment
The weather was bitter cold
The young ones cried and shivered
(Little Johnnie's but four years old)

"So what was I to do, sir?
I am guilty, but do not condemn
I took — O! was it stealing?
The bread to give to them"

Every man in the courtroom
Graybeard and thoughtless youth
Knew, as he looked upon her
That the prisoner spoke the truth
Out from their pockets came 'kerchiefs
Out from their eyes sprung tears
And out from old faded wallets
Treasures hoarded for years

The judge's face was a study
The strangest you ever saw
As he cleared his throat and murmured
Something about the law
For one so learned in such matters
So wise in dealing with men
He seemed on a simple question
Sorely puzzled just then

No one blamed him or wondered
When at last these words they heard
"The sentence of this young prisoner
Is for the present deferred"
And no one blamed him or wondered
When he went to her and smiled
And tenderly led from the courtroom
Himself, the 'guilty' child!

A Bee

(see p. 15)

by Ocea Strutt
Bungwahl Public School
1st Prize, 8 Years and under section
Hunter Bush Poets 2008 Junior Rhym-
ing Verse Written Poetry Competition

I saw a bee one sunny morning,
Buzzing near the flowers.
The sun was warm and only dawning,
He buzzed around for hours.

He made a soft and gentle sound,
As he started to make his honey.
He landed quietly on the ground,
As the day was getting sunny.

I chased him when it was getting hot,
I sat to have a rest.
I saw him land in a pot,
It was my Mum's best.

He took the pollen back to his hive,
And lay down for a rest.
After a while he came back alive,
And became another pest.

I saw a bee one sunny morning,
Buzzing near the plants.
He was so busy and sent me a warning,
And took me on a merry dance.

A POETS CONFESSION

by Author Unknown

"Hello! I'm sure you know me,
I'm a poet, widely read,
you would have read my poems,
they are 'classics' it is said.
I'm the most prolific writer
on the bush verse writing scene,
and the critics all agree,
I'm the best that's ever been.
My work is in anthologies
from the East out to the West,
and Paterson and Lawson
are really second best.
My poems are outstanding,
you could say they 'stand alone',
and I always use the 'nom-de-plume'
of 'Author Unknown'.

YOUR PHONE NUMBER!

**Do you have any objection to
your phone number or email ad-
dress (not home address) being
given to enquirers?**

Most enquiries regard product
sales and/or information on perform-
ance venues.

According to the Privacy Act,
when this happens the Secretary has
to contact you for permission to pass
on your details, and then recall the
enquirer with your reply.

As the Secretary at times is inun-
dated with such calls it will hence-
forth be deemed that you are in
agreement with the secretary for-
warding your information.

**If you don't agree, please con-
tact the Secretary to lodge your
objections and your details will not
be passed on.**

Secretary:
Edward Parmenter.
Ph/fax. 02 6652 3716
Email: coffsmixture@hotmail.net.au

In MEMORIUM

**The ABPA has been saddened
by the loss of two valued
members with the passing of
Josie Parker, beloved wife of
Lance Parker of Griffith NSW
and Ross Noble of Stratford in
Victorias' Gippsland.**

**Both will be sadly missed by
not only their friends and re-
lations but also the many hun-
dreds of poetry fans who got
to know them.**

MAY THEY REST IN PEACE

2009 Grenfell Henry Lawson Festival of Arts

June 6-8 2009

Entries invited for the Verse and Short Story Competitions

Total prize money **\$3725.00**

plus: statuette by Michael Mandelc for best entry

Entries Close March 27th 2009



Verse Classes Include

Traditional Verse -Australian Theme Humorous Verse -Australian Theme
Free Verse -Any theme

Restricted to an author who has not previously won a prize including Highly Commended or commended - Any Theme
High School Student (must be under 18 years on closing date) - Any Theme
Primary School Student -Australian Theme

Short Story Classes Include Open Short Story - Any Theme

Restricted to an author who has not previously won a prize including Highly Commended or Commended
High School Student (must be under 18 years on closing date) -Any Theme
Primary School Student -Australian Theme

Entry Forms: <http://www.grenfell.org.au/henrylawsonfestival/> or by contacting the coordinator on 02 6343 1402

General festival enquiries can be directed to the Tourist Officer on 02 6343 2855 or tourism@grenfell.org.au



The winners of the 2009 Australian Bush Laureate Awards were announced at the Tamworth Town Hall on Tuesday 20th January during Country Music Week.

The finalists and winners are:

For **BOOK OF THE YEAR...**

'The Final Muster' by Ellis Campbell
'Three Hats Later' by Gary Fogarty
'Poet In The Pub' by Marco Gliori
'The Book Of Australian Popular Rhymed Verse' compiled by Jim Haynes
'WEST - People And Places' by Andrew Hull

And the winner is:

'The Book Of Australian Popular Rhymed Verse' compiled by Jim Haynes.
In **BOOK OF THE YEAR ORIGINAL VERSE** for the best original Australian work in book form, the winner was 'The Final Muster' by Ellis Campbell.
For **BUSH POEM OF THE YEAR...**
'Will Ogilvie (A Tribute)'

by Gary Fogarty

'The Hard Yards' by Marco Gliori
'Snowy Mountains Magic'

by Max Merckenschlager

'High Country Dreams'

by Lee Taylor-Friend

'The Power Of Kokoda'

by Dean Trevaskis

And the winner is:

'The Power Of Kokoda'

by Dean Trevaskis

For **ALBUM OF THE YEAR...**

'Coming Home' by Ray Essery

'The Tartan Saddlecloth'

by Gary Fogarty

'Rhythm Of The Bush'

by Geoffrey W Graham

'The Tater Slater Caper'

by Murray Hartin

'Mostly Original - Poems from Bourke And Beyond' by Andrew Hull

And the winner is:

'The Tartan Saddlecloth'

by Gary Fogarty

For **SINGLE RECORDED PERFORMANCE OF THE YEAR...**

'Fromelles' by Jim Brown

'Remember The Horses Too' - Kym Eitel

'His Epitaph' by Gary Fogarty

'Faster, Higher Stronger' by Murray

Hartin. (the second year running for Murray after his win last year with 'Rain From Nowhere').

'Lost With All Hands HMAS Sydney II'

by Peter Mace

And the winner is: 'Faster, Higher Stronger' by Murray Hartin

For **CHILDREN'S POEM OF THE YEAR...**

'The Aussie Outback Party'

by Megan Bartlett-Horne

'Granny And The Snake'

by Marco Gliori

'The Bush Animals Band'

by Noel Stallard

'The Dragon At The Chook-House'

by Stephen Whiteside

'The Battle In The Garden'

by Roderick Williams

And the winner is:

'The Bush Animals Band'

by Noel Stallard

The Judith Hosier Heritage Award, for outstanding achievement in nurturing Australia's heritage of verse went to the **Dorothea Mackellar Poetry Society**, Gunnedah NSW, for their annual competition, the oldest and largest poetry competition for school students in Australia. The competition aims to "capture the imagination of students, inspiring them to express their thoughts creatively through poetry while celebrating the legendary work of Dorothea Mackellar, author of the famous poem My Country". The 15th Australian Bush Laureate Awards will be held in Tamworth on Tuesday 26th January (Australia Day), 2010.

ROUNABOUTS AND ROSES

Neil Carrol Dubbo

I was on a bus one morning cruising down the wide main street,
Of a little outback town called Warrego.
A beautiful young lady in a nearby window seat,
Sat gazing at the changing scenes below.
As we passed by Elder's office with it's 'Properties For Sale',
The young girl smiled, exhibiting her charms.
An old man waved to stop us, neatly dressed, but rather frail,
With a dozen golden roses in his arms
The bus way filled with fragrance as he shuffled down the aisle.
It struck me that he'd seen a better life.
As he took the spare seat opposite she gave that lovely smile,
When he turned and said "I bought them for my wife,
It's our wedding anniversary!" the old chap shyly boasted
"Fifty years ... and I was home on final leave.
Just married ... on our honeymoon ... when word came I'd been posted
To New Guinea ... I sailed out on Christmas Eve.
'Just another wartime wedding ... It won't last!' is what we heard,
As the local gossips had their little, say.
But Mary took no notice, and I've still got every word
Of the letters that she wrote to me each day."
The young girl looked quite startled as he finished his discourse.
'I'm really glad you told me... it's unreal!
My fiancée's in East Timor, with our new Peacekeeping Force
So please understand I know just how you feel.
He rang last night to tell me he'll be coming home in June,
And joked about the kilo's he's been shedding.
He said to phone the priest, and book the chapel at Duntroon,
And his Mum would like to help me with the wedding."
We stopped outside the Public School, then through the roundabout.
In Myall Street he gave her arm a tap.
He signalled to the driver that he wanted to dismount.
Then he placed the roses in the young girl's lap.
He said 'I'll tell my wife that I have given them to you.
I'm sure she'll understand, and think it's great "
She smiled "Good bye" ... but in her eye ... a tiny tear or two,
As he shuffled through the cemetery gate.

Remembering

'Bluey'

I have been given the task of writing a few words about the inaugural President of the ABPA, Mervyn 'Bluey' Bostock who passed away late last year.

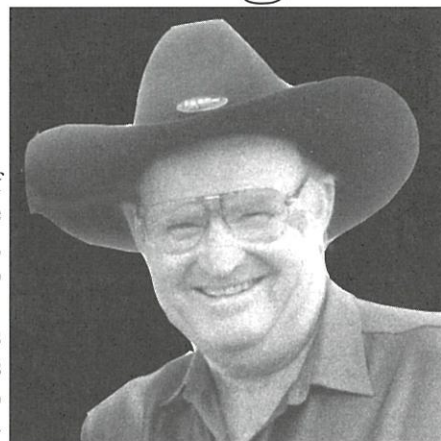
To a lot of our newer members the name will be quite foreign as he didn't write a lot of verse so his work is not recited and remembered, but those that knew him could not deny his passion for bush poetry.

Those of us that have been around for a while and were part of the early group that gravitated to the Longyard at Tamworth to become part of the resurgence of bush poetry in the early 90's will remember a ginger headed bloke with a big grin that loved getting on stage to recite. As our art form gained momentum and more festivals began chasing bush poets to perform there was much discussion about forming a group with a newsletter to inform interested poets about these functions so they could plan ahead to attend. Eventually about fifteen like-minded people got together at Tamworth and the ABPA was born. A committee was needed and the bloke with the big grin put up his hand as president and we were away.

Not long after this meeting the centenary of the writing of Waltzing Matilda was planned at Winton and Blue threw himself and the new ABPA behind it. It was during this period that I got to know Bluey Bostock very well. Bush poetry is full of characters. Perhaps that goes with the territory and makes our art form the hit that it is — and Blue definitely fell into that category.

Blue decided to buy an old bus and take a group of poets to Cairns. His plan was to put on shows in most towns down the coast to Brisbane and then do the same shows out to Winton promoting the Winton Festival and bush poetry in general. I found myself kidnapped in Tamworth and on the bus.

Blue was a man of vision, enthu-



Founder and inaugural President of the ABPA Mervyn Edward Dundee 'Bluey' Bostock who died in Brisbane on 29th September 2008 aged 75 years.

siasm and boundless energy with a love of bush poetry. However, I don't think it would be unkind to his memory to say that he fell a bit short when it came to being organized and attending to details. The handful of us that went on the tour had to live, eat and sleep on the bus and it turned out to be one of the most disorganized, funniest but most rewarding trips I have been on. We all got to know Blue fairly well on that trip.

We all knew that he had been a famous rodeo clown, but we also found out that he'd been a prawn fisherman, a gold miner, a second hand dealer and dozens of occupations that I have forgotten. Every day a new part of his life was exposed.

The late John Philipson and I would tease Blue that he had to be 200 years old to fit everything into his life that he told us about—but I have no doubt that he did it all.

The trip had in tow what turned out to be a very famous cubby house on a trailer. Blue had chased a lot of sponsorship for the trip from RM Williams, Ampol, Telstra and a lot more right down to health bar makers plus the cubby house which was the major prize in a huge raffle. We started selling tickets in Tamworth until it was discovered that Blue didn't have the appropriate license.

Ron Selby our secretary applied for a Queensland licence but we were half way down the coast before that turned up



← so the cubby house followed us around and become the mobile home of fellow poet Mark Thompson. There was a car accident and eventually the entourage ended up in Winton. Things then turned sour for Blue. The raffle was drawn and the winner was thousands of kilometres away. That caused a problem. There were accusations about missing tickets from Tamworth, missing money and missing records that John Philipson and I had kept until we left the trip. While they all remained accusations it meant that the next twelve months were shrouded in controversy and Blue eventually lost the presidency.

Blue was Blue. He did things at full throttle and quite often came undone because of his lack of attention to detail. This was another example that got him into a lot of hot water.

Blue stayed in the bush poetry movement and for many years ran a competition at the Oasis Hotel during Tamworth and still turned up at the odd festival.

Bluey Bostock led a fairly unique life and did things his way. There will be a number of older members of the ABPA that will feel that my comments paint Blue in a better light than he deserves while some will feel that I have treated him harshly. Fundamentally Blue was a great bloke with a big heart and great passion for bush poetry. I sincerely hope that his legacy is to be remembered as the president who helped start the ABPA.

We all have our failings and Blue had more than most, but I firmly believe that everything he did was with the best of intentions.

Bob Magor.



SONGWRITERS AWARD

The 31st annual Tamworth Songwriters' Association Concert and Awards presentation was held in Blazes showroom at Wests Leagues Club on Wednesday, January 21 at 7pm.

Event organisers said they were delighted with the response from songwriters across the country – both in the professional and amateur

categories. This year's National Songwriting Competition attracted 380 entries.

ABPA member Manfred Vijars took out the Contemporary Country Song of the Year in the 'Salute to Australia' section with his restructured poem 'Strum'. His song was put to music by Shaza Leigh and recorded by Brian Letton. Read more about Manfred on page 13.

Other bush poets making their move into lyric writing at Tamworth were John Norman of Pottsville NSW with 'Droving Again' and Merv Webster of Baramba Q with two entries 'The Times Have Changed so Quickly' and 'A True Blue Home Grown Love tale'.

The ABPA is proud of these poets and their successes over the past few years in the field of country music.

GOLDEN DAMPER AWARD!

Playing up to the humorous side of his role as a performance poet, Gregory North's camp version of 'Clancy of the Overflow' has been described as another of 'Banjo's' works that will never be seen in the same light again.

As with his version of 'The Man from Snowy River' from his 'Man of Many Hats Show', Greg's Clancy was given an artificially sexual quality that received a wild ovation certain to be remembered for many years to come. A new twist on an old favourite that saw him emerge as the winner of *The Traditional or Established* section in the 2009 Golden Dampers awards at Tamworth. Second place went to Carol Heuchan with a 'A Letter Home' by David Campbell (Beaumaris Vic) and Barry Ellem of Murrumba Downs Q. with Grahame Watts tried and true 'Gladys - My Girl Gladys'.

In the *Original Section*, an equally popular win was in the form of a very funny concept told in an even funnier storyline, 'Memoirs of a Sheep' written and performed by Col Driscoll from Great Western Vic.

That great evergreen stayer, Ellis Campbell of Dubbo came second with 'Remembering Chubby' and third place went to Christine Webster of Baramba Q. with 'Let's Set Our Children Free'.

As reflected in the results, Tamworth audiences love the mix of serious and humorous poetry, responding very well to both and audiences over the four days certainly got the very best of both this year.

Organizer Jan Morris said The Tamworth Poetry Reading Group, is eternally thankful to the poets for the efforts made in presenting their best works and supporting the competition.

Shades of the old 'Impy' competition at the Imperial Hotel still carry on in one of Australia's most sought after performance bush poetry awards.

A THOUGHT IN TROUBLED TIMES

by Max Merckenschlager ©

Until the last is fed and clothed and safe in friendly arms,
until the fitful sleeps of fear aren't shattered by alarms,
until inoculation has their killers by the scruff,
until we've met their basic needs, we haven't done enough.

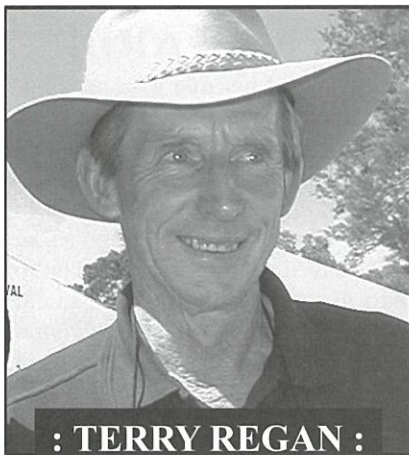
Until the universal laws aren't honoured in the breach,
until religions' followers all practice what they preach,
until we cherish children whether brindle, black or buff,
until we've made them family, we haven't done enough.

Until our leaders demonstrate it's economic sense
to budget aid for others as our paramount defence,
until we view equality as more than words of puff,
until we treat the symptoms too, we haven't done enough.

Until a life of freedom and the tools with which to learn,
are seen as rights of everyone - not privileges to earn,
until we've bled a little and, by choice, we've had it tough,
until we've changed the way it is, we haven't done enough.

111,111,111 x 111,111,111 =
12,345,678,987,654,321





: TERRY REGAN :

Terry's father, Lawrence passed away twelve months previously and had been a writer of poetry for the greater part of his life.

Terry never aspired to be a poet thinking that he had not the ability nor the skills of his late father. An inner conflict that morning on the way to work found Terry taking a pad from his brief case and with an uncontrolled

'Progress' is the first poem ever written by Terry Regan as he commuted between his Blue Mountains Home and Central Station, Sydney, in 1973, and it is still topical 35 years later.

PROGRESS?

© Terry Regan Blaxland NSW April 1973

With silver flash along the tracks and shutters all drawn down,
the Inter-Urban's on its way with those who work in town.
Inside, the people sit and stare at magazine or book,
and dream of various ways and means to get them off the hook.

For travelling down to Sydney every single working day,
eats into leisure hours they'd rather spend some other way.
Decentralise, that's what we need to match the Urban sprawl,
but no, our planning system is just something to appal.

Large vested interests call the tune of Sydney's growth today
as they keep on building monoliths in such a wasteful way.
Little they care that our streets are canyons, dim and cold,
or that Sydney will be like New York before it's very old.

Our transport system now is stressed right to the very limit,
and in the peak hours thousands flock
through Wynyard every minute.

This "Central Policy" is fraught with many complications,
bitter lessons, which we should have learnt
from those of other Nations.

No longer do we have a lovely mist or pleasant haze,
for now, we have black smog
in these our more enlightened days.

And our air is not the only thing polluted there's surf beaches,
and even shellfish breeding grounds up in the river reaches.

The trouble lies in money being placed ahead of all,
and the Nation's wish to go and run before it learns to crawl.
And overall, this attitude exists at every level,
"I will take all that I want, and you go to the Devil!"

Take our bushland or our beaches our minerals or our oil,
and you will see that all are held to be "fair game and spoil".
For Australians are too blinded by the dollar in their sights,
to think about their Country or future Aussie's rights.

No doubt, one day, we all will see the folly of our ways,
but for many it may be too late,
when man wakes from his daze.

The Henry Lawson Society of NSW Inc

2009 Literary Awards

in honour of the well known
Australian bush poet
and short story writer who grew up
in the Gulgong area,
featuring the

countryenergy

Leonard Teale Memorial Performance Poetry Awards



Henry Lawson



Leonard Teale

Open Sections: Entries Close 18th March 2009

• Short Story:

1,000 words maximum Australian theme
1st prize \$400 (please note correction)

• Written Poetry:

Ballad form, good rhyme & rhythm
no word or line limit, Australian theme
1st Prize \$400 (please note correction)

• Performance Poetry 1st Prize \$1,000

National Student Literary Awards:

Entries close 9th April, 2009

Primary School section (years 3-6*)
& Secondary School section (years 7-10*)
Poem or Short Story, maximum of 1,000 words,
Australian theme. (*or other state equivalent)

Prize winners in all sections
receive individually handcrafted
Henry Lawson statuettes
generously provided by The Land newspaper.

PO Box 235, Gulgong 2852
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MEMORIES

© Neil Carroll

Some things we remember from childhood,
While others we quickly forget,
Like Gran's apple tart,
Or an old billy cart,
Or the ferret we had for a pet.

One thing will remain in our memory,
While another one soon disappears,
Like the kangaroo dog,
Or the noisy green frog,
Who lived on our verandah for years.

But I'll never forget when Grandfather
Sat me on his knee for a nurse.
He'd light up a smoke,
Give the fire a poke,
And recite for me this little verse.

'Some people think dogs are a nuisance,
Just something to bark, and annoy.
But I pity the boy
Who hasn't a dog,
And the dog who hasn't a boy.



BUNDY MUSTER NEWS!

For those who eagerly await the dates of the Bundy Bush Poetry Muster each year the committee regrets to announce that 2009 will virtually be a non-event after fourteen years straight.

The Across the Waves Sports Club Inc., the home of the muster, is undergoing extensive renovations and the Bundy Mob feels that because of the club's continued loyalty and support they should extend to them the same courtesy and postpone the 2009 muster.

Bundaberg is already planning for the Australian Championships so mark your calendars and plan ahead for July 2010 when the Bundy Muster will be back 'Bigger and Better'.

The Bush Lantern Written Competition will still go ahead this year and details can be found on page 15.

NOTICE TO SECRETARIES AND MEMBERS!

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YELLOW WATERS

© Catherine Clarke

On the banks of Yellow Waters all is quiet and at peace,
as a cool breeze whispers softly and the searing heat waves cease.
Here our craft meanders smoothly down the tranquil river flow,
as the sun descends, and bathes the plains with subtle golden glow.

Just around a lonely corner paper barks grow in the flats;
flowers wave like creamy gossamer, attracting birds and bats.
At the water's edge the lotus blossoms bloom in pink and white,
whilst some water-lilies crowd the river surface left and right.

Perching regal, silhouette against an ever-changing sky,
the majestic, proud sea eagle oversees with watchful eye—
Mighty king of all the birds surveys his bountiful domain,
and he revels in the freedom of abundant, vast terrain.

Standing motionless, white egrets dot the verdant banks we pass;
meanwhile opposite, some stately broilgas gather on the grass.
The distinct jacana dances over water-lily leaves,
walking gracefully on water as its way it lightly weaves.

As the sky becomes inferno in a dazzling blaze of light,
the colossal flocks of geese depart for roosting overnight,
and the herons huddle anxiously, their feathers puffed, awry—
all alert for hidden dangers now that daylight starts to die.

Wily crocodiles glide stealthily and silently downstream,
as two jabirus fly overhead; magnificent, serene.
In the beak of tiny cormorant a catfish fights to live—
but it thrashes ineffectually; result definitive.

As you drink in all this beauty you experience great awe,
and you somehow glean fresh answers to what you've been searching for.
In this soothing, wondrous landscape your perspective may return,
whilst you gaze upon its grandeur and enjoy your brief sojourn.

As you turn your back, and rhapsodise on all that you have seen,
this old river shows no ripple to suggest that you have been.
Yet you'll take its beauty with you and will bring it back to mind
when in need of equanimity if wretchedly inclined.

In the meantime, so indifferent as you leave their habitat,
all those creatures of the wetlands recommence their water chat.
But they'll gradually grow quiet; restful silence will ensue...
night descends on Yellow Waters, in the heart of Kakadu.

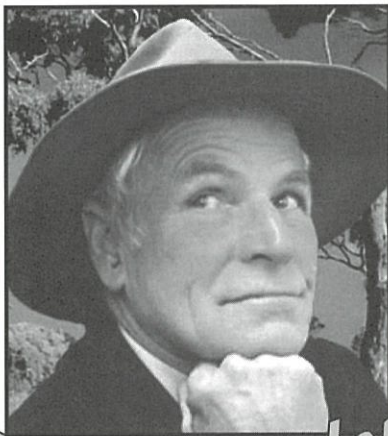


ABPA member, writer and poet, Catherine Clarke, now living in Singapore, has kept up her winning ways in written competitions.

Catherine was successful in the recent Gippsland Golden Wattle Written competition taking out the \$1,000 first prize with 'Outback Morning' and third prize (\$100) for 'The Wisdom of a Child'.

In this years Tamworth Poetry Club's *Blackened Billy* written competition she was announced as one of those Highly Commended for her poem 'The Hunt'.

Congratulations Catherine.



Milton Taylor

After a week at Woodford Folk festival where he was a member of the Bush Poets team which unsuccessfully defended the title they had won in 2007, Milton Taylor has headed off on his now annual trip to the USA to attend Cowboy Poetry Gatherings.

His team at the Woodford event, consisting of David Hallett, Carol Heuchan, Melanie Hall and himself seemed to be well in control of proceedings against the Slam (non rhyming) Poets until the final round when a very dubious scoring procedure saw the result become a tie and the "recite off" then being declared for the Slam team. An unsatisfactory end for the Bush mob, but a capacity crowd revved up by poetry for an hour was a

great advertisement for the power of words of all poetic genres.

Milton will begin his tour in Arvada near Denver Colorado where he will be part of a schools' outreach program promoting Cowboy poetry prior to the 25th annual Colorado Cowboy Poetry Gathering. He will be part of a team including ropespinner /musician/ humourist and cowboy poet/singer Pop Wagner, poet/musician Otto Rosfeld, poet Dianne Tribbit, singer/musician/poet Sid Hausman and Doris Daley, Canada's legendary cowgirl poet. These people along with 35 others will participate in the 4 day Gathering beginning on Thursday the 15th of January. This festival, his eighth at Arvada, is always a highlight of his visits to America.

Whilst in the area he will perform at some smaller functions and concerts before moving on to the National Cowboy Poetry Gathering in Elko Nevada from 25th Jan - 1st Feb where he has been a featured artist in previous years. This year's event is the 25th for Elko and a significant one, marked by the return of many of the personnel who were performers at the original one. As with Arvada, he has been engaged to present schools programs for the local schools in addition to his concert appearances.

Milton usually travels with his Washington State mate, (well he's a mate to all Australians who have met him) Dick Warwick, but unfortunately Dick had the dreadful misfortune of losing his house

in a fire just after the New Year and understandably will not be able to be a part of the festivities, however the show must go on, as it is frequently said, and after Elko Milton will fly to Dick's corner of the world for some gigs Dick has planned for February. Anyone wishing to send Dick a card may do so at 51 Seabury Rd Oakesdale WA 99158 USA.

On his return to Oz, Milton the wanderer will take part in the Dunedoo poetry weekend and the Yackandandah Folk Festival, both in March, and the Naseby festival in Central Otago, NZ, on the Easter week end in April with Melanie Hall and Suzy Carcery before heading north for the winter where he will take up duties on Billabong river cruises at Longreach. After eight years as resident poet at Matilda caravan park in Winton he will move back to the town of his birth and the town where his introduction to modern bush poetry was received which opened up a new world for him.

Palma Rosa, Trish Anderson's popular poetry venue in Brisbane will hopefully host Milton at a launch of his new CD "I Love You - love from many angles", in early April.

He is ever grateful for the opportunities that bush poetry has provided to him, the inspiration he has received to write his material, and most importantly, the lasting friendships it has bestowed on him. As he always says. . .

"Good on yez all."

Leaving Camp

by Randy Rieman

Spring's a distant memory now
The green grass turned to brown
The scattered leaves of aspen trees
Blow golden 'cross the ground

The larkspur and the lupine
Are faded out and gone
And ice has formed along the banks
Down at the beaver ponds

An early autumn snowfall
Has whitewashed distant peaks
And the cattle sensing winter
Leave the high ground in retreat

The snow will melt 'neath autumn's sun
Before it comes to stay
By the warnings made and heeded
We know winter's on its way

The circling of the sandhill cranes
Reminds us that it's time
To be moving off of summer range
And leaving camp behind

The season's nearly finished
Like the cranes, the time flies by
We'll soon be rollin' up our beds
And shaking hands good-bye

So we linger on the ridges
In the sunset's parting rays
We walk and talk instead of trot
And try to stretch the days

These autumn days we cherish
While our youth is on display
They're the ones we know we'll long for
When we're burdened down with age

There's more than nature's beauty
I hate to leave behind
It's this man who mile after mile
Has ridden by my side

From the cold gray light of morning
'Til the long day's twilight end
A good and faithful partner
And a trusted lifelong friend

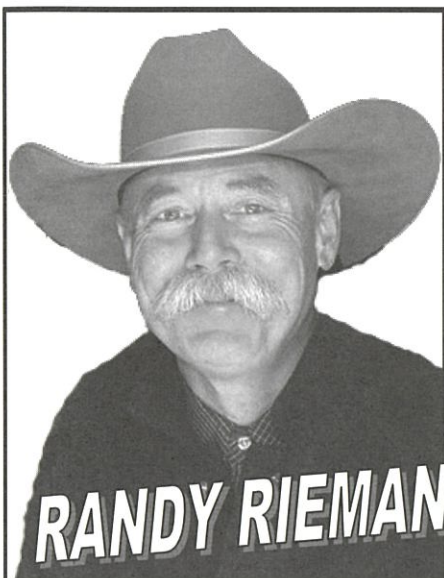
With a handshake and a few brief words
We'll wish each other well
Then both go our separate ways
To face the winter's chill

But leaving camp ain't easy
When it's shared with such a friend
The kind you've been to me, Todd
Hope we'll share camp soon, again.

Vaya con Dios, amigo

© 1987, Randy Rieman

Randy Rieman comments: Todd was my riding partner on The West Fork Stock Association, a forest grazing permit on the West Fork of the Madison River in southwest Montana. We rode together for two seasons, from May through October, then guided elk hunters till December. They were good years and I think of Todd often.



RANDY RIEMAN

Known widely as a reciter of traditional verse, American Cowboy Poet, Randy Rieman is not in the true sense a professional entertainer. He makes his living starting and training stock horses, a life style that brought him into the world of cowboy poetry.

Raised on a farm, not a ranch, Randy always had a passion for all things cowboy; his horseback career started over thirty years ago in Montana as a twenty-year old working with a multi-talented and widely experienced horseman Buck Buckingham.

Buck introduced him to some of the local ranchers whom they helped with their cattle work, one being Curt Halverson who gave Randy his first real Ranch job. Randy considers himself fortunate as both these men were really good hands as well as good Christian men who lived honourable lives and their influence went beyond just horses and cattle. They are still some of his most treasured friends.

After several years working on ranches and mountain grazing associations in Montana, Randy took a job with one of the best horsemen in the country, Bryan Neubert from California. Again good fortune came his way to work with someone who had much more insight and experience than he did. Time with Bryan changed his life and set him on the path that he is still on today.

After a number of years working with Bryan and other top hands in Nevada and California Randy took a contract starting and training horses for the Parker Ranch on the island of Hawaii for a further nine years as well as running colt starting and horsemanship clinics which he still carries on today.

Seven years ago he married for the

first time. Kim, his wife, was a high altitude mountaineer and a school teacher when they met and Randy was giving a horsemanship clinic in Santa Fe, New Mexico at the time. After they married he moved his horse training business to New Mexico. A few years later a chance to return to Montana as partners in a ranch and horse-training operation came up with an old friend David Carswell.

From the time he was a young teen he played acoustic guitar and enjoyed old time cowboy music as well as other styles. He is an avid reader, especially about the American West, and enjoys 'Cowboy Poetry'. In late January 1984 a group of folklorists presented a weekend of cowboy poetry in Elko, Nevada in one room of the performing arts auditorium. Randy submitted a tape of three poems to be considered for the next gathering and was invited to be a featured performer in the second year; and ever since has continued to be part of the National Cowboy Poetry Gathering, the biggest event of its kind in the U.S., for the past twenty-four years.

This event celebrates the cowboy culture and in addition to cowboy poetry and music presents workshops and educational seminars on all aspects of ranch life including range management, the use of public lands for grazing, horsemanship clinics and round table discussions etc. The first Elko event gave rise to other festivals throughout the country and Randy has been fortunate to have been invited to most of them.

Randy mostly recites traditional cowboy poetry; old stuff written between 1880 and 1940; pieces by S. Omar Barker, Bruce Kiskaddon and Badger Clarke, the foundation on which all contemporary work rests.

"There are some brilliant pieces that have been written in the past twenty-five years", he says, "but with few exceptions, I stick with the 'dead poets society' body of work"

Randy also recites a lot of Traditional Australian Bush Poetry. He loves the works of Banjo Paterson, Will Ogilvie and Henry Lawson.

"The Australian writers are second to none" says Randy, "and it may seem a little odd for a Yank with a western drawl to be doing 'The Pearl of Them All' or 'In The Droving Days' but these are fabulous pieces the American audiences need to hear."

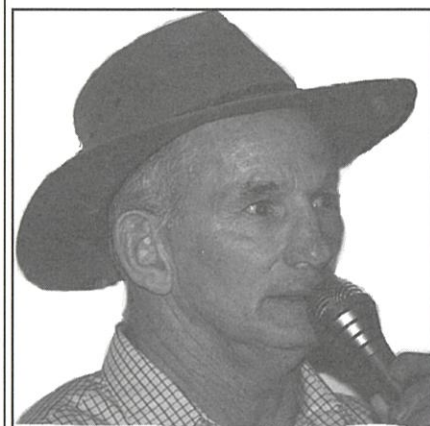
In 1995 Randy was selected --along with three other poets-- to do a 15 city tour in the U.K. performing in a variety

of venues throughout England and Wales -- sharing American Cowboy Poetry with the Brits -- "it was a real privilege and a great time -- my first and only experience abroad."

In addition to the horse work and braiding, a skill he learned from the late Bill Dorrance, Randy continues to recite traditional cowboy poetry at festivals across the country. He is known for his classic recitations of poetry from the American West and the Australian Bush. He has two CD's available, "Where the Ponies Come to Drink", and "Old Favorites". Randy has also produced an instructional video on Reata Braiding with Bill Dorrance called, "Four Strands of Rawhide".

LONGYARD LEGENDS 2009

Inducted into the Longyard Legends Wall of Renown for 2009 were two of the nations best known and most popular performance bush poets, **Garry Lowe and Milton Taylor** (Page 10).



Garry Lowe

'Lowie' comes from Berkeley Vale on the east coast of NSW where he lives in retirement ('if you can call it that', he says) from his hectic days as a rugby league player, captain and coach, surfer and pastry-cook coupled with an extremely busy life as a gum-leaf playing performance bush poet.

Garry's captivatingly, energetic and completely original style has won him a place in the hearts of many an audience throughout the three eastern states.

[With the lateness of the Tamworth Festival reports and the urgency in getting to the press on time, we will have to hold Garry over until the next issue.]



ROCKHAMPTON

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WRITTEN COMPETITION

FIRST PRIZE: \$1,000.00

SECOND PRIZE: \$300.00

THIRD PRIZE: \$200.00

Theme:

Any aspect of the Beef Industry

CLOSING DATE: APRIL 3

Entry forms and conditions from
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BUSHLAND CATHEDRAL

© W Lawrence Regan circa 1945

Father of Terry Regan

In seeking relaxation, for the City oft times palls,
 I went high in the mountains, to a place called Wentworth Falls;

And there, as midst the trees and ferns a winding track I took,
 I heard the distant murmur of a babbling mountain brook.

I took the path past "Pulpit Rock" to "Denfenella Dell"
 And then the pass called "Undercliff" to where the waters fell.

I wandered on to "Weeping Rock", then past the "Queen's cascade"

And crossed the stream ere o'er the cliff its downward plunge it made.

I descended then the cliff face by the steps cut in the rock,
 And at the bottom found a landslide there the path did block.
 I clambered o'er the landslide till I came beneath the fall,
 Where, looking upwards I beheld the finest sight of all.

The sun was at its zenith, shining down upon the stream,
 And it made the falling waters like a shower of diamonds seem;

A veil of glistening tears they seemed while looking up at them;

Each drop, a tear; each tear, a gem fit for a diadem.

And thus, in wonder gazing from the place where I did stand,
 I knew, beyond all doubt, this was the work of God's own hand.

No other hand could make it and so arrange the light
 To make this humble waterfall so beauteous a sight.

Enthralled, I stood and gazed awhile, then round the pass did go

To "The Valley of the Waters", where the waters always flow;

They tumble down from rock to rock, fall after waterfall,
 Until they reach the valley deep where sounds the wild birds' call.

And there, I saw some Lyre Birds in a secluded Glen,
 The cock with tail erect and spread to woo his bashful hen.
 While resting there I pondered on the things I'd seen that day,
 And, climbing from the valley's depths my cares all fell away.

I thought: - 'If all the glories of The Mountains I'd unveil
 There surely then could never be an ending to my tale'.
 At last I reached the top, and there I bowed my head to pray,
 To thank my God that He my steps had led throughout the day.

For in His Bushland Cathedral, with the music of it's creeks,
 I had found that relaxation which the City dweller seeks.

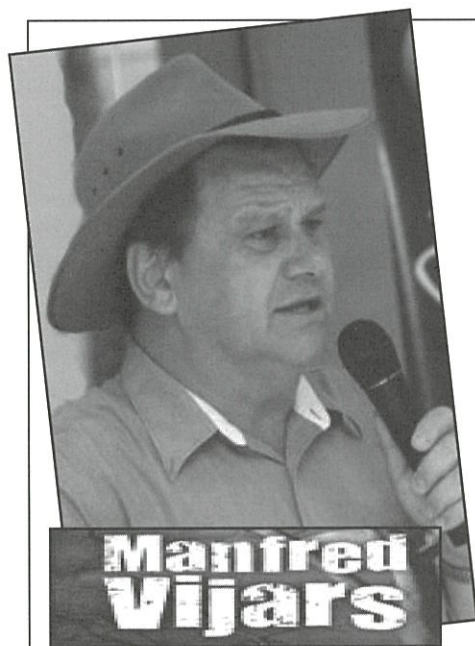
"He has never been known to use a word that might send a reader to the dictionary." -
 William Faulkner (about Ernest Hemingway)

Air hostess to passenger at meal time.

'Sir! Would you like dinner?

Passenger. 'What's my choice?'

Hosty. 'Yes or no!'



Please Call Me 'Mate' and Other Rhymings is an interesting and varied collection of original verse performed in Manfred's particular style, vibrant and well modulated.

His introductory track, Please Call Me Mate, is pure Australian, through and through, and spoken from the heart. One Hundred Percent is a free flowing poem written with internal rhyme. It gives an insight into Manfred's early days of two years old when his parents migrated from Europe. The underlying language problem is touched upon with humour and the prideful affinity with his father is evident throughout.

His Dad, Russian born Latvian, and Mum, a Polish born German, makes him One Hundred Percent mongrel-bred, and Australian by choice.

He left home at an early age to do the "Great Circle" trip. During that time Manfred worked at a number of different jobs, steel-fixer on the Snowy (Blowering Diversion Tunnel), road gang on the Nullabor (Balladonia), cane cutter FNQ (Ingham) and croc shooter in NT (out of Borrooloola) before a stint in the Services.

Father to eight children, Grandfather to four. He also completed an IT Degree

as a mature age student. This has given him a rich well of life's experiences to draw from. His writings reflect insight, sensitivity and humour.

Ozone is a cleverly exaggerated example of rhyming strine. For Krissi is a poem sprinkled with Manfred's thought-provoking philosophy.

His advice to, and love for, a youthful grandson shines through every stanza.

Tjandamara relates the Battle of Wanjina Gorge, in the Kimberly region, on 17 th November, 1894, between Tjandamara, an Aboriginal rebel, and police, assisted by "special constables" volunteered from the community. It has an unusual, and somewhat difficult, rhyming pattern; but Manfred handles it well. A Good Night's Sleep is a rollicking, humorous poem with a twist in the tail.

Happy Jack is the story of bushranger, Johnny Gilbert, involved in 630 robberies and hold-ups-also murder; but he never went to prison. Manfred has a good voice for bushranger poems.

The name, Attitude (Some Doggerel) probably best describes this poem. Manfred, in his inimitable style, admirably handles the tale of a blue cattle dog and his arrogant approach to life.

In his touching poem, Strum, Manfred displays his sympathy for, and understanding of, the underdog. I know this is a favourite of Manfred and he performs it with creativeness and empathy.

Another catchy rhythm in the internal rhyme of Exercise Racket. Manfred takes a tongue-in-cheek swipe at the gym junkies.

Sheila is a tale of romance, blossoming in the squalid conditions of a crocodile hunter's camp. One cannot help but wonder if an element of truth lurks behind Manfred's rendition of this story.

Illegal Immigrant is a send-up tale of a cat. It is fuel for the everlasting argument between

Please call me 'mate' & other rhymings

cat lovers and environmentalists

Died Game is not spoken of desperado Ned Kelly, but outlaw Fred Lowry. Again an unusual rhyming pattern handled with aplomb. As always Manfred captures the atmosphere surrounding the bushranger's last stand most effectively.

Manfred concludes this disc with Chain Letters. It is a humorous swipe at all the cons and lurks, promising financial fortune and love, employed by shy-sters to defraud the unwary- so prevalent on internet, telephone and chain letters via Email in modern times.

This CD is easy on the ear, and a pleasurable way to spend a little time. Manfred has a big voice, very Australian, which he varies to suit the occasion in a most entertaining way.

Enjoy it as I have done.

ELLIS CAMPBELL

Please Call Me Mate

(c) Manfred Vijars

Here in this country a bloke is a bloke
and a girl is a Sheila, fair dinkum, no joke
and here is one more thing I'm telling you straight
I'm an Australian, so please call me 'Mate'

All over the world there are names for one's own
terms that are normal and not overblown
Not sure what they call friends up there in Kuwait
but here in Australia - just call me 'Mate'

Overseas you may be an 'amigo' senior
a 'comrade', 'ami' - there's these terms and more
But since you're out here, I'll reiterate
I'm an Australian, so please call me 'Mate'

In England they have their formality and grace
so lordship and duchess and sir have their place.
to make me a Pommy - I'm no candidate
I'm an Australian, so please call me 'Mate'

I like the Yanks and their cowboy lifestyle
share a campfire and sit for a while
But calling me 'buddy' will get me irate
'Cause I'm an Australian, so please call me 'Mate'

Those imported cultures, I won't tolerate
if they push their agendas to invalidate
my pride for my culture, is not up for debate
I'm an Australian, so please call me 'Mate'

GIPPSLAND WATTLE WRITTEN COMPETITION

First Prize. Outback Morning - Catherine Clarke Singapore

Second. The Wisdom of a Child - David Campbell

Third. Fallen Majesty - Catherine Clarke Singapore

Very Highly Commended. Ron Stevens - Veronica Weal - Glenn Palmer.

Highly Commended. Don Adams - Ron Stevens - Val Read - Glenn Palmer - Ron Stevens - Veronica Weal

Commended. Don Adams - Colleen McLaughlin - Joyce Alchin

Special thanks to Australia Post for their continued support and thank you to Ellis Campbell, a dedicated and committed judge.

The Aboriginal Community of Pormpuraaw

Known as the Edward River Mission until 1987, Pormpuraaw is located on the remote west coast of the Cape York Peninsula, Queensland.

The Pormpuraaw Community Council consists of 7 members, voted in by the Community in elections held every 4 years, with the last election in March 2008. Since 1986, the Council has assumed the responsibilities of Local Government, having acquired title to an area spanning 466,198 hectares by way of Deed of Grant in Trust. There are approximately 700 people in the town of Pormpuraaw and the 12 Homelands Outstations.

The Council runs a diversified Enterprise operation, including the Edward River Crocodile Farm, Cattle Property, Fishing Camps and a Community Development Employment Project (CDEP).

The Council also oversees cultural institutions such as the BRACS Radio and TV Station and the Pormpuraaw Cultural Centre.

Two groups of Aboriginal people live in Pormpuraaw: the Thaayorre people who are traditionally from Pormpuraaw and the areas to the east and south towards Kowanyama and the Mungkan who are traditionally from the North including areas along the Edward and Holroyd Rivers. People survived by fishing, hunting and gathering bush tucker like nonda fruit.

Superintendent J. W. Chapman established Pormpuraaw as an Anglican Mission in 1938 and it remained Edward River Mission until 1967 when the Anglican Church handed the administration of the Community to the Queensland Government.

Nowadays the population of 700 remains predominantly people of Aboriginal descent with a strong attachment to their history and culture. Many families



Vale - Valerie Lopez



Born Monto Q. 8.8.1933 - d. 6.12.2008

Valerie was a founding member of the ABPA and a long time member of the Bundaberg Poets Society (one of the old Bundy Mob) and also a member of the Bundaberg Writers Group.

A sister to bush poet Lynden Baxter of Monto Q. Valerie was the eldest child of Victor and Violet Baxter, of seven children who grew up in wartime with Victor serving in the RAAF.

Valerie started her working life as a telephonist in Monto. She met and married Eddie Dudarko and soon after moved to Brisbane where they raised five sons.

Valerie loved Brisbane and built a great career there in marketing.

now have Homeland Outstations on their traditional land. Pormpuraaw people are rightly proud of the strength of their language and culture. Unlike many other Aboriginal Communities many Pormpuraaw children speak a local Aboriginal language as their first language.

Many traditional art and crafts are practiced, such as the weaving of dilly bags from cabbage palm leaves, dot painting, spear making and canoe carving.

Traditional "Dreamtime" stories are still told - for example about the rainbow serpent who created the landscape and the epic fight between the freshwater and saltwater crocodiles. Stories are associated with "story places" - the land where the events in a story happened. Many stories have songs and dances associated with them that are performed at ceremonies.

Elders play an active role in teaching traditional culture to students at Pormpuraaw State School, including gathering bush tucker, spear-making, story-telling, singing and dancing.

She may have been born a country girl but one would have to say she was a city girl (a Brisbane girl).

In later life Valerie met and married Greg Lopez and they lived and worked in some wild places, like the Solomon Islands, New Guinea and the Pilbara in WA and travelled widely throughout Australia.

Her really special time and other great love was the seven years spent on the western side of Cape York running the Bank and Post Office in the aboriginal community of Pormpuraaw and from Valerie's own words:

"My love affair with Pormpuraaw and her people began on my first visit in the late eighties. I was not aware, at the time, I would be gifted the opportunity to live and work there for so many years. Gipsy that I am, no place has made a greater impact. The highs, the lows, the beauty, the ugliness, the hope, the despair, the sadness and the joys of an isolated Cape York community, have helped colour and stitch my interpretations for this small tapestry of life."

After seven years she retired to the Bundaberg district to be closer to family.

She loved to write and had some great stories to tell. Valerie will be missed but will live on fondly in her poems. (Bush Lemon - p. 19)

Alex's Allergy

by Lauren Patch, 12 yrs.
Tuncurry Public School
Highest scoring entry (1/121)
Great Lakes & Taree Dist. Poetry Comp. for School Students, 2008

Alex had an allergy
that no one could explain.
It made him wheeze and cough and sneeze
and moan and groan in pain.

A single slight exposure,
and he'd start to squawk and squeal.
A second time ensured
that he'd be barking like a seal.

He'd salivate and slobber
as his nose began to twitch.
He'd squirm and say his body felt
like one gigantic itch.

At last they found the cause,
which Alex thought was pretty cool.
So now he stays at home;
he is allergic to his school

School Students Success

Junior writers from the Great Lakes and Taree areas of the mid north coast of NSW scooped the pool in this years' Hunter Bush Poets Junior Rhyming Verse Written Poetry Competition sponsored by Elernore Vale Lions Club. Three sections were offered: 8 years and under, 9-10 Years and 11-12 Years.

Students from Bungwahl Public School, a tiny, one-teacher school located on the shores of Smiths Lake, about 25 kms south of Forster, were extremely successful, winning over 80% of the competition places as well as three highly commended awards and in fact had the highest number of competition entries.

Cundletown PS student Alexander Eden also won the 11-12 Yrs section with his highly descriptive poem, "Captain Thunderbolt".

Sue Hobbs, principal of Bungwahl PS wrote to Reid Begg, co-ordinator of Midcoast Sundowners Bush Poetry Group advising that the winning students were 'over the moon' about the results and thanked Reid for suggesting that students enter.

Hunter Bush Poets have made the generous offer for a member to visit Bungwahl PS to perform for students and to further encourage them.

Congratulations to the successful students, teachers and Hunter Bush Poets.

The Hunter Bush Poets would like to thank the Lions Club of Elernore Vale for their generous sponsorship of this competition.

The Rainforest

by Caitlyn Cameron

Wingham Public School

1st Prize, 9-10 Years section

Hunter Bush Poets 2008 Junior Rhyming Verse

Written Poetry Competition

The rainforest is a place of calm,
With many trees including palms.

Different plants that love the shade,
A lush green forest the rain has made.

The canopy filters the beams of sunlight.
It almost seems like a starry night.

Turkeys busy on the ground,
Building nests shaped in a mound.

Birds of every colour and size,
Magic moments for your eyes.

Possums play when it gets dark,
Clinging tightly to the bark.

Editors note: [Cundletown, on the Manning River, was the birthplace and home of Henry 'Hawkeye' Edwards (1860-1930's). By trade he was a bootmaker, as was his father and his two brothers. In his youth he lost the sight of one eye owing to an accident but it remains a mystery as to how he acquired his nickname.

He was a prolific writer of prose and poetry, which was published in the Manning River Times, the Wingham Chronicle, the Port Macquarie News and the Northern Champion. His son and grandson began to collect 'Hawkeye's' writing, a collection of over 300 so far, which is still not complete.]



NOTICE TO SECRETARIES AND MEMBERS!
PLEASE CHANGE EDITORS POSTAL ADDRESS TO:
4 SHORT STREET CANOWINDRA NSW 2804
Phone 02 6344 1477 email: bushpoet@bushpoetry.org.au

BUNDABERG BUSH POETS SOCIETY INC.

BUSH LANTERN AWARD

2009



2009

**Written Competition
For Bush Verse**

1st Prize ~

Bush Lantern Award Trophy + \$200.00

2nd Prize ~ Certificate + \$100.00

3rd Prize ~ Certificate + \$75.00

This written competition is for bush verse
and each poem must have good rhyme and rhythm and
an Australian Theme - maximum 100 lines

- Entry fees: \$6.00 per poem or three (3) for \$15.00
- Closing date: May 29th, 2009

- Entry forms (a) SSAE to:
Bush Lantern Awards Bundaberg Poets Society Inc
PO Box 4281
BUNDABERG SOUTH Qld. 4670

- Entry forms (b)
Website: abpa.org.au/bushpoetry/entry.htm

All phone or email enquiries:

Jayson Russell . . 0411 360 922

blanata@bigpond.net.au

Sandy Lees . . 07 4151 4631

lees@fastel.com.au

Dean Collins . . 07 4159 1705

nutbutts@bigpond.com



(See p. 9.)



THE CHILD'S FIRST GRIEF

By Felicia Dorothea
Hemans

"O call my Brother back to me,
I cannot play alone;
The summer comes with flower and bee –
Where is my brother gone?

The butterfly is glancing bright
Across the sun-beams track;
I care not now to chase its flight –
O call my brother back!

The flowers run wild – the flower we sowed
Around our garden tree;
Our vine is drooping with its load –
O call him back to me!"

"He would not hear my voice fair child!
He may not come to thee;
The face that once, like spring-time smiled,
On earth no more thou'll see.

A rose's brief bright life of joy,
Such unto him was given:-
Go, thou must play alone my boy!
Thy brother is in heaven."

"And has he left his birds and flowers?
And must I call in vain?
And through the long, long summer hours,
Will he not come again?

And by the brook and in the glade,
Are all our wanderings o'er?
Oh! while my brother with me played,
Would I had loved him more!"

Felicia Hemans (1793 - 1835), born in Liverpool, England, later becoming one of the best-selling poets of her day. Felicia was the most widely read female poet of the English-speaking world throughout the nineteenth century, and into the early twentieth.

During her lifetime, she published twenty volumes of poetry and placed nearly 400 poems in magazines and annuals. She was reviewed favourably in her lifetime by the major periodicals and was spoken of in the same breath as Wordsworth, Byron, Shelley and Keats.

After her death in 1835, scores of selected and collected editions appeared until the rise of modernism. Schoolchildren in the U. S. are still being taught the classic poem by Felicia Hemans 'The Landing of the Pilgrim Fathers in New England'.

AN EXILE'S FAREWELL

Adam Lindsay Gordon

THE ocean heaves around us still
With long and measured swell,
The autumn gales our canvas fill,
Our ship rides smooth and well.
The broad Atlantic's bed of foam
Still breaks against our prow;
I shed no tears at quitting home,
Nor will I shed them now!

Against the bulwarks on the poop
I lean, and watch the sun
Behind the red horizon stoop —
His race is nearly run.
Those waves will never quench his
light,
O'er which they seem to close,
To-morrow he will rise as bright
As he this morning rose.

How brightly gleams the orb of day
Across the trackless sea!
How lightly dance the waves that play
Like dolphins in our lee!
The restless waters seem to say,
In smothered tones to me,
How many thousand miles away
My native land must be!

Speak, Ocean! is my Home the same
Now all is new to me? —
The tropic sky's resplendent flame,
The vast expanse of sea?
Does all around her, yet unchanged,
The well-known aspect wear?
Oh! can the leagues that I have
ranged
Have made no difference there?

How vivid Recollection's hand
Recalls the scene once more!
I see the same tall poplars stand
Beside the garden door;
I see the bird-cage hanging still;
And where my sister set
The flowers in the window-sill —
Can they be living yet?

Let woman's nature cherish grief,
I rarely heave a sigh
Before emotion takes relief
In listless apathy;
While from my pipe the vapours curl
Towards the evening sky,
And 'neath my feet the billows whirl
In dull monotony!

The sky still wears the crimson streak
Of Sol's departing ray,
Some briny drops are on my cheek,
'Tis but the salt sea spray!
Then let our barque the ocean roam,
Our keel the billows plough;
I shed no tears at quitting home,
Nor will I shed them now!

Speewah and Crooked Mick

yarns have been told since Europeans started getting lost in the Australian bush. Created to poke fun at the incredibly harsh and alien landscape, the Speewah downplayed reality by exaggerating itself.

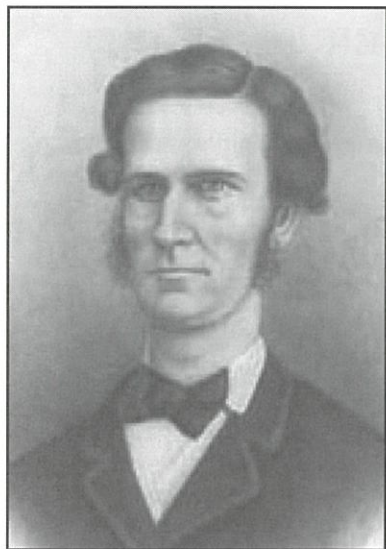
It is said that the Speewah lies west of the sunset. Where the crows fly backwards, to keep the dust out of their eyes. Dust storms are so thick on the Speewah, that you can walk over them. The trees are so big, that the tops are hinged, so as to let the sun go past. It gets so hot on the Speewah, that freezing point is set at 99 degrees. Folk on the Speewah only consider they are through a drought when they can start putting water in their tea again and at dusk, the temperature drops so quickly, even the mirages freeze over!.

Crooked Mick lived on the Speewah. He was the best at every-

thing. He is literally larger than life – needing to go outside, just to turn around. He eats two sheep every lunchtime and uses small trees for toothpicks. When he was born, he started growing so fast that his father tried to slow his growth by ring-barking his legs. It didn't work, but it did give him a nasty limp – and the name Crooked Mick!

'If ever you come across anyone who claims to have spent time on the Speewah or met Crooked Mick, listen to them with deep respect, for they will be a prodigious liar'. -Bill Wannen

In modern times, these wonderful fireside yarns have all but disappeared. With so many other options for entertainment (radio, film, television.) and the impossibility of realising such absurd tales, most people are unfamiliar with Crooked Mick or the Speewah. These wonderful, truly Australian fairytales were almost lost.



ADAM LINDSAY GORDON (1833-1870)

poet and horseman, was born in at Fayal, Azores, the only son of Adam Durnford Gordon, a retired captain of the Bengal cavalry and his wife Harriet Gordon, who were cousins. His parents were in comfortable circumstances, his mother having inherited £20,000. He was educated at Cheltenham College, the Royal Military Academy at Woolwich and the Royal Worcester Grammar School.

As an adolescent he was taught riding and by 1852 was beginning his racing career. His fecklessness was apparent early. His father secured Gordon an offer of a position in South Australia; he arrived in Adelaide on 11 November 1853. On the 24th he joined the South Australian Mounted Police. For two years he was stationed at Penola in the Mount Gambier region where he led a routine life with no remarkable incidents or exploits to interrupt his daily duties.

He resigned in November 1855 and took up horse-breaking in the south-east. He was in touch either directly or indirectly with his family in England, and his father gave him financial assistance until his death in 1857. In that year Gordon met Julian Tenison-Woods who was able to supply him with books and whose friendship stimulated Gordon's interest in literature.

Gordon's mother died in 1859 and in October 1861 he received from her estate a legacy of £7000. Meantime he continued as horse-breaker and steeplechase rider in country areas. The main records of him in this period concern his successes and failures at race meetings in the Penola and Mount Gambier districts. The legacy brought him relative

slam Off!

In the supplement to the last magazine readers were made aware of the success of bush poets

Gabby Colquhoun and Greg North in the NSW section of the National Poetry Slam at the State Library.

Greg tied for first place with David Riemer of Parramatta and went onto the National Poetry Slam Grand Finals at the iconic Sydney Opera House.

Greg describes it as a great experience, a sold-out event which was broadcast live on ABC local radio and web-cast for the world to see. Another triumph and another step forward for bush poets gaining awareness in another widely diverse field.



Eighteen performers from seven states lined up for the judges where again a tie resulted between international rappers 23 year old Omar Musa (Canberra) and Mark Lloyd from Perth.

In an historic 'slam off' to separate the two, Queanbeyan's Omar Musa won the 2008 Australian Poetry Slam, taking home \$5,000 plus an appearance at the Ubud Writers Festival next year... Mark takes home the \$500 runner up prize.

You can watch their performances at www.abc.net.au/local/features/poetryslam/ Videos of each of the contestants (including Greg) can be seen.

Greg sends his thanks and appreciation to all for their encouraging emails and phone calls; although he is not \$5,000 richer for his efforts he 'had a great time, saw some fantastic performances and met a variety of talented spoken word artists'. Poetry lives, goodonyaGreg.

prosperity. On 20 October 1862 he married Margaret Park, who was born in Glasgow. She had little education but was an excellent horsewoman. In March 1864 Gordon bought Dingley Dell, a cottage near Port MacDonnell. He also speculated in land and was mortgagee for several landholders.

A new phase in Gordon's life began in January 1865 when he received a deputation asking him to stand for the South Australian parliament. The sitting members were defeated and with John Riddoch, a loyal friend and lifelong supporter, Gordon was returned to the House of Assembly for the Victoria district, topping the poll. He combined his parliamentary duties with steeplechasing, travelling to races in Adelaide, Ballarat and Melbourne and publishing poems. He resigned on 10 November 1866.

His only child, Annie Lindsay, was born at Robe on 3 May. In June his first two volumes of poetry were published: *Ashtaroth* and *Sea Spray and Smoke Drift*. Their financial failure together with his losses in Western Australia and racing dissipated much of the legacy from his mother's estate. On 14 April his daughter died. These private misfortunes, together with the failure of the livery stables, led to his wife's departure from Ballarat. A small legacy enabled Gordon to settle his debts and on 1 October he left to stay for two months in Melbourne with Robert Power.

In 1868 Gordon heard that he was heir to the family estate, Esslemont, in Scotland. He was convinced of his right

to the estate but determined not to return to England. His letters show his increasing melancholia and preoccupation with financial difficulties. He hoped, by acquiring Esslemont, to guarantee his wife's financial security. In June he received news that the entail of Esslemont had been abolished and therefore he would not receive the inheritance.

On 23 June 1870 his *Bush Ballads and Galloping Rhymes* was published and Henry Kendall showed him a proof copy of the enthusiastic review he had written. At dawn the next morning Gordon went to the beach at Brighton and shot himself.

The pattern of Gordon's life was strange. If the purpose of his migration to Australia was to escape the debilitating attractions of the company into which he had fallen as a young man in England, the life that he led merely served to exacerbate his own temperamental weaknesses. His real love was steeplechasing yet he had sufficient poetic talent to develop into a more substantial writer than he ever became. Long after he died, enthusiastic admirers made pilgrimages to his grave, to Dingley Dell and to other places associated with him.

A bust unveiled on 11 May 1934 in Westminster Abbey by the Duke of York attests his extraordinary popularity. But his successes and failures in his poetry, as in his own life, are a reflection of the tastes and interests of his time.

A statue by Paul Montford is near Parliament House, Melbourne.



'ARCH' BISHOP

Making Ends Meet

© Irene Conner WA 8/6/08

At the school she hears the grumbles
as the dollar value tumbles
and the mothers talk of hardships they endure.
They are dressed in latest fashion
as they chat with such dispassion
but they have no understanding of the poor.
For she sees them when they're shopping
and they show no signs of swapping
to the cheaper brands, or lesser cuts of meat.
But they still complain of hardship,
tho' their credit cards they worship
as they wonder how they'll ever make ends meet.
Every day she walks the children
'til they're weary with exhaustion
for she doesn't have the luxury of a car.
As she leaves the school behind her
and she dreams that fate was kinder,
still she curses that they have to walk so far.
Now she sees her children growing ,
so at night she will be sewing
as she alters clothes she's bought from bargain
shops.
She must count her every dollar
if they're not to live in squalor
and she wonders why the worry never stops.
So she feels no great compassion
for those ladies dressed in fashion
who have never had to struggle just to eat;
who have husbands to support them
and have never known the mayhem
as they fight each day to try to make ends meet.

SIZE DOES MATTER

©Peter Mace

Here's the story of a poet, of quite substantial girth
Whose name I must now mention has changed a
bit from birth

But whether he's called Warren
or by my favourite 'Arch'

This story tells of natures call
and a Portaloo in March

'Twas a festival of folk and blues
as our hero does recall

When after too much vindaloo
he answered natures call

And when that feeling hits, you drop everything and run
Towards the loos there in a row, for the rumblings begun

The middle one was empty, so in and slams the door
Gets himself there seated with his strides upon the floor
And although this here enclosure is really very tight
The task it gets completed, the results now out of sight

Now the maker's of these toilets reckon, one size does fit all
But if they'd seen our hero now pressed hard against each wall
With the job at hand now finished and the clean up to commence
They'd have made the damn things bigger, and bugger the expense

See when you're so confined with your back against the wall
Struggling to spread your knees 'cause the damn thing is so small
You're sitting there in deepest thought and feeling rather glum
Because there's just no room to ----- OK, wipe your bum

You have tried the forward lean, though your back is bloody sore
And now your neck is hurting from head butting the door
The right knee raised the left one up nothing seems to work
You're suffering claustrophobia and going quite berserk

And still your hand won't fit there no matter how you try
You start to think 'I could be here until the day I die'
The waiting crowd is restless, then someone bangs the wall
You shout 'I'm in some trouble try the other bloody stall'

But our hero does not quit and with paper still in hand
Figures out the only ways to turn around and stand
And when he's finally on his feet and chances to glance down
Well the sight that then confronted him would make a plumber frown

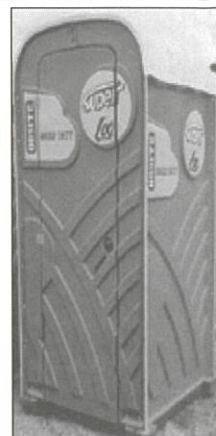
But at last he's in position to get the damn job done
There's room to get his hand round the race is nearly won
Now God can play some cruel tricks, but this one's hard to match
As Arch was finishing the deed he caught the loo doors' latch

The door now under pressure from a large and bare backside
Sprang open with a rush to the waiting queue outside
An aged woman who by chance was very first in line
Fell to her knees and prayed aloud to her saviour so divine

'Please lord if you save me I'll no more be a sinner'
While Arch was simply praying he could be a little thinner
One bloke rang the SES and dialled triple O
While most just changed their minds and decided not to go

Some patrons screamed and looked away, gazing at the skies
Parents yelled obscenities and covered children's eyes
The exodus intensified and now become a rout
Passers by were wondering if Bin Laden was about

An enterprising youngster who was thinking on his feet
Got Arch's rear end covered with a campers old groundsheet



BUSH LEMON

Valerie Lopez

Tangled with the gully brush, beside an unmarked trail
You have lived your years with struggle ... still you sway
A gentle dance to windsong and shed your perfumed buds,
Like morning's angels sent to greet the day.

Time has been the culprit. He never could stand still.
But, present, past and future are gifted to you now;
By the lady walking down the track, as she used to do,
Her smiling face expectant, for familiar scenes, somehow.

For you stand, lonely sentinel, to ail her precious dreams.
Some, like you bore fruit; but most just slipped away,
Elusive as the will 'o' wisps, to play at hide and seek,
Until they lay before her, in shatter and decay.

Yard and gate and fences have all but disappeared;
But you, my friend, remind her this was home,
When happy times and laughter spun ripples through the hills,
She had no thought of changes that would come.

Now rafters tenant termites. Creatures of the night
Seek haven in earth floor from heat and cold;
In the bosom of the dwelling, miraging to her view,
Welcoming and solid as in the days of old.

Her eyes can see the babies as they sleep beneath your bough,
Prams dressed in flowing net and scented shade;
With Blue Dog guarding everyone who lived in his surrounds.
Proof, in memory's photo album, some pictures never fade.

Together you have witnessed sad family tragedy;
A young life snuffed of flame in a stinking, muddy hole;
To leave a sorry, shattered heart, bereft and bleeding still,
Maimed and crushed to seep forever, torment to her soul.

She has come to you today, to acknowledge an old friend.
Her feet will never tramp this track again.
The water is to quench your thirst . . . So let her raise a toast.
To you. . . OLD LEMON TREE . . .

where treasured memories remain.

Then with a mighty push and shove he got the door reclosed
And peace and order was restored, the waiting line composed

Oh Lord the sheer embarrassment caused by this tiny space
The only consolation is, 'they haven't seen my face
If I can just stay in here until it's good and dark
I'll make a dash and run for it towards the trailer park'

At last the crowd disperses and with darkness covering all
A shadowy form emerges from the now infamous stall
Our hero peaked, then sneaked, back to his tent and wife
Relating all the details of the worst day of his life

His spouse replied, 'Dear really, that's too much information'
While Arch was checking recipes to bring on constipation
He pondered on the chances of a fully liquid diet
'To hell with it, no option, I'll have to bloody try it'

Now details of the story of the Portaloos from Hell
Have faded with the telling but one thing I will tell
Our Arch now takes precautions to enjoy his festive pleasure
And now he'll not go anywhere without his own tape measure

And the things that he admires and brings a smile onto his face
Have changed since that eventful day inside that tiny space
The boy will never try those plastic Portaloos again
And gets a warm and fuzzy feeling at the sight of porcelain

QUEENSLAND TO HOST AUSTRALIAN CHAMPIONSHIPS IN QUEENSLAND'S 150TH ANNIVERSARY YEAR

The North Pine Bush Poets will again host the Australian Championships in 2009, which is the 150th anniversary of Queensland's

statehood, to be known as Q150. The Queensland Government's vision for the year is Reflecting on the Past - Imagining the Future, with key themes of History, People, Places and the Future.

For the written competition, any or all of these themes would give themselves beautifully to poetry. Poets may choose to use them if they so desire, and many may find them inspirational. Nevertheless any topic is acceptable provided the poem is Australian rhythm and rhyme poetry, set in Australia or to do with Australians.

The Q150 themes could also be easily integrated into the usual curriculum work of school students - social studies, science, information technology, literature and written expression in primary schools and also in high schools. It could be very interesting to read poems on the themes, including the future as imagined by the young today. The junior competition is closing at a later date this year, 24 July 2009, which should suit schools better, and if you are in contact

with teachers in your area, please let them know about the competition. Entry in the junior competition is free.

Entry forms for both Open and Junior Competitions can be obtained from www.abpa.org.au or by sending a S.S.A.E. to M. Vijars, P.O. Box 701, Morningside, Qld. 4170.

The performance competition will be held from 21-23 August in Club Pine Rivers, about 20 km north of Brisbane. Last year's performance competition had the highest standard ever seen in a bush poetry competition, according to many experienced observers. So if you want to see top performers presenting Traditional, Modern, Original Serious and Original Humorous, don't miss the 2009 Championships. (There will be Novices and Juniors too.) More details will be on the website in entry forms or send to the above address. (There will be a limit on the number of competitors.) Camping and caravan sites, motel accommodation and B and B's are available nearby, the weather is usually Queensland's lovely sunny winter weather, and there are lots of things to do in surrounding areas to make a great holiday. Don't miss it!

Watch for the bloke who drives ahead
and the bloke who drives behind
You watch the right you watch the left
and drive with a clear calm mind
But the bloke you really have to watch
on the highway you will find
is the bloke behind the bloke ahead
and ahead of the bloke behind.

The Australian Bush Poets Association Inc.

(Established 1994)

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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.

ADVERTISING RATES

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2/3 Column \$15.00

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Half Page \$40.00

Poet's Calendar and Regular Events (1 Line only) free.

Poet's Calendar Supplement - Free (Deadlines April 30 & October 30)

To allay costs, copy regarding a festival or event would be appreciated if accompanied by a paid advertisement.

Terms strictly C.O.D. with ad.

Send details in plain text accompanied by payment to:

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(see page 1.)

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Junior Section (\$3.00 entry) Novice Section (\$5.00 entry)

Classical - Original - Contemporary (\$7.00 entry)

Yarns - Friday Night - One Prize \$250.00



**Free admission
to
all competitions**

Written Competition Open & Junior. Closing Date 23 Jan. 09. Entry \$5pp. Jnr. \$2

Thursday night Improved Meet & greet (Free site accommodation Thursday 5th)

Friday Bus Tour 9am & Junior competition DCS Hall.

Friday night. Yarns \$250 1st only. Music after comp. Golf club. Food.

SATURDAY - Improved Markets - Demonstrations - Music - Food.

Competitions DCS Hall - ENTERTAINMENT

Guest artists - Medley of Poets - Music. 7pm.

Sunday Poets Breakfast and Poets Brawl from 8am. Park.

Milton Taylor and Lennie Knight guest appearances

Bookings Bus \$15 and Sat night \$20 pp. Supper.

Entry forms www.abpa.org.au

Sue Stoddart 02 63 751975

dddgroup@bigpond.com

PO Box 1 DUNEDOO 2844

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DATES to REMEMBER

March 1 Bush Poets Rally at **Raleigh NSW** Ed and Margaret Parmenter 02 6652 3716 coffsmixture@hotmail.net.au

March 5-8 **Dunedoo** Performance Competition Sue Stoddart 02 6375 1975 dddgroup@bigpond.com (See above)

March 10 Closing date **Grenfell** Henry Lawson Written Competition (See page 5.)

March 18 Closing date **Gulgong** Henry Lawson Festival Performance and Written competition (See page 8)

March 21 **The Red Room Co.** "Dust Poems" <http://www.dustpoems.com/> Bonny Cassidy 0417 252 004 02 9319 5090

April 4 Yodellers, Yarns & Bush Poetry **Redcliffe Cultural Centre** - Laura Downing - The Williams Trio colleendaniel@moretonbay.qld.gov.au 5433 2324

2010 **Illawarra Folk Festival** applications open in April 2009 and close 31 July 2009.

August 21 - 23 **The Australian Bush Poetry Championships** - Club Pine Rivers - Cnr Sparkes and Francis Roads Bray Park Qld ...

March 20-22 **Narrandera** John O'Brien Festival and Competitions ph. 1800 672 392 www.johnobrien.com.au

Port Macquarie 2nd Saturday - June, July, Sept, Oct, Nov and December - Contact Janice Downes 0408 299 205

Torquay Froth and Bubble Literary Festival 20 - 21 June 2009 Contact John Adams 03 5261 2899 <http://www.adamlindsaygordon.org>

Walla Walla Wagon Wheel Written Awards Closing date October 16. 11/33 Mardross Crt. Albury 2640 Ph. Erica 02 60405337 den53@austarnet.com.au



The Man from Snowy River Bush Festival

2nd - 5th April 2009

CORRYONG

Contact details:

Jan Lewis

www.bushfestival.com.au

Home Phone & Fax 02 60774332

Work (Tues & Thurs) 02 60 761179

Melinda Short - Festival Coordinator

Phone Number: 02 6076 1992

Email Address:

info@bushfestival.com.au

(see page 1.)



SNIPPETS FROM ABPA MAGAZINES SINCE 1994

(Read the history as it happened over the years)



entertainment art form and the inauguration of the Australian Bush Poets Association Inc.

In this and future issues of the ABPA Magazine we will feature many of the bush poets and some of the events that developed the resurgence of Australian bush poetry as an enter-

tainment art form and the inauguration of the Australian Bush Poets Association Inc.

The ABPA Inc was inaugurated in January 1994 but bush poetry as we know it today first hit Tamworth in 1987 in the form of a two-go-round competition held on the back of a truck at the Longyard Hotel.

The contest was organized by the Tamworth Poetry Group which consisted of Maureen Quickenden (convener - pictured), Charles Snell, Charles Moffet, John Bishop, Cliff and Judith Hathaway, Keith and Cynthia Jones..

(Next page please!)

MURRAY HARTIN

In 1987 'Muz' was the winner of the first performance competition held in Tamworth, the forerunner of many to come and the start of the resurgence of bush poetry as we know it today. Two performance poems were required to enter each section of this competition and Murray won the original section with his poem about the drought, 'Rural Facts' written in 1983 and 'The Ballad of Kev Koala and Ringtail Pete' written on the day of the finals.

In 1988 **Marion Fitzgerald** of North Star NSW hit the scene, attracted by the poetry and also that the compere would be James Blundell who had been nominated for a Golden Guitar (which he won) after winning Star Maker in 1997.

In this, it's second year, the competition was desperately seeking a new home and a kind offer from the local Kentucky Fried franchise saw fit to offer an outdoors venue.

(More in April)



History in the making. No need to say where this photograph was taken. John Philipson, Gertrude Skinner, James Blundell and Marion Fitzgerald in Tamworth 1988.

POETS ON PARADE AT TINTALDRA

'You can't keep a good women down' is the old saying and that certainly applies to Betty Wallon, the award winning Bush Poet from Tintaldra. When the Man From Snowy River Bush Festival was cancelled in April 2008 Betty decided to hold a Poetry and Arts Festival in its place which was a huge success.

After a month touring the Top End Betty was diagnosed with Breast Cancer so August and September saw her out of action but not for long. With the project she had in mind promoting Australian Bush Poetry in schools it was a case of 'get up and go'. Workshops were held in the local schools with the idea of having a Young Peoples Poetry Competition on 6th December. The response was excellent with 19 performers and 16 written entries.

Guests sat in the tree shade while the performers used the B & B verandah as stage with the help of senior poets who then carried on with "Banjo Beneath The Blazing Stars", a night of poetry and music. With this excellent interest in Bush Poetry there will be a Junior Competition for performers and writers as part of the Man From Snowy River Bush Festival Poetry Section.



Part of the gathering at Tintaldra

This will be held on Thursday afternoon, 2nd April, 2009 commencing at 1p m.

There will be 4 sections, Prep to Grade 2, Grades 3&4, Grades 5&6 and Secondary Students under 18. Cash Prizes and Certificates will be awarded in each section but all entries to be eligible must follow the ABPA rule of rhyme and rhythm with an Australian Theme.

The entry forms will be available on www.bushfestival.com.au or email info@bushfestival.com.au or send a stamped addressed envelope to Betty Walton, Main Street, Tintaldra 3708.

All Junior entries, both written and performance, close on Friday, 13th March, 2009. Let's hear it from the Australian Bush Poets of the future.

The Southern Cloud



fleet established by Charles Kingsford Smith and Charles Ulm, after the success of their record breaking flight across the Pacific Ocean in the Southern Cross.

In March 1931, the Southern Cloud left Sydney for Melbourne, but never arrived. Two ladies from the Tintaldra Store and local Hotel were aghast at what they had witnessed on that wild stormy day. The weather was bleak, the winds harsh, and the rain belted down from the sky. The two women sighted the Southern Cloud go down and ran to the Post Master to share their fears however, were told they were dreaming and politely offered a cup of tea to soothe their nerves.

Betty Walton, Post Mistress at the historic Tintaldra Store has written a

The Southern Cloud was an Avro 10 from England, and part of the ANA commemorative booklet sharing the tale of the Southern Cloud. The great story was told through poetry on Saturday the 22nd of November last when Betty shared verse with more than 50 pilots who descended on the Corryong Airport as part of the inaugural Corryong Fly In. This aviation spectacular commemorated the Southern Cloud historic event; an event that changed aviation history forever.

The Corryong Airport hosted in excess of 60 planes, pilots and their families for a day of Aviation fun and frivolity. The day's activities included a Southern Cloud tour and exhibition of the Southern Cloud disaster at Tumbumba Visitors Centre, a welcoming luncheon, tour of the picturesque Upper Murray and Tintaldra Store on the banks of the Murray River.

The wreckage lay undiscovered until 1958 when Tom Sontor, (pictured) a Snowy Hydro employee, stumbled across it at the base foot of Mt. Black Jack in the Toolong Ranges of the Snowy Mountains. For more information visit www.corryongairport.com.au

A red dog slips through the timber,
a lean wind ruffles the air.
As silent as shadows of moonlight
she pads a path east from her lair.
She pauses a while where an outcrop
of savage rock thrusts through the trees
And her keen senses scan the landscape
with a caution that's never at ease.

Before her, a tumble of toprock,
a tangle of mulga and brush
Falls away to a vista of downlands
dust pale in twilight's last flush.
For a moment she stands there - an em-
press
as hauntingly wild as the night.
A quicksilver flicker of movement
and like mist she's vanished from sight.

There's a gully drops down from the
ranges,
gouged out of the rock when it rains,
But now, it's a dry ragged gutter
cutting a track cross the plains.
Over Mitchell grass soft lit with starlight,
past the dam with its dark, creaking mill
The homestead is silent and sleeping.
The paddocks lie waiting and still.

She slips through the wire of the fence-
line.
Man scent clings thick in the air.
Fear burns fierce in her belly.
Rage fills her soul with despair.
In a corner the sheep softly shuffle,
disturbed by some essence of fear.

They huddle and circle together
instinctively knowing Death's near.

Ruthless and swift as a scalpel
she leaps through the jaws of the night,
Tears at the throats of her victims,
blood lust filling her with delight.
Night fades. The stars spin at their moor-
ings.

A hint of dawn chills the breeze.
Before the first edging of daylight
the red dog glides back through the trees.

She pauses again at the outcrop
and once more surveys her domain.
The sleeping world shivers and echoes
to the sound of her haunting refrain.
It's something primeval and savage
with a passion as old as this land
Beyond moral precepts and ethics
that civilized men understand.

Relentless, they tracked her and shot her.
Her hot blood ran red in the sand
Of a dry ragged gully that staggered
like a line on a page drawn by hand.
They shot her, then strung up her carcass
like a crucifix nailed to a tree,
Left her to rot there - a lesson,
for those who would dare to be free.
and sometimes ...

I hear through the frost bitten silence
when the night sets my senses alight
The sob and the howl of a dingo -
it's a song sets my mind on a flight
To a red dog padding through timber,
a lean wind ruffling the air,
A silent shadow of moonlight
following a path I can't share ...



HELEN AVERY

I have had a deep respect for the written word for as long as I can remember. As a child I lost myself in Arthur Mee's Encyclopedia, the Queensland State School Readers and the Billabong books. They formed the foundation of a lifetime hunger for reading ... and writing.

Marriage brought me to western Queensland. Here I fell in love - with the landscape, the lifestyle and the man I was to build a family with.

They became the inspiration for much of the poetry I write. It was probably the construction of the Stockmans' Hall of Fame, the re-emerging popularity of bush poetry and the fun and friendship I experienced as a member of the National Outback Performing Arts (NOPA), that gave me the confidence to get my writing out in front of an audience.

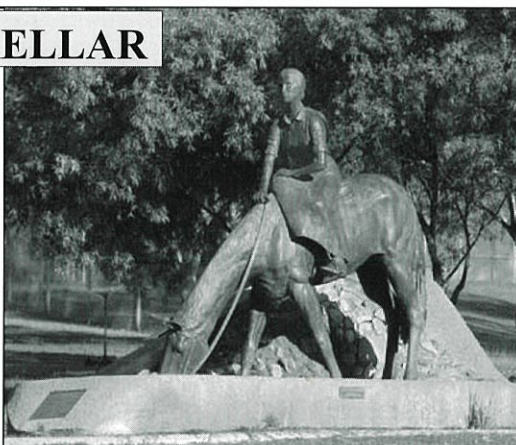
That special magic when people respond to a performance is addictive. I also firmly believe that the spoken word, the oral tradition of poetry, is as ancient and natural to a human being as song.

DOROTHEA MACKELLAR

The Dorothea Mackellar Poetry Awards are conducted by the Gunnedah based Dorothea Mackellar Memorial Society Inc. The Society's aim is to recognise the contribution Dorothea made to Australian literature and to ignite a spirit of patriotism among Australia's youth.

In 1983, Mrs Miki Maas OAM PHF, orchestrated the foundation of the Dorothea Mackellar Memorial Society Inc. Mrs Maas is a post war immigrant who, after reading 'My Country' was deeply moved by the patriotism displayed in the poem. Mrs Maas moved to Gunnedah and later became a Councillor on the Gunnedah Shire Council.

Mrs Maas was a driving force on the tourism committee and decided to raise



funds to build a memorial to Dorothea Mackellar in Gunnedah.

A poetry competition for school students throughout Australia grew from strength to strength, until in 1995 a full time coordinator was employed to conduct it.

HAPPY BIRTHDAY!

The ABPA executive, committee and members would like to wish a very happy birthday with many happy returns to long time member and contributor Shirl V. Williamson of Longwarry Victoria for her eighty-sixth birthday on March 9th.

Next issue - a poem from Shirl.

address PO Box 178 Longwarry Vic 3816



Master reciter Randy Rieman has performed at every one of the Western Folklife Center's National Cowboy Poetry Gatherings since 1986 (the second gathering) and has served on the gathering's Steering Committee.

He's been a featured performer at events across the West, including the Arizona Cowboy Poets Gathering in Prescott, Arizona; the Texas Cowboy Poetry Gathering at Alpine, Texas; California's Monterey Cowboy Poetry & Music Festival, and many other gatherings.

'-- I have a great love for Australian Bush Poetry and have always considered the Australian writers to be some of the best -- past and present !!'
(go to p.11)



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Milton Taylor was born into bush poetry; the son of a shearer, bush-worker and reciter of verse, Godfrey Taylor, at Longreach Qld. in 1943. His father was a dedicated reader of Shakespeare and his love of words and language was passed on to Milton, minus the passion for the great bard, but with a love and dedication to Paterson and Lawson in his early school years and later as an avid reader of CJ Dennis.

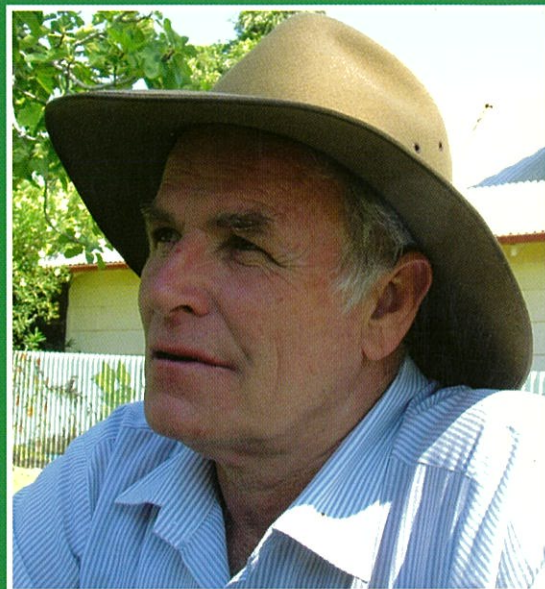
(to p. 10)

Winners of the Australian Bush Laureate Awards

presented at the Tamworth Town Hall on Tuesday 20th of January 2009.

From L - R: Gary Fogarty (Album of the Year). Murray Hartin (Single Recording of the Year). Ellis Campbell (Original Verse Book of the Year) Noel Stallard (Children's Book of the Year) Dean Trevaskis (Bush Poem of the Year). Jim Haynes (Book of the Year). The Judith Hosier Heritage Award went to the Dorothea MacKellar Poetry Society. Inset. Mrs. Miki Maas of Gunnedah NSW.

(See pages 5 and 23)



2009 GOLDEN DAMPER AWARDS WINNERS

Col Driscoll (Original) Great Western Victoria and Greg North (Traditional) Linden NSW

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