

A.B.P.A.



The Australian Bush Poets
Association Inc.

Magazine - (since 1994)

Volume 17
No. 4.

August - September
2010

The 'Banjo' Lives On!

NEW FACE AT PERISHER
NIMMITY ZAPPERT from GLEBE



JUNIOR PERFORMER from the '90's
SUNNY MUTTON of WINTON Q.



Keeping our heritage alive

THE SHADOW ON THE WALL

by Veronica Weal - Winning Poem 39th Bronze Swaggie Award 2010

A burning sun was beating down one summer afternoon.
The eucalypts were drooping in the heat.

A pitiful procession wound its way along the track
behind a cart that held a rough bush coffin in the back,
while puffs of dust were raised by plodding feet.

The old horse turned unbidden at the graveyard's open gate.
The weeping widow bowed her weary head.
Her tears were real enough, but sheer relief had made her cry.
Behind a linen handkerchief, her daughter's eyes were dry
and both of them were glad a man was dead!

They barely saw the coffin and they barely heard the words
of comfort that the priest began to say.
For them the scene was darkened by a shadow that would fall
upon their lives as surely as the shadow on the wall
that caused this scene of tragedy today.

The woman's mind recalled the day she'd buried Rosie's dad.
She did what many widows had to do.
She wed another miner, who would care for them at least,
but found the man she'd married was a drunken, loutish beast,
a tyrant and a monster through and through.

She helped her husband work the mine that gave their daily
bread
and mostly he would thank her with a curse.
Each night, compelled by drink, he found a reason to complain.
The food was salty, cold or burnt – to talk to him was vain.
He used to take his belt to her, or worse.

She tried to hide the beatings from her girl. She blessed the day
when Rosie had to go away to school.
Each end of term, a neighbour brought her home upon his dray.
The mother worked while Rose kept house and learned along
the way
to fear the miner's cold, despotic rule.

One night, when Rose was twelve years old, the miner came
home late.
His eyes, lit up by lantern light, were wild.
In one hand was a bottle and the other held his dream –
a piece of rock that glittered with a vivid golden gleam!
He showed his precious trophy to the child.

Despite the gold, the miner's temper steadily grew worse.
His wife began to think of taking flight.
One fateful night she realised that Rose had not come back
from locking up the hens and now the night was growing black.
She peered outside and saw a beam of light.

She rushed inside the shed and saw a sight to haunt her dreams.
A shadow, thrown by lamp-light on the wall
loomed up and hovered briefly like a monstrous, evil beast
above its prey. Rose lay inert, her dress all torn and creased
and terror held the girl in silent thrall.

The mother felt a surge of rage she'd never known before.
She snatched a nearby hammer up and then
she struck with all her strength, then hit the swaying man once
more
and watched her husband fall, a lifeless heap upon the floor.
She cursed the lust of brutal, heedless men.

The woman held her daughter close, while queries filled her
head.
She'd always tried to hide the man's abuse,
so would they now believe the tale of horror that she told,
or would they think she'd murdered him so she could steal his
gold?
Her tortured mind held visions of the noose.

And oh, the shame and scandal! But a barrow stood nearby,
and what she planned sent shivers down her spine.
A nightmare trip with bloodied corpse through darkly brooding
night,
on rocky paths just barely lit by feeble lantern-light –
and then they dropped his body down the mine!

The inquest, some days later, deemed it accidental death.
The widow bought a cottage by the sea
and lived with Rose, who later earned her living with a pen
and spent her days in solitude. She shunned the glance of men,
content to live a life of chastity.

In church each Sunday Rose's mother begged, on bended knees,
forgiveness for the greatest sin of all;
but both the women knew, until their final breath had ceased,
they'd live their lives forever in the shadow of a beast,
a shadow which would haunt them from the wall.

VERONICA WEAL

Thanks for your
congratulations. It was
a great thrill to win the
Swaggie for a fourth
time. I couldn't believe
it at first.

The poem is dramatic
and although fictional,
it stems from some of
the conditions,
attitudes and
untold stories hinted at
in inquests from the
pioneering days in far
north Queensland.

V.W.



President's Report



G'day Folks,

Bundaberg certainly turned on the weather for the ABPA Australian Performance Bush Poetry Championships. There was a wonderful rollup of performers and supporters. A hearty congratulations to ALL entrants, Junior and Adult. I was delighted with choice and quality of material presented. Not only was it fresh and challenging, but appropriate for the high standard of competition. Although not obvious, bravery was also on display as performance demons were overcome. Congratulations to all the placegetters, your wins are well deserved. That there were only 1.5 points difference between first and third place-getters in the Adult Written competition, shows the consistent high quality of the entries. Well done to all our writers.

The "Bundy Mob" should ALL take a bow for their collective parts in running a seamless competition. Congratulations for a job very well done!!

Committee meetings (via the internet) have been productive, and committee members are becoming more comfortable with the technology. On the agenda for the next meeting will be, The functions of State Reps, The revamp of the ABPA website, Schools programme and Membership

It was encouraging to see a good level of ABPA membership in Bundy. A big "Thank You" to all supporters of Bush Poetry who consistently rock up to the many festivals for piece of great Aussie culture and entertainment.

We put our money where our heart is, and through our membership and participation in the ABPA, we help keep our culture strong.

Keep safe on the track,

Manfred.

2010 AUSTRALIANA BUSH POETRY CHAMPIONSHIPS – BUNDABERG

What a week-end it was in Bundaberg, Qld. for the 2010 Australian Bush Poetry Championships. Before the week-end 51 poets had registered to compete in the three categories (Traditional, Modern & Original) of the Open & Novice sections.

It was very pleasing to see two little poets in the U/8 years category and ten in the 8 years to U/16 years category. By the time Sunday morning arrived for the duo performances, Billy Hay Memorial Yarn Spinning and the One Minute Cup over 60 poets had recited something on stage. The youngest competitor was 6 years of age and the most senior was 83.

Poets competing came from Charters Towers in the north to Shepparton in the south. ABPA was well represented with Manfred Vijars (President), Gregory North (Secretary), Kym Eitel (Treasurer) as well as Irene Connor the West Australian delegate all attending.

For each of the daytime sessions over 200 people attended and were kept captivated by the excellent standard of poetry in all categories.

Over 200 attended the Friday evening 'Walk-Up Poetry Concert' with Milton Taylor acting as the referee in a State of Origin poetry contest. Team leaders for the evening were Melanie Hall for Queensland and Neil McArthur for New South Wales. The Queensland side were victorious by a very dubious scoring system it would seem!!

Milton Taylor, Neil McArthur and Melanie Hall performed to a crowd of over 400 at 'The Concert' on the Saturday night. The 'full house' sign went up half an hour before the start of the concert with up to 50 people missing out on what was just a terrific night of entertainment.

To finish off a fabulous week-end of poetry and friendship more than 70 poets, family members and friends made their way to John & Sandy Lees' place for a sausage sizzle, chat and sing-a-long.

A big thank-you to the competitors for their co-operation over the week-end which enabled the Championships to run smoothly. Thanks to all who attended to make the 2010 Australian Bush Poetry Championships a huge success. We hope you enjoyed yourselves and we'll catch up at some other festival down the track. Until we meet again happy poetry days.

Results on page 21.

Sandy Lees

Championship Co-ordinator



Brianna Skyring and Reece Buckholz - winning Juniors at Bundy.

This 'aint work, this is fun!

Geoffrey W Graham

'Tell someone you're a performer and they'll look at you in a peculiar fashion as if you've said you're a nude model.'



At the tender age of nine, the boy nervously recited *The song of the Wheat* by 'Banjo' Paterson to the amusement of his watching parents and siblings. His father Arch was impressed more than the rest for

it was his father's love of the Banjo that led to those nights sitting round the table; Arch reciting many of the poems, which he'd learnt as a young boy.

So commenced the love affair with bush verse that Geoffrey W Graham would carry with him right through to the present. Though his forbears from the 1860s were pioneers at Grenfell, Geoffrey, born at Armidale, grew up at Robertson on the Southern Tablelands of NSW. Through his school days in Tamworth, Sydney and Moss Vale, he found the poems he had to study weren't as meaningful as the verse back on the farm. Geoffrey went on to complete a degree in Agricultural Economics, and a Diploma in Education which led to a position lecturing in farm management at Yanco teaching farmers' kids to go broke gracefully.

Throughout the 70s he was also busy entertaining in rock 'n' roll bands and continuing his love for bush poetry. The 80s saw a career change, moving to Melbourne to study drama at VCA. He then dabbled in TV roles and film (from Neighbours to the Anzacs) and owned his own entertainment restaurant, 'Dinkum Oz', (formerly Smacka's place) in North Melbourne.

Performing at festivals during the 1980s, it wasn't until he went to Tamworth in 1993 that he met Jim Haynes and strutted the boards of the Longyard. Here he met like-minded bush balladists and has since toured with and performed alongside many of the 'original' bunch. For the next ten years he made the long trip to Tamworth to do his one-man shows. His record one year

was 62 performances over a 13 day period, each ranging from 15 minutes to two hours! A founding member of the ABPA, he has received awards for his performances and writing but concentrates on bringing entertainment to dinkum Australians.

His theatrical presentation of verse has always included that of 'Banjo,' Dennis, Lawson et al as well as his own but Geoffrey's career really took off in 1995 when his self devised one-man show 'The Man from Ironbark' hit Winton in Queensland. The life and works of 'Banjo' Paterson received great acclaim from Australians from all walks of life.

Being paid to do what I love doing is hardly work, is it?

'From a thespian point of view it was a rough show but the pundits didn't mind at all. I received a standing ovation at every performance and people queued daily for up to three hours to see the show. It was remarkable to know that so many ordinary Australians shared a great love for Bush poets and the Banjo in particular'.

Their enthusiasm along with that of other poets and performers from Slim Dusty to Ted Egan quickly convinced Geoffrey to take the show on the road. Still performing his Banjo show Geoffrey has since added a stable of themed one-man shows including 100 Not Out', Ratbags & Romantics, Taste of the Outback, Bush Masters', 'Banjo the Motivator' and Rhythm of the Bush.

He has performed in thousands of schools across Australia since 1983, including stints with Arts Councils. Following his first show 'Humping the Bluey', he has added several more, as well as countless performance workshops. A regular at clubs and festivals his entertaining has emerged in locations as diverse as Aboriginal settlements in outback WA, the Australian Embassy in Laos, the Wallaby restaurant in New York and the Funny Bone night club in Dallas.

A 'folk comic' or 'theatrical communicator,' Geoffrey's acting, whip-cracking, characterisations and down-to-earth style, allow him to entertain a wide range of audiences. With a unique blend of comedy, music and bush poetry he also delivers motivational talks/entertainment at conferences and is in demand as an MC. Away from the world

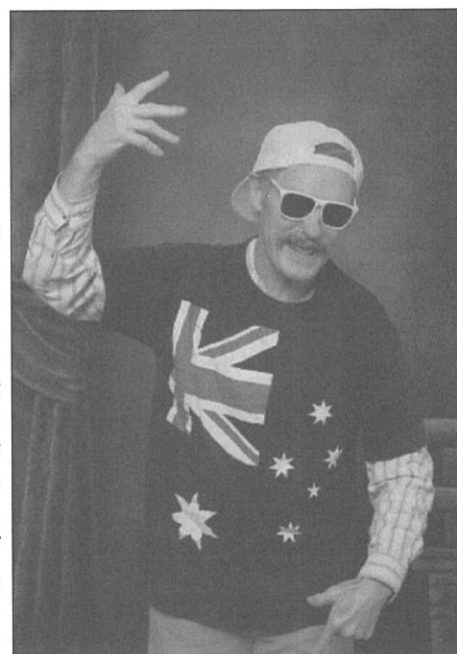
of performing he studies at TAFE and is obsessive about sport.

Geoffrey has tried his hand at all manner of work from farm labor to real estate, hospitality to fire-eating but his passion lies with entertaining. He now resides in Eaglehawk with his partner Rose (who keeps the home fires burning) and their three teenagers; Ben, Sarah and Adam.

'For me it's about passion for the performance and the content - instilling in people a love for our heritage and way of life'. Being paid to do what I love doing is hardly work, is it?'

Geoffrey has published two books, 2 cassettes and 3 CDs. His latest CD, *Rhythm of the bush* was a finalist in the 2009 bush laureate awards at Tamworth. Constantly touring he can be contacted at geoffrey@dinkumoz.com.au

Rapping - photo Sean Walsh
Banjo - photo ShotbyJake.



LIMERICKS

A miser by name of O'Hare
had a glass eye that he used to wear
but he had no flaming' sight
with it in left or right
he wished he had bought the full pair. FD

A gourmet dining at Crewe
Found a rather large mouse in his stew.
Said the waiter, "Don't shout
And wave it about,
Or the rest will be wanting one, too."

The limerick packs laughs anatomical
Into space that is quite economical.
But the good ones I've seen
So seldom are clean -
And the clean ones so seldom are comical.

Sunny Mutton

By Sunny Mutton.

I'm not sure how everyone else got into poetry, but I consider myself very lucky. I was introduced to bush poetry through people who were filled with passion and zest. This enthusiasm quickly consumed me. Milton Taylor was what you could consider a mentor or a teacher, possibly the best mentor I could have ever had. For me, though, he became a very important role model in my life; a creative genius; a surrogate father.

Growing up in a small country town, I was limited in the artistic avenues I could venture into. Bush poetry, however, was an opportunity that allowed me to explore the beauty of the written word, and the subtle magic as it was brought to life. It surpassed class, race and age; bringing together people from all walks of life, to share and experience the unique art of poetry and made me feel a part of the Bush Poetry community.

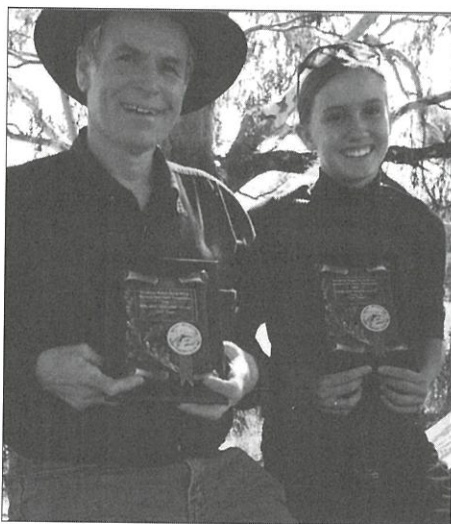
Bush Poetry allowed me to see and experience many new places in this wonderful country, from tropical Bundaberg to chilly Yarrowonga. All whilst improving and enhancing my self confidence and public speaking skills.

As I grew, I ventured into a Bachelor of Theatre. Unfortunately, due to the regulations of the degree I was studying, I was unable to participate in any poetry competitions or performances (a restriction that I definitely resented). Therefore, I fell away from it, as I went on to study a Post-Graduate degree, and became a school teacher. It seemed that life became too hectic, and since then the only bush poetry performances I have done have been the ones I've done in front of a classroom, as a device for encouragement, as the students prepared for their own performances.

Just recently I bumped into an old friend, from the bush poetry community. As often witnessed, in this ever shrinking world, I found myself running into someone I hadn't seen for a very long time, in an unusual circumstance. By chance, I was involved in a performance for the Toowoomba show, where I was lucky enough to catch up with Wally Finch, who was one of the performers. So many years had passed, but it certainly didn't feel like it, as we chatted and caught up. This chance meeting was enriching, and once again, ignited my

passion for bush poetry.

There are a few other 'child poets' I have come across through my journey. Sadly, over time, I've lost contact with them. But I'm sure wherever they are; there is still a small part of them that is missing bush poetry. A part of them that is forever, a bush poet.



Milton Taylor and Sunny Mutton

From Milton Taylor 2010.

Sunny Mutton became interested in Bush Poetry when the Waltzing Matilda centenary celebrations were held in Winton Q, in 1995 with Bush Poetry being one of the highlights of the event.

When PCAP artists presented poetry at St. Patrick's School in Winton in 1996 her interest was intensified and because of her passion for the art form she quickly became very skilled as a reciter presenting her favourite poems.

She took part in the junior section of the Waltzing Matilda competition from its inception and was very successful throughout her student years, particularly in her secondary years when she won first place in each of those individual years 8-12 and was overall secondary school winner many times.

Her achievements at Winton also include being a team member of the victorious 'Spatzkids' (St. Patricks Kids) Poetry Olympics in 1997 when against all odds and against all comers including teams containing adult bush poetry champions, they won the overall title and Sunny collected individual medals as well.

This began a tradition of Sunny and other juniors faring well in open company in these Olympic events plus further group skit competitions which continued for many years.

In 1999 Sunny travelled to

Yarrowonga-Mulwala where she won the Australian junior bush poetry championship and gained further success at the Bundy Muster the same year.

She was delighted to be recognized for her skills when Frank Daniel invited her to perform at the Longyard Hotel poet's breakfasts in 2004 where she was warmly welcomed and acclaimed.

During this visit to Tamworth she presented herself at the iconic Imperial Hotel Competition conducted by the Tamworth Poetry Reading Group and took out third place in the traditional section against some of the best credentialed performers in the game and was singled out by the judges during the presentation ceremony for a special mention for her ability.

As an ambassador for bush poetry she is an example to be followed, doing it for her great love of the genre and with a desire to present each poem she recites as a testament to the author.



Dates to Remember

CASINO 13.8.10 02 6662 1069

NORTH PINE 20.8.10 Page 21

HUNTER-MORISSET Page 26

HARDEN 23.10.10 02 6344 1477

WEDDERBURN V. 15.10.10 P. 11

TOOLANGI 23.10.10 03 5962 9282

MALDON FOLK FESTIVAL 30.10.10

URALLA P. 18

CROOKWELL P. 9

SINGLETON WORKSHOP AND PERFORMANCE

On the 5th of June the Singleton Bush Poets group held a workshop and bush poetry performance, with special guest, Glenny Palmer. We were able to bring Glenny by the great support of the Coal and Allied Company at Singleton.

The workshop was held at the Singleton Heights RSL meeting room by the kind assistance of the Singleton RSL.

Glenny Palmer started the workshop with the assistance of Frank Daniel, by introducing us to the hilarious possibilities of Ted Harrington's "There's Only Two of us Here". After that we were required to knuckle down for the serious work of understanding the technicalities of metre and rhyme.

After lunch, the participants offered a performance each, which were very expertly and constructively critiqued by Glenny.

In the evening a good crowd gathered at the Old Singleton Showground pavilion for a great evening of well presented bush poetry.

Glenny Palmer gave the expected professional performance to much acclaim and our mate Greg North had them rolling in the aisles with his expertly crafted and presented unique style of performance. Frank Daniel was a great hit for the audience with his



Glenny Palmer

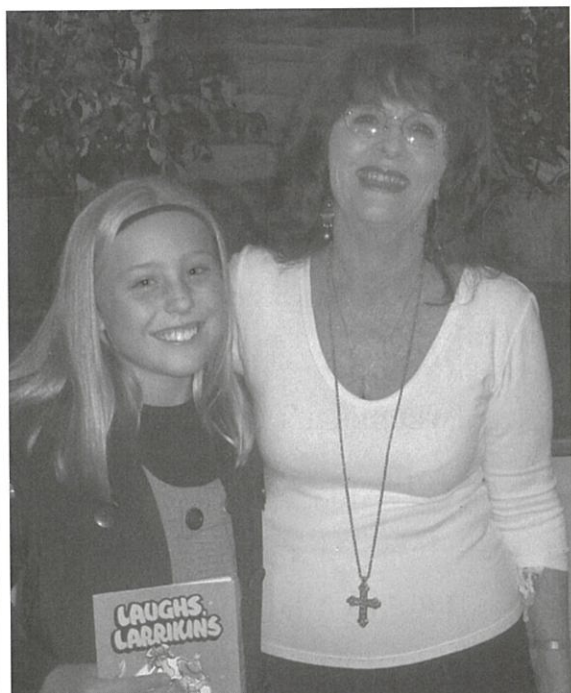
marvelous blend of poetry and anecdotal glimpses into the world of the young Frank and his bush Catholic upbringing.

Some of our local bush poetry club members helped to decorate the stage with bush ambience and also took part in the evening performance, doing a great job alongside the more experienced professionals.

The participants in the workshop contributed enthusiastically and the audience for our concert was wonderfully encouraging and receptive. This day was a great success, and a boost to the bush poetry in Singleton.

Well worth the effort, to have the privilege of having Glenny Palmer, Frank Daniel and Greg North in action.

Neville Briggs
Singleton Bush Poets.



Glenny Palmer pictured with one of her greatest fans, Ebony Ford of Singleton at the Singleton concert. The following day was Ebony's birthday and Glenny presented her with her book 'Laughs, Larrikins and Lovely Ladies'. Ebony won an eisteddfod competition the next day presenting a poem by Glenny Palmer.

John Barr. NZ. Sub-editor of the "Bulletin" from 1909.

(Found this poem in Australian Bush* Songs and Ballads – edited by Will Lawson 1944)

A SONG OF LIGHT

By John Barr (In the "Bulletin")

There have plenty songs been written,
Of the moonlight on the hill,
Of the starlight on the ocean,
And the sun-flecks on the rill,
But one glorious song has never
Fallen yet upon my ear,
'Tis a royal song of gladness,
Of the gaslight on the beer.

I have watched an amber sunset,
Creep across a black-faced bay;
I have seen the blood-flushed sunrise,
Paint the snow one winter day,
But the gleam I will remember
Best, in lingering days to come,
Was a shaft of autumn radiance,
Lying on a pint of rum.

I have seen the love stars shining,
Through bronze hair across my face,
I have seen white bosoms heaving,
'Neath a wisp of open lace,
But resplendent yet in memory –
And it seemeth brighter far –
Was a guttered candle's flicker,
On a tankard in a bar . . .

*Another past reference to Bush Poetry. ed.

Carol Heuchan
wishes it to be
known that she had
nothing whatsoever
to do with the
article 'A Tweet to
Compete in the Bush'
on p 12 of June-July
issue of A.B.P.A.
Magazine and has
withdrawn from
attending or being
involved in any way
with the 2010
'Folk in Broke'
festival.



How did I find myself in the **Snowy Cup** at the **Snowy Mountains** **Music Festival?**

A good question.

From Nimmity Zappert. (Pictured with Carol Heuchan).

I remember my 5th class teacher standing up in front of the class and passionately reciting Banjo Paterson. I loved it, and busily went away and learnt several of his poems by heart. My grandmother was also a great lover of poetry. I would often take out the book of poems she had tucked away in her small bookshelf and read through it quietly to myself.

My love of poetry stayed quietly with me as I grew up in the Shire in Sydney. Growing up I had a deep driving desire

to travel and explore the world. I am most happy on a plane, train or automobile heading to my next adventure. This led to a penchant for trying a seemingly inexhaustible range of fun stuff from scuba diving and paragliding to yoga and crochet. None of these I have mastered, yet I play with them all

occasionally. Crochet usually wins out. Scuba diving and crocheting my way around the world; writing was always in the background. I wrote copiously in my diary, dabbling with my own poems, kept securely for my eyes only. Occasionally after much red wine I would bring out the odd poem to be suffered by friends.

Drinking wine with friends, the idea of a blog started. It seemed a low risk way to have a go at this writing thing. So earlier this year I started a blog titled 'How do you know what's Good?' (www.nimmity.com) exploring how we can do what's good, without having to up stumps, go hippy and move to Nimbin. Blog writing is great fun, and reinvigorated my love for writing.

Reinvigorated with writing passion, I recognised that Glebe, my hometown, is the perfect writing environment - endless

cafes where I can hear three different languages, and get good coffee and a cold beer. As a very old part of Sydney, it is a perfect meld of old and new. A melting pot of all sorts of people - Glebe remains quintessentially Australian.

Sitting in cafes in Glebe, I found myself drawn back to the poems I loved as a child. The experience of this, my Australia, seemed to fit perfectly into the traditional style of bush poetry that I have always loved.

I pulled out my old poems and re-worked them. I workshopped them with my friends, and re-worked them again. With much support and encouragement from my friends, I decided it was time for my poetry to get out of the diary and into the real world.

And so, I found myself at Perisher, putting my name down in the Snowy Cup.

LAND OF THE BEARDIES

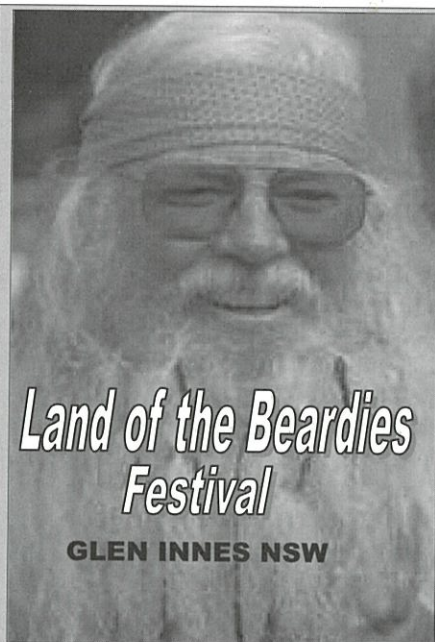
The seasons in Celtic Country - Glen Innes and surrounding district, in the heart of rural Australia - are distinctive and there's no better time to visit than in our breathtaking spring.

There's an added reason: the Land of the Beardies Festival, is a special time for families, when we celebrate our rich, local history. It's a festival that has grown in stature and is featuring a mixture of Country and Western Music combined with Country Rock, Gospel and Features songs from yesteryear. This year's Festival highlights local talent that our community has to offer as well as providing an avenue for local Talent to show their skills in Entertainment.

The Land of the Beardies Festival in Glen Innes will provide you with a fun-packed program to suit families and all interests. Best of all most activities are FREE!

The festival is your chance to enjoy a fun-packed program and to experience Celtic Country's unique attractions:

The Australian Standing Stones, unique in the southern hemisphere and national monument to Australia's Celtic pioneers, World Heritage national parks, Land of the Beardies History House, one of Australia's finest folk museums, tranquil rural villages of Deepwater and Emmaville, fossicking, fishing... It's an opportunity, too, to sample our great food - a district noted for its prime beef and lamb - and New England distinctive wines.



Land of the Beardies **Festival**

GLEN INNES NSW

www.beardiesfestival.com/

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Girl Guides Hall

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Saturday 6th November

plus

Bush Poets Breakfast and
Competition

Sunday 7th November

Entry forms from

www.beardiesfestival.com

Neville Campbell

02 6732 2663 0403 409 880

Jennifer Haig



Jennifer Haig first discovered the Bush Poetry scene in 1998 at the age of 15, when she and her mother - Janine Haig - attended the Waltzing Matilda Australian Bush Poetry Championships in Winton, Queensland.

She was successful in winning the junior section and her mother won the Novice competition. Jennifer had previously been competing in Eisteddfods, but, after the Winton experience (and being so warmly welcomed by the Bush Poets) both were hooked. Jennifer returned to Winton to successfully defend her junior title the next year and excitedly grasped opportunities over the next few years to attend poetry events - both as a performer and competitor.

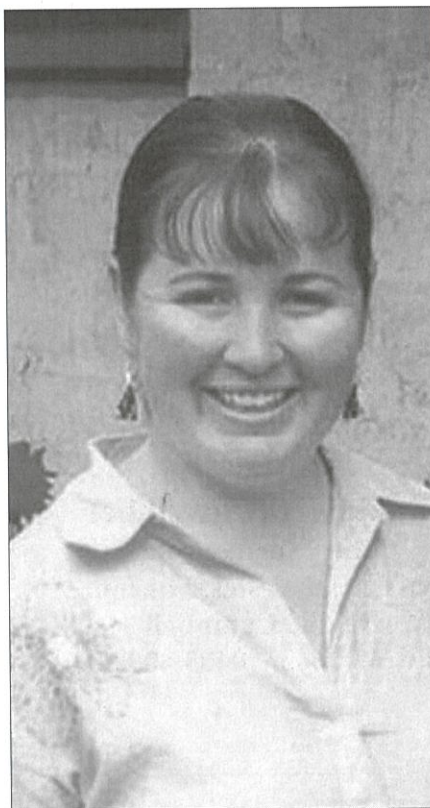
Jennifer has published a book with Janine entitled "Bush Spirit". As well as having poems published in a number of other books and magazines, she released a CD entitled "I'm Better than She Is" with Carmel Wooding (nee Dunn), which won a Golden Gumleaf for CD of the Year in 2007. Jennifer moved in to Open Competition after winning the Novice section in Winton (following her mother's footsteps) and has attended poetry events in Bundaberg, Brisbane, Charters Towers, Yarrowonga/Mulwala and Tenterfield - as well as many other wonderful places - to compete. She has travelled to America twice to perform at National Cowboy Poetry Gatherings and observe Milton Taylor and Dick Warwick incessantly bickering over card games and directions in the car.

She is inspired by traditional poets such as Barcroft Boake, Will Ogilvie and "Banjo" Paterson, but also likes to keep variety in her repertoire with modern Bush Poets who continue the

traditions and stories of our country.

Growing up on her parent's sheep and cattle property in South-West Queensland with her two sisters has also enhanced her love of Australia and its way of life. Not only does she like to write about the challenges and pride people have in Australia, but also about crazy schemes, getting bogged, country races, mere males, ghosts and numerous other experiences that are just too good not to be recorded on paper and used to embarrass people for years to come!

Currently, Jennifer is living in the village of Ospedaletti, on the Italian Riviera, but hopes to return to Australia in 2011. Luckily, she says, the emotion and gestures so encouraged in Bush Poetry assist greatly in learning to speak Italian too! She has worked with children since finishing her own schooling (firstly as a governess, then with RAFS and as an Early Childhood Teacher before taking her experience international - "Many minds in the world to influence!") and is continuing her study in this area. But, as she travels and explores the world, the more assured Jennifer is that she is proud to be an Aussie and is intent on continuing the great tradition of Australian Bush Poetry, both with her own performances and writing, and by encouraging and teaching future generations of poets.



THE CALL

by Grahame 'Skew Wiff' Watt

"HELLO! HELLO!
GOOD EVENING SIR!
I HOPE THAT YOU ARE WELL?"

.....
Some coot rang up the other night
an' 'palarvered' on to me,
as if he was a pal of mine
(an' right on time fer tea).
He said he wuz an ozzie-star
or somethin' strange like that,
an' yapped as if he knew me
- - ya coulda' knocked me flat.
He said I'd won a T.V.
an' just to give me proof,
he'd come out here tomorrer
an' throw a dish upon me roof.
Well! I knew that he was barmy
an' a proper nut-house case,
an' I larfed at thorts of someone
chuckin' dishes 'round the place.
An' then he ups an' arsts me
"did I watch much sport?
an' if I got some channels
or a box of some such sort?
Well! I said I watched the footy once
an' we went out on a spree,
when our blokes beat Gunns Gully,
let's see?? - - in fifty three.
An' channels - - yair! we got channels,
one fer drainin' out,
an' another one I dug meself
to save us from the drought.
An' boxes - bloody boxes,
a shed full of 'em I've got,
kero ones 'cardboard ones,
you can have the bloody lot.
An' then he started spoutin'
an' really got me goat,
he raved about some gadget,
then 'e said "it was remote".
Then "Have you got a special card
with numbers on the back?
I told him I got heaps of them
- - "A whole bloody pack."
Then he arst me fer directions
to find me little dump,
so I told him where I lived - -
"Just passed the old black stump".
He said "he'd find the place alright",
(as city blokes will do),
then "it must be outa Sydney"
(as if he really knew.)
I sez to him "you're right old mate"
as I patted me old dog,
were outa bloody money too - -
an' outer bloody grog.

THEN I HUNG UP!

(see ad p.13)

COUNTRY HOSPITALITY SINCE 1873



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'Golden' Maton Guitar \$1,500 Raffle

A fair dinkum 'golden' quality Maton acoustic guitar with hard case is the major fundraiser for the 2010 Victorian Bush Poetry and Music Championships being held in the famous gold mining town of Wedderburn in October.

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gold has been inlaid, making the guitar totally unique and worth well in excess of \$1,500.

Tickets are only \$2 each. The raffle is legally registered with the VCGR and will be drawn at Wedderburn on the final day of the championships, 17th October 2010.

Support of ABPA members and friends in helping to fund the Victorian Championships would be much appreciated. See advertisement, page 20

Written Poetry Competition

Third

Toolangi Festival

Once again, a written poetry competition is being held in the lead-up to the Toolangi Festival. A minimum of \$600 will be on offer in prize money.

As was the case last year, there will be three Open and two Junior (Primary and Secondary) categories. Entrants are encouraged to write "in the style of CJ Dennis".

The first Open category is for a poem on any subject.

The second Open category is for a poem written by adults for children. (CJ Dennis was himself a great writer of children's poetry.)

The third Open category is for a poem relating to 'The Singing Garden'. This is the title of Dennis' last book, and refers to the multiple birds that frequented his bush home. Unfortunately, the book is now out of print. (We don't want to make it too easy for anyone!)

However, a great deal of information about 'The Singing Garden' can be found here: <http://www.middlemiss.org/lit/authors/denniscj/singinggarden/singinggarden.html>

Closing date for applications is CJ Dennis' birthday, 7th September.

Further information about the written poetry competition for the Third Toolangi Festival can be found here: <http://www.toolangi.net/>



C J DENNIS

Fogarty in Hollywood

Gary Fogarty got the surprise of his life when organizers of the World Championship of Performing Arts contacted him in June and asked him to represent Australia in Hollywood in July.

Gary Fogarty, our inaugural Australian Champion bush poet, said until they contacted him he had no idea the competition even existed.

"I'm a very patriotic sort of person and so to represent our country is an amazing honour for me" he said.

Gary who currently lives at Millmerrin with his wife, grew up without television until after he finished school and as a result enjoyed the more old-fashioned things in life, like poetry.

In 1985 Gary was in a car crash that resulted in five separate fractures to his spine. It was a long three years before he

was able to return to work, and during that period he got back into his love of bush poetry.

Gary is the first bush poet to represent Australia and competed in four separate categories with the hope of taking home a gold, silver or bronze medallion, preferably the gold.

Gary was little concerned that the international people wouldn't be able to understand our sense of humour.

"I'm taking a very typical Australian art form to a world championship. A true honour for me."

Gary's inspiration comes from life and he writes both serious and humorous poetry. "When an audience is enjoying what you are doing it is the greatest job in the world," he said.

In the competition Gary was successful in reaching the semi-finals and took out a Bronze medal which involved an acting and a variety category.

He was also invited to audition for the New York acting and drama academy.

Pride of place went to Gary when asked to represent the Australian contingent as their official flag bearer during the official entrance in front of fifty-two countries from around the world and involving some five thousand competitors.

Another cap in his hat was that Gary was the first ever poet from any country to appear at the championships.



BURKE AND WILLS – 'Legends'

Judging of the Burke and Wills themed written bush poetry competition conducted by the Bendigo Goldfields Bush Poets has been finalised.

David Campbell of Beaumaris, Victoria, was awarded first prize with his poem,

Legends. Runner-up was Max Merckenschlager of Caloote, South Australia, for *Digging O'Hara Burke*. Third place was awarded to Ellis Campbell, of Dubbo NSW, for his poem *Burke's Last Days*.

Ellis also received a Highly Commended for, *Across a Continent*. Two poems were awarded Commended status, Colin Driscoll, of Great Western, Victoria, *Silent Witness* and Jack O'Connor, of Shepparton Victoria, *DIG*.

Judge, Brian Bell, probably had the most difficult task ever given to a written bush poetry judge. For he was asked to identify what he considered to be the best twelve poems in descending order, and a further two that had interesting points of view. Also quality poems containing little known historical information about the ill-fated expedition.

Some delightful poetry was received in each of the four school student poetry and story sections, as readers of the anthology will find.

The book was extended to 160 pages to include twelve adult short stories – 2 totally factual. Though all poets wrote serious poems, Garry Hurle of

Bairnsdale, Victoria, took out first prize when he chanced a humorous story about a talking kangaroo. *The Tea Maker*, who applies for a position as cook. When unsuccessful, as a porter – to carry supplies – whilst offering to assist the expedition find water, bush tucker and liase with aboriginals! This story will entertain adults and children.

Brian Coman of Strathfieldsaye, Victoria, was runner-up with *The Incident at Adelaide Vale*, a little known factual occurrence at a station on the Campaspe River at Barnadown. *Calico Jim*, an aboriginal medicine man, is fictional. The ending is chilling!

Melva Graham, of Woop Woop – yes it does exist – a tourist attraction near Harcourt, Victoria, was third with *The Expedition comes to Mia Mia*. Most other stories published are fiction or a blend of fact and fiction. Stories are not all about the expedition. Some are told from the perspective of aboriginals, even a cockatoo. Romance gets a run.

The quality, variety of the stories, and styles of writing far exceeded the organiser's expectations. Some poets and writers chose to include reference to Mia Mia and Camp 6 others did not. No entrants were advantaged or disadvantaged either way.

The book concludes with two true stories written by descendants of persons connected with the Burke and Wills expedition. The first, by Mrs Iris McGillivray, concerns the little known sea-based rescue mission by the *Victoria*,

the first warship of the Victorian Navy, and the *Firefly* that took William Landsborough's search party to the Gulf of Carpentaria. Able Bodied Seaman, Frank Dunk, great Grandfather of Mrs McGillivray served on the *Victoria* during the unsuccessful mission and became the last surviving crew member.

Betty Pain, the wife of Merv Pain – Great Grandson of Tom Pain who ran the Menindee Store and was supportive of Burke and Wills and the expedition has also written a unique historical story. It follows the life of Thomas Payne, who was transported to Van Diemens Land at the age of 19 years for theft. Why he later changed his name to Pain, and the experiences of his wife and family at Menindee. Including details of Tom and his sons, as graziers in northern Queensland. Tom Pain is honoured as an *Unsung Hero* in the Stockman's Hall of Fame.

The quality of this unique Australian book as a tribute to the 150th Anniversary of the Burke and Wills Expedition is such that Jack Thompson has written the foreword.

A special pre-publication purchase offer for ABPA members and friends has been extended to 20th August.

See advert on page 24 For details. Order form is on magazine cover sheet.

Colin Carrington. Project Manager
Bendigo Goldfields Bush Poets Inc.

WEDDERBURN HOSTS VICTORIAN BUSH POETRY CHAMPIONSHIPS



Edwina Barber
Novice winner 2009

15th – 17th October 2010

If you love traditional Australian Bush Culture, Wedderburn on the third weekend in October is certainly going to be the place for you.

Designed to make Wedderburn the Bush Poetry and Music Capital of Australia, ultimately to rival Tamworth, in a joint venture with Wedderburn Tourism Inc., and the Victorian Bush Poets and Musicians Inc., the best bush poets and musicians in the land are going to be in Wedderburn hotly contesting the title of Champion Victorian Bush Poet or Musician of the year.

Forget what you remember from school. Bush Poetry is Fun! Bush poetry is divided into many sections – Traditional (usually more than 50 years old), where famous Australian poets like Lawson, Ogilvie, Hartigan, and Paterson are recited; Original, by the author; and Contemporary - written by someone else since 1950. These sometimes are further divided into humorous and serious and the music is sourced by anything which can be played in the middle of nowhere, around a camp -fire!

This will be a memorable weekend

with poets and musos Geoffrey Graham, Col Carrington (Mulga Bill), Jan Lewis, Annette Roberts, Maurie Foun, Michael Darby, Col Driscoll, John Peel, Ken Prato (currently performing with Martyn Wyndham-Reid in Europe), Maggie Murphy and Jill Meehan already saying they'll be there. Many other poets and musicians will be sharing their amazing talents. We wonder who else will be there, from all over Australia, to take out the Victorian title?

Wedderburn, located about 2½ hours out of Melbourne on the Calder Highway, is an amazing centre for heritage items. The Championship is being held at the Hard Hill Reserve where an active eucalyptus still is located – which will be working for the weekend. However, in the case of bad weather, everything (apart from the still!) will be happening in the beautiful old Mechanics Hall.

One of the fascinating aspects of this competition is a separate written section featuring the best Eucalyptus poem. Anyone can enter the written competition and entry forms, terms and conditions are available on the ABPA website www.abpa.org.au. We are keeping our heritage alive!

The programme begins on the Friday evening with a camp fire concert, poets' breakfast on the Saturday morning, competitions all day, concert and camp dinner in the evening, poets' breakfast Sunday, more competitions, lunch and then the award ceremonies – but check the ABPA web site in September.

Steeped in history, there are so many things to see and do around Wedderburn: Wedderburn is the Victorian centre for gold detecting. Johnson's Detector Shop, Christmas Reef Gold Mine, The Hard Hill Tourist Area and Eucalyptus Distillery, Historic Buildings in and around the town, Mud-Brick and Stone Cottages, (Nancy Stoke's cottage at the Wedderburn Caravan Park is one not to be missed). The Lonely Grave, The Yabby Farm, Wychitella Flora and Fauna Reserve, Mount Korong Camp Kooyoora and last, but not least Skinners Flat Reservoir. All of these attractions should be on your 'to do' list before leaving this very lovely central Victorian town.

Every bush poetry and music event is

open to the paying public – from \$5 a session to \$30 wristband (\$20 for Vic Poets members, pensioners, entrants and volunteer helpers) to all events. Food and drinks, catered by Wedderburn Tourism Inc. are extra. Those who don't want wristbands pay \$5 donation each session i.e. Fri night \$5, Sat morning \$5, Sunday \$5, and Sat nite concert is ticketed at \$15

If you'd love to win a specially made Maton Guitar, here's how:

A Maton guitar, specially made for this event complete with inlaid gold nugget, is being raffled to help subsidise this event. Tickets @ \$2.00, are available from Promotions Officer Colin Carrington, col@mulgabill.net.au

Further information: : Jan Lewis, Secretary 02 6077 4332 or Carol Reffold, President 0413 080 095

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Harden NSW 2587

Further details from
Frank Daniel
editor@abpa.org.au
Ph. 02 6344 1477

The winner of the "Broken Ski Award" for the best original poem (written) was Max Merckenschlager for his poem dedicated to families and friends of the 1997 Thredbo Village landslide victims.

Snowy Mountain Magic

There are alps abroad more showy than our humble slopes of Snowy
and her mountains pale a ghostly grey when others strut the stage.

For compared to grander players like those awesome Himalayas,
Kosciusko is a novice - falling short beneath their gauge.
Yet this icon of our nation draws a feeling of elation
from the pilgrim when he greets her, and a burning lump that grows.
His Australian chest is swelling as a modest pride is welling;
there is magic in our sweetheart that instinctively he knows.

Over time we've rung the changes from our Snowy Mountain Ranges
and those mountain-folk that settled her with fortitude and grit,
who as pioneering strangers took their daily dose of dangers
and recorded life in folklore with their dry, laconic wit.
Tucked away beyond detection on each rampart-rimmed selection,
there were some who coaxed a living from their fragile Snowy soils.
Out of step with crowds and prattle, down her gullies trailing cattle,
rode our ballad-making drovers wringing cracks from leathered coils.

Once, her golden specks and seamers lured a canny draft of dreamers,
though the treasures most uncovered weren't in nugget, lode or pan.
But the vibrant forests' singing wed the strike of picks a-ringing
in her crucible of nature, gilding metal-hearts of man.
There've been rhymers and romantics, with their brushes and semantics,
painting images of Snowy in a time of legends gone,
when a plucky pony shuffled and the rising mist was snuffled,
as he stamped the ground impatient for a chase to start at dawn.

Later migrant tongues of many - shipped ashore without a penny -
rattled silent isolation while our Range was disembowelled
and from caverns carved & grouted, Snowy's lifeblood gushed & spouted,
in a dizzy dash of gravity as turbines hummed and howled.
We've known bitter days and tragic sent to balance those of magic,
when our Snowy's wrapped and sold us in her chillers lashed by sleet.
For her fickle disposition flicks to fury from remission,
as she signals not to trust her - even modern lovers cheat!

And though barren peaks and covered, in the smoky hazes smothered,
over valley floors are soaring still like spirits from our past,
lately pencil-plumes of Boeings frame the comings and the goings
of a trade-up generation, groomed for living now - and fast -
swapping lathered hides and flannels for the brightly-polished panels
of their paint-and-metal brumbies, ironing wrinkled roads of tar,
sporting fibreglass and polys, in designer-wear with brollies,
for the current crop of faithful worships Banjo from afar.

Not the billy-tea and damper for each power-pointed camper,
not the lonely swag in mountain scrub a week along the trail.
Not the icy fords for dipping; into heated spas he's slipping
and the rigours of the saddle conjure thoughts that leave him pale!
Now it's bunker down in chalets, tipping waitresses and valets,
watching electronic bushrangers relieve us at their tills,
while the snow-machines are spraying to prepare her slopes for playing
and a GST's been added to our hinterland of thrills.

Yet beyond the tourist hustle, where her wrens and robins rustle
in a download operation, cutting cords of phone and car,
we can ride the range of fancy with our hero-ghosts like Clancy
and the smell of eucalyptus to remind us who we are.
By the tarns and rills of Kosci, where the air could stall a mozzie
in a swirl of flakes that happen any random summer's day,
we may spot the ochre-painted and perhaps become acquainted,
when her black and gold Corroborees are 'ribbiting' at play.

In the reaches of her rivers, where the duckbill delves and quivers,
by leafy tracks where wombats pile their droppings up on stones,
we may cast aside pretensions and reliance on inventions -
take a smoko from reality and pacing with 'the Jones'.
Yes, a spell off-road in dreaming, where her water's gently streaming
over sands that yielded pickings in those panning days of old,
stirs a sense of awe and wonder in each present day down-under,
as that Snowy Mountain magic claims another in its hold.

Billy Mateer 3rd Poetry Competition

PO Box 72
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Phone 07 5496 3529

http://www.yourweekend.com.au/bush_poetry_competition.html

www.woongooroo.com



BILLY MATEER

Early 1893 brought wild weather patterns when three cyclones swept down the Coral Coast crossing southern Queensland on the 2nd, 11th and 17th of February. This resulted in the worst flooding in the Brisbane River system with record loss of life and property damage. Consequently it was to become known as "Black February".

Henry Somerset lived at Caboonbah Homestead near the junction of the Brisbane and Stanley Rivers. The homestead, named from the local Aboriginal word meaning "big rock", was built 60 feet higher than the rock cliff (Weldon's Knob) during 1890, which recorded the previous highest flood.

During the first 1893 flood, Somerset heard and then saw a huge surge of water "coming around the bend". He sent Harry Winwood, a bullocky, to Esk with a telegram for the Post Master General, but not a soul was warned, as this telegram was never received.

Billy (William) Mateer (1870-1934) was at Caboonbah station and volunteered to ride eastwards across the D'Aguilar Range to the Post Office at North Pine (Petrie) to warn Brisbane of the massive flood heading its way.

The journey began with Billy swimming with two of Somerset's horses, 'Lunatic' and 'Oracle', latched behind as Somerset rowed his boat in difficult and dangerous

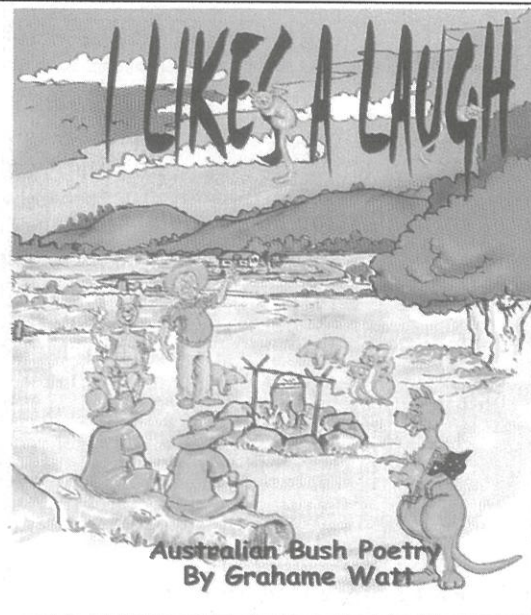
conditions across the swollen Brisbane River. These horses were chosen because of their hunting and endurance qualities. 'Oracle' broke loose and swam back. Billy swam on with 'Lunatic' crossing Reedy Creek, a tributary of the Stanley River.

The ride was in excess of forty miles, in cyclonic conditions over rough bush tracks, flooded creeks and up a steep spur to reach the D'Aguilar Range.

Mateer was an experienced horseman, knowing exactly the limit of 'Lunatic', and used his inbuilt sense of direction. He traversed country he'd never seen. He followed the North Pine River to where the town of Dayboro is now located. Finally, he negotiated the eastern hills to reach the North Pine Railway Station to send his warning message.

Due to his heroic effort, it is believed that the telegram did get through and was published in the *Courier* next morning, warning Brisbane of the impending flood. However, despite this, it is thought that when officials received the message in Brisbane, they noted it had originated from the North Pine, and mistakenly thought flooding was in the Pine River and no immediate action was taken.

A bronze plaque near the Somerset Dam on the Stanley River near Caboonbah recalls the efforts of Somerset, Mateer and the horse 'Lunatic' in attempting to convey a warning message during the flood of February 1893.



A delightful collection of humorous bush verse, limericks and quips as well as a touch of nostalgia from the prolific writer of Bush Poetry

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116 pages

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I like to embellish a story
and never do things by half,
and the reason I write this nonsense?
It's because **I likes a laugh!**

— 'Skew Wiff' Watt

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**GRAHAME
'Skew Wiff'
WATT**

Keeping our heritage alive



A crackle of excitement in the air and the audience realizes that something very special is happening. Melanie Hall performs every night at the Matilda in Winton, but tonight her father, Frank Fayers, is in the audience and getting up to recite. Melanie and her father begin with a duo of the Paterson classic "Lost" and then Frank recites his own verse. He has the audience spell bound over 3 nights with his original works such as "Gidgea Tree", "Australian Sunrise" and "Son of a Gun"; and he speaks of his father, the legendary 'Gallop' Ghan'.

Frank is the son of Arthur Cairo Fayers, The Ghan. From Julia Creek to Boulia to the Towers, everyone has stories of The Ghan. A lovely lady from the audience told Melanie recently that The Ghan had given her a puppy in Julia Creek, 'just after the war'.

She discovered some time later that the cop in Winton had had his pup nicked. Richard Magoffin wrote many poems and stories featuring The Ghan, including 'The Dunbydoo Dogger' and 'Wet Wether'. Even our own Milton Taylor was a shearer for The Ghan in the late 1960's. The Ghan was the subject of so many stories, and a great story teller in his own right.

Frank Fayers is also a gifted storyteller. He has been writing poetry for nearly fifty years and has published three volumes of his original verse 'Frankly Speaking', 'Father's Favourites' and 'Poems for People like You and Me'. He writes comic verse, political rants, poems of faith, social commentary and poignant stories of love and loss. Frank is a man of the land, and he speaks the wonderfully creative and authentic voice of far north Queensland.

So back to the old rustic shed in western Queensland, and Melanie has tears in her eyes. The audience is misty and hushed as Frank recites. How rare for father and daughter to be able to share a stage and recite together.

Bush poets keep our history and heritage alive, not just by reciting traditional verse but by adding to it. For Melanie Hall and Frank Fayers it is so much more personal, they maintain a family tradition, an oral history, 100 years of stories, yarns and poems. And sometimes, on rare and special occasions, the audience get to share it too.

Notes from the Outback

Its surprising who you see in outback Queensland. Billy Washington was an original Drifter back in the 60's. His hits included "Under the Boardwalk" and "On Broadway". The Drifters drifted into Winton last month for a special concert that had the whole town singing. But more surprises were in store when Steve King, fresh from his crowning at Parkes, turned up with his hunka-hunk of burning love and most excellent Elvis tribute show. Steve karate-chopped and gyrated through all of Elvis' greatest hits but it was little Aussie Elvis who took the mickey and stole the show.

Aussie Elvis (aka Susie Carcary) sang all the top Aussie Elvis hits such as "It's a Gekko" and of course "The Man from Snowy River" and Steve took it all in his stride. Don't miss Steve's brilliant tribute, he's got the moves, the look and the most importantly, the voice! And congrats to Kathy Edwards who won the original humour and overall bush poet champion at Parkes Elvis Festival this year.

Steve King is Australia's best Elvis Tribute Artist with looks and vocals closest to the real king, well and truly keeping the legend of Elvis alive. (see p.22)

MORE of CARMEL



Carmel Wooding (nee Dunn) began writing and reciting Australian Bush Poetry when she was about 12 years old. Born and raised in Warwick, Queensland, Carmel grew up on a 40 acre hobby farm and was influenced by her parents, Tom and Maureen Dunn, who each year attended the Tamworth Country Music Festival and the Gympie Muster. Carmel began performing at local community events such as senior citizens and local council functions.

In 1995, Carmel met her first bush poet friends at the Gympie Muster and was soon hooked on performing. Thanks to her parents, she was able to attend bush poetry events all over the country and also began writing bush poetry for pleasure. In 2001 and 2002, Carmel was named Australian Ladies Bush Poetry Champion at the Winton Bush Poetry Festival. The prize each time was a trip to represent Australia at the American Cowboy Poetry Gathering in Elko, Nevada. "This was an amazing experience," Carmel says. "The chance to share our way of life, and experience how the other half live, through the medium of poetry was something I will always treasure."

Now days, Carmel is 27, married to Adam and has a two-and-a-half year old son, James. Carmel is a trained primary school teacher who has begun study to be a teacher-librarian and never misses an opportunity to share her passion for poetry with the young people she encounters.

"I will always love writing and reciting Aussie poetry. Unfortunately, I'm at a stage of life that makes it difficult to get to as many poetry events as I used to. Rest assured, I haven't forgotten how wonderful it is to meet such genuine people and share life & laughs. I'm sure there will come a day when I can catch up with all my poetry friends again."



Farewell to Palma Rosa by Robert Raftery

It's time to flush the echoes out and stow a hallowed name –
of 'Palma ~ Poets'... trusted keepers of the flarne,
Seems they're selling off this structure, this high born Queensland home of stone,
and the sober Pews had struck us like a cleaver to the bone,

On this night of nights we gather in concert, to console,
to dignify our sad departure and to call our honour roll,
To recall the peal and thunder and that rhythmic potent chime
when words wove into wonderment here when spoken into rhyme.

Through nights we cultured campfires to the lilt of a Tempany tune
whilst Palma Rosa held us 'neath a lemon tinted moon,
Standing and delivering on this simple stage of wood,
I think of the giants who've worked it and the ones who've left for good.

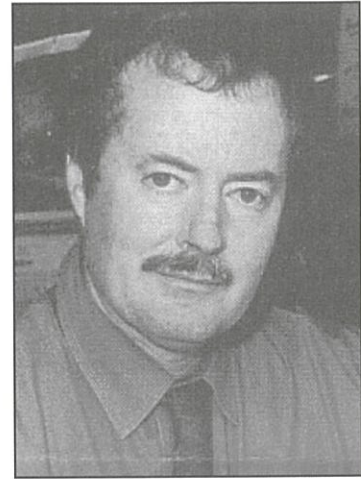
Like the late and great Bob Miller,, turned his comic verse to gold,
the literary god who launched his legend, took a break, then broke the mould,
And the great old engine driver, his steamer passed this Way;
when he died we lost a library in the narne of Billy Hay,
And that rogue called 'Mr Football', George Lovejoy, fingers still,
while his voice in fiery volleys resonates down Hamilton Hill.

But now in lines aligning, I can see the poet's faces,
from all the compass points we came, from large and lonely places,
Incredibly we all fitted in like a hand in a silken glove,
cross stitched by the vaulting rhythms of the verse we've come to love.

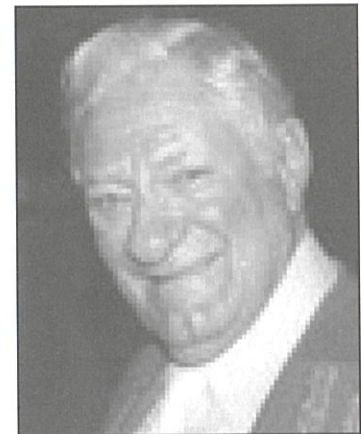
From warriors, wags and wizards to national champions in their teens,
from artisans of the outback to country-western queens,
Arid somehow through the labyrinths of Paima Rosa's mystic maze,
Henry's face and Banjo's seem to circumvent the haze.

Now there is just one last sweet accolade to add to this farewell,
to toast our fabulous founder, the blond we've come to love so well,
Mate, you played us like an orchestra, you mended our broken strings;
you showed us Trish we were capable of many splendoured things,

Lot's give this ending scant regard for there's a harvest here to gather,
tot's celebrate the glorious gift that brought us all together,
And long after these old lime-kissed walls fall to time's eternal dozer,
there'll be fragments left... on the frescoes cleft - - . by the Poets, Palma Rosa.



ROBERT RAFTERY



BILLY HAY



TRISHA ANDERSON

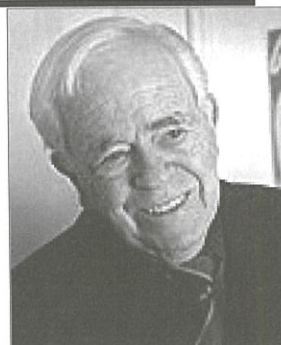


BOBBY MILLER

<< GEORGE LOVEJOY

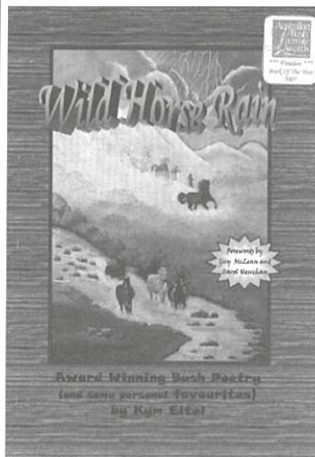


MARK TEMPANY >



Christmas is coming quickly and you're looking for gifts to buy???

How about these ... Kym Eitel has three books of Australian Bush Poetry for sale -



**Wild Horse Rain and
Wild Brumby Heaven**

\$15 each

(plus \$3 postage each)

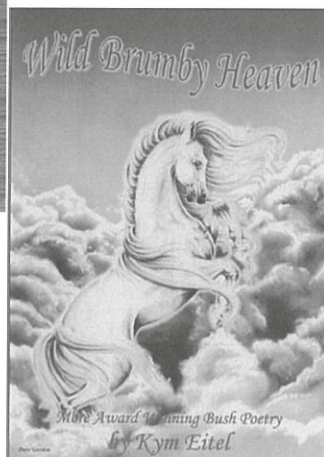
You've Gotta

Be Kidding

\$12 plus \$3 postage

'Wild Horse Rain' (Finalist - Australian Bush Laureate Awards - Book of the Year 2007)

100 pages of emotional roller-coaster poems and stories about horses and life in the bush as seen by a country girl. Many readers have complained that they couldn't put this book down until they had read the whole thing cover to cover!



'Wild Brumby Heaven'

(More Award Winning Bush Poetry)

Has even more historical, hysterical or heart-breaking stories put to verse to keep you learning, laughing or crying.

Another 'just couldn't put it down' book.

Remember The Horses Too (CD - single poem only) - \$6

'You've Gotta Be Kidding!!!'

(Poems for Kids) is chock full of crazy, funny, silly poems for kids to enjoy, whether they are performing in public or just reading in bed.

A very 'colourful' book, to say the least.

**You've Gotta
Be Kidding!!!**



Kym Eitel

24 Sneddon Road,

Limestone Creek. Q. 4701.

or call (07) 4936 1598

KYM EITEL



PALMA ROSA POETS FAREWELL CONCERT

A wonderful evening was had by all at the Farewell to Palma Rosa Concert on Tuesday 30th March 2010. Fifteen guest poets performed to a sell out crowd of over a hundred who massed into the beautiful old ballroom on Palma Rosa's lower level.

Of the fifty or so poets from all over Australia who had performed at Palma Rosa over the past fourteen years fifteen managed to accept their invitation, contributing to an entertaining evening. Sadly those who could not make it for various reasons were heartily thanked by the convenor Trisha Anderson for their letters of support and apologies.

As always the evening began with the 'Palma Rosa' Poem written by Robert Raftery which led into three hours of amazing entertainment - loaded with talent.

Poet guests were Ray Essery, Noel Stallard, Anita Reid, Ron Liekefett, John Major, Barry and Cay Ellem, Robert Raftery, Rupert McCall, Glenny Palmer, Graham Fredriksen, Stuart Niveson, Peter Bludell, and John Best as well as Trisha.

As a finale, Robert Raftery presented his Farewell Poem (p 15) - the last 'Hurrah' for this historic building which has now been sold.

Trisha Anderson would like to express her thanks to the loyal and enthusiastic audiences who have supported Palma Rosa Poets over the past fourteen ears and also thank all the talented poet who came from all over Australia to perform at this iconic building.

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CAMERON YOUNG

Cameron started his Bush poetry career with Frank Daniel in 2001 at the age of 5 years following his brother Angus' footsteps.

He spent many years learning and performing with Frank at the Longyard Hotel during the Tamworth Country Music Festival and also performed at the Wests Leagues Bush Breakfasts with Grant Luhrs.

In 2007, Cameron won the role of Gavroche in Tamworth Musical Society's Les Miserables, which he thoroughly enjoyed. Cameron currently attends Oxley High School in Tamworth and is in year 9.

In 2009, Cameron was selected as one of twenty young Australians to attend the Australian Youth Forum in both Canberra and Sydney where he submitted a paper on the Future Direction of Young Australians. The paper has since been published on the Australian Youth Forum website.

In 2009, he also made it to the State semi-final of the Legacy Public Speaking Competition where he competed with distinction against students two years older.

He also achieved Grade 7 level on his saxophone and grade 4 on piano and was subsequently selected for the NSW State Junior Wind Ensemble where he played in two concerts at the Sydney Opera House. He was also selected to attend the NSW State Senior Music Camp.

In 2010, Cameron was selected in the NSW State Senior Wind Ensemble which again played at the Opera House and has just returned from the NSW State Senior Music Camp.

He is also a noted fund raiser for the community having raised \$700 for the Queensland flood victims, \$800 for the Bush fire victims and \$500 for Haiti.

Cameron acknowledges the value of the early learning and performing of Bush Poetry in giving him the confidence to speak in public. It has given him self-confidence, the discipline of practice and the pure joy of being able to make people laugh and is especially thankful to Frank Daniel for giving him those early opportunities.

ANGUS YOUNG

Angus Young started his career in Bush Poetry most unexpectedly in 2000, also at the age of five years.

Angus pestered his mother to take him to the Bush poetry at the Longyard Hotel during the Tamworth Country Music Festival, so his mother, having heard that one had to get there early, made it to the Hotel at 6am.

Angus brought along his favourite poetry book "Poems to Make you Puke" to read while waiting for the doors to open at 7am. Whilst standing in line all that time, some lovely older ladies asked Angus to read out some of the poems and before long, he had the whole queue in stitches. One of the ladies sought out Frank Daniel and next minute Frank asked Angus to give an impromptu on stage and he received rapturous applause from the enthusiastic crowd.

Angus was then hooked and he made annual appearances for Frank and also Grant Luhrs.

Angus no longer performs but the self-confidence he attained in speaking in public has helped him throughout his life.

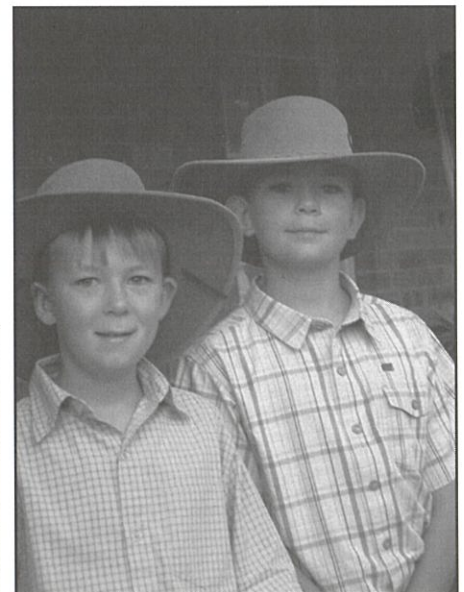
His first love is music and has been a member of the NSW State Senior Wind Ensemble since 2008 playing concerts at the Opera House. He plays both clarinet and bass clarinet and has composed a lot of music for solo clarinet as well as quartets and sextets. He has attended 5 State Music Camps since year 6.

Angus has taught himself the trumpet and has played the Last Post for the Werris Creek community since he was 10 years old and will continue to do so until the end of Year 12.

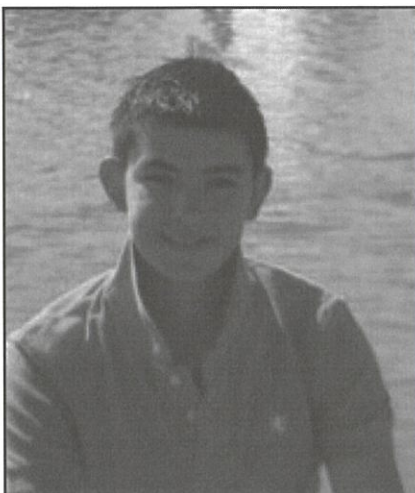
Angus is currently in Year 10 at Oxley High School and is doing well academically.

He has been an active community member raising money for Haiti, as well as for a local charity aiming to raise funds for medical equipment at Tamworth Base Hospital's Children's Ward. He has recently attended a Leadership Day in Newcastle on the Global Food Shortage and will be instrumental in running the School's 40 hour famine.

Angus is thankful to his early association with Bush Poetry and Frank Daniel in particular for the valuable skills he has learned.



ANGUS (far left) and CAMERON YOUNG (left) today and as they were in their founding days at the Longyard Hotel, Tamworth (above).





**Big
Breakfast
and
Performance
Bush Poetry
Competition**



**Saturday
30th October
2010**

**All
Proceeds to
Harleys for
Helicopters**

**\$10 Hot
Breakfast**

**Sausages, Bacon, Eggs,
Pancakes, Cereal, Toast,
Baked Beans, Juice, Tea
and Coffee**

**7.00am—
10.30am**

**Contact Kelly Walters
Ph. 02 6778 4192
PO Box 4 Uralla NSW 2358
enquiries@urallabowlo.com.au**



Obituary - PAULINE BEGG

Pauline was born at Broken Hill in 1926 and lived there for many years.

She began work in the office of the Broken Hill Water Board where she performed her duties as a very polished stenographer and office worker.

Her marriage to husband Reid took place in December 1951. Unfortunately, Broken Hill Water Board employment policy required her resignation because she was now a married woman. Shortly afterwards however she found work with a large firm of solicitors in the Broken Hill area.

As a great lover of the spoken word Pauline knew quite a lot of poems of many different writers. Amongst her favourite authors were A. B. "Banjo" Paterson, Henry Lawson, C. J. Dennis, Dorothea Mackellar and Henry Kendall.

She would often perform their work at YWCA concerts or at the local hospital.

As President of the Broken Hill branch of the YWCA for over 5 years she enjoyed speaking at the different women's nights and also enjoyed going to the National Annual Meeting in a different capital city each year.

In 1955 Pauline gave birth the a son, William (Bill) and daughter Susan came along several years later in 1961.

In December 1982 she and husband Reid settled in Forster and later moved to Tuncurry NSW. Pauline was quick to become involved in her new community and was active on several committees including garden clubs, in local Adult Education and the Uniting Church Newsletter and Book Store.

In 1994 both Pauline and Reid became inaugural members of the Australian Bush Poets Association and, Pauline, in particular, became very partial to the work of two modern poets, namely 'young' Carmel Dunn, now Carmel Wooding of Warwick Qld. and Carmel Randal of Preston Qld.

We, Pauline's poetry mates, will miss her bright and happy nature, her cheery smile and the pleasure in her eyes when she greeted you.

Our love and support goes to Reid, Bill and Susan at this sad time.

For the past few years the Uralla Bowlo has been hosting a Bush Poet's **Breakfast** in conjunction with the town's Thunderbolt Festival.

<http://www.uralla.com/tbfair2009/>

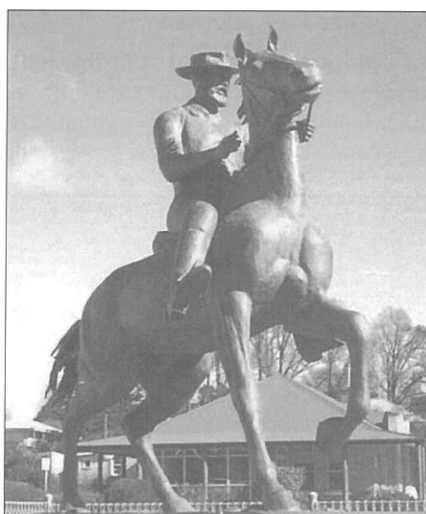
This breakfast has always been an entertainment event, with all proceeds from the breakfast going to Harleys for Helicopters Turkey Run fundraising efforts. Three performers were paid for a two hour show.

In 2010 the Uralla Bowling Club has decided to run a bush poetry competition in conjunction with the Breakfast in accordance with ABPA Rules and regulation with prize-money exceeding \$1,000.

Contact

Kelly Walters

**Administration Assistant
Uralla Bowling Club.**



Captain Thunderbolt
(Frederick Wordsworth Ward)
'From horse-breaker to bushranger'

JACK DRAKE

Jack Drake was introduced to Bush Poetry and the works of 'Banjo' Paterson when ten years old.

In the words of Bruce Simpson, author of 'The Packhorse Drover' "*Jack Drake is one of those larger than life characters...he is an excellent showman and it is an unforgettable experience to hear him in full cry relating the escapades of the redoubtable Woody.*"

Words and verse became part of his life, not only in the reading but also in living the lifestyle.

School had few attractions for young Jack who could think of little but horses, cattle, dogs and the outdoor life, and neither he nor the Education System were unduly concerned when they parted ways at the earliest legal age.

From fourteen years of age Jack's career path was set when he competed in Rodeo, took up horse-breaking and shoeing and saddling as his main occupation supplemented by mustering, fencing, yard-building, shearing and other rural endeavours. He was blessed (or cursed) with the 'gift of the gab' and announced at shows and rodeos and MC'd many a country dance.

His first writing experiences were as a teenager but, as he says, it was not till

later in life that his poetry gained any substance.

From 1986 he conducted "*The Aussie Outback Show*" at a Gold Coast theme park for five years; involving a stock-horse routine, working sheep dogs, whip-cracking and bush poetry; a shearing and ram parade and a mini Cobb and Co coach.

For the next eleven years he and his wife Stella ran "*Red Gum Ridge Trail Rides*" at Stanthorpe on the border ranges and it was during this time he began seriously writing bush poetry.

National recognition came in 2001 when he won the *Australian Bush Poet of the Year Quest* run by Asthma NSW and the Australian Women's Weekly magazine. From then on there was enough performance work, book and CD sales to allow he and his wife to give the horse business away to concentrate of bush poetry.

Jack's three C.D.s of his own works, "*The Cattle Dog's Revenge*", "*Dinkum Poetry*" and "*Bronco Harry's Last Ride*" have all gained nominations for the Australian Bush Laureate Awards. After self publishing four books, he was picked up by Central Queensland University Press. His first professionally published book of ballads and yarns "*The Cattle Dog's Revenge*" was released in July 2003 and has been



reprinted several times. This book won a second National Award for him in 2004 earning a Golden Gumleaf Trophy from the *Australian Bush Laureate Awards* for the best book of original verse, at the 2004 Tamworth Country Music Festival.

Contact Jack and Stella Drake.

Phone 07 46837169

Email- jdrake@halenet.com.au

P.O.Box 414, Stanthorpe Q 4380.

Visit Jack's website at

www.jackdrake.com.au

CLAUDE MORRIS TRIBUTE

On Saturday 5th June 2010, the inhabitants of the tiny far north Queensland town of Watsonville held their popular annual event, Pioneer Women's Day. On this occasion the morning session was dedicated to honouring the life and work of a famous North Queensland bush poet, the late Claude Morris who was born in Watsonville.

The event was arranged by Claude's daughter Daphne Stocks and his son Donald Morris. It consisted of a brief outline of their father's life journey interspersed with 25 of his ballads and two tributes. Well-known bush poets taking part in this event included Mark Both, Ron Pedersen, Tom Mauloni, Geoff

Mann, Chris Long, George Smith and Veronica Weal. Cairns ABC Radio identities Pat Morrish and David Howard also read poems and tributes, as did Claude's granddaughter Trudie Watson and his great-grandson Shae Gleeson.

Claude Morris was born in Watsonville in 1908 and his boyhood was spent there, close to the bushland he grew to love. Most of his adult life was spent working for Queensland Railways, but he was seldom far from the scent of gums and wattle. He wrote some fine poems during his lifetime and many poets will be familiar with his humorous poem "A Grave Situation" which is still performed regularly at bush poetry gatherings around Australia.

An appreciation of Claude Morris by H.J. Fulford was read at the tribute and it expressed admiration for Claude's magical use of poetic expression and his mastery of the craft of descriptive verse. Claude Morris died in Cairns in September 1996, aged 88.

An appreciative audience of around 200 people travelled to Watsonville to enjoy the Claude Morris tribute as well as tributes to pioneer women, bush poetry and songs. A revised edition of Claude's book, "The Legend of Angel Creek and other ballads" was released to coincide with the event and copies can be obtained by contacting Trudie Watson on 07 4097 2470.

Veronica Weal.

HENRY LAWSON — COMPETITIONS GULGONG

The finals of the Country Energy Leonard Teale Memorial Performance Poetry Competition were held over the June Long Weekend at the annual Henry Lawson Annual Literary Dinner, held as part of Gulgong's Henry Lawson Heritage Festival.

Competitors were adjudicated by three judges and competition was extremely close with only five marks separating the first three placings. The capacity audience were entertained by a fine night of bush poetry.

Final results were:

1st Roderick Williams Krambach NSW,
2nd Ellis Campbell Dubbo NSW,
3rd Ron Brown Islington NSW,
HC. Tom Hamilton Richmond NSW,
HC. Tom Taylor West Wollongong NSW,
C. Jenny Markwell Wangi Wangi NSW,
C. Robert Markwell Wangi Wangi NSW.
Other finalists were Des Kelly Gulgong NSW, John Roberts Cunnamulla QLD and Tim Collins Lithgow NSW.

Rod received \$1,000, provided by Country Energy and the coveted bronze Henry Lawson statuette sponsored by THE LAND Newspaper.

Successful in THE LAND Open Written Poetry Competition were

1st - Ellis Campbell, Dubbo, NSW,
'Gulgong, Then and Now'

2nd - Donald Crane, Toowoomba, QLD,
'Drover Dreaming'

3rd - Roderick Williams, Krambach, NSW,
'Travel the Red Road-Dare to Dream'

HC. (in entry order)

Max Merckenschlager, Caloote, SA,
'The Novice and the Bard'

Noel Picket, Branxton, NSW,
'The Scam'

C.

Donald Crane, Toowoomba, QLD,
'Pioneers'

Will Moody, Bellingen, NSW,

'A Song That Lingers On'

David Campbell, Beaumaris, VIC, 'Eulogy'

The Visit Mudgee Region Emerging Poet's

Award

Winner - Will Moody, Bellingen, NSW,

'A Song That Lingers On'

HC. Allan Goode, Nerang, QLD,

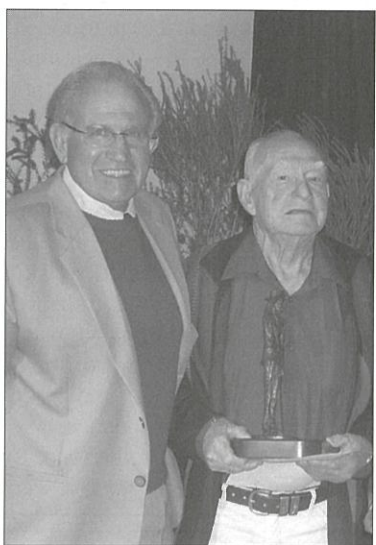
'A Letter Home'

HC. Yvonne Harper, Coopers Shoot, NSW,
'Possum'

This was the inaugural year for the Emerging Poet's Award and was open to poets who had not previously won a written competition and was a huge success, gauging by the numbers of entries received. THE LAND sponsored the bronze Loaded Dog statuette and the \$200 prize money was sponsored by Mudgee Region Tourism. The Henry Lawson Society will endeavour to offer the section again next year.



Henry's Birthday cake



Don Jones representing the Land Newspaper and octogenarian Ellis Campbell of Dubbo.



Don Jones, the Land Representative and Yvonne Harper presenting the Emerging Poet Award to Will Moody



Helen Rhodes representing Country Energy with Tom Hamilton, Des Kelly and Ron Brown.

VISITING

Heather Corfield - Taroom Q.

We received the news today
family are coming to stay
There's lots of things for you to do
when the folks come to visit you.

You can shop, cook, and then prepare
and be ready when they are there
Lots of good food for all to eat
maybe a very special treat.

When the family do arrive
the place surely comes alive
those happy words with each greeting
then "come in, we'll soon be eating"

the kids like the open spaces
know the two familiar faces
Wind in their face, wind in their hair
for a while they haven't a care.

Young children love to call and shout
when they are all running about,
There's lots of shoes by the back door
toys of all kinds across the floor.

Lots of washing out on the line
thankfully the weather is fine
Little children are everywhere
we give them all our special care.

Some folks may sit and have a talk
others may go for a long walk
go for a drive around the place
enjoy the view and open space.

When the kids bedtime comes each night
they are tucked in, gentle, tight

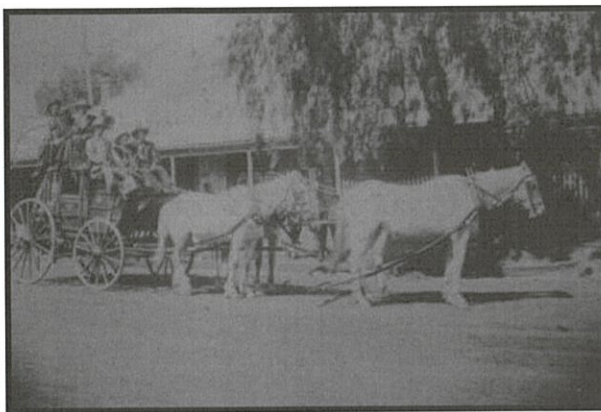
moonlight from out across the plain
shines through the bedroom window pane.

Special days will often fly by
time comes for all to say Goodbye
Ports and possessions in the car
Family may travel afar.

We both wave as they drive away
It's been a very pleasant stay
But when the family goes home
Grandpa and Grandma are alone.

North Pine Bush Poets

are gearing up for their first Camp Oven Festival in five years. This event will be held on 20th, 21st and 22nd August at Club Pine Rivers in Lawnton. We are looking forward to an exciting three days with Junior, Novice and Open competitions. Entries for the written competitions have closed but you still have time to enter the performance sections. These are: Junior – under 7; Junior – 7 to



[Researching some Cobb 'n' Co material recently I found the above photograph which was captioned 'Coach at Jerilderie - 'Squiss' Tiffen Driver.' I passed the picture on to ABPA member Barry Tiffen, formerly of Leeton NSW, and now living at Wodonga. I just love finding convicts, bushrangers, and closeted distant relatives from the past, crims or otherwise, connected with our members. Do you have any? Let me know! Ed.]

Barry replied;

G'day Frank. Thanks for the photo, haven't seen that one before.

Herbert Havelock Tiffen (Squizzy) was my great uncle. Born in Campbells Creek (Castlemaine Vic) 1861, the middle child of nine. Arrived in Jerilderie 1877 a bit of an expert in

horse training and riding. He was employed by a Mr Charles Cox licensee of The Royal Mail Hotel, as a groomsman/trainer/jockey for Mr Cox's race horses. When The Kelly Gang turned up to rob the Bank of NSW, 8, 9, 10th February 1879, 'Squizzy' had to attend to their horses, and later helped Ned tear out

pages of Bank ledgers and destroy other books by making a bonfire out of them, a task he enjoyed!!! He died in Jerilderie Aug 1931.

Trish and I are both well and enjoying life in Wodonga. We have just returned from three weeks in Alaska (Anchorage, Valdez, Fairbanks, Barrow, Denali National Park then experienced the Alaska Railroad Gold Class down to Seward, cruised the Inland Passage to Vancouver) then one week in Canada (Van. Hope, Merritt, Kamloops, Revelstoke, Lake Louise, Banff and finally, enjoying two days at Calgary for their Stampede!!

A fantastic experience. I have never been a horse lover, but have seen so many beautiful horses, draught to miniature, and the things those cowboys and cowgirls can make their horses do, is amazing!!! Kind Regards Barry.

under 13 and Junior – 13 to at Club Pine Rivers On 07 under 19. Novice; Open: 32052677. Bookings are essential.

Classical/Modern Serious – Male – Cat 3 – and Female Cat 4; Open Classical/Modern Humorous – Male – Cat 5 – and Female – Cat 6; and Open Original Male and Female.

Entries close on 6th August but we are happy to extend this date till three days after you receive this magazine. Entry forms and conditions are available on the ABPA website or phone Cay on 07 34823541 or Dot on 07 32036681. Camping is available as usual at the Lawnton Showground (Phone Ron on 07 32852180).

The wonderful line up for our Gala Concert on the Saturday night consists of Anita Reed, Bob Magor, Greg North and Lennie Knight. Tickets are available now

We look forward to seeing many old friends as well as new faces and there is a Polling Booth nearby for absentee voters. Cay Ellem.



MORE BUSH LANTERN WINNERS The two winning poems from the Primary and Secondary School categories of the Bush Lantern Awards for bush verse in the junior written competitions for 2010. The Secondary School Student winner was Sarah Webster with her poem *"The Last Bushranger"*. The Primary School Student winner was Jaden Bond with his poem *"Robert Rooster's Adventure"*.

ROBERT ROOSTER'S ADVENTURE

© Jaden Bond - Bundaberg Q.

Robert Rooster was a patient male chook,
He always kept calm by reading a book.
Dingo Ringo was always in strife,
He wanted to eat Robert with his new fork and knife.

One day, Ringo hid behind a tree
He was going to catch Robert Rooster, "Yippee!"
Robert Rooster turned around,
He sure knew who'd made that sound.

It was Dingo Ringo, licking his lips,
He was so excited he was shaking his hips.
Robert Rooster ran to the farm,
Clucking so loud, he was like an alarm.

The farm animals asked, "What is the matter?"
They'd never heard of such noisy natter.
Robert Rooster flew to the chooks,
He was upset that they weren't reading books.

Dingo heard Robert and the chooks discuss the weather,
Many hundreds of chooks had gathered together.
Sly Dingo wondered how they would taste cooked,
He grabbed a hen before anyone looked.

But Robert Rooster heard a sad scream,
He got very angry, like in a bad dream.
Robert skinned Dingo Ringo with his shaver,
And as it turns out he's become a life-saver.

THE LAST BUSHRANGER

© Sarah Webster - Green Valley NSW

There was a time when rangers roamed the great Australian bush,
Their pistols at the ready, bullets blazed at trigger-push.
So shall I tell the story of the last bushrangers here?

Now gather 'round the crackling flames,
And hear the whisper of the names,
Of men who stole and ran and shot,
Just ask and I'll tell you the lot!
For few can still remember rangers striking us with fear.

His name was feared on highways, it was Try-To-Catch-Me Bob,
For they would never catch him with a thousand trooper mob!
He planned his thieving carefully, tomorrow, number ten.
He'd wander far to Woolway Bank,
Lieutenant Luke he'd have to thank,
For sending troopers one by one,
To fetch the new bushranger, 'Gun',
The coppers would be busy chasing other foolish men.

But sadly, this one copper, he was sleepin' on the job,
He stayed behind at Woolway Bank, the 'ranger planned to rob,
But by this copper's side there was a vicious mongrel dog,
And as Bob pushed aside the door,
Said, "Everybody on the floor!"
Bob's moleskins vanished fast from sight,
The canine, he began to bite!
Bob mounted 'pon his brumby, empty-handed, through the fog.

But even Try-To-Catch-Me Bob would get caught in the end,
At number twelve the time came as he galloped past a bend,
He must've missed the smoke, for through a bushfire he'd run.
His clothing quickly caught alight,
He tore them off - oh what a sight!
The coppers cuffed him where he sat,
And so his naked end was that
So went the last bushranger, but another tale, begun.

Mel and Susie on Tour – Two Short Sheilas

Meet Mel and Susie - multi-award winning entertainers. These two pocket-

rockets will blast you with laughs, yarns, poetry, comedy and song. Their traveling two-woman show combines fair dinkum humour with their passion for our unique Aussie heritage and history. Don't miss the two short spieler sheilas as they reach for the stars with their swag of bush comedy and a step ladder.

Melanie Hall has won the Australian Championship three times and represented Australia at the National Cowboy Poetry Gathering in America. A champion yarn spinner in the true blue far North Queensland tradition, Melanie is the granddaughter of the

legendary 'Gallop-in' Ghan'. She began to recite in 2001 with her fathers poetry - the great Frank Fayers, whose open hearted, down to earth style has been passed on to Melanie by the bucket load. Susan Carcary was the 2009/2010 Australian Champion bush poet, National Folk Festival yarn spinner of the year and general all-round bull artist. Susie has traveled around Australia for the past five years entertaining and singing to earn a crust. Mel and Susie host workshops specifically designed to teach performing, writing and memorizing bush poetry.

Catch them on their southern tour at the Taste of Country at Harden on 23rd October. See p.11



The Black Horse in the Lead

by Kym Eitel

winning entry in the Bundaberg Bush Lantern 2010

Cobb & Co coach driver, Steve Ralph, from the Australian Teamsters Hall of Fame near the Glasshouse Mountains in Queensland, tells a spine tingling story about 'the black horse in the lead' - a mysterious apparition that has been known to appear and help a team in trouble. He experienced the unusual phenomenon near Boonah during a coach journey from Melbourne to Longreach in 1988. He knows the story is hard to believe, yet he swears it to be true.



Eight horses strained with leathers stained
from mouth-foam, mud and sweat.
Through lightning's roar, the driver swore
at road ruts, deep and wet.

The crunching squeals of stage coach wheels
on rocks and gravel road,
the 'hya' and 'whoa', the stop and go,
the groan of heavy load.

*Two Cleveland Bays, two dappled greys,
two mares of brumby breed
then out in front, the leaders grunt -
two chestnuts take the lead.*

White knuckled grips and prayers on lips,
exhausting, dripping heat.
Tired ladies sighed and cursed the ride
while children gripped the seat.

No time for rest up Gunther's Crest,
the road a greasy state,
hooves slipped and slid, wheels turned but skid,
the coach held too much weight.

*Exhausted bays and weary greys,
no energy or speed,
mares gasp and heave, legs lurch and weave,
tired chestnuts in the lead.*

The driver's whip lashed neck and hip,
to push the horses on.
Their force and strength on harness length
was weak - their power gone.

The hill was steep, the ruts were deep,
the coach wheels ground to halt.
Slow backwards slide, eyes terrified,
but then, a sudden jolt ...

*Two startled Bays, two stirred up greys,
mares flighty now indeed,
the chestnuts stared - their workload shared -
a black horse took the lead.*

As thunder crashed and lightning flashed,
a stallion black as night
let forth a scream and led the team.
He powered forth with fight.

A ghost of black, a phantom hack,
put shoulder to the plate.
The spectre marched, his thick neck arched,
and hauled the coach back straight.

*The bays and greys, with eyes ablaze,
and brumby mares took heed.
The chestnuts strained with muscles veined -
the black horse pulled the lead.*

They reached the rise 'neath stormy skies,
flanks heaved and nostrils flared.
The driver thrilled, though goosebumps chilled,
the passengers were scared.

The stallion screamed, his coal coat gleamed,
he tossed his mane and reared.
Then just as quick as lightning flick,
the black horse disappeared.

The black was gone, though eight pushed on,
their strength re-energised.
A spirit horse? A magic force?
A legend highly prized.

*Two prancing Bays, two dancing greys,
two mares of mountain breed,
two chestnuts race, but save a space
for the black horse in the lead.*

The Australian Bush Poets Association Inc.

(Established 1994)

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Printer: Central Commercial Printers

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Tel: (02) 6331 4822

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

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

Deadline for copy - 20th of month preceding the month of issue.

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

Raffle

Maton



Acoustic guitar in hard case.

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2009 winner - Col Driscoll

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1152, Bendigo 3552

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See story page 10

Results of the 39th Bronze Swagman Award 2010



I am pleased to announce the results of the 2010 Bronze Swagman Award.

Congratulations to the Winner, Runner-up and Highly Commended entrants and thank you to everyone for supporting the Bronze Swagman Award.

The collation of the 2010 Book of Verse will begin shortly, with distribution planned for November.

Also, it will be our 40th Anniversary in 2011, and we have a special book planned featuring 40 years of Winner and Runner-up poems.

Thank you,

Louise Dean, Awards Co-ordinator
P.O. Box 120
Winton. Qld. 4735
Ph: (07) 4657 1296 - Fx: (07) 4657 1541

Winner:

Veronica Weal, Herberton, Qld.

"The Shadow on the Wall"

Runner-Up:

David Campbell, Beaumaris. Vic

"Nightfall"

There were 2 Highly Commended entries:

Arthur Green, Warana. Qld.

"Wild Run the Western Rivers"

Graham Fredriksen, Kilcoy. Qld.

"Horseman, Pass on By"

[Congratulations to Louise Dean and the people, past and present, of Winton who have so faithfully coordinated thirty nine years of the Australian Bronze Swagman Awards.

I feel certain that the fortieth anniversary of these awards will be eagerly awaited by our readers and writers alike.

Frank Daniel Ed.]



Louise Dean

COMPETITION RESULTS

AUSTRALIAN BUSH POETRY CHAMPIONSHIPS 2010 HAT TRICK for Greg North at BUNDABERG

Traditional section;

1st. Greg North *"The Ten-twelve Shebang"* by John O'Brien

Modern Section

1st Greg North *"Sterco d'Elephant"* by Denis Kevans

Original Section.

1st Greg North. *"They Must Have Been on Drugs"*

(This makes three consecutive Australian Championships for Greg)

Jan Facey from Bundaberg won the female championship.

Yarn Spinning: 1st Claire Reynolds
Written Section. 1st Kym Eitel.

Duo Performances

1st - Wally & Mary Finch from Morayfield

Billy Hay Memorial Yarn Spinning:

1st - Claire Reynolds from Gloucester

One Minute Cup

1st - Dean Collins from Barga

Novice Traditional

1st - Brian Weier - Dalby : "Man From Snowy River"

2nd - Bette Shiels - Bundaberg :

"Providence"

3rd - Melinda Walmsley - Burnett
Downs : "Holy Dan"

Novice Modern

1st - Trevor Stewart - Bundaberg :

"Speed Merchant"

2nd - Bette Shiels - Bundaberg :

"Thunderbolt"

3rd - Jayson Russell - Bundaberg: "Mr. Whippy Ripoff"

Novice Original

1st - Bette Shiels - Bundaberg : "Old Hank's Demise"

2nd - Kyle Walmsley - Toowoomba :

"How To Write A Poem"

3rd - Tarn Mullaly - New Zealand :

"Battery Hen"

Open Traditional - Men

1st - Gregory North - Linden : "Ten Twelve Shebang"

2nd - Ellis Campbell - Dubbo : "The Long Road"

3rd - John Lloyd - Calen : "Lynden-Lee"

Open Traditional - Women

1st - Claire Reynolds - Gloucester :

"Ownerless"

2nd - Jan Facey - Innes Park : "The Death of Ben Hall"

3rd - Wendy Oss - Charters Towers : "The Drover's Sweetheart"

Open Modern - Men

1st - Gregory North - "Sterco D'Elephant"

2nd - Lynden Baxter - "The Spirit of Matilda"

3rd - Brian Weier - Dalby : "Rain From Nowhere"

Open Modern - Women

1st - Jan Facey - Innes Park : "From The Lanterns"

2nd - Claire Reynolds - Gloucester :

"Darkest Hour"

3rd - Jacqui Warnock - Narrabri : "Pocket Sized Edition"

Open Original - Men

1st - Gregory North - Linden : "They Must Have Been On Drugs"

2nd - John Lloyd - Calen : "Two Rivers Make A Creek"

3rd - Wally Finch - Morayfield : "Australian By Choice"

Open Original - Women

1st - Jan Facey - Innes Park : "Cost Of A Cyclone"

2nd - Wendy Oss - Charters Towers:

"Poison"

3rd - Kathy Edwards - Merewether : "Road To Bundaberg"

2010 Australian Male Champion Poet :

Gregory North from Linden, NSW

1st Runner-Up : Ellis Campbell from Dubbo, NSW

2nd Runner-Up : John Lloyd from Calen,

Qld. 2010 Australian Female Champion

Poet: Jan Facey from Innes Park, Qld

1st Runner-Up : Wendy Oss from Charters Towers, Qld.

2nd Runner-Up : Claire Reynolds from Gloucester, NSW

RESULTS OF 2010 BUSH LANTERN AWARD FOR BUSH VERSE

PRIMARY SCHOOL STUDENTS

1st - Jaden Bond - Bundaberg : "Robert Rooster's Adventure"

2nd - Rhys Crook - Bundaberg

3rd - Jordan Garland - Sheldon,

Qld. SECONDARY SCHOOL STUDENTS

1st - Sarah Webster - Green Valley, NSW : "The Last Bushranger"

2nd - Sarah Webster - Green Valley, NSW : "Blink'n Yoolmissit"

3rd - Harriet Farlow - Duffy, ACT

2010 BUSH LANTERN AWARD FOR BUSH VERSE

1st - Kym Eitel, Limestone Creek, Qld : "The Black Horse in the Lead"

2nd - Ron Stevens, Dubbo, NSW

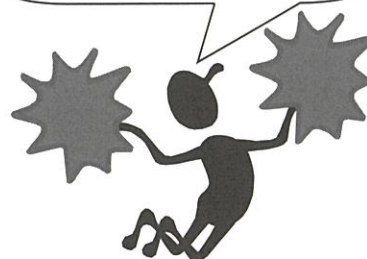
3rd - Zondrae King, East Coromal, NSW

4th - Brian Beesley, Black Springs, NSW

5th - Len Green, Rose Bay, NSW

6th - Terry Piggott, Canning Vale, WA

YAY BUNDY!



Hunter Bush Poetry Festival!

Morrisset Showground 15-17 October 2010

Hunter Bush Poets (an affiliate of Newcastle & Hunter Valley Folk Club) will be holding their annual poetry festival again this year – supported by the NSW Dept. of Tourism – and it promises to be bigger and better than ever.

Writers and performers – don't miss out!

The Showground will be the focus of all activities and with many expected to camp on the grounds, a sizeable crowd of competitors and visitors from all over Australia, will enjoy the revelry and social side of the event as well as the smorgasbord of poetry.

Friday 15th from 5.30 onwards, there will be 'Sing-Around-the-Campfire' a sausage sizzle and then the Yarn Spinning Competition – in the Australian tradition of 'pulling your leg' or 'cooking up a good one.'

Topics for the 'Brawl' (no, it's not a punch up, it's a one minute poetry race) will be pulled out of a hat and there's two

days to compose the knockout poem.

Saturday 8am starts the competition with the Intermediate (for those who have not won more than three firsts in any performance competition)

The Classical kicks off the main events. Here's where Banjo and the like come to life. The Modern follows – for Bush Poetry written since 1955 by someone other than the performer. The final sections are for original serious and then original humorous poetry. Men and women compete separately in all but the Intermediate category.

Music, singing and dancing and performances by our judges, Carol Heuchan (twice Australian Champion and five times Laureate Award winner), Gregory North - the Man of Many Hats, (three times Australian Champion), Garry Lowe, Legend of the Longyard and Australian country music artist, Des Kelly make the night's frivolity before the announcement of the Written Competition winners, each section



winner and then the Overall Best Performers and the Hunter Bush Poetry Club Champion for 2010.

Sunday morning, after a BBQ Brekky, there'll be walk-ups and the infamous 'Brawl'

It's easy to find – Morrisset exit off the F1 and you'll just about run into the Showground.

Further info on competing in the written and/or performance or on coming along for any of the sessions or for a great weekend ...

www.abpa.org.au or www.hunterbushpoets.org.au or phone or Trevor (02) 49 56 5543 or Carol (02) 49 773210 carol@carolpoet.com.au for camping morrissetshow@yahoo.com.au

Hunter Bush Poets Annual Bush Poetry Festival!

15 – 17 October, 2010

Morrisset Showground, NSW

Friday pm, Sing around the Campfire, Brawl topics and Walk Up
Open Yarn-spinning

Saturday Comp.- Intermediate, Women's Classical, Men's Classical, Women's Modern, Men's Modern, Women's Original Serious, Men's Original Serious, Women's Original Humorous, Men's Original Humorous
Social night, Dance and Presentation. Sunday am. Brekky and Brawl

Even more Prizemoney and fun than last year!!

Camping available at showground. Enquiries Bill (02) 49 430141 or Carol 49 773210

Written – Open Serious and Open Humorous

Forms & Details on ABPA or Hunter Bush Poets website www.hunterbushpoets.org.au

- or ph Trevor 02 4956 5543 - Carol 02 4977 3210 carol@carolpoet.com.au

www.abpa.org.au - camping morrissetshow@yahoo.com.au



NIGHTFALL

© David Campbell, Beaumaris Victoria
Runner-up 2010 Bronze Swagman Award.

The frantic rush of days is stolen by the night
as stars begin to blaze their haunting, spectral light
across a velvet sky that fades from blue to black,
and then, I can't deny, my thoughts keep turning back.

By day I lose your name in all that must be done,
and even crippling shame is banished by the sun,
but as the twilight fades my life begins to slow...
I'm captured by the shades, with nowhere else to go.

The red gums by the creek are ghosts of times long past,
reminders, bare and bleak, of love that didn't last,
and darkness brings the fear, the worst I've ever known...
the fact that you're not here and I am on my own.

Your absence scars my soul, it burns within my heart
as loss exacts its toll and tears my world apart.
For only I can tell of guilt that never ends,
a journey into hell that no-one comprehends.

The silence is a cloak that settles on the land,
a hush that can provoke those thoughts I can't withstand
of moments we once shared... a smile, a glance, a touch...
the signs that we both cared in ways that meant so much.

But thoughts aren't always kind and have a darker side
that plagues a troubled mind from which I cannot hide.
Although it makes me grieve, I hear your quiet voice,
insisting that you'd leave unless I made a choice.

Yet I just didn't see the truth that was so clear,
and couldn't guarantee what you so longed to hear.
I blamed it all on stress, said it was just the drought,
and once we'd found success then we could work it out.

Instead you walked away without a backward glance,
and nothing I now say will grant a second chance.
No matter what I do as long as I might live,
you've said that we are through, that you cannot forgive.

I know all that, and yet, there's things that must be said,
in part to pay the debt, so you can move ahead.
I swear it's not a lie, despite what you might think...
a year has now gone by since I last had a drink.

Temptation's always there, it waits for me each night,
but though it's hard to bear I'm learning how to fight,
recalling what I've done, the family I've lost,
the race that I have run at such an awful cost.

I see the children's eyes, their terror stark and raw,
and once more recognise the fearful sight they saw...
their father, drunk again, an absolute disgrace,
their mother crouched in pain, with blood upon her face.

They say it's a disease, but that is no excuse
for scorning all your pleas, committing that abuse.
I had to have one more, that last one for the day...
a drunkard's fatal flaw, a price that you would pay.

This way of life is hard... it takes great strength of will...
and if you drop your guard, in spite of all your skill
the pressure can erode the faith that you can cope,
and each day's heavy load just undermines all hope.

Until you reach the stage where failure looms so large
that all that's left is rage... and alcohol takes charge.
I drank so I'd forget the setbacks that we'd fought,
the years of toil and sweat that seemed to come to nought.

I took the coward's way and told so many lies
that now I need to say that I apologise
for all I did to blight your life and cause you grief,
and pray that what I write will give you some relief.

I took so much from you and gave so little back,
and somehow never knew just what I seemed to lack...
the courage to go on, give thanks for what I had,
not dwell on what was gone, ignoring good for bad.

That man is in the past, and with each brand new dawn
another die is cast, and once more hope is born.
I wish you all the best, a joy that gives you wings,
and may your life be blessed with what the future brings.

CLAIMING THE DATE: The Celtic & Chinese Tin Miners Revue for 2011 poetry competition and associated events is to be held over the week-end preceding St. Patricks Day on Friday, Saturday and Sunday 11th to 13th March, 2011, at the Tattersals Hotel at Emmaville.

Emmaville is a village on the Northern Tablelands in the New England region of New South Wales. It is in the Glen Innes Severn Council district.

There will be two sections for Written (unpublished) Verse, one with an Irish/Australian theme and one with an Aboriginal theme. Association Chairman, Bob McPhee said that this years inaugural poetry competition drew strong praise and promises of support from members of the ABPA due to the professional manner in which both the Written and Performance sections of the competition were held. More news in the next issue.



Bundy Juniors

Amy Collins
Laura Collins
Amy Bradfield

These three competed in the 8 years to Under 16 years category of the Australian Bush Poetry Championships. Amy Collins from Bargara (in white top) was 2nd; Laura Collins from Bargara (centre) was 1st and Amy Bradfield from Warwick (pink shirt) was 3rd.

Laura Collins was named Australian Junior Champion Bush Poet.



HAT TRICK FOR GREG!

BRONZE FOR

Gary Fogarty

Three times in a row! Greg North of Linden NSW has taken out his third Australian Bush Poetry championships title at the recent Bundaberg Bush Poetry competition with outright wins in the Traditional, Modern and Original sections.

Jan Facey of Bundaberg took out the ladies open title.

WORLD SUCCESS

FOR BUSH POET

