



The Australian



Bush Poets

Association



***** AUSTRALIAN BUSH POETS ASSOCIATION. *****
P.O. Box 77 DRAYTON NORTH Q. 4350.

1994 STEERING COMMITTEE.

PRESIDENT..... MERV (Bluey) BOSTOCK. (070)568262.
SEC/TREASURER.. RON SELBY. (076)301106.
PUBLICITY. GEOFREY GRAHAM. (054)691312.
EXECUTIVE. MAX JARROTT. (076)641115.

MEMBERSHIP..... \$20.00 per year.

***** CREDIT COLUMN. *****

GARY FOGARTY. Winner of Jondarayan Music Festival.
BOB MILLER. Placed on 'Wall of Renown'TAMWORTH.
COL WILSON. Placed on 'Wall of Renown'TAMWORTH.

**** BOOK LAUNCHINGS. ****

NOEL CUTLER: Whipcrackers Eat Humble Pie Too,
RMB 1130 MILAWA VIC. 3678.
\$12.00 Includes Postage.

MARK GLIORI. Poets Never Lie.
P.O. Box 999 WARWICK QLD 4370.
\$12.00 Includes Postage.

GARY FOGARTY. You'll Find It In The Bush.
35 Warden st GOONDIWINDI QLD 4390.
\$10.00 Includes Postage.

John PHILIPSON. Also Launched his newest tape but
the title and price not available
Full rundown next month....ed.

.....//////////.....

Business News

report

Some fragments from.....

THE (Minutes) SECRETARY'S NOTEBOOK

at the Meeting of the....

AUSTRALIAN BUSH POETS' ASSOCIATION
held at the OLD BREWERY, adjacent to the Longyard Hotel, Tamworth
on Sunday 12.6.94.

(FULL MINUTES WILL BE READ AT THE NEXT MEETING)

ATTENDANCE: Sixteen Members, and Special Guest, Dr. Jonathan King of Winton, Chairman of the Waltzing Matilda Centenary Celebrations.

FROM SECRETARY/TREASURER'S REPORT: There are now 75 PAID MEMBERS of the Association. An outline of costs included \$75 to register the Association; \$1 each for Newsletters (photocopying, postage, stationery etc.). Subsequent discussion included the problems of having such a widely spread Executive; the need to rely on the Executive; suggestions for extra sources of Publicity (Folk, Country Music, and Writers' Clubs); and an appreciation of the work being done by the Secretary in circulating the Newsletter.

FROM GENERAL BUSINESS: The Motion was passed that..."appropriate Organisations be accepted as members of the Association on payment of the usual fee" after being amended to include "one membership, one vote".

It was resolved that an APPLICATION FOR MEMBERSHIP FORM be sent out with the next Newsletter so that we may each encourage another Poet to join.

The President advised that he had organised a Raffle to help the Association's funds. This would take place at the Dinner the same night.

SPECIAL GUEST: Dr. Jonathon King outlined preparations for the celebration of the Centenary of Waltzing Matilda to be held around 6th April, 1995, particularly enlightening us on the hoped-for participation of the Bush Poets.

Present projected events include...

WALTZING MATILDA AWARD for BUSH POETRY, with 10 days of Poetry leading to a FINALS.

SWAGGIES' WALK, 4 ways into Winton, using (Poet) Jolly Swagmen. Dr. King called NATIONWIDE for Poets to join these Swaggies' Walks.

DISCUSSION ARISING FROM SPECIAL GUEST'S TALK: It was moved and carried that our Association nominate the 1995 Australian Championships to be held during the Winton Celebrations.

A Sub-Committee was formed to liaise with Jim Haynes (O.C. the Poetry at the Celebration). It consists of the President and Sec/Treasurer (ex officio) and Marc Gliori.

The President spoke on the proposal to have a Poets' Train going to Winton, and encouraged all to become involved.

NEXT MEETING: 26th Jan. 1995 at Tamworth.

● Pet goat

On finding a well on his new property a farmer threw an old railway sleeper, lying by the well, down into its murky depths to see how deep it was.

Just as the sleeper splashed into the water and the farmer was think-

ing what a long way down the water was, when he heard a noise and turned to see a goat charging at him.

He jumped aside and the goat went headlong down the well and into the water.

A man came running over a nearby ridge and asked the farmer if he had seen his pet goat.

"No," lied the farmer.

"He was easy to recognise," said the man.

"His rope was tied to a railway sleeper."



Geoffrey W. Graham
Post Office, Bealiba, Vic. 3475

Ph. (054) 69 1312
Fax avail

BREADCRUMBS FROM THE BULLADEER

A relatively quiet month compared to the previous month. Except for this weekend coming up. In fact at this moment it's 1.0 A.M. Friday morning. In four hours time I set off for Tamworth and my first fireside festival...and looking forward to it. So this report will be short as I need some sleep.

From the enclosed newspaper report...you can see we're making slow headway in Victoria with a little function at Hamilton. a few weeks back....a Poet's night...a good rollup; nine people got up and strutted their stuff... and some excellent talent too I might add. Everything from the very funny(We're talking balltearing funny), to very poignant and serious. About fifty people turned up and as the venue was quiet small we packed it .

Could be the start of bigger things to come. If anyone is considering doing something similar anywhere in Vic, please feel free to call me.

On a different note, this Bush Poet association, being an association and all, I presume has some sort of standard constitution or whatever, along with every other association. If anyone knows much about that sort of thing I'd love to talk to you. I'm a bit in the dark with respect to this sort of thing.

Keep smiling....Geoffrey Graham, P.O. Bealiba VIC 3475
Ph (054) 691312



Ogilvie 'one of the greats'

Toowoomba man David Kaden, who grew up in the bush and spent many years down on the farm, has a soft spot for Scottish-born poet David Ogilvie and his work.

"I would like to find out more about his personal life," he said.

"It sounds rather sad.

"I would like to see his name and works where they rightly belong — on or above Banjo's or H.L."

Mr Kaden sent us a copy of a column that appeared in the Dubbo Liberal newspaper referring to Ogilvie and publishing one of his poems, called "Taken Over".

Will Ogilvie, the column says, was a Scotsman who arrived in Australia in 1889, staying here for 12 short

years. But he worked in the bush as a stockman, drover, horse-breaker and expert station-hand and left Australians a legacy of fine poetry "equal to, and I personally believe, surpassing that of Banjo P. or Henry Lawson".

The writer of the column adds: "During his time here he travelled much of the eastern inland from Queensland to South Australia, and I feel he should be discovered by ordinary Aussies and schoolkids."

According to the newspaper, the legendary bushman R.M. Williams contracted and kept in touch with Will Ogilvie, compiling and publishing a book of his poems titled "Saddle for a Throne".

The Chronicle

Your good morning daily

WHIPCRACKERS EAT HUMBLE PIE TOO



SELECTED BUSH VERSE BY
"THE BACKBLOCKS BARD"
NOEL CUTLER
ILLUSTRATED BY ALEXANDER MEIN

Published by Noel Cutler
RMB 1130
Milawa 3678
Victoria
Ph 057 270 421



ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Noel was born and raised in Wangaratta in the North East of Victoria. After giving teaching a go in the big city for more than 20 years or so, he retired to his much loved North East. Although not a 'real bushie', his love of the backblocks and the solitude and beauty of the bush, initiated the name — The Backblocks Bard.

His deftness with the whips has earned him a recent National Whipcracking title and he spends many weekends competing and demonstrating this unique Australian art at shows, expos and bush race meetings in the 'High Country'.

Other diverse interests include motor sport and squash as well as having a keen interest in local community events in Milawa where he now lives on one of Australia's most respected Hereford Stud farms — Glentrevor.

If you happen to be at a gathering somewhere in the country and you hear the rhythmic crackle of two-handed whipcracking echoing in the eucalyptus, it will probably be Noel. Go up and say G'day!

Young Harry

*"Died at Gallipoli" the bronze medallion said-
The grief-stricken mother would rather a son instead.
Taken from her when he was little more than a boy
The only gun he had ever held was a carved wooden toy.
On the day that he left there was little time for goodbye
On the day that he left his rugged father did cry.*

*Young Harry was shipped to a war far across the sea
With ill regard for his inexperience or immaturity.
Born of her flesh had been this fine young lad
Held to her breast if ever unhappy or sad.
Gently she stroked the fine Medallion in her hand
And puzzled why she had reared a son,
Just for him to die in far, faraway land.*

*Janet O'Brien Vize
Copyright
1994*

Sad but True

I was reared on 'Bluff View Homestead'
on a creek near Monto.
I am a product of the land
Because my old man Charlie Seeney
wormed me into a dairy
and into milking cows by hand.

I can still recall the cow yard
and the cow shed, roof of bark.
Where I rounded up cows and milked them in the dark.
And my youth was sadly blighted
and my young dreams went to bits
on those precious hours I wasted
on 'Bluff View' pulling tits.

Joseph Seeney
1970

***** REPORT ON JONDARAYAN FESTIVAL. *****

The Jondarayan Woolshed Committee held the inaugural Country Music and Bush Verse Festival on the weekend of MAY 21-22. The welcome was warm and the weather was cold (about 3 deg.) It certainly helped the Yodellers early Saturday morning.

The committee organised several guest artists to perform during the carnival, and we found a large campfire, where an impromptu concert went on into the small hours of each morning. This is, after all, what country music and performance verse was originally all about. The intimacy of the fireside still adds a special quality to the delivery, Almost magic!

Perhaps the most pleasing result, from our point of view, was the success of Gary Fogarty, who achieved a clean sweep of all the available Yarn/Verse sections, and then surprised even himself, by taking off the Overall Champion Trophy as well.

Gary certainly deserved his fame as he did a fabulous job in all sections and then provided musical backing for his wife and daughters as they competed in the vocal sections.

One question, Gary. Why did I accidentally find Mrs Fogarty leaning up against the back wall of the tent with a copy of the words of your longest poem clutched in her hand, while you were out there wow-ing' em ? Tell me it was warmer there, won't you.

Other poets to perform with distinction were: Tiny Hall from Tamworth via Longreach, Max Jarrott- Killarney, our own Ron Selby, Bill Hay: Chinchilla and Ned Winter, the camp cook from Cecil Plains also yours truly, while Jim Gunn was pressed into service as a judge at late notice and did a fabulous job, forgetting everything else, (His books, which I rescued; his plastic bags, which are still in my case; and his lift home to Brisbane).

Is it true that a certain multiple trophy winner was seen leading Jim to his car after the final bow was taken,

Happy Spruiking,
Charlee Marshall.



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** THERE'S A WILD CHARM IN THE MOUNTAINS.** Songs of Billy Wye.

From Den Kevans, Poet Lorikeet.

The bush poets assoc. newsletter asked: "Is the Banjo under the bed?" Well, the banjo was 'nt, in our case, but W.J.(Billy) WYE was.

Who is Billy Wye? He was the poet of the Victorian Snowies, 1866 to 1952. He knew Banjo Paterson and The Breaker, was a better horseman and bushman than Banjo and served with Banjo in The First Remount Squadron in Egypt in 1915 (age 49). Here he wrote KNEEPAD KNIGHTS and TROOPER COLLEY.

I was reciting at Tilly's Wine Bar in Canberra in 1991, Mary asked me, "Have you heard of Billy Wye?" I answered "Yes, I just recited a poem of his called, OMEO on Songs and Stories of Australia". My Father, Mick, used to say it. He got it from a mate of his 'Pat Hammond'. "Well!," says Mary "My sister has Billy's poems in a trunk under her bed".

In due course Billy Wye's poems arrived, tied with a dark cerise ribbon. I read them, and read them, and then Sonia Bennet and I began to set them to music. This led to our presentation of "There's a Wild Charm in The Mountains-- Songs of Billy Wye" at the National Folk Music Festival in Canberra, Easter 1994. Mary and Pat (who are the daughters of Mick Doran, a mate of Billy's) were there. And Billy's granddaughter. It was a very moving occasion, as the songs have turned out well.

Songs like, Tambo River, Bogong Ranges, Wonga Springs, Call of Fate, Omeo and Gippsland Girl. Gill Rees played dulcimer, with our guitars. Many a tear fell.

Billy Wye lay in a grave without a headstone in Albury Cemetery, till his mates, in the mountains, erected one. The inscription reads:

'W.J. (Billy) Wye. Bushman and Ballad writer. First Remount Squadron A.I.F. 1866---1952.

I said, "Billy, I never met you, but I met many like you. You were a gold prospector, horseman, race horse trainer, bushman, bush musician, soldier, father of seven, loved and respected by the mountain people, almost revered. However your strongest ambition was to be remembered as a poet. And I will say that from this day you will join the first ten Australian Folk Poets. Your name will be proudly associated with Lawson, Paterson, Ogilvie, Neilson, Harrington, MacNamara, McDougal and Pryce. You will always remain the brightest star in the galaxy of poets of the Victorian Snowies. Following is a poem of W.J.(Billy) WYE.

So, we're back, old horse, to the old bush haunts,
And the life that we knew so well,
So I rest content, As I seek repose,
To the sound of your tinkling bell;
O the years were long, since we rested here,
And have brought us many a change,
But the wild bird music is still as grand
As ever it was from the range.

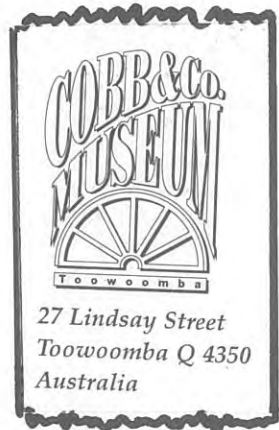
You're in clover here, in these pastures wide,
With the waters leaping between,
Through the moss beds gleaming with crystal dew,
And the herbage of richest green,
To wander at will on the mountain side
Is the heritage truly thine?
While, deep from the heart, I can thank my stars
That the privilege, too, is mine.

'Tis pleasant, old horse, at the closing day,
In the calm of the evening hush,
To loiter at ease, and revel again,
In the songs of the wooing thrush.
And the lyre birds matchless melody,
On his mound, by the hidden stream,
With his glorious gift of mimicry,
In the feathered world supreme.

The mantle of night has hidden from view
The charm of the valley and hill,
While nature has hushed her children to rest,
And the heart of the bush is still.
'Tis lonely old horse, on the camping ground,
Where the bones of the brumbies lie,
But, perchance, tonight, we may hear again,
Their phantom hooves galloping by.

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Pryor Printing Pty Ltd
17-19 Norton Street
Wangaratta 3677



Town keeps bushranger link

The town of Mitchell hopes to extend its tourism trade through a tourist information centre in the courthouse in which Queensland's last bushrangers were tried.

Mitchell residents say the town was the home of James and Patrick Kennif, who killed and burned a station manager and police officer as they tried to arrest the brothers for horse stealing in the early 1900s.

After fleeing the murder scene, the brothers were arrested when they stole

a bag of wheat with a hole in it, leaving a trail for police.

At their trial, Patrick was sentenced to death by hanging and James was given a life sentence reduced to 16 years.

Booringa Shire Council bought the courthouse and moved it to its present location in the main street, where it was reconstructed by a low-security prison work gang.

The tourism centre now houses historical archives on the Kennifs and the region.

THE CHRONICLE

Monday, May 23, 1994

Cold weather did not keep diehard fans from 'muster'

By JAMES CLARK

A true-blue diehard country music fan is hard to budge. That was obvious at the first Jondaryan Woolshed Country Music Muster (whoops that should be a blank) at the weekend.

As the mercury dropped mercilessly below zero during the outdoor concert on Saturday night, the audience of 300 or so simply scrunched up tighter in their coats, blankets and folding chairs.

Organisers were disappointed with the spectator roll-up (1000) but said it could be a case of when the word was passed around.

The climate was deemed partly responsible. Even before the weekend management was saying the event would be run in a different season next year.

The headline act of the night's concert, Gina Jeffries and her backing band Welcome Strangers, put a brave face on the sparkling conditions. At first, anyway.

Gina wore a courageously low-

cut white dress with suede leather vest and cowboy boots.

The band did its best to warm up the assembly with songs from her forthcoming album.

But spotted with his hands in pockets at times was bass player Gerry Pollyer. Fiddler Hugh Curtis donned another woolly jumper but had to keep blowing on his string fingers.

For most of the set, folk sat back from the stage, too frozen to shake a leg.

That included a vociferous group of young men in big hats who had a group thing going under a blue tarpaulin. They chanted at intervals: "Gina, Gina, Gina!"

"You boys are very distracting," she said before changing into a black trouser and jacket outfit. So the boys came closer to the stage to up the distraction ante.

Other aspects of the weekend were a sell-out. The talent quest was booked out while bards from

all over came down to lend a hand at the bush poetry competition.

The irony was that the weekend's top performer's award went not to a crooner but to a poet — Goondiwindi rural advisor Gary Fogerty. He can't sing a note.

Poetry is as big or bigger than country music, according to the Fool from Thangool, Charlie Marshall.

"Since we started up in 88 people have been looking for Australian tradition and they're finding it more and more in bush poetry and verse.

"At Tamworth we had 1000 people come twice to our recitals. No other act, including Lee Kernaghan, attracted so many."

Organisers said the event was a certainty for February 19-20 next year. But whether it will be a muster, a festival, or an event by another name, will hinge on this week's court action.

Full results in tomorrow's Chronicle.

Letters to the Editor

Writers must enclose name and address. Letters over 330 words may be cut.

Kent Rd PS

ANOTHER busy week at Kent Rd PS with all children and teachers working together on our focus "Australia All Over".

On Thursday we were fortunate to receive a visit from Geoffrey Graham, thanks to Mrs Graham. The whole school assembled in the library and enjoyed listening to and joining with Geoffrey in reciting and singing Australian poems and songs.

An appeal has gone out for a geezer strummin' stunner for a weekend.

St George's, and perhaps Australia's, answer to Bing Crosby is short of some back-up for his gig at the Jondaryan Woolshed country music muster this weekend.

Jim Gunn, 71, had a property out near the Balonne before giving it to his son and moving to Brisbane to crack the big-time.

(You've heard of the latest form of child-abuse in the bush? Give the place to the kids.)

The guitar player should be a good sort with nimble ears.

"I'll be singing me own songs, which makes it hard as I haven't got the written music and she would have to play by her ear," he says.

The successful candidate will be featured in a film — a musical comedy/sitcom — of Jim's chequered life.

"Me life ambition is to become a Bing Crosby of Australia.

"Some people say I'm handsome in a rugged fashion and I'm only five or six years older than Willie Nelson, can sing better than him, but he's got it on me at playin' the guitar."

So any young lady with a guitar out there, who hankers to bask in some of Jim's reflected fame, should phone him on (07) 397 0983.

'Bush' poets had so much talent

MADAM, - Congratulations to the people who went along to the Poets at the Pub meet at the George Hotel in Hamilton last week.

The "do" organised by Colin Scott was a great success and attracted more poets and audience than we expected. At least nine poets read or recited poems or yarns and the audience loved it.

As compare for the evening and not being a local, the range of material and the talent in the area is obvious.

Folk came from Portland, Cavendish, Dunkeld, Macarthur and even Melbourne.

It's a big step to "perform" in front of an audience and I believe last week was the first time for many. I hope there will be many other nights like this one and encourage other closet writers out there to grasp any opportunity to strut their stuff.

Those people who left their names and addresses with me will receive information and one free newsletter from the Bush Poets Association.

My heartiest thanks to John and Ruth Graham (no relation) and John and Anne Brown from Portland for their hospitality while in your area. I look forward to return visits.

If anyone wishes more information please feel free to call me. Once again congratulations.

GEOFFREY GRAHAM,

PO Bealiba 3475.
Ph (054) 69 1312.

Surat shakes drought blues

Surat, population 500, has decided to shake off years of devastating drought and rural recession and is busy planning a festival for the weekend of August 12-14.

One of the highlights will be the re-enactment of the last run by a Cobb & Co coach from Surat to Yuleba. But that's not all.

There will be a street parade, coach tours, and a commemorative dinner at the New Royal Hotel.

Beating around the bush



Poet 'verses' poet at fireside festival

TAMWORTH - The annual Bush Poets Fireside Poetry Festival wound up yesterday after producing more entertaining verse than a Henry Lawson anthology.

This year, the festival's fourth, Angus & Robertson/NBN were the major sponsors and the event was again successful.

"It was mega," organiser and drawcard poet Jim Haynes said. "The festival was bigger than ever and people came from everywhere."

Festival highlights were performances by more than 25 experienced poets, Tamworth mayor David John and several "first-timers".

Taking a leaf from the rugby league world, the poets also knuckled down to a State of

Origin contest which NSW won "of course", according to Mr Haynes.

A "reference" officiated between the Maroons and Blues as each member slugged it out by reciting humorous poems about the opposition State before the large Longyard crowd.

The poetry pace was punctuated by serious workshops including publishing, getting started and techniques.

Three poets were this year inducted to the Longyard wall for their long commitment to poetry, Bobby Miller, Col "Blue the Shearer" Wilson and the late Ted Simpson.

Mr Haynes said the event would be even bigger in 1995 as interest in poetry continued to increase.



Poets' wall of renown recipients Bobby Miller and Col Wilson.



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PO Box 28
Darling Heights
Toowoomba Q 4350
Telephone: (076) 31 2568
Fax: (076) 36 1458

POETS AT THE CARNIVAL

Toowoomba Carnival of Flowers

Friday 23 September, 7.00pm

*The 2nd round of heats and Poet's Cup
are to be held at the magnificent*

Queensland Polo Club Clubhouse Hodgsonvale

This beautiful clubhouse, built by **R.M. Williams**, is a stunning venue for this event, and here is your chance to experience Australia's best bush poets competing in a wonderful environment. *(Meals and a full bar service will be available to purchase at the clubhouse.)*

Stonestreet's Coaches will be running a **FREE** coach service from Toowoomba's centrally-located **Neil St bus interchange** to the **Polo Clubhouse**, with a pick-up stop along the way at the **K-Mart parking lot**. These services will depart at **5.30pm** and **6.30pm** so that everyone has a chance to experience this great event. Return transportation will leave from the **Polo Club** at **9.30pm** to arrive Toowoomba at **10.15pm**, and **10.30pm** to arrive Toowoomba at **11.15pm**.

As seats will be limited, bookings will be taken on a **first-come, first-served** basis, so phone **Phoenix Travel** on **(076) 31 2568** to book your transportation to the **Queensland Polo Club Clubhouse** on **Friday 23 September**.

Depending upon demand for this service, other departure times and pick-up or set-down points may be available - just ask!

**STONESTREET'S
COACHES PTY. LTD.**

CALL NOW!!



POETS AT THE CARNIVAL

Toowoomba Carnival of Flowers

22, 23, 24 September

ACCOMMODATION RATES in TOOWOOMBA

Presented
by:



Southern Hotel-Motel

839 Ruthven St, Toowoomba 4350

PH: (076) 35 3311

Motel Rooms	sleep 2	\$38 per night
	sleep 3	\$46 per night

Toowoomba Motor Village Caravan Park

821 Ruthven St, Toowoomba 4350

PH: (076) 35 8186

On site Vans	sleep 5	\$24 per nt for 2	\$5 ea adtl person
Cabin Vans	sleep 5	\$27 per nt for 2	\$6 ea adtl person
<i>Must provide own linen, use amenities block</i>			

Cabins with en suites	sleep 4	\$38 for 2	\$7 ea adtl person
Cabins with en suites	sleep 6	\$42 for 2	\$8 ea adtl person
<i>Must provide own linen, private toilet, shower and TV.</i>			

Jeffery's Tourist Motel and Caravan Park

864 Ruthven St, Toowoomba 4350

PH: (076) 35 5999

Motel Rooms	sleep 2	\$38 - \$45 per nt
Powered camping site		\$12 per night
Non-powered camping site		\$10 per night

Jacaranda Place Motor Inn

794 Ruthven St, Toowoomba 4350

PH: (076) 35 3111

Motel Rooms	sleep 2	\$58 per night
2-bedroom unit	sleep 4	\$85 per night
3-bedroom unit	sleep 6	\$95 per night

These accommodation places have been selected due to their proximity to the **Southern Hotel**, where the Thursday heats will take place. The entire area is chock-a-block with general amenities such as the Hotel of course (with TAB, pokies, and the best bistro in town!), Pizza Hut, Kentucky Fried Chicken, McDonalds, Red Rooster, Fish shop, bakery, Thai restaurant, Banjo's restaurant (delicious!), Stenzel's - The Mad Butcher, K-Mart, various specialty stores, and Cole's supermarket all within easy walking distance.

And, this is all only a couple of minutes from the city centre!

Please phone these places direct to make your bookings (*and you'd better do so soon as space is already getting tight for Carnival of Flowers*), but if you wish to stay elsewhere, please call **Phoenix Travel** on (076) 31 2568 or (008) 07 6301, and our friendly staff will assist you in any way possible.

Theres some lonelychockolate soldier,
 On a lonely tropic isle,
 Their names are never mentioned,
 It is'nt worth the while.
 They left their wives and sweethearts,
 For this land across the foam,
 For though Papuas' not abroad,
 It's miles and miles from home.
 There's no emblem on their shoulders,
 All they have is just a Q
 Won't you think of them Australia?
 They will always think of you!

When they left the warves in Brisbane,
 No-one cried and no-one cheered.
 Won't you think of them Australia?
 'Strike me pink'...They volunteered!
 They parade like 'Dinkum' soldiers,
 They eat 'Bully Beef' and stew
 Won't you think of them Australia?
 They have not forgotten you!

The papers, When they get them,
 Say 'The Darwin lads are fine,
 A lady correspondant,
 Makes "Malaya' look divine.
 The Sirs and Lords and Ministers,
 Who Rave about T.I.
 Have forgotten where they sent them,
 And simply pass them by.
 In spite of this, they'll serve you,
 They'll remain steadfast and true.
 When you want them most, Australia,
 They'll be waiting here for you.....

.....////////.....

FACT FILE

AKUBRAS

- Akubra is the Aboriginal word for head covering
- In 1937, Akubra manufacturer Stephen Keir was awarded the King's Coronation Medal (George VI) in recognition of his services to industry and the community
- Furs from tame or domestic rabbits are not as conducive to felting as the fur from the Australian wild rabbit
- In the initial stages of hat production, the rabbit pelts at the Akubra factory — about 60,000 a week — are sorted into more than 75 different classifications
- The shaping and felting is done in the body shop by vacuum cones and successive treatments with chemicals, boiling water, cloths and rollers
- Before the final size is reached, the bodies are dyed
- After completion of the body-making process, the hats are blocked and steamed to the required shape
- In the early days hat makers were known as "mad hatters" because many contracted mercury poisoning from using the chemical in treatment of rabbit skins. The symptoms were similar to madness
- Australian cowboys on the rodeo circuit will never let a hat be placed on a bed — they believe it is an omen of a bad accident — even death
- The high-crowned Snowy River is a favourite with young bushmen and cowboys on the rodeo circuit. Ronald and Nancy Reagan both own a Snowy River Akubra

EDITORS NOTE, The membership has now reached 80 and members have asked for more poems, so more poems more magazine. Hope you enjoy this issue.

INTRODUCTION

Welcome to my first book of Bush Poetry. To the people of the Australian bush, I say thank you for your inspiration, courage, uniqueness and humour. I can only hope this book may play some small part in paying you fitting tribute.

To my wife Tracy, and my two daughters, Kelly(Possum) and Shannon(Spud), thank you for your unfailing belief in me.

To my friends and fellow poets, thank you for your encouragement and support.

The illustrations throughout this book are the work of my old football teammate, John Bermingham. Thanks 'Bull' I think they're great. Thanks also to my little friend Gina Horswood, who contributed one of the illustrations.

A thank you also to Glenis Fitzgerald, who came to the rescue and proof read the original manuscript.

Published by
Gary Fogarty
35 Warden Street,
Goondiwindi, Qld., 4390.
Phone No. 076 713436

Gary Fogarty.

You'll Find it in the Bush



Australian Bush Verse
by

Gary Fogarty

Illustrated by John Bermingham

Poet's corner

This was written in response to the repeated attacks on a 90-year-old woman in her Toowoomba home:

DISGUSTED

What's wrong today with this country
Don't we ever learn from others' mistakes?
Why go the path of the Yankcees,
With their shootings, muggings and rapes?
What's wrong with a place where our young
ones
Can feel safe out walking at night?
And where our oldies don't have to barricade
themselves
In their houses out of fear and fright?
A place where you can leave your doors open,
to catch the fresh evening breeze,
Without an air conditioner that only makes
you splutter and sneeze
Now it was like that once, you know,
A long time ago now, it seems
Or was it my imagination,
Or perhaps just an old Aussie's dreams?

— W. HILL

That Texas ranch just too big for the horse!

An American tourist was boasting in an Aussie pub about how big everything was in Texas.

"You know," he said, "my ranch is so big I get on my horse at sunrise and by sunset the same day I am only halfway across."

"Yeah, I know what you mean," said an Aussie.

"We had a horse like that on my dad's farm but he shot it."

● Spin us a yarn

Readers who have interesting yarns, news or coming events in the country are invited to write to "Beating Around the Bush", PO Box 40, Toowoomba, 4350 or fax (076) 38 1373 or phone (076) 38 1122.

The Farm Boy's Lament

THE LONGREACH LEADER

Why did you leave the farm my lad?
Why did you quit your Dad?
Some say the silly chump
Mistook the suitcard for the trump.

I am waging fresh and germless air
Against the smoky atmosphere.
We all agreed the farm - the place
So free your mind and state your case-

Well stranger since you've been frank
I'll roll aside the hazy blanket
And show you where the trouble is.

I left my Dad to reap and sow
Because my calf - became his cow.
I left my Dad to mow and reap
Because my lamb - became his sheep.
I left my Dad, t'was wrong of course
Because my colt - became his horse.

The garden crop that I did grow
Was not to sell, but mine to hold.
It's not the smoky atmosphere
Or taste of life the bought me here.
Please tell the public pulpit press
Its no fear of toil or love of dress
that drives off the farmers lads
But just the method of their Dads!

Joseph Seeney
1993

HOUNDED IN LONGREACH

BY JIM O'CONNOR

We've got dogs of every colour
Dogs of every creed
Dogs of every size and shape
And every bloody breed.

We've got dogs in every alley
Dogs in every street
We've even got a pack of twelve
Chasing a bitch on heat.

We've got dogs now congregating
In the spot they love the most
They're gathering here in Eagle Street
At Smithy's watering post.

We've got dogs that bark at push bikes
Dogs that bark at cars
Dogs that bark at shadows
And howl at the bloody stars

We've got dogs that hunt in singles
Dogs that hunt in twos
Dogs they breed for catching pigs
And dogs for killing 'roos

We've got blue dogs and red dogs
Dogs both black and white
Dogs that bark all bloody day
And howl all bloody night

We've Poms and Pekes and Poodles
And many other kinds
And heaps of that variety
That are known out here as Heinz.

Now I don't have a flaming dog
But sure as you're blooming born
I find a heap of calling cards
Each day on my front lawn.

If we ever lose the Hall of Fame
Where we hang our whips and spurs
Our town would still be famous
As the home of homeless curs.

We've got dogs of every colour
Dogs of every creed
Dogs of every size and shape
And every bloody breed.

Q: Which Australian explorer was shot by his own camel?

A: John Horrocks was fatally shot when his camel "Harry" accidentally discharged his owner's gun.

...anyhow*

12, 13 & 14th August 1994

IN THE
PATH OF
COBB & Co.



A
Festival
to
Celebrate the
70th Anniversary
of the
Last Run
in Australia
SURAT TO YULEBA

Accommodation

- Motel.....Phone (076) 265 310
- Caravan Park.....(076) 265 310
- Home Stay.....(076) 265 320
- Self Contained Camping.....(076) 265 320
(River Bank, Racecourse and School Ground)

Motel Accomodation in Roma -
40 minute drive

Invitation

The residents of SURAT & District invite you to join them in celebrating the Last Run of Cobb & Co. Coaches in Australia which left Surat for Yuleba on 14th August 1924.

Help keep the Spirit of Cobb & Co. alive!

Phone (076) 265 103 AH Jan Ritchie
or (076) 265 132 AH for Coach Bookings and
further Information.

The Legend of Cobb & Co.

In the era when travel was slower and lifestyles simpler, Cobb & Co. established a widespread reputation for its reliable coaching services which connected many outback towns in Australia. Even today, seventy years after the last coach journey was completed, the name Cobb & Co. is fondly remembered and firmly entrenched in Australian folklore. And rightly so, for Cobb & Co. was the greatest stagecoaching company in the world. Coaches bearing the name Cobb & Co. not only ran in all mainland Australian states, but also in New Zealand, South Africa and even Japan.

POSITIONS VACANT.

Chain saw Mechanic Wanted.
Call 'BLUE THE SHEARER'

Program
Friday 12th August

7:30pm Commemorative Dinner at New Royal Hotel.
Guest Speaker - Deborah Tranter
Cobb & Co. Museum Curator

Saturday 13th August

Noon Street Parade - Coach to Coach

1:00pm Commissioning for service and naming of New Stage Coach at Recreation Ground

1:30pm Afternoon Activities (A Sample only)

- food & drink stalls
- coach & buggy/sulky rides
- boiling the billy competition
- scarecrow competition
- bush dancing
- whip cracking demonstration bands
- market stalls
- harness driving demonstration
- musical entertainment
- children's races
- dunny cart race
- etc etc etc etc etc etc

5:30pm onwards Ned Winter's Camp Dinner at Shire Hall

6:00pm onwards Evening Buggy/Sulky Rides by moonlight.

8:00pm Country Music
↓
2:00am Licenced Dance at Shire Hall

Sunday 14th August

7:00am Breakfast at Rosehill 'Change' Station
ALL Welcome

Official Opening of Cairn

PASSENGERS ALL ABOARD!

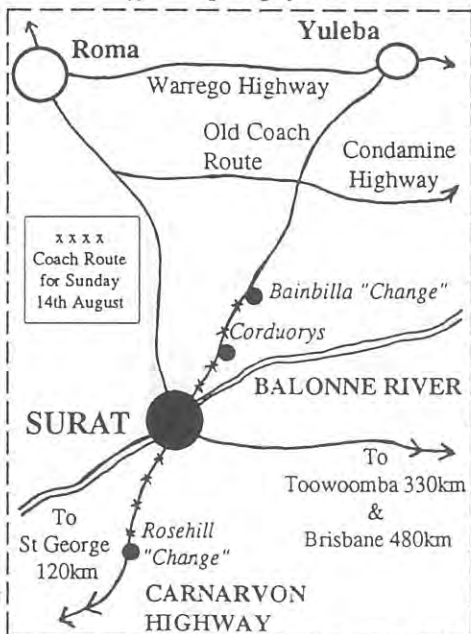
8:00am Coach leaves Rosehill

10:00am Arrive Surat
Morning Tea & Official Opening of Cairn at Post Office

12:00pm Depart Surat for Corduroys

1:00pm Lunch at Corduroys
Official Opening of Fencing

3:00pm Afternoon Tea at Bainbilla change
Official Opening of Cairn



TUITION. Learn the new dance craze! 'THE MULLIM'
Contact- RAY ESSERY.
(also Microphone stand maintenance)

***** AUSTRALIAN BUSH POETS ASSOCIATION. *****

Calendar of competitions 1994.

COOEE BAY LAMMERMOOR PROGRESS ASSOCIATION.

No entry forms needed. Conditions of entry available from;

COOEE BAY LAMMERMOOR PROGRESS ASSOCIATION

P.O. Box 181 YEPPOON QLD 4703

CLOSING DATE: 30th JUNE 94 Ph Enq; (079) 391366.

HUNTER REGIONAL FELLOWSHIP OF AUSTRALIAN WRITERS.

1994 DENIS BUTLER MEMORIAL COMPETITION.

No entry forms needed. Conditions of entry available from:

THE CO-ORDINATOR

F.A.W. HUNTER COMPETITION

P.O. Box 404 MORISSET NSW 2264.

CLOSING DATE: 31st JULY 94.

COBB & CO. SEARCH FOR A NEW POEM OR YARN.

Re- Letter in last month newsletter from Deborah Tranter about the 70th Anniversary of the running of the last Cobb & Co coach in Australia. Deborah Tranter has kindly offered a special Cobb & Co package from Cobb & Co Museum at Toowoomba as a prize for the best Poem or Story recieved. The winner will be invited to recite their entry at the; 'IN THE PATH OF COBB & CO FESTIVAL in SURAT on the 12-13-14th AUGUST 1994. Entries can be sent to this association (A.B.P.A. P.O. Box 77 DRAYTON NORTH Q 4350) postmarked NO later than 31st JULY 94.

THE 1994 DIAMOND SHEARS HENRY LAWSON POETRY COMPETITION.

For traditional verse with a rural or outback theme.

ENTRY FORMS AVAILABLE FROM; DIAMOND SHEARS COMMITTEE

P.O. Box 447

LONGREACH QLD 4730.

CLOSING DATE: 1st JULY 1994.

FELLOWSHIP OF AUSTRALIAN WRITERS N.S.W. INC.

HASTINGS REGIONAL 1994 LITERARY COMPETITION.

Conditions of entry available from; JOAN PACKHAM

COMPETITION SECRETARY

13 Magnolia Place

PORT MACQUARIE NSW 2444.

Ph Enq; (065) 82.2472.

CLOSING DATE: 27th AUGUST 1994.

POETS AT THE CARNIVAL. TOOWOOMBA CARNIVAL OF FLOWERS.

22nd, 23rd and 24th SEPTEMBER, 1994. A date not to be missed!