

**The Australian**



**Bush Poets**

**Association**



No 8 SEPTEMBER 94.

\*\*\*AUSTRALIAN BUSH POETS ASSOCIATION, \*\*\*  
PO Box 77 DRAYTON NORTH, QLD, 4350.  
1994 STEERING COMMITTEE.

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## Banjo's song sets scene for Aust Day

The theme for Australia Day 1995 is *Waltzing Matilda*, in keeping with centenary celebrations planned for Winton to commemorate the birth of Australia's "de facto" national anthem.

The song, *Waltzing Matilda* was written by one of Australia's most popular poets, Banjo Paterson, in early 1895, possibly in January, at Dagworth Station near Winton in outback Queensland.

The Australia Day Council of Queensland has been co-operating with the Winton Shire Council and the director of the *Waltzing Matilda* Centenary, Mr Jonathan King.

BLACKALL WOOLSCOUR BUSH POETRY COMPETITION. Entries close Fri.30/9/94.  
There are three sections, Open, High School & Primary School students.  
The open section wins prize money of \$270 plus trophy.  
Contact: Sally Cripps at the Historical Woolscour Assoc. at Blackall  
on (076) 57 5955 or mail to PO Box 200 BLACKALL QLD 4472.

3)

Good God, I must be growing old  
The nights are long, I feel the cold  
My bones all ache, my eyesight's poor  
When a breeze blows I shut the door.  
Some nights I find I cannot sleep  
But I don't panic, I don't weep  
I am relaxed, I am not sad  
I think about my mum and dad.  
My <sup>Good</sup> ~~Nature~~ mother was very nice  
She used to give me good advice  
Dad grew a lot of things we ate  
His vegies always tasted great.  
Times were hard but life was good  
We'd never heard of Hollywood  
Our Dame Nellie Melba was making farewells  
On Sunday mornings we heard church bells.  
Young Donald Bradman was making runs  
Our weights were ounces, pounds and tons  
Our distances were measured in miles  
Our country shows held sheepdog trials.  
Our parents taught us common sense  
To count up pounds, and shillings, and pence  
Like all our neighbours, we kept chooks  
We visited, and read good books.  
Most kids walked miles to get to school  
The river was our swimming pool  
We had no fridge and no icebox  
Houses had doors that had no locks.  
When unsupervised, we <sup>ALL</sup> ran wild  
But we were safe 'cause strangers smiled  
Big boys filled woodboxes for their mums  
If wood ran out, dads belted bums.  
Big girls helped around the house  
Cut papers for the "little house"  
For though today it does seem funny  
No backyard ever lacked a dunny.  
And little kids were quickly trained  
To use a potty if it rained  
Baby girls played with their dollies  
They rarely ever tasted lollies.  
All kids enjoyed an acord fight  
And couldn't wait for bonfire night  
Our town's main street was lit by lamps  
George the fifth was on our stamps.  
Fares and telephone calls were cheap  
Every house had a woodheap  
Few people we knew <sup>owned</sup> a car  
Our roads were dirt, they'd not seen tar.  
Our policemen used to walk our streets  
They knew the people on their beats  
Tradesmen delivered to our back door  
We all helped widows if they were poor.  
The doctor called if we were ill  
Each month we paid the grocery bill  
Drovers drove cattle past our front gate  
The train would wait if they were late.  
Every woman I knew was a good cook  
Every man could clean a chook  
Our train engines all ran on steam  
Electric trains were just a dream.  
Blacksmiths and swagmen were tough as nails  
Kids milked cows in rough cowbails  
We had a bath but not a shower  
To boil bathwater took an hour.  
But, strange to say in many ways  
These were for me the Good Old Days.

I WAS A

'20's CHILD

Gordon Matheson  
Nambour

## Spirit Land

*As I travelled orche plains  
with majestic mountains in my sight.*

*I was captured by the Landspirit  
and my heart felt just right.*

*I was spellbound by the magic-  
of such wide open spaces.*

*Another measure of the uniqueness-  
of special Aussie Bush places.*

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**Janet O'Brien Vize**

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### ● Thought for Today:

Taste. You cannot buy such a rare and wonderful thing. You can't send away for it in a catalogue. And I'm afraid it's becoming obsolete — Rosalind Russell, American actress (1911-1976).

**COBB & Co.**  
**MUSEUM**  
Toowoomba

27 Lindsay Street  
Toowoomba Q 4350  
Australia

## Poet's corner

### FRIEND

Well now I've been tossed upon the sea, the stormy sea of life,  
And mostly the company that I've had, was sorrow, grief and strife,  
But I'll never forget wherever I go, or whatever I might be,  
If ever I have had a friend, you have been that friend to me.

Misfortune nursed me as a child and yes she nursed me well,  
I never was blessed with good luck, seems I was doomed to hell,  
But I'll never forget wherever I go, or whatever I might be,  
If ever I have had a friend, you have been that friend to me.

When things were bad and I was low, I could always turn to you,  
And you would never let me down, I could always count on you,  
So I'll never forget wherever I go, or whatever I might be,  
If ever I have had a friend, you have been that friend to me.

The road of life is often rough, when hard times come our way,  
So please forgive me now old mate if once more here I say,  
That I'll never forget wherever I go, or whatever I might be,  
If ever I have had a friend, you have been that friend to me.

— MICK HASSALL, Toowoomba.



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

Ph. (054) 69 1312  
Fax avail

Well, it seems like it's all happening up in Queensland at the moment. At least that's what all the info I've been getting indicates.

Congratulations to Bob for winning the Cobb and Co poem comp and to all the other entrants. I look forward to reading the publication. Good on yer Ron and Carmel for organising that publication. An innovative and creative foray!

The big Toowoomba event sounds like it will be a beauty. Unfortunately I can't make it, but I will be with the poets in spirit. From the literature, Carmel is doing a first rate very professional job in organising this event.

Managed to catch Robin Ramsay's production of 'The Bastard From the Bush'. So for all you Lawson fans, I suggest you see this production when it comes your way. Incidentally it's only going to the capital cities, A bit unfortunate, as it means a lot of country folk simply won't be able to see it.

Bugger all else happening in the Bush Poetry field down south. Any Victorian members interested in getting a few events happening, please contact me;

I've been pretty busy doing school performances with a show called 'Humping the Bluey'- I might add that's the Australian version of the word, in case anybody watches too much American television.

And of course as everyone up north is doing, we too are praying for rain.....C'mon Hughie send 'er down.

Keep smiling... Geoffrey Graham, PO BEALIBA VIC. 3475

(054) 691312.



Doctor. Please.

I went to see the doctor, I'd been feeling rather crook,  
And I thought it might be time to let the doctor have a look,  
I was having lots of chest pain, and my lips were turning blue,  
And I found I couldn't manage lots of things I used to do.

Walking up a hill or stairs would leave me feeling ill,  
And I figured that the doctor might prescribe for me a pill.  
But the doctor took one look at me, and then he shook his head,  
"I fear the diagnosis won't impress you much," he said.

"You're bringing on your early death, with your loose living ways  
You must make some drastic changes, or you're numbering your  
days.

The cigarettes have got to go - smoking is taboo,  
And don't go drinking alcohol, the grog is killing you!

"Your heart is in a shocking state, it cannot stand the strain,  
You'll have to give up sex as well, if you're to ease the pain.  
I guess these words are not the ones that you had hoped to hear,  
But if you don't listen to me, you'll be dead within a year!"

I left the doctor's surgery, a very shaken soul,  
A long life, and a merry one, had always been my goal,  
And here the doc was telling me, the three joys of me life,  
Must all go down the gurgler, or I was in big strife!

Well, I'm a man like any man, who wants to stay alive,  
It seemed some changes must be made, if I was to survive,  
So I gave up grog and smoking, and when I went to bed  
I refused to let a sexy thought come into my head!

I started exercising, and walking with the dog,  
I even bought some joggers, so I could start to jog,  
I planned to show that doctor I was made of sterner stuff,  
But before the week was over, I knew I'd had enough.

I went and told the doctor, "This isn't any joke,  
I can live without the beer and girls, but God, I need a smoke,  
My nerves are shot to pieces, I'm climbing up the door,  
Just let me have a cigarette, or I'll go mad, for sure!"

"Okay," said the doctor, "it shouldn't do much harm,  
But only three or four a day, just to keep you calm."  
I travelled home a happy man, but with each cigarette  
I got this longing for a beer, and I began to fret.

So I went and asked the doctor could I have a little drink?  
He hesitated briefly, but then tipped me the wink;  
"But don't go drinking whisky, from brandy keep away,  
Just stick to beer, and only have one bottle every day."

My lifestyle had improved a lot, I was feeling great,  
My energy came back again, I'd lost a bit of weight,  
My circulation had improved so much that I began  
To look at all the girls again like any normal man.

So I went and told the doctor, I had this urgent need,  
I'd die without a bit of sex, the doctor, he agreed,  
"Once a week is reasonable, if it will save your life,  
But remember, no excitement, so only with the wife."

Betsy Chape.

From "The Washing Up will have to Wait".

\*\*\*\*\* THE DROVERS PRAYER. \*\*\*\*\*

Drought hovered fierce in every paddock, the dams were now hard crust,  
Dying cattle gouged for feed where now was arid dust,  
To stand aside and watch stock die, no countryman could stand,  
They merged their stock for one last drive to trail the kinder land,

Ten thousand head milled bellowing loud as Johnson rode the hill,  
The sunrise glowed on dusty hides, on herd, on men tensed still,  
Riders ran the ridge, Johno's son reared in the saddle,  
He raised his hat to shade his eyes waiting for the signal.

Old Johnson paused and bowed his head, then high in saddle stood he too,  
Shouted 'cross the milling mob: "away the drive; God bless you".  
Johnson's son took up the cry as cattle pawed the ground,  
Nineteen drovers answered loud, hungry dingoes circled round.

Blake and Trent unfurled their whips, turned upfront stock north-east,  
Disappearing in the rising dust, leading out ten thousand beast.  
Now, the bellowing mob and yelping dogs had gone beyond the clearing  
The whip cracks and the shouts had passed from old J's hearing.

The old man on the hill sat firm; remembered drives long gone,  
He glanced into the cloudless sky, spoke the drovers sacred song.  
"There's much you have to do this day, the world's so big, by gee,  
But spare a glance for all my mates and watch too, over me."

"If it's not too much to ask you, Lord, there's my horse and dogs, just  
two, Who'll need a little something from above to get them through."  
All our hopes are not for gain, more to save each head of stock,  
And perhaps to save our lagging faith; we need you Lord to smite that rock."

## Beating around the bush



with  
John Morris



### ● Poets at the Carnival

Carmel Randle and her Poets at the Carnival Committee have developed an action-packed program starting at 10am on Thursday, September 22, at Toowoomba's Southern Hotel.

A performance workshop will be held by one of Australia's leading poets, Mark Giori of Warwick, at another venue and in the evening the action will be at Snacks Alive Coffee Shop at Market Plaza in Margaret Street. There will be major events on Friday at the Cobb and Co Museum in the morning and at the Queensland Polo Clubhouse that night.

Finals for all competitive events will be held at the Toowoomba Sports Club on Saturday morning.

### ● Recognition at last?

There seems to be an awakening interest in the bush poetry of Scotsman Will Ogilvie, who lived and worked in Australia from

1889 to 1901.

He published some 16 books of poetry. His book *Fair Grls and Grey Horses*, mentioned in this column some months ago, ran to at least nine printings.

Warwick bush poet Bill Scott said his work covered a wider spectrum than either Henry Lawson or Banjo Paterson.

Here is just one verse from *Comrades* written years later in Scotland:

Is the black soil just as sticky?  
Is the mulga just as dense?

Are the boys still rounding cattle  
on the red Mulkitty plains?

Are there still some brumbies  
running on the Maranoa fence?

Still some horsemen always  
ready with more gallantry than brains

To race them through the  
thickest scrub with loose and flapping reins?

*Does anyone know if any of  
Will Ogilvie's books are  
available?*

### ● Coming poet events

Poets, preachers and liars are all welcome to attend the 4th Mapleton Yarn Festival on October 22 and 23.

And the Cooee Bay Lammermoor Progress Association will be featuring Sandy Thorne at a Bush Poets and Yarn-spinners dinner at the Pacific Hotel, Yeppoon, on Saturday night, August 13.

Don't forget the Cobb and Co Festival at Surat on August 12, 13 and 14. It is a festival to celebrate the 70th anniversary of the last run in Australia from Surat to Yuleba.

### ● Spin us a yarn

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

### ● Cobb's sad ending

When Freeman Cobb of Cobb & Co fame returned to the USA in 1855 he was later elected as a State Senator in his home state of Massachusetts.

Unfortunately for the enterprising young man his business enterprises failed and he left the USA for South Africa where he again established his coach runs.

Newspaper reports of the day indicated that he finished his days as a bankrupt.

He died aged only 46 years, probably of pneumonia, and is buried at Port Elizabeth, South Africa.

A South African couple who visited the Cobb & Co Museum in Toowoomba were amazed to hear that Freeman Cobb was buried in their home town of Port Elizabeth.

On their return to South Africa they found his grave vandalised and neglected. The couple restored it and have been caring for it since. They have sent photos of the restored grave to the Cobb & Co Museum.



**BUSH POET AND STOCKMAN:** This rugged bushman's face belongs to retired stockman and bush poet Bill Hay, of Chinchilla. It is from a collection of photographs in *The Stockmen*, a fascinating book by J. Barry Anderson.

# Roo in the stew? No way, mate!

All the talk about kangaroo farming has upset at least one anonymous Maclagan cattleman, who sent us this short poem:

**THE CATTLEMAN'S LAMENT**  
They say 'roo farming's coming in,  
Could start in '95.  
Those who do not make the change  
Will be lucky to survive.

I wonder how my old stock horse  
Who is ageing, just like me,  
Will handle mustering boomers  
Who are used to roaming free?

And even if we do succeed,  
Our yards are five feet four;  
I feel these wild bush Skippies  
Could jump six foot six or more.

Branding day would surely see  
The troubles multiply:  
Tagging, needling, marking,  
Would cause the skin to fly.

I wonder then what standards  
Animal libbers would require?  
Before I'll take roo farming up  
I'll bloody well retire.

*'Hopping Mad'*

### ● No yoke

A vegetarian about to dine in a restaurant indignantly refused the special for the day, beef tongue.

"I'm not eating that," he protested. "That's disgusting! It comes out of an animal's mouth!"

"Well, then," said the waitress, "How about an egg." — *From Bev Palmer, of Greenmount.*

The Chronicle  
"Your Good Morning Daily"

### ● Who to sue?

Who to sue in the case of a drink-related car accident in which an innocent person is killed? It has been suggested the publican who sold the person the alcohol should really be sued.

Ron Selby, of Toowoomba, says why not take it further?

He suggests suing the supplier to the hotel or even the brewery that supplied the supplier, who supplied the publican, who sold the beer to some bloke to drink and get drunk, drive a car under the influence, have an accident and kill some innocent person.

But then again, says Ron, why not sue the farmer, who grew the malt to sell to the brewery to make the beer to supply to the supplier who supplied the publican who sold it to the bloke who ...

It may be even better to sue the produce agent, who sold the seed to the farmer to grow the malt to sell to the brewery who supplied ...

If that is possible it may be an even better idea to sue the produce agent's mother for bringing him into the world so that he could grow up to become an agent, and sell the seed to the farmer who grew the malt to sell to the brewery, who supplied the supplier, who supplied the publican to sell to the bloke to get drunk and drive a car to have an accident and kill an innocent person?

What about the car Ron? The possibilities there are endless!



### ● Cobb & Co Revival

The Australian Driving Society Queensland branch is conducting a celebration of the days of Cobb & Co on October 8-9 at Gatton Showground.

The inaugural Coach Driving Championships called "The Revival" will be held with the support of horse-drawn coaches including authentic Cobb & Co vehicles.

Coaches and carriages will run from Gatton through Laidley, Forest Hill and back to Gatton (about 36km in three hours) and carry a full complement of paying passengers on the route. Points will be accumulated for maintenance of timetable, efficiency of change at stopping points and horsemanship.

This coach and carriage event comprises also harness driving classes of sulkies and buggies.

### ● Poets at the Carnival

Now in its second year, Poets at the Carnival has attracted 60 entries from bush poets all over Australia. According to Carmel Randle, one of the organisers, this makes it the biggest event of its type held in Australia.

Toowoomba people and visitors will now have a greater opportunity to hear original and traditional bush poetry at a number of different venues around the city.

These entertaining sessions will be held on Thursday from 10am to noon at the Southern Hotel, and from 7-9pm at Snacks Alive at Market Plaza, Margaret Street.

Cobb & Co Museum, in Lindsay Street, will be another venue from 10am to noon on Friday, with drover's cook Ned Winter providing billy tea and damper. More bush poetry will be presented at High Street Plaza from 3pm to 4pm.

On Friday night the Queensland Polo Club at Hodgson Vale is the venue and free buses will leave the Neil Street terminal at 5.30pm and 6.30pm and a little later at the

K mart car park. It is necessary to book as one bus already is almost full. Phone 31 2568.

The grand final will be held at the Toowoomba Sports Club in Russell Street from 9.30am to 12.30pm on Saturday.

### ● Outback adventure

If you are looking for real Queensland history and adventure, take a drive to places like Chinchilla, Miles, Roma, Emerald, Belyando Crossing, Charters Towers, Hughenden, Cloncurry, Mt Isa, Kynuna, Winton, Longreach, Barcaldine, Blackall and Tambo.

My wife, Iris, and I travelled 4000km covering all these towns on one of our most memorable holidays. We covered vast distances in the Far North without a tree in sight and visited towns that may well be affected by the drought but are doing a thriving tourism business.

Communities have banded together to build monuments to their history or have capitalised on their natural wonders. Sheep and cattle stations are providing first-class accommodation and hospitality and a look at how they cope in their isolation.

They have reached out beyond their borders for their customers and are reaping in the dollars and at towns like Emerald and Longreach it is essential to book motel accommodation ahead, particularly during winter when the outback tourist season is in full swing.

People have accepted that things will never be the same in the bush with so many people leaving areas but they are far from being down and out.

### ● Murphy's Laws

When in doubt, mumble. When in trouble, delegate. And this one — you will remember to put out the trash when the garbage truck is two doors away. Isn't it true that anything good in life is either illegal, immoral or fattening.

ERNIE SETTERFIELD POETRY AWARDS. Entries close Fri. 30/9/94.

Write your name on the back of each piece of work you send

Entry fee ... \$2.00 per poem and mail care of ;

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## Beating around the bush



\*\*\* BUSH POETS ON TOUR.\*\*\*

An extensive tour of the Outback was arranged and led by Mark Giori last month. The six poets included Bob Miller, Murray Hartin, John Major, Noel Cutler, Bill Hay and Mark. Bluey Bostock and Ken Reid made a brief appearance at Quilpie on their way to Winton to assist in the organising of the Waltzing Matilda Festival in 1995.

The troop staged a show at Windorah on 31st to a very receptive audience then on to Birdsville on the 1st Sept. where another three shows were held at Peter Barnes' Caravan Park. Bill Hay said "The weather was dirty, gusty and dusty and many a tent was blown down, a miserable time, weather wise."

Then on to Bedourie where other sessions were held in the Council Hall and they were treated to a guided tour of Bedourie by Scott Mead.

They were then off to Boulia to another successful show at the Golf Club and were looked after by Cliff Donahue. Then a comfort stop at Middleton on the way to Winton where Noel Cutler gave a Whip Cracking demonstration.

A brief consultation with Peter Evert at Winton and then on to Longreach where they performed at the Outback Performing Theatre and Shearing Shed run by Alan Blunt, which was an outstanding success, to an enthusiastic audience and very well organised. A great night on the tour.

After discussions with Tim Butler at the A.B.C. Longreach they were off again back to Winton for two more performances and appreciated the first class accomadation at the Matilda Motel.

The Tour having reached a very succesful climax at Winton they then headed for home. Mark and Murray left on a coach and John and Joy left for Barralaba. But Bill Hay was'nt quite finnished yet, he rang through to Augathella and arranged another show at the Ellengrove Hotel and were again treated to top class hospitality and another great night.

Bill hay summed up the report by saying:

I consider we did a lot of good on the tour and gave the people of the Outback a look at Bush Poetry with some of the best poets in Australia.

All members of the troop would like to thank the many people who assisted with the tour, the managers of the motels, hotels and other venues.

John Armstrong Nissan of Neil st Toowoomba provided a Nissan Patrol Station Wagon, Peter Manson - of Roma who provided the signs for the cars, the Winton Committee who provided much needed funds without these efforts the tour may not have been the total success it was.

Thank-you all.

P.S.. We travelled 3985 ks in two 4WDS.

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# MANY FACES

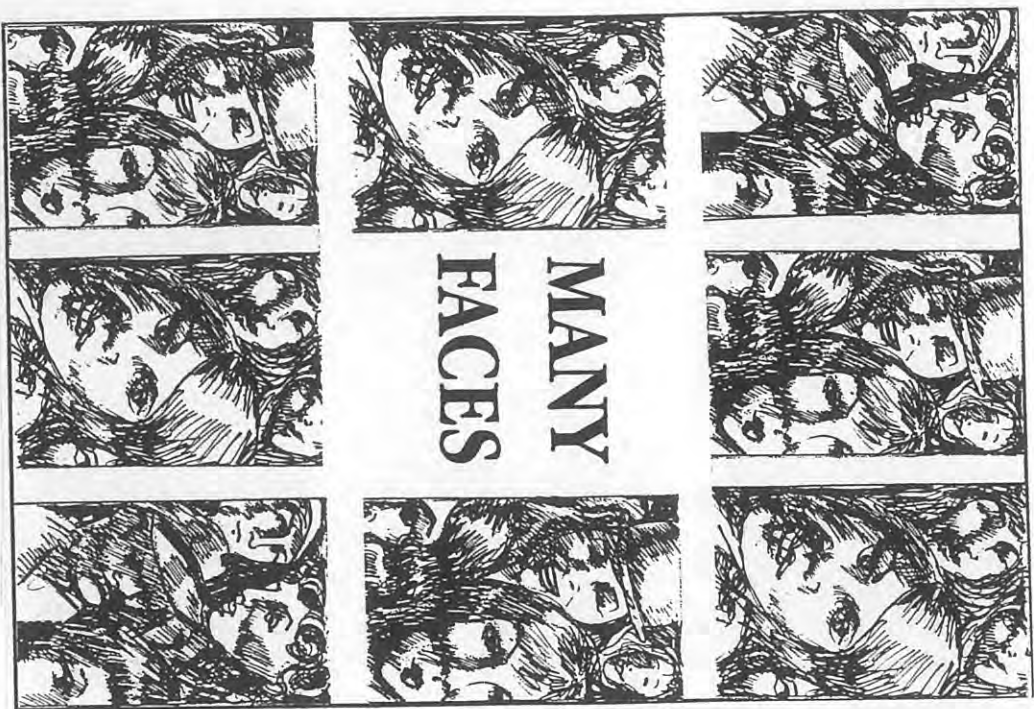
A COLLECTION OF VERSE

*written by*

THE MANY FACES OF

CARMEL RANDLE

*With ILLUSTRATIONS by* Robyn Nurall  
*and* Kingsley Gibbings



Firstly I apologise for the magazine being a little late this month but with the preparations for Poets At The Carnival and other duties here at Toowoomba I have been pushed for time.

Anyhow! All is going well we now have 98 members and I expect we will reach the 100 mark by the time the carnival is over.

Carmel Randle is doing a marvelous job of organising the huge variety of events planned for this month in Toowoomba and Jay Randle battling through the many bookings and enquiries for the FREE bus to The Queensland Polo club on Fri. night. This is shaping up to be one of the premier events on the poetry calander. There are 60 entries and another two heats have been added to cope with the influx of poets wanting to enter.

The Carnival Of Flowers here in Toowoomba held a Grand Parade on Sat. 17th Sept. and we (The Australian Bush Poets ) built and entered a float in the Novelty and Humourous Section and WE WON FIRST PRIZE!!!

The float was a cut down Nissan Urvan with a 6foot x 12 foot floor on the back and depicted a bush scene complete with gum tree's, campfire and wagon wheel. We had banners (painted by Jay Randle) advertising the Poets At The Carnival over head and on the front. At the rear was a banner for Phoenix Travel, the major sponsor, and along the sides were banners for The Waltzing Matilda Celebrations in Winton next April. I would like to thank all who helped to put the float to-gether and represented our Association on the day. There will be a full report on the Carnival in next months magazine along with a list of the winners.

*Row Sella*



## GYMPIE MUSTER.

Boy what a collection of poets there were at Amamoor over the week-end of the 27th for the Annual Muster.

This was the first time that poetry was promoted as a separate entertainment form, and didn't the public respond. I was amazed at the number of people who said to me, "This is better than the Noise up on the Hill"! No doubt they were not impressed by the booming bases of the modern "Country" bands.

Others still declared that they had never realised that poetry could be made to live so vibrantly and possess such entertainment value. "They make the words come alive"! they told me.

Anyone who didn't enjoy the Bush Verse sessions were truly hard to please. Almost three thousand people crowded into the Big Top on Sunday to see twelve of the top performing poets in Australia strut their stuff for two hours, and very few left early. The volume of tape and book sales surprised all of us, particularly as these days so many new collections of verse are appearing through the fast-fix marvel of the desk-top publisher.

The organisers wanted a competition, which is inclined to turn poet against poet in a way which does not foster the brotherhood, and, I know, gave our Gail and Judy Hosier, at least, great heart-burnings as judges judging their own comrades, but Gary Fogarty emerged as the poet to go on into the Sunday concert, and was a worthy winner. Some of the lesser prize money helped the other "invited guests" recoup the \$150 gate money it cost to bring their wives to accept the invitation.

No wonder some of our more mobile poets are becoming openly professional and starting to enforce their exclusivity upon their fellows.

Now that the spring has sprung there are more functions requiring poetry than even the increasing supply can cater for. I am off to Mudjimba, Bob is off to Birdsville, Marco catching up on some Art Council postponements and John fighting the drought.

Then comes Mena Ck., Toowoomba and ... September is gone.

Is there enough good bush verse to go round?

Myself, I go back to the written competitions again and again to try and keep the quality of my verse at least fairly standard. (I was runner-up, AGAIN, in this year's Bronze Swagman). But the quality of performance poetry seems to me to be changing (not to say deteriorating), with more accent on performance and less on material. I wonder how Henry or Banjo would feel in some of our modern performances.

It's a thought.

Perhaps we should be giving the audience the giggle-a-line involvement they obviously seek, rather than labouring the exactitudes of a Dead Poets' Society.

Language must live and life must change. Perhaps that is what created "modern poetry" which my academic friends prefer to what they call "the too-obvious" forms of our bush poetry.

Could other readers offer an opinion?

*Charles*

After the success of the book 'Cobb & Co - Through The Eyes Of a Poet' an Annual book may be published by this club containing all the poems that have been sent in over the year. This book will be a low cost and low priced publication available to all members at a discounted price for their families and friends. If you, the member, would like a poem published in this book please send your entry in as soon as possible.

The entry may be hand-written or typed but you must also add on the bottom of the page, I.....(who ever)... give A.B.P.A. permission to print my work in an End of Year book. Details on royalties or free copies of the book in lue of payment will be decided at a later date by the members involved.

Ron Selby.

### ● Poem plea:

Can anyone help?

Mrs Irene Gleeson sent in the following letter in the hope that a reader has the answers.

"A dear old aunt of mine, who is 93 and presently in Rangeview, is writing her memoirs and anxious to find the words of a poem from about 1925-30.

"She remembers my father reciting it at concert parties about that time.

"I haven't many clues to work by as I do not know the author or any of the verses, but it was known as 'The Goanna in the Hen House'.

"But the trend of the tale is that the missus is away and everything that can go wrong does, and the poem is the husband's lament.

"Perhaps one of your readers knows the words.

"It would make an old lady very happy and me forever grateful."

Well readers, it's over to you.

It sounds like an amusing tale that we are sure everyone would enjoy reading.

### ● Dedicated to Town Clerks

An old Town Clerk at the Pearly Gate,  
His face so lined and old,  
Stood before the man of fate  
For admission to the fold.

"What have you done," St Peter asked,

"To gain admission here?"

"I've been a Town Clerk," said the dear old soul,

"For many a weary year."

Those Pearly Gates swung open wide,  
St Peter rang the bell.

"Come in and choose your harp," he cried,

"You've had your share of hell."

## Bush Poets Association

DOUGLAS Shire's aspiring 'bush poets' now have the opportunity to link up with like-minded souls.

The newly-formed Bush Poets Association has already attracted about 70 members from all over Queensland, Merve (Blue) Bostock of the Cairns Country Music Club said this week.

Mr Bostock is the Far North Queensland contact for the association and is currently planning for the Waltzing Matilda Centenary celebration to be held near Kynuna next April. He can be contacted through PO Box 391, Edmonton, 4870.

Anyone interested in joining the association should write to Mr Ron Selby, PO Box 77, Drayton, Qld, 4350.

Also performing at the USQ Open Day were; Carmel Randle, Phillip Mathers, Ron (Boulia) Bates, Bob Dickman and Ron Selby. The organisers were more than happy with the response and the international students were thrilled with interpretation of Australian life presented by all poets.



**TALES FROM THE CAMPFIRE:** Joining in bush week celebrations at the USQ yesterday was well-known elisteddfof elocutionist Mr Arthur Schloss, who donned his old bushman gear to recite "How McDougall Topped the Score" by the campfire. As part of the Student Association's bush week theme, the campus is alive with kangaroos, bush poets and "barbies". Today the fun continues with Fundation Day declared Flannelette Shirt Day.