

The Australian



Bush Poets

Association

No 9 SEPTEMBER 1995.

Australian Bush Poets Association

P.O. Box 77 Drayton North. Queensland 4350.

President: Merv. Bostock.....07 801 3082
Mobile.....018 772 613
Sec/Treas: Ron Selby.....076 301 106
Vice Pres: Bob Miller.....071 296 422
Vice Pres: Frank Daniel.....063 441 477

+++++

Publicity Officers:

Qld. Robert Raftery.....Fax...07 202 2988....07 812 2788
A.h....Fax...07 271 247.....07 271 2478
Mobile.....018 981 525
N.S.W. Frank Daniel.....063 411 578
A.h....063 441 477 Fax.....063 411 582
Vic. Geoffrey Graham.....Ph/Fax.....054 691 312
S.A. Bob Magor.....Ph/Fax.....058 582 036

.Bush Poets Concert and Book Launch.

R.S.L. Club Auditorium — CANOWINDRA N.S.W.

7.30. pm. Saturday 14th. October 1995

Featuring Guest Poets and the Launch of

“BUSH YARNS AND POETRY” by Frank Daniel.

Details: Phone a/h 063 441477 — b/h 063 411578

Fax 063 411582.

**The Man from Snowy
River Centenary
Corryong Victoria.
14th — 22nd October
1995.
Hotline 1800 805 455**

New Book.

**‘BLUE’ the SHEARER
PRESENTS**

‘THE SELECTION’

A compilation of his favorite
works plus many many more
new poems.

\$15.00 pph. from:

P.O. Box 225

Wellington NSW. 2820

Vale - Charlee Marshall.

It is with deep regret that we inform ABPA members and friends of the passing of Charlee Marshall, in the Rockhampton Hospital, in the early hours of Friday morning, September 1st.1995.

Our deepest sympathy is extended to his dear wife Beryl and to his family.

Those Poets who were lucky enough to come up against Charlee, whether in competitions or run of the mill performances, will sadly miss this most formidable character; he was a great contestant, a great writer, and a great friend to many. His approach to life is evident in his own words, when he wrote....

November. — Charlee Marshall.

If I should die upon a day like this —
November music in the wind's soft tune;
November's lawns still jewelled from the kiss
Of dewdrops scattered by November's moon —
If I should leave this life on such a day
I'd leave a dream my soul could still remember,
For Heaven can't be very far away
From here — my friends, my garden, my November.
What better way to spend Eternity!
A million years ahead to reminisce;
A timeless time from tears and pain set free,
If death should find me on a day like this,
Weep not that I have wandered from the scene
But join me in my thanks that I have been.

There are no further mountains I should climb;
The setting sun shines with a softer light.
I am an instrument of place and time —
An evening shadow of a day once bright;
And though I know, alas, there will be those
Whose hearts will not be with me at the last
But write instead "I Love You" on a rose
And toss it as the hearse is driving past,
I hope these vacant words will make amends
To empty arms and lips I cannot kiss
For how could I leave sorrow to my friends
If I should die upon a day like this?
They will not weep, if only they remember
I've found a life that always is November.

'FAREWELL CHARLEE MARSHALL.'

He led us into the present resurgence in bush poetry as our idol. We had his work, his success and popularity to guide our progress.

Years before the acceptance of bush verse in it's present popularity, Charlee had played the part of a poet and writer approved by the art world and known as a master in the field.

Charlee's life began in Rockhampton central Queensland on a farming property during the depression prior to the second world war. He spent his early school days at Upper Ulam, a one room school with a creek running through the play ground, on the road to Bedual Rail Siding where the milk and cream were delivered by horse and dray. In those days the horse and cart were the main transport. Kids rode horses to school.

Midst these settings our Charlee got his start and developed a humour he wanted to share with everyone. As a school teacher in later years, his pupils were treated to many a laugh as he related his stories and poems in the classroom. His popularity among the school children is evident today when the children come up and proudly announce they know Charlee Marshall and can recite one of his poems.

Charlee had the wickets flying through out his entire life. Outstanding as a cricketer and a fast bowler in his first class competition with plenty of humour thrown as well. When ever there was a competition for a short story or poem, he would reach into his colourful past and send a yorker down, still bowling out the opposition. A walk into his living room is clear evidence of his abilities and love of life.

Where ever there was a gathering of poets the grapevine would 'buzz' with information, "Is Charlee & Beryl coming?" or "Charlee & Beryl have arrived!" Unpretentious and down to earth he always loved and appreciated everyone and had time for any who sought his advice. Dedicated to his love of poetry, he and Beryl would travel to just about anywhere he was invited to perform at or to give his support.

Earlier this year I was deeply touched when he was so concerned that we poets, who were on tour for the Waltzing Matilda promotions, needed a hand so he came back from down south to join us at Townsville.

Charlee's last words to me in Rockhampton Hospital, a few days before his passing, was his pride and happiness of the success of the poetry at Winton, although he was unable to attend to be a part of that success.

Charlee Marshall, Thanks for being our captain. You have the runs on the board and we will continue to follow your lead....."



Blue Bostock.

President A.B.P.A.

***** WHEN CHARLEE MARSHALL DIED. *****

The flags are flying half mast from the 'Longyard' and 'The Muster'
Our 'scanty roll' of writers has ebbed and lost its lustre,
The senior scribe has left us, he's on the homeward ride,
For Christ had claimed a linesman famed when Charlee Marshall died.

And in certain literary circles and in small towns in the scrub,
They'll raise a glass to Charlee in parlour, park and pub,
And place a plinth and tombstone and instruct the archives save
His manuscripts and musings and his northern poet's grave.

He cast a long tall shadow down the ranks of bush reciters,
His name's astride our 'Wall of Fame' to wordsmiths, wags and writers,
He made us laugh and think and cry, he scribed his verse with pride
And come 'November' we'll all remember, when Charlee Marshall died...

Robert Raftery
Picture writer
Brisbane, Australia
3rd September, 1995.

Mrs B I Marshall
PO Box 81
THANGOOL QLD 4716

Dear Members of the Australian Bush Poets Association

My family and I wish to thank you for your expressions of sympathy and kind words for the passing of Charlee. These have been very much welcomed through this difficult time. We would also like to thank you for the lovely floral tribute you had sent to Charlee's funeral.

I have decided to move to Northern Queensland in a couple of months to be closer to family and am in the difficult process of packing (particularly so after 30 odd years at Yaparaba). My forwarding address will be left at the Thangool Post Office for onforwarding of mail.

Yours sincerely

Beryl Marshall

Beryl

PS Please excuse the typed letter, but with these days it is easier to type than to write letters.

***** AN INNINGS TO REMEMBER. *****

Harry Bowers.

(An address by Harry Bowers to the writers and poets breakfast
Warragul group. - Poets in Public Places.-)

Friends and fellow writers,

You will notice, at the head of the table, an empty chair.

Like Lawsons 'Glass on the Bar' it is there that we may remember.

News has just come through before this Fathers Day Breakfast,

That Charlee Marshall has passed away.

We will not be sad for him, we will be glad for him.

He taught us to laugh at life.

To be proud to write the Australian way.

No borrowed style from overseas,

No aping of the great American way.

He has left the crease but he carried his bat,

He put the score on the board.

He will be missed where ever writers meet.

From the Gold Coast to the Centre,

From the Gulf to the Apple Isle.

Please be upstanding and charge your glasses.

Charlee! You will always sit at the head of the table

At the Writers and Poets Breakfasts. We will recall

You never winged at the state of the pitch.

The short balls or the bumpers. Well played Charlee Marshall;

An Innings To Remember !!!!!

THE MAPLETON POETS AND MAPLETON COMMUNITY
PRESENT

**THE 5TH MAPLETON YARN
FESTIVAL**

For poets, preachers, and harts.
A celebration of the spoken word,
creative talent, and community fellowship.



October Saturday 21st from 6 pm
in local venues around town
&
Sunday 22nd from 8 am
at the Lilyponds Park.
Adults \$5 & Children \$2

THE BLACKENED BILLY VERSE COMPETITION 1996

organised by

THE TAMWORTH POETRY READING GROUP

Sponsored by: Seed and Grain sales, Tamworth

First Prize: \$100.00 and the Blackened Billy Trophy
Second Prize: \$70.00
Third Prize: \$30.00

CONDITIONS

1. Poetry entries to be bush verse on one side of the paper only and must be entrant's own work.
2. Name, address and telephone number of entrant must be placed on a separate page (not on entry)
3. Entries shall not have previously won a prize in any literary competition.
4. Entries shall not have been previously published.
5. Entries close 30th November 1995 and the Judge's decision is final.
6. Winner to permit Tamworth Poetry Reading Group to publish his/her entry without fee.
7. Winning entries will be announced and prizes presented prior to the finals of the 1996 Tamworth Imperial Hotel Bush Poetry competition to be held at the Imperial Hotel on Saturday 27th January 1996 at 11.15 a.m.
8. Entries will not be returned.
9. Entry fee of \$3.00 with each entry.
10. Limit of two entries per person.

Send entries to: The Blackened Billy Verse Competition
Tamworth Poetry Reading Group
PO Box 1164
TAMWORTH NSW 2340

The entry form may be copied if extra copies are required, or by forwarding a stamped self addressed envelope for forms.

Winners will be notified by mail

NAME: (Print)
ADDRESS:
TOWN/CITY: POSTCODE:
TELEPHONE: (. . .)
NO OF ENTRIES: ENTRY FEE ENCLOSED:

I hereby give my permission for the Tamworth Poetry Reading Group to publish my poem.
I agree to the conditions of the competition.

SIGNATURE: DATE:

BY RON (BOULIA) BATES

In our AUGUST issue of Bush Poets Association, Gary Harding of CAIRNS.NQ, asked a question "What qualifications does one need to be a Judge of "BUSH" Poetry."

at the OASIS HOTEL in FARMWORTH in JANUARY 1996, I have endeavoured to ask Judges who I consider would all qualify for that position.

- (1) Acknowledged men of Song and Verse writing throughout Australia.
- (2) All Judges to have practical Bush experience of over 20 years.
- (3) All Judges experienced as Entertainers in their own field.

I have always felt that if we insist on calling it "BUSH" Verse (our Judges) should be persons, male or female, qualified in all aspects of bush life plus Writers or Performers themselves.

We have at the moment in Australia many great Writers and great Performers of Verse, to name anyone would not do justice to all our many good Poets throughout this country, however I have noticed that the "BUSH" is sometimes hard to find in many of our "BUSH" Verse competitions.

For instance, one of Australia's best writers of song and verse told me he considered the two best Bush verses ever written in Australia were = THE MAN FROM SNOWEY RIVER (A.B.PATTERSON) and GOLD STAR (BRUCE FORBES SIMPSON). Bruce won Bronze Swagman Award with that verse. I have heard both those great Bush Verses performed by some of Australia's best Poets and I have yet to see either one score first or even a place.

Verses that relate to our Bush, Bushmen or Authentic Bush humour, do not score very well in competition. Maybe it goes over the head of any Judge, male or female, that has not had years of practical bush experience themselves.

It could be if this trend continues, to give some thought to changing the word "BUSH" Verse to "AUSTRALIAN" Verse or even "CULTURED" Verse.

However, I realise the choice of Judges rests with whoever is organising the event. We can only hope this is done with the best interest of all Poets "BUSH" or otherwise and not to satisfy any individuals inflated ego.

R. Bates

**THE MAN FROM SNOWY RIVER
CENTENARY FESTIVAL**



P.O. Box 228 CORRYONG 3707 Phone: 060 762120 Fax: 060 762115



Pres: Michael Brydon 063 724334

Sec: Betty Edwards 063 723516
9 Wentworth Ave, MUDGEE 2850

Mudgee, the area that inspired Henry Lawson, will include Bush Poetry as part of its Jamboree to be held 19-20 January 1996.

The Committee will host a Poets Breakfast on the morning of both these dates and as this is our first involvement with Bush Poetry, the committee has sought the assistance of Frank Daniel whose advice should ensure that a good time is had by all.

Mudgee is only four (4) hours drive from Tamworth and as the action starts up there the following Monday we would like to have as many poets as possible enjoy a couple of days relaxation in our "nest in the hills" before the big involvement.

Our committee will welcome any inquiries and Vic Neubeck can be contacted any day after 6 pm on 063 738246.

Yours sincerely

B. Q. Edwards etc

Betty Edwards
Secretary



1996 Waltzing Matilda Festival

To capitalise on the success of the 1995 Waltzing Matilda Centenary celebrations held in Winton a similar but smaller event is being planned for 1996 from Friday 26 April to Sunday 28 April.

The following weekend the National Outback Performing Arts (NOPA) event is on at Longreach and we believe this is an ideal opportunity to hold 2 weeks of bush poetry in Winton and Longreach. Mr Peter Evert (076) 571 340 and Mr Bert Swindell on (076) 571 607 will be acting as Council's liaison for the event.

Yours faithfully

C.D. Blanch

.....
C.D. Blanch
Waltzing Matilda Centre Project Manager

The Yankee Cook — Leigh Brown.

The cook had got the old heave-ho, it wasn't good enough
The Kitchen floor was filthy, and by God the food was rough.
The new bloke was a Yankee, and he stood at six-foot-four;
The kind of bloke who has to stoop to get in at the door.
He was big and strong and handsome, and his fingernails were clean
He set to work with vigour, and made that Kitchen gleam.
As the men filed in for tea that night, by gee, they were impressed
The place was really spotless, and the new cook stood there dressed
In a starched and pressed chefs apron, a starched and pressed chefs hat
The food was good and wholesome, and it didn't swim in fat.
Then he came to clear the tables, and as he turned around,
Every mouth fell open, and there wasn't any sound,
Then a laugh began, and grew until it made the rafters ring,
For beneath his snow white apron he was wearing not a thing.

LETTERS

WHEN YOU TRAV
FOR THE COUN
HEAD OUT TO
WHERE YOU'LL

AND THE POLKS
TO A FRIENDLY
AND MEET THE
WHO ARE JUDGE

ALL THE WEEK
THERE'S A COM
AND WE'RE CAT
THERE'S NO SE

FOR WE WANT E
THE OLD THE Y
JUST GO AND S
HE WILL TELL

YES THE OASIS
WHERE WE'LL M
IS THE PLACE

All enquiries

Goodbye

*I only met Charlee ju
And in them many words
His talent was a grow
As encouragement and st
He was a master word
He wove his tales and po
One minute there'd be
But then, with changing v
And if there is a Poet
Charlee, you'll be presidin
There's sure to be welc
But here? You're missed a*

Margaret Thorpe,
Rockhampton.



ROCKHAMPTON

Farewell to a fine wordsmith

In today's Morning Bulletin, I read with regret, of the death of Charlee Marshall of Poet's Corner, resident of Thangool. Charlee was well known in the district and much further afield, for his writings and poems, which have often appeared in the Bulletin.

I did not know Charlee well, having met him only once at a Bulletin morning tea for regular contributors to the paper. However, I have been reading and appreciating his poems in various publications for some time and I know that I join with others in mourning his passing.

His loss will be felt by many.

I enclose a short poem as a small tribute to him and his art and hope that you might find space to print it.



□ The late poet and writer Charlee Marshall pictured in 1988 with one of his books.

TO THE EDITOR

TAMWORTH 96

WEL DOWN TO TAMWORTH
RY MUSIC SHOW
THE OASIS
HEAR BUSH POETRY FLOW

S OUT THERE WILL GREET YOU
Y ATMOSPHERE
LIVING LEGENDS
ING THERE THIS YEAR

WE HAVE A BREAKFAST
PETITION TOO
PERING FOR EVERY POET
ELECTED FEW

EVERYONE TO JOIN OUR FUN
YOUNG THE NEW
SEE THE CHUTE BOSS
YOU WHAT TO DO

S HOTEL
MEET AND MIX
TO BE IN 96

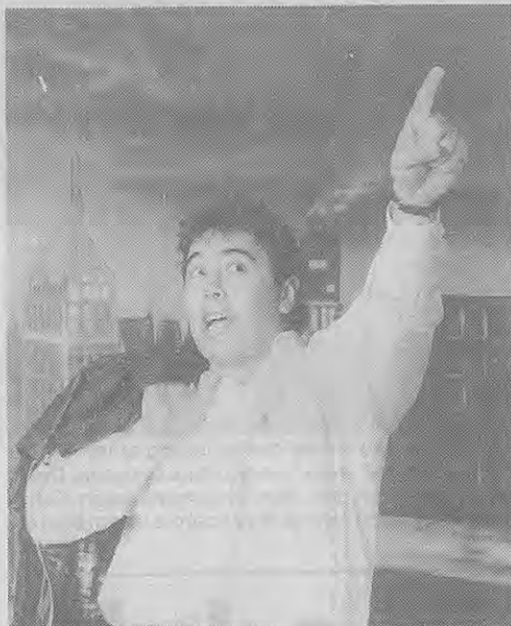
s to = RON BATES
M/S 437
LAKE CLARENJON ROAD
GATTON Q 4343

PHONE = 074 665120

Charlee Marshall

st once, but his poems I've often read,
s of wily wit and wisdom were said,
ing thing and he spread it far and wide,
stimulus to others he'd provide.
smith, working many a different strand,
ems with a fine, creative hand.
laughter at his humour — sweet or tart
words, he'd touch and melt the hardest heart.
s Corner somewhere in the hereafter,
ng there, still spreading love and laughter.
coming crowds, who to your words will be partial.
nd mourned as we say, Goodbye, Charlee Marshall.

Poets at the Carnival



THE CARNIVAL of Flowers will host one of Australia's most popular poets, Mark Gliori (above), at this year's "John Armstrong's Toowoomba Nissan - Poets at the Carnival."

Mark will present the best of his work — which ranges from hilarious to tragic — at two exciting concerts at the Toowoomba City Hall Theatre.

Mark Gliori's work is predominantly in the ballad form and is created using laid-back, easy-listening speech patterns based on strong characterisations that come to life through a dramatic and energetic delivery.

The John Armstrong's Toowoomba Nissan Bards of the Bush concerts will be held on Friday, September 29, at 9.30am and Saturday, September 30, at 7.30pm.

POETS AT THE CARNIVAL

Toowoomba Carnival of Flowers 1995

IN BRIEF, THE PROGRAM IS...

PAGE 4

Wednesday, 27th

5.45pm	Registrations & Dinner available	SOUTHERN CROSS SPORTING CLUB
7.30-9.30	Performance Workshop with Mark Gliori	SOUTHERN CROSS SPORTING CLUB

Thursday, 28th

8 - 10am	Poets' Breakfast	THE BIG TOP, QUEENS PARK
10-10.30	Heat: Hick-Cup	THE BIG TOP, QUEENS PARK
12-2.30pm	Heats: Open Serious Open Humorous	DOWNS ROOM, BURKE & WILLS
3 - 4pm	Small Group Performance	COBB & CO MUSEUM
5.45pm	Dinner available	SOUTHERN HOTEL/MOTEL
8 - 10pm	Novice Competition Heat: Hick-Cup	DOWNS ROOM, BURKE & WILLS DOWNS ROOM, BURKE & WILLS

Friday, 29th

9.30-12	"MARK GLIORI AND THE BARDS OF THE BUSH" 1st Concert	TOOWOOMBA CITY HALL Book at Carnival of Flowers Office, Ph. 076 392011
2-4.30pm	Heats: Open Serious Open Humorous Hick-Cup	DOWNS ROOM, BURKE & WILLS
3 - 4pm	Small Group Performance	COBB & CO MUSEUM
5.45pm	Dinner available	THE PORTADOWN HOTEL
7 - 10pm	Heats: Open Serious Open Humorous Hick-Cup	DOWNS ROOM, BURKE & WILLS

Saturday, 30th

8 - 10am	Poets' Breakfast	THE BIG TOP, QUEENS PARK
10-11am	Juniors' Competition	THE BIG TOP, QUEENS PARK
1 - 4pm	FINALS: OPEN SERIOUS OPEN HUMOROUS HICK-CUP and <u>PRESENTATION OF AWARDS.</u>	TOOWOOMBA CITY HALL
7.30 - 10.30pm	"MARK GLIORI and THE BARDS OF THE BUSH" 2nd Concert	TOOWOOMBA CITY HALL Book at Carnival of Flowers Office, Ph. 076 392011

"POETS AT THE CARNIVAL" officially finishes after this, BUT Gary Fogarty is hosting "POETS' BRUNCH" (a Breakfast, only a bit later!) at RUDD'S PUB at NOBBY on SUNDAY, 1st October... a great way to recover!

GREETINGS FROM VICTORIA...

I feel a bit of an imposter of late, spending more time out of Victoria than in it.

"The Man from Ironbark" has certainly taken off for me, and like a bucking horse I'm endeavouring to stay in the saddle... it looks like it will be a long ride.

The tour up north into Queensland and Northern N.S.W was most successful...now in Poets lingo that means some shows were well attended and others...well, they didn't have quite so many, did they. As undoubtedly all the bush poet tours find, audiences vary greatly. Success depends on so many variables, from the size of the town, publicity, what else is on, the temperature etc, What I believe is more important is that the audiences that see our performances have a ball....and slowly we will convert the nation.

Bert and Trish De Leuca have been towers of strength as roadies, managers, chief, cook and bottlewashers.....Many people have been incredibly supportive during the tour...including Trish Anderson, Guthrie, Ron Selby, Billy Hay, Noel Cutler....and a host of others...my humble thanks to all those...the spirit of Banjo lingers on...You never really do a tour on your own.

This coming weekend is the inaugural COWPASTURES BUSH MUSIC FESTIVAL to be held at Camden in N.S.W. This promises to be a real Aussie turnout with performers of such ilk as The Bushwackers, Col Buchanan, Ted Egan, Stan & Tracey Coster, Eureka, Wongawilli, Mungandi Aboriginal Music and Dance, Dingo Dryden, Greg Champion. There will be sheep shearing, whip cracking, bush Poetry and "The Man from Ironbark."

THE MAN FROM SNOWY RIVER CENTENARY.

There was movement down at Corryong for the word had passed around, that the big Centenary was due to come.
And word was out that action, fun and music would abound,
plus poets, Swaggies, riders and my mum.
All the tired and noteless tourists from the country near and far,
will muster at the township for the sight,
for all Dinkum Aussie battlers love a shindy and a bar,
and their heels will kick up high with delight.

CHARLEE MARSHALL Books and tapes are still available from;
Mrs B MARSHALL c/o Poets Corner THANGOOL QLD. 4716.

To be held at Corryong in October 14th--22nd, this will be everything Winton was and more. Take a dash of music, a can of bush poetry, a dab of top artworks, a chainsaw sculptor, the cream of whipcracking, and throw in a whole pile of horses and there you have it.

The scene of the famous poem is set to be recreated with an enactment of the ride as well as a competition for the Real Man from Snowy River. This will test out a few people with a combination of some 8 events in the one competition, everything from shoeing a horse to catching a brumby. Competitors are already entering from every state of Australia...this is the big one.

Entertainers like Gina Jeffries, Reg Poole and The Johnny Hawker Big Band will wow the little township. Some of the activities will be Tent Pegging, Light Horse display, Rodeo, Bush Dancing, Girls from Snowy River Golf Competition, Yarn Spinning and Bush Poetry.

The Bush Poets will be represented by Noel Cutler, Frank Daniel, Geoffrey Graham, Tammy Muir and many others. Noel will also feature as Whipcracker Extraordinaire, and any would-be whipcrackers will be finding it hard to catch up to Noel now after a season of touring with the Spanish Horse troupe. Geoffrey will be performing "The Man from Ironbark" throughout the centenary and officially releasing his book, tape and CD. Actually we heard they'd already escaped.

Enquiries to 1800 805 455 or 060 762 120.

***** T.R.O.P.S.S.S. ***** MULLENGANDRA. N.S.W.

For the N.S.W. poets that are interested in venue for the spoken word, it stands for, THE ROYAL OAK HOTEL POETS, STORYTELLERS, STIRRERS SOC.

The inaugural meeting will be on SEPT. 27th 7.30 pm. A great night is planned with log fire, family atmosphere (no smut)

Wendy Lyford is the publican of this old 1840 built hotel which has retained most of it's charm. Wendy herself is a charming lady and a very big fan of the spoken word in bush poetry and yarn spinning.

It will be a great place for the novice and the closet writer or just to enjoy yourself and listen to others.

MULLENGANDRA is just 40 km north of ALBURY on the Hume Highway.

BLACKALL WOOLSCOUR. 1995 COMMONWEALTH BANK POETRY COMPETITION.

\$440 Prizemoney on offer plus trophies. \$2.00 per poem entry fee. All poems submitted must be about Sheep, Wool, the Wool Growing and processing Industries, the Blackall Woolscour or any other theme relating to the Wool Industry, up to but not exceeding 50 lines. CLOSING DATE: SEPTEMBER 30th 1995.

Please submit entries to; WOOLSCOUR POETRY COMPETITION

P.O. Box 200 BLACKALL QLD. 4472.

Further information can be obtained from Christine Campbell

(076) 57 4196,

Kevin Rowley
Wyberba
Via Ballandean Q 4382
23 August 1995

The Editor
The Australian Bush Poets Association Newsletter
P O Box 77 Drayton North. Q.

Dear Sir
Gary Harding in his recent letter
Suggests that rhyming poems are better
To the extent that he denies us
Any value in free verses
He calls them "random gibberish" not poetry
(An assertion steeped in bigotry)
Surely elevated thoughts my man
Don't always fit some school-taught plan !
Ballads sure are a comfortable medium
For audience and the one on the podium
But if it's ballads alone a person wants to hear
Best thing would be to institute the society of balladeers.
How many minds today are completely "Bush" ?
Even Clancy gets his tucker from the supermarket whoosh.
Tell me, is Archerfield in the bush, or must we go to Aratula ?
Is Blackwater part of it ? What of a roadhouse near Dimboola?
Poetry has a million faces, landscape's not the only picture
Building walls around oneself surely will restrict yer
An artist of the written word when spruiking soon will learn
Which pieces may be framed and which are best to burn.
P.S. And I will choose to
 end this poem
 any way I want
Does that render one rough ballad into gibberish ?

Kevin Rowley



Gary Harding raised some interesting questions in his article What Do You Mean 'Bush' in the August copy of our newsletter. Worth thinking about. Should we dispense with adjectives altogether and have simply 'poets' without qualifying ourselves as either 'Bush' or 'Australian'?

Is it the form that makes a 'Bush' poem different from any other? Certainly the old ballad meter works best for narrative verse; much better than for descriptive and the strength of what has come to be called 'bush poetry' is that it usually tells a story of some kind. Orthodox poets are very well aware of this; Coleridge used it in his Rime of the Ancient Mariner, and that sworn enemy of 'horsy' poems, Kenneth Slessor, chose it for his single published example, Jacky Jacky. And that now neglected Sydney suburban poet, Ronald McCuaig, produced what is certainly one of the best examples of a 'bush' poem in his wonderful Ballad Of Bloodthirsty Bessie. (What do you mean you haven't read it? Go out and find it straight away!)

The bush starts where the suburbs end, where the arid wilderness of tiled and tin roofs stops and the fields and farms and trees begin. Perhaps people who see the stars at night clear from smog and street lighting have a different vision - maybe they look outward toward their sisters and brothers and the places where they live and see them more clearly than they would be able to if their view was blocked by the neighbour's garage and picket fence. Certainly most of the published poetry originating from city writers in the past couple of decades seems to be inward-looking and concerned with self; more than that which has sprung from the 'bush' where writers seem to be more aware of themselves as part of something larger - a community and a landscape very different from the urban dweller.

As Gary says: " . . . it follows that the Bush is very distinct from the City, both geographically and I suggest in its outlook." So it is, for the reasons mentioned above. I'd suggest that most 'bush' poets are basically story-tellers, and the best way of telling a story in verse remains the ballad, so naturally we use the form in all its variations.

Gary goes on to speak those " . . . fringe 'poets' who are only too happy for us to self-pigeonhole as Bush Poets, and who have perennially attempted to pass themselves off as reflecting the popular genre . . ." I'd suggest that the true test of the 'popular genre' lies in the size and enthusiasm of the audiences for the poems themselves. There is no doubt that Gary's 'fringe poets', (an excellent label for most of the city writers), have little or no audience for their efforts save perhaps their families and a few personal admirers. If you visit a few of their concert offerings this

rapidly becomes apparent. Yet the audience for 'bush' poetry has grown immensely in the past ten years and continues to increase as more and more venues for reciters become available. After all, it's only about fifteen years ago that the very first, tentative Poets' Breakfasts were hesitantly started, mostly at Folk Festivals; and look at the number of happenings involving poets and reciters at present.

So, fifteen years ago there was a very small audience for poetry of any kind, 'bush' or otherwise; now there is a large and rapidly growing team of supporters for verse. If one is trying to be a poet, ('bush' or otherwise) this is a Good Thing. Who knows, maybe some of that audience may even begin to read and listen to other kinds of verse, and that would be a Good Thing, too.

And there are competitions which do not specify 'bush' poems. Mark Gliori's fine poem that won the award at Winton could not really be described as a 'bush' poem, for instance. And, as a poet once remarked: 'The song, and not the singer, should endure!'

and it's always seemed to me that the true reason for trying to write poems is to share experiences, happy, sad or in fact, any kind of experience common to human beings, with our fellows. If it is a good poem we make then it may live, if it is a bad or mediocre poem then maybe it deserves to be forgotten. As it will be.

I'd also suggest that poems like Ogilvie's 'Fire Queen' and Dyson's 'Old Whim Horse' will still be around with Matilda long after the efforts of most of us have been long forgotten. Poems are for people, not for competitions. Three cheers for ALL poetry.

THE MAPLETON POETS AND MAPLETON COMMUNITY
PRESENT

**THE 5TH MAPLETON YARN
FESTIVAL**

A TRIBUTE TO CHARKEE MARSHALL NIGHT.

Mapleton Bowls Club
7.30pm

'Can't Bowl For Laughing'

Ian Mackay introduces a top line up of Bush Poets, including the likes of
Bob Miller, Campbell, Shirley Friend, Barry Betts, Greg Young,
& special guest Ray Essery ('95 Muster Champion of Original Verse)

Anakie — Gemfest. 10 - 13 August 1995.

The tiny village of Anakie (50km due west of Emerald Qld.) really came alive for the four days of its' Gemfest which is held in August each year.

More than one hundred exhibitors from all over Australia displayed their wares for sale, in the Anakie Showground. There were gems of all descriptions, sizes, colours and values in dozens and dozens of stalls, as well as those exhibited in the large Marquee and the Pavilion.

Bush poetry again came to the fore as an entertainment medium, with Bush Poets in the likes of **Michael Darby** of Cloncurry, Qld. - **Max Jarrott** of Killarney Qld. - **Mark Thompson** of Bungendore NSW, accompanied by the esteemed '**Angry Anderson**' of Bush Poetry and unofficial Mayor of Tamworth, **John Philipson**, being the invited guests of the Gemfest Committee.

Performances by these well known ABPA members were well received and none short of the committees expectations. The Poets also assisted in the conducting of a local talent quest. The Poets reported good product sales as well.

Poetry sessions were conducted daily in the Marquee from Middy 'til one in the afternoon with follow up shows each evening from four o'clock in the Anakie Hotel.

Organiser of the Gemfest, Linda Drake, has invited the foursome to return to Anakie again in 1996, with promises of a bigger and better festival.

"Bush Yarns and Poetry."

Written by Frank Daniel.

Illustrated by Joe.

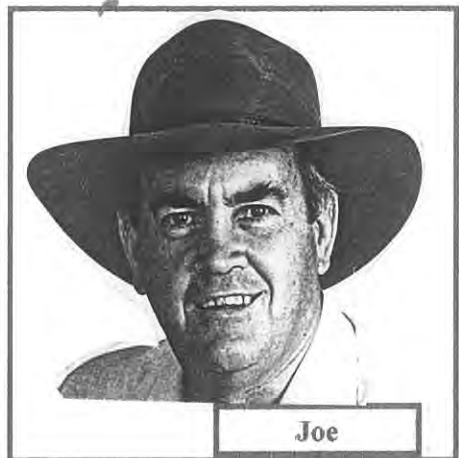
Published by....

Truthful Publications

P.O. Box 16

CANOWINDRA 2804 nsw

\$14.00 incl. pph



Joe

New Book...

Well known Bush Poet and story-teller, Frank Daniel of Canowindra, NSW, has announced the publication of his first book, **"BUSH YARNS and POETRY"**. One hundred and twenty pages of stories and verse.

Frank is a proud fifth generation Australian, and is a native of Bungendore on the Southern Tablelands of NSW. He had the three R's bashed into him by the Sisters of St. Joseph and was educated (???) to third year.

He was reared in the bush and has worked in many fields. Has been a drover, rough-rider, farming contractor and truck driver.

With pioneering stock on both sides of his family, he has seen many facets of rural life. His late mother comes from four generations of farming and grazing families and the old family farm, now owned by his brother, is the scene of many of his stories.

Joe, as he is called by his friends, was first introduced to Bush Poetry by **'Blue' the Shearer** and **Jim Haynes** at a chance meeting in April 1993, at Stuart Town. From there on, it was all systems go, with concerts and festivals all over the three eastern states and Tasmania during the past two years.

Frank writes Bush Poetry, (and other verse) and short stories, reflecting on his early life on the farm, delves into historical facts about his Uncles, Aunties, Cousins, and other innocent relatives — claims royal Irish ancestry, and insists that **"only half the lies he tells are the truth"**.

He also claims to be the real **'Man from Snowy River'** in his parody on the great **'Banjo' Paterson** poem, and sets the story straight with the real facts behind this great ride.

Frank has been heard on many occasions on the ABC Regional Radio's **"Swag of Yarns"** hosted by **David Mulholland** in Adelaide

Shed a tear, share a laugh as you take a nostalgic trip back into his past as he recalls his Mother's favorite threat, "God'll Get Ya!" ('The fear of God, and Mum, was a more reckoning force than the local Policeman'.) — his first confession — Violin lessons — the Nuns at school and the local larrikins.



POETS AT THE CARNIVAL

Toowoomba
Carnival of Flowers
1995

Fun, Family Entertainment
Day and Evening Sessions, Thu, Fri, Sat 28-30 Sept

PLUS-

☆ 2 Exciting Concerts ☆

MARK GLIORI and THE BARDS OF THE BUSH

9.30am Fri 29th AND 7.30pm Sat 30th
Toowoomba City Hall

Book at Toowoomba Events & Tourism Corp
Phone (076) 39 2011
Cheques and Credit Cards Accepted

ALSO: 8.00am Thu & Sat, Poets Breakfasts in Queens Park
Competition for Junior, Novice, Humorous & Serious Trophies
1.00pm Sat, Grand Finals