

No.5. Vol.3. May. 1996.

The Australian



**Bush Poets
Association**



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**Volunteers needed for
Northern Territory
Western Australia and Tasmania.**

Greyhound Pioneer Australia

Cloncurry Bush Poetry Festival

7TH. - 9TH. JUNE 1996

Presented by the
Cloncurry Telecentre
Phone. 077 422 380

Fireside Festival

LONGYARD HOTEL

TAMWORTH

May 31 - June 2

State of Origin

Poets Brawls

Workshops

Poetry

The Camp Oven

Bush Poetry

Festival

31st Aug. - 1st Sept. 1996

North Pine Country Park

Petrie - Queensland

(Further information inside)

Presidents Letter.

Dear ABPA members.

The second great migration of Poets and fans to Winton and Longreach is now over.

The Winton Organisers have set their sights on a newer and more interesting programme for 1997, having conferred with ABPA members before they left for Longreach.

My congratulations to the Winton Shire Council and the Winton Tourist Promotion Association for their combined efforts in pulling off these very successful and hotly contested Waltzing Matilda Bush Poetry Awards.

I found it very pleasing that the children were not left out and the young competitors certainly justified their existence at Winton. The Junior Swaggies verse writing competition received entries from as far south as the Riverina. The standard of poetry written by these young primary and secondary school children was far above all expectations.

The Novice and Open senior competition was probably as good, if not better, than any I have ever seen.

I commend the judges on their fine efforts over the three days, and did not envy their position when it came to the finals. Well done ladies and gentlemen.

As a result, we now have two very worthy ABPA members as ambassadors on their way to Elko Nevada in January next year in Glennly Palmer of Cedar Vale and Milton Taylor of Longreach.

The American Cowboy Poets Gathering will welcome them with open arms, and as I understand it, plans are well and truly under way to ensure our poets benefit greatly from their visit.

Our last visit to America was in 1990 and by all reports the Aussies were overwhelmed with the genuine warmth and hospitality bestowed on them.

We can expect visits from American Cowboy Poets in the new year with indications that some will be coming to the 1997 Winton Festival.

Distance is a great problem when it comes to performing and competing at our northern festivals, but it didn't stop some of the southerners.

Poets and interested people alike travelled from as far south as Melbourne and Geelong in Victoria, and from the very bottom of South Australia, not to mention one from Perth in W.A. who attended the Longreach NOPA at the Stockmans Hall of Fame and Heritage Centre. I commend them for their efforts, it is encouraging for other poets and for festival organisers alike to have such dedicated people in our ranks.

Since January we have had quite a number of new members and I would like to welcome them to the Bush Poets Association.

As a member of our association we expect to hear from you now and then. Should members have items of interest, or know of some festival, poetry gathering, or some such venue that might be of interest to fellow members, we would like to know about it, so we can tell others.

Who knows? Some of our members and readers could be passing through your area and would love to drop in and be part of your festivities.

Should members submit poetry for inclusion in our newsletter and our Annual, we would like them to indicate in writing at the same time that we have the authority to print such matter and that no objections will be made should some minor editing, if necessary, be carried out.

Presently we are looking at guidelines for submissions in our newsletter and our Annual, and I would be only too happy to receive letters mailed direct to me of any suggestions or changes that may improve our magazine.

Best of luck to all and please, let's hear from some of you.

Regards, *Frank Daniel.*

**CENTRAL QUEENSLAND POETS AND WRITERS IN
CONJUNCTION WITH:
THE ROCKHAMPTON AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY INC:
PROUDLY PRESENT: A BUSH POETS PERFORMANCE
COMPETITION
HELD AT THE ROCKHAMPTON SHOWGROUND.
12th -- 14th JUNE 1996.**

\$200.00 in prize money.

Kindly donated by The Rockhampton Agricultural Society Inc.

\$2 ENTRY FEE---- Censorship Applies

Nominations close 28th MAY 1996

BY PHONING Kath Ireland.....(076) 263148

or Mandy Howlett.....(076) 348271

JUDGING WILL BE ON THE 14th JUNE 1996.

Gulgong

Henry Lawson's 129th. Birthday Celebrations

Friday 7th, Saturday 8th, Sunday 9th, Monday 10th June 1996.

Go back in time to the GOLDRUSH days of this historic OLD TOWN.

MUSIC - VERSE - SONG - DANCE - A weekend to remember.

Phone. 063-741668 - 741 024 - 741 579.

Queanbeyan Bush Poets. New ABPA member Elaine Delaney of Queanbeyan NSW is a stalwart of the bush poetry movement in the south of the state and advises members that they meet at 7-pm on the fourth Thursday of each month at the **Rhubarb and Muscat Coffee Shop and Eating House**, 45a Monaro Street, Queanbeyan (in what is unofficially designated as 'Poets Lane')

Elaine, inspired by the Bush Poetry at Bungendore last year, advertised for interested persons, and this group was formed in February 1995 and has gone from strength to strength in many ways.

Visitors are welcome and can be assured of an entertaining evening in a warm and friendly atmosphere.

A cover charge of \$5 enables Gabrielle to provide a delicious supper and unlimited tea and coffee throughout the evening.

If you happen to be in the Canberra area and would like to go along and share your talent with this enthusiastic group, contact David Meyers on 06-2861891 or Elaine Delaney on 06-2976770.

**New Release.....Recorded live Hear
the best of
Noel Cutler
as he entertains his friends
AROUND THE CAMPFIRE.
15 of Noels' best poems
Ph. 057 27 3426**

**GULGONG
HENRY LAWSON'S**

**129 BIRTHDAY
CELEBRATIONS
7th, 8th,9th & 10th
JUNE 1996.**

THE HENRY LAWSON SOCIETY OF N.S.W INC. Go back in time to the goldrush days of this historic old town of GULGONG. This weekend promises to be one of Music Verse, Song and Dance and a weekend to remember for many a day.



**GLENNIE PALMER
Cedarvale QLD**

Queensland Calling

It's been a very busy month for Bush Poetry in Queensland! The good news is that the coming months look like being just as busy, too! We're also sure that there is more on that we haven't been told about, so if YOUR favourite Festival, Competition, or Event in Queensland is not mentioned here, PLEASE drop a line to the Editor, and mark it "For QUEENSLAND CALLING" **as soon as possible!**

Some of this Month's happenings were....

THE BRONZE SWAGMAN AWARD, Winton.

This Write-in Competition has been held annually since 1972 by a dedicated Committee who, each year, produce a Book of Verse selected from the entries received. It is now a world-wide competition, with entries each year from United Kingdom, Canada, New Zealand, U.S.A. etc. Usually the Award is made in September, but was moved forward this year so that the announcement could be made to coincide with the Waltzing Matilda Awards in April. Despite this change, the Organisers were surprised to receive over 500 entries!

1996 Winning Poem was "The Darkest Hour" by Carmel Randle of Preston Q.. Runner-up was "Crazy Kate" by Florence Hart of Mt. Tyson, Q..

Entry forms for the 1997 Bronze Swagman Award are now available from P.O. Box 44, WINTON Q.

THE LITTLE SWAGGIES' AWARDS.

This write-in Competition for School Students was expanded this year. Usually a mere handful of Junior Entries are received, but publicity through the Schools, and a Cash Prize to the School attended by the Winners of Primary and Secondary divisions, resulted in over 200 entries!

The Secondary School Winner was "The Sunset" by Carmel Dunn of Warwick, with "The 'Gullie Pub'" by Megan Donaldson of Wagga Wagga second, and "The Dentist" by Sarah Adams, also of Wagga Wagga, third.

The Primary School division was won by "Goodbye" by Kacey Leard of Charleville, with "Camped by a Billabong" by Kiernyn Brown of Dickson ACT second, and "The Bush Animals' Lament" by Adam McCauley-Jones of Toowoomba, third.

Special Mini-Awards were made to... "Bedtime" by Kelsey Horton of Brisbane for Best Entry from Years 1 and 2; "The Bush Kangaroo" by Joshua Sharpe of Toowoomba for Best Entry from Year 3; and "Australia's Bushland" by Cherie Charles of Toowoomba, Best Entry Year 4, with "Leslie's Ghost" by Ashley Macfarlane of Pittsworth, Q. the Runner-up in this Year.

The Organisers would particularly like to thank those Bush Poets

who spoke to their local Schools about this Competition.

WALTZING MATILDA BUSH POETRY AWARDS, Winton.

Performed Competition here covered 6 Categories, with the Prizes for Categories 1 & 2, Open Male and Female Performer, being Return Air Fares to the Cowboy Poetry Gathering in Elko, Nevada, next January, and \$500 Accommodation Allowance. These were won by Milton Taylor, of Portland, NSW, and Glenny Palmer, of Cedarvale, Queensland. Runners-up to them were Mark Kleinschmidt of Longreach and Dale Leard of Charleville.

The Novice Male and Female Performer titles were won by Mark Kleinschmidt and Helen Avery, both of Longreach. Runners-up were Trevor Kuchel of Nerang, Q, and Trisha Anderson of Brisbane.

The response to the Clover Nolan Awards for Primary and Secondary Students was particularly gratifying. 39 Juniors entered, and 37 of them actually showed up and performed! Some credit here must definitely go to the four Senior Bush Poets, Bob Magor, Noel Cutler, Frank Daniel, and John Major, who each took a group under their wing and coached them up! The resulting standard was very high, even from those making a first appearance on stage!

The results saw the Secondary prize go to Carmel Dunn of Warwick, with Christie Murphy of Winton, Runner-up. The Primary Awards went to Leia Mitchell, with Vanessa Reeve as Runner-up. Both these girls are from Winton.

BUSH POETRY OLYMPICS.

A sparkling addition to the Winton Poets' Breakfasts were the FIRST Bush Poetry Olympics. Those who have read their A.B.P.A. Magazine over the last few months will be aware of the format these were to take, but it was the whole-hearted participation by the nine "Countries" that made it the fun Event that it was designed to be!

Countries such as "The Outback Olympiad's Ostronomical Outstanding Oracles Orating Outrageously" (from Western Queensland, whose name was quickly shortened to "The 7 O's"); "The Psychedelics" (5 of the Female Poets); "The Campbells" (from well south of the Border) who came complete with kilts and bagpipes; "The Spinifex Mob" of Ring-ins; "The Whip-Bandywallops" (a country believed to be in Queensland, despite the presence of Ray Essery!); "The Red Ringers" and the "Winton Wantabes", who arrived by bus from the Downs; and "The Winton Weirdos" and "The Looney Tune Poets", whose shared Capital City is the Winton State High School!

When a TIE appeared in the Total Scores, a tie-breaker was used to determine the Gold Medal Winners. "The Campbells" 2-minute production of "The Three Little Pigs" (by Frank Daniel, Noel Cutler, Bob Magor, John Philipson and Campbell Irving) earned them the Overall Trophy and Gold Medals, over "The 7 O's" performance of "Cinderella" (Mark Kleinschmidt, Jim O'Connor, Helen Avery, Dale Leard, and Milton Taylor). Bronze Medals went to "The Whip-Bandywallops" (John

Major, Ray Essery, Joy Major, Gary Fogarty, and Ian Tarlinton).

Some photos from Winton appear elsewhere in this Magazine.

OTHER WINTON ACTIVITIES.

A very pleasant "Wind down Picnic" for the Poets was held along the Route of The River Gums, on the day after the Competition concluded. Some 22 Poets who remained in Winton were in the group that enjoyed this experience, including the impromptu Concert given in the middle of the Jundah Road, miles from anywhere, for the benefit of a small group of motorists who had "broken down"!

NEW FACES .

Winton, 1996, saw the emergence of a couple of notable "New Faces". There was Trevor Kuchel from Nerang, Q. who found out only a couple of weeks before Winton that there were other people out there who liked performing Bush Poetry, too. Runner-up in the Novice Category on his first appearance, expect to see a lot more of Trevor!

Then there was Keith Douglas, Jr. of Cloncurry. Keith made a very brief appearance last year in Winton, but was called away because of illness in his family. This year he delighted us with his performances, and particularly with an original poem called "Social Downs".

We've at last met Member Valerie Lopez, whose beautiful poetry graced the first A.B.P.A. Annual, and Ray Mobbs of Pittsworth, another Performing Poet who has recently learned of our Association. Joye Dempsey of Sydney, and Christiana Kern of Jindabyne were another two competent Performing Poets competing for the first time. May we see more of them all in the future!

HUGHENDEN.

At the instigation of Bush Poet, Bill Hay, a group of twelve Poets travelled to Hughenden the following day to visit the two local Schools. They also provided a Concert for Hughenden Residents on the Tuesday night. Both engagements were very well received.

NATIONAL OUTBACK PERFORMING ARTS FESTIVAL, LONGREACH.

The May long weekend has become the traditional time for the non-competitive Festival (held this year for the sixth time) known as NOPA. Many Poets who contested Winton stayed for this Event, and were joined by others, including Colin Newsome from Glen Innes, Bob Healy from Vic. and Bill Park from West Australia.

The Friday night Concert Session was held on the lawn of the Hall of Fame. Breakfast at "The Cottage" in the Hall of Fame Grounds on Saturday Morning saw the preliminaries of "The Poets' Cup" and other Guest Spot Performances. "The Cottage" was also the venue for Saturday Night's Session, and the Dinner on Sunday Night.

The "Poets' Cup" was won this year by the irrepressible Bob Magor from Myponga, South Australia.

The Ringers' Muster coincided with NOPA, and it was a delight to have so many "Characters" of the Outback in the Audience.

A Sunday Lunch Cruise for Poets on the long reach of the Thomson River was arranged, and resulted in considerable hilarity when they were required to produce a poem about a "Rescue Mission for Ludwig Likehart" from Longreach to Lake Eyre, in a given character within half an hour! This was a group challenge --- and most groups succeeded!

JOHN DERUM PERFORMANCE WORKSHOPS.

These were held in Longreach on three consecutive evenings between the Waltzing Matilda Festival and NOPA.

Those attending spoke very highly of the knowledge and confidence they had gained, and the improvement in their performance was notable.

NOPA is to be congratulated on expanding the scope of their Festival each year to include a worthwhile Workshop Component!

WHAT'S COMING UP IN QUEENSLAND?

JUNE LONG WEEKEND.

The first Cloncurry Bush Poetry Festival will be held. Extensive details of this were given in two previous ABPA Magazines. Please refer to these for details.

The Biloela Country Campout will also be held on this weekend (7th to 9th June). For details on this please contact Barry Blackwood at Valley FM Radio, 8am - noon, on Mobile 015 131 867.

ON GOING.

The Bush Poets' Breakfasts continue on the 1st and 3rd Sundays of each month at "Dad and Dave's Billy Tea and Damper" at the North Pine Country Park at Petrie, just north of Brisbane. They start at 9am. Just turn up!

MAJOR THOMAS MITCHELL.

This year, Surat will be conducting a WRITE-IN Competition for Bush Verse (Adult).

The given subject is "Major Thomas Mitchell", as it is 150 years since he explored the Surat area. Entries close 8th July with the Secretary, P.O.Box 40, SURAT Q 4417.

SURAT'S "BATTERED BUGLE".

The 17th - 18th August are the 1996 dates for the weekend of Performed Poetry Competition for the Battered Bugle Trophy.

Competition will be held for Open Traditional, Open Original, Local Traditional and Local Original Categories. A "Local" is defined as a resident of Warroo, Balonne, Bendemere, Baringa, Bungil, Murilla and Tara Shires, and Roma Town. Locals may enter Open Categories if they wish, but must use different poems. The "Battered Bugle" will be

awarded to the Performer with the Best Aggregate Score from the OPEN Classes.

Entries for Performed Classes can be sent in advance to The Secretary, P.O.Box 40, SURAT Q 4417, or will be taken on the day.

All NON-LOCAL Poets will be offered an appropriate contribution towards travelling costs. As in previous years, Bob and Chesne Nason of "Newington", Surat, have generously made their Shearers' Quarters available for Accommodation for the Poets attending. This should be "booked" by phoning the Nasons on (076) 265164 when you know you will be there.

THE GYMPIE MUSTER.

It's on again! That madcap Muster where 60 000 people camp under canvas out in a State Forest to enjoy Country Music.... and BUSH POETRY! The main days are 23 - 25th August, but from about the 20th, there will be plenty of entertainment happening!

Poets' Breakfasts feature largely at this Venue. A Competition in Traditional and Original Bush Verse has been held in previous years. Last year it was known as "The KING of Rhyme". Hopefully, they will be more politically correct this year!

Other Performances of Bush Poetry are scheduled. "The Muster" is one of the biggest gatherings in Queensland where Bush Poetry features. (The other is the Woodford Folk Festival at New Year). The sheer atmosphere of these two Festivals makes a visit worthwhile!

THE CAMP OVEN BUSH POETRY FESTIVAL.

This (Inaugural) Festival of PERFORMED Bush Poetry will take place on 31st August and 1st September. (This is the weekend following the Gympie Muster.)

The location is the North Pine Country Park, near Petrie, on Brisbane's northern outskirts. Camping will be available on site for participating Poets.

Competition in Junior, Local, Novice, Open Humorous - Male, Open Humorous - Female, Open Serious - Male and Open Serious - Female is planned. For this Competition, "Local" is defined as "resident of Pine Rivers or Caboolture Shires or Redcliffe City".

In addition, a Camp Oven Dinner will be held at "Dad and Dave's" on Saturday night, and a Poets' Breakfast on Sunday Morning.

If you would like to receive information and Entry Forms for this Event, write to "Camp Oven Bush Poetry Festival", Pine Rivers Shire Council, 220 Old Gympie Road, STRATHPINE Q. 4500.

TWO UPCOMING WRITE-IN COMPETITIONS.

The **Diamond Shears** Henry Lawson Poetry Competition is on again. Closing Date is 30th June. Information from The Secretary, Henry Lawson Poetry Comp., PO Box 447, LONGREACH Q 4730

Voices of the Heartland entries close 31st July. Entry forms at ABC Radio. Entries- Qld. Arts Council, GPO Box 376 BRISBANE 4001.

Winners are Grinners: Winton
Winners are. L.to R. Glenny Palmer,
 1st Ladies Open; Mark
 Kleinschmidt, 1st Novice Male,
 2nd Open Male; Milton Taylor,
 1st Male Open; Helen Avery,
 1st Novice Female; Trevor Kuchel,
 2nd Novice Male; Dale Leard,
 2nd Open Female. **Absent,** Trisha
 Anderson, 2nd Novice Female.



Our Hope for the Future: Junior
 Award Winners at Winton included
BACK L., Christie Murphy,
 Runner-up Secondary Performer,
 Sonya Bondarenko, Finalist; Carmel
 Dunn, Winner Secondary Performer
 and Secondary Little Swaggie Award;
 Daniel Miller, Finalist; Kacey Leard,
 Winner Primary Little Swaggie.
FRONT: Leia Mitchell, Winner
 Primary Performer; Vanessa Reeve,
 Runner-up Primary Performer.

The Elabe Adventure: Between
 Winton and Longreach, a group
 of Poets detoured to entertain
 friends and relatives on Elabe
 Station near Muttaborra.
STANDING from L: John Philipson,
 Bob Magor, May Essery, Bill Hay,
 Ray Essery, Frank Daniel, Glenny
 Palmer, John Major, Carmel Randle.
FRONT: Linda Mackie-Scott,
 Philippa Powell, Trisha Anderson,
 Joy Major.



A FAIR GO.

I'm writing to applaud our President's letter in the last issue of the News-letter (April 96). What Frank has to say is timely and should be of concern to us all. O.K., competitions are fun. They are a showcase for our work and work very well as that; but there can be handicaps to them, too. They ensure that the work presented is of the highest standard the writers can achieve, but at the same time they can lead to rivalry that undermines the friendship and brotherhood between us all that was the original reason for the formation of the Association in the beginning.

As Frank remarks, the Breakfasts are a much more satisfactory way of enabling writers to bring their work to public notice. They are non-competitive and let everyone have a go; beginners, polished performers, even as in a few cases I have seen, shy poets who are pushed by their mates to have a go despite their own reluctance to perform their work in public. This is just so important.

It is the poetry we should be working for, not individual kudos. At my age I've seen too many Associations begun with the most idealistic motives sag and disappear because of personal rivalries. Frank is also right in that some organising committees don't allow enough time for all possible contenders. You can understand their problem. They have a program to get through and naturally enough want to get the folk they view as 'stars' up on to the platform so as to be sure of the best possible audience. So competitions do have their drawbacks when it comes to giving everyone a fair go.

I'm not talking about literary competitions here. They are quite different in that the poetry submitted goes to the judges complete. I'm talking about time limits on competitive spoken verse. As a professional writer I have never entered any of the many competitions organised around the country, though I've attended some for enjoyment of the work presented and to meet some of my fellow poets-and have made some good friendships, too. But our Association was never intended for professionals but for people who love the kind of poetry we write. An aristocracy was never envisaged.

Writing poetry is something very personal for us all, and of course most of us would like to share our perceptions and rhymes with others. For me at least the Association meant the chance to meet and listen to some other people who shared my enjoyment of the art. That's what it's all about.

Writing poetry is pretty much like any other human activity, like fishing or football, for instance. Haven't you ever sat fishless and watch someone else pull in fish after fish? Or bust yourself trying to catch a bloke with the ball who can run faster than you? Some of us have a smattering of the skills needed, some are solid average performers but as with every other form of human endeavour, every

now and then someone comes along who has an outstanding gift they can share with the rest of us less talented people. And that's what it's like in poetry, too!

I had tears in my eyes when I read Charlee Marshall's poem 'NOVEMBER' for instance, and doubt if I'll be able to write anything so touching; but I didn't envy Charlee his poem, I was grateful that he had written it down for us all to read. And it wasn't just because I knew and admired the man, either; it was his achievement I admired.

I feel strongly that this is the way we should all look at our own efforts and those of our fellow poets; not in a competitive way but as contributions to the field of art in which we are all working. O.K. Competitions have their uses, certainly they have given Bush Poets the audiences they never dreamed about only ten years ago. But for me the chief fun and enjoyment remains the open go for Breakfasts when everyone can get up and share their latest masterpiece with the audience and their fellow poets.! Well said, Frank, I'm with you all the way!

Bill Scott. WARWICK QLD.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

Your article in the last ABPA magazine entitled Traditional Poetry? discusses an issue which has long been a dilemma for the organisers of The Tamworth Bush Poetry Competition, held at the Imperial Hotel in January. The competition began with a section called "Traditional Poetry" which was set up to encourage people to recite the works of poets such as Paterson, Lawson, etc. It wasn't long before poets were wanting to perform other works by more recent poets and, after much discussion, and some soul searching, we renamed the section "Traditional or Established Works". Pretty soon we were again challenged. People wanted to recite poems written by contemporary poets, both known and unknown, for example, "a poem my Dad wrote". One recent trend has been for poets to perform each other's works.

We feel we have partly covered the problem by briefing our judges on the appropriateness of the poem to the section, so that inappropriate poems lose marks. Still, this is only a part solution to the dilemma and we would certainly hope that your comments, and these words from us, will encourage some discussion on the problem.

If we took on board the suggestion that all works had to be at least 50 years old, as they have in Cloncurry, we would have been denied the absolute gems which have won this section over the past few years, such as Milton Taylor's performance this year of "Mulligan's Missus". I, for one, wouldn't have missed that for anything.

Yours sincerely,

Jan Morris Secretary
Tamworth Poetry Reading Group. NSW.

PLAGIARISM.

Publish borrowed thoughts and claim as original ; steal from thus
(Oxford Dictionary.)

I was singing the praises of Blue The Shearer's great poem 'The Cross-Eyed Bull' to all and sundry, when I recieved in the mail a collection of poems by the late R.A. Wheeler, sent to me by Frank Perkins of Banyo.

Robert Alexander WHEELER died in 1978 so presumably wrote his poems long before this time. One of the poems in the collection sent to me was entitled 'McReady's Cross-Eyed Bull'. (Mmmm)

Here was a(nother???) tale about a Bull with Cross Eye's, whose owner summoned the vet who in turn blew through a tube he has inserted into the Bull's rectum (sound familiar?) and subsequently cured the bull. However the cure was only temporary and soon McReady himself chose to try the proven method only to end up with a mouthful full ofShhhhhiver me timbers. This yarn was just like Blue's!!! Who nicked it? Which of the poets was the culprit?

This yarn had in fact circulated long before either poet decided to translate it into verse. I also found both poems to have distinctly different endings. Blue relied on the 'Punch Line' finish, not to mention the fact that his 'Bull Owner' never ended up with his mouthful of Yuuuk! WHEELER finished his poem with McREADY ending up with 'cross eyes' himself and declaring to remain that way rather than take up his wife's offer to 'fix him' as he had tried to 'fix' the Bull.....Ouch!!

A subsequent interrogation of our only living suspect 'Blue", found that he had never heard of this 'other' version. Those of us who know the man, also know his integrity is beyond reproach. It is almost inevitable that a 'yarn' as good as that one would have to have been used by other poets / yarn --spinners down through the ages.

The passing down of jokes through the ages has become a 'tradition'. So long as the 'poet' does not claim to have created the 'yarn' within the poem, I guess they should escape persecution. And also no poet should have a 'gripe' about another, if, in fact, one had stolen the other's idea.....to make that yarn into a poem.

An ORIGINAL idea for a poem is very hard to find. How many 'drought' poems have we heard? How many 'I Love Australia' poems have we heard? How many 'Snake' poems have we heard (oops) How many?.....Oh give it up, Marco! If a poem is good enough it will stand the test of time and plagiarism, and if a poem ever pays like a Top Ten song, maybe these matters will be tested in Court.

I have seen and heard poems in our contemporary Bush Poetry Circle that have clearly committed 'plagiarism' on mates of mine.

It leaves a sour taste in my mouth and those Poets who do so risk being isolated and branded accordingly.

I set myself a test if I suspect one of my poems is TOO similar to someone elses. If that Poet stood up and performed their poem in front of an audience, would I be game to stand up immediately after them and recite mine ?? Answer: If I was the one who first thought of the idea.
..my bloody oath I would !!!

I have always been inspired by other poets, and many of my poems are intentional extensions of the ideas they have inspired me with. I have also been inspired by styles of writing and things like rhythm and performance. This is what the comradeship of writers is all about. Trying to outdo each other with bizarre yarns and unexpected twists and tragedies is great, but to simply seek adoration or to fill the pages of a book seems rather sad to me.

I suspect that we all 'unintentionally' plagiarise at some stage, but I also know some people do themselves no favour by doing it openly and consistantly, with flagrant disregard to the comradeship and 'sharing' offered them, and with the express intention of gaining personal benefit.

Relish the challenge to create 'NEW' material. And to save embarrassment why not become your own best critic..... otherwise someone might beat you to it !!!

Mark GLIORI. WARWICK QLD.

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CENTRAL QUEENSLAND POETS PRESENT
A BUSH POET'S COMPETITION.

ORIGINAL UNPUBLISHED WORKS
THREE ENTRIES PER PERSON LIMIT 100 LINES
CLOSING DATE LAST MAIL 28th MAY 1996.

PRIZES 1st \$20. 2nd \$10. 3rd \$5.

ENTRY FEE \$2.00 PER POEM.

WINNERS NOTIFIED BY MAIL.....JUDGED IN JULY.

SSAE FOR ENTRY FORMS AND ENTRIES TO;

Mrs M. Howlett 10 Cornick Ave NORTH ROCKHAMPTON QLD 4701

or Mrs K Ireland 409 Paterson Ave KOONGAL QLD 4701.

FROM THE MAILBOX.

I applaud Frank Daniel for his letter in the April edition. Thank you, Joe for having the courage to say what a lot of us have thought for a long time.

I know exactly what Joe means by the camaraderie that existed between all poets from the beginner to the mightiest trouper. I have performed other peoples work on stage in Bush Bands since 1982, and I can tell you, it is easy compared to performing your own. When you perform your own work, you are baring your own soul for public scrutiny! My first real performance was at the Longyard in January 1994, and I was terrified. However, I was surrounded by people such as Bobby, Marco, Dennis, Marion, Frank, John, Ray and many others. They were all so supportive, friendly and encouraging.

I soon relaxed and began to enjoy myself and to learn from them all. Even the competitions were fun then, because although it's always nice to win, it wasn't really the all-important thing.

Let me say most categorically that most of these people have not changed at all! They are still the same lovely people that they were then, and it is always great to see them and to enjoy their performances. However, that relaxed and comfortable feeling has gone. Why?

This year, after I had competed in the Imperial Hotel Competition, I was approached by a really nice man whom I had met on various occasions. His words to me were, "What's the matter with you this year mate? I've been watching you perform all over the place for the last two years, and you've always been so happy and relaxed. But this year you're like a bloody cat on a hot tin roof." It was a shock to the system, because I knew he was absolutely right.

On reflection, I've decided what the difference is -- the competitions are very important now. We all know that there's someone with a clipboard strutting around, deciding who is and who is not worthy to be in the precious show, who is and who is not worth listening to! You have to win now, not just compete! If you don't win, the little man with the clipboard will decide you're no good, and if you're no good, you don't get a guernsey! No wonder people are uptight!!

I guess I'm not a fiercely competitive person. I've always been of the opinion that everyone deserves a hearing, especially in a forum such as the Poets Breakfast. I've just backed right off, because I'm afraid it's just not fun anymore, It's too needlessly stressful!

Yes, Joe, they have got it right at the National, Canberra. The professional poets put on Shows and the amateurs thoroughly enjoy going to

watch them. But the Poets Breakfasts are a 'Come all ye' event, and the rawest beginner can share the stage with the most seasoned professional. They take it in turns and everyone gets a go on a 'first come, first served' basis.

The resultant mix of raw and polished is very entertaining and very special.

It's a shame that this has been lost in so many other places.

Yours sincerely

Leigh Brown.

YASS N.S.W.



Look out, Atlanta!

Olympic Teams captured at Winton.
Left: THE CAMPBELLS. L. to R., Campbell Irving, Noel Cutler, Mel Gibson, Bob Magor, Frank Daniel, John Philipson.

Below: THE 7 O's. L. to R., Mark Kleinschmidt, Jim O'Connor, Milton Taylor, Helen Avery, Dale Leard.



Greetings from Victoria.

It's difficult for me to comment much on Victoria in this edition as I've been interstate for so long. My touring has taken me to Queensland once again..I just can't keep away from the place! The touring concentrated on "**The man from Ironbark**" show once again which is still receiving fantastic response. It is also very heartening that so many of the Bush poets are so supportive. They turn up in the most suprising places again and again. This time Jan Lewis at Walwa, Bobby Miller at Maryborough, Ian Mackay at Gympie, and Trish Anderson at Brisbane..Many thanks.

My last port of call in this tour was to Robertson,(south of Sydney). What a buzz to be performing in the very school in which I spent my childhood days, and it's still a great little school.

"**Easter in the Country**" at Roma was one of the highlights of this last tour, not only from the Ironbark point of view but also the Bush poets shows.viz.

" **Ratbags, Romantics, and Rhymesters**". The team consisted of Gary Fogarty, Glennie Palmer, Bobby Miller and Mark Thompson and yours truly!. The response from the Romans was great and certainly a whole new range of people have now been christened. Their lives will never be the same.

Congratulations to Glennie Palmer and Milton Taylor for their wins at Winton..well deserved!

I read with great interest issues rearing their heads of late and suspect many poets are confused and disappointed about what is happening within the Bush Poetry Movement. As I have probably been performing as long as anyone else in the Bush Poetry field if not longer (as a professional) I feel obligated to voice my thoughts on several matters and welcome discussion or comments through the ABPA.

Traditional and Contemporary.

I believe both have an important place in the field of Bush Poetry. The contemporary is the vehicle of change in using an old form to bring to light all the new and exciting things happening in our world. However, I'm sure most will agree that it is important we don't turn our backs on the Traditional, after all that is where most of us began. I still consider myself a novice at Original works and people like myself and John Philipson rely strongly on the Traditional form. This form is still quite valid and judging from the response to my Banjo show very popular.

I think Ron Selby's move then, to occasionally print a traditional poem in the magazine is an excellent one.

Competition

Competitions can be great or terrible. The advantage is they can bring people out of the woodwork and make people strive to do better. I thank the Tamworth Poetry reading group for their events at Tamworth. I know I benefited greatly from the experience, and I feel the integrity of the organisers is in place.

Problems often abound in competition due to organisers not being quite clear on their categories, definitions etc. Eg the definition of what is traditional is often blurred and like Ron Selby, I also back the Cloncurry festival definition of traditional as being at least fifty years old as being the best definition I've heard. so far.

The downside of competitions can be many. Firstly they can be a cheap way for organisers to get a lot of performers to perform for nothing. Secondly they can bring to the fore the sinister aspect of comparison, where mateship, friendly rivalry and sheer enjoyment may disappear and be replaced with hard feelings, bitterness and resentments. I think it is important that competitors be very clear on why they are entering in such events. For someone to win an event so he/she can then say they are the best in the country for example is to my way of thinking ludicrous. They forget the many people who didn't enter the event and that that same winner may lose the next day against the same competitors with the same judges let alone different judges. Even some judges can find it very difficult to be totally objective and may mark competitors down for something as petty as the colour of their braces! To win a competition merely means you are pretty good and if you know that already, you really have nothing to prove, but you could gain some good publicity.

I perform primarily for enjoyment and I don't know many people who really enjoy competing. To me any person who gets up on stage to perform is a winner and is experiencing something very special. and if your aim is to improve every time, then I feel that is very healthy.

Fees for Poets.

What should I charge for this job? Anyone said this before? This really is a difficult area and there is no way I'm going to tell people what they should charge. All I would like to do is point out a couple of things.

* I work as a professional ie I earn a fulltime living as a performer. This has nothing to do with talent, it happens to be my profession.. Keep in mind if I was no good, my family would go hungry.

In an industry with 93% unemployment, one has to be a little crazy or very passionate to do it for a living. Though my prime reason for performing is enjoyment/satisfaction/fulfilment, I require a fee most of the time, without feeling guilty. I'm sure a plumber doesn't feel guilty for taking a fee to do his job. In certain cases, my fee is quite low EG For festivals senior citizen groups and the like.

Because most performers(musos/poets etc) enjoy their work, exploitation is rife in this industry...."Can't pay you much mate, but I'll pass the hat round if you like, and sling you a couple of beers, Oh yeah and you can flog some of your books as well." Gee, thanks Mister!!! Now that's really going to help my wife and three kids and I bet he doesn't say that to his plumber.!

If you don't value your work, or you consider yourself an amateur then go ahead, work for nothing! However keep in mind, if you do that, you may be doing yourself a disservice, the profession a disservice, and professionals a disservice.

If someone pays poets \$50/night, they will be very reticent about paying another poet a decent fee on another night. That's why unions were invented: To stop workers being exploited and to ensure everyone gets a reasonable fee. It upsets me to see so many talented poets about, who work for next to nothing, especially when employers or organisers in some cases are making a tidy profit.

My philosophy is as follows: If someone is making money out of me, I want a piece of the action. If punters are paying \$20 each to see me perform, I should be paid a decent fee. If noone is making money, then that's a different matter.

I know it's difficult starting out. Everybody has to start out sometime, but don't sell yourself short. Remember the old adage: "You get what you pay for". If you place no value on yourself, how can you expect others to place a value on you.

Even a small fee will ensure you are not taken totally for granted.

Poets Breakfasts

I applaud Frank's comments in the last issue, regarding involvement for all poets. I believe there must always be avenues for:

- *Novices to be given a chance to have their start
- *Improvers to be given the opportunities to improve.
- *Experienced poets time to show their wares.

It seems to me too many situations are becoming closed shops and many poets are being effectively locked out.

If you feel this is happening to you, please complain to the organisers, in writing. My understanding of a poets breakfast is everyone gets a go.

Keep in mind the onus often comes back to the Compere. I believe the role of the compere is to make everyone else look good.. I think there are several good or potentially good comperes who should also get the opportunity to compere. Audiences can get tired of the same jokes, the same old lines time after time.

The Future

In 1994 I was introduced to this mad group of wonderful wackers called Bush Poets. I found the comradeship exhilarating. However in two short years, this has been tempered I feel by two things. Ego and Integrity. Egos on the one hand sometimes get out of hand, and integrity gets sometimes very shaky on the other hand. My objectives are to enjoy my work, provide for my family, further my career and to encourage other poets(young and old) to spread the word and their word. The more the better. The cake is big enough for all of us. However I do believe if we help each other, then we will all benefit.

I have been asked to come back to Tamworth this June to do another run of "The Man from Ironbark". Because of the distance, I have coincided it with the Fireside Festival so I can take in some of the Fireside events, and top and tail the festival so as not to conflict with the main events. However I do feel the nature of the Festival has changed where sadly, the set programmes of poets effectively excludes many of those who would love to join in. I have great respect for the work of my fellow poets, but I want to see more of those people who I don't normally see. I realise Organisers have a difficult job but please how about a fair go for everyone.?

If poets would like to be involved with more performing, please feel free to contact me. I may be able to help!

I will be performing at The Heritage Theatre (cnr Carthage & Bourke St) on the following dates: Fri 31st May 7.30, Sun 2nd Jun 2.00pm; Wed 5th Jun 7.30 PM; Thurs 6th June 7.30 PM and Friday 7th June at 7.30 PM.

Keep smiling

Geoffrey Graham PO Bealiba VIC 3475 (054) 691312

THE WELLSHOT PUB.

When the road is a blazing blowtorch aimed right between your toes,
And the stench of rotting kangaroo is massaging your nose;
When the heatwave in the distance looks and feels like molten glass,
And the grasshoppers are throwing dice for the very last blade of grass;
When you'd trade your swag for a well filled glass and a soak in a well fitted tub
You wonder how far you have to trudge to reach the Wellshot Pub.

The Wellshot Pub serves rum and Schweppes and the barmaid's teeth are pearly.
The tourists like to stay up late and the temperature rises early.
The Wellshot Pub's your other home.
It's right in the middle of Ilfracombe.

There's half a dozen wedge-tails up drifting in the blue.
If you don't arrive in Ilfracombe, They'll be circling for you.
The soles of your worn and dusty boots are squelching in the tar,
And your fevered brain tastes an icy drink in an air-conditioned bar.
When a twenty five pound feral cat is stalking a dingo cub,
Even if you have to crawl, you'll find the Wellshot Pub.

The Wellshot Pub has tall bar stools, and horses on the walls,
And photos taken by someone sober at local B&S Balls.
The Wellshot Pub's your other home.
It's the cultural centre of Ilfracombe.

When a billion buzzing bushflies make a dreadful deafening sound,
But provide the only source of shade that's anywhere to be found,
Slowly the horizon grows a lump before your eyes,
And out of the shimmering searing heat appears a little rise.
You take a squint with a weary eye. "It's just a patch of scrub?"
Then a sign beside the highway says "Three clicks to the Wellshot Pub"

The Wellshot Pub has ice-cold beer, and the girls have pearly teeth,
And just because we need the rhyme, the barman's name is Keith.
The Wellshot Pubs your other home,
It's the throbbing heart of Ilfracombe. c Michael Darby. CLONCURRY QLD

BUSH POETRY COMPETITION AT THE WELLSHOT PUB. 2nd JUNE 1996
TRADITIONAL, MODERN, ORIGINAL SECTIONS. PRIZES SUPPLIED BY
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BUSH LAUREATE AWARDS -- JANUARY 1997

The Bush Laureate Awards for Australian Rhymed Verse will be presented at the Tamworth Country Music Festival. These awards are intended to encourage the publishing and recording of Australian Rhymed Verse, to improve the standard of publishing and recording Australian Rhymed Verse and to focus media attention on such work.

The 1997 Bush Laureate Awards will contain at least three sections:-

1. Published Original Australian Rhymed Verse.
(in book form)
2. Recordings of Australian Rhymed Verse.
3. Heritage Award - for published original verse with an emphasis on Australian Heritage, historical geographical or social.

To be eligible for the Bush Laureate Awards the product must be published /released between 1 November 1995 and 1 November 1996. Entries for the competition **will close on 3 November 1996.**

The judges will be drawn from the media, publishing and recording industries and they will be given the following guidelines for judging.

1. The quality of the verse.
2. The entertainment value.
3. The quality and presentation of the publication or album.
4. The variety of styles and moods.
5. The 'Australianess' of the verse and
6. The quality and appropriateness of illustrations photos and or artwork.

Finalists will be selected for all sections and the work of these finalists will be submitted for a second round of judging.

Please forward three copies of all entries to;

Golden Gumleaf Enterprises,
112 Crescent Road, Hamilton QLD. 4007
Each entry requires an entry fee of \$10.

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Profile. Milton Taylor. Milton Taylor was born in Longreach Queensland and was raised in a family exposed to Australian verse by his father Godfrey, who wrote and recited frequently.

His interest in bush poetry was further deepened in his early days in the shearing industry when reciting was still considered to be an art form.

He wrote sporadically from his teens. In 1993 he was privileged to watch Mark Gliori perform at a concert in Longreach. Mark's enthusiasm and talent inspired him to resume writing and also to perform at spoken poetry competitions where he has achieved some success.

His work is not exclusively reflective of shearing or country life and lifestyle. He has drawn on his observations of life as he has encountered it from his experiences in many forms of employment and personal interests.

He holds a strong belief that the verse of the great traditional Australian poets should be retained as part of our cultural heritage and that modern poets, particularly children, should receive acknowledgement and support to continue to produce similar works.

Since first entering into competition poetry in 1994, Milton has qualified as a finalist at Toowoomba in 1994; Tamworth Imperial Hotel Competition and the Longyard Liars in 1995. In the same year he won the Bundaberg written competition with his poem "The Ute". Again in Toowoomba in 1995 was a finalist and also winner of the 'Hick-Cup'.

This year at the inaugural Oasis Hotel Competition he qualified in the Original section with "Grey Laughing Eyes" and was the winner of the Traditional section at the Imperial with Neil McArthur's "Mulligan's Missus".

At the Bundaberg Bush Poetry Festival in March he won the Poets Trophy with the same poem again; was voted the best male performer and won the Champion Poet Overall.

At Winton in April he was the winner of the male section of one of the toughest Bush Poetry Finals ever held and as such, will be a guest of the American Cowboy Poets Association in Elko Nevada.

Milton has produced a book of his poetry and also a cassette which is available through the post or by phoning him on 076 582 360.

He hopes to produce further volumes of his work provided time permits between family, shearing, growing tulips and breeding greyhound dogs.

Kiama

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My Ute.

By Milton Taylor.

I'm a Kelpie, a Collie, a Cattle-dog blue,
Labrador, Doberman, Dalmation too,
Poodle, Retreiver or Foxie-pom cross,
In the back of my ute mate — I am the boss!
My ute is a Holden, a Datsun, a Ford,
Toyota or Mazda, when I spring aboard
I bask in the glory, the power one feels
When guiding my wonderful kingdom on wheels.
Be it brand new and shiny or battered and old
Black, white or purple or three shades of gold,
The colour's no problem, the brand name no sweat,
As long as it gets me where I wish to get.
My ute is the best, creme de la creme
Ute and dog, dog and ute, oh boy what a team!
Surveying my realm I'm bursting with pride
Enjoying my wondrous triumphal ride.
You'll hear my challenge, my bark of defiance
Commanding attention, demanding compliance
As my ute makes its progress, hear the sound ring
From the king of the ute, in the ute of the king.
Other dogs howl as the strain to compete
With my regal position, Lord of the street,
Their utes are quite nice, I bear them no malice
But compared to my marvellous travelling palace
They're damned insufficient for one of my stature,
They can't cause euphoria, bring about rapture,
Like my splendid ute can, it's one of a kind,
Most noble of utes - that ute is mine!
On the footpath or street I'll do you no harm,
But dare touch my ute and I'll chew off your arm.
The eye of the tiger and lurking beneath
The heart of the lion with crocodiles teeth!
Docile no longer, ablaze with aggression
Guarding my treasured, most valued possession.
What causes this change, this strange transformation
From friend to all men to scourge of the nation?
If man's home is his castle, then a dog has one too,
Nought else can approach what a ute does for you.
And the pride, the contentment, I tell you it's beaut,
Just being a dog in your own bloody ute!

Profile... Glennly Palmer. Writer and Poet. Glennly Palmer is one of the few women who is not averse to revealing her age. However, in doing so she still leaves the inquirer in a puzzle determining just what her vintage really is. It is still safe to say that she is short of the half-way mark, and should she make the century not out, she will no doubt hold the vocal record of any woman in Australia. It is believed that she talks in her sleep as well.

As a young woman Glennly sang and danced in little Theatre, was engaged as a sales personnel trainer and motivator, and still assists part time in the writing of sales training courses.

Oil painting, sketching and calligraphy give her solace as she relaxes on her seven acre hide-away in the hills of Cedar Vale, interspersed with constant harassment from that necessary of all evils — the telephone.

Glennly has been writing all her life and has been published in literary magazines, with both rhyming verse and free verse as well as articles and short stories. Most recent literary result has been the announcement that one of her compositions has been selected in the finals of the Henry Lawson Literary Awards to be judged at Gulgong on the June long-week-end.

The unselfish support of husband Alan has enabled Glennly to concentrate more successfully on her craft, and she will always be grateful to him for his devotion.

Among the many Bush Poets who have rendered assistance, Glennly recognises Bob and Sandra Miller for their encouragement; Carmel Randle for her considerable investment of time, effort and patience in her quest to improve.

Like many other poets, Glennly thought she was the only one writing poetry, a sort of cosmic literary leftover; a frog on a lily pad.

However, Bill Hay persuaded her to go to the Fireside Festival at the Longyard, Tamworth in 1994, the birthplace of many of our performance poets, where, a whole new world opened up for her when she found her kindred spirits. Tamworth hasn't recovered from this inaugural onslaught.

Glennly has a book "Poems and other Lies" available for \$10.00 post paid and has plans for a cassette later in the year.

At Winton in April, Glennly was the most successful lady performer at The Waltzing Matilda Festival and as such will represent Australia at the Cowboy Poets Gathering in Elko, Nevada in January next.

A long list of credits have been added to her name since 1994, she has a bottomless well of talent, and is much sought after in southern Queensland.

At the Waltzing Matilda Centenary Celebrations in Winton last year Glennly was the outright winner of the Australian Womens Championships.

Feel free to harass her - give her a bell on 075 5432606. Buy a book!

Australian Dreaming. Glenny Palmer.

Oh, Neddy, come and sit beside me, tell me stories grand,
Remind me of the joy inside me, hold my feeble hands,
And lead me down nostalgic courses flanked by Wattle trees
Over plains of red and mountain green, to foaming seas;
Old Strangle Figs on Cedars, Eucalypts, and mottled light;
Beyond the clustered plateaus into velvet valley hue,
Along the mighty rivers, ochre brown or sapphire blue.

Oh, Neddy, can you still remember? Tell me that you do,
Take me to where the Kooka's laugh at Crow and Cockatoo,
And whistle pink and grey Galahs, and Mountain Lowry's bright,
Hear the anguished Kestrel cry, and Mopoke, in the night.
Come help me find the Dingo's lair, and haunt of Kangaroo,
Seek out the Platypus so shy, and slow Koala too;
Such wide eyed Possum stealing fruit, wee infant on her back,
Old lazy Wombat, Carpet snake asleep on hessian sacks.

Oh, stoke the fire up Neddy, set me warm before its hearth,
And gather back the children, chase them all to have their bath,
And send them with the swaggie's fare to charge him trek afar,
Beg we hasten to the window, 'see the shooting star!'
Snuff out the candle gently as you bid old Sandman nigh
While scolding ever fondly for his mother's tearful eye.
Secure the old door softly in its cradeled Ironbark,
Behold the southern moon alight, on shutters in the dark.

Oh, Neddy, how my heart meanders through such sweet recall,
And how I crave these ancient limbs to bound through grasses tall,
To sanction climbing mighty gums, and swim the rivers wide,
On sun crazed plains in days bygone. Oh, Neddy, weren't they grand?
With love to each imparted, both endeared this lofty land.
While bones may grate to overtake the creak of rocking seat,
Australian lifetime memories, endure our last defeat.

Henry Lawson Society of N.S.W.

and

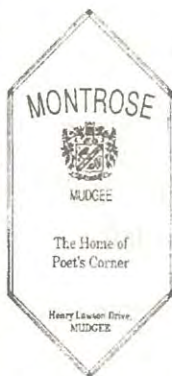
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