

The Australian Bush Poet's Association Inc.

Monthly Newsletter

No.6 Volume 4. June 1997

FIRESIDE FESTIVAL

The Annual Fireside Festival at Tamworth's famous Longyard Hotel has been hailed as another great success. Comments from various members of the audience have been very encouraging — some even going so far as to say they thought it was the best Fireside Festival ever! High praise indeed!!

The Galah Concert produced the most favourable comments. The organisers have certainly hit the nail right on the head with the new format which proved to be a truly entertaining evening.

Friday night saw a full house for the 'Poets in the Pub' section and the 'Poet's Brawl'. Some of the newer voices joined in the frivolity of the evening and our now 'redundant Telecom employee', ABPA member and inveterate traveller, 'Balmain Bob' Dever took the cake with his one minute poem about 'Boot-scooting' at the Country Music Festival in January. Top marks for entertainment.

Saturday's programme included Jim Haynes and the Best of the Bush Kids with such 'old-timers' as 14 year old Alli Ryan, 12 year 'old man of verse', Paddy Ryan, 10 year old Dan Binns (all from the Duri School) and seasoned veteran 13 year old Carmel Dunn of Warwick Q. This troupe entertained the large audience for an hour and a half with their poetry, singing and jokes.

A special on Blue the Shearer's greatest poems was conducted Saturday night as part of the Galah Night with poets performing some of his most popular poems.

'Blue', sometimes known as Col Wilson, of Wellington NSW, who has been writing poetry for too long now to remember, is a seasoned writer of



Bob Magor of Myponga SA.
Winner — 1997 Bronze Swagman

some of the most performed and recited poetry in Australia today. More of Col's poems than any other poets in the country today are being recited at festivals and concerts by so many artists.

As part of the concert 'Blue' responded with a number of his not so well-known works which were by and large, as popular and as humorous as ever.

Tim McLoughlin of Scone and Frank Daniel assisted with compering during different segments of the programme.

Workshops were very well attended with 18 present at Jim Haynes session on Performance Poetry in the Pioneer Room on the Saturday morning.

Col Wilson, Grahame Watt and Frank Daniel had a similar number at their combined workshop on 'Publishing Your Own Work' on the Sunday.

Australian Bush Poet's Association Inc.

President. Frank Daniel
P.O. Box 16 Canowindra NSW 2804
Phones. 063 441 477 hm 063 411 588 wrk
Fax 063 441 962 hm 063 411 582 wrk
email: bushpoet@ix.net.au
Home page: www.allstate.ix.net.au/bushpoet/

Secretary/Treasurer.
Mrs. Olive Shooter
"Willow Bend" M.S 765
Allora Qld. 4362
Phone / Fax. 076 663 474

First Vice President:
R.J. (Bob) Miller
Lot 2 Pilerwa Road
Mungar Qld. 4650
Phones. 071 296 422 Mobile. 015 741 336

Second Vice President:
Merv 'Bluey' Bostock.
27 Ash Ave. Woodridge Qld 4114
Phone. 07 3209 3200

1997 POETRY COMPETITION MACFIE CLAN SOCIETY AUSTRALIA

Recital Events (Free entry)
Entries close 26th. July 1997

3. Open Will Ogilvie Poetry Recital
(Poem to be composed by Will Ogilvie)
4. Open Traditional or Established
Bush Verse.

5. Open Original Bush Verse.
SATURDAY 2nd AUGUST 1997
Royal Mail Hotel
HUNGERFORD QLD.

Entry forms from
Bob McPhee
8 Jahn Drive Glenore Grove Qld. 4342
(07) 5466 5269

NOTICE.....

Poets considering travelling to
Hungerford for the above festival should
contact Bob McPhee immediately as he is
endeavouring to find as many as possible who
may be interested in his hiring of a Coach to
travel out from Brisbane for the big event.
DONT DELAY — ACT NOW!

THE BUNDABERG POET'S SOCIETY INC.

PRESENTS

THE BUNDY MOB'S 1997 BUSH POETS MUSTER

4th - 5th - 6th JULY

Across the Waves Sports Club
Miller Street Bundaberg.

PERFORMANCE POETRY COMPETITIONS

(Entries close 20th. June)

Juniors - Novice and Open Traditional and Original Classes

OVERALL CHAMPION

NON - COMPETITIVE SECTIONS

Friday night Free for All concert - Saturday night Concert.

Written Competition

(Entries close 31st. May)

Send SSAE to: The Bundy Mob's Bush Poets Muster
8 Hawaii Court Bargara Qld 4670

SURAT

(QUEENSLAND)

In the path of Cobb & Co
on the banks of the Balonne
Presents

**THE BATTERED BUGLE
A COMPETITION
FOR PERFORMANCE BUSH VERSE
in conjunction with the
COBB & CO FESTIVAL
16 - 17 AUGUST 1997
Traditional and Original Bush Verse
Phone 076 265 103 Fax 076 265 516**

Ask a friend to join our association.
\$13 from now to end of year.
\$25.00 per year for renewals

Geoffrey Graham

Presents

'Ratbags and Romantics'

A light hearted look at some unique
Australian characters

**WEDNESDAY 30TH. JULY 1997
PALMA ROSA**

9 Queens Rd. Hamilton Brisbane.
Booking essential

Phone Trisha Anderson
(07) 3268 3624 or (07) 3262 3769

President's Letter....

Dear ABPA Members,

Thank you to all those busy letter writers and poets submitting work for publication.

I have printed the important parts of some of the letters that could be of interest to readers, and you will find them on page 8.

More and more enquiries are coming forth requesting information about how to go about written or performance bush poetry competitions; how to start up a poets or writers club; how to run a poet's breakfast; and the list goes on.

Those who require information of ABPA members in their own district, post-code area, State or what-ever, are free to ask. Send a SSAE (A-4 size) to my address letting me know just what you want, and I will return as much as is available.

This month I have included two photographs which were scanned by Cowra Computer Services free of charge for the trial there-of. I am satisfied with the results on my master copies so await the finished product when photo-copied. Bob Magor's photo was taken from a very good quality black and white print and the one of John Philipson was from a good clear colour shot that I took some time back. A white or clear background is helpful for reproduction, needless to say.

Along with Grahame Watt of Kyabram Vic. I had the honour of being elected to the Wall of Renown at the last Fireside Festival. This was a great moment for Grahame and I and on his and my behalf I wish to thank all those who were involved, those who led the way, and those who supported us.

Personally I would like to thank all the poets who were kind enough to share their stage and encourage me since my first visit to the Longyard in June 1993. What they have done for me is all that I can hope to do for others.

Our new Secretary Olive Shooter seems to have the reins well in hand and is steering a steady course. When those members who are not financial to the end of the year get their accounts squared up we should flow through to Christmas without too many problems. Good on ya' Mrs. Shooter.

Best wishes to all,
Regards,

Frank Daniel

ODE TO NEV

© Maurie Foun Mooroolbark Vic.

Heard y' story on the radio mate
heard y' tell how y'd lost y'r land
heard y' sayin' how hurt 'n' sorry y' were
'n' how y' coulda done with a hand
from the banks — greedy buggers
'n' if only there'd been some rain
y'da been all right, coulda seen it through
but now y're knowin' the pain
that all those years of experience
'n' all that work y' did
don't mean a bloody thing anymore
'n' y'll have t' make a quid somehow, y'reckon
still 't least y've got some skill
'n' as y'said y' c'n do a bit 'f turnin'
'n' use a hammer 'n' a drill
but it won't be the same, I know
'cause y'r heart's still in the farm
'n' when that week comes when y'd 've planted
well y'd give y' bloody right arm
j'st t' get back on the tractor
'n' breathe the fresh ploughed soil
'n' when y'r body was tired and weary
after y'd finished all the toil
y'd think, 'well I'm satisfied now, eh
the crops all in again
'n' it should be a bumper harvest this year
's long 's we get some more rain'

BARDS OF BOWRA BUSH POETRY WORKSHOPS

Tutor: Mr. George New

Sundays 3rd and 17th August

Written Competition Junior and Senior
Entries close 1st. Sept. 1997

PERFORMANCE POETRY COMPETITION

Sunday 5th. October 1997 10am

Traditional Poetry — Original Poetry

Judges: Warren Bishop - Jo Smyth - Brian Bell

Closing date for entries Sept. 20

SSAE To Mrs. Maureen Garner

2/8 Salamander Parade Nambucca Heads 2448

Ph/fax 065 685 369

WANTED.... Copies of two poems 'Me and Jim'

*'It was fourteen years this summer
since me and Jim got wed.*

We made a tidy couple;

at least that's what the neighbours said'

'Vixen'

'When I was staying out west last summer'.

Authors unknown. Please send to Canowindra address.

CHRISTMAS IN JULY CAPTAINS FLAT NSW

Following the resounding success of last years function the Queanbeyan Bush Poets have decided to repeat the performance again.

The dinner at the Captains Flat Hotel is sheduled for Saturday night, 26th of July with drinks at 7.30 for 8pm.

Formerly a busy mining centre extracting silver lead zinc and copper, Captains Flat is situated on the great dividing range south-east of Canberra — approximately 50 kays from Queanbeyan.

As numbers will be limited by the size of the venue, patrons are recommended to book early.

Accommodation is available at the Captains Flat Hotel. (Single room \$25, Double \$35). Bookings for rooms should be made to the Hotel direct by calling 062 366 201.

The usual high class of entertainment will be provided and if visitors would like to contribute by reciting, singing, or playing an instrument, they are most welcome.

In this regard contact David Meyers of the Queanbeyan Bush Poets as soon as possible before the event. (062 286 1891)

HERVEY BAY FESTIVAL

Yes it is happening at last. The first ever Poetry Festival in Hervey Bay Q. in conjunction with the Whale Festival.

The Whale Festival commences on 8th. August with many exciting events culminating in the electric light parade through the streets followed by an open air concert on Saturday night 16th. August.

Saturday 16th. is the day of the Poetry Festival commencing with an 8am Poet's Breakfast followed by heats of the Junior, Novice and Open Original and Traditional Verse reciting.

The finals will be held at 3pm. with trophies for first and second placegetters in each section.

Poets will then have an opportunity to voice their opinions on "What Cheeses Me Off" following the finals.

The prize list is growing steadily, with tickets to the Whale Watch on the High-seas, accommodation at local resorts, dinners at local restaurants.

Prize winners will be presented at the night concert and will be asked to perform their winning poem. During the day the audiences will be asked to vote for their favourite poet.

Established poets intending to take in this festival are asked to contact Heather Gilleatt on 071 242 629 or write to her at 12/230 Torquay Tce. Torquay 4655, advising your attendance and any promotional information that can be used in the local paper.

Organisers are looking forward to getting this first festival off to a good start. The writing talents and performance skills of the anticipated poets attending will be appreciated. All are encouraged. to visit and enjoy this place they call Paradise and what it has to offer.

After Biloea, Marco and John travelled to the inaugural Rockhampton Bush Festival.

Here they met up with Gary Fogarty, Bob Miller, Glenn Palmer, Joy Major, Geoffrey Graham and Keith McKenry for several concerts over a two day period, closing with a well attended Bush Poet's Breakfast on the Queen's Birthday.

Keep an eye out for this festival again next year.

It could turn out to be a monster if the locals continue to support it.

BILOELA AND ROCKHAMPTON

Biloea Country Music Festival hosted another year of well supported Poetry events.

Together with John Major, Marco Gliori hosted two Poets Breakfasts on Saturday and Sunday the 7th and 8th of June at the Biloea Showgrounds.

Hundreds of spectators were kept laughing by both recognised and not-so-recognised performers.

Marco also conducted two days of Secondary Workshops, an adult workshop and an afternoon tea concert for pensioners in Biloea in the days leading up to what is becoming a very popular weekend.

In conjunction with the weekend two written awards were presented.

Both awards were offered as a memorial celebration of Charlee Marshall's contribution to 'Poetry' as a resident of Central Queensland.

The winner of the Golden Cockatoo Award for Adults was Trevor Shaw of Thangool.

The winner of the Silver Budgie Award for Juniors was (surprise, surprise) Carmel Dunn of Warwick. Congratulations Carmel !!!!!!!

 * **CANCER** (Jun. 22 — Jul 21) *
 *  *
 * **FOR THE NIPPERS!!!** *
 * Common sense is something *
 * Not common in Cancerians. *
 * Their diet often seems quite odd. *
 * Some are vegetarians. *
 * They're terribly romantic, *
 * And cling tight to the past. *
 * A wee bit fluffy headed, *
 * But loyal to the last. *
 * They're said to be tenacious, *
 * And vulnerable to Cupid. *
 * Mothers say they're lovely. *
 * Others say they're stupid. *
 * 'Blue the Shearer' *
 * *****

**COFFS HARBOUR
 WRITERS GROUP**

On Saturday 15th. June, a Poetry Workshop was conducted by the Coffs Harbour Writers Group at the Park Beach Bowling Club which was attended by some thirty aspirant and experienced poets who were ably tutored and guided by well credentialed Bush Poet Ron Stevens from Dubbo who delighted all with his prize winning poems throughout the day.

Topics covered included definitions of the varying types of poetry, tips on publishing your work, entering competitions and looking at the reasons why you may have been rejected by a publisher or had been unsuccessful in the competitive arena.

Participants were also asked to read or recite their own work for evaluation by both their peers and tutor.

Positive comments and constructive help was at hand from Ron with guidance on metering and scanning being freely given. This was a great session where the writers not only learnt from Ron but from each other.

Ron was free with his praise for the high standard of verse and encouraged all to enter their work and have a go!

Great news for Bush Poetry on the Coast.

WALL OF RENOWN INDUCTEES

The wall of renown had another two Australian Bush Poets added to the group at the last Fireside Festival at the Longyard Hotel in Tamworth.

Introducing the recipients of the awards, Nick Erby accented their individual input and expertise in their chosen field and highlighted some of their many and varied adventures in their respective areas.

From Kyabram in Victoria, Grahame Watt was presented with his award by the Mayor of Tamworth Mr. James Treloare and responded suitably, endorsing the selectors choice.

'Wattie', complete with battered hat and red neckerchief, entertained the large audience with some of his character sketches, delving into the darkest secrets of Dave and Mabel, to some of the most popular of his 'Skew Wiff Kelly' masterpieces.

Grahame was born and reared in Kyabram, Northern Victoria, has a wife and two children. Worked for thirty years in the cannery, is a 'Jack of all trades', handy man at the Warramunda retirement village, and part time entertainer. Grahame has a book of bush verse, which includes a few yarns, and some of the characters who inhabit his being from time to time. Characters such as Dave Duckpond or the Chelsea Pensioner.

Grahame is an inveterate scribbler about life and it's inhabitants. He has observed his fellow-Australians well, and has placed many of our national characteristics into settings which are easily recognisable to the reader or the listener.

Local Member, Mr. Tony Windsor, presented the second award of the night to Frank Daniel, President of the Australian Bush Poet's Association Inc., Bush Poet, Story Teller, Author, and the bloke writing this story.

Over-all the awards night was a most entertaining night and the audience response was none short of praise.

During the Fireside Festival Nick Erby recorded a number of the Poems and Yarns for inclusion in his weekly County Music Radio which is heard nationally. Nick has been giving the Australian Bush Poets as big a lift as possible and often promotes bush poetry in his radio shows.

Much thanks must go to Jim Haynes, Carroll Stannard, Judith Hosier, June-Mary Smythe and the Longyard Hotel for their continued support and enthusiasm in promoting Bush Poetry at the Fireside Festival and the Country Music Muster.

LIMERICK CORNER.

There was a young girl from Gilgarre,
 Whose doctor said, "You'd better marry".
 She said "Marvellous news.
 But who do I choose?
 I don't know if it's Tom, Dick or Harry!"

Grahame Watt.

BUNDY MOB GOES WEST

In the 1890's, the Editor of the Sydney Bulletin told an aspiring poet of the day to go west and broaden his scope for verse. Henry Lawson took Archibald's advice and today we have the results immortalised in written form.

Members of the Bundy Mob Bush Poets' took a page out of Lawson's life and during April, went west themselves.

CHARLEVILLE. The Charleville Bush Balladeers had planned a Performance Competition over the weekend of the 18th - 20th. of April, but the recent flooding forced a change of plans. Three members of the Bundy Mob, Liz Ward, Carol Reffold and Merv Webster (The Goondiwindi Grey) joined a number of other bush poets, spending the weekend with the Charleville Balladeers en route to Winton.

A Friday night Country Music and Bush Verse evening was organised by Ron (Boulia) Bates and Merv (Bluey) Bostock behind Charleville's Historic House Museum, which was well attended by locals and visitors. Saturday lunch was spent at one of the local parks where visiting poets got the chance to meet the locals. Merv Webster, Col Bentley and Roy Briggs entertained a bus load of visiting senior citizens from Roma during the afternoon. A barbeque tea followed at the Cattle Camp Hotel with a concert afterwards compered by 'The Goondiwindi Grey'.

Awards for the written competition were presented during the evening.

The Sunday morning breakfast session compered by Liz Ward, carried on well into the morning eventually becoming lunch.

The One Minute Cut-Out was won by Mark Thompson, one point ahead of The Goondiwindi Grey.

BLACKALL. Overnight at Blackall on the Monday saw camp-oven tucker and damper supplied by Ivan and Marjorie Limpus of the Blackall Caravan Park, accompanied by camp-fire yarns and verse by 'The Grey'.

BARCALDINE. Tuesday night at the Homestead Caravan Park saw a repeat of the night before with hosts Greg and Pam Miles cooking up a barbeque, damper and billy-tea. Yarn after yarn was spun between the visitors and the locals running late into the night, stopping only occasionally to wash down the exaggerating with pots of billy-tea.

Special guests at the Winton Celebrations were Rusty Christenson and Keith Leithbridge of the Western Australian Poets group.

Keith is the 1996 State Champion from the west and the Winton trip was a bonus to his award.

On the Monday following the Winton Championships, a number of poets and visitors were taken on an excursion by Jeanette and Bert Swindell of the Matilda Country Caravan Park (the poets camp) to Mistake Creek 30 k's from Winton. An enjoyable relaxing day after three solid days of tension.

After fare-wells on the Tuesday morning, Billy Hay, the Father of Bush Poetry, led another troupe on his annual trip to Hughendon with a very receptive stop-over at Corfield where local residents exchanged tucker and refreshments in kind for a two hour concert starring Keith, The Grey and his father, John Major, Billy Hay, Bob Magor, Grahame and Louise Dean. Strapper for the entourage was the Grey's were entertained in kind for tucker and refreshments.

The annual three-day stop-over at Elabe Station, home of Lyn (Bills niece) and Arthur Waring was the usual fun-filled holiday away from it all. Rains in February have helped out a lot, compared to last years visit when only four inches of rain had fallen in the four years past. Arthur and Lyn still have their cattle on agistment in the Gulf country, awaiting the revival of the natural grasses.

A barbeque and concert was held at the Homestead on the Wednesday night with 'locals' from as far as 100 k's converging on Elabe for the occasion. Carmel Randle and Barb Erlandson journeyed cross-country to meet up with the band at Elabe.

The next day the 'tourists' were escorted to neighbouring 'Rockwood' Station for lunch and the marvellous sights of the old sheds, the wool scour and the Homestead.

Without doubt the excursion to Winton was a tremendous eye-opening experience for the Bundy Mob and the Bundy Mob was an eye-opener for many of their new-found friends.

Proudly the Bundy Mob constantly supports many of the Bush Poetry Events and they feel certain that many of their Poetic Mates will support them at their coming festival.

If you're in the area come the first week of July, make the Bundy Muster your main port of call. (See ad. page 2).

Chequed Out © Frank Daniel Canowindra

When the drover camped at the outback pub
After a couple of months on the track.
He handed his cheque to the publican —
Chucked his swag in a room at the back.

He supped and wined for six long days,
Making merry to his hearts content.
When he'd had enough, it was settle up
Before back to the bush he went.

The 'damages' bill was terribly high,
The grog came to forty five pounds.
The room at the back cost him twenty five —
Thirty paid for the tucker he downed.

He saw no ill in the publican's bill,
For the 'cost of living was high'.
Was best to enjoy it whilst he could,
'Can't take it along when you die!'

The pretty young miss he fondled and kissed
Cost him forty more of the best.
But he couldn't complain; no one was to blame,
He'd been droving a long time out west.

"Fair enough!" said the drover. "I lived in clover,
But there's only ten quid in me change!"
And the yardman took that, shoved it in his hat,
For feeding his horse on good lucerne and grain.

The drover looked sad as he picked up his swag;
His utterance was not one of glee.
He passed through the door, muttered and swore,
"That horse'll be the ruin of me!"

J.P. ON THE MEND From Coulter House ('the old nurses quarters') at the Prince of Wales Hospital, Randwick, comes the news that the resident 'Prince of Wails', John Philipson is well and truly on the mend and expects to be home in Tamworth by Saturday 21st. of June. John is in good spirits as always and is looking forward to some more homelife. The radiation treatment has been successful and he says that he expects to be back on the circuit as soon as possible: planning on Surat in August as well as a few local shows.

The long list of phone calls and letters John received since the May Newsletter has been overwhelming and more than appreciated and helpful during his long stay at the P.O.W. Thank you to kind readers and friends who took time to correspond, and to the 200 or more names on the Fireside Festival's *Get-Well* card.

SKEW-WIFF KELLY

© Grahame Watt Kyabram Vic.

His name was "Skew-Wiff" Kelly.
And everything he built
Was either at an angle,
Or leaning at a tilt!

On all of his construction jobs
He used the rule of thumb.
He'd close one eye and line it up
And reckon it was plumb.

He would use the best of timber
And take a lot of care,
But every job completed
Was a little bit off-square.

His reputation grew and grew
As "Skew-Wiff" moved around.
The cockies over-looked his faults
For his workmanship was sound!

So as you travel round the place
You can see where "Skew-Wiffs" been.
That hay-shed leaning side-ways.
That verandah with a lean.

You've seen his good old tank-stands,
They've a wind-blown look with time.
His fences have a stagger,
And wander just off line.

You've seen a "skew-wiff" chimney
And you've seen a "skew-wiff" door,
His buildings stand — defiant —
Of the gravitation law.

Yet a funny thing about it,
Though his buildings aren't quite straight,
They always look so comfortable
As if they'd time to wait!

Now "Skew-Wiff" died some years ago,
But I reckon he'd be pleased
For his tomb-stone's got a lean on —
At forty-five degrees!

CHILDHOOD...

- * Childhood is that wonderful time, when all you have to do to lose weight is take a bath.
- * When the Librarian questioned the little boy's book choice '*Advice to young Mothers*', he explained, "I'm collecting moths!"
- * Some kids have a spark of genius, but suffer from ignition trouble.

Letters....

.....From **Milton Taylor**... 'found the article by Joe Charles most interesting and the poem "Somebody's Darling" very moving. I do, however, disagree with Joe's assertion that no one has been able to recapture the same romantic atmosphere for a novel set in New Zealand, as the 'Somebody's Darling' story is told in Ruth Park's novel "The Frost and the Fire".'

A wonderful yarn, related, as always by Ruth, with journalistic authority and historic integrity. A marvellous read for anyone interested in heritage literature.

The fact that I have tried for years to write a poem on Joe's theme without success, adds more to my appreciation of seeing it in print. Great job Joe, beauty!

..... From **Iris Nalder** of 38 Oliver St. Grafton requesting copies of the two poems advertised on page 3.

..... From Mrs. **Lynette Day**, a new member from Bomaderry NSW, who did not know we 'existed until a member of the Gympie Golden Pen group suggested that she might be interested in our association'.

Mrs. Day was the winner of the 1997 Gympie Golden Pen Poetry Awards — Serious section.

..... From **Bob Healy** of Edi Vic.... 'the newsletter gets is the highlight of the month and it gets better as time goes by. I enjoy it immensely.' And regards Bob Magor's poem 'The Cooper Coming Down'. 'It affected me greatly because I was born and bred on the Barcoo River at Isisford which lies 80 miles west of Blackall. I shall never forget the excitement and the smell as the water spread over land parched by years of drought.'

.....From **Don Pender**, Redland Bay Q. who sent in a copy of his book 'Bush Verse from a Wanderer's Pen' with permission to use any of the poems. Writing to Mrs. Shooter.... 'I'll be in Scotland for three weeks from 12th. June in Will Ogilvie's country. One of the greatest I think. Good wishes to you and success in your new position as Secretary-Treasurer.'

.....From **Dick Warwick**, Oakesdale Washington USA. 'My performing partner Bruce and I did a little 7 theatre tour a month ago in Montana and Wyoming. This was a thing we did on our own, with mixed results. We have a very good show which is well received by those who see it, but getting folks to to the theatre in the first place can

be difficult. At any rate we will be returning to some of those theatres, starting in July. We know a lot more about promotion now and can maybe expect some money in return. I am going through one of my periodic broke phases again.

.....From **Lorraine Richards**, Tweed Heads, 'thank you for your help with our inaugural Poet's Breakfast, we are up and running now'.

.....From **Reid Begg** of Forster, 'looking for a copy of a poem my mates father used to recite. I think it is named 'Storm'. "*The wind and the rain came down together and the storm came after. Taking the tops off the pine trees and snapping many a rafter*" — and the last line.... "*And father's home is a better place when the storms in the woods are roaring*".

.....From **Jan Franklin** of Eagle Heights Q. 'Since I am quite outspoken in my dislike for dirty poetry, a stand that I make no apology for and will continue to speak out against, I feel it only right to be just as outspoken in my praise for good poetry and REALLY GOOD poetry is what I have been hearing lately. I recently heard Bobby Miller say a poem about Redfern and another lady say a poem called "Through Danny's Eyes" and I don't think poetry gets any than that'.

.....From **Brian Gale**, Margaret River, WA.... 'by the look of the poets calendar things are moving over your way. Still primitive over here but a bit better in the City (Perth). Poets are coming out of the wood-work. Our Annual Bush Poets Gathering at Boyup Brook in February is gaining momentum. Two and a half days of Country Music and Poetry with bigger attendances each year. I had the honour of being M.C. this year, a great priviledge, with no complaints after gathering a bit of experience in Tamworth'.

.....From **Joye Dempsey**, Croydon Park Sydney who is organising the First Big City Muster in Sydney.... 'I read with interest the letter from Murray Hartin about Bush Poetry in the City and I feel that something should be done now to alleviate this situation and elevate Bush Poetry to it's rightful place. This cultural gathering (The City Muster) of authors should be just the ticket. I hope my Bush Poetry Mates will rally to the flag!

.....From **Maureen Garner**, 'thank you for your help in setting up our programme for our upcoming competition' and 'Attended Jim Haynes "Nothing Serious" show here in Coffs Harbour — just great, with audience wanting more'.

TENTERFIELD JACK

© Bob Miller Mungar Q.

There are legends lost in the sands of time where the dust in the outback lies where the swagmen walked in search of a feed with never a cloud in the skies where the perils and pain of a time gone by are fading down memories lane and once forgotten they will never return to torment their victims again. But legends live on to the present day they're entrenched in Australian lore and not all the stories are painful and sad of heart-breaking life gone before for the laughter rang in the shearing sheds from the ranges out to the 'track' and the biggest larriking alive to-day is the one they called Tenterfield Jack.

Bred from the toughest Irish stock, John Williams was born with a grin along with thirteen brothers and sisters and himself an identical twin. He finished his schooling at twelve year old "That's all that I need." he said. Then threw his bag and books away and walked into a shearing shed. His old man said "This here's the way, you watch me closely son" He shored one sheep and said "I'm orf, there's mustering has to be done." So at twelve years old he tasted sweat and wool and blood and tar and that taste has been with him ever since 'No matter where he are!'

He sheared forty a day as a youngster and three hundred and one was his best and this on the day that his grandson was born, is that what you call a request. He was travelling to distant locations through the droughts and the flooding rains 'Twas his great, great grand-dad John Oxley put the wandering blood in his veins.

At Longreach, St. Geroge, Cunnamulla, with hardly the time to unpack the fleeces soon flew and the ringers all knew this bloke called Tenterfield Jack.

His records remain 'never beaten', hung his tongs up in eighty four he remembers the wide combs and cutters and remembers the shearers war.

His top for a week was at Texas and twelve fifty six was the score with never a cut or a tar patch he 'pinked' every sheep that he shored and in 'sixty-five it was drought time and the toughest a man could hack yet over fifty thousand sheep that year, went under the blade of Jack. There was 'Mighty Mouse' came up from Melbourne, couldn't be beat so they say but Tenterfield Jack went around him, done him by a hundred a day.

Yet the thing that he treasured was mateship no money could buy you a friend and they'd stick through the tough and the easy and be with you right till the end.

These days he spends with his memories of mates and the sheds that he knew of the times they went fishin' or boozin' or chasing a pig or a 'roo for the shearing shows little concessions, Jack seldom sought any rewards yet picked up 'long service' at Cornwalls' after forty five years on the boards. So he'll drive into town with a ute' full of dogs and the people will wave as he goes yet a stranger won't know just who he is or know what the local bloke knows but we should be preserving this heritage, I know I'll be proud to look back and say I met the man and I shook the hand of this legend called Tenterfield Jack.

POET'S CALENDAR. EVENTS AND COMPETITIONS.

- July 4 - 5 - 6 **The Bundy Mob's Bush Poets Muster and Concert** Across the Waves Sports Club. Presented by the Bundaberg Poets Society Inc. Enq. Merv Webster Secretary. 8 Hawaii Court Bargara Qld. (071) 563 178
- July 14 Closing date. **Henry Lawson Society of NSW and Montrose Wines** Poets Corner Award — SSAE to Secretary P.O. Box 235 Gulgong NSW 2852. Ph. Chris Cooke 063 741 668
- July 26 **Captains Flat NSW**. Christmas in July Dinner with the **Queanbeyan Bush Poets**. 7.30 pm. Bookings essential. \$30.00 per person. Contact David Meyers 06 286 1891 Accommodation at the Captains Flat Hotel. Phone 062 366 201
- July 30. **Palma Rosa. 'Ratbags and Romantics' with Geoffrey Graham** 7.00pm. Enquiries Trisha Anderson 07 3268 3624 07 3262 3769
- July 31. Closing Date. **Australian Rhyming Verse Written Competition**. Traditional verse to 50 lines. \$3.00 per entry or 3 for \$7.00 to — Art and Craft Across Australia. Att. Carol Coates. 450 Varley St. Yorkey's Knob. Qld. 4878 Phone/fax 070 557 307
- August 3 & 17 **Back to Bowra Aust. Bush Poetry Workshops** — Open and Junior Written Competition Enq. SSAE - Mrs. M. Garner. 2/8 Salamander Parade Nambucca Heads 2448 065 685 269
- August 15. Closing Date. **Nimbin Agricultural and Industrial Society Inc.** Poetry Competition. Bush Verse or Bush Theme of no more than 28 lines. \$3.00 per entry to Nimbin A & I Society Inc. P.O. Box 165 Nimbin NSW 2480. Phillip Utting. 066 89 1174
- August 16. Inaugural **Hervey Bay Poetry Festival** — In conjunction with the Hervey Bay City Council Whale Festival. Junior - Novice and Open Traditional and Original Verse competitions. Enquiries: SSAE to Heather Gilleatt. 12/230 Torquay Tce. Torquay 4655. Ph. 071 242 629
- August 16 - 17 **The Cobb & Co. Battered Bugle Bush Verse Competition. Surat Qld.** In conjunction with the opening of the Cobb & Co Change Station. For Performance Poetry. 16 - 17 August. Entry is free. Poets accommodation details — Ph. 076 265 164 Other information send SSAE to The President. P.O. Box 45 SURAT Q. 4417. 076 265 103
- August 16 - 17 **Trundle Bush Tucker Weekend** — Trundle NSW. Bush Music — Bush Games — Bush Tucker. Poets Breakfast. Enq. John Wright 068 921 120 David Lyons 068 921 239
- Aug. 26 **Gympie Muster — Amamoor Park Gympie Qld. Bookings ph.**
- Sept. 1 **Bush Poetry - ABC Album Launch — Competitions - Country Music**
- Sept. 10 **The Palma Rosa**. 9 Queens Rd. Hamilton Q. 7.30pm. The Fogarty Family from Millmerrin. Gary Fogarty (Inaugural Australian Champion), wife Tracey and daughter Kelly. Enquiries: Trisha Anderson. Ph..07 3268 3624. Bookings: Palma Rosa 07 3262 3769
- September 13 - 14. **Sydney's First Big City Muster**. Part of the Annual NSW Writers' Centre's, Spring Writing Festival — Further information to come next issue. Ph. Joye Dempsey 02 9797 7575
- Sept. 14 **Poets in the Pub - Performance Bush Poetry Competition - Ramshead Hotel Millmerrin** Junior - Novice - Open - Male and Female — Entries close Sept 1st. — SSAE to Kevin Barnes P.O. Box 64 Millmerrin Q. 4357 Ph. 076 954 209
- October 4 - 5 **North Pine Bush Poets Group — Camp Oven Bush Poetry Festival** Pioneer Village Country Music Hall North Pine Country Park Dayboro Rd. Petrie Qld. Enquiries to Patti Coutts (07) 3886 1552 Louise Dean (07) 3260 5506
- Dec. 3. **The Palma Rosa**. 9 Queens Rd. Hamilton Q. 7.30pm. Final performance of the year. Bobby Miller will bring the house down as usual with his brilliance and diversity. Sanity will prevail with the Australian Bush Poetry Junior Champion ('95, '96, '97) Carmel Dunn. Enquiries: Trisha Anderson. Ph..07 3268 3624 — Bookings: Palma Rosa 07 3262 3769
- Regular Events. 1st. Sunday of each month.**
Poets Get-together — Traders Restaurant - Mt. Coolum Qld. (074) 491 991
Bundanoon Hotel Bundanoon NSW Jennifer Compton (048) 836 005
Palm Beach-Currumbin Bowls Club. 9am. Poets Brekkie. Ph. Lorraine 07 5590 9395
- 1st. Monday** *Aroma's Restaurant & Coffee Shop.* Toowoomba Q. Ron Selby (076) 301 106
2nd. Sunday *'Interludes' Ashfield Civic Centre, Sydney* — Joye Dempsey 02 9797 7575
3rd. Friday *Poetic Folk — Rooty Hill School Of Arts.* Sydney — Arch Bishop (02) 9625 7245
2nd. Friday *The Monaro Leisure Club.* 7 pm. Vale St. Cooma. Bush Poetry and Country Music.
3rd. Thursday *Queanbeyan Bush Poets.* Phone David Meyers 06 286 1891

THE BLUE CRANE AND I

Seated alone on a tree stump,
Watching the flow of the tide,
The Blue Crane and I, together,
Now silently side by side.
Scent of the damp night approaching,
Twin ducks afloat on the lake,
The Blue Crane and I, together,
Study rhythms marsh frog make.
Shadows will deepen the silver,
Of constantly ripple filled stream,
Nocturnal nature awakens,
Others will silently dream.
Here for a moment we rested,
Watching the close of the day,
The Blue Crane and I, together,
Treading our now separate way.

© Lynette Day Bomaderry NSW

From The Secretary.....

If any members know of people wishing to join the Association they may do so from now on at a reduced rate of \$13 to the end of the year.

This does not include members who are making late renewals. The fee for them is still \$25.00.

The Association has printed an annual book of verse for the last three years and these are still available to members for \$3.00 each plus \$1.10 for postage. Contact me for copies. They are good reading and are comprised of poems sent in by members.

Thanks to those who responded to my letter last month.

Best wishes to you all.

Olive Shooter.

AUSTRALIAN RHYMING VERSE WRITTEN COMPETITION

Traditional verse to 50 lines.

\$3.00 per entry or 3 for \$7.00

Enquiries to

Carol Coates

ART AND CRAFT ACROSS AUSTRALIA

450 Varley St. Yorkey's Knob Qld. 4878

Ph/fax. 070 557 307

BATTERED BUGLE AWARDS

The annual Battered Bugle Awards will be held at Surat, Q. on the banks of the Balonne river on 16th. and 17th. August.

This is a must for those who long for an enjoyable week-end of performance bush poetry and bush entertainment at it's best.

Entry is free into the competitions which are made up of Local and Open Performance Bush Poetry — Traditional and Original.

The Trophies will be handcrafted by Mr. Les White using local timbers and will include a small piece of original Cobb & Co. Corduroy. Corduroys were made up of cypress saplings laid side by side along the boggy and sandy stretches of roadways to allow the passing over of the coaches.

Much of the old corduroys can still be seen today in areas of the former coach routes.

Bush Poets are specially catered for, (first in first served) accommodation wise, at the shearing quarters on 'Newington', home of Bob and Chesne Nason. Phone 076 265 164.

The Battered Bugle Trophy will be presented to the Poet who achieves the highest aggregate points in the Traditional and Original sections.

Trophies will be awarded in all other categories. Entries will be accepted on the days of the competitions.

The Surat State School Band will open the programme for the opening of the Changing Station Complex. During the afternoon there will also be a Rock Eisteddford Performance, Bush Dancing, A Best Vest Parade, afternoon teas, Billy Boiling and Fun Events, Blade Shearing, Children's Verse Competitions, line-dancing, dinner, live bands, buskers, stalls and Cobb and Co Coach rides.

Further information regarding the programme and further accommodation can be obtained by sending a SSAE to the President, Mrs. Jan Ritchie, P.O. Box 45 Surat Q. 4417 or call her on 076 265 103.

Another of Watties Limericks

'Twas on an isle in an ocean so blue,
I asked a maid, if she were true,
"On a cruise oh so nice",
She said, "I only fell twice —,
With the Captain, and then with the crew.

PROFILE RON STEVENS.

Ron was born at Richmond NSW in 1926 and joined the RAAF on his 18th birthday, transferring to the RAN in 1946, where he remained until his retirement. He began his service on the *lower deck*, working his way through the ranks to chief petty officer, before gaining a commission and finally ending service life as a commander.

So, you might well ask, how is it that he fled the coast and the tang of salt water for country life in Dubbo and now spends much of his time writing bush verse and attending bush poetry festivals.

Both Ron and his wife Clo (who was born at Narrandera) have a deep affection for *I the bush* and for country people and do not regret selling up their home of many years in Hornsby to escape to more civilised living in Dubbo. This activity includes many long discussions on poetry with fellow Dubbo poet Ellis Campbell, somewhat to the irritation of their wives. (Maureen and Clo).

After leaving the navy, Ron took a BA degree at Macquarie University, majoring in English literature and with studies in Australian history. His object was 'to get his brain back into gear.'

He was able to indulge his taste for poetry and fiction fully and subsequently joined the Fellowship of Australian Writers and Youngstreet Poets in Sydney where he enjoyed regular meetings with other writers. He is currently the vice-president (country) of the FAW NSW, an honorary member and a writing fellow.

Although Ron finds more satisfaction in wrestling with the requirements of traditionally rhymed and structured verse, he also writes in contemporary free-verse style and short fiction.

After being content to enter for written competitions for years, he has recently taken on *performing* his works.

In 1996 he won the Leonard Teale Spoken Word award at Gulgong and in 1997 was a finalist in the Original section at Tamworth. His first prizes for written poetry include The Jesse Litchfield Award for Literature, The Henry Lawson Society Gulgong (4 times), The Tamworth Blackened Billy (twice), The Bronze Swagman, The NT Red Earth (twice), The Longreach Diamond Shears (three times), The Grenfell Henry Lawson trophy, The Max Harris, Orange Banjo Paterson, Henry Lawson/Montrose Wines Poets Corner Award, and eight separate Bicentennial awards in 1988. He admits to being a *compulsive*

entrant in literary competitions.

Ron has published four collections of his poems: *A Touch of History, A Lighter Touch of History, Identity* and *Reversals*. A ninety-minute audio-tape of some of his first-prize winning traditionally rhymed verse — *Winners in Rhyme* — was one of four finalists in the The Golden Gumleaf Awards at Tamworth in 1997.

He is often called upon to judge written poetry competitions and to conduct poetry workshops. He is also a long-standing voluntary reader of books onto tape for the Australian Listening Library, for the benefit of the blind and people otherwise print-handicapped.

At the John O'Brien Festival in March, Ron's wife Clo, won the 'Ladies Bush Poetry Recital Murrumbidgee Championships' at the Murrumbidgee Hotel, Narrandera NSW, with his poem 'Years of the Family' which had won the written section at the Lithgow Festival in 1996.

—o—o—o—o—o—

ODE TO A HOMING PIGEON

Said a Pigeon which did fly and roam,
"I wonder where the hell is home?"

Watty

FLOOSIE IN DEVON

The ever popular Shirley Friend and long suffering husband, Ced, of Morayfield Q. are currently visiting friends and relatives in the U.K.

Writing from Devon, Shirl says that she is missing the rounds of the poetry festivals but is having a good time. Such as she is, Shirley was short on news but promises more later.

In her post-card she spelt Turkey and Italy correctly, but had three 'go's' at getting Canowindra right. Good on ya' Shirl, we are missing you too!



JOHN PHILIPSON

I sorted through my silver on the bar and found it shy
by fifty cents, a warning no more solace could I buy.
Beyond my empty schooner was notice roughly penned:
Please never ask for credit. A refusal might offend.

Offended? Me? The wording was a joke on time and place:
an outback pub decaying and this artist's fall from grace.
In better years, in Sydney, I used credit card or friend;
no inkling of a future where refusals might offend.

The *Please* was out of focus with the barman's broken nose.
A hand less club-like surely had decreed such genteel prose.
That thought led me perversely to recall my marriage end;
how Julie's shock desertion did more harm than just offend.

For wives should be indulgent with the quirks of cultured men
- the drinking, gambling, models; or that's how I reasoned then
before I cracked from the pressure, almost going round the bend
to finish up a hobo whom refusals can't offend.

The notice mesmerised me as I drifted from my plight
to mull on what expressions are regarded as polite.
Does *mate* or *you old bastard* let vice-regal guests unbend?
Recalcitrant translated not surprisingly offend?

My thoughts then switched to Timor: how our *Sparrow Force* in strife
was aided by the locals, risking torture and their life.
Yet Timorese now seeking an asylum here contend
with Indonesian protests. Should we take a risk? Offend?

'My bloody oath!' I muttered to myself... and bureaucrats,
insipid politicians, pussy-footing diplomats.
The barman moved towards me and I guess he'd *recommend*
I travel on, avoiding any chance that I'd offend.

'Are you okay, old-timer? Better have this on on me.'
I didn't take offence at his presumption; disagree
that I was looking ancient. 'Thank you, landlord, I commend
your kindness,' I responded, drinking up lest I offend.

To summarise what followed, I remained in town a while,
employed as a hotel *useful* — useful washing bathroom tile,
collecting empty glasses and for hosing out the blend
of hamburgers and lager that can certainly offend.

The boss was fair and decent so I secretly designed
a parting gift, a notice which, by habit, I had signed.
My message script was Gothic and I had some nudes extend
around the border Linsay-style, I doubted would offend.

This first art-work since going bush, I place upon the shelf,
tossed out the scribbled notice and prepared to leave, myself.
He frowned and offered 'How you holding? If you're short I'll lend...'
I paused, accepted fifty, as refusal might offend.

I grew up loving football and the style I played was rough.
The crunch of those collisions had me longing to be tough.
At ev'ry waking moment I would rush outside to play —
running, passing, tackling, growing mightier each day.

I later took up boxing and I taught my fists to sting.
I fantasised of cheering crowds when sparring in the ring.
I could dance 'n duck 'n weave 'n often win a fight with bluff —
but no matter what I did — I was never tough enough.

Cowboys were my heroes and a bloke was never grand
till some legend'ry encounter saw him prove he was a man.
My father was a soldier and my brother earned his score
when buried in a mine explosion back in ninety four.

But images of gallantry have changed for me of late.
I've met this little fella who I'm proud to call my mate.
They say that he's got cancer and he's running out of puff.
I say the kid will make it — and I simply call him 'TOUGH!'

He has morphine for his breakfast 'cause the pain is wearing thin.
His ghostly face ignites the room — but he's not caving in.
His calipers like anchors drag up each and every stair —
yet with sheer determination he assumes they are not there.

He's just got home from treatment and he's hobbling down the hall.
His toys are growing dusty and his bike is way too small.
He thought he'd call a school mate and maybe play some games —
but hasn't been for eighteen months and can't remember names.

COLLECTION OF POETRY

BY

MARCO GLIORI

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Collection of Poems Including
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Poetry for Primary Children
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Collection of Poems includ-
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Poetry and songs including
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\$15.00 PP

P.O. Box 999 Warwick Qld. 4370

Phone 076 61 4024

PALMA ROSA POETS

A feast of Poetry at Palma Rosa, 9 Queens Road
HAMILTON BRISBANE

(Put these dates in your diaries)

* THE GEOFFREY GRAHAM SHOW

See the multi-talented Geoffrey in a wonderful blend of
comedy, pathos and pride in "Romantics and Liars"
on Wednesday 30th. July 1997

* THE FOGARTY FAMILY

Featuring the Inaugural Australian Bush Poetry Champion
GARY FOGARTY - wife TRACEY - daughter KELLY
A very entertaining evening of Poetry and Song.
Wednesday 10th. September 1997

* FINAL PERFORMANCE OF THE YEAR

The unforgettable BOBBY MILLER and three times
Aust. Junior Bush Poetry Champion, CARMEL DUNN
Wenesday 3rd. December 1997

Shows start 7.30 pm. - \$ 15.00 includes supper - BYO drink

His heroes are the doctors and the nurses and the hordes
of selfless individuals who visit cancer wards —
where children cry in anguish as the 'Chemo' struts it's stuff —
and families supporting — show us all what's 'tough'.

I love my sporting moments still — but they cannot compare
with memories of my young mate giggling from his chair —
as I wheel him racing madly for ev'rything we're worth
stirring up the flocks of seagulls nestled by the surf.

They say with age we mellow and I know this to be true.
I once had felt invincible (as children often do).
This little boy's no different — he's just wandered off the track —
he's living in limbo — but God-willing he'll be back.

Don't turn away in sorrow — don't prematurely grieve —
These kids are bloody tougher than you ever could believe.
They're racing for a future and they're leading by a length —
so cheer them — ride beside them — and share your inner strength!

Then maybe late one evening when life is feeling cheap —
when you're counting your achievements but still can't get to sleep.
When you're searching for some torture to inflict upon yourself —
even though you know tomorrow that you'll wake in 'decent' health.

Spare a thought for children who are dreaming through the night
of homes and pets and lonely beds and cures to set them right.
And should you vow to help them as the tears flow to the brink —
Then maybe you are just a little **tougher** than you think!

HERVEY BAY POETRY FESTIVAL

AUGUST 16 — 1997

Junior — Novice — Open

Traditional and Original Verse Competitions

**SSAE To Heather Gilleatt
12/230 Torquay Tce. Torquay Qld. 4655
Ph 071 242 629**

HENRY LAWSON SOCIETY OF NSW

AND

MONTROSE WINES

\$1000.00 Written competition \$1000.00

Closing Date July 14 1997

SSAE To Secretary

P.O. Box 235 Gulgong NSW

Ph. Chris Cooke 063 741 668

Thank you to the following contributors to this months Newsletter..... Jan Franklin — Marco Giori
Ken Hood — Judith Hosier — David Meyers — Brian A. Gale — Blue the Shearer — Neil Carroll —
Ron Stevens — Olive Shooter — Jan Ritchie — Maureen Garner — Heather Gilleatt — Grahame Watt

DEADLINE FOR MONTHLY PUBLICATION: 15th. day of the month of issue.

But please don't wait till that day. The early bird catches the worm!

Send copy to P.O. Box 16 Canowindra NSW 2804 or Fax. (063) 441 962

WARREGO JACK'S GALAH

© Neil Carroll Dubbo, NSW

If you've ever travelled the Great Outback
Where the Western drovers are
You've no doubt heard of Warrego Jack
And Pinky, his pet Galah.

I met them first at Toulby Gate
They were droving a thousand head
And Warrego talked at his usual rate
But the parrot left him for dead.

"Hello!" he said, "I wish she'd rain
I'm sick of this hot dry spell!"
But a fortnight later we met again
In Brewarrina's Royal Hotel.

The wagers were flying fast and thick
In the hotel's public bar
The boys were betting with Silent Mick
On Warrego Jack's galah.

For Mick had a large white cockatoo
That he thought was hard to beat
He was reared by a shearer at Pockataroo
On damper, and cold corned meat.

The victor of many verbal wars
He could go like a bullock driver
Mick said "I'll ber that he out-talks yours
To the tune of an even fiver!"

So the bets were laid, and they placed the birds
In a square, two feet by two
Mick's bloke let go with a string of words
But Pinky didn't say boo.

He just sat there with the cunning look
Of an untrained, raw beginner
You should have heard Warrego Jack go crook
When they called Mick's bird the winner.

But he paid his debt with a poker face
Then he said "You've let us down
Your smart little act was a real disgrace
We're the laughing stock of the town!"

Then Pinky spoke. . . "Now listen you blokes,
Relax, and forget your sorrow
Just use your scone, and you'll realise
We'll get ten to one tomorrow!!!"

FOREVER YOUNG

© Brian A. Gale Margaret River, WA

By a lonely stretch of country road
In the north of W.A.

A monument for a little girl,
I came across one day.

I stood there by the roadside
And felt the sadness there,
For the death of one so young,
There was stillness in the air.

The skid marks were plain to see,
As the vehicle must have rolled.
So you'll remain forever young,
This story must be told.

Born in nineteen eighty four
and died in ninety five
A girl of just eleven years,
Her parents joy and pride.

My heart goes out to her three brothers,
For I know you loved her so,
To Sue and Neil, her Mum and Dad,
who will never see her grow.
Shane, Russel, and Michael,
No doubt you miss her still,
Of the laughter shared for those few years,
I guess you always will.

So I write these words for Natalie,
For you with the golden hair,
And for many others just like you,
At Heaven's gate up there.
For all the many parents
who have seen their children go,
Of a life so full of promise
And now they'll never know.

There were flowers in profusion
On that bright and sunny day,
Some roses and a wreath of two,
Beside the headstone lay.
A picture of that little girl
Was also there to see,
That golden hair, those laughing eyes,
Forever young you'll be.

During his travels last year Brian Gale came across a stone monument near Mt. Newman in the North of WA. There were many flowers arranged and it appeared that a recent service had been held at this site. This inspired Brian to write.

ROOTS

© Ken Hood Clifton Q.

I'm a bush poet from the city!
But I've gone back to me roots.
Got no transport (more's the pity)
And I've pebbles in me boots.

Now I'm living here in Clifton
On the fabled Darling Downs
Where the fluffy clouds are shiftin'
O'er the fields and little towns.

And this is Steele Rudd country!
We remember with affection
Good old Dad 'n' Dave and sundry
And his tales "On Our Selection".

And the ground is rich and loamy
Grows the richest crops by far
I wouldn't pull ya leg, but blow me —
A needle planted — came up as a crowbar.

I'm a neighbour to Bill Glasson
A brother versifier,
And we share the Lawson passion
We both warm to Banjo's fire

A bush Poet from the city
But you can bet your boots,
I have writ this little ditty
'Cos I've gone back to my roots!

In a recent letter Jan Franklin of Eagle Heights Q. asked.... "Frank, have you ever considered setting up a help line for some of us newer to the game? The reason I suggest this is that recently I had phone call from Cec Muir concerning a poem he heard me say and we talked for a while and he made me realise that some of older poets could teach us a lot. He made some good suggestions for a poem of mine, and I'm sure a lot of us could learn from those more experienced, things we can't learn from a book, as when you are stuck for a line in an otherwise good poem.

A lot of us have computers and could correspond on the net if we only knew who to contact."

Ed. note. Any reader who may have suggestions regarding help for others or who are in need of help might contact me with their ideas. Perhaps the forming of groups within post-code areas would be a simple solution to sharing. I don't need that job but I will help if I can. So come on! Write in and

MEMORIES

© Jan Franklin Eagle Heights Q.

I remember my old droving days,
wrapped in blankets to keep out the cold.
As we sat round the camp-fire at night,
and laughed at the yarns that were told.

My mind goes back a long time,
back to much happier days.
I still feel the horse move beneath me,
as I galloped out after the strays.

Though my hands cannot hold a rein,
I can still hear the crack of the whip.
As I walk with the aid of this frame,
for fear that my old legs might slip.

I still take my turn at the night watch,
although it is just in my head.
And many a brumby I've broken,
as I lay here at night in my bed.

My mates have all passed away now,
along with my old chestnut mare.
But I still recall their names clearly,
to me it is like they're still there.

Although my eyesight is dimming,
the sounds of the bush I still hear.
I live in the land of my memories,
memories that I hold so dear.

My body is fast wearing out,
how much longer I have, I don't know.
But one thing I ask you, please God,
make my memories the last thing to go.

TRUNDLE NSW BUSH TUCKER WEEKEND 16 - 17 AUGUST 1997

The biggest Bush Tucker Weekend in NSW
Bush Tucker - Bush Games - Bush Everything
featuring

PAT DRUMMOND — THE BURKENBAKS
PETER HORAN — KYOGLE BUSH BAND
THE BUSHWACKERS

FRANK DANIEL — POETS BREAKFAST
Enq. John Wright 068 921 120 David Lyons 068 921 239

share the workload a little by helping your friends as well as helping yourselves. Readers who are on the net might also advise their email addresses etc.



POSTAGE
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MERRIWA OFF TO GOOD START

Attempts at introducing Bush Poetry to the Festival of the Fleece at Merriwa on the June Long-weekend proved a bonus to the organisers, the towns people and visitors alike.

Would be doubters in the town were set back on their haunches as the poets launched an all-out attack on the unsuspecting.

Generally speaking the Bush Poets took the festival by storm and have set the pace for further development at future festivals.

Some of the talent included Tim McLoughlin, Ron Brown, Sue Smoothey, Ros Stair, Sally Mitchell, Rex Hockey, 'Balmain Bob' Dever, Gary Lowe, 'Arch' Bishop.

Congratulations to Ros Stair and the organisers for another great shot in the arm for Australian Bush Poetry.

— Book Shelf —

Straight from the Heart and Closer to the Heart
 Two books and a cassette of 28 best original poems.
 Brian Gale. 25 Georgette Drive Margaret River WA. 6285
 \$10.00 each posted — or \$18.00 for any two posted.

My Ute and a Few Others. Book of Bush Poetry
 'Piddlin' Pete' and 15 others. Cassette \$12.00 ea. posted
 Milton Taylor. 71 Ridge St. Portland NSW.2847

Barbwire and Billy Tea — Yarns and Bush Verse.
 Tammy Muir RMB 2011 Picola V. 3639 \$14.00 posted

Bush Yarns and Poetry 120 pages yarns and poems.
 Frank Daniel P.O. Box 16 Canowindra 2804 \$12.00 PP.

Poets Never Lie and The Kitchen Revolt. (Books)
 Marco Giori. P.O. Box 999 Warwick Q. 4370 \$12.00 PP.

Poetic Justice and The Whole Truth. (Cassettes)
 Marco Giori. P.O. Box 999 Warwick Q. 4370 \$15.00 PP.

Of War and Other Things Joye Dempsey.
 20 Forbes St. Croydon nsw 2133 029 797 7575

Tall Tales Yarns and Verse. 'The Minmi Magster'
 Bob Skelton. 196 Woodward St. Minmi. 2287. \$12.00 PP

 * **HERVEY BAY POETRY FESTIVAL** *
 * IN CONJUNCTION WITH *
 * **THE HERVEY BAY CITY COUNCIL** *
 * **WHALE FESTIVAL** *
 * **16TH AUGUST 1997** *
 * **PIALBA OVAL - PIALBA, HERVEY BAY** *
 * **8AM POETS BREAKFAST** *
 * **9AM JUNIOR HEATS** *
 * **11AM NOVICE HEATS** *
 * **1PM OPEN HEATS** *
 * **3PM FINALS OF ALL HEATS** *
 * **4PM "WHAT CHEESES ME OFF"** *
 * Enquiries: SSAE to Heather Gilleatt. *
 * 12/230 Torquay Tce. Torquay 4655 *

"The Lowedown"
 40 minute audio tape. 17 original bush poems.

"Lowedown Too"
 60 minute audio tape. 19 original bush poems.

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 50 pages 33 original bush poems as featured on the tapes.

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GLOWE PRODUCTIONS.
 'Glenrush' Glen Road.
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