

The Australian Bush Poet's Association Inc.



Monthly Newsletter

No 12 Volume 5

December 1998

TO A.B.P.A. MEMBERS

Hope that you've enjoyed our efforts
All throughout the year
Apparently perhaps you've had a laugh each month
Perchance you've shed a tear
You must have some funny stories
Cant' you drop a line?
How we'd love to hear from readers
Right through ninety nine
It's our membership who send in each
Special rhyme or story
Tom and Carmel, Milton Taylor, Liz or
Mark Gliori
Arch Bishop, Glenny Palmer
Sandra Binns and Blue
Really sent us in some beauties
Every month or two
And for Christmas may we wish you
Days of joy and cheer, and
Everything you wish yourself
Right through the coming year
See you all in the Newsletter
in Nineteen Ninety Nine



Kind Regards from
Australian Bush Poets Association
Inc. Committee of Management
© Neil Carroll, Dubbo NSW

I CAN HOLD A GRUDGE

© John Harris, Kalang NSW

I'm sorting Father Christmas out,
He's going to find it shocking,
I wonder what he's going to say
About the funnelwebs in my stocking,
There's Taipans in the chimney
Adders in the roof,
King Browns tied up to every door,
And the yard is Santa proof,
You might think I'm quite nasty
Not really very pleasant,
But he got here very late last year,
And I only got one present !!

WHEN SANTA CAME TO TEA

© John Bird, Lismore, NSW



The sun had balled in glaring heat, the day forever long,
in pushing hard the thirsting mob to reach the billabong.
The grazing sheep contented now, bleating not a sound,
Shepherding them, the heelers ever moving all around.
The smouldering embers bunched up tight, for I'd finished evening fare,
The scent of baking damper still lingers in the air,
The purple shadows lengthened, the stars were on the peep,
So I got my roll and blanket and settled down to sleep.
Suddenly something woke me up, the camp was swathed in light
The billy it was bubbling, the fire dancing bright,
My mind was kinda hazy. My eyes were all agog,
For across from me there was a man sitting on a log.
His clothes were of a real bright red and did look sorta queer,
He has a set of whiskers that grew from ear to ear.
A funny peaked red hat he wore with a tassel white as snow,
He had a smile upon his face. His cheeks were all aglow.
"I thought you'd never waken," his soft voice said to me
"I've been waiting here for you to stir to have a cup of tea,
For this is Christmas Eve you know. Tomorrow's Christmas Day
And I felt the urge to be with you before I fly away."
We sat there talking for a spell, of children, friends and such,
Of droughts and floods, of sheep and dogs that don't amount to much.
Then he rose up from his log and said, "I think I'd better go,
'Cause I've got some presents for the kids down on the Overflow."
When I woke up in the morning, the camp seemed just the same.
That was a funny dream I thought and stirred the fire for flame.
I checked the horses and the sheep and everything seemed right.
But coming back into my mind was the dream I had last night.
That friendly man all dressed in red, to me seemed real as life.
Could you imagine my surprise when I found a card and a brand new
pocket knife.
Now I cannot tell them shearing blokes or my mates, because,
I know they would not believe that I had tea with Santa Clause.

BUSH POETS ON THE SMALL SCREEN

ABPA spies have reported that some of our members have made appearances on national television and radio programs promoting Bush Poetry.

A.B. 'Banjo' Paterson, aka Geoffrey Graham was guest "salesman" on "The Sale of the Century" recently and promoted his forthcoming "The Man from Ironbark" show at the Victorian Trades Hall in Carlton. Additionally, Bob Magor from SA also made an appearance on "The Middy Show".

Ian MacNamara of ABC Radio recently took his "Australia All Over" show to Dubbo, NSW and interviewed Ellis Campbell of Dubbo during the program. All this is great publicity nationally for Bush Poetry!



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NOTICE TO MEMBERS ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING OF AUSTRALIAN BUSH POETS ASSOCIATION INC.

2.30 pm, Sat., 23rd January, 1999
ST PETERS HALL
VERA STREET, TAMWORTH

Olive Shooter, Secretary, A.B.P.A. Inc.



Secretary's Notes

Dear Members,

Remember the Annual Meeting at Tamworth on 23rd January at St. Peters Anglican Church hall in Vera Street at 2.30 pm. Please come along if you can and hear the progress of the Association for this year. And, if you wish you can have your say there. You must be a financial member to have a vote. Please note the proposed changes to the Constitution. We want to please as many as possible. If you are against any part of them, then the meeting is the place to vote on it. Changes to the Constitution need a 75% majority of those present and entitled to vote.

Our membership has reached an all time high with 377 members. This is wonderful and shows that our craft is gaining in support. Many of our members do not write or recite and it is pleasing to have them show their interest by joining.

Renewals are due at the end of December and may be paid to me. If you wish, you can pay me at Tamworth. Members who have not renewed will not receive a March newsletter and as the cost of printing them precludes us having many extras printed late members may not receive back copies. I will be around the venues wearing my membership card. Please wear your card at any time to show you are proud to belong. Come and make yourself known to me.

Thankyou to all those who have written me such lovely notes through the year. I feel you are my friends, even though I have not met some of you. This is the beauty of bush poetry. A friendlier group of people you would not meet in a days march. A common bond and big generous hearts reaching out.

We are having to try a new printer for the magazine.

Winton Shire Council have replied to my letter indicating their willingness for the winners of the Australian Championships names to be placed with the R.M. Williams bust that is in their custody wherever the contest is held. We appreciate this and hope

Presidents Report

Well the festive season is upon us again and we'd like to take the opportunity to wish every member and their families all the best for Christmas and a Happy New Year.



It had to happen! I have produced my first book called "The Born Loser — Can Sometimes Win". Basically, it is about always considering myself a born loser until I became involved with the Bush Poets and their families. The pride of winning my first competition started to change that concept, just as the pride and honour I feel being the President and just being involved with this Association.

With all the events and competitions held over the past twelve months, and the support shown by you the member, I hope all can feel that pride and a pat on the back for everybody is well deserved.

Our fifth Annual is now at the printers and will be ready for Tamworth. With 34 poems from 23 poets on various subjects from being "Marooned Out West" to "Outback Women" and visiting "The Old Bush School" or "Playing Tootsies" it covers a lot of different styles and moods. It reflects the varying qualities of our members. Thank you to all who contributed to the Annual.

Again there will be 500 printed and as the first one is sold out, hopefully in a few years these early editions of the Annual will become collectors items, so don't miss out on a copy, order yours NOW!

Ron Selby

Christmas was and Christmas is
As Christmas should always be,
A special time and a loving time
For people like you and me.

If we only had the chance
To make Christmas every day.
Then people all across the land
Might join hands and say



"Have a Merry Christmas
May all who love grow stronger,
And may the New Year bring,
Love and peace for ever longer."

So to all a Merry Christmas
And a Very Happy New Year,
'Cause at Christmas and forever more
May love grow strong and dear.

any members who go to Winton will take the opportunity to view it. It is housed in the Waltzing Matilda Centre. A very worthwhile place to visit.

Our fifth poetry annual is ready for the printers now. Thanks to Ron Selby who has prepared it. It looks good and I hope you will all help us to sell them. Surprise! I have found that I can get four into the post for the same price as one. The cost is \$3.00 plus post of \$1.10. We still have the three previous years' available.

If you change your address, please let us know for the records and to ensure that you get your magazine.

I have been a bit (a big bit actually) busy and haven't made the time to write poetry but came up with this greeting for you. I wish you all the very best for the Christmas season and the best of health to you.

*The old year goes a-flying, away into the past,
The new year comes a-creeping, but it will go so fast.
So make the most of every day stick near to kin and friends
Show them your love and caring before the old year ends.*



My fond regards, *Olive Shooter, Secretary.*

ABPA ANNUAL MEMBERSHIP FEES

\$25.00 PER YEAR

DUE ON 1ST JANUARY, 1999

**Remember, you must be financial to vote
at our Annual General Meeting 23.1.99**



POETRY READING Group

PO Box 1164 TAMWORTH 2340

To Maureen Lyarne

FAX 02 6568 5269

Maureen,

Would you be able to print this note in January's newsletter, even though it may be too late.

The Tamworth Bush Poetry Competition is attracting entries like bush flies at a barbie. For those poets who are used to just "entering on the day", please be warned. There may not be spots for you. If you want ^{to} enter, send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to Jan Morris PO Box 1164 Tamworth 2340 and get it in quickly!

Thanks, Maureen. If you have any queries ring me at night 0267657552.

Jan Morris

..... TAMWORTH '99 ... More Information P 18 ... TAMWORTH '99



BUSH POETRY AT THE OASIS HOTEL - TAMWORTH '99

A full program of Bush Poetry performances has again been planned for the outdoor beer garden of the Oasis Hotel during Tamworth Country Music Week 1999.

An open mike session will be held daily from 4 - 6 pm from Tues. 12th to Mon. 18th January. All poets, including Juniors are invited to perform. Just come along and put your name down on the day.

Commencing on Tues. 19th to Thurs. 21st, from 4 - 6pm each day, a **Performance Competition** will be held with the finals scheduled for Thurs. 21st. The Competition has Original Section, Traditional Section for works over 50 years old as well as a Junior Section. **An entry fee of \$3.00 per section applies** and entries can be made on the day or ring Merv "Bluey" Bostock Phone/Fax 07 3822 5366.

A **evening concert of Bush Ballads**, commencing at 7pm on Fri. 22nd January will also take place featuring country music artists and invited bush poets.

An open forum seminar to discuss judging standards will be held during the festival period at a time and venue to be advised in the January issue. Expressions of interest are being sought - if you can help, or would like to participate, please ring me.

'Bluey' Bostock

POETS IN THE PARK IN TAMWORTH

A new bush poetry venue will operate in Tamworth's Cross Park, beside the Toyota Display during next years Country Music Festival

Organisers Marion and Kelly Dixon will host two daily concerts at noon and mid afternoon from Friday 15th January to Sunday 24th January, 1999 which will feature invited Bush Poets and "True Blue" Balladeers.

The Bards and Balladeers will be introduced alternately onto the Toyota stage, which will be used for the concerts and audiences can look forward to a long line up of artists who will provide true examples of both traditional and contemporary bush verse and ballads, suitable for family enjoyment, throughout the 20 scheduled concerts.

Confident that these events will provide a "real Aussie atmosphere" and will draw large crowds, Marion and Kelly are endeavouring to improve the situation for the many very talented bush poets and singers who are unable to find a suitable venue to showcase their talents.

Genuine camp oven meals will be offered for sale by Kelly and Marion from their very authentic "Cattle Camp Kitchen" at the park, and if you want a reference for the great food that they provide, you can ask anyone who has attended their "Drovers Reunion", held annually at Camooweal. You won't be sorry when you try it !!!

Poets who are interested in performing at this venue, and feel that they can offer the family entertainment that is required, please contact Kelly and Marion on Phone / fax 07 4748 2153 or write to PO Box 24 Camooweal, Qld 4828.



TAMWORTH IS NAKED AGAIN !!

Despite numerous requests to stay away "The Naked Poets" are back at the Tamworth Golf Club in January with a completely new show.

The same old ugly faces will be there though.

Murray Hartin is taking time off from his extensive 'corporate' touring to join Marco Giori, Bobby Miller, Shirley friend and Ray Essery, "The Mullumbimby Bloke" for four evening shows from Wednesday 20th - Saturday 23rd January.

Pat Drummond will again be making a guest appearance on the show despite strong advice from his manager that appearing with these yobbos could harm his future, not to mention his sanity. How did a classy singer like Pat get mixed up with this bunch ... fair dinkum!

"The Naked Poets" set themselves a challenge three years ago 'not' to repeat material from their previous 'Naked' shows ... so the pressure is on for them to maintain quality and keep the belly rolls coming. They all assure me the challenge is being met!

Why not come and join the hecklers in air-conditioned comfort. Book now with the Tamworth Golf Club on 02 6765 9393.

BUSH LAUREATE AWARDS 1999 Presentation on Tues. 19th January at 2pm WEST TAMWORTH LEAGUES CLUB

TRADITIONAL LONGYARD BUSH POETS BREAKFASTS — 1999

Plans are well underway through the auspices of Golden Gumleaf Enterprises to conduct another round of the very popular Traditional Bush Poets Breakfasts at the famous Longyard Hotel during the 1999 Tamworth Country Music Festival.

Held from Saturday 16th to Sunday 24th January in the Goonoo Goonoo Room of the Hotel, the Breakfasts commence at 8.00 am daily, with many patrons partaking of the sumptuous breakfasts served by the Longyard staff.

The Longyard has virtually been the home of the Bush Poets in Tamworth for many years and 1999 will see a number of old hands returning to this most popular venue during the festival.

Comperes during the week will be two of the country's best known performances bush poets, Frank Daniel of Canowindra, NSW and Tim McLoughlin of Ellerstone, NSW. Between them they will be introducing a total of sixty three performers including the likes of Bobby Miller, Marco Giori and Ray Essery. The inaugural Australian Champion Bush Poets Gary Fogarty and Glenn Palmer will be joined by Milton Taylor (twice Australian Champion), Murray Hartin, Bob Magor, John and Joy Major, Neil McArthur, Greg Scott, Tony Parry and three times Australian Junior Champion Carmel Dunn of Warwick Q.

A LETTER TO SANTA

© Lorraine Richards, Bilambil Heights, NSW

Dear Santa,

I'm writing this to tell you we're living here at Tweed and I'm hoping you will bring us all the things we need.

Me mother wants new undies, her's are wearing thin the 'lastics gone in the back of her bra and won't keep boobies in.

She also says a bionic man would help to keep her happy I don't know what she means by that - I'll ave to ask me Pappy.

Me Daddy doesn't want much - a couple of crates of beer two sheilas with long legs will do and he likes them with blond hair.

He really needs a holiday - he works so hard you know trying to get us motivated - he thinks we're all too slow.

Me brother Vince ain't greedy, he say's a second hand Merc been on the dole for ages - now no wheels to get to work. His girlfriend's getting anxious - been nearly preggy twice say's she's going to ask you for a fandangled new device.

Me little sister's only three - I guess some toy would do a teddy bear - a frilly frock - some naps for her to poo. She couldn't even talk last year so you've never really met don't have your best red suit on - it's likely to get wet.

Don't bother bout our neighbours - they don't deserve a thing been nothing but a pain in the neck since the day that they moved in. always wanting back their gear before we've hardly used it How could me daddy help it if their stupid mower carked it.

As for me you know how good that I have been all year and so I know you'll want to bring me all the latest gear. A new skate board - a barbie doll - a trendy leather jacket some spike heel shoes a mini skirt and a graphite tennis racket.

And only if you want to cos I know this isn't much, a four speed bike, a new dolls pram and a computer to keep in touch.

I'll leave you out a long cool drink - a piece of cake as well some old wool socks and perfume - in case they kindy'e smell.

Gee! thank you so much Santa, I really love you so, I haven't done me homework so I've really got to go.



G'day from
Geoffrey
Graham

Greetings,

Having just finished a two week season in Melbourne doing "The Man from Ironbark", it's great to be

home again. Melbourne is just a little bit too frantic for me.

The season went very well, though doing shows in cities requires a lot more work with publicity and marketing than a country show. Still it's good to break new ground. It's a rare thing for anyone to do a one man poetry based show for a season in Melbourne.

Good to see ABPA members come along. There's a lot of top poets out there, and I reckon that's great.

A few more jobs on in December, including "Ratbags and Romantics" which is receiving a terrific response, then a brief rest before Tamworth. I'll have a few new shows on the boil up there and will end up doing 'spots' at a variety of venues. I'd like to take the time, this time to relax for a change over a yarn and a beer.

I trust everyone will have a great Xmas. I wish you all good health good times and all the best for 1999.

Keep smiling

Geoffrey Graham

PS I made a slight mistake with my new address in the last issue of ABPA. Please check my new details.

PO Box 36, Eaglehawk, VIC 3556.
Ph 03 5446 3739 Mob 015 425 470
email: dinkumoz@bigpond.com

YA SHOULDA BOOKED AHEAD

© Liz Ward, Mt Perry Q

To Bethlehem was quite a hike
When Mary made the trip;
To stay at home was what she'd like
In Nazareth township.

With friends close by to give a hand
As friendly neighbours do,
To rock the babe and understand
The needs of mothers new.

But blokes like Caesar didn't care
For anybody's pains,
Like politicians every where
There were intent on gains.

So Joseph filled the ass's packs
And Mary stowed their gear,
And off they set to pay their tax
At Bethlehem in Judea.

The way was long, the road was crook,
Poor Mary felt quick sick,
And Joseph said "We'd better look
And find a motel pretty quick."

But Everywhere the signs were out,
"No Vacancy" they said,
They said "You'll have to go without.
Ya shoulda booked ahead!"

At last a kind chap took them in
And offered them his shed,
"It's all I've got ... there's no linen,
"Ya shoulda booked a head!"

And when we reached that Upper Sphere
Saint Pete might shake his head,
And say "It's pretty crowded here.
Ya shoulda booked ahead!"

**SORRY -
NO VACANCY !!**

FLYING DOCTOR CHRISTMAS

© Pat Wise, Tolga, Qld.



This poem was used on Flying
Doctor Christmas Cards in 1993

Christmas comes but once a year.
"Just as well" is what I hear.
We eat too much, drink quite a drop.
But still the emergencies do not stop.

While others go home to watch TV.
Or have fun with the family,
Our nurses and doctors are on call
For those who are ill, or have a fall.

We hope this Christmas will be quiet,
That no small towns will have a riot,
So you all have time to celebrate
The real reason for this date.

Merry Christmas to All



SANTA AND THE DROVERS

© Don Pender, Redland Bay Q.

We were shifting some cattle in the dry '46
The drought was all over the land.
We were taking 'em south to a far greener place.
We were all led to understand.

We were camped this night at the Big Gidgee Hole
Just a bit south of Old Galway Downs
There were 1200 store bullocks, good cattle at that,
All heading for far better grounds.

Now I tell you all now - this story is true,
But you'll find it hard to believe
But I looked up the date and said to my mates,
"Do you know that tonight's Christmas Eve."

It made no difference to us if we cheered or we cursed
'Cos the cattle still had to be guarded.
'Til we got 'em all down to the Darling River so brown
And we had 'em all safely yarded.

It was midnight I guessed I was doing my best
Riding night watch to keep the mob steady.
While my mates back at camp, flighty cattle and all
Were waiting there all at the ready.

Then I called to the rest - for out in the west
There was this light that was coming so near.
So we all stood and gazed - we were sort of amazed
Not one of us had been on the beer.

So we all stood around with our swags on the ground
And stared up in great disbelief
Eight reindeers in all, hooked up to his sleigh
There on the sleigh was the "chief".

Well he said Ho! Ho! and Merry Christmas to all
Then he left us to continue his run
With his "Big Cheery Grin" he called out to us all
"You may find a bottle of Rum."

We rolled into our swags all sort of sceptic and all
'Cos these things don't usually come.
As daylight was dawning so fresh in the morning
Right there was the Bundaberg Rum.

Well my story got back to another mate on the track
Who said the same thing had happened to him.
He was tailing some weaners on a camp further out
Santa came and left a bottle of gin !!

GIVE US A BREAK SANTA

© Liz Ward, Mount Perry Q.

Dear Santa, I beg you to grant my request
'Cause, really, I'm not greedy,
It's years since I put your goodwill to the test
But this year I really am needy.

There are grand children scattered all over the land
And each waits on a present from me;
How can I say NO to this expectant band?
Leave them searching in vain 'neath the tree?

So Santa, please help me troubles to ease,
I really don't want to offend 'em;
Just deliver my gifts in your sleigh, if you please,
'Cause it cost me a fortune to send em!



A CHRISTMAS WISH

© Ellis Campbell, Dubbo NSW



I woke last night - or so it seemed - my room aglow in blue;
I scarce could think I'd only dreamed, the fairy seemed so true.
"Good friend," she said, "I'll grant tonight a wish to last forever.
It's Christmas time - make sure it's right - return again I'll never."

A thousand things rushed to my mind, one wish to last for life;
how many wonderous things to find - I let my thoughts run rife.
A dashing prince, or movie star, now I could wish to be;
the wonders of this world afar were waiting now for me.

I'd wish that I was handsome - I could wish that I were rich;
that I had a great king's ransom. "Please, Fairy, tell me which!"
She smiled and then said, "Never, must you choose to wish in haste -
a wish that lasts forever, dear, is one you must not waste.

"Of God's great gifts you have so many - others precious few;
indeed there's millions haven't any - how they envy you!
In Heaven God will ever be, and sit upon his throne;
not even one so great as He can manage all alone.

"The many things we might have done - in age or reckless youth;
it's you and I - and everyone - must grasp these words of truth.
Tonight I make this special grant - how precious is your chance;
ignore your selfish ego's chant - remember this seance."

The curtains gave a sudden swish, I saw a flash of blue;
she'd gone - I knew I'd found my wish - I'll tell it now to you;
"May every colour, race and creed let difference fade away;
forget the fears, the hate, the greed, this year on Christmas Day."

WHO WANTS GRANDMA ? © Brian Bell, Glenbrook NSW



She gave us the presents we cherished the most.
It's only at Christmas she looks for a host,
so where can she stay, in her twilight of years?
Who will repay her for wiping our tears?

Will someone forgo all the freedom she taught,
remembering she was our final resort
when Mum was too busy, and Dad was at work?
She'd listen to us without going berserk.

So who will give grandma a bed for her rest,
accepting the idiosyncrasy test,
she'll dump on them daily, as only she can?
We can't just forget her. She's part of the clan!

She may make a fuss when the mud in the street
comes into your house via shoes on your feet,
but hey, there were times you could sit on her knee
when Mum didn't want you, and Dad wasn't free.

She'll harp on the way you go wrong with your kids,
and life will be crazy with all she forbids,
but Gran did the washing and cleaning for us.
So what if she causes a bit of a fuss?

So what if you think you're no longer the boss,
and just for a while, life's a little low-gloss?
She's fragile just lately, as age shapes her shell,
but never forget - she is human as well.

As Christmas means charity, give her a go,
She'll only be staying a weekend or so,
then back to where loneliness wrestles with fear.
Please, somebody. I was the bunny last year.





YEARS OF THE FAMILY

© Ron Stevens, Dubbo NSW



It's been a six day visit but at last they're on their way.
I've checked in all the cupboards just in case they'd left a stray.
I doubt that I could handle one of Gwen's precocious lot
or Bill's four trainee gangsters, with my nerves still in a knot.
The cars drove off in convoy, as a voice called loud and clear
'A happy new year, Nanna, we'll be back again next year.'

A prospect that at present fails to fill my heart with joy.
I've buried both the ducklings that were stoned by Ted's young boy.
Old Bluey's paw's still bleeding and the mare frets in her stall.
My cat refuses flatly to approach the house at all.
The goats and cow are nervous and the poddy calf's in fear
but time might ease the menace of the same attacks next year.

A month or two is needed to restore the house, I guess.
The flyscreen door is gaping and the living room's a mess.
Those crimson crayon scribbles on verandah, path and wall
are not a problem really, only in the entrance hall.
I'll fix my shattered window and the lowboy's stripped veneer,
replace the damaged lino, if they're coming back next year.

They phone in late November, saying when they will arrive
for Christmas at the homestead, and to check I'm still alive.
Which gives me time to borrow sundry stretchers, beds or cots
and rustle up the bedding that's required (lots and lots!)
I stock the larder fully, buy in wine and spirits, beer,
begin my menu planning for the numbers due that year.

This time my calculations were a little bit astray.
The ham I'd baked was finished at their breakfast Christmas Day.
The kids rejected soft-drinks that were not their special brand
and Maude suggested sweetly that the brandy sauce seemed '... bland,
your pudding's lacking something but I'm not complaining. Dear.
It's just not quite the standard we're accustomed to each year.'

I mentioned this to Lucy, an old friend who lives next door,
who'd called to help with washing and with any other chore,
nor sooner that the convoy headed off at half past eight.
'The cheek of her!' she bristled. "Did her husband set her straight?
Her being young Bill's missus, you would never interfere
but, face it, they're big winners when they visit you each year.'

I shrugged and she continued 'And I don't suppose they heard
that thanks to them, your urgent hip replacement's been deferred
because of your obsession to be home at Christmas time
to imitate a workhorse. Can't they see you're past your prime?
They strike like hordes of locusts, eat their fill then disappear.
I'd like to see you heading down to their place, come next year.'

I've learned it's always better to let Lucy have her head.
She warned of my angina, how one day she'd find me dead
unless I took things easy and forgot 'this Christmas craze.'
She stressed that, long a widow, I deserved some softer days.
I nodded yet it's likely in November should I hear
of carloads from the city, I'll be thrilled they're back next year.

BUSH POETRY DISCOVERED IN BROKEN HILL

During my recent visit to the Broken Hill Country Music Festival, (mainly for whipcracking), I had the opportunity to become involved in an "experimental" poets breakfast - in a shopping mall of course. A tiny, carpet covered stage (good start), a P.A. system that belonged to a singing due, (both of good quality) and about 8 empty chairs seemed to indicate another "character building experience" was imminent. The only people around a shopping mall at 8.30 am are new shop owners, lazy cleaners and expectant bush poets.

A nervous local, carrying a few sheets of paper occupied one coffee table, while an elderly couple, passing through, paused to treble the crowd.

The singers got things underway before introducing me to a crowd that had by then swelled to five. A busker I am not but gradually the crowd grew as passers by stopped to see what this lunatic spruiker was on about. This was the first time that many Broken Hill residents had been exposed to bush poetry - and they loved it - as all new-comers do.

The word got around and by the second morning, about 40 people were jostling for seats while another 30 or so stood around the back of the seating. This time there were three locals that also got up and had a go. I was invited back a fortnight later to the annual Broken Hill Community Picnic where local performers eagerly joined in the poets breakfast at the McDonnell's restaurant. Because the restaurant was at the same shopping centre and the breakfast began at 8.00am, the crowd was not huge but very appreciative.

I suggested to the local performers that they form a poetry group and join the ABPA where they will receive information about written and performance competitions as well as festivals throughout the country. There is definitely the talent in Broken Hill and I can only hope that these writers and performers take advantage of the opportunity to perform their work and continue to develop the growth of bush poetry in this wonderful, historic city. Watch out for the "Snake" at your festival. He writes terrific, original material, and although he has very limited experience in performing, he has a unique presence and style.

Noel Cutler



BUSH POETS AT URUNGA, NSW

Urunga 'Poets in the Club' Group hosted a very successful Bush Poetry Colonial Night at Urunga Golf Club on Saturday, 14th November. The evenings entertainment featured Inaugural Australian Bush Poetry Champion, Gary Fogarty who travelled from his home in Millmerran, on Queensland's Darling Downs for the event. He led a team of nine poets to entertain an attentive audience who showed their appreciation by acclamation.

Visiting poets Bill MacClure from Tin Can Bay, John Hinton from Hollisdale, Col Hadwell and John Bird from Northern Rivers Bush Poetry Group contributed their poetry together with Portside Poets and Players from Coffs Harbour adding some great comedy presentations during the night. A great supper of damper with 'Cocky's Joy' and a cuppa was enjoyed at interval. Many thanks to the management of the club for their ongoing support of Bush Poetry on the Mid North Coast of NSW.



AD LIB CHRISTMAS

© Barb Nelson, Briggenden Q.

"Do you have a Christmas poem?"
Maureen asked, quite off the cuff,
I thought, I'll do one right away
Midst all my other stuff.

If we couldn't write of Christmas
Then we'd be a sorry lot
There's Christmas in some countries cold
And Christmas here that's hot.

There's Christmas where good cheer abounds
And Christmas were there's War
There's Christmas where no thought is giv'n
To Birth they're celebrating.

There's Christmas in the Churches where
We pray for those apart
But the Christmas that I most enjoy
Is the Christmas in my heart.

SANTA'S CHRISTMAS

© Noel Cutler, Milawa, Vic.

I know I'm home quite late my dear,
I beg you for my leave.
It only happens once a year,
And that's on Christmas Eve.

I had to work back late my love,
As round the world I flew;
To visit every single child,
Dare say I missed a few!



It's up and down those chimney stacks:
I'm covered all in soot.
But in each stocking of each child
A present I have put.

Old Rudolph lead the reindeers well,
And set a cracking pace;
While landing gently on the roofs
With style and reindeer grace.



But now they're warmly tucked away;
Wrapped up in reindeer rugs.
Though poor old Rudolph's bright red nose
Is dulled by splattered bugs.

I think I'll pass on supper dear:
I've eaten to my fill
Fruit cake and beer don't mix too well.
My stomach's full of swill.

I think I'll just climb into bed,
And miss this Christmas Day.
I'll lay my weary head to rest
And sleep until next May.



So have a Merry Christmas folks
And Happy New Year too.
And when twelve months have come around,
Again I'll call on you.

A CHRISTMAS OBSERVATION

© Carol Reffold, Childers Q.

We sit around a table, our bellies stuffed with food,
We laugh and joke and chatter, and everything seems good,
But all about, across this world, there's families crying loud
Their bellies starved, their lives in hell, their psyche totally cowed.

We say we celebrate the Christ-child's birth but it really seems to me,
That the more the dollars enter in the less reality,
Is given to the message the angels sang on high,
And the more TV commercials tout "Buy! Buy! Buy!"

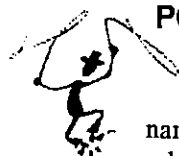
So what is the reality we should look for, here at Christmas time?
Is it families, love, goodwill, peace, or perhaps just spend some time,
With the lonely, lost, rejected, whom we see from day to day?
Or shall we leave it up to God, and "just have a quiet pray"?

Isn't the reality of the babe who was born on Christmas Day
a message from God, to you and me, just to simply say
In language that we understand, demonstrated by His life,
That God so loved the World He sent His Son to bail us out of strife?
If we heed His call, if we follow and serve, He *will* set us free,
He *will* help us live, He *will* help in our pain and turn it to victory!

So please could you tell me, as we sit round the table,
Our bellies, stuffed full, our lives hale and able,
Why we're sitting here bludging while the world's in a mess?
we're just too damn apathetic - I guess.

POET PROFILE - NOEL CUTLER

Milawa, Victoria



"The Whipcracking Backblocks Bard", so named by Judith Hosier after discovering this ex-schoolteacher's performing talents at the Victorian Mountain Cattleman's Get-together in 1993, has come a long way in a relatively short time.

Having won several awards in performance and written competitions in bush poetry as well as two Australian Whipcracking Championships, Noel now combines these two uniquely Australian art-forms and performs throughout the country.

The author of his own book of bush verse "Whipcrackers Eat Humble Pie Too", (now out of production) and producer of an audio tape "Around the Campfire" (finalist in the 1997 Golden Gumleaf Album of the Year), is now working on his second book, which he says will be a "little different".

Many of Australia's best performing bush poets have travelled to Victoria in the last few years to take part in one of his "balladramas", which include "Poets in the Pub Gang", "Meet the Cheese and Kisses Mate," "Not Bloody Likely" and "The Poet's in the Pub Gang Rides Again."

Noel, probably more noted for his powerful deliveries of serious Australian bush verse, freely admits that the biggest joy in performing bush poetry is to be able to manipulate the emotions of all audience members, from belly laughter to tears - "... And that includes some of those tough blokes!" Noel adds.

"Bush poetry in Victoria is gradually gaining the recognition it deserves and the staging of the Australian Championships here in 1999 should further enhance its development."

"Noel will be involved with the Championships and looks forward to "catching up" with everyone who attends. Hopefully he will also be presenting several performances of his show, "Meet the Cheese and Kisses", featuring Bobby Miller, Glenny Palmer and Milton Taylor.

ALL I WANT FOR CHRISTMAS

© Vern Griffiths, Maleny Q.

You asked what I wanted for Christmas,
what you could buy as a gift.

And I thought about it last evening,
before into dreams I did drift.

My mind went off and did stock take,
of things that I want or I need.

Oh the range in the stores is endless
to satisfy vain driven greed.

That you asked gave me lots of pleasure,
the fact that you really do care.

I added that thought to my treasure,
of having you just being there.

What is it I want for Christmas
has been asked now for many a year
But the joy of a family that's happy
is really what gives me great cheer.

Now the family's all grown up and healthy
and seem to be doing quite well

And together we sit at Malolo
and relax under bushland's deep spell.

The birds as they sing in the gum trees,
the clucking of egg laying chooks,
The breeze as we sit on the verandah
and browse through gardening books.

The dew on the grass in the mornings
and the bellowing of the young steers
Friends who call unexpected
and sit with a couple of beers.

What do I want for Christmas?

Oh what am I going to say
I have all I need, believe me,
for each hour is like Christmas Day.

**SNOWY MOUNTAINS BUSH POETRY CLUB
CHAMPIONSHIPS - Tumbarumba NSW**

Very successful Club Championships were held at the Tumbarumba Bowling Club on Friday, November 13th. An audience of over forty showed their appreciation in no mean manner. Poets came from Narrandera, Leeton, Yarrowonga, Corryong, Humula, Tintalra, and Tumbarumba.

Johnny Johanson won the Open Original, with Betty Watson 2nd. The Open Traditional was won by Don Anderson with a score of 92. Good work Don !! Johnny Johanson came second in this event. Perhaps the unlikely performer in this event was Jan Lewis who gave a beautiful rendition of "My Country" and considering the competition which she faced in this event, she gave a good account of herself.

The Ladies Championship was won by Betty Watson, Jan Lewis second and Betty Braniff third. Other performers during the night were Arthur Webb, Jim Angel, Al Reece and Reg Phillips.

Many thanks to the Tumbarumba Bowling Club for sponsoring the prize money for the Club Championships and also for a donation of \$150 towards a trophy for the Australian Championships. These were presented by club manager, Geoff Hulm.

Sashes and cheques were presented by the Mayor of Tumbarumba, Mr. George Martin. The raffle was won by John Bush of Tumut who kindly asked for a redraw. Tich Harmer then became the lucky winner.

Organiser / judge Neil Hulm said that it was an excellent night. Compere Reg Phillips kept the show rolling in great order with any lost time.

Club manager, Geoff Hulm and the local ladies put on coffee and sandwiches for all who attended which of course was greatly appreciated.

Our club is looking forward to hosting the **Australian Bush Poetry Championships** which will be held **14th - 18th May, 1999** and we invite any business to show their support by donating the cost of a trophy. Sponsors will have their names engraved on the trophy and will receive some advertising through the Yarrowonga-Mulwala Tourist Information Centre. All help will be appreciated.

Programs and entry forms for the championships are already out. Please contact Neil Hulm, Secretary, Snowy Mtns Bush Poetry Club, 361 Cheyenne Drive, Lavington NSW - phone 02 6025 3845

CHRISTMAS

© Terry Regan, Blaxland NSW, June 1998

Completed toys were all lined up on Santa's workshop shelves;
the time had come to load the sleigh so Santa called the Elves.
As Santa read the list out loud they placed toys in the sack
then loaded them into the sleigh, in rows from front to back.

When all the shelves were empty and the sleigh was stacked up high,
then Santa hitched his reindeers up and flashed across the sky.
For it was Christmas Eve, you see, and he must work all night
as children all around the world were waiting for his flight.

Now Santa comes to little ones, but most folk give a gift;
we do our Christmas shopping and it gives our heart a lift.
Why is it that at Christmas time we give to one another?
Why do we give to Mum and Dad, our sister and our brother?

At Christmas time we celebrate the greatest gift of all,
when in a town named Bethlehem, yes, in a cattle stall,
with only straw to make a bed on that first Christmas morn,
while cattle looked on silently, young Mary's child was born.

So when you shop at Christmas time for gifts both large and small,
just spare a thought for Mary in that lowly cattle stall,
For in that straw-filled manger there love's banner was unfurled,
when Jesus Christ came down to earth, God's gift to all the world.

**CHILDRENS CASSETTE REVIEW
"Poems and Ballads by Marco"**

Marco Gliori has been entertaining thousands of school children from Cairns to Coburg since first touring shows in 1992. As a result of constant requests by teachers and students, Marco has released his cassette "Poems and Ballads by Marco".

Recorded at Restless Records, Stanthorpe Q, the cassette contains all the kid's favourites from 'Sparky' to the 'Nose Picking Rap' and from 'Granny and the Snake' to 'Stinky' ... a poem about a monster written with the children from Central Queensland Camp Quality.

Next year Marco will be touring Tasmania, Victoria and Queensland performing for both Secondary and Primary age children for a total period of over 4 months and 150 shows. He says this is the easiest touring year he has scheduled for some time and looks forward to spending the rest of the time (when he's not doing adult shows) with his family on their small acreage near Warwick. Q Details in 'Book Shelf' P19.



CHRISTMAS IN AUSTRALIA

© Mick Coventry, Kyabram, Vic.



Christmas time is almost here, outside it's cold as ice.
The temperature is freezin', the weather, not so nice.
The gentle sounds of falling snow, and it's laying on the ground.
Soon Santa will be spreading all his Christmas cheer around.

There's overcoats, and hats and gloves, there's eggnog there to try.
Reindeer hitched to Santa's sleigh, for the ride through the winter sky.
The family have gathered 'round, the central heating's up full blast.
They're warmin' their hands by the open fire, and talk of the year, passed.
These are the things of Christmas, well, Christmas, Northern Hemisphere.
But if you live in Australia, we celebrate a different Christmas cheer.
Coz down here it's flamin' hot. I'm talkin' 40 degrees in the shade.
There's no snow for the reindeer to play in, so changes must be made.

The Reindeer just can't hack the pace, the heat will make them fry.
The poor little winter bred mongrels might dehydrate and die.
So replace them with some kangaroos, Australian, tough and strong.
You'd only need a couple to drag the sleigh along.

But let's talk about this sleigh thing, I reckon it should get the arse
And use the body of a Holden ute, some real Australian class.
Hitch the 'Roos to the ute and they're ready to make a mile.
Chuck in the presents and Santa, and you've got a sleigh - Australian style.

And that red suit that the fat man wears, bloody hell, it must get hot,
But he always wears the flamin' thing, must be the only clothes he's got.
So we could change his wardrobe, to help him survive the heat,
We could whack an Akubra on his head and some thongs upon his feet.

He could try a blue singlet on for size and some sunscreen on his nose,
a pair of shorts, and an Esky, it's important he carries those,
Cos a man is not a camel, and I'm sure Santa likes a nip
With a big red nose like he's got, he's done more than have a sip.

Let's put a "For Sale" sign on the Reindeer and a "For Sale" on the sleigh
and let Santa ride the summer sky, in the true Australian way.



XMAS DINNER © Kev J. Barnes "The Legend", Millmerran Q.

I had two turkeys give to me, by me mate, the other night,
I checked 'em in the mornin', one was red and one was white.
I'll fatten 'em up for Christmas, all the family will be there,
An turkey meat with cranberry sauce, will make for a grand affair.



The festive season it don't start, for three or four months yet,
So I'll have these birds the fattest, you've ever seen I bet!
I'll feed 'em corn, an wheat an oats, an even use some hormone,
'Cause it won't matter, whose the best, the white one or the rone.

Now with Christmas fast approachin', me birds are big an fat,
An someone's trying to pinch 'em, so I put an end to that.
I got meself a guard dog, big an savage, see.
An I put a sign out on me gate, 'Go get ya own turkey!'



Well I came out in the mornin', there's no "Gobblin'" not a sound,
But there's bones an bloody feathers, spread all around the ground.
An that bloody savage watch dog, feathers hangin' from his mouth,
Had better join that flock of ducks, I just saw headin' south.

But the Mob they are still comin', an me dough I have all spent,
I thought I had the Christmas fare, but suddenly, it went!
I guess with all the booze they'll bring I can fill 'em up on grog,
An I'll try this ancient recipe, for STUFFED and ROASTED ... DOG !!!



DEAR AUNTY

Just a few short lines
I'm sending with Christmas cheer,
I hope you have a wonderful time
And a very Happy New Year.
I've written all my Christmas cards
But this year I've one left over
I don't know who to send it to
Now that your Fred's passed over.
I bought it back in September
Long before poor Fred's demise,
He couldn't have read it anyway
With that problem with his eyes.
Really, you could have warned me
Before I spent good money
That Fred was bumping into things
'Cos his eyes had gone all funny.
I don't even know why I started
Sending cards to him every year,
You know your Fred didn't like me,
He was mean and filled me with fear.
What about the arrangements
We've made for Christmas Day?
The numbers will be uneven
Now that Fred has passed away.
In fact, it's inconsiderate
Before Christmas, to turn up his toes,,
Who'll gobble the turkey giblets,
Eat the neck and the parson's nose?
What should I do with his present?
It's pointless for me to send it
And tacky to give it to someone else
Now that Fred has decided to end it.
He could have waited until New Year
Before he ran under that truck.
What can I do with a card that reads,
'Merry Christmas, Dear Cat and Good Luck!



© Mary Meekan, Seaford SA.

YULETIDE

© Charli Davison, Emerald Beach, NSW

Christmas is my time of year
Cocooning me in peace,
The madness and insanity
Around us seems to cease.
My home aglow with fairy lights,
The guests are all invited,
All gifts are wrapped,
The puddings made,
I'm childishly excited.
It's surely what it's all about,
To delve back each December
Receiving history once more
The Christ Child to remember?
I'll take this opportunity
To wish you all good cheer,
With health and love and happiness
Throughout the coming year.

CHRISTMAS TO ME

© 1997 Wally (The Bear) Finch
Kallangur, Q

Heard a message 'tother day
"Put Christ back in Christmas day."
What a funny thing to say!
I never knew He went away!
But I give thanks on bended knee
For what Christmas means to me.

Blanket spread upon the ground
For a picnic safe 'n' sound
In my land where there's no war
Or secret police at the door.

How I love my land so free
That's what Christmas means to me.

Children playing in the sun -
Sounds of laughter - sounds of fun;
Water melon on the beach
Ice cold drinks in easy reach;
Skies as blue as blue can be;
That's what Christmas means to me.

Summer days so nice and hot;
The Christmas presents that we got:
Knowing life is pretty good;
Stomachs filled with Christmas pud;
Home with good friends and family;
That's what Christmas means to me.

The air filled with happy noise -
Children playing with new toys;
May such wonders never cease
Treasured in good will and peace.
No place I would rather be;
That's what Christmas means to me.

The happiest day of the year
Full of joy and love and cheer
When I awake on Christmas morn
And celebrate that Christ is born
Midst these things I love to see -
That's what Christmas means to me.

I could say a whole lot more
Someone's knocking on my door
I must go to see who's there
Who with us these things will share.
Someone I'll be glad to see.
That's what Christmas means to me.

From my family to you and yours
may you enjoy these things and more
And may the things I have to say
Come your way on Christmas day.
For you too may it always be
That's what Christmas means to me.



From "Character Kaleidoscope"
Vol 1: Been There -Done That"



A XMAS WISH

© Beth Vinnecombe-Bashford, Berrigan NSW



Christmas time is here again, twelve months flew by so fast,
A year of ups and downs for some, but fondest memories last.
Now once again we decorate a tree so tall and fine
with tinsel and some twinkling lights, and a star on high that shines.



We recognise this glorious day as the birthday of our Lord,
It's celebrated in many ways, in a style each can afford.
There's lavish repast of the rich, to the average family now,
It shows that at this time of year, we're all the same somehow.



Enjoy the Yuletide yet again, lift up your hearts and sing,
Deo be part of this wonderous time, and the pleasures it will bring.
To all our friends in "Poets" land, may Santa ring your bell
With all the best of Xmas wishes, from me (and Bill as well).

CHRISTMAS © Bill Glasson, Clifton Q

It is Christmas eve and our little grand-children
Are having a Christmas treat;
All wondering what Santa Claus will bring
And what they would like to eat.
In the kitchen they help with the wiping up,
Oh you wouldn't be dead for quids.
When you live in the fabulous, often miraculous
Wonderful world of kids.

As they tire a little the fights begin,
They're like twenty Kilkenny cats;
And you wouldn't believe all the words they use
As they fight with their baseball bats.
Then they scream and hide, have a little sulk,
And tears drop off their lids.
In the sad and sorrowful, sometimes quite horrible,
Wonderful world of kids.

Then the Sandman comes and they look
Like sweet little Angels asleep in bed;
While I doubt if I really heard thing right
When I think of the words they said.
Tomorrow they'll rise at the crack of dawn
And will fly like auction bids.
To the joyful, toyful, expensively destroyful,
Christmas time land of kids.

CHRISTMAS CHANGE

© Geraldine King, Jimboomba Q

Father Christmas had decided
He was sick of looking cute
Christmas in Australia.
He'd give that gear the boot.

Now, what would be appropriate?
In the Bush, and all the heat.
First, chuck that furry footwear
Good old thongs upon his feet.

A pair of faded stubbies,
Precariously cling to his hips.
A navy singlet modestly to cover
In case his stubbies slip.



On his head he'd wear a hat,
In proper Aussie style.
Stained through years of wear,
And travelled many miles.

Folk say we wouldn't know him.
If he wasn't dressed in red.
But Santa's not that silly.
No, he can use his head.

Round September he'd stop shaving,
Wasn't that keen anyway
Enough growth to be resplendent,
Upon his special day.

Why anyone would know him.
Fat and round and jolly.
Just in case you missed him.
His Akubra would sport a sprig of holly!

MY DRINK IS CHEWY

© John Harris, Kalang NSW

I feel light in the head
And my brain has gone dead,
While both of my legs have
gone gooey,
But it's Christmas Day night
And we're feeling all right,
Since we all started drinking
Drambuie.

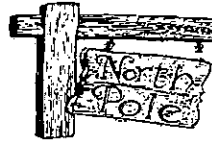
We didn't get caught
Getting stuck into port
And nobody saw us drink
sherry,
But now, there's THINGS in
my drink
And the buggers won't sink,
So my last drink was chewy
yes VERY,

If you must beat the heat
And you all take a seat
Where it's cool, out on the
verandah,
Don't be too surprised
If your drink's full of flies,
It would pay you to have a
quick gander !!



I THINK YOU'VE GOT THE WRONG PRESENT © John Harris, Kalang NSW

Mother Christmas had gone up North
Because she said it was just TOO hot,
And she'd found a place that was really cool,
A truly delightful spot,



On Christmas eve night it's a puzzling sight
When you're watching the lights in the sky,
And it's sure to astound, when you've suddenly found
A cluster of red going by,

She'd only come back when the storm clouds grew
And the Bush would be cooled by rain,
'Cause she'd never got used to the flies and dust,
And the heat was a flamin' pain,

It's not widely known, but the secret is blown,
That the drinking of port is the answer,
There's not just ONE nose, so red, that it glows,
Now there's Santa, and Prancer and Dancer.

She was worried that she had to leave Santa Clause
Because she knew he would get into mischief,
And there was always a fear that he and the deer
Would bugger up everyone's Christmas.

It's sad to report that the Lion's Club Port
Brought about Santa's ruin.
While it's certainly clear that he and the deer
Just hadn't a clue what they're doing.

She'd cooked him up some nice mince pies
And frozen a stack of dampers,
Made sure that he had a heap of food,
"He's a man that you have to pamper."



It's Santa I blame, he just couldn't see names
While the deer didn't know the addresses,
They were too drunk to spot, just who, should get what?
So they all had to take some wild guesses.

She said to the deer, "Now you listen here,
You be on your best behaviour
If you've gone to the pack when I get back,
Then nobody's going to save you."

My dog got a car, while my son got a bra
And I got some packets of stockings,
While I won't draw your attention to things I can't mention,
That I'm sure you would find really shocking.

There's no prize, 'cause you guessed, they got into a mess
As soon as she went away
They drank grog a treat and forgot they should eat
As a lot of blokes do, when they play.

Mrs. O'Grady, a sweet lovely lady
Scored a new cut-throat razor,
While they've given the Nuns a matched pair of guns,
And my budgerigar got a blazer.

They all made sport of the Lion's Club Port,
At the Lion's Club Christmas Do,
But you'd never have thunk, that they'd all get drunk
Including old Santa too.

Old Mr. McCoy got a nice cuddly toy,
And you might think that it's silly
That Mr. McGee got a dress, to the knee,
And some knickers, quite soft, and all frilly.



Prancer and Dancer were feeling off,
While Donner and Blitzen were seedy
They certainly liked that Lion's Club Port,
And they'd all been a touch too greedy.



There was a new amputee (he'd lost both legs at the knee)
So they gave this poor bloke a walker,
While another poor sod, with NO arms got a rod,
And his rowing machine was a corker.

Their legs would sprawl and they'd almost fall,
While the fate of the sleigh was a worry,
You had to suspect the deer were a wreck,
And going downhill in a hurry.

Now everyone's blueing, the whole day is ruined.
There's talk of them killing poor Santa,
But take my advice, no violence is NICE
Unless you include Rudolf and Prancer and Dancer.

It's a real surprise when a reindeer's eyes
Cant find a star to guide them.
And they're a real dead loss, 'cause the Southern Cross
Is sitting right there beside them.

If you just hang about, we'll sort this lot out
And see that you get the right present,
I've got a whip here for Flo a vibrator for Joe,
But just who the hell gets the pheasant?



CAN YOU HELP ??

Sandra Killeen of 48 Paterson Rd., Springwood, NSW 2777 writes to enquire if any member knows of a poem about a racehorse named "Booree Jack" who raced at West Wyalong, NSW. The story goes that the unfortunate horse met his demise on course, as a result of an accident when he hit the rail during a race.

She is also anxious to collect oral history about the incident.

If you can help, please reply direct to her at the above address.

TO MY NURSE © Zita Horton, Upper Mt. Gravatt, Q from her book "Mates"

This frail old frame imprisons me
The young girl still within.
My spirit snared by aging bones
And wrinkled sagging skin.

And in my fortress built of flesh
I'm a babe once more;
Relying much upon your care,
but pleading — don't ignore.

This fact - that though my limbs are locked
My mind can still run free
Though age has trapped these weary joints
And these old eyes can't see.

But Once! Ah! Once! How I could dance!
Men yearned as I passed by,
Desiring and indulging me.
I laughed with head held high!

Then one man gave me happiness,
And children in love grew.
Generations carried on
My life, and his life too.

You've only met me at my end
With temper growing short;
But I was young till Age crept up
And one day, you'll be caught.

THE NEW SANTA

© 1998 Cecilia Kane, Rutherford NSW

One Christmas night the sky was clear,
And a million stars blazed down,
The air was hot in room and cot,
Though the baby's sleep was sound.



Then Santa knocked upon the door
His face was red and tired.
"Where are your reindeer?" asked our Dad
Then Santa groaned and sighed.

"They need a rest, it's so hot here
I've had to turn them loose,
When in the snow, they love to go
But here, they run out of juice!



I too must rest and put away
This heavy coat and cap.
For, jokes aside, it's too hot to ride
Dressed up like an Eskimo chap!"

Dad pondered awhile on the problem presented
As he poured a cold beer for St Nick,
"You must take a shower and rest for an hour
I've an idea I think just might stick."

He rummaged around in his wardrobe right then,
Produced an old singlet and shorts
So Santa togged up like an athletic buff,
All ready to run at sports.

As part of his plan, Dad made it his task
To cut out a few 'roos from the mob,
To replace the reindeer, for Santa to steer
When doing his Australian job.



Now, every Christmas, when Santa arrives,
He is dressed in a singlet and shorts,
He tells us his news, as he harnesses the 'roos
And shares out the gifts he has brought.

We remember him always, sitting on our verandah
Drinking cold beer or a coke,
That one night of the year when he comes here.
Looking just like an Aussie bloke!

CHRISTMAS TIME © Grace Leamon, Kyabram Vic.



When I was but a little girl -
Just knee high to my mum -
I thought that time was very slow;
Would Christmas ever come? !

I did believe in Santa clause
Until of age thirteen;
When compared with our modern youth
How could I have been so green? !

I had reached the age of reason,
and the mystery I had solved;
This left me quite deflated;
The thrill it had dissolved!

Now, that I'm an aged gran,
The years fly very fast -
Countdown begins to the next yuletide
As soon as the last is past.



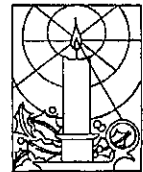
WHEN SANTA COMES AROUND

© Corry de Haas, Helensvale Q.

My wishes aren't all that grand
When Christmas comes around
It's just a secret wish I have
Yet know it has no ground ...
For all I want for Christmas is
A garden white with snow,
That puts a whisper to each sound
And place I used to know.



Like church bells pealing in the night
To call the Saviour's hour,
A church ablaze with candle light,
Trace of incense, scent of flowers,
The bronzed voice of an organ
As it plays each solemn hymn,
And fills the church with mystery ...
Bans all that's sand and grim.



Like crisp, clean air that, breathing deep
Puts vigour in my tread,
And knotty willows, bare and bent
That hold the wispy thread
Of memories, I've held so close
Through each advancing year
Yes, each time Christmas comes around
I dream ... and shed a tear.



BOOK REVIEW - "HELP"

I receive heaps of requests for information about how to write a poem ... As a judge, I'm often asked "Why didn't my entry win, I thought it was a good poem etc ." This question answers itself because 'good' poems don't win ... only the **best**. I've seen countless 'good' poems ... I write plenty myself ... but the difference between a 'good' poem and 'the best' is **workshopping**.

Heaps of poets let themselves down badly by entering competitions with 'good' poems - full of spelling mistakes, punctuation errors, bad grammar and more importantly, bad rhyme and rhythm. If you can't get along to a professional workshop do yourself the greatest favour you can and order a copy of "HELP".

This little booklet is produced by Carmel Randle, (The Poets Aunty) of Preston, near Toowoomba, Q. Winner of "The Bronze Swagman", dual winner of "The Blackened Billy", winner of "The Diamond Shears" and countless other top line verse competitions. "HELP" will take you step by step through every aspect of creating your own masterpiece. It contains comprehensive information on all the laws of poetry from basic rhyme and rhythm to figures of speech ... including such gems as ... "Information you don't need to know".

Included in section 2, is a complete guide to performing your work ... how to breathe properly (very important), avoiding monotony, selecting and preparing material etc. Throughout the book are small items aimed at testing your ability ... with answers in the back to see how you went. I use and recommend this book to all poets at my workshops.

So, if you are **completely satisfied** with every poem that you write, you **win every competition** that you enter or you have **no need to improve** your work in any way, then you won't need a copy of "HELP". For those of you who do, the book is available from Carmel Randle, MS 852, Preston via Toowoomba, 4352 Q - \$10 pp

Bob Miller





SANTA'S CALAMITY

© Valerie Read, Bicton WA

We heard the clatter on the roof, the corrugated rang.
Grandad jumped up, he knew at once, "St Nick has had a prang!
He did the same in forty four and gave us quite a fright,
Sometimes the hurricane goes out, and there's no guiding light."

We heard a muttered oath "Egad! The 'roos are in a state."
There were toys strewn across the yard right up to the front gate.
Young Tommy, only five years old, let out a shout of glee,
And gathered up the presents, shouting "Are all these for me?"

Dad got the ladder and yelled out, "We're coming, Santa Clause!"
We heard a moan, an awful grown, then followed a short pause.
"I think I've broken me flamin' leg," he said in misery,
"Me 'roos have scattered ev'ry where. Me sleigh is broke in three."

We followed Dad and tried to help. Santa was in a state.
"Why didn't yers light the lantern?" he demanded, quite irate.
"Yer've caused a lot of problems for children o'er this land,
"There'll be no Christmas presents and they won't understand."

"Now, calm down, Pop." my father said, "and don't get too depressed,
We'll get your leg all splinted np, and then we'll do our best
To gather up your 'roos and toys and get the sleigh repaired,
Then work out how to get you all back up into the air."

We tied a rope around his waist and dropped him to the ground,
Which was not an easy thing to do, 'cause Santa's fat and round.
Then Dad got two strong saplings and a length of binder twine,
And while Mum heated up some soup, Dad tied up that leg fine.

Grandad reminded Santa Clause of nineteen forty four.
"Don't you remember crashing upon our roof before?
You had a team of reindeers then, they couldn't stand the heat
So we caught a mob of kangaroos to take you on your beat.

I see they've proved their worth to you upon the Aussie route,
They might not do too well in snow, but in this land they're beaut.
Write down their names before you leave so our kids can repeat
The titles of the kangaroos that are harnesssed in your feet."

"Of course, there's Bluey, Santa said, "Rusty and Mulga Joe.
Digger, Sandy, Bludger and I've got a little Mo.
A small doe called Matilda. She's worth her weight in gold,
'Cause she's a first-class breeder even though she's ten years old."

Dad hoisted Santa to his feet an sat him on the sleigh,
"We'll let Mike come with you," he said, "to help give toys away,
Just drop him on your way home we'll set the lanterns high,
So you won't crash upon our roof as you go bouncing by."

Oh, what a ride I had that night. 'Tis one I'll not forget,
We went around Australia much faster than a jet.
I'd never had such fun before, it was a real 'yahoo'!
Even when I got a stomach ache from eating too much food.

Christmas cake and cordials, mince pies and lots of sweets,
I ate so much I couldn't move; could not stand on my feet.
"Oh Santa Clause," I carried on, "I think I'm going to burst."
"You can't do that to me" he said. "Let's get this work done first."

We crossed Australia end to end, from side to side we flew,
I cracked the whip and snapped the reins, and how the big reds flew!
And then the dawn began to break, and all the work was done,
Reluctantly I turned the sleigh and headed for our run.

"I'll leave the 'roos agisted here." Santa informed our Dad,
"And your son's a mighty worker, the best I've ever had.
Here's the saddle that he ordered. The R.H. Williams boots,
I've added as a bonus 'cause he made those boomers scoot."

He gave a mighty whistle that pierced the frosty air,
And in just one split second his reindeer were standing there.
As he went to hoist his leg up to get into the sled,
Blitzen shied and snickered, then kicked Santa on the head.

So Santa stayed at our place until his wounds had healed,
Then he 'phoned Mother Christmas with a strong appeal.
For Santa was quite fractious. He had lost his Ho! Ho! Ho!
He was homesick for the South Pole. We were glad to see him go.

We've painted the iron roof now. It's gleaming, snowy white,
With iridescent arrows to mark out Santa's flight.
He's quite a grand old fellow, but a terror when he's sick,
So we've taken all precautions to assure he'll leave us quick!



RON & JOY SELBY'S 30TH WEDDING ANNIVERSARY

Ron and Joy Selby celebrated their 30th Wedding Anniversary on the 21st November in Drayton. Carmel Randle, Bill Hay, Trisha Anderson & Ron Boullia" Bates joined in the celebrations and all the guests enjoyed the great entertainment by the 'one and only' Mark Tempany ably assisted by Tom Lee-Archer.

Many of Ron & Joy's friends came up from Sydney to share their special day - joined by their children, grandchildren and friends.

The Poets all "helped" (?) with the entertainment, Bill Hay and Trisha Anderson composing the following poem in the car on the way to the celebration.

RON & JOY

© Trisha Anderson & Billy Hay

Thirty years of wedded bliss!
We're going to have a party -
For Ron and Joy and all their friends
We're all so hale and hearty.

You've had a lot of happiness -
You've had your share of fun
I bet on odd occasions, though,
You've wished you had a gun!
You've raised a lovely family -
Three children have been born,
Two sons - a beautiful daughter,
How well you both have worn!

And now - you both are grandparents
But oh! you look too young!
I guess we're not the only ones -
your praises to have sung.

Thirty years ago -
My, how time passes by.
You've been married to each other -
You must often wonder why!

Thirty years - a lifetime sentence,
But - God bless my soul,
We're still all asking questions
Why you don't ask for parole?



Ron tells a lot of stories
Of drinking beer and rum
Joy - we think it's time you took control
and kept him under thumb!

Poetry takes him out of town
He leaves you home alone
You seem to get on better
When you're talking on the phone!

So Joy - you need a medal -
A "V.C." or a "Gong" -
I bet you sometimes wonder
How it lasted for so long?!

Thirty years of wedded bliss -
Some troubles here and there
But now we're all there celebrating
You know that we all care.

We're proud to know such people -
We're proud to be your friends
We hope you live forever
And our "mateship" never ends.

New Members

William Bailey, Albury NSW
Dorothy Carmody, Warrell Creek NSW
Brian Lee, Cairns Q.
Vince McLoughlin, Bridgeman Downs Q
Carol Reffold, Childers, Q.
Ted Rowllings, Neville NSW

THE PRODUCT SHELF

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AUSTRALIAN CHAMPION TO ELKO, NEVADA, POETS GATHERING

The 1998 Australian Female Champion Bush Poet, Zita Horton, leaves on 14th January for her prize trip to the United States to represent the Waltzing Matilda Bush Poetry Championships at the Cowboy Poets' Gathering, Elko, Nevada.

Zita won the Australian Title at the Winton Waltzing Matilda Festival at Easter, 1998. The strong competition saw the inaugural Champion Glenn Palmer, named the Reserve Champion, and the 1997 Champion Helen Avery, win the "Undara Award" for Best Performance of an A.B. Paterson poem.

Zita will be accompanied by her husband, Russell, on their four weeks' journey. This will include ten days at the Elko Gathering, with a 'Main Stage' evening performance and various day time performances. Some touring through California and Nevada will precede and follow.

Zita Horton, now residing in Brisbane, grew up in the small rural town of Dalby, in the fertile Darling Downs area of Queensland.

Her love of bush poetry was fostered by both parents. Zita started composing poems before she learnt to write and continued during her school years, particularly writing parodies to commemorate notable events in her school life. Unfortunately, very few of these survive!

Zita first experienced Performance Bush Poetry at the Toowoomba Carnival of Flowers in 1993. Since then she has written and performed as time permitted. She was a Guest Performer at Tamworth's Fireside Festival in 1998.

This busy mother of two is also very interested in promoting a love of traditional and contemporary Bush Poetry in children. She has written about, and for, her own children, and has enjoyed performing for school groups.

Zita has several awards for her written poetry, including 1st place in the "Henry Stuart Russell" competition in 1997 for the poignant, now well-known poem, "Small White Crosses". She has been a contributor to "The Co operative Book of Verse for Aussie Children", and has also been published in the prestigious "Bronze Swagman Book of Verse".

In October, 1998 she co-published "Mates" - a collection of Bush Poetry by Zita Horton and Carmel Randle.

Sadly, the 1998 Australian Male Champion Bush Poet, Milton Taylor is unable to return to Elko in 1999. As the 1996 Waltzing Matilda Champion, Milton enjoyed the experience in 1997.

We wish Zita all the best as she 'carries the flag' for our Australian Bush Poets from 23rd to 30th January next!

THE PRODUCT SHELF

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is now available \$12.50 pp

from The Secretary,
Vision Winton Inc.

PO Box 44, Winton, Qld. 4735



NEWSLETTER COPY IS DUE BY 1ST DAY EA MONTH



POET'S CALENDAR OF EVENTS AND COMPETITIONS

- Dec 12 **Poets & Folkies Get Together.** Cornucopia Cafe, Gladesville Details P15 & 17.
- Dec 28 **Live Poets Soc. Next meeting 7.30pm, "Marie's Corner", Wharf St., Forster. Ring Jackie 02 6555 3720**
- Jan 7 **BBQ & Session,** North by Northwest Poetry & Folk Club. Venue & Details P 15 & 17
- January **Poetry on Hockey Fields.** Jim Goodlet of Cadillac Ranch Productions will be organising The Stage in the Park and MAY have spots for some poets. Please call Jim or Lorraine (Tell 'em Bob sent you) on 07 54268348 to check details.
- Jan 12-22 **Oasis Hotel, Tamworth 12th 18th 4-6pm Bush Poetry open mike sessions - 19th -21st 4-6pm Bush Poetry Performance Comp Entry \$3.00, 22nd 7pm Concert featuring invited Bush Poets . Details Merv "Bluey" Bostock P/F 07 3822 5366 P3 & 18**
- Jan 15-24 **Bush Poetry & Ballads in Cross Park.** Tamworth. Noon & Mid afternoon daily, Family entertainment. Camp Oven Meals. Enquiries Kelly & Marion Dixon Ph/fax 07 4748 2153. P 3 & 18
- Jan 15-24 **Bush Poets of Aust.** Bush Poetry Free for All, Performance Concerts & Junior Competition. Tamworth City Bowling Club, Napier St. Daily at noon & 2pm pres. by Michael Darby. Details P18. Full prog. Jan. News.
- Jan 16-24 **Tamworth Bush Poets Breakfasts:** Goonoo Goonoo Room, Longyard Hotel, Tamworth. P3 & 18
- Jan 16-24 **Big Bush Brecky.** 8am-10am Jim Haynes and a host of stars. West Tamworth Leagues Club. P18
- Jan 19 **Bush Laureate Awards Presentation.** 2pm at West Tamworth Leagues Club. P3 & 18
- Jan 20-23 **Tamworth Bush Poetry Competition.** Imperial Hotel, Tamworth, NSW. Performance Comp. P18
- Jan 23 **ABPA Annual General Meeting.** 2.30pm St Peter's Hall, Vera Street, Tamworth P18
- Jan 23 **Blackened Billy Verse Comp. Presentations,** Imperial Hotel, Tamworth NSW
- Jan 29 **Closing Date. John O'Brien Poetry & Prose Comp.** Phone 1800 672392 P17
- Jan 31 **Closing Date. Bronze Swagman Award Written Competition.** Phone 07 4657 1502 P17
- Feb 10 **Closing Date. High Country Poets Comp.** Stanthorpe Q. Details P17
- Feb 13-14 **High Country Poets Performance Competition.** Ph. Jack Drake 07 4683 7169 P17
- Mar 1 **Closing Date. Jondaryan Woolshed Written Competition.** Ph 07 4635 6429 P 17
- Mar 10 **Closing Date. Jondaryan Woolshed Performance Competition** Ph 07 4635 6429 P17
- Mar 13-14 **Golden Bell Poetry Award, Laidley, Q.** Performance Poetry & Yarns - Ph Bob McPhee ah 07 5466 5269 or bh 5466 5407 P17
- Mar 17-21 **John O'Brien Bush Festival.** Narrandera, NSW Ph 1800 672392 P17
- Mar 20-21 **Jondaryan Woolshed.** Jondaryan, Q. Written and Performance Bush Poetry Comp. P17
- April 4 **Nambucca Heads Bowling Club, NSW.** Poets Breaky open mike \$5.00 incl hot meal Ph 02 6568 5269 P17
- April 9-11 **Man from the Snowy River Bush Festival** Corryong, Vic Ph Jan Lewis 02 6076 1179 or Neil Hulm 02 6025 3845 P17
- April 15-18 **Tenterfield Oracles of the Bush Legendary Tales.** Tenterfield NSW Performance and Written Competition. Ph Patti Ainsworth 02 6736 1082 or fax 02 6736 3388 P 17
- April 22-26 **Waltzing Matilda Bush Poetry Championships.** Details P 17
- May 1-2 **Gatton Heritage Festival.** Gatton, Qld. Performance Comp. Bob McPhee ah 07 5466 6269
- May 14-18 **Australian Bush Poetry Championships.** Mulwala Services Club, NSW Details P 8 & 17
- Aug 5-7 **Bards of the Outback.** Hungerford, Qld. Performance Comp and Yarnspinning. Accom & Transport available. Contact Bob McPhee ah 07 5466 5269
- Aug 21-22 **Camp Oven Bush Poetry Festival.** North Pine Country Park. Written & Perf. Comp 07 3886 1552

TRUE LOVE LIVES

© 1998 Glen G. Muller, Toowoomba, Q
 Plucked from water's rippling stream,
 Watching, waiting, saw it gleam,
 Gem of beauty, gem so true,
 A turquoise birthstone azure blue.

The Sinagua Indians believe its might
 Could weave its magic day and night,
 And had their jewellery carefully struck
 As potent charms to bring them luck

So, treat this stone with all respect
 For there your nature does reflect
 While your flower Holly, foresight gives
 In a turquoise soul - just true love lives.

*Turquoise is the birthstone for those
 born in December*

NORTH BY NORTHWEST POETRY AND FOLK CLUB

Our First Birthday Bash, held in November went off with a BANG! With a record crowd, we faced the delicious dilemma of finding enough seats! Spots came from Lol Osborne Mal Graham, Peter Freeman and poets Brian Bell, Jacqueline Lucey, Estelle Borrey and June Redmond - and others. A new concept, the Limerick Competition, proved very popular and revealed many hidden talents.

It was a real treat to have, as guest artists for this special night, our own band, **Running Amok**. Nigel, Clive, Matthew and Gina each contributed their talents to form a unique blend of humour, delightful music and harmonies - a

versatile bunch who can make you laugh, cry, tap your toes and sing - sometimes all at the same time. - We were entertained from beginning to end.

On **Saturday, 12th December** at 2pm we will get together once more at the **Cornucopia Cafe** which is situated inside the Old Gladesville Hospital grounds, accessed from Punt Road. Come and cappuccino with us and just enjoy or participate if you wish.

On **January 7th**, if you're in Sydney and looking for somewhere to go there will be a BBQ and session at my place at 14 Lionel Ave., North Ryde from 6pm, instead of the usual folk night. BYOE, and hot potatoes are provided. Ring for more details on 02 9887 1856 or mob 015 227 479. Cheers, **Jenny Carter.**

REGULAR MONTHLY EVENTS

- - - - If you happen to be passing through these areas, tell 'em Joe sent ya!

- 1st. Monday** Aroma's Restaurant & Coffee Shop. Toowoomba Q. Ron Selby 07 4630 1106
Tuggerah Lakes Poetry Group. 7 pm Beachcomber Hotel, Main Rd Toukley,
Ph Laurie Nicholson 02 4390 8595
Kyabram & District Bush Verse Group, Meet every second month at Kyabram Fauna Park
at 7.30 pm - next meeting 7th December Phone Mick Coventry 03 5853 2265
- 1st Thursday** North By North West Poetry & Folk Club. 7.30 pm Uniting Church Hall, North Ryde
Ph Graeme Johnson - 02 9874 7653 or Jenny Carter 02 9887 1856 or 015 227 479
Red Kettle Folk Club. Mapleton Hotel, Mapleton, Q. 8.30-11pm. Poetry and Music.
Enq. Jacqueline Bridle 07 5478 6263
Poets & Mates 8 pm Kallangur Community Centre, 1480 Anzac Avenue, Kallangur Q
Contact Wally Finch ph 07 3886 0747
- 1st Friday** Millmerran Bush Poetry Group Q. 7pm. Millmerran Bakery. Ring "The Legend"
Kev Barnes 07 4695 4209.
- 1st. Sunday** Poets Get-together. Traders Restaurant - Mt. Coolumb Qld. (074) 491 991
North Pine Bush Poets Breakfasts. North Pine Country Park, 9 am at Dad & Daves Billy Tea
and Damper Ph. 07 3285 2845 or 07 3886 1552
Gold Coast Poets, 10 am Cascade Gardens, Broadbeach, Q. All welcome, audience participation
Recite or sing a song. Graham Brunckhorst, 07 5579 4816
Poets in the Making, 12-4pm Performance Workshop, Casula Powerhouse, 1 Casula Rd, Casula
Ph David Price 02 9825 0402 or Mob 018 971 2264
- 2nd. Monday** Parakeet's Poets, Katoomba. Parakeet Cafe at 7pm, Katoomba St, Katoomba, NSW
Everyone welcome. Phone Denis Kevans 02 4757 3119
- 2nd Tuesday** Hunter Bush Poets - 7pm - Tarro Hotel, Anderson Dr., Tarro NSW. Bob Skelton 02 4953 2751
- 2nd Thursday** Tamworth Poetry Reading Grp. 8pm 4 Illoura St. Sth T'worth 02 6766 4164 or 026765 6067
Golden Pen Poets. Old Gympie Town Hall, Gympie, Q. 7 pm Ph Phil Morrison 07 5486 1171
- 2nd. Friday** The Monaro Leisure Club. 7 pm, Vale St. Cooma. Bush Poetry and Country Music.
Mrs. Elaine Schofield "Green Hills" Jerangle, 2630 Ph 02 6454 3128
- 2nd. Sunday** 'Interludes' Ashfield Civic Centre, Ashfield - Joye Dempsey 02 9797 7575
Wollondilly Regional FAW. 1.30pm Community Rooms, Menangle Street, Picton. Phone
Liz Vincent 02 4677 2044, Vince Morrison 02 4684 1704 or Jenny Pilotto 02 4631 1419
- 3rd Wed'day** Sth Aust. Bush Poets. 7.30 pm Alma Pub Long Room, Willunga SA, Ph/Fax 08 8370 2460
- 3rd. Friday** Poetic Folk 24 Finisterre Ave, Whalan 2770 No January Meeting Arch Bishop (02) 9625 7245
Junee Bush Poetry Group. 7.30pm, Junee Community Centre, Brian Beasley, PO Box 82,
Junee, 2663 Ph. 02 6924 1317
- 3rd Saturday** Poets in the Club, Urunga Golf Club. 1.30 - 4pm Ph 02 6568 5269 or 02 6655 6835 ah.
The Original Avocado, Tamborine Mt. Q. Phone 07 5545 3066
- 3rd. Sunday** North Pine Bush Poets Breakfasts. North Pine Country Park, 9 am at Dad & Daves Billy Tea
and Damper Ph. 07 3285 2845 or 07 3886 1552
- 4th Tuesday** Poets in the Pub with Grafton Live Poet's Society. Roches Hotel 7.30pm Ph 02 6642 2772
Please note — there is no December '98 meeting
- 4th Thursday** Golden Pen Poets. Old Gympie Town Hall, Gympie, Q. 7 pm Ph Phil Morrison 07 5486 1171
Queanbeyan Bush Poets. Poets Lane, Queanbeyan. Phone David Meyers 02 6286 1891
- Last Monday** Live Poets Society of Great Lakes/Manning Valley. Meet at 7.30pm in private home - Ring
Jackie 02 6555 3720 or Reid 02 6554 9788 December details in Poets Calendar
- Last Tuesday** Spaghetti Poetry Group. Tourist Cafe, Mann St., Gosford. Dinner at 6.30, Poetry at 7.30
Ph. Bob & Ester Sennett 02 4325 2590
- Last Friday** Kangaroo Valley Folk Club. Bush Poets welcome. Phone Carl Leddy re venue 02 4465 1621
- Last Thurs.** Writers on the River, Caddies Coffee Shop, 2-3 Castlereagh Street, Penrith, NSW. Everyone
welcome, come and recite, read or just listen to the poets. Ph. Brian Bell, 02 4739 2219
- Last Sat.** Aust Christian Writers Fellowship, Hunter Div. Morisset Baptist Church Hall 1.30 -
4pm. Contact J. Bray - 11 Rhodes Pde, Windermere Pk. NSW 2264

ATTENTION

Group or Club Organisers Your events belong here.



**NORTH BY NORTH WEST at CORNUCOPIA CAFE
POETS & FOLKIES GET-TOGETHER**
Saturday 19th September, 1998 - 2pm
Gladesville Hospital - Cnr Victoria & Punt Rd,
Gladesville (Use Punt Rd. Entrance)



BBQ and SESSION (P 15)
6pm, 7th January, 1999
14 Lionel Ave., North Ryde. NSW
for details, Ring Jenny Carter
02 9887 1856 or mob 015 227 479

**THE 1999 BRONZE SWAGMAN AWARD
COMPETITION FOR BUSH VERSE**

Verse in Traditional Australian Form
Closes 31st January, 1999 - Limit 1300 Words
Entry Fee: 1 - 3 entries \$5.00, Limit 3 entries per form

The Secretary, Vision Winton Inc., PO Box 44, Winton Q. 4735
Phone 07 4657 1502 Fax 07 4657 1322



HIGH COUNTRY POETS

in conjunction with the Granite Belt Tourist Assn's
WINE AND FOOD AFFAIR, 8th-14th Feb. 1999

Bush Poetry Perf. Comp. Sat 13th Feb., 1999, 4pm

O'Mara's Hotel, Maryland St, Stanthorpe Q

Open Traditional & Original + Novice & Junior Sections

Total Prize Money - \$2,000 + Encouragement Awd

POETS IN THE PARK - Sun., 14th February from 10am

Entries Close 10.2.99 - Enquiries and Entry Forms available from
Jack Drake - PO 414 Stanthorpe, Q. 4380 or Ph - 07 4683 7169



GOLDEN BELL POETRY AWARD

Performance Poetry Recitals & Yarnspinning
Conducted by the

Queensland Clydesdale & Draft Horse Society
in conjunction with National Heavy Horse Field Days
Laidly Showground - 13-14th March, 1999

More Info from Bob McPhee ah 07 5466 5269

JOHN O'BRIEN BUSH FESTIVAL

17th-21st March, 1999 - Narrandera, NSW

JOHN O'BRIEN POETRY & PROSE COMP.

Section 1 - Awards for Verse:

Classes for Traditional, Contemporary, Humorous

Section 2 - Awards for Prose

Open Class 1 - Short Story to 3,000 words

Entries Close 29th January, 1999 - Entry Fee \$1.00

Entries must be typewritten and on entry coupon

Enquiries to PO Box 89, Narrandera, NSW 2700
or Phone 1800 672392



**JONDARYAN WOOLSHED
WRITTEN & PERFORMANCE
BUSH POETRY COMPETITIONS**

Sunday 21st March, 1999

Performance Sections - Junior, Male & Female
Original And Traditional

Closing on 10th March, 1999

Written Sections - Junior High & Primary
& Senior - All close on 1st March, 1999

Entry Details Jondaryan Woolshed Country Music Rush
PO Box 7038, Toowoomba Mail C. Q 4352

DEADLINE DAY is now the **FIRST DAY**
of each month

Your Editor would appreciate your copy to
her well before that date - especially for the
January edition.

THANK YOU VERY, VERY, MUCH !!



**BUSH POETS BREAKFAST
HOLIDAY COAST HOEDOWN**

Nambucca Heads Bowling Club

Featuring 'THE MULLUMBIMBY BLOKE'
RAY ESSERY

8.00 am on Easter Sunday, 4th April, 1999

Open Mike Session - All welcome to participate

Entry \$5.00 includes a great hot breakfast

Enquiries Maureen Garner - Ph/Fax 02 6568 5269

**TENTERFIELD ORACLES OF THE BUSH
LEGENDARY TALES**

15th - 18th April, 1999

WRITTEN & PERFORMANCE COMPS.

Details from Patti Ainsworth

Phone 02 6736 1082 or

Fax 02 6736 3388



**MAN FROM THE SNOWY RIVER
BUSH FESTIVAL - Corryong, Vic.**

9th - 11th April, 1999

For information please ring

Jan Lewis 02 6076 1179 or Neil Hulm 02 6025 3845

WALTZING MATILDA

BUSH POETRY CHAMPIONSHIPS

Junior Bush Poetry Festival - Thurs. 22nd April, 1999

Senior Competitions Sat 24th - Mon. 26th April 1999

Prizes - including a trip to Elko, Nevada etc
will be offered to Open Winners.

**** MORE INFORMATION LATER ****

AUSTRALIAN BUSH POETRY CHAMPIONSHIPS

Yarrowonga (Vic) - Mulwala (NSW)

Conducted by the

**SNOWY MOUNTAINS
BUSH POETRY CLUB**

14th - 18th May, 1999

ENTRY FORMS NOW AVAILABLE

***** STOP PRESS *****

EXTRA SECTION ADDED TO WRITTEN COMP

Please note Junior Entrants sections are
Under 12 years & Under 16 years !!!!

Any person or persons wishing to perform their
own functions throughout the Championships
please contact Neil Hulm 361 Cheyenne Drive,
Lavington NSW 2641 - Ph 02 6025 3845 or
Ph Johnny Johanson 03 5744 2213

..... TAMWORTH '99 ... More Information on P 3 ... TAMWORTH '99

**LONGYARD HOTEL - TAMWORTH NSW
BUSH POETS BREAKFASTS**

8am Sat. 16th - Sat. 24th January, 1999
Compered by FRANK DANIELS & TIM McLOUGHLIN
Featuring all your favourite Bush Poets

**TAMWORTH BUSH POETRY COMPETITION
IMPERIAL HOTEL, Tamworth NSW**

Performance Comp. 20th - 23rd January, 1999
Entry Forms from Jan Morris,
PO Box 1164, Tamworth, 2340
or ph 07 6765 7552 (H) or 02 6768 5178 (W)

OASIS HOTEL BUSH POETRY Tamworth

4 - 6 pm Tues. 12th - Mon 18th January, 1999
OPEN MIKE SESSIONS - Open to Everyone
4 - 6 pm Tues. 19th - Thur. 21st
PERFORMANCE COMPETITION
Sections- Junior, Original, Traditional (over 50 yrs)
ENTRY FEE \$3.00 per Section - Enter at venue or
phone/fax Bluey Bostock 07 3822 5366
BUSH BALLADS CONCERT 7pm Fri. 22nd Jan.

**THE NAKED POETS SHOW Tamworth Golf Club
Wednesday 20th - Saturday 23rd January 1999**

4 Evening Shows featuring
Marco Gliori, Bobby Miller, Shirley Friend
and Ray Essery - Bookings can be made.
Ring Tamworth Golf Club - 02 6765 9393

BARDS & BALLADEERS CONCERTS

Cross Park, Tamworth - Beside Toyota Display
Fri. 15th - Sun. 24th January, 1999
2 Concerts each day - Noon & Mid. Afternoon
Australian Style Family Entertainment featuring
Invited Bush Poets and Bush Balladeers
CATTLE CAMP KITCHEN CAMP OVEN MEALS
Enquiries Marion & Kelly Dixon
PO Box 24 Camooweal Q 4828 Ph/fax 07 4748 2153

BUSH LAUREATE AWARDS 1999

for Published / Recorded Australian Rhymed Verse
Presentation - Tues. 19th Jan. 2pm
WEST TAMWORTH LEAGUES CLUB
STOP PRESS: Finalists published in January

THE BIG BUSH BRECKY

featuring JIM HAYNES and a myriad of guests.
Daily at 8am Sat. 16th - Sat. 24th January, 1999
at WEST TAMWORTH LEAGUES CLUB

***** STOP PRESS *****

GARY FOGARTY, NEIL McARTHUR & JOHN
MAJOR AND FRIENDS will be staging a show at
TAMWORTH GOLF CLUB during festival week
MORE INFORMATION NEXT MONTH !!!!

**BUSH POETS OF AUSTRALIA - Michael Darby & Friends
Tamworth City Bowling Club, Napier St., Tamworth**

Fri 15th Noon. Tamworth Dist. Schools Comp.
Primary and Secondary School Sections
Sat 16th Noon. Poetry Lunch for Salvation Army \$5.00
Sun 17th Noon. Poetry Lunch for Northcott Soc. \$5.00
Mon 18th-Fri 22nd Noon Poetry Free For All, Admittance Free
Mon 18th-Sat 23rd 2pm Poetry Concert
featuring the works of one poet each day -
P.J. Hartigan, C.J. Dennis, Henry Lawson, Will Ogilvie,
A.B. Paterson and Charlee Marshall
Entry \$8.00 Concess. \$5.00
Sun 24th Noon. One Minute Poetry Championship - Free Entry

PERFORMERS: Liz Ward, Carol Stratford, Ron Stevens,
Noel Stallard, Carol Reffold, Guy McLean, Wally Finch, Ken Hood,
Ken Hay, Carmel Dunn, Michael Darby, Ron Bates,
Ellis Campbell and Trish Anderson.

TICKETS: From performers or Tamworth City Bowling Club.
Entry \$8.00. \$3.00 cash rebate at the door to pensioners & students.

FULL PROGRAM IN JANUARY NEWSLETTER !!

Tamworth Enq. - 02 6766 6913 or Michael Darby Ph 0414 666 226
email- bushpoet@hotmail.com or
<http://www.geocities.com/CapitolHill/Lobby/88817Tamworth.html>

AUSTRALIAN HERITAGE MUSIC FESTIVAL

- Poetry at "The Dog"

The Inaugural festival, held at the "The Loaded Dog" at Annandale Neighbourhood Centre on Saturday, 28th November was most successful. Organiser, Richard Mills was 'stoked' with the response which the festival received.

The Poets Brunch started at 12 noon, and being one of the first events, got off to a fairly slow start but rapidly built up to a sizable crowd. Time just raced away and apologies to those who did not get a second go. Jan Faulkner, Graeme Johnson, Win Jones, Ray Halliday and myself presented a wide range of serious and humorous work. New presenters Pat Warner and Barbara Fern did a good job. Congratulations on "breaking the ice".

Highlights were: "When Monkeys Rode the Greyhounds Round the Track at Harold Park", written and presented by Denis Kevans, contrasted with a most moving piece about a truckie, presented by Bill Lasham. The absolute stand-out was Milton Taylor with "Queenie Lucinda O'Toole". Beautiful poetry, wonderfully presented. And then of course Arch Bishop, in his usual top form. Arch and I were co-hosts of the event but Arch generously allowed me to MC, whilst he greeted guests and kept running sheets up to date.

The Poets Brunch was followed by a teaching workshop conducted by Milton Taylor which was well attended and produced some interesting discussions on various aspects of performance poetry. I find these sessions very helpful and a good forum for swapping ideas. Milton was very generous with sharing his talents.

One problem that June and I had was that there were so many interesting sessions on, that we found ourselves rushing here and there. So to relax with the "Rhymer From Ryde", Graeme Johnson who teamed with musician Gavin Asher for a late afternoon session outside on the lawn, was a pleasant break.

Duncan, Yuri the Storyteller and Melanie gave a spectacular presentation of Seanchas Story Telling. Very well staged for dramatic effect, the stories and music held the audiences enthralled. If you get a chance to see this presentation, don't miss it!

Overall the Festival went very well for the first time and Richard tells me that it will definitely go ahead again next year. So Sydney poets and visitors plus all festival devotees, pencil this time in on your calendar now!

Ted Webber.

THE BOOK SHELF

Products Available from A.B.P.A Members

THE "BOOK SHELF" IS FREE TO MEMBERS

Please send details of your products to the Editor



"The Born Loser — Can Sometimes Win" Book \$7 pp, Ron Selby, PO Box 77, Drayton North, Qld. 4350.

"Winners in Rhyme" Tape, "Reversals", "Identity", "Lighter Touch of History", Books. All \$14.00 pp Ron Stevens, 14 Eden Park Ave, Dubbo, NSW 2830

"A Muster of Verse & Yarns", "Tales of Uncle Jim", "In Days Gone By", 3 Books - \$12.00 pp from Merv Webster, 8 Hawaii Court, Bargara, Q 4670.

"300 Funny Little Poems" Book \$12 pp, "City of Green - Green Ban Songs and Beyond" CD \$25 pp both from Denis Kevans, 63 Valley Rd. Wentworth Falls 2782

"Australian Colour-in Activity Book Series" \$1.00 ea "Along the Track", "A Bit Coasty" Books, "Gettoknowabloke Collection" Tape All 12.50 pp Tom Penna, 28 Leworthy Street, Victor Harbour, SA 5211.

"Thoughts Shared With a Lizard", "Say 'Cheese'" Books \$10 pp, Dawn de Rameriz, 23 Tallayang St. Bomaderry NSW 2541

"My First Book of Poems", "Living with Alcohol", "Small Matters", "The Shearing Shed Speaks", "Men Have Feelings Too", "Punch Lines", "The Little Red Recovery Book" Books \$5 ea + \$2.50 pp one or more, Brian Bell, PO Box 52, Glenbrook, NSW 2773

"Buggar the Music, Give Us A Poem" - CD by Keith Mc Kenry \$25 pp, 5 Bonney St., Ainslie ACT 2602

"Lend Me Your Ear ... Or I'll Steal It". Tape by Glenny Palmer, \$15pp, 43 Samantha Road, Cedar Vale, Q. 4285

"The First Bunch of Ballads from Byron Bay" - Book \$10 pp Col Hadwell, Hamiltons Lane, Byron Bay NSW 2481

"I Thought I Was an Aussie", "Full Circle", Somewhere Beyond", 3 Books \$10 pp ea Sandra Binns, PO Box 6013, Kincaumber NSW 2251

"The Ringers Note" Tape \$15 pp and "Westering" Book \$13 pp from Mark Kleinschmidt, 13 Emu St. Longreach 4730

"Australian Bush Poetry" Tape \$15 pp "Hand in Hand" CD \$20 pp John & Joy Major, "Nonda" Baralabah Q 4702

"Verse You'll Agree With" Book \$5 pp, "More of the Same" Book \$7 pp. Maxine Ireland, 13 Opal Place, Murwillumbah, NSW 2484.

"Mates", Book \$10.00pp by Zita Horton & Carmel Randle. Zita Horton, 66 O'Grady Street, Upper Mt. Gravatt QLD 4122.

"The Shadows & The Substance" and "From All Corners", Books by Liz Banting & "The Trackrider Bush Poems Vol 1 - 5", Books by Roy Briggs, All \$15.50 pp available from PO Box 118 Esk, Q 4312

"Jesta Friend" Tape \$15 pp "Road Floozie" Book \$10 pp from Shirly Friend, 33 Mulberry Street, Morayfield, Q. 4506

"Ballads of a Bush Bride" Book and Tape \$10 ea pp Mavis Appleyard, 106 Thornton Avenue, Warren, NSW 2824

"Bush Poetry, You're Kidding", Tape \$15 pp from Murray Hartin, C/- 7 Mayo Place, Killamey Heights NSW 2807

"Our Bush Poetry Through Heritage" Double Tape \$25 pp from Noel Stallard, 11 Cestrum St, Arana Hills Q 4054

"Poems and Ballads by Marco" Tape for Primary School Age Children \$13 pp, "Legends Video" (Family Entertainment) \$23 pp, Other tapes and books available POA from Marco Gliori, Saddlesaw Productions, PO 999 Warwick Q 4370

"French Cuisine, Recipe for Humour" Book \$9.00pp Mary Meehan, 5 Willow Court, Seaford, SA 5169

"Piddling Pete", Tape \$15.00pp, "My Ute" - Book, \$10pp, "It Doesn't Get Much Verse" - Tape \$15pp - avail Jan '99 from Milton Taylor, 71 Ridge St, Portland, NSW 2847

"Aussie Bush Ballads & Poems" Book \$10pp Blue Francis, PO 410, White Cliffs, NSW 2836

"Bullitude's Dog" & "The Billy's On" Books \$11 pp by Bill Kearns, 44 Kent Street, Grafton NSW 2460

"Kangarooing the Seat" Tape \$12 pp from Terry Regan, 292 Railway Parade, Blaxland NSW 2774

"Blue Mountains Remembered" Book. Corry de Haas, 6 Riverstone Road, Helensvale Q 4210 \$10 pp

"Rhymes with Reasons" Book \$14 pp Bob Bush, 14/22 Queens Road, New Lambton NSW 2305

"Mischief, Memories, Mates" Book. Beth Vincombe-Bashford, Box 18, Berrigan, NSW 2712 \$16 pp

"The Imaginary Menagerie" Book, Gordon Leeder, 9/14 Queen Street, Coloundra, Q 4551, \$11.00 pp

"The Love Thongs" Tape \$15 pp "Trouble at the Thong Factory" &

"Tragic Tales from The Thong Factory" (new) Books \$10 pp. Book & Tape \$20pp Neil McArthur, 718 Norman St., Ballarat Nth V 3350

"Eye of the Beholder" Book \$12 pp "Nostalia at the Boundary Gate" Book \$6.50 pp Ellis Campbell, 1 Lawson St. Dubbo NSW 2830

"The Lowdown 1 & 2", Tapes, "The Lowdown in Print", Book. \$12pp ea or 3 for \$25pp. Gary Lowe, 11 Magnolia Pl., Chitaway Bay, NSW 2261

"The Mullumbimby Bloke" Book \$10 pp, "Along the Road to Bangalow" Tape \$12.00 pp Ray Essery, 270 Manse Rd, via Mullumbimby NSW 2482

"The Larrikin and the Lady" Tape, Carmel Dunn, M.S. 623 Ogilvie Road, Warwick, Q. 4370 \$15.00 pp

"Ten Feet Tall and Bulletproof" Book \$11 pp from Betsy Chape, MS 979 Monto, Qld 4630.

"Aussie Bush Ballads and Poems" Book \$10 pp from Bluey Francis, White Cliffs NSW 2836

"Live, But Only Just" Tape 12.50 pp from Harry Bowers, 46 Sutton Road, Warragul Vic 3820

"Only Yolking", Book \$10 pp & Tape \$20 pp from Max Jarrott, 15 Palm Street, Killamey Q 4373

"The Man From Ironbark", CD \$20pp, Book \$15pp, Geoffrey Graham, PO Box 36, Eaglehawk Vic 3556

"Around the Campfire", Tape, \$15.00pp, Noel Cutler, RMB 2925, Wangaratta. Vic. 3677

"The Larrikin" Series. 2 Books & 3 tapes, Bobby Miller, 3 Pilerwa Rd. Mungar, Q 4650

"No Dogs Aloud" Book \$7.00 pp, from Don Lloyd, Wooli Road, Pillar Valley, NSW 2462.

"Bush Yarns & Poetry" Book, Frank Daniel, PO Box 16, Canowindra, NSW 2804 \$12.00 pp

"Vice Verser", by Rhubard \$15 pp. Reg Silvester 35 Wallace Street Braidwood NSW 2622

"Aussie Bush Comedy" Book. Neil Hulm 361 Cheyenne Dr Lavington NSW 2641 \$10 pp

"Not Too Bad" Tape \$15 pp Tim McLouchlin, Yanolee, Ellerstone via Scone NSW 2337

"Look Before You Leap" Book by Jim O'Conner POA PO Box 289 Longreach, Q. 4730

"Legendary Stuff" Book \$7.50 pp. Kev Barnes, PO Box 64, Millmerran Q. 4357

"Duck for Cover" Book \$6.00 pp Jack Drake, PO Bos 414, Stanthorpe, Q. 4380

"It's Flo Again!" Book, \$10pp Flo Hart, "Hillside" MS150, Pittsworth, Q. 4356

"Character Kaleidoscope: Vol - Been There - Done That" \$8pp, "Small Stuff for Small Stuff" \$4 pp Books, Wally Finch, 56 Orchard Avenue, Kallangur Q 4503.

"Selected Poems and Bush Ballads" Volume 1 & 2. \$12 pp John Bird, Road Runner Caravan Villiage, South Lismore, NSW 2480.

"Around the Campfire" Tape \$15pp Noel Cutler, RMB 2925 Oxley Flats Road, Wangaratta, Vic. 3678

"Peter Coad Presents Bush Verse" CD \$20pp from Peter Coad, PO Box 7, Bundanoon NSW 2578

"Through A Womans Eyes", Book \$12pp Liz Ward, P.O. Box 61, Mt. Perry, QLD. 4671

ABPA ANNUAL BOOKS OF VERSE 1995, 1996, 1997

1998 Avail Jan '99 - Members Price \$3.00 each

Postage \$1.10 for up to 4 Books

PLEASE CONTACT THE SECRETARY



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Thank You to Our Contributors

Trisha Anderson	Cecilia Kane
Kev Barnes	Geraldine King
Brian Bell	Grace Leamon
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Vern Griffiths	Bashford
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Zita Horton	Ted Webber
Neil Hulm	Pat Wise

THE LAST WORD FROM THE EDITOR

Dear Members,

What a great year this has been for our Association ! It has indeed been a privilege for me personally to edit the magazine for these past 10 months and it has been a job which I have done with great enthusiasm, knowing that I have always been able to rely on those of you who so willingly contribute your thoughts, reports, poetry and information to make my task a very easy and pleasurable one.

This year we have received contributions from over 120 members, many more than once. Additionally, from outside event organisers and groups who have an interest in bush verse. Collectively we have all made this beaut newsletter what it is and I sincerely thank you all for your support thus far and look forward to it's continuance in the New Year. Please accept my good wishes for the forthcoming holiday season and I look forward to your company 'around the traps'.

Take care,

Maureen Garner, Editor

