

The Australian Bush Poets Association Inc.



Monthly Newsletter

No 11 Volume 6

November 1999

A VALID EXCUSE

"You're late for school again, young bloke!"
The class room teacher sternly spoke.
"Your tardiness defies description.
You'll end up as a non-descript, son.
Go to the Principal, and explain ...
It's your fault, should you get the cane."
The teacher quickly penned a note:
"Four mornings late." Signed, Ms Barnicoat.

The lad along the verandah idled.
Up to the office door he sidled.
He gently knocked upon the door
Ready to bolt, should the occupant roar.
"Come in. What is it? Well speak up lad."
"I'm late for school ... b-b-because of dad."
"Your father's fault! That's what you say?"
"Y-yes, Mr Ford. It goes this way...

"Me Dad's a farming man, of sorts,
Who cares for anything that snorts,
Or grunts, or quacks, or barks, or meows:
He's got a bull and fifty cows.
He owns a tractor and a plough
But doesn't do much cropping, now
The drought's so bad. He raises chooks ...
And that's what's got me in bad books.

"A pesky fox lives up the scrub.
He must be getting short on grub,
'Cos every night, for a week or so,
Dad's best layers started to go.
Dad's done a multitude of things
To try and save his chickens' wings.
But baits and traps and lures and locks
Have not deterred that cunning fox.

"So Dad got to his tether's end.
Determined to save his feathered friends
Stood sentry by the chicken run
Armed with a double-barrel gun.
Made me do the morning shift
(This explains the school I've missed)
And, wouldn't you know, for the first three nights
That fox kept well beyond our sights!

"By last night, Dad was heard to say,
'I guess that fox will stay away,
Now that he knows that we're well armed.
I doubt another chook'll be harmed.'
And so, immediately after supper,
The washing-up ... and then a cuppa,
'We'll have an early night,' he said.
So we all trundled off to bed.

"This morning, as the moon changed dark,
Dad woke up to a chicken's squawk.
He tippy-toed out through the kitchen -
His trigger-finger fairly itchin'
Down the back steps to the run -
He checked the cartridges in the gun.
He choked to stifle a joyous whoop -
There stood the fox in the chicken coop!

"Something that I need to tell you:
We own a dog. A mutt. No value.
A sooner-lie-down dog. No worker.
In terms of guard-dog - a born shirker.
When he saw Dad on his tippy-toes,
For the first time in his life, he rose
And followed father through the dawning:
Something he shouldn't have done, this morning.

"Something else I meant to mention:
Father sleeps without his pants on.
In his quest to save the birds
His state of dress had not occurred
To him. The night being cold,
Dad was so focused on his goal
To blow that fox to smithereens,
He hadn't thought 'bout shivering.

"I hope I've clearly set the scene.
Alas! The ending that could have been
Went all awry. As dad stood ready -
Raised the shotgun up - aimed steady -
Slowly pressed upon the trigger -
Up behind him, trotted Nigger -
The mongrel dog whose cold, wet nose
Touched Dad on the parts swinging to and fro!

"Both barrels emitted a mighty blast.
Dad carries his arm in a plaster cast!
The terrified howls of the startled pup
Could be heard for miles as the
sun came up.
The fox was seen five miles away.
Blood-splattered feathers in the
chook pen lay.
For my lateness to school,
Sir, hear my plea -
I've been plucking chooks
since half-past three."

© Trevor Shaw, Thangool, QLD



The 10th Mapleton Yarn Festival 17th October 1999 RESULTS

Ernie Setterfield Perpetual Trophy Club Challenge

- 1 Bon Amici Toowoomba - Ron Selby & Carmel Randle
- 2 North Pine - Marilyn Roberts & Carol Stratford
- 3 Gympie - Phil Morrison

King of Liars

- 1 Marilyn Roberts
- 2 Wally Finch
- 3 Ron Selby

Talent Quest

Professionals:

- 1 Carol Stratford
- 2 Ros Keppell

Amateurs:

- 1 Ellie Balkham
- 2 Daniel the Guitarist

ANNUAL MEETING OF THE ABPA INC

WILL BE HELD AT
ST. PETER'S HALL, VERA STREET,
TAMWORTH, NSW
ON 29TH JANUARY, 2000
AT 2.30PM SHARP.

THIS WILL BE FOLLOWED BY A GENERAL
MEETING OF MEMBERS.

IF YOU WISH TO HAVE A PARTICULAR
TOPIC DISCUSSED, PLEASE CONTACT
OLIVE SHOOTER IN ADVANCE!

Australian Bush Poets Association Inc

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Olive Shooter, Secretary

**ABPA Membership - \$25 per annum January to December
PLEASE SEND ALL MONEY TO SECRETARY/TREASURER**

Help! The Brisbane Reference Library have requests for 2 poems -

1. called "These Hands" about a "Man's" hands. May include "These hands nursed my children", "strained barbed wire", "made love to a woman", "raised two talented children".
2. called "Wheat Country", written in the 20's, first line "Dust on the swingle bars in the sunset glow".

I assured them one of our members would be able to help them out. Please send any info to

Flo Hart, M.S. 150, Pittsworth, Q. 4356



Dear Members

This has been a short month with the deadline coming forward. However it has been a busy one for me. I've been writing a book on the history of the Allora Co-operative Hospital Society celebrating

fifty years. At last it is at the printers and maybe I can have the office back.

If you wish to pay your memberships I am ready to receive them. It would help me if they were paid before the Christmas rush and New Year when I am doing up the books for the Audit. The membership fee of \$25.00 becomes due on the first of January. Although there is nothing wrong with paying your money to others in authority, you are not counted as paid until it gets into my hands as Treasurer, so I urge you to send it to me, please. If your membership lapses past the end of February, you will not receive a copy of the Monthly Newsletter until financial. Many of you seem to pay when you arrive at the annual meeting and that is all right, but please try to get there

PRESIDENT'S REPORT



Competitions and events seem to be thinning out in Queensland at this time of the year, which I suppose, is a good time for a rest and to prepare for Tamworth. January probably being the biggest event on our calendar, with countless hours of events - and a virtual high tide of poets attending.

Our AGM has always been a wart to many poets, and it is difficult to please every member with the time and place allotted to hold the meeting. We have had many suggestions about the AGM: from holding it at 5.30am, to midnight. And for that one member that rang - we WILL still hold an AGM! Our Association is Australia wide and it would be impossible to include all members in a meeting, just as our Executive committee members are widely spread and it is almost impossible to hold regular meetings.

Our secretary, Olive Shooter, has done a mighty job over the last 12 months in keeping our Association on an even keel, and many decisions have been made via the phone. There have been many other suggestions via the Newsletter on all types of items concerning Bush Poetry, but as yet there have been very few offers to jump in and do these things that plague many. The AGM for one, may be held at a time that will not suit all.

BUT IF YOU WOULD REALLY LIKE TO SEE OUR ASSOCIATION PROSPER YOU WILL BE THERE (WON'T YOU?)

Remember, *nothing gets done by noone that does nothing*. If you can't make it to Tamworth or the meeting, perhaps you could write a letter to the committee voicing your suggestions. All positions on the committee will be vacated at the AGM, and a new committee elected. Will YOU be one of the nominations for any of these positions?

Ron Selby, President

early, as I will be there in time to write receipts etc. We need to get the meeting going on time.

The Annual meeting of the Association will be held on Saturday, 29th January, 2000 at 2.30pm sharp. All members are invited to attend and we hope for a good attendance. The venue is St. Peter's Hall, Vera Street, Tamworth, NSW. A general meeting will follow and only listed subjects will be discussed, so if you wish to bring up a topic, please let me know and if time allows, we can discuss it. I realize it is a busy time, but please try to attend and stay on as long as needed.

I have received notice of Motions but as we have had no chance to meet as executive, all business will be listed in the December issue, some subjects are judging criteria for competitors, and competition format for ABPA championships. Please read the list in December and consider, and if you want to make concrete suggestions, put them in writing for me as it makes it easier for an untrained Secretary who cannot write shorthand. Time will be saved that way. Put your best mind to it, for it is for your own good and the good of the Association that we need these meetings.

Fond regards, Olive Shooter

AND NOW PRESENTING, CENTRE STAGE.....

JANINE HAIG

Janine was born in New Guinea, living in Wewak, Rabaul and Lae. Her family moved to Redcliffe in Queensland when she was 16. She trained to be a stenographer and spent two years working for the Public Service in Brisbane. After working in an office she decided it was time for a change and accepted a job as a Governess in Far South West Queensland - just for a year. Twenty-something years later she still lives in the bush.



Although she has always loved writing, time was a problem initially. When more time finally became available she discovered she constantly had a pen in her hand, jotting down ideas. The ideas grew into what she calls her 'pomes' - if they had more dignity they might be referred to as poetry.

After receiving a great deal of positive encouragement from friends and acquaintances she decided to take the gamble and publish her first book of Bush Verse, *I Hope Yer Sheep Get Flyblown*. The book took on a life of its own and it sold well beyond her expectations. A second book has recently been published, entitled *Always Wear Clean Knickers*.

Janine has won numerous written competitions including the Bourke radio competition sponsored by the Department of Land & Water Conservation, as well as the Qld. Country Life Bush Poetry Competition in 1998. She was runner-up in the Winton Bronze Swagman Written Competition in 1997 and Runner-up in the Written Section of the Australian Bush Poetry Championships held in Mulwala/Yarrowonga in May 1999.

A trip to Winton to compete in the Novice section of their annual Bush Poetry Competition during Easter 1998 was Janine's first huge step into the world of Performance Poetry. To Janine's surprise she won! Since then she has continued to compete and perform, honing her skills. At The Australian Championships in Mulwala/Yarrowonga 1999 she won the Open Ladies Recital section of the Championships.

REVIEW - *I Hope Yer Sheep Get Flyblown* (Book) *Always Wear Clean Knickers* (Book)

Janine Haig's poems (or 'pomes' as she calls them) display an humorous look at life in the bush today. Her two books "*I Hope Yer Sheep Get Flyblown*" and "*Always Wear Clean Knickers*" are both self-published, spiral bound volumes, packed full of stories, ideas and opinions in verse form. Bubbling through these pages comes an effervescent sense of fun!

Janine's subjects cover primarily her family and friends, her local area and local characters, and her interests and thoughts. However, where some poetry in these fields can become almost a 'you-had-to-be-there joke' and so of little appeal to others, Janine's wit steers her clear of this boggy ground. Her poetic reflections on life in general, and particularly life as a woman in Outback Australia, are well worth reading. These are honest tales, not necessarily in subject (poets have been known to lie!), but in mood and attitude. This is an Outback woman writing of her era, and recording for posterity her approach to good and bad times alike. Where G. E. Evans' "Women of The West" spoke of 'bullock chains' and 'huts on new selections', this modern woman of the west speaks of her daughters and boarding schools, computers and the Internet, pubs and, of course, her husband. It's the

1. What type of car would you like to drive, and why?
Chauffeur-driven limo would be fine, thanks... after spending so many years driving 4-wheel-drive vehicles on rough roads, I've had enough.... and I love comfort.

2. Who is your favourite Bush Poet?
What a difficult question! I can't really name anyone on the circuit these days because I'll be in trouble from all the rest! Probably Banjo. Or maybe even Janine Haig, because I feel I know her so well. And there aren't all that many poets who write for women.....

3. How would you spend \$1,000,000?
Where the hell would I get \$1m? Probably have a darn good party to start with. Then, of course, there would be the wages for my Chauffeur. Then I suppose I'd have to change my address - which means a new house - so that all my 'laticions can't find me!

4. Who have you learned the most from in your life?
Seriously? My psychiatrist.

5. What has been your most embarrassing moment on stage?
I could say forgetting my lines, but I've seen a heck of a lot of people do that. It's probably not really embarrassing, but earlier this year I upset an Irishman while I was performing.... he didn't like my material, apparently, and accused me of being a "Man-hating bitch". I'm not a man-hater, I'm married to one.

6. What type of dog do you own?
A Mini Foxie named Cosmo. He's my dog - the other 12 belong to Doug and the girls and are working dogs.

7. What is good about living in the Eulo area?
Nobody hears me when I scream at my children! It's a hard-working community and very supportive. Living 100kms out of Eulo means I have plenty of solitude - and I love my time alone!

8. Do you collect anything, and if so, what and why?
Books, Books, Books. I love books and reading. I seem to have books on every subject - is this an indication of a scattered mind? By the way, some of that \$1m ought to go in to buying more book cases.

9. Where will we see you next at a poetry gathering?
What a question! If I tell everyone that sort of thing, it ruins the mysterious persona I am trying to create. I have nothing planned until Tamworth. Poetry gatherings I attend depend on how much work there is to do at home. When it's dry, it's difficult to get time off from bull-dozer driving.

10. What song would you never like to hear again?
I don't have to think about this. "Bad Habits"! Doug and I went on a cruise a few (quite a few) years ago and the band on board seemed to love this song. I think they played it every second song while they were performing and whenever they rehearsed it was the only song they seemed to sing! Even saying the name makes me shudder.

same world, brought up to date.

Janine currently holds Australia's major Performance award for Bush Poetry, and it was by winning that award that she became well-known to the wider Bush Poets 'family'. However, she demonstrates in these books that she is also a very capable writing poet. Her grasp of rhyme, rhythm and meter are strong, and help to make reading her poetry a pleasure. Read one of her books for yourself sometime!

The Emu

They're funny birds, Emus,
they're not very bright,
They're gawky and clumsy
and not good at flight.
If you take a good look
at the size they attain,
Then examine their head -
there's no room for a brain.
If you run round and round them
as quick as can be,
they'll wring their own necks
... go on! Try it and see!

© Janine Haig, Eulo, QLD



Dear Editor

COPYRIGHT/ROYALTIES - Let's keep it simple

I would like to put forward a few thoughts I have on the subject of performers performing the original work of others for a monetary gain.

A suggested definition: The copyright of an original work should remain the property of the author (or his agreed agent) for the period of 50 years from the proven time of writing. A standard system, endorsed by the ABPA, should be adopted and used by all bush poets. Those blatantly abusing the system would be quickly identified, and could be refused entry to competitions and overlooked as participants at festivals etc.

I propose:

Performers contact the author of the poem they wish to perform, exchange a simple, standard written contract and pay a once-off, initial fee of \$10 (for example) to the author.

The performer will then agree to record accurately the date and venue for each performance of that poem; and pay to the author, at the end of a 12 month period from the date of the contract \$1.00 (for example) for each performance of the poem.

The performer shall record the date and venue each time the poem is performed in a competition; and pay to the author, at the end of the same 12 month period, 10% (for example) of any prize money won in that competition.

A performer wishing to record the original work of another, should contact the author of the poem they wish to record, exchange a simple, standard written contract and pay a once-off initial fee of \$10 (for example) to the author.

The performer will then agree to record accurately the sale of each such audio cassette or CD and pay to the author, at the end of the 12 month period, \$1.00 (for example) for each unit sold.

An honour system such as this, adopted by all bush poets as "the standard", eliminates the "What do I charge?" when approached by other performers. With the standard being published regularly in the ABPA newsletter, everyone will be familiar with the expected procedure. I believe the integrity of those performing for any sort of payment (from busking to fully professional), would allow them to accept such a system as fair, equitable and respectful of the author's rights.

The above is offered as a draft outline and would require further refinement if put for adoption by the members of the ABPA.

As for the payment of royalties by radio stations and festivals etc. where an author's original work is broadcast from a published CD or cassette - I don't have any suggestions at this time.

Noel Cutler, Wangarratta, VIC

Dear Madam

We have recently moved [from Urunga area] back to our unit in Brisbane and wanted to let you know that our new address is, because we DO NOT WANT to miss our Journal. Attending the "Poets in the Club" in Urunga was one of the best things we did there and we always enjoyed the afternoon of great fun and fellowship.

Furthermore we never ceased to be appreciative of the hard work and excellent conduct of these gatherings and came to know some exceptionally interesting folk and our pleasure from this association was immense.

Surely Bush Poets are the salt of the earth - such gifts - could take the everyday happenings and make them such fun or, such sadness. Both in their readings of the old standards or in their own compositions never of less than extraordinary in delivery. A most valuable memory.

The monthly Journal is something we would not like to miss also and we love the little bits of personal news. We knew Maureen and Tom and their wedding was a happy occasion for us. We miss those folk.

Thank you for all the work involved in compiling this magazine and we wish you well and may we long continue to enjoy such works.

Yours sincerely

Vic & Lexie Cornell, Kelvin Grove, QLD

On My Soapbox

Your contributions to "On My Soapbox" are welcomed. Please keep to a maximum of 300 words, and include your full name. Preference will be given to short, neatly typed letters or emails.



Dear Editor

I agree with Max Jarrott in some of his references to prejudiced or biased judging of bush poetry. One should judge the performance on the day and let the competitor be just that.

I also agree that I would be very proud indeed if anyone recited one of my poems and placed with it, as long as they gave me the credits as writer of course. No royalties needed. The credits would get me sales of books later and that would be my payment for the use of my poems.

Now Tony Strauss claimed that copyrights become null and void 50 years after a copyright owner is dead. Well in the copyright research I made many years ago, because of my own novels, I was informed by books and the Writers Centre and The Copyright Laws, that a copyright became null and void 50 years after the last production and by copyright laws, unless one sells copyrights, said copyrights upon their death must pass on to the children or grandchildren.

I guess Banjo's grandchildren still hold his copyrights as per the copies that are reprinted at times and he has been dead more than 50 years.

Now let's get to judging. I was a judge in many horse events and country music years ago, long before I became a member of ABPA and now that I am one of the poet judges, I can relate to an incident where Don Anderson quoted four judges placing a competitor high and one placed him at the bottom. Perhaps as Don states, that appears favouritism, but was it really Don? Is it the fifth judge's continuity? Don't jump over the gate yet mate. Hear me out.

I agree that I have personally seen favoritism where a judge has completely lost continuity, and I am dead set against it, but one has to remember that judges have not all gone to the one school. They do not compare with each others scores, and so they do what they have to do in their own way. On a ten score, I always start on a six, which gives me leeway. On a 20 score I always start on 12 for the same reason and in many cases I have been informed that my added scores individually tied with others on my sheets, hence the fact that we need at least three or more judges. If one is judging competitors of equal capability, it isn't impossible to score some of them with the same total.

If two judges stuck to a start off of 12 points and one sticks to 10 constantly, that doesn't mean that the lower judge may be biased. To arrive at that decision one would have to see all judges points scored for that event. However, I do agree that we have judges who do favour some, as has been seen to occur and those judges should not judge if they have mates competing.

All competitors that I judge are my friends, but they are only competitors of that performance when I am one of the judges. I am certainly not interested in events they may have won in the past.

I guess my point here is that Judges in any field must have continuity and judge the same way always and if that is so, then it doesn't matter how many judges there are. If they know rhyme, rhythm and meter, clear diction and a good sensible performance, and are consistent with their scoring, then they don't need to go to a school. The normal rules of judging are to get different view points of the event.

The last thing we need is three judges coming out of the one school and all coming up with the same tied points for every competitor.

'The Trackrider' Roy Briggs, Esk, QLD

Dear Editor

I am a "writing" or "reading" poet, rather than a performing one. This meant that, for many years, my poetry remained hidden away in a drawer, heard and read only by family and friends.

About 15 years ago, someone sent me an entry form for the Bronze Swagman Bush Verse Competition at Winton. Since then, I have had at least one verse each year in their book, so other poets read my work, and suddenly I became part of the Bush Poet's family. Performers contacted me asking permission to use a certain verse, and "Have you written anything else?" For my 70th birthday, my family had a book of my verse published, and three months later, my second book came out. I stated in my book, "Any verses may be used for reciting", and soon performers wrote or rang to name the poem they'd like to use.

Since then, my verses have been used in competitions, sometimes won prizes for performers, been said on cassettes, etc., but I have always been acknowledged for my poem, whether I attend the function or not. I am always proud and honoured to think someone felt my written work was worth performing, and I've never expected payment. Poems that once lay in a drawer, now, thanks to performers, have been heard all over the eastern states - a great privilege to know that, while I'm ALIVE! Not much good for my ego or talents if I have to be dead 50 years before anyone hears of me.

I cannot speak on the judging debate. I have been asked to judge performance poetry, but have declined, as I feel I am not qualified to do so, even though my private choices may also be those of the judges, after the event.

Traditional or modern or both? Entry forms for each specific competition should stipulate what is expected, so performers and judges understand.

Please don't make our already overworked office bearers responsible for any more problems. Nobody can please everybody all the time.

As Max Jarrott said (Oct. issue) "Let's bring back the right spirit!" enjoy what we do!

Thanks to everyone who has thought my written word worthy of performing!

My account will NOT be in the mail!

Continued growth and camaraderie to our association and members.

Flo Hart, Pittsworth, QLD

Birds of a Feather

A coupla of louts on a big night out
in Brewarrina, one New Year
found some dead galahs ... they'd been hit by cars
and they got a bright idea.

They placed the birds with a lot of fuss
on the lawn of the Catholic Church
then left a note "Please pray for us
we've fallen off the perch!"

The Irish priest, who lived alone
thought he'd phone the council bloke.
The office boy who answered the phone
had heard about the joke.

"But I thought you blokes looked after the dead!"
he answered ... well rehearsed.
"To be sure we do! The old priest said
"But we phone the relatives first!!"



© Hipshot



FROM OUR ROVING REPORTERS

Carnarvon is a small town at the mouth of the Gascoyne River, about 1000klms north of Perth. It is a pleasant place where the main industries are fruit and veggie growing plus some fish processing. For a little place, it is very strong in Arts/Culture activities including a singing club, amateur theatre, art galleries, etc and of course, a Writers and Poets group. Chris Troy is the convener for the "Poets' Corner" held at approximately three monthly intervals. She and the group would make any visiting poets welcome. If you're going to the area, give Chris a call on 08 994 1345.

After leaving Carnarvon, we called at Denham to do a spot of dugong and dolphin watching, then on to Geraldton. Unfortunately, we arrived on a Sunday morning and had to wait till Monday to check out the local poetry scene. I found that their group meets on the second Sunday afternoon in the month, at the Arts and Crafts Centre. The Center is situated only one klm from where I was staying, but blissfully unaware, I spent my afternoon washing the car and van and missed out! However, I am told that this is a good group, so if you're in the area, pop in and say hello.

June and Ted Webber

Phone 1414 844831 or Email juneted@yahoo.com

EDITORS NOTE

June and Ted will be wrapping up their travels next February / March, and have suggested that other people travelling around this great land might like to take up the reins of the Roving Reporter. If you are interested, drop us a line here at the ABPA Newsletter.

I'm told this poem was written on the office wall of the Head Brother at Boystown. I find its message very relevant to competition. I'm told the author is poor old 'Anon'. It's all about -

Integrity

Dear Lord

In this battle that goes on through life,
I ask but a field that is fair.
A chance that is equal, through all of the strife,
And the courage to strive and to dare.

If I should win, let it be by the code,
With my faith and my honour held high.
But if I should lose, let me stand by the road,
And cheer as the winner goes by.

Anon

Submitted by Joye Dempsey

The Old Homestead

© Garry Boyd, Gulgong, NSW

Dusty tracks on a dusty plain, showed the way ahead,
Past rusted ruins of yesteryear, by an old homestead.
Busted fences, empty dams, windmills out of order,
Sheep no more roamed this place near the Queensland border.

The homestead stood in disrepair, of appearance quite forlorn,
Nearby its' grim companion, a long dead peppercorn.
In silence but together, steadfastly side by side,
A pair of testimonials to a station that had died.

Long ago the homestead was a landmark on the plain,
But a sequence of poor seasons saw its' star begin to wane.
These were hard times on the land, everything did suffer,
The farmer used his savings and was left without a buffer.

All the help had said good-by, include the faithful cook,
Who worked the last few months, for pay he never took.
Although they tried their best, soon came that fateful day,
When the family packed the car, and sadly drove away.

The car soon faded down the track, and finally out of sight,
Then following a setting sun, night turned out the light.
But later a full moon arose, and shone down from above,
On the homestead and a peppercorn that no one seemed to love.

A silver glow from the moon made dark the shadows cast,
And familiar homestead sounds were now things of the past.
No lights were in the windows, no welcome at the door,
Inside just a timid mouse scuttling 'cross the floor.

A wind sighed past the verandah posts of timber roughly sawn,
The verandah where at party times a million sheep were shorn.
And wooden shutters rattled against old weatherboards,
When once were heard the sounds of a pianola's chords.

Leaves fell from the peppercorn, were blown about the ground,
Now all bare and barren, where gardens did abound.
Swirls of dust swept on by, dry and unrelenting,
Crept under doors, through cracks in walls, the peppercorn tormenting.

Passers by stop and look and shake their heads a bit,
And wonder what did happen there, why the place was quit.
Sometimes they would stop their cars and get out for a walk,
But the homestead guards its' secret, and the peppercorn doesn't talk.

This poem was

Winner of the 1999 Writers Network Literary Competition for Poetry

In reply to Ron Selby's poem in the last issue

Reply To An Aussie Chauvinist

© Valerie Read, Bicton, WA

He's says he's not a chauvinist! Well, I got to report.
Like every other Aussie bloke, you truly are one, Sport.
I'll bet you're like a lamb at home, as sweet as apple pies,
But when you're drinking in the pub, I bet the bulldust flies.
You tell your mates "The wife's at home, I've got her broken in.
She cooks, cleans, rears the kids, and does the rubbish bin.
She never wanders far away from kitchen stove and sink,
And never nags me when I've spent a weekend on the drink."

I wish you blokes along the bar could see through women's eyes
That each and every one of you cannot be claimed a prize.
With shorts and thongs and Jacky Howes, you all think that you're Flynn,
You belch and fart and pick your nose; are not adverse to sin.
You come home drunk and bleary eyed, and creep into the house
And when she up and does her cool you take it like a mouse.

You know when you are well off, Mate. You could have done much worse.
Any other nationality would put you in a hearse.
But God was kind to Aussie blokes, He made your women wise,
Gave each of us an acid tongue to cut you down to size.
We let you think that you're the boss, we keep your bellies full,
We tell you what you want to hear, and all that sort of bull.
We wash your socks and underpants, and keep you warm at night,
We bear your little replicas, and keep the rein pulled tight.

There was a time, I must admit, when women were oppressed,
Believing if they had a bloke they had been truly blessed.,
They always did as they were told and never caused a fuss,
But nowadays it takes a man to handle wives like us,
And if you fellows don't conform, well, things are rectified,
You blokes will have to toe the line to keep us satisfied.
Bring home your pay and mind the kids, then your life will be bliss,
And we will not explode the myth that you're a chauvinist.

Our Sundial

After much manouvering, we had upon our lawn
A sundial proudly telling time to sunset from the dawn.
Passers-by came in to admire our acquisition
But left us in a rather unenviable position.
There was much discussion "This 'ere dial's slow."
We said the day we put it in was overcast, you know.
Each looked down at their watch then looked up at the sun,
They found it was ten minutes slow and so they had their fun,
Telling us all the ways that it could be put to right,
But we put it in to stay there anchored, welded tight.
So moving it was not a choice that we could really make,
So all their snide remarks we had silently to take.
One night I heard a noise outside, so went to investigate.
There was a passing neighbour with his mumbling mate
Quietly I listened as I stood upon the porch
One tried to tell his mate the time while the other held the torch.

© Mavis Appleyard



The Competition

"One man's meat, another's poison"
that's how the saying goes,
but it seems that one man's poetry
to another is not even prose!

Well, to have the judges' comments back
seemed like a good idea,
but the comments so conflicted, that
I wonder, where from here?

My entry, it passed muster,
when the first judge read it through,
but the second didn't like it,
he took a real dim view.

The first judge said "It's excellent,
effective ~ fluent too!"
but the other told me "Needs more work."
...it's confusing, I tell you!

The first judge said "Original,
good structure and appeal."
The second said "A hackneyed theme!"
~ he's a critic with some zeal!

But I think I have the answer.
I won't let it spoil my health,
on go on like before,
and write to please myself!



© Sandra J. Queenborough Binns

THE LOVE OF THE BIG MEN

My heart pained so that I could not write, not a word of rhyming verse -
to touch the pen brought too many tears and to think of a rhyme was a curse.
A curse on my early childhood dreams, from "The days when the world was wide -"
and a beautiful people who filled to the brim, our soldiers hearts with pride.

Those early memories that shaped my life are now so hauntingly clear -
when I sat and heard the Big men talk, so reverent and so dear.
Of a special people who guarded our men and their secrets and hiding place -
when the Brute of the Japanese force would arrive, at their villages, face to face.

The Big men talked in a murmur low, I'd feel funny in my little gut -
about how these people were murdered and raped and sometimes their throats were cut.
But they never revealed where our soldiers were and they died in this brutal way -
but clear as I'm now an aging man, we have sold them out today.

We sold them out when Indonesia, invaded their homes and land -
when Whitlam said it was best for them and he shook Suhato's hand.
And every succeeding politician, has connived and groveled and crawled -
in bitterness now at their hopeless state, I feel so ashamed and appalled.

Those Big men, if any of them are alive, must pain in their hearts right now -
what should be our culture and burning pride, now bleeds like a butchered cow.
We'll send in the troops when the thugs withdraw and they've slaughtered half of the race -
there's a tear in the politicians eye, what a shameful bloody disgrace.

Those tears shed for our brave young troops, (and brave they certainly are) -
be tears that are shed by traitors, who have snuffed out a shining star.
For years they have cow-towed and pandered, to the Indonesian elite -
we are dirt to them and we've help make, a genocide near complete.

That hypocrite nation America, as it cleverly changes hand -
has too many gold and oil reserves, tied up in Suhato-land.
They invade who they like to stay at the top, for their Capitalistic greed -
unless there is wealth or power to gain, then the rest of the world can bleed.

Where is the justification, for the slaughter and rape and abuse -
we must speak out and speak out loud and try to be of some use.
Be strong and firm in mind and word, don't carry on with your day -
and say that It's none of your business, and hope it will all go away.

I've loved these people since I was a child, when the Big men talked with pride -
years later against the invasion we marched, for freedom and those who died.
I had a beer with a digger friend, in a pub beside Trades Hall -
After a rally we had in Perth, with others who answered the call.

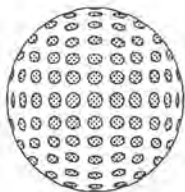
He had fought in Timor in World War Two and he spoke with aching eyes -
as the swollen tears flowed in his beer, from his unashamed cries.
"Where were all the people" he said, "Why weren't they out on the street -
What good are the politicians Rod, why don't the bastards bleat?"

I refused to go with the Bali push and spend my money there -
a stupid gesture you may say, with your patronizing stare.
But I've been waiting for many years now, for Independence Day -
to visit my Timor friends and tell, what the Big men had to say.

And go I will and give what I can, to my brothers and sisters strong -
I'm thinking more as the days go by, it's there I would rather belong.
To show them love and help them build, their country and pride again -
to be part of a heart and a soul that beats, for the sake of the Big, Big, men.

© 1999. Roderick Williams, Murrurundi, NSW

(This poem was broadcast on Tamworth's ABC Radio, 20/10/99)



"One thing I'd like to know, for sure"
My drinking mate commented
"How did they measure hail before
the golf ball was invented??"

© Hipshot

Our New Copper

Our sergeant of police had retired
Bill Murphy was one of our chums.
No more putting the drunks in the wagon
No more kicking kids in the bums.

We gave him a wonderful send-off
To show him how much he'd be missed.
There was plenty of grog at the function
And old Bill got thoroughly pissed.

"It's been great working here in the country"
He said, in a speech a bit slurred.
"But wait till you see my replacement
Just listen, I'll give you the word"

"I'm told he's a regular bastard
And you don't know what you're in for
He plays by the book, so they tell me
And nothin' like Bill Murphy's law"

And then he collapsed in a corner
Threw his head back and started to snore
And we wondered just how we would handle
This frightening man of the law.

No longer we'd have the two-up school
Or the sly grog in Morry's back yard
Or the SP who bets in the back of the pub
Our life's gonna be bloody hard.

Old Murphy, he knew all about 'em
And he got a few quid on the sly.
But he never arrested one person
To those capers he'd turn a blind eye.

Our town is a one-man arrangement
There's no need for more than one cop.
He'd go home for lunch and a bit of a snooze
And hang a 'CLOSED' sign on the shop.

So what's gonna happen in Gonyah?
This new copper sounds like a swine
He'll crack down on cars that are making a noise
And the muffler's quite bugged on mine.

And for sure he wouldn't let Charlie
Dynamite stumps like he does.
He'll reckon it's highly illegal
'Cause that is the way of the fuzz.

And old Clarry Johnson, the blacksmith
Who we say has a world-renown thirst,
Won't stand a chance with this copper.
We reckon he'll run him in first.

Well, we all voiced our fears together
And discussed this new copper at length
If the fellow cracks down as old Bill said he will
The place will lose most of its strength.

Came the day that the copper was coming
And we gathered to see what he's like
The police car pulled up at the station
And demolished the old sergeant's bike.

And out of it stepped the new copper
Fair dinkum, it's just like Blue Heelers
Not the hulking great bloke we expected
But one of those good-looking sheilas.

And pretty - I'd give her a Logie
She's better than Lisa McClune
And you should have heard all my coppers
Every one of the coots changed their tune.



We just got a letter from Murphy
Who fooled us, that drunken old bloke
"I knew all the time she was coming,
And I hope you can all take a joke."

Her reports must be great for headquarters
They show that she's really been active
She's a darn sight better than old Murphy
Who wasn't the least bit attractive.

There's an outbreak of crime here in Gonyah
You'd never believe that it's true
All the single blokes being arrested
And the rest of us forming a queue!

© Leo Keane, Hughesdale, VIC

THIRD BIG CITY MUSTER NSW WRITERS' FESTIVAL 4/9/99

The sun shone down warm and welcoming on a packed marquee at Interlude's Third Big City Muster, with a receptive audience, excellent performances and wattle and hay - brought from Bowen Mountain by Adrian Bryden - creating a great bush atmosphere.

Because I am very concerned about the anomalies of poetry and performance copyright, a 'Muster' innovation this year was to introduce a 'Contemporary poetry' section for recent work. Books promoted by major publishing companies attract royalties, with self published books the author doesn't always recoup printing costs, let alone creative time so when it comes to being paid their rightful dues, most Poets miss out. Too many people perform poetry without giving the attribution to the author or correcting the audience's assumption that it is their own work. Knowing that your poetry is in demand for performance may flatter, but it doesn't fatten. If the material is good enough for others to perform, often in preference to their own poetry, then it's worth sharing profits. To counteract this, half of the prize money in this section went to the author (or in the case of those who have died, to their family). To ensure that there would be no misunderstandings, I colour coded criteria sheets and large notices for those 'in the dunny' when this stipulation was announced. I was very happy to be able to send \$50.00 to a pleasantly surprised Neil McArthur, from Victoria. I met Neil at the Murray Muster and had the pleasure of looking after his small son, Joel, when we performed at the local hospital. He told me none too subtly that if I got lipstick on him I was as good as dead - Joel that is, not Neil.

The old average of sending out a hundred letters to get four positive responses, holds firm. In addition to ever-faithful **Image Desk Top Publishing** of The Rocks, who printed my book and have been paying for it ever since and **Balmain Leagues Club** who also put a Poets lunch on and coped with a rushed job of helping Geoffrey Graham out with a show on Sunday 5th, I conned Con Constantine from **Parklea Markets** into supplying a \$100.00 prize - but then he conned me into handing out leaflets! - (the things you do for love of Bush Poetry!). This was before I knew that I'd got a \$1,000 sponsorship from a man who didn't want any kudos, (but I'll **Singo** his praises anytime), via **Radio 2GB**. This meant more prizes, but, competition, which is time consuming, sometimes makes sneering critics out of the nicest people and now that the event is established I intend to concentrate more on putting on a show.

Another first this year was to invite a Bush Poet to launch their book as part of the Muster and I am pleased to report that Brian Beesley had a successful launch. We also held a last minute 'whip round' raising \$359.19 for Joshua Maloney, a young boy from Taree in Westmead hospital with crushed legs. A big vote of thanks goes as always to the NSW Writers' Centre for sponsoring the Presenters and the venue.

The Prize Winners Are:

Radio 2GB

Traditional Serious	1st Garry Lowe - \$125	2nd Bill Lasham - \$75	3rd Rod Williams - \$25
Traditional Humorous	1st Rod Williams - \$125	2nd Terry Regan - \$75	3rd Graham Johnson - \$25
Original Serious	1st Bill Lasham - \$125	2nd Rod Williams - \$75	3rd Terry Regan - \$25
Original Humorous	1st Garry Lowe - \$125	2nd Terry Regan - \$75	3rd Rod Williams - \$25

Parklea Markets

Contemporary Rod Williams \$50.00 & Author Neil McArthur \$50.00

Balmain Leagues

Greatest of Greats 1st Joye Dempsey \$50.00 Joint 2nd Garry Lowe & Milton Taylor \$25.00 each.
Image DTP Peter Worthington - Whipstick Wortho's House \$100.

Raffle Results

1st Kerrie 2nd Scott 3rd Curo 4th B Lasham

Following the Muster I spent the best part of a very rewarding week in Scone with a great group of eleven year-olds, hopefully helping them to appreciate and write poetry. It's good to see young future poets and writers being encouraged in this way.

It would be good to see more women out there performing but most of the traditional poetry is written from the male perspective. It would be helpful in competition if there was an option to change the gender of a poem i.e. Paterson's 'Roses' would end 'only an old woman worn and grey bending her head to a bunch of roses'.

See you all next year! Muster Organiser, Joye Dempsey

Wagga Wagga Folk Festival at Uranquinty

We were invited by Tracey to run a poets night at the Uranquinty Pub on Saturday Oct 2nd, followed by a poets breakfast in the tennis club rooms at 10am on the Sunday.

There was a great roll up of members including Jim and Jan Angel, Don and Lorna Anderson, Jan Lewis, John Memery, Eric Crain, Irene Jones, Sue Gleeson, and Reg Phillips.

On arrival we were immediately made welcome by the publican Ron Tye and his wife Lorraine.

The night was a great success, with poets from across NSW performing to a lively audience of around 70 people. Among the highlights of the evening were Jim Angel with "Who Gives the Bride Away", Graeme

Hume from Canberra with "The Flight of the Fat Fairy", and our own Eric Crain brought the house down with "The Graveyard Poem". Reg compared the first half of the night, while Sue Gleeson proved to be a very capable and entertaining presenter for the second half.

The poets breakfast got off to a slow start with the Folky people sleeping in on a very wet morning, but was in full swing by 10.30 with around 35 people enjoying the entertainment. There were some good poets among the crowd such as Mick O'Leary from Wodonga, Rhymin Symin from the South Coast and Graeme Hume from Canberra. Our own John Memery concluded a excellent morning with two of his rousing gold mine songs. We look forward to being invited back next year.

Submitted by the Snowy Mountains Bush Poetry Club Inc.

SNOWY MOUNTAINS BUSH POETY CLUB, INC.

On Saturday afternoon, 23rd October 1999, the Montreal Theatre at Tumut came alive with the sounds of Bush Poetry, Yarn Spinning and Songsters. It will be remembered by over 100 people who enjoyed over 4 hours of entertainment, provided by the Snowy Mountains Bush Poetry Club Inc.

The afternoon was opened by Reg Phillips, President of the S.M.B.P.C. Inc, as MC, followed by Don Anderson from Leeton, performing "The Man From Snowy River". Entertainment was also provided by Jim Angel (Narrandera), Eric Crain (Wagga Wagga), Jim Weatherstone (Canberra), Betty Walton (Tintalra), Jan Lewis (Cudgewa), Neil Hulm (Lavington), John Memery (Beechworth), Bill McClure (Tin Can Bay), Leo Hill (Canberra), Claude Woodbridge (Canberra), Jack Bridle (Talbingo), and David Johnston (Sydney).

After a short afternoon tea break, Sue Gleeson took over the MC duties, and true to club motto "everyone gets a go" welcomed locals Mick Donahue, Bev Stewart, and Robert Giddings up onto the stage to perform. The show rolled along with all those previously listed performing again, including Reg Phillips. Sue also read a letter and poem received from Debbie Doyle from Mentone, titled "Old Jindabyne". It was about Debbie's life growing up at Jindabyne when her father worked on the Hydro Electricity Scheme.

Many of the performers once worked on the Snowy Mountains Authority, or had a family member who did. The entertainment was a fitting tribute to the Snowy Mountains 50th Anniversary Celebrations with the audience often captivated by traditional and humorous poetry, as well as folk and good old songs, together with a few good yarns. Highlights of the afternoon included 74 year old Leo Hill, who used to sing in Tumut with the band "Parkers Melody Masters" as far back as 50 years ago when they travelled across from Murrumburruh. Leo sang several golden oldies. He was accompanied by Claude Woodbridge who sings and writes many songs, including "Walking Across the Rooftop of Australia", made famous by Tumut's own Owen Blundell.

Eric Crain certainly captured the audience with his humorous poems and great timing. (Remind me never to go for a walk at night or through the cemetery with him!) Sue and Reg performed a poem especially written for Reg by Joye Dempsey, who knows of his love of Irish jokes and yarns.

A great afternoon was had by all and the S.M.B.P.C.Inc. would sincerely like to thank Angela Horsley and Glen, Helen and Joy from the Montreal Theatre for ensuring it success.

Submitted by Sue Gleeson, Sec/Treas, S.M.B.P.C.Inc., Lavington, NSW

Vengeance

© Geoff McFarland, Glen Innes, NSW

You've met them on a local bus or on a country train,
You've met them in a pub or club, they always cause you pain.
You're sitting there without a care, your troubles out of mind,
When someone starts up talking on subjects so unkind,

About that noted cricket match won by the other side,
'Bout when you dropped that simple catch, your face you tried to hide.
You were the hero of the day, you hit that wondrous ton,
But no one recollects that play, your dropped catch much more fun.

The time you made that racing dive into the muddy creek,
And lost your trousers on a snag was talked about all week.
The little child you brought to shore is grateful to you still,
But the man who lost his trousers was thought a greater thrill.

Some seem intent to resurrect mishaps best left behind,
So let them talk, then take revenge and pay them back in kind.
Now I can talk 'most anywhere, 'neath water if need be,
I have a bag of gossip bits and use these bits with glee.

I get a hold of their left ear and bash with practiced ease,
My verbal onslaught won't let up until they're on their knees.
So if you want a verbal stoush - I know that you can't win -
Just tease me with mishaps of old, you'll pay well for your sin.

An Invitation to all Poets, Yarn Spinners, Songsters, Performers.
Yarrowonga/Mulwala is proudly hosting the
2000 Australian Bush Poetry Championship
from Friday 12th May through to Tuesday 18th May
Ph 03 5744 1989 Free Call 1800 062 260 Fax 03 5744 3149

Wanted

Funny poems for
'Funny Poems Vol 1'



To be launched at

The Woodford Folk Festival December 1999

So much great material has been written,

let's share it with the rest of the world!

I'm looking for your funniest work and

contacts for other poets.

Send your poems (no limit) to:

Arcadia Flynn, PO Box 1577

Sunnybank Hills Q 4109

Ph: 07 3272 8567 Fax: 07 3272 8601

email: flynnda@ozemail.com.au



I'll be in touch
pre-publication or
feel free to
give me a call.



BRINGING HOME THE COWS



For forty years my day's begun with bringing home the cows -
 We follow well-worn tracks where no grass grows,
 And wade through early morning mists that eddy round our feet
 To riotous pre-dawn cawing of the crows.

Mind lost in thought, I ride along with habit as my guide,
 And whistle shrill commands out to my dog;
 As the milkers, heavy-uddered, plod before my chugging bike,
 And the sun's first rays dispel the thinning fog.

I've bred and raised and mourned some dogs, each in his turn a friend,
 A loyal mate on whom I could rely.
 I've gone from hand to herringbone ... footslogging to a bike
 With care in case the new ways pass me by.

My herd has changed, those creamy-coated Jerseys of my youth
 Long sacrificed to modern diets' fad;
 Now black and white the Friesans graze along the mountain side,
 While milk-fat levels slowly drive me mad.

New herd, new dog, new methods, only I remain the same;
 Just me - and the mountains watching here -
 And to these silent sentinels a dairy-farmer's life
 Is short ... it's just a blink. That's forty years.

© 1999. Zita Horton, Upper Mt Gravatt, QLD

Urunga Poets Change Format

"Poets in the Club", who meet regularly at the Urunga Golf and Sports Club NSW, each month, have changed the timing of their meetings for next year. The group will still meet on the second Saturday of each month from 1-4pm but will only meet in March, May, July and September.

Enquiries can be made to
 Maureen Stonham
 Ph/Fax 02 6568 5269

The trouble with most of us is
 that we would rather be ruined
 by praises than saved by
 criticism.

Of the six senses the most
 important one is common sense.

What you don't know won't hurt
 you but it will amuse a lot of
 people.

Wisdom according to Hipshot

Run

Father Carey, gentle man, was walking up the street.
 A simple man, a loving man, the type that's hard to beat.
 Along the way he greeted folks, and bid them all 'good day'.
 He was loved by all the parish for his kind and gentle way.

He was fond of all the oldies, loved the children of the town.
 And impoliteness worried him; it always made him frown.
 He'd insist on 'please' and 'thank-you', good manners was a must,
 The kids all loved their parish priest, the bloke that they could trust.

On the doorstep of a stately home stood a youngish looking lad
 Reaching for the doorbell on a wealthy widows pad.
 But the kid was not quite tall enough; he didn't have the height,
 So father Carey, caring man, assisted with his plight.

With one hand placed on shorty's head he pressed the brassy knob.
 The youngster stared right up at him and gave a nervous sob.
 Expecting some reply of course, the padre beamed a smile,
 He waited for a 'thank you', but the wait took quite a while.

Insisting on politeness
 as the priest was known to do
 He pressured for acknowledgment,
 and this the kiddy knew.
 "Well now! What do you say?
 I've helped you press the bell."
 "Thanks Father!" cried the little kid,
 "Now run like bloody hell!"

© Frank Daniel, Canowindra, NSW



Greetings!

The end of the year approaching fast. Not a lot happening down south, though the annual Maldon Folk festival is set for the last weekend in October, continuing to the 1st and 2nd of November. This has 2 poets breakfasts, a poets brunch and plenty of other opportunity for poets to strut their stuff. It is also one of the friendliest festivals I have ever been to with heaps of variety in the music presented.

Festival St Arnaud will be on the 19th, 20th & 21st November. St Arnaud is the Australian town with the French connection and along with the usual festival activities will be the Dog in the Ute competition where locals strive for the Victorian record. On the Saturday night I'll be performing my "Man from Ironbark" show at McDonald Hall. Promises to be a big night.

The first ever St Arnaud Poets Breakfast will be held on the Sunday morning compered by yours truly, so if you are in the area drop in. This is set down for 8.00am and for more info give me a call!

Keep smiling,
 Geoffrey Graham
 Eaglehawk Ph 03 5446 3739



POET'S CALENDAR OF EVENTS AND COMPETITIONS



- Nov 3 **Palma Rosa Poets.** 7 for 7.30pm Graham Fredriksen & Michael Darby.
- Nov 5-7 **Majors Creek Folk Festival.** Braidwood NSW Breakfasts. Peter Gillespie 02 4842 2443 P14
- Nov 5-7 **Steel City Country Music Club Festival.** Club Macquarie, Argenton, NSW P15
- Nov 7 **Land of the Beardies Festival.** Glen Innes NSW Poets Breakfast & Performance Competition P14
- Nov 10 Closing Date **Bush Laureate Awards.** For Recorded & Published Australian Rhyming Verse. P14
- Nov 13 **Hume and Hovel Festival,** Beechworth. Contact John Memery for details
- Nov 13-14 **Glengallan Homestead Talent Quest** Tom Dunn, M.S.623, Ogilvie Road Warwick 4370 P15
- Nov 27 **Aust. Heritage Music Fest.** Annandale NSW Expression of interest sought. Richard Mills P/F 02 9568 5596 P14
- Nov 28 **Christmas Party, Ettamogah Pub,** Table Top. 10am Meeting, 12 noon lunch, 1.00pm onwards - entertainment
Details and Bookings Contact Sue Gleeson Ph/Fax 6025 3847
- Nov 30 Closing Date **Blackened Billy Verse Competition** for Written Australian Bush Verse. Details P14
- Dec 4 **Betty's Bush Banquet,** Tintaldra. Contact Betty Walton or Sue Gleeson Ph/Fax 02 6025 3847
- Dec 11 **S.M.B.P.C. Inc 'Championships',** Tumbarumba Bowling Club. Details contact Sue Gleeson Ph/Fax 02 6025 3847
- Dec 21 Closing Date **Brunswick Heads Written Competition.** Margaret Mitchell, Ph 02 6685 1901 Fax 02 6685 1960 P14
- 2000**
- Jan 6 **Brunswick Heads Bush Poets Breakfast,** Ph 02 6685 1901 Fax 02 6685 1960
- Jan 21 **Schools Poetry Competition,** 11am Tamworth City Bowling Club, Napier St. Free admittance, refreshments available.
- Jan 22 **Lunchtime Concert in aid of the Salvation Army.** 11am Tamworth City Bowling Club, \$10 Adt \$7 Pns, includes lunch.
- Jan 23 **Lunchtime Concert in aid of the Northcott Foundation.** 11am Tamworth City Bowling Club. M Darby 0413 348 843
- Jan 24-28 **Poetry Lunches and Concerts,** from 11am. Tamworth City Bowling Club, Napier St. Ph Michael Darby 0413 348 843
- Jan 25 **Bush Laureate Awards.** 2pm Tamworth Town Hall For Bookings and Info Ph. 02 6766 1577 Fax 02 6766 7314 P14
- Jan 26-29 **Tamworth Bush Poetry Competition.** Imperial Hotel Performance Competition. Details P14
- Jan 26-29 **Bush Poetry Competition.** Oasis Hotel, Tamworth NSW. Ph Blue Bostock 07 3805 1942 P14
- Jan 29 **Blackened Billy Presentation of Awards.** Imperial Hotel, Tamworth NSW P14
- Jan 31 Closing Date **Bronze Swagman Award.** Entry forms available from Vision Winton Inc, PO Box 44, Winton Q 4735
- Jan **S.M.B.P.C. Inc at Eskdale Hotel,** details to be finalized. Contact Reg Phillips 02 6040 2508
- Feb 12-13 **High Country Poets.** Stanthorpe Q Performance Competition Ph Jack Drake 07 4683 7169 Fax 07 4683 7069
- Mar 6-8 **Redgum Festival.** Swan Hill, Vic. Bush Poetry Performances. Arts Swan Hill, Box 488, Swan Hill Vic. 3585.
- Mar 15-19 **Jamberoo (NSW) Folk Festival. Breakfasts and Performances.** Phone Dave de Santi 02 4257 1788.
- Mar 16-19 **John O'Brien Bush Festival.** Enquiries to Julie Briggs 1800 672 392 or email tournsc@webfront.net.au P14
- Apr 13-16 **Oracles of the Bush.** Tenterfield NSW. Perf. & written comp. Patti Ainsworth Ph 02 6736 1082 Fax 02 6736 3388
- Apr 19 **Waltzing Matilda Junior Bush Poetry Festival,** Winton Q
- Apr 22-24 **QANTAS - Waltzing Matilda Bush Poetry Championships,** Winton. PO Box 7714 Toowoomba Mail Centre Q 4352
- Apr 22-24 **Australian Bush Yarnspinning Championships,** Winton Q P15
- Apr 23 **Poets Breakfast,** 8am Nambucca Heads Bowling Club. Ph Maureen 02 6568 5269 P14
- Apr 25-26 **Charters Towers Bush Poetry Competition,** Charters Towers Q
- May 12-18 **Australian Bush Poetry Championships,** Yarrowonga/Mulwala Ph 03 5744 1989 or 1800 062260 Fax 03 5744 3149
- Jul 7-9 **Bundy Muster.** Performance and written competitions. Enquiries Joan 07 4152 9624 or Sandy 07 4151 4631 P15
- Aug 19 **Country on the Tweed Festival** Poetry from 8am. Lorraine Richards, 20 Scenic Drive, Bilambil Heights, NSW 2486



Waltz to Winton and Beyond in 2000!

Would you like to go to Winton for the
QANTAS - Waltzing Matilda Bush Poetry Championships,
but don't want to drive the distance?

Join a 14-day Fully-Escorted Luxury Coach Camping Tour departing
TOOWOOMBA Monday 17th April, returning Sunday 30 April.

This tour has successfully operated over 5 years, with more Bush Poets and Friends
discovering it each year. Includes a Professional Chef (most meals catered),
Children's Activities, Tons of Sightseeing, Good Company, Lots of Fun!
Many seats are already booked, so call for details today!

Itinerary includes: Surat, Roma, Longreach, Winton, Lark Quarry, Carisbrooke Station,
Kynuna, Hughenden, Charters Towers, Anakie/The Willows, Great Keppel Island.

Special Poet's Mates Rates available!!!

Phone Jay Randle on: (07) 4638 5255 (business hours) or Fax: (07) 4638 5060
for more details, and a full itinerary will be sent to you.

REGULAR MONTHLY EVENTS

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

QUEENSLAND

- 1st Monday** **Bon Amici's Restaurant & Coffee Shop.** Margaret St, Toowoomba Ron Selby 07 4630 1106
- 1st Thursday** **Red Kettle Folk Club.** Mapleton Hotel, Mapleton 8.30-11pm. Poetry and Music. Jacqueline Bridle 07 5478 6263
- 1st Saturday** **Poets & Musicians at Eumundi Markets** in courtyard outside Rob's Bakery. Ph. Elizabeth 07 5449 1991
- 1st 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
- 2nd Wednesday** **Bush and Brisbane Poets.** 7.30 pm Club Sangria, Mt. Gravatt Phone Anita Reed 07 3343 7392
- 2nd Thursday** **Golden Pen Poets.** Old Gympie Town Hall, Gympie 7 pm Ph Phil Morrison 07 5486 1171
- 2nd Friday** **Poets & Mates** 7.30 pm Kallangur Com. Centre, 1480 Anzac Ave, Kallangur. Ph Wally Finch 07 3886 0747
- 2nd Saturday** **Bundaberg Poets Society Inc.** Contact Joan Lane 07 4152 9624 or Sandy Lees 07 4151 4631
- 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 Thursday** **Golden Pen Poets.** Old Gympie Town Hall, Gympie 7 pm Ph Phil Morrison 07 5486 1171
- Last Wednesday** **Millmerran Bush Poetry Group,** 7pm. Millmerran Bakery. Ring "The Legend" Kev Barnes 07 4695 4209.
- Every Wed** **Writers in Townsville** 7.30pm, Hodel Room City Library, Thuringowa Dr, Thuringowa. Phil Heang 07 4773 4223

NEW SOUTH WALES

- 1st Tuesday** **Tugarah Lakes Poetry Group.** (except Jan) 7pm The Entrance Leagues Club, 3 Bay Village Road, Bateau Bay. Contact Joan Johnson - 02 4332 5318 and Judy Stanton 02 4388 5972
- 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 0412 222 690
- 1st Sunday** **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. Phone Denis Kevans 02 4757 3119
- 2nd Tuesday** **Hunter Bush Poets - 7pm - Tarro Hotel,** Anderson Dr, Tarro Bob Skelton 02 4953 2751
- 2nd Thursday** **Tamworth Poetry Reading Grp.** 8pm 4 Illoura St, Sth Tamworth 02 6766 4164 or 026765 6067
- 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 Saturday** **Poets in the Club,** Urunga Golf Club, 1-4pm March, May, July and September only. Ring Maureen 02 6568 5269
- 2nd Sunday** **"Interludes"** Ashfield Civic Centre, Ashfield - Joye Dempsey 02 9797 7575
- 3rd Thursday** **Wollondilly Regional FAW Writers in the Pub** 7.30pm George Hotel, Old Pacific Hwy, Picton. Liz Vincent 02 4677 2044, Vince Morrison 02 4684 1704 or Jenny Pilotto 02 4631 1419
- 3rd Friday** **Junee Bush Poetry Group** 7.30pm, Junee Com'ty Cntr, Brian Beasley, PO Box 82, Junee 2663 Ph. 02 6924 1317
- 4th Tuesday** **Poets in the Pub with Grafton Live Poet's Society.** Roches Hotel 7.30pm Ph 02 6642 2772
- 4th Wednesday** **Inverell Wednesday Writers.** 7.30pm, Empire Hotel. Ph Ida Morse 02 6722 2425
- 4th Thursday** **Queanbeyan Bush Poets.** Poets Lane, Queanbeyan. Phone David Meyers 02 6286 1891
- 2nd Last Mon** **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 for details of venue each month. See poets calendar
- Last Tuesday** **Spaghetti Poetry Group.** Gee Kwong Restaurant, 197 Mann St, Gosford. Dinner at 6.30, Poetry at 7.30 Phone Bob & Ester Sennett 02 4325 2590
- Last Thursday** **Writers on the River,** 7pm Caddies Coffee Shop, 2-3 Castlereagh St, Penrith Phone Brian Bell, 02 4739 2219
- Last Friday** **Kangaroo Valley Folk Club.** Bush Poets welcome. Phone Carl Leddy re venue 02 4465 1621
- Last Saturday** **Australian Christian Writers Fellowship,** Hunter Div. Morisset Baptist Church Hall 1.30 - 4pm Contact J. Bray - 11 Rhodes Pde, Windermere Park 2264
- Every 2nd Friday** **Pheasants Hut Folk Club.** Bundeena Ph Yuri 02 9527 0955 or Mob 041 941 2093
- Every 2 months on 2nd Saturday.** **Cornucopia Cafe.** Poets & Folkies Get Together. Old Gladesville Hospital Grounds, Punt Rd. Jenny - 02 9887 1856 or 0412 222 690, or Graeme 02 9874 7653. Check Poets Calendar for dates.
- Every 3 months** **Poetic Folk,** 24 Finisterre Ave, Whalan 2770. Ring "Arch" Bishop (02) 9625 7245 Check Poets Calendar for nx mtg

VICTORIA

- 1st Monday** **Kyabram & Dist. Bush Verse Gr,** Every 2nd mth, Kyabram Fauna Park, 7.30 pm Ph. Mick Coventry 03 5853 2265

SOUTH AUSTRALIA

- 3rd Wednesday** **South Aust. Bush Poets.** 7.30 pm Alma Pub Long Room, Willunga Ph/Fax 08 8370 2460

Editors Note: Poets from TASMANIA, WEST AUSTRALIA, and THE NORTHERN TERRITORY are encouraged to let me know when any local poets gatherings may be occurring. If you have a regular get-together, why not advertise it here, FOR FREE!!!



WHAT'S ON AROUND THE TRAPS



MAJORS CREEK FOLK MUSIC FESTIVAL

Friday 5th - Sunday 7th November, 1999

Poets Breakfasts & Performances

Peter Gillespie 02 4842 2443 Jim Macquarie 02 4474 2736

STEEL CITY COUNTRY MUSIC CLUB FESTIVAL

5th-7th November 1999

Club Macquarie, Main Road, Argenton, NSW

Friday night: Poets Section, which is restricted to Poets who have not had material published for payment.

Sunday morning: Songwriters and Poets Breakfast, with special appearances by poets Ron Brown and Bob Skelton.

Sunday noon: 'Spin A Yarn' contest at the Commercial Hotel.

Entries close 10th November.

Steel City Country Music Club PO Box 124 Boolaroo NSW 2284

LAND OF THE BEARDIES FESTIVAL

7.30 am 7th November, 1999 - Glen Innes, NSW

Poets Breakfast and Performance Competition

King Edward Park - (if rainy - Glenn Innes Town Hall)

Sect. 1- Original, Sect. 2 - Traditional or Established Works

Prizes per section: 1st - \$150, 2nd - \$100, 3rd - \$50.

For entry forms and accommodation information write to

Nell Perkins, Flat 3, 125 Church St, Glen Innes NSW 2370

GLENGALLAN HOMESTEAD TALENT QUEST

to be held at Allora Community Hall on

13th and 14th November 1999

Bush Poetry Sunday morning 8am

Classes: OPEN TRADITIONAL

OPEN ORIGINAL

OPEN HUMOROUS

JUNIOR under 16 years

Nominations \$5 per entry. Entries will be accepted on the day or contact Tom Dunn, M.S.623, Ogilvie Road Warwick 4370

1st 2nd and 3rd Trophies and prize money.

POETS AND MATES proudly presents a trio of fun!

Enjoy the good humour of John O'Brien's poetry superbly performed by master poet Noel Stallard.

Then all the way from Gladstone is the talented and lovely Margy McArdle, skilled lady poet who'll charm your socks off without touching your shoes.

Add to this line up the impressive talents of one of Australia's most promising junior poets, Stuart Nivison.

In December we'll be bring the millennium down with a crash.

Don't miss the naughty humour of Shirley Friend and the fun filled bush music of the Hairy Nose Wombats. Mr S Claus and Christmas Carol will be making guest appearances.

See you there! (Bring a friend or two!)

7.30pm Friday 12th November 1999

7.30pm Friday 10th December 1999

at Kallangur Community Centre 1480 Anzac Ave, Kallangur.

A light supper will be served and the all inclusive cost is a low \$10. Please book to help us with the catering.

AUSTRALIAN HERITAGE MUSIC FEST Sat 27th Nov 99

Annandale Neighbourhood Centre, Annandale NSW

EXPRESSIONS OF INTEREST SOUGHT FOR WORKSHOPS, CONCERTS AND PARTICIPATION

Richard Mills, 6/39 Herbert St., Dulwich Hill NSW 2203

Phone/ Fax 02 9568 5596 or email: Ausfest@excite.com.

BLACKENED BILLY VERSE COMPETITION 2000

CLOSING DATE 30th November, 1999

Written Australian Bush Verse Entry Fee \$5.00

OR 3 for \$10.00 - extra entries \$3.00 each

Presentation of Winner and Highly Commended at Imperial Hotel, Tamworth NSW - Saturday

29th January, 2000

Entry Forms from Maureen Quickenden

PO Box 1164, Tamworth NSW 2340

BUSH POETS OF AUSTRALIA at Tamworth City Bowling Club

21 January: Schools Competition, 11am, Free entry

22 January: Concert in aid of Salvation Army, 11am, \$10/\$7

23 Jan: Concert in aid of Nothcott Foundation, 11am, \$10/\$7

24-28 January: Poetry Lunches, 11am

24-28 January: Poetry Concerts, 1-2pm

BUSH LAUREATE AWARDS 2000

For work produced from 1.11.98 to 10.11.99

Entry Fee - \$10 per section entered

Four Sections - Closes 10th November, 1999

1. Book of the Year - Published Original Rhymed Verse.

2. Recorded Album of Australian Rhymed Verse

(on commercially produced cassette tape or CD)

3. Recorded Performance of the Year

(a single, or single track from any album)

4. Heritage Award to be awarded to a person for outstanding achievement in nurturing and promoting the heritage of Australian Rhyming Verse to be selected by the Bush Laureate Committee.

To enter, send 4 copies of each book or recording to

Bush Laureate Awards 2000, C/- Max Ellis Marketing P/L,

PO Box 1577 Tamworth NSW 2340

Enq. Ph 02 6766 1577 Fax 02 6766 7314

Email: mem@mpx.com.au

TAMWORTH BUSH POETRY COMPETITION

Imperial Hotel, Tamworth NSW

HEATS - Wed. 26 - Fri. 28 Jan, 2000. FINALS: Sat. 29

Please send SSAE to Jan Morris, PO Box 1164, Tamworth NSW 2340 or Phone 02 6765 7552 (h) 02 6768 5178 (wk)

BUSH POETRY COMPETITION

Oasis Hotel, Tamworth NSW on January 26th, 27th, 28th

12 noon - 4pm each day. Contact Blue Bostock 07 3805 1942

JOHN O'BRIEN BUSH FESTIVAL

16th-19th March, 2000, Narrandera

Celebrates the rural pioneering spirit and pays tribute to John O'Brien of "Around the Boree Log" fame.

Writing awards Thursday night. Irish Luncheon & Poetry in the Bidgee Friday. Busing Saturday. Poets brekkies Saturday and Sunday. Hooley Saturday Night.

Enquiries to Julie Briggs 1800 672 392

or Narrandera Visitors Centre, PO Box 89, Narrandera 2700

email: tournsc@webfront.net.au

POETS BREAKFAST - OPEN MIKE

8am, Easter Sunday 23rd April, 2000. Nambucca Heads

Bowling and Recreation Club, Nelson Street, Nambucca Heads

NSW. Feature Poet "The Legend" Kevin Barnes. Admission

\$5.00 includes Hot Breakfast. Enquiries - Maureen Phone/fax

02 6568 5269

WHAT'S ON AROUND THE TRAPS

WINTON 2000 - Preliminary Information
The Waltzing Matilda Bush Poetry Festival
JUNIOR BUSH POETRY FESTIVAL
Wednesday 19 April

CONCERT

Friday 21 April

QANTAS-WALTZING MATILDA CHAMPIONSHIPS & CHRISTINA MACPHERSON NOVICE AWARDS

Saturday 22 April - ROUND ONE

Sunday 23 April - ROUND TWO

Monday 24 April - FINALS

CLOVER NOLAN JUNIOR FINALS

Monday 24 April

AUSTRALIAN BUSH YARN SPINNING CHAMPIONSHIPS

Saturday 22 - Monday 24 April

Other novelty poetry events and non-competitive bush poetry

Saturday 22 - Monday 24 April

For more information contact:

The Organiser, PO Box 7714, Toowoomba Mail Centre, Q 4352

AUSTRALIAN BUSH POETRY CHAMPIONSHIPS

Invitation to all Poets, Yarn Spinners, Songsters, Performers, to come to Yarrowonga/Mulwala

from Friday 12th May till Tuesday 18th May, 2000

Ph: 03 5744 1989 Free Call 1800 062 260 Fax 03 5744 3149

BUNDABERG POETS SOCIETY, INC

Muster Week-end: July 7th, 8th and 9th, 2000

Performance Competitions: All Sections

Written Competition: Bush Lantern Award

Trophies, Prize Money, Certificates

Concerts on Friday & Saturday nights

Enquiries: Joan 07 4152 9624 or Sandy 07 4151 4631

ABPA ANNUAL BOOKS OF VERSE

1995, 1996, 1997, 1998

Now Available from The Secretary

Members Price \$3 each.

Post - \$1.10 for up to 4 books, 12+ Post Free

Bronze Swagman Book of Verse

Is now available \$12.50 pp from
The Secretary, Vision Winton Inc,
PO Box 44, Winton, Qld. 4735

A VALID EXCUSE

Bush Poems and Other Verses
by Trevor Shaw

\$15.00 pp. PO Box 61, Thangool Qld 4716

"I Hope Yer Sheep Get Flyblown"

"Always Wear Clean Knickers"

Books available from

Janine Haig, (current Australian Champion)

"Moama" Cunnamulla 2ld 4490

\$12 each pp, or \$22 for both, pp.



THE PRODUCT SHELF

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* For I've His Blood In Me

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* The Wife's Revenge

* The Tragedy of Emma's Dream

* Bush Justice * Bitter Sweets

* The Curing of Young Fred McAlpine

* To Have Loved a Friend

Book - \$12 pp, Cassette - \$17 pp, Both \$22 pp avail. from
Chris & Merv Webster, 8 Hawaii Court, Bargara Q. 4670

PARADISE REVISITED

The new book by **GRAHAM FREDRIKSEN**
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G. Fredriksen, Monsildale Road, Kilkoy Q 4515

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A BOOK OF AWARD WINNING BUSH POEMS
AND AUSSIE BUSH BALLADS

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Email abpanews@hotmail.com

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November 1999

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UNAUTHORISED READING OF THIS NEWSLETTER WILL NOT BE TOLERATED!

Are you sick of your friends, family, neighbours and workmates "borrowing" your ABPA Newsletter, then having to hunt them down to get it returned?

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Well, have we got a deal for you!!



For only \$25 per subscription you can arrange for these "borrowers" to receive their own copy each month from now until December 2000!

Just think of how grateful they will be! It's really easy, too! And you will be known as the bestest friend ever!!



1. Pop \$25 (cheque or money order made out to ABPA) into an envelope
2. Make sure to include the name and address of your soon-to-be best friend, and
3. Mail it to: Olive Shooter, Secretary/Treasurer, ABPA
"Willow Bend" MS 765, Talgai West Road
Allora Qld 4362

**Thank you to our
Contributors**

Henry Albury	Neil McArthur
Mavis Appleyard	Geoff McFarland
Garry Boyd	S Queenborough
Roy Briggs	Binns
Vic & Lexie Cornell	Jay Randle
Noel Cutler	Valerie Read
Frank Daniel	Jan Ritchie
Joye Dempsey	Ron Selby
Arcadia Flynn	Trevor Shaw
Sue Gleeson	Olive Shooter
Janine Haig	Maureen Stonham
Flo Hart	June & Ted Webber
Zita Horton	Roderick Williams
Neil Hulm	
Leo Keane	

THE LAST WORD FROM THE EDITOR

Dear Members

This month's Newsletter was produced in record time, due to the change of deadline, and the fact that I was out of the country for over a week this month! Remember that the new deadline for submission of any news, views, rumour, innuendo, etc, *is now the 20th of each month.*

You may be interested in browsing through a couple of interesting websites dedicated to Bush Poetry. Try www.lisp.com.au/~bushpoet/ and www.bushpoetry.com

I would really like to express my sincere thanks to all the people who sent their best wishes / offers of assistance / comments on the previous issue. It is definitely the readers that make this job worthwhile!! Your feedback is valuable, and will be treated as such!

A note of particular importance to members of Bush Poetry Clubs that happen to be members of the ABPA: If you are not personally a member in your own right, you will not receive the benefits that those who are members do. This includes publication of poetry, etc, in future ABPA Newsletters. Individual members have preference for publication. Club memberships only have one vote in our Annual Meeting, so if you want to be heard, I would suggest you join the ABPA in your own right! Wouldn't it be better to receive your own copy of the Newsletter, anyway?

Next month will have a special Tamworth feature, so get your stories in to me as soon as possible! *Best regards, Jennifer Priest*

