

The Australian Bush Poets Association Inc.

Monthly Newsletter

No 4 Volume 7

April 2000



Stop Press Apology

My husband read my interview
and is staying mad until
I explain that his equipment
is his jigsaw, lathe and drill!

Mavis Appleyard,
C/- Warren District Hospital

The Australian Tradition

© John Bird

They lie in fields of Poppies, 'neath crosses all in line,
They rest quietly at Gallipoli, in shadows of "Lone Pine",
They sleep beside "Kakoda Track" and yonder desert sand,
At Korea and Vietnam and every foreign stand.

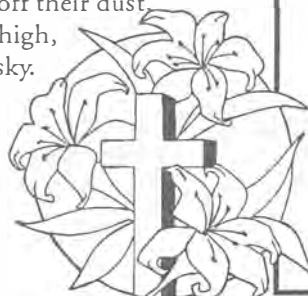
We remember deeds of valour our Australian lads have done,
And of women there beside them hand in hand as one,
There emerged a feeling, that only Aussies know,
For mateship there again they found, that was birthed long ago.

It was born around the campfires, as evenings turned to night,
It gleamed from all the stars, that shared with us their light,
It spilled down from the mountain's crag, to float upon the breeze,
It coo-eed from the valley's floor and echoed through the trees.

Mateship's spirit, it was there on the Snowy River chase,
It thundered down at Flemington, when Phar Lap won the race,
It drifted round a still lagoon and with the floods and rain,
It quietly rode with drovers, across a drought filled plain.

Now if a foreign shadow's cast, to drive in from the sea,
Let the notes of Bugle echo clear, out to Gallipoli,
To Kakoda, to Korea, and to Vietnam's foreign shore,
The spirits of our "mates" will rise and come to us once more.

Let the spirits of our bravest rest, but call them if we must,
When we need them they will rise and shoulder off their dust,
Then they will stand beside us, to lift our spirits high,
Keeping mateship's flaunting flag waving in our sky.



"Lest We Forget"

Many Australians grew up hearing the poem 'Fuzzy Wuzzy Angels', first published during the Second World War by the Brisbane Courier-Mail. The reception given the original publishing of this poem was so great that 8,000 copies were printed on cards and distributed, but the author remained almost an 'unknown soldier' until later, when on leave, Sapper Bert Beros of the 7th Div, RAE, AIF, re-printed the poem together with a collection of his other verse. These were published in a booklet (selling for 9 pence) in 1942.

Fuzzy Wuzzy Angels

Many a mother in Australia,
When the busy day is done,
Sends a prayer to the Almighty
For the keeping of her son,
Asking that an Angel guide him
And bring him safely back -
Now we see those prayers are answered
On the Owen Stanley track,
For they haven't any haloes,
Only holes slashed in their ears,
And with faces worked by tattoos,
With scratch pins in their hair.
Bringing back the wounded
Just as steady as a hearse,
Using leaves to keep the rain off
And as gentle as a nurse.
Slow and careful in bad places,
On the awful mountain track,
The look upon their faces
Would make you think that Christ was black.
Not a move to hurt the wounded,
As they treat him like a saint;
It's a picture worth recording,
That an artist's yet to paint.
Many a lad will see his Mother,
And Husbands, Weans* and Wives,
Just because the Fuzzy Wuzzy
Carried them to save their lives
From mortar bombs, machine gun fire,
Or chance surprise attack,
To safety and the care of doctors
At the bottom of the track.
May the Mothers of Australia
When they offer up a prayer,
Mention those impromptu angels
With their Fuzzy Wuzzy hair.

* This Scottish word was corrupted to wee uns by the Press.

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**

WOULD YOU LIKE TO JOIN THE ABPA?

JUST SEND A CHEQUE OR MONEY ORDER
FOR \$25, MADE OUT TO "ABPA", TO:

**OLIVE SHOOTER, SECRETARY/TREASURER
ADDRESS AS ABOVE**

**BE SURE TO INCLUDE YOUR NAME,
ADDRESS AND PHONE NUMBER!**

**MEMBERSHIP IS VALID FOR THE
CALENDAR YEAR, JANUARY - DECEMBER**

**MEMBERSHIP BENEFITS INCLUDE RECEIVING
THIS NEWSLETTER 12 TIMES A YEAR!**



The months fly by. Time is like the wind. Where does it go? The anthology "A Thousand Campfires" is on the shelves of all major bookstores in Australia at a RRP of \$25, but look around because discounts may be available. It is the greatest collection of verse that I have seen of late and includes the

works of quite a few of our members and past members. We bask in their glory and congratulate each of them for the honour they have achieved by their poems being chosen for inclusion in such a publication.

Elsewhere in this newsletter is an advertisement for the holding of the Australian Championships 2001. Any groups interested, please apply.

Membership last year was 427. Our growth pattern has been good. 1994 (102), 1995 (166), 1996 (275), 1997 (345), 1998 (374), 1999 (427). One disappointing aspect

PRESIDENT'S REPORT



Well, three months of the year already and our membership has seen a slight decline.

We reached 426 members last year and so far this year we are down to 320. But there are a lot of past members who have not renewed. Most, I would imagine, have just simply forgotten that their membership was due on the first of January. So if you are aware of any member who has failed to pay their membership, maybe a little jog of the memory will rectify the problem.

On the same note, if any member has not renewed because of dissatisfaction with the Association, we would like to hear from them so that any misdemeanour can be rectified.

Our newly elected committee of five members have decided to sort out some basic rules and regulations, and have been very busy. They need input from you, the member, so that they can set down some guidelines for the running of the many various competitions that are held throughout the country. They need a lot of help from members. If you have any ideas or suggestions then please jot them down and send them to:

Mr Ed Parmenter, 1 Avenue St, Coffs Harbour NSW 2450.

There are a lot of major competitions coming up in the next few months with Tenterfield, Corryong, Winton and Mulwala probably topping the list, but remember that the smaller competitions still need your support to enable them to have a successful event.

Speaking of smaller events, up here in Toowoomba we have an annual Carnival of Flowers, which brings a lot of tourists to Toowoomba every September. We also have an historical inn called The Bulls Head Inn, which was originally a stop over for Cobb & Co, among many other interesting things. It is now a museum and would be a perfect setting for our Australian art of Bush Poetry.

I have proposed to run a competition there in September, but I would be interested in obtaining the assistance of a couple of local poets to help arrange it. Anyone interested can drop me a line or call me any night after 7pm.

Ron Selby, President

of it though is that so far, we have only about 320 members renewed. Quite a few of our long term members have not paid up. If you know of any who are lagging, please give a gentle reminder as in most cases it will just be an oversight. Our thanks go to the Editor for the wonderful job she does in preparing this newsletter for printing, and to Ron Selby, who follows on and sends them out to you. These are both time consuming tasks and we do take it a bit for granted, as if it just appears automatically in our mailboxes. Their efforts are much appreciated.

The Annual Book of Verse is available for \$3 plus postage of \$1.10 and that will post up to four copies. We still have 5 different ones on hand. Send to me for them. Those who have a poem in the Sixth Annual would have received their complimentary copy. Thanks to Ron Selby too for compiling the Annual.

Don't forget the Australian Championships coming up in May. Ray and I are expecting to be there. This will be our first time in that area and also to that major competition.

Best wishes to you all. A happy Easter.

Fond regards, Olive Shooter

AND NOW PRESENTING, CENTRE STAGE.....

TREVOR SHAW



What would you do if you had \$1,000,000?

I don't have enough time left to earn it, and I won't inherit it, so I must have won it. Therefore, I'd find the person who bought the ticket and share it with them ... I am one of the 95% of gamblers who lose!

Who do you admire most?

My Godson, Timmy Thornton. Every one of his eleven years has contained a major medical episode, yet he continually bounces back. He's my "hero".

What was your most embarrassing moment?

Smacking a grown woman on the bum as she leaned through the door of our local picture theatre. My sister had a dress made of the same material as this woman's dress was, and I thought it was her.

What started you writing Bush Poetry?

The entertainment on stage at the 1995 Gympie Muster.

What song do you never want to hear again?

The National Anthem of Row-Boata

What did you have for breakfast this morning?

Tea. Toast and Satay honey - I spread peanut paste over the toast!

Why do you live where you live?

Because it is a bit hard to live where I don't live! Actually, it's because that's where my wife lives, and we can just about throw a cast net over our immediate family.

What's your most vivid memory of Primary School?

Having our classroom in a local farm house while our one-teacher school was being moved to a closer site to where all nine or ten students lived.

If you could travel ... where would you go?

Scotland. I mastered roundabouts there in 1996, but I need a refresher course.

What kind of car do you drive?

Nissan Ute 4WD, with a bullbar.

Trevor Shaw's 1946 arrival into the world was accompanied by an explanation: "The war was over and Mum and I decided to have one last bang, and you were the result. An appraisal - mop of black hair, tongue-tied, strawberry birthmark ... obviously designed by a committee; add to this, sibling rejection, "He won't stop crying, Mummy. Take him back!"

Primary education in one-, two-, and three-teacher schools (Goovigen, Jooro and Rannes in the Callide Valley) led to a four year stint at the Rockhampton Grammar School which, after a solid diet of sport and academia, led to Teachers College and a thirty-odd year career as a classroom teacher and teaching Principal.

Australian Poetry, now Bush Poetry, has always been prominent in Trevor's curriculum, and, although he had written and recited over time, he had never been committed until the 1995 Gympie Muster Bush Poets Breakfasts. (There are those who think he should be committed for some of the stuff he writes!)

He has produced one book 'A Valid Excuse', and has gained recognition in a number of written competitions, including second place and an encouragement award in the 'Blackened Billy' competition.

This year, Trevor has been honoured by winning two Australia Day Awards: the Banana Shire Cultural Award, and the Education Queensland Medallion for outstanding service to education over a long period of time.

Gamble-holic

© Trevor Shaw, Thangool, QLD



Pat spent his share of countless hours studying the form
And systems that would gain the best collects;
Trainer-jockey combinations; which horses liked the wet;
And which to follow up when they ran next.

He played every sort of Lotto and each night would watch the draw,
Bemoaning on his lousy brand of luck;
While a bulldog-clip of casket tickets hung from a kitchen nail;
And scores of "Scratchies" floated round his truck.

Though he had a share of big wins, and jagged the odd long-shot,
His punting money slowly petered down,
Until for several months, he ne'er scored a return
And his regular bookie saw him wear a frown.

So the bookie took him to one side and offered him a deal:
"A hundred-to-one on every horse that's listed
In the next race down at Doomben. We'll draw one from a hat."
(A chance like that just shouldn't be resisted!)

"I'll even give you twenty bucks to punt with. If you win
The money's yours to keep. No questions asked.
For it really gets my heart-cords - your rotten run of luck -
And I hope to put a smile on your glum mask."

So they took a spare form guide and removed each horse's name,
And stirred them round and round inside the hat.
Called upon a bystander to witness the result
Designed to change the luck of poor old Pat.

Now history has recorded that Pat never bet again.
As a gambler, he declared himself a failure -
For, when he opened up the slip to reveal the horse's name,
It read, "Akubra. Product of Australia!!"

REVIEW - A Valid Excuse (book)

Trevor Shaw's first book of poetry was self-published in 1998, and regular readers of the ABPA Newsletter may be familiar with the title poem "A Valid Excuse", and the equally funny "Political Correctness", as these have been printed in the Newsletter in the past.

Trevor hails from the small Queensland town of Thangool, and after smiling through his poems, I now feel a familiarity with Thangool and certain of its residents. Some of his verses are unashamedly parochial, with many references to local people and events. His occupation (for over thirty years) in the teaching profession also has a strong influence, not only in choice of subject matter, but in his meticulous use of grammar and punctuation, and his clever application of language. Take a quick read of the "World's Shortest Short Story"! However, his rhythm occasionally loses or gains a few beats, but then, even teachers become students at some point!

Most of Trevor's poems are humorous narratives. He often takes a well-known bush yarn, or joke, and molds it into poetic form. This has been accomplished successfully, with a suitable light-hearted patter setting the scene and building towards the punch-line. He has included a couple of more sober verses on subjects close to his heart, as well as some reflections on Australia and her society.

Trevor plans to retire next year, so the Bush Poetry scene will no doubt hear more from him in the future. Watch out for his name in competition results!

Dear Editor

Grahame Watt's snippets from the Autograph book had me scabbling for mine - circa 1959-1963, and I can't help but smile at the difference, then and now, in what is considered to be risqué! Some gems are:

May the pathway of the future be a bright and sunny one for you,
and all who travel by your side be faithful, kind, and true.

What a wonderful bird is the pelican
his beak holds more than his bellican
I wonder how the hellican.

Never make love at the garden gate,
love is blind, but the neighbours ain't.

True friends are like diamonds precious and rare,
False friends are like stones found everywhere.

Roses are red, violets are blue,
in case you don't know is, Joey loves you.

When God made little Sandra he made her on a fence,
He made her in a hurry and forgot to give her sense.

When you get married, and your husband gets cross,
just pick up the broomstick and say "I AM BOSS"

and this one was very naughty

I wish I was mighty I wish I was flighty
I wish my pyjamas were next to your nighty.
Now don't be mistaken, don't be misled,
I meant on the washing line, not in the bed.

The devil made the wind to blow the ladies skirts up high
but God was just, and made the dust blow in the bad man's eye.

Little girls like dolls, little boys like soldiers.
Big girls like soldiers, Big boys like dolls.

First comes Primary, then comes High
then comes Sandra with a good looking guy,
then comes love, then comes marriage,
then comes Sandra with a baby carriage.

Kissing, Kissing, Kissing, once, twice, thrice,
It's naughty, naughty, naughty, but it's nice, nice, nice!

.....but the one that dates me most, is:

Don't be a rocker, don't be a square,
be like the Surfies, peroxide your hair!!

Sandra Binns, Kincumber, NSW

Dear Editor

Well, another year has spun around and I know I should correspond more often and maybe get a mention in the monthly bulletin, as I enjoy receiving it. I realize how it's progressed since it was formed (and I'm an original member) in 1994 - the first year I was in Tamworth.

I was there again in '95, and also in Canada that year, cycling the Rockies and Poeting at every chance. In fact, it was so good I returned there again for three months last year, June-July-August, and got a great reception.

Three days poetry at Pincher Creek (Alberta) gathering and two days at O'Keefe's ranch (British Columbia) plus a few spontaneous gatherings on the road to Custers Battlefield on the Little Big Horn River, Montana, USA.

I cycled all the way there and back as I took my bike and pack with me, and as many books as I could carry.

Really a great trip. Hope to be in Norfolk Island for their Music Festival in May this year, so may meet up with some of the crew. If not, I'll try to do you proud.

Regards to all, Brian Gale, Margaret River, WA

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 find myself neatly between the suggestion of Brian Lee (Feb issue) re use of language and Philip Maiden's reply (March issue). It seems to my limited experience that Philip is right on at least two counts; (a) that hard language is the reality not only in the bush but in other walks of life and (b) that poets and authors would quite rightly resist restrictions.

However, I also share Brian's concern about the creep of bad language into use where it doesn't seem to have any purpose and the piece could have been just as clever with the choice of other words. In my readings of the great "Bards" I don't recall much rough language but do have memories of great poetry.

In the end, it comes down to self regulation but in an age when there have now been two court decisions upholding the use of the "f" words as everyday use, perhaps there is cause to worry.

On our recent travels June and I spoke to many local writing groups and a common perception was that "bush" poetry was somewhat low class. Even within the last week, when I offered to do some pieces at an entertainment day for a local retirement home, the organiser told me that bush poetry had too much bad language to be suitable! Naturally, I disputed this. She has relented and tomorrow I will try to change her impression; there wont be a b..... anything in sight or sound.

Regards, Ted Webber, Narellan Gardens, NSW

Jennifer

I must say this, having dabbled in poetry for the last thirty eight years.

Of late things have been a bit grim at times, I guess we are all in the same boat, I also guess it's almost "stop the world, I want to get off for a little while". Anyway to cut a long story short I came to ABPA membership through my daughter, Sandra, who now lives in Townsville.

Sandra and I have shared writing and poetry since the mid eighties and last October she sent me "Song of the Axeman's Woman" (Robert Raftery) to read: what an uplifting work, that cracked the door open for me, the world of words was out there waiting and I hadn't been there for a long time.

Anyway, to cut another long story short, when things are getting really grim, out comes ABPA or A Thousand Campfires (which Sandra also sent me) or Banjo, Lawson, Dennis and the others and it all gets better again. I joined a poetry reading group last December and how long that month is between meetings.

What would this place be without the Australian poet and all those uplifting and wonderful words across all these years.

On behalf of me and all my words of these thirty eight years, and all those days when things are grim and those other days when things are marvellous and we can weep or laugh at the words we read, thanks.

To all those who put pen to paper, thanks. To those who print the words, thanks.

May the pen never bow down to the sword, ever.

Col Gammidge, Dural, NSW

Clifton Bush Poet, Bill Glasson, received the Australia Day Community award for the Clifton Shire, as well as the Cultural Award. **Congratulations Bill!**

Dear fellow members

I write this letter in an attempt to express the humble honour that I have felt in being part of this great Association, the ABPA. One would go far to find a more honest, open and totally outrageous bunch of Brawdes and Blokes than those that you will find at any of the many comps, shows or festivals that are popping up all over this vast Nation of ours.

There seems to be no limit to how far this show might go and yet it must be said that if there are limits it is we as an Association who create and maintain these said limits mostly through our own complacency in failing to organise our own set of awards such as the Bush Laureate Awards.

And yet one cannot blame an organisation such as Max Ellis Marketing for doing what they have done. In truth they have simply filled a position that has yearned to be filled, for as their name suggests they are a business and that's what businesses do.

So maybe it is for us as an Association to become more business like so as to protect our potential careers and those of our fellow poets, members and or, dare I say it - shareholders. Or are we going to allow our virgining (*sic*) industry to be taken over by an elite group of money mongering business folk, looking only to line their pockets with no intent for the betterment of bush poetry, and then awarding their prizes to a limited group of no talent yes people that will say and do what they are told.

As Cindy Lauper said, "Money changes everything", so if we wish to have our industry flourish in a fair and honest way so that those with true ability shine through rather than those with the right friends and money, then might I suggest that we take the proverbial bull by the horns and SOON.

Or are we going to hear people say in twenty years, "What ever happened to Bush Poetry? It used to be an art, but now it is just a business."

We are the only people close enough to this art to make it into a business without forgetting the art. It is we who are the poets.

Craig Gascoigne, Singleton NSW

The Promise Of Easter

© Flo Hart, Mt Tyson, QLD

If ever the world needed faith and hope
I would say that time is now:
As a cry goes up for eternal peace
Nations ask each other, "How?"
Christ died for our sins on the rugged cross,
His spirit rose free from pain;
God's love and forgiveness are there for us
If we turn to Him again.

AUSTRALIAN BUSH POETS ASSOCIATION INC

IS CALLING FOR EXPRESSIONS OF INTEREST, IN
WRITING, FROM CLUBS OR GROUPS FOR THE
ORGANISING AND HOLDING OF THE
YEAR 2001 AUSTRALIAN
BUSH POETRY CHAMPIONSHIPS.
PLEASE APPLY BEFORE 30TH JUNE 2000 TO
THE SECRETARY, ABPA INC,
MS 765 ALLORA QLD 4362



FROM OUR ROVING REPORTERS

Hi again

Writing from Horsham near the Grampians. Now if ever an area could inspire some good old Aussie bush poetry, surely the Grampians would be it. I must set to and see what I can come up with.

Travelling around this great country can certainly give inspiration - there is so much happening, so much history, so many places to see, so many incredible and fascinating people.

And they all have their stories.

We have traversed the Great Ocean Road - seen all the touristy sights, but also been into the country as well, little towns like Simpson and Timboon, and others further west - Merino, Digby and Coleraine in drought stricken Victoria, while Queensland slowly sinks beneath the floodwaters, once more the contrast of "the droughts and flooding rains".

We have visited many Lions Clubs and some schools, and the reception to bush poetry has been tremendous. The hospitality and friendliness of country folk is a great contrast too with the closed faces and the hurried paces of their city brethren.

Am I waxing lyrical, or simply a little hysterical? Time to close till next month.

Regards, John and Gaye Barclay

Dear Editor

Members of the Russell Island Writer's Circle recently competed in their first bush poetry competition at the Lord Mayors Australia Day Competition, Southbank. We didn't know what was expected, however, watch out for us next year!

We all had a fun time. The highlight of MY day was when someone asked where she could get a copy of the poem I read and wrote. Of course I gave her mine.

I have just returned from overseas and even though I know that Queensland is the best place in the world, my trip to three 3rd world countries confirmed it for me. I wrote this poem on the water bus. It's called Coming Home.

I'm home again, my life's complete
Why did I need to wander
A month away has cured the need
To see what's over yonder
This morn the sky is overcast
Thunder marches on
The water, gray and sullen looks
The postcard sights are gone
But I love this place I'm seeing
In all its many moods
The knots relax, the tensions ease
Leave the sky alone to brood
A breeze runs up my forearm
And tickles at my face
My neighbours wave, and smile at me
I'm home, this is my place
And I know that in the morning,
Or maybe later week
The sun will shine it's glow again
And I'll find the peace I seek
It's good to see the other side,
Of life, hear what others say
But I'll watch it on my TV now
With one eye on the bay.

Linda Allison, Russell Island Qld

The Old Saddle

© Don Pender, Redland Bay, QLD

I went back to the place where I worked as a lad
Just happened to be passing that way
I saw a few fellas there with a young horse
So I walked up and just said G'day

They said they knew of me but only by name
And stories passed down through the years
How I could break in a tough one and hang on a rough one
But I said don't believe all you hear

I took a stroll over to the old saddle shed
And there on a peg on the wall
Was the same old stock saddle I'd used years ago
More years than I care to recall

I knew it was mine but just to be sure
I lifted the flap up to see
Two initials I'd scratched with an old pocket knife
Just a plain 'D' and a 'P'

It had the same monkey strap that I'd plaited by hand
On a wet day with little to do
A worn saddle-bag, a quart port and case
They were still hanging there too

I said to the young fella who was running the camp
"That old saddle - I don't think you'll find it much good."
But he looked at me straight and said "You can have it old mate"
And I reckon he understood.

"Yes you take it old timer", he said with a grin
"For I reckon it's yours anyway
I found your initial scratched under the flap
And I said you'd be back here one day."

Now it hangs in my office all polished like new
And the stirrup irons sparkle and shine
If put to the test it would be good as the rest
And I'm happy to say that it's mine

Now I have a young grandson he's just a small boy
If like me he turns out a rover
I'll call him one day, there will be nothing to say
I'll take it down and just hand it over.

The Outlasted Post

© Craig Gascoigne, Singleton, NSW

*Well the last post was played as they held their parade,
For our own bonny boys, the Anzac -
Yes they played loud and strong, then they went soft and long,
For those fine boys who'll never come back.*

*And the distant bells chime, beating out the one time,
The one moment when all hell broke loose,
And those fine Aussie lads, very few even dads,
Showed the rest of the world Aussie truths.*

*Cause these boys had all gone, to the beaches and Somme,
Out to fight for our freedoms and right
So their sisters and mothers, their grand-kids and lovers,
Could live and sleep safely at night.*

*As they marched to the fray, with their lives they would pay,
There was no hesitation or flinch,
And the allies all said, 'Though they're fair off their head,
They're a fine lot to have in a pinch.'*

*See these boys they were free, that was their common plea,
There was no way this war could be lost,
For they had to come through, that's for me and for you,
Didn't matter if their lives were the cost.*

*And they'd fight till they dropped, while the bombing they copped
Was so bad that we had no idea,
And they'd duck their heads down, it would fair move the ground,
Then they'd look up again when it's clear.*

*And the worst thing you'd see, was your mates' final plea,
As he died with a fair angry frown,
For no matter what's said, lying on his death bed,
He'd be thinking he'd let his mates down.*

*And I sit water-eyed, fairly brimming with pride,
Right beside that old plaque in the square,
And I hunch down and cry, I watch folks walking by,
Some laughing while others just stare.*

*And my heart it fair wrenches, when I think of the trenches,
Of the price these boys paid for us all,
While the young folk get wrecked, no idea of respect,
And wonder what the hell it's all for.*



Finis

© Keith McKenry,
Ainslie, ACT

The last Gallipoli veteran
Is marching alone today;
His comrades from the Great War
Have fallen by the way.

Two hundred yards in his best suit,
His medals and his braid,
He marches in a line of one
Along ANZAC parade.

The last link with Gallipoli,
Cape Helles, and Lone Pine,
He is Australian legend
Going down the line.

He listens to the service
And stands for the Last Post;
The last of the ANZACs, he
Is less a man ... than ghost.

Cobargo Folk Festival 25-27 Feb 2000

Due to unforeseen circumstances our departure for the Cobargo Festival was delayed and our 5.5hr journey from Sydney didn't begin until midnight on the Friday night. Travelling through the "wee small hours" we kipped down for a few hours sleep at a waterside park at Bateman's Bay. Continuing on through the breaking sunrise we arrived at Ninette's restaurant in the main street of Cobargo bedraggled but eager to participate in Saturday's breakfast hosted by Roderick Williams.

Rod had also entertained the troops both young and old on the Friday with poetry and music in both children's and senior's concerts.

The Sunday breakfast which I hosted was held in an eatery built in and around a charming old railway carriage. Both poetry sessions played to full houses with talented locals Barry Lake, Steve Reed, Jean White, Paddy Kearney, Jennifer Travalia, Denise Burton and others throwing in their lot with the more seasoned faces of Laurie McDonnell, Brian Hungerford, Rod and myself.

Saturday's sweltering conditions helped me shed a few kilos as my schedule kept me pretty busy between Mc'ing a swag of musical concerts, conducting a Children's workshop, and doing my own performance gig in another quaint local building. Despite the oppressive conditions the punters were having a ball at the various venues scattered around the town. Cobargo seemed to be "their" Festival of choice, that's for sure.

Hopefully next year I'll have a bit of time to spare to enjoy some of the jewels the South Coast has to offer.

Yours, Grame Johnson

How He Went

© John Russell, Roma, QLD

"Now tell me", said the station owner to the station hand,
"Before I put you on the payroll, can you use a rope and brand?
"Can you sink a line of fence posts and then strain the wires up tight?
"Can you muster the back country and still find the camp at night?
"If you struck a mob of cleanskins would they throw you off the scent?
"Do you reckon you could track them? Could you follow where they went?"

"You ask me can I muster stock", returned the station hand,
"You ask me can I build a fence or use a rope and brand?
"Can a frog swim underwater? Can a possum climb a tree?
"Can a dingo track a rabbit? They're all learners beside me!
"It's a treat to watch me camp-draft, with me hands so sure and light!
"I can track a mob of flyin' foxes through the darkest night,
"But runnin' cleanskin scrubbers is my extra special bent,
"Behind a mob of cleanskins you won't see which way I went."

"Gord spare me!" said the station owner to the station hand,
"I've known some blokes that skite but you're an extra special brand.
"But it happens just by chance the mustering camp's a couple short.
"If you're half the man you say you are, you'll fill their place for sport.
"The clean-up muster's finished and they're keen to have a crack
"At the scrubbers and the cleanskins in the ranges out the back.
"Sign on with my headstockman, He's down in the camp cook's tent.
"I'll check up on the weekend and I'll find out how you went."

So he went into the stockcamp and he quickly made his mark,
For when it came to work his bite was equal to his bark.
He proved the goods at spotting and found cattle by the score
And brought them in unaided, then went back again for more.
And after just a week they'd near three hundred head on hand,
And very few of them had ever felt the rope or brand.
"We'll brand tomorrow", they all said, "It's been a week well spent,
"The Boss will be elated when he sees how well we went!"

When the ringers woke next morning to the camp cook's rousing gong
It was clear to the headstockman there was something badly wrong.
For the stranger's swag was missing from his favoured patch of ground
And the silence from the stockyards seemed an leaden, empty sound;
And though they rode 'til sundown as they scoured the hills around
Not a beast that wasn't branded or a trace of him they found.
And the camp rode slowly homewards, to report the sad event,
That he'd vanished, with the cattle, and they weren't sure where he went.

And the livid station owner, 'though weeks and weeks he spent,
Riding ever through the ranges with a murderous intent,
Found never hide nor hair of him; but knew then what he'd meant
When he said that behind the cleanskins "you won't see which way I went."

Well, the only way to sum it all up is - What a Woodford!!

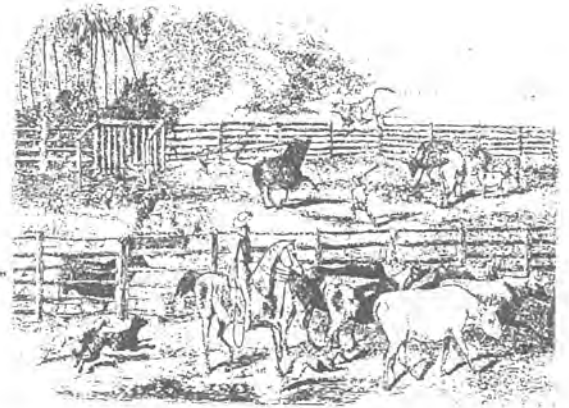
From mud, slush and rain to sweltering heat, everyone took up and enjoyed the challenge immensely.

The Queen of the Gab, Jacquie Bridle, once again gave us a wonderful and talented line-up of poets, preachers, liars and more liars!

The Poets Breakfast moved from the old Troubadour venue to The Club, attracting larger audiences all the time, and brought together a wide array of entertainers with a common love and respect for the spoken word. Hosted by some of the usual buccaneers of bardry, rascals of rhyme and vermin of verse, Jacquie opened proceedings, followed by the dastardly duo of Wally "The Bear" Finch and Mary Finch, Mark Feldman, The Archpoet of Bishopry himself - Arch "The Ghoulie" Bishop, Linda Joy, and then ably closed on the last day by a very polished and well-received finale by the champion poet Milton Taylor.

The Guinness Comedy house presented a terrific feast of fabulous entertainment and laughter for the overflowing throngs of people, all keen for a good laugh. Shirley Friend, in her usual form (apart from that daring new hair style, of course, Shirley), delighted the audiences with her fellow hosts, the likes of that Mungar Maggot - the Larrikin himself Bobby Miller, the great man of comedy and stand-up poetry (and enemy of all bush poets) - the villainous S Sorrensen, and many others. A special mention for Peter Saleh, who dropped in with an impromptu appearance which brought the house down.

Workshops are coming more and more into demand, with Jonathon Atherton running a comedy workshop, Rhyming with Milton Taylor, Performance Techniques with stand-up poets David Hallett, Christine Strelan and S Sorrensen, among others. These workshops of the spoken word will be expanded upon at next years' festival.



WA BUSH POETS AND YARNSPINNERS

MEET FIRST FRIDAY OF THE MONTH AT
THE RAFFLES HOTEL (UPSTAIRS IN THE
RIVERVIEW ROOM) 7.30PM TILL 10PM
ENTRY \$2 AT THE DOOR.

NO PERFORMANCE FEE. ENQUIRIES:
RUSTY CHRISTENSEN 9364 4491

'Kilcoy Unplugged' is fast becoming a main event on the folk circuit and Bush Poetry scene in South East Queensland. Held every 1st and 3rd Wednesday night in the Kilcoy Gardens Motel Licensed Restaurant, each night features a special guest performer, plus everyone can have a go in the open session. Gold Coin Entry. Come along and join the audience anytime you're passing!

Enquiries - Graham Fredriksen 07 5497 1045 or Marilyn Williams 07 5496 3690.

Among the many fine concerts of the spoken word were "Can't Bowl For Laughing", with Bob Miller, Arch Bishop and Mark Feldman (filling in for Neil MacArthur), "Late Night Laughs" with Alan Glover, Shirley Friend and Divishti Rankin, "Sentimental Folk" brought a different mood with Milton Taylor, Mark Feldman, and Trisha Anderson, and too many other concerts to mention them all.

The storytellers were out in force, and Jan Wositzky and Brian Hungerford hosted the new yarn sessions - the Woodford Whoppers.

The Environmentally Friendly Poet of Peristalsis, Ian Mackay, once again hosted the very popular One Minute Poets Brawl, with a fine gala of great and gruesome, galloping gallantry and giggling gurgles, each poets mangling their master-pieces into the mad minute to take out the event. In the end it was a dead heat between two wonderful newcomers to Woodford, Denise Hobbs, and "Miss Kate" Gibson. The Great Debate went well, despite the odd loss of power disrupting proceedings. Whether or not Woodford should secede from the Commonwealth was argued fearfully, with Shirley Friend, Martin Pearson and Jean Paul Bell facing up to Ian Mackay, Kristina Olsen and S Sorrensen.

The feedback Jacquie has received so far on the spoken word events has been extremely encouraging, the spirit of the festival that is Woodford touching the hearts of all who ventured to this magnificent spectacle. What a collection of characters, comedy capers and complete chaos! What a Woodford!!

Submitted by Mark Feldman, Woodford, QLD

The Stoush

© Sandra Hamilton Conway, Murrumbidgee, VIC

The "Shamrock's" Irish publican
was Mick, from County Down
Who after fifteen years was thought
a blow-in to the town.
Mind you, the men all gathered there
to enjoy Mick's Irish wit
And the bar was quite a cosy place
for them to drink and sit.



He didn't drink much beer himself
but Guinness, holy smoke,
He could sure quaff down a pintor two
for such a little bloke.
He didn't seem to notice it
and was steady as a rock
Not so, his frequent customer
a Scotsman known as Jock.

The Black Douglas whisky was his drink
a smooth and warming drop
And Mick would keep them coming
when Jock, at bar, would prop.
But Guinness and Black Douglas
were not a happy mix
Especially when bar topic
turned around to politics.



One Saturday, late afternoon,
the Pub was pretty full
And Mick had been real busy
with the beers he'd had to pull.
His Guinness sat, completely flat
and his patience was worn thin
By the ranting of a Scotsman, Jock,
"tis the whisky that's in him".

Mick served a burly Aussie bloke
then scowling, gave him change
Commenting that, if it kept up
his face he'd re-arrange.
The Aussie bloke, as Aussies do
saw a chance to see some sport
So encouraged Mick to sort him out
a bit of fun he thought.

The fighting Irish rose in him
but a Guinness first thought Mick.
Then poured himself another glass
and downed it double quick.
Meanwhile Jock roared for service
but Mick just sprang about
"Tis time ye left the Shamrock, Jock,
in fact I'll throw ye out".

A ripple ran around the bar
of mirth at comic sight
With Mick now riled with Guinness
and Jock all set to fight.
A Highland War Cry rent the air
(poor Mick near died of fright)
Perhaps he had been hasty
engaging in this fight.

Jock scrambled down from bar room stool
and rushed his Irish foe
While Mick, to out-manuever him
was weaving to and fro.
Money changed hands thick and fast
as patrons saw their chance
While Jock and Mick both circled round
in a kind of Celtic dance.

A wild unbridled punch Mick threw
(in fact there were a few)
First brushed the air around Jock's head
then knocked his cap askew.
A tangle then of arms and legs
as the Aussie still made book
On which of them would fall down first
when Jock swung his left hook.



Meanwhile Mick's dear 'auld Mother
in the parlour drinking gin
With her cronies there for company
had heard the awful din.
Her unsteady investigation
revealed "Michael", slightly hurt
In a losing altercation
with a Scotsman, in a skirt.

Though ninety-two, but still his Ma
she took Mick by the ear
Then sorted out the tartan skirt
"I'll have no 'foighting' here".
The sheepish group of Aussie blokes
felt the wrath of Ma in flight
"I'll give ye all a hidin' so,
if ye have a mind to foight".

Jock has now been banished
from his stool in public bar
And drinks his beloved 'Douglas'
in the parlour there with Ma.
The Aussie boys still all take bets
that Ma is cashing in
And Jock (with cap pulled over ears)
is paying for her gin.



Our Shrine

© Col Hadwell, Byron Bay, NSW
(2nd Place - Blackened Billy, Tamworth 2000)

There's graffiti on the Cenotaph - my stomach ties in knots.
I grit my teeth and stare at space and curse you brainless clots.
How selfish can you morons be, to use our sacred shrine,
To grind your axe and push your cause down some self centered line.

We see you point the finger at the ones who served in war
And criticize with knowledge of a time you never saw.
You seem to overlook the fact that Chamberlain had tried
To take the track to peace through talk and still the people died.

You seem to think your wisdom now, is greater than old men,
And can't conceive, they felt the same - and they were younger then.
Yes they were young and adult too, with all their faculties
And was it on a spur or whim they left their families.

They came from farm and city side, from ev'ry walk of life.
They left their jobs, they left their school, their family - their wife.
They left their homes and ran away to stand beside their brothers.
They laid their lives in foreign lands and ghosts beside their mothers.

And when they fought so far from home and death was all around,
You don't consider how they felt, while clinging to the ground!
When men's friends fell beside them, in Gallipoli and France,
You think it never crossed their minds, those words, "Give peace a chance."

And what of fortress Singapore and what surrender brought -
Torture, pain and suffering - did you give that a thought?
And when men nursed their dying mates and shared their rotting ration;
You can't tell me that men like these, have never felt compassion.

And what of all the women who have done their bit as well
And served their country under fire in all the halls of hell,
Go read about Bullwinkle and the woman's pride of place;
So were their efforts all in vain - you tell them face to face.

Recall our men at Tempe Gorge, the Rats that held Tubruk
Our last ditch stand - Kokoda trail, then take a long hard look,
At why our parents went to war. Ask, "Was it for themselves?"
And did they risk their mortal souls for trophies on their shelves.

You take your time and ponder on the way things should have been.
You sit in peace and judgment on the wars you've never seen.
And when you've held your protest with your rant and rave and cuss,
Remember this, when they were young, they gave their all for us.

No greater gift a man can give, no sacrifice so high,
As risk his life for freedoms sake, so others need not die,
If matters not, what hindsight says - it matters, that they gave,
And made their stand unselfishly, so others might be saved.
I only hope, when we grow up, we'll not forget our past
And we'll look back, as well as on - and find a peace at last.

My Fix

© June Hansen, Tiaro, QLD

Oh I am sorry I am late
Sorry that I made you wait,
On holiday I went away
And I have just returned today,
The 'Poets Mag' was in the mail
And it told me an awful tale
It said your 'Subs' you haven't paid
And from your mail this Mag will fade
And so in haste I rush away
To post my 'Subs' without delay
And from now until the end of year
I'll get the fix I love so dear.

Mark Tempany's CD Launch

On Wednesday 16th February, award winning singer/songwriter Mark Tempany launched his fourth album "Faraway" at Palma Rosa at Hamilton in Brisbane.

Supported by family, friends and media, Mark presented many of the beautiful ballads on the new album, including "Australian Child", "Two Blue Moons" and the title track "Faraway".

Mark's album launch was handled with great finesse by Mike Smith of N.F.S Publicity - this will surely be the definitive album of Mark's career.

For any enquiries, please phone Stormfront Productions on 07 3216 9055, or email stormfront@ozemail.com.au.

Gold City Bush Poets

Plans for the second Festival of Australian Bush Poetry to be held in the historical gold mining city of Charters Towers are progressively coming together. With Helen Avery and Bob Miller on hand, their entertaining style of performing can only attract the deserving accolades - further demonstrating the pleasures that may be derived from Writing, Reading and Reciting. Bob and Helen are noted for the 'gems' they have written, and our northern region audience will be treated to three days of Bush Poetry so uniquely Australian.

The venture takes in a 'Meet and Greet' concert on Tuesday 25th April, Bush Poets Breakfasts both Wednesday and Thursday mornings, a 'learning experience' Workshop on Wednesday 26th April mid-morning with a Competition programme that evening from 7.30pm at the RSL Club, Prior Street.

Cash Prizes of \$1100 will be up for grabs, plus some original trophies. Enquiries and entry forms - Sandra 07 4787 2944 or Arthur 07 4787 2409.

Deadline for written competition - 14th April
Deadline performance nomination - 25th April

WRITING LESSON

© Janine Haig, Eulo, Qld

It was a dark and stormy night, a night right out of hell,
I was running like a racehorse; I remember it so well....
Exploring every avenue as quickly as time flies
To find the School of Hard Knocks - a sight for my sore eyes.
I learned to tell it like it is, that you can't win them all,
Regardless of the height they reach the proud are bound to fall;
It costs an arm and yes, a leg, for basic building blocks,
The teacher left no stone unturned - bless his cotton socks.
He cast light on the subject - I'll go so far to say...
I'll never be the same again - it took my breath away;
Alarm bells all were ringing, the moment came for truth,
It really took the lid off things, the foolishness of youth.
Now things aren't what they used to be - still, the show goes on,
Between a rock and that hard place, now all my doubts are gone;
Just what the doctor ordered, a dream come true for me...
I set my pen to paper. The rest is history.
And, when all is said and done, as true as my name's Haig,
When it come to cliches - avoid them like the plague.

Palma Rosa Poets

Our first Palma Rosa Poets evening for the year 2000 was a raging success!

We had the legendary poet and songwriter, Kelly Dixon from Camooweal, the great singer/songwriter Ian Betteridge from Terrigal in NSW, and our own award winning singer/songwriter from Brisbane Mark Tempny. Our special guest poet for the evening was young Stuart Nivison - a great little performer!

Another highlight of the evening was the launch, by Mark Tempny, of Trisha Anderson's new album - "Australian Bush Poetry with Trisha Anderson".

As usual, the evening was a great success and we are looking forward to our next "Palma Rosa Poets" gathering, when we will be having a real "Poet Fest"! This being another of our live recordings for our Palma Rosa Poets CD, to be launched later in the year. Amongst the poets performing will be Wally Finch, Stuart Nivison, Anita Reed, Carol Stratford, Graham Fredriksen and many others.

This "Poet Fest" will be held on Wednesday, 5th April at Palma Rosa. For enquiries or bookings, please phone E.S.U on 07 3262 3769, or Trisha Anderson on 07 3268 3624.

Blue Mountains Folk and Blues Festival

3 - 5 March 2000

Poets rejoice! No more do you have to be dragged screaming from your sleeping bags at some ungodly hour of the morning to perform your verse, as this year's Festival Organisers in their wisdom had scheduled said Poet's Breakfasts to indeed begin at Midday! The venue, the Guinness Tent and stage - how appropriate for the poet's fraternity.

Hence the Poet's Breakfasts became the Poet's Lunches and the crowds responded accordingly by turning up in droves, kicking back, relaxing and soaking up the verse.

"Poet Lorikeet" Denis Kevans and I had the honour of directing these unruly proceedings as our special guests "Arch" Bishop, Brian Bell, Ted Webber, John Dengate and ourselves let fly with an enthusiastically rendered barrage of traditional and comedic verse from all manner of authors.

We weren't the only ones having fun though. We were ably assisted on stage by spruikers such as

Milton Taylor, "Rhymin" Simon and a horde of local artists such as Kevin Campbell, Denis Rice, Win Jones, Dwaine Hunt, John Tognolini, Peter Mace, Martin Black, Denise Alexander, and Colleen Burke amongst others.

Sunday's event ended with John Dengate offending the gods and bringing down a thunderstorm the like the Festival had never seen, washing out the stage and venue for the rest of the afternoon.

My own gig was at the wonderfully warm and ambient Clarendon Hotel stage, a performance space made for the spoken word. Half an hour seemed to fly by.

As the Festival closed and Katoomba was once again enveloped by fog and sleet rain, my last image of the day was groups of people soaked to the skin, arm in arm, with smiles from ear to ear, singing as they went. I think that says it all.

Yours, Graeme Johnson

QANTAS - Waltzing Matilda Bush Poetry Awards, 19 - 24 April, 2000, Winton, Qld

Anyone wanting entry forms, please write to PO Box 7714, Toowoomba Mail Centre, Qld 4352, including a SSAE.

JUNIORS wishing to compete in the Junior Festival should write for ENTRY FORMS and CONDITIONS. Same address. Juniors (under 18 years) are not eligible for Novice or Open Events. Medal Winners ONLY from the Junior Festival contest the Clover Nolan Primary and Secondary Awards.

Entries for all Senior Events at the forthcoming QANTAS - Waltzing Matilda Bush Poetry Festival close on 24th March, if you want to make sure your name is in the official program.

Late entries will be accepted if time permits.

So, it's not too late to experience EASTER in the TRUE OUTBACK at Winton!

LATE ENTRIES: Fax to (07) 4630 9998 up to 2nd April or Fax to (07) 4657 1886 after that.

STOP PRESS!

The CONCERT on Friday 21st April (Good Friday) will be a

"THEATRE RESTAURANT"

with a sit-down meal included for the same low price of \$15. Book your seat or table now!

The CONCERT on Sunday 23rd April (Easter Sunday) will be a

"Concert with Bush Supper"

Book your Seat now!

Available from PO Box 7714, Toowoomba Mail Centre Qld 4352 or The Waltzing Matilda Centre, Winton Q 4735

O'Mara's High Country Poets

Once again, Stanthorpe's historic O'Mara's Hotel rang with tears and laughter at the 2nd "O'Mara's High Country Poets" on Saturday 12th February. A large lineup of poets and fans joined locals and tourists for great entertainment in true Aussie bush style.

Juniors led the contest from 1.30pm. Kelsey Horton of Upper Mt Gravatt was judged winner, with local lad Peter Blundell Jnr coming 2nd, and Stuart Nivison of Cleveland in 3rd place.

Novice Performance saw Jeff Simpson of Stanthorpe take first honours with a beautifully crafted poem about his days as a drover. Another Stanthorpe local Rodney Crome came 2nd, with Tim Sherf from Tenterfield taking out 3rd - making the Novice event a scoop for local poets. The judging team for both the Junior and Novice poetry was Maureen Stonham, Ron Selby, and Trisha Anderson.

Broadwater State School won the Bush Figure contest which was a new initiative this year. Designed to foster interest in Bush Poetry in schools, all local schools were invited to make bush figures to be used as decor at the contest. Mrs Ruth Bott of Broadwater School accepted an autographed copy of "A Thousand Campfires" from Bruce Simpson for the school's library. Their entry was "MacDougal" complete with cricket bat, pads and bush hat. Ballandean School received a copy of Banjo Paterson's poems and the ABPA annual for their dummies which tied in second place.

The Open judging panel of Bruce Simpson, Graeme Murchie and Ron 'Boulia' Bates took their seats at 4pm for the Open Traditional in which 22 poets lined up to provide a performance equal to anywhere in the country. The winner was Trisha Anderson of Brisbane, followed by Ellis Campbell of Dubbo 2nd, and Rod Williams of Murrurundi filling 3rd place.

Unfortunately, this contest was marred by some inaccuracies in the addition of scores. The organisers would like to take this opportunity to apologise to all poets for this mistake. To ensure there is no repeat of this in future years, an approach has been made to a well known collating team who have a wealth of experience in this field, with a view to them handling this job next year.

Twenty-three poets contested the "Big One Header" - O'Mara's Open Original. By the narrowest of margins, that consistent performer, Milton Taylor of Portland, took the \$1000 first prize. Sue Dellar was in

her office upstairs when Milton performed. As the haunting refrain of "Queenie Lucinda O'Toole" drifted in her window, she broke down and cried all over her keyboard!

Comedy took 2nd place with Gary Lowe of Chitaway Bay laying them in the aisles with his Billy Cart poem. Local poet, Peter Blundell, took the cheque for 3rd place with his poem "Ringers".

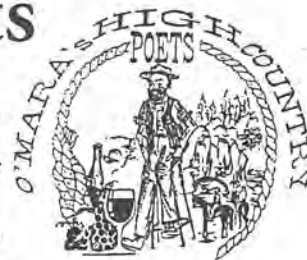
The Granite Belt Tourist Association's Encouragement Award was won by Sharyn Roser of Stanthorpe for a plucky performance in the company of some of Australia's finest poets.

A big vote of thanks to "The Mullimbimby Bloke" Ray Essery for once again assisting yours truly with the commentary as well as performing in his own inimitable style at the Poet's Breakfast on Sunday and in Weeroona Park in the early afternoon. Ray's input and advice was greatly appreciated by the organisers.

It would be no show without Bob and Sue Dellar of O'Mara's Hotel who once again backed their commitment to Bush Poetry with hard cash. In its second year, "High Country Poets" went on to greater strengths with its first Breakfast being a big success. So much so, that an impromptu decision was made to carry on at 10am with an Open Mike Session and thanks to Wally Finch for compering this on short notice. Plans are afoot to make the event bigger and better in 2001. I'll keep you all posted via the Newsletter.

In conclusion, thanks to everyone who helped make "High Country Poets" a success in its second year. Thanks to our judges who carried out their tasks like the professionals they are. And of course, a big thanks to all of you who competed. Good on yer!

Submitted by Jack Drake, Stanthorpe, QLD



The Orange Banjo Paterson Arts Council Inc. Orange NSW

Banjo Paterson Writing Awards

The aim of these awards is to honour Banjo Paterson, a great Australian writer and the favourite son of Orange, with a competition to foster writing of poetry or prose with Australian content.

Categories - Poetry, Comic Poetry, Prose. Entry fee \$5
Also the ZCR Banjo Paterson Children's Writing Awards (up to the age of 16) for poetry or prose with an Australian theme

Entry fee \$2, Entries close last mail 14th April, 2000

Entry forms available from:

Orange City Library, PO Box 35, ORANGE NSW 2800

Ph 02 6361 5120 Fax 02 6361 5100

email: jr-richards@ilinet.sl.nsw.gov.au

The Bremer Valley Bush Poetry Festival

Promoted by The Retreat Hotel, Rosevale, Qld

Easter Weekend 21-23 April

Performance Poetry Events

\$2000 State of Origin Competition

\$150 Open Traditional

\$150 Open Original

\$50 Novice Recital

\$50 Juvenile Recital

\$50 Intermediate Recital

\$50 Yarn Spinning

\$200 Duo Recital

For entry forms write to

State of Origin, PO Box 30, Harrisville Qld 4307

For other information phone 07 5464 9258

Dorrigo Mountain Top Poets

A highly successful 'Bush Poets in the Pub' was held in Dorrigo, NSW at the end of October 1999. The event was part of the Dorrigo Spring Festival and was attended by over 100 people with 20 poets reading or reciting works. The afternoon was most ably compared by Russell Churcher from Wacho.

The afternoon really 'ratcheted up' the enthusiasm for Bush Poetry in the district and a number of poetry lovers looked forward to next year's event. In order to 'keep to dream alive' and promote the enjoyment of Bush Poetry in the Dorrigo district, a group of interested folk gathered on Wednesday 23rd February and agreed to form a friendly Bush Poetry group.

The group will meet at 7pm on the second Wednesday of the months of April, June, August and October of this year. The venue is the Sweetwater Hall at the Dorrigo Mountain Top Resort.

We're a new group, full of enthusiasm and we look forward to a lot of enjoyment from Australian Bush Poetry.

Contact Murray 02 6657 2139

Casino Beef Week

The very popular Casino Beef Week Festival is on again from 25th - 28th May 2000. Held at the Cecil Hotel in Casino, NSW, this year the featured poets will be Bobby Miller, Marco Gliori, Frank Daniel, and Ray Essery. There will be a Bush Poets Breakfast on the Thursday, Friday and Saturday mornings, with a Bush Poetry Competition on Sunday morning. The Thursday night, 25th May, will see a yarnspinning session called 'Bull Yarns' at 7.30pm. Everyone is welcome, so come to Casino at the end of May for a great time of Bush Poetry. For all enquiries, contact Ray Essery on 02 6684 3817.

POET'S CALENDAR OF EVENTS AND COMPETITIONS

2000

- Apr 12-16 **Oracles of the Bush**. Tenterfield NSW. Perf. & written comp. Patti Ainsworth Ph 02 6736 1082 Fax 02 6736 3388
 Apr 14 Closing date **Banjo Paterson Writing Awards** Ph 02 6361 5120 Fax 02 6361 5100 Details page 11
 Apr 14-16 **Man From Snowy River Bush Festival**. Contact Jan Lewis 02 6077 4332 P14
 Apr 14-16 **Marti's Fiesta**, Canowindra NSW All welcome. The biggest bush breakfast in the west. Ph Frank 02 6344 1477
 Apr 14-16 **The Third Sth Coast Country Music Festival**, Mt Kembla NSW. Poet's breakfast Sunday. Ph Di 02 4237 7176
 Apr 19 **Waltzing Matilda Junior Bush Poetry Festival**, Winton Q
 Apr 20-24 **National Folk Festival**, Canberra ACT. Contact Phil Spring 02 6249 7755 Fax 02 6247 0906
 Apr 21-23 **Bremer Valley Bush Poetry Festival**, Retreat Hotel, Rosevale Q. Send SSAE to PO Box 20, Harrisville QLD 4307
 Apr 22-24 **QANTAS - Waltzing Matilda Bush Poetry Championships**, Winton. PO Box 7714 T'woomba Mail Centre Q 4352
Australian Bush Yarnspinning Championships, Winton Q P10
 Apr 23 **Poets Breakfast**, 8am Nambucca Heads Bowling Club. Ph Maureen 02 6568 5269 P14
 Apr 25-27 **Gold City Festival of Australian Bush Poetry**, Charters Towers Q. Ph Sandra 07 4787 2944 Arthur 07 4787 2409
 Apr 28 Closing Date **Charlee Marshall Bush Poetry Competition** written comp. Ph 07 4992 9521 Fax 07 4992 4137 P14
 Apr 28-30 **National Outback Performing Arts** at Stockman's Hall of Fame, Longreach Ph 07 4658 3969 P14
 Apr 29-30 **Gatton Heritage Festival 2000** Bush Poetry Competition, Megan Bourne rab@mailbox.uq.edu.au or 07 54623116
 May 5-9 **Australian Bush Poetry Championships**, Yarrowonga/Mulwala Ph 03 5744 1989 or 1800 062260 Fax 5744 3149
 May 12 Closing Date **Monto Cream Can Awards**, written comp for previously unpublished work. Ph 07 4166 5154 P14
 May 25-28 **Casino Beef Week** Poets Breakfasts 9-11am daily, Cecil Hotel, Casino NSW Ph Ray Essery 02 6684 3817 P14
 Jul 7-9 **Bundy Muster weekend** Performance and written competitions. Joan 07 4152 9624 or Sandy 07 4151 4631 P14
 Jul 22 Closing Date **Hastings Regional 2000 Literary Competition**, Ph Gloria 02 6584 1163 Full details page 15
 Aug 18-20 **Country on the Tweed Festival** Poetry from 8am. Enq 20 Scenic Dr Bilambil Hts NSW 2486 Ph 07 55909395 P14
 Aug 19-20 **Camp Oven Festival**. North Pine Country Park, Petrie. Enquiries - John & Patti Coutts 07 3886 1552
 Aug 19-20 **Trundle Bush Tucker Day**. Trundle NSW Ph Frank 02 6344 1477 Fax 02 6344 1962 bushpoet@westserv.net.au
 Sep 1-3 **Millmerran Bush Poet's Round-Up**, Millmerran Qld. Contact Kev Barnes 07 4695 4209

Yarrowonga/Mulwala Australian Bush Poetry Championships

Friday 5th – Tuesday 9th May 2000

Remember to register in the recital sections by April 10th

PROGRAMME

Tuesday 2 nd – Thursday 4 th	Juniors Festival	11 am	Whip Cracking Demonstration & Challenge featuring Noel Cutler and his delightful junior whip team, The Kelly Country Whipcrackers
Thursday 4 th May 7.30pm	Comedy and Poetry to Split your Sides Shirley Friend, Neil McArthur, Ray Essery Yarrowonga & Border Golf Club \$15 non members \$10 members and poets Bookings at Visitor Information Centre and Golf Club	1 - 5pm	Yarrowonga Foreshore Heats continue and Finals commence Mulwala & District Services Club Auditorium
Friday 5 th May 7pm	Friendship and Fun Night Mulwala District Services Club	Dinner 6pm Show 8pm	"Murder, Bloody Murder" Ski Club, Mulwala, Live Show with Geoffrey Graham
Saturday 6 th May 7.30am - 9.30am	Brekky and Live Poets in the MDSC Bistro Brekky \$7.50 Show Free	Monday 8 th May 7.30am - 9.30am	Brekky and Live Poets in the MDSC Bistro Brekky \$7.50 Show Free
10.30 am -11.00am	Poets and Entertainers assemble for Grande Street Parade and Official Welcome	10am - 4pm	Finals of the Australian Bush Poetry Championships
11.30am	Parade	7.30pm	Announcement of Winners and Presentation of Prizes
1.00pm - 5pm	1st Heats of Men's ,Ladies' and Junior's Original, MDSC Auditorium		Official Closes of the Australian Bush Poetry Championship Competition for 2000 MDSC Auditorium
8pm - 10pm	'The Muster Showcase' Special Show compered by Mr Noel Cutler., MDSC Auditorium Tickets \$5	Tuesday 9 th May 7.30am - 9.30am	Brekky and Live Poets in the MDSC Bistro
Sunday 7 th May 7.30am - 9.30am	Brekky and Live Poets in the MDSC Bistro Brekky \$7.50 Show Free		Call us on 03 57 44 1989 or 1800 062 260 or Fax 03 57 44 3149 if you have any other questions or queries regarding accommodation, or the Championships or any other information.
10.am - 12pm	2nd Heats of the Championships		Judges Criteria Sheets will be available to be perused on the Friday 5 th May. Our five judges will also be listed on that sheet.

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 Thursday **Golden Pen Poets.** Old Gympie Town Hall, Gympie 7 pm Ph Phil Morrison 07 5486 1171
2nd Friday **Poets & Mates** 7.30 pm Todd's Cottage, North Pine Country Park, Kurwongbah 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
1st & 3rd Wed **Kilcoy Unplugged,** 7.00 p.m. Kilcoy Gardens Motel Restaurant, Gold Coin Entry Ph Graham 07 5497 1045

NEW SOUTH WALES

- 1st Tuesday** **Tuggerah 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 Wednesday **Dorrigo Mountain Top Poets,** 7pm April, June, August, October Phone Murray 02 6657 2139
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. Ph Elaine 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** 7.30pm "The Hideaway" Davison Ln, Picton Liz 02 4677 2044, Vince 4684 1704
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
Monthly **Top of the Murray Poets & Bush Storytellers.** Contact Jan Lewis 02 6077 4332
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
Monthly, Thursdays, dates vary. **Gippsland Bush Poets.** Rosedale Hotel, Rosedale, 7.30pm Ph Dennis Carstairs 03 5145 6128

SOUTH AUSTRALIA

- 3rd Wednesday** **South Aust. Bush Poets.** 7.30 pm Alma Pub Long Room, Willunga Ph/Fax 08 8370 2460
Last Tuesday **Whyalla Writers Group.** Phone Colby Maddigan 08 86451771

WESTERN AUSTRALIA

- 1st Friday** **WA Bush Poets and Yarnspinners,** 7.30pm Raffles Hotel, Canning Bridge. Ph Rusty Christensen 9364 4491

Editors Note: Poets from all states and territories 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



BREMER VALLEY BUSH POETRY FESTIVAL

21 - 23 April 2000 at the Retreat Hotel, Rosevale, Qld
Performance and Written Competitions, as well as State of
Origin Competition. Send SSAE to PO Box 20, Harrisville Qld
4307 or Phone 07 5464 9258

ORACLES OF THE BUSH - LOOMING LEGENDS

12 - 16 April 2000

Written Section - Prize in each section \$200.00

1. Poem with humorous theme
2. Poem celebrating Battler Spirit
OR expressing Community concerns
3. Poem about any local area

Performance Section: Contestants must (i) submit entries on
cassette and (ii) be available to perform 12-16 April 2000 in
Tenterfield. Judges will select 15 contestants and notify them
of their inclusion in the heats.

4. Original Work - unpublished
5. Previously published works

Entry form to include Name, Address, Phone/Fax, Sections
entered, and Title of Entry. Entries close 31 March 2000.
Send to: Tenterfield Oracles of the Bush, Looming Legend
PO Box 372 Tenterfield NSW 2372

MAN FROM SNOWY RIVER BUSH FESTIVAL

the Top of the Murray Poets and Bush Storytellers

Friday 14 - Sunday 16 April 2000

Festival Flyer available from

PO Box 144 (76 Hanson St), Corryong Vic. 3707

Phone 0260761992 or email mfsrbf@corryong.albury.net.au

THE THIRD STH COAST COUNTRY MUSIC FESTIVAL

14-16 April, Kembla Heights Community Hall & Park, Harry
Graham Drive, Mt Kembla, via Wollongong

Plenty of well-known featured artists, Talent Quest Friday
night, Linedancing, Open Air Concerts, Bush Poetry!

Poets Brekkie Sunday, hosted by Graeme Johnson with special
guests. Open Mike sessions for anyone eager to "have a go".

Phone Di O'Dwyer 02 4237 7176

QANTAS-WALTZING MATILDA BUSH POETRY FESTIVAL

JUNIOR BUSH POETRY FESTIVAL Wednesday 19 April

WRITING WORKSHOP Friday 21 April

CONCERTS Friday 21 April and Sunday 23 April

QANTAS-WALTZING MATILDA CHAMPIONSHIPS &

CHRISTINA MACPHERSON NOVICE AWARDS

Saturday 22 April - Monday 24 April

CLOVER NOLAN JUNIOR FINALS Monday 24 April

AUSTRALIAN BUSH YARN SPINNING CHAMPIONSHIPS

Saturday 22 - Monday 24 April

Other novelty poetry events **Saturday 22 - Monday 24 April**

For info: PO Box 7714, Toowoomba Mail Centre, Q 4352

NATIONAL FOLK FESTIVAL

20 - 24 April 2000. Poet's Breakfasts, the Great
International Poetry Debate, Sessions Bar.

Special Guest: Les Barker from the UK

Enquiries: Phil Spring Ph 02 6249 7755

Fax 02 6247 0906 Email: natfolk@spirit.com.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

GOLD CITY FESTIVAL OF AUSTRALIAN BUSH POETRY

25 - 27 April, 2000. Charters Towers, Qld
Performance Showcase - Workshop - Written
Competition

Bush Breakfasts - Competitions

Special Guests: Bob Miller and Helen Avery

Contact Sandra 07 4787 2944 or Arthur 07 4787 2409

CHARLEE MARSHALL BUSH POETRY COMPETITION

for written Bush Poetry

Adults 'Golden Cockatoo Award' \$100 prize money

Junior (under 16) 'Silver Budgie Award' \$50 prize money

Sponsored by the Banana Shire Council

Entries close **5pm Friday 28th April, 2000**

The awards will be presented, and the winning entries read,
at the Biloela Country Music Festival, 10-12 June 2000

For enquiries or entry forms, contact

The Coordinator

Charlee Marshall Bush Poetry Competition

PO Box 754, Biloela QLD 4715

Ph 07 4992 9521 Fax 07 4992 4137

TENTH ANNIVERSARY

NATIONAL OUTBACK PERFORMING ARTS

in conjunction with Outback Muster and Drivers' Reunion

at the Stockmans' Hall of Fame **28 April- 30th April, 2000**

Bush Style Entertainment - Poetry, Music, Yarn Spinning

Enquiries: The Secretary, NOPA, PO Box 518

Longreach QLD 4730 Phone 07 4658 3969

AUSTRALIAN BUSH POETRY CHAMPIONSHIPS

Yarrowonga/Mulwala **Friday 5 May till Tuesday 9 May,
2000**

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

CASINO BEEF WEEK

25th- 28th May 2000, Cecil Hotel, Casino, NSW

Bush Poets Breakfast 9-11am each morning

Thursday 25th May 7.30 - 9.30pm 'Bull Yarns'

Saturday 27th May 2pm Poets Float in street parade

Sunday 28th May 9-11am 'New Voices' Bush Poetry Competi-
tion

Enquiries - Ray Essery 02 6684 3817

BUNDABERG POETS SOCIETY, INC

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

Competitions: Open, Intermediate, Novice, Junior & Under
12's

N.B. Intermediate Category: Any poet who has not been
placed first in any open competition.

Entry forms available from: Bundaberg Poets Society Inc.,
P.O. Box 4281, South Bundaberg Qld 4670

Enquiries: Joan 07 41529624 or Sandy 07 41514631

BUNDABERG POETS SOCIETY, INC

Bush Lantern Award for Bush Verse 2000

Entry Forms available from: Mr. Ross Keppel, Bundaberg
Poets Society Inc., P.O. Box 4281, SOUTH BUNDABERG
4670

Entries close for written competition on **May 31st, 2000.**

MONTO DAIRY FESTIVAL CREAM CAN AWARDS

Written Competition, entries close **12 May**

Original, rhyming bush verse in traditional style, not more
than 100 lines. Entries must be previously unpublished, and
not to have won in other competitions. Entry fee \$5 for up to
3 entries. Contact Eddie Anderson 07 4166 5154. Mail
entries to Cream Can Awards, PO Box 150 Monto Q 4630

WHAT'S ON AROUND THE TRAPS

FELLOWSHIP OF AUSTRALIAN WRITERS NSW INC

Hastings Regional 2000 Literary Competition. Categories:

1. Short Story 3,000 words max, fiction, open theme
2. Mini Story 1,000 words max, fiction, open theme
3. Article 1,200 words max, non-fiction, general interest
4. Poetry Traditional rhyming 60 lines max
5. Poetry Contemporary free-from, 30 lines max
6. Poetry Australian Bush rhyming, 80 lines max

Closing Date **22nd July 2000**, Results 30th September 2000

Entry Fee \$3 per entry

No entry form required, but entries must be author's original work that has not won any other competition. All entries to be typed double or 1.5 spaced on one side of A4 paper only. Include cover sheet A4 showing title, category, author's name, address and phone number. No name on entry.

For further details, and for all entries or enquiries, contact Competition Secretary: Gloria Paviour-Smith, PO Box 1693 Port Macquarie NSW 2444. Phone 02 6584 1163

COUNTRY ON THE TWEED FESTIVAL August 18th-20th

Poets Brekkie competitions Sun 20th

Open Female & Male Champs, Trophy & 1st 2nd 3rd prizes

Open Humorous (costume & props OK) Trophy & 1st 2nd 3rd Open for jaded memories, (book allowed) Trophy & 1st 2nd 3rd

Open written "The Olympic Torch" 1st 2nd 3rd prizes

Under 16's written "The Olympic Torch" 1st 2nd 3rd prizes

Open Songwriter 1st 2nd 3rd prizes

Entry forms, enquiries, Country on the Tweed Festival,

20 Scenic Dr Bilambil Hts NSW 2486

Ph 07 5590 9395 Email poetry@fan.net.au

TRUNDLE BUSH TUCKER DAY, Trundle NSW

August 19th - 20th. \$1000 Bush Poetry Competition.

Open Traditional (Poetry over 50 years)

Open Original Bush Poetry

Open Original Humorous Bush Poetry

Three places paid in each section.

Frank Daniel Ph. 02 6344 1477 Fax. 02 6344 1962

Email bushpoet@westserv.net.au

5th CAMP OVEN BUSH POETRY FESTIVAL

North Pine Country Park, Dayboro Rd, Petrie, Qld

19th & 20th August 2000, Hosted by North Pine Bush Poets

Group. Written Competition for Adults, 13-16 yrs, 9-12 yrs,

8 yrs and under. Entries for Written Comp close 31/7/2000

Performance Competition for Junior, Novice and Open,

Serious, Original, Humorous Australian Bush Poetry, and also fun events such as Duo and Yarn Spinning.

Entry forms for these competitions available from

John Coutts, Treasurer, North Pine Bush Poets Group,

5 Old Gympie Road, Kallangur, Qld 4503 Ph/Fax 07 3886

1552

MILLMERRAN BUSH POET'S ROUND-UP

1 - 3 September 2000.

BBQ and Bar Friday night at Rural Estates, SW of

Millmerran. Jack Drake and Kev Barnes co-compering.

Open Mic session. Junior, Novice, Intermediate and Duo

competition from 10am on Saturday. At 7pm Saturday

there will be a Poet's Charity Dinner, followed by a State of Origin show, featuring Ray Essery.

Stay for the Poet's Breakfast on Sunday morning from

9.30am, followed by the Open Competition and the Brawl.

Entry forms available soon from Kev Barnes 07 4695 4209



THE PRODUCT SHELF

Product Shelf Advertisements

\$5.00 for TWO MONTHLY
NEWSLETTER SPOTS!

"300 Funny Little Poems"

Book - only \$12 pp

"City of Green - Green Ban Songs & Beyond"

CD - only \$25 pp

Poetry and Songs from the pen of Denis Keavans and friends

Available from D Keavans

63 Valley Rd, Wentworth Falls 2782

Ph 02 4757 3119 Make cheques out to Vinegar Hill Bush Band

A VALID EXCUSE

Bush Poems and Other Verses

by Trevor Shaw

\$13.00 pp. PO Box 61, Thangool Qld 4716

GOODBYE GUNSYND

A BOOK OF AWARD WINNING BUSH POEMS

AND AUSSIE BUSH BALLADS

BY STEWART HOPPER

"THE BARD OF THE COW BALES FROM BELL"

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HELEN CAMERON, PO BOX 143, KINGAROOY, Q. 4610

Talking to the Bar

Australian Bush Poetry on CD

Only \$12.50pp

Brian D Lee, 3/187 Lake St, Cairns Q 4870

A good listen!

"Tough Country"

a book by Kevin Magher

90 pages of good Aussie poems

Send \$12.50 to

5 Algol Crt, Ocean Grove Vic 3226

Ballads of a Bush Bride

by Mavis Appleyard

Readable, Recitable, and Refreshing

\$10 postage paid for book or cassette

Contact Mavis Appleyard

106 Thornton Ave, Warren NSW 2824

Australian Bush Poets Association Inc.

PO Box 2343 Mansfield BC Qld 4122 Fax 07 3849 5844

Email abpanews@hotmail.com

Print Post PP 242018 / 0013

April 2000

SURFACE
MAIL

POSTAGE
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Heritage Corner

This space devoted to
preserving the character of our
Australian Heritage

Compiled and submitted by Holly de Dikato

How did Anzac biscuits get their name? One possible explanation is that an Anzac wafer was used during World War I by the AIF as a replacement for bread. The Anzac wafer was revived during the Second World War and the name may have applied to the biscuit as we know it today.

Does anyone have any further explanation?

ANZAC Day was first observed as early as 1916. Here are extracts from the diaries of Major Reginald J Millard, 2IC, First Field Ambulance.

25/4/1916 - Cairo: 9am Memorial Service at Anzac Hostel after which flowers were taken to the cemetery in Old Cairo; drove there with Poate and Farrar. In pm, sports at No 3 Australian General Hospital.

1917 - No mention of Anzac Day

25/4/1918 - Sydney: Anzac day; called at Barracks, then to town and saw Anzac procession.

25/4/1919 - London, Anzac Day; fine and bright; walking to the office I found Australian troops marching out of the park where they were forming up for the march through town. Went with General Howse to Australia House, where Prince of Wales took salute.

1920 - no entry

25/4/1921 - With the boys to Town Hall memorial service. Great crowd. Good place on dais. All shops shut, but no public holiday.

25/4/1923 - With Phil to 11am service at Town Hall. Usual large crowd.

APRIL 6 1895 - 'WALTZING MATILDA' FIRST SUNG IN PUBLIC AT WINTON, QLD

APRIL 18 1939 - HENRY KENDALL BORN AT ULLADULLA, NSW

APRIL 26 1890 - BANJO PATERSON'S 'THE MAN FROM SNOWY RIVER' PUBLISHED IN THE BULLETIN

Thank you to our Contributors

Linda Allison
Trisha Anderson
Mavis Appleyard
John & Gaye
Barclay
Beth Vincombe-
Bashford
Sandra Binns
John Bird
Holly de Dikato
Jack Drake
Ray Essery
Mark Feldman
Brian Gale
Craig Gascoigne
Col Gammidge

Col Hadwell
Janine Haig
June Hansen
Sandra Hamilton
Conway
Graeme Johnson
Barb McDermid
Keith McKenry
Don Pender
Arthur Rekow
John Russell
Ron Selby
Trevor Shaw
Olive Shooter
Ted Webber

THE LAST WORD FROM THE EDITOR

Dear Members

Thank you to all members who have taken the time to write, email or fax information for inclusion in this Newsletter over the past six months. My role as Editor is made a great deal easier with this assistance!

One note.... if you wish to notify a change of address, please send all details to the Secretary, Olive Shooter, at her address on page 2. Olive has full control over the mailing list, and I am not able to change contact details. If you send the details to me, I will just forward them on to Olive, however it is MUCH faster for you to send the details straight to Olive in the first place.

Similarly, if you wish to obtain contact details for other members, please correspond directly with Olive, as I am unable to pass along this type of information.

Remember, this is your Newsletter, so if you want it to include any new features, stories, articles or anything else of interest, please let me know! Also, a note to event organisers: please make sure that you have someone assigned to write to me with details of upcoming events (*in plenty of time*), and to submit reports and results after the event has been run. As I do not get to many events personally, I rely on feedback from members and event organisers.

Best regards, Jennifer Priest

