

# The Australian Bush Poets Association Inc.



Volume 8 N<sup>o</sup> 12

December 2001



## Christmas

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

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

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

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

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

© Terry Regan

## The Fourth Wise Man

*There is some uncertainty is some uncertainty  
as to how many wise men or "Magi" visited  
Christ shortly after his birth. Western Chris-  
tian tradition has assumed that there were  
three as this is the number of gifts that are  
mentioned — frankincense, myrrh and gold.*

*Eastern Christianity gives the number as 12.*

*As you will see there were in fact 4 Magi al-  
though it's hard to see how somebody has  
bestowed upon them the title "wise"!*

Three wise men came to Bethlehem  
following a star.  
Their names we're told were Melchior,  
Caspar, and Balthasar.  
One brought a gift of frankincense, the  
others myrrh and gold.  
They came to greet the new born king —  
the gospel story told.

They gave their gifts to Jesus, in the  
manger where he lay,  
His mother offered coffee, but they said  
they couldn't stay.  
They got back on their camels near the  
stable they'd been tied  
And as they headed back off east Mary  
softly sighed.

"I really don't need perfume, though Myrrh  
of course is tops  
And gold is always useful, but we're  
nowhere near the shops.  
And frankincense is lovely but this stable's  
not the place.  
I hope they're not the wisest men in all the  
human race.

"It was very good of them to come from  
such a far off land  
After all that time on camels, it's a wonder  
they can stand.  
But bringing Jesus gifts of myrrh and  
frankincense and gold  
Is just not very practical — he's only 10  
days old."

Next afternoon a man appeared outside  
the stable gate  
He said he was the fourth man and sorry  
he was late.  
"I've brought some things I thought you'd  
need. It's just a little gift."  
A quick inspection of his bag gave Mary's  
heart a lift.

A frozen casserole was there, and a stuffed  
and fluffy toy  
Some baby clothes in pastel blue — he  
guessed it was a boy.  
"The thought of washing nappies" Mary  
cried "now need not unnerve us  
For here's a six month voucher for a nappy  
washing service."

She turned to than the stranger — but the  
stranger wasn't there  
He'd slipped away and vanished in the  
chilly winter air.  
But on the gate he left a note — quite  
simple but profound:  
"Don't write this in the gospels  
please, I'd never live it down."

So don't forget the fourth wise man,  
The wisest of the lot.  
He brought the really useful gifts  
The other three forgot.



© Dermot Dorgan  
— submitted by  
Marg Parmenter

To all our members  
from our families  
to you and yours  
Have a safe and  
Merry Christmas  
and a  
Happy New Year  
Your Committee

# The Australian Bush Poets Association Inc.



## President

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## Membership Fees:

\$25.00 per annum Single, Family, and, Club memberships  
\$10.00 Junior (Student to year 12).  
\$13.00 New members joining after 1 July

New members (those joining for the first time) who join after 1 October receive up to 15 months membership for their first subscription of \$25.00. 1 January to 31 December.

Our financial year is from 1 January to 31 December.  
Please forward all money and membership forms to the Treasurer



## PRESIDENT'S REPORT

G'day Everyone,

Cynics call it the Silly Season. Sadly in some ways they are right. Every year statistics tell us how many died or were hurt in various armed global conflicts, and, with what seems like sadistic relish, they tell us of needless, avoidable accidents/incidents around our own country. Yet, even in the face of so many human tragedies, it is still too difficult to take a negative point of view about Christmas.

It's not a perfect world! We've known that for a long time. However, I refuse to believe that we can't do something to help fix what ails it. Go ahead. Call me an overly optimistic old fool if you wish. I'll still refuse to believe messages like Joy, Love, and Peace associated with Christmas are wasted.

I can't accept that only a few die hard Christians want these things or that they hold a monopoly on them. It's surely of benefit to all of us, the religious, the sacrilegious, the irreligious, Christian, Pagan, Moslem, Buddhist, what ever our convictions or lack of them.

Sickly sweet commercial Christmas carols dominate all other sounds in shopping centres. Everywhere some anonymous "they" invade all our senses with messages of buy before time runs out. Plastic Christmas trees and other false images surround us at every turn. Most of us are guilty of hanging them in our own homes. It doesn't matter because in the back of our hearts and minds the true meaning of Christmas filters through and it always will.

Whatever your beliefs or wherever you are, may you and yours enjoy the fullness of the Festive Season in Joy, Love and Peace in good health and safety. May you face the coming New Year with every reason to be optimistic about the successes it will bring.

When attitudes like that prevail in spite of a world full of negatives how can it be a Silly Season?

Wally Finch  
President

## January Newsletter Deadline

Because so many members will be going to Tamworth we are trying to send next month's newsletter a bit earlier. Therefore your co-operation would be appreciated for a deadline of the 10th December.



## TO ALL MEMBERS

*from the Treasurer*

A reminder that our annual subscription is due 1.1.02. Financial members only are eligible to vote at the Annual General Meeting in January 2002 at

Tamworth. If you know anyone who may be interested in joining the ABPA, new members joining after 1st October, get 15 months for the first \$25.

Don't miss the past year book bargains. They are discounted till the end of the year. They make great Christmas gifts! See the notice on page seven. Hurry some years are already sold out.

Regards to all  
Rosemary Baguley  
Treasurer.

# Wordsmiths

EVER WONDERED WHAT A WORD MEANT AND COULDN'T FIND THE ANSWER ANYWHERE? THEN THIS MIGHT HELP!

Remember last month I asked what "*baal gammon*" meant? Well many of you knew it and that's great. It's good to see there's an interest in words and their meanings past and present. Let's hope we can continue to pool our knowledge and keep this series alive and well for a long time to come.

But to get to the point, just what is "**Baal gammon**" It's an archaic expression from the mid to late nineteenth century and hardly ever used today. It generally meant "*no lies*" or "*no deceit*". It's possible origin is from two aborigine words, most likely from New South Wales but not necessarily from the same district.

"*Baal*" = not or no; and,

"*Gammon*" = deceitful nonsense, bosh, to make pretence, to deceive with nonsense.

Other words worthy of note last month came from John Pampling's poem "The Days of Steam" and the racing poems "The 1992 Toowoomba Cup" by Max Jarrott and "The Angle of the Tail" by Norma Jefferies.

"**Jump the Rattler**": A colloquial expression now rarely used meaning to ride on a train (usually a goods train) without paying the fare. Somewhat softened in later years to just meaning catch a train. Please note the words "goods train" — not "freight train". The latter is American and recently crept into



our Australian language by default.

**Fettler**: A person who, usually as part of a team, maintains railway lines, ballast and sleepers. Also called a "*navvy*" or a "*permanent-way man*".

**Drive Spikes**: A heavy nail used to nail rail lines to sleepers. Also called a "*dog spike*" or "*dog nail*".

**Loco**: Short for "locomotive", the vehicle that pulls railway carriages.

**Knacker**: A buyer of old rundown horses for the purpose of slaughter. Origin from Icelandic "*hnakkr*" = "*nape of the neck*". In its original meaning a "*saddler*". It also means a buyer of old houses, ships for demolition purposes and resale of the scrap. A further meaning is colloquial for testicle.

**Knackered** can be colloquial for totally exhausted and a **Knackery** a place where horses are slaughtered.

Wally Finch

## Waltzing Matilda Bush Poetry Awards

20th June — 24th June 2002

Winton, Qld, Outback Australia

**The Bronze Swagman Competition for written Bush Poetry**  
(Australia's most prestigious award for bush poetry)

Entries Close 31st March 2002

Enquiries: P. O. Box 44, Winton Q 4735

**The Little Swaggies Award for Junior Written Bush Poetry**  
(Australia's most popular junior awards)

Entries close 31st March 2002

Enquiries: P. O. Box 84 Hughenden Q 4821

**Thursday 20th June, 2002**

**Junior Performance Festival —**

Individual Competition all School Grades 1 — 12. Group performance of Bush Poetry.

Enquiries: P. O. Box 84

Hughenden Q 4821

Friday 21st June, 2002

Clover Nolan Primary & Secondary Championships — Announcement of Little Swaggies Awards

Enquiries: P. O. Box 84

Hughenden Q 4821

**Saturday 22nd June —**

**Monday 24 June 2002**

**QANTAS — Waltzing Matilda Open Bush Championships, Male and Female.** Christina MacPherson Novice Bush Poetry Awards Male and Female.

Australian Yarn Spinning Championships, Junior, Senior and Masters.

More laughs lies and Larrikins Concerts Fun Team Poetry Competitions, Non competitive Bush Poetry, Campfires, and Campfire Dinners, Announcements of 2002 Bronze Swagmen Award

Entry forms posted April 2002

Enquiries: P. O. Box 84

Hughenden Q 4821

## With the deepest sympathy

we note with sadness of  
**Mary Hodgson**  
has lost her grandson  
and  
**Tom Stonham his brother.**

Tom and Mary  
our hearts go out to you  
in your troubles.  
Remember you have  
friends who care

## Get Well Quick

Lee Miller is recovering from recent surgery.

And Kevin Woods has had a bad run of health over past months.

Lee and Kevin get well quick because your mates all need to see your smiling faces.



# On Ya Soapbox

Please send your letters to the Editor to:

56 Orchid Avenue  
Kallangur Q 4503  
Ph/Fax 3886 0747

Dear Liz,

Each year I have forgotten to send in my "Christmas" poem for the December edition of the magazine — so I hope I have remembered in time for this year. Could you also please pass on the following short verse. It occurred to me that it may be a worthwhile addition to "the Guidelines for Performance Poetry Competitions."

*The spoken work needs to be heard  
and clearly understood;  
To have a stand too near the band  
is just no bloody good.*

Best wishes

Terry Regan, Blaxland NSW

Terry

*Glad you made it this year. Terry's Christmas poem on Page 1. Hope our Guidelines Committee reads and takes note of the above.*

Liz

Dear Liz,

I refer to the recent article by Wally Finch in the November newsletter "What is Bush Poetry Anyway?" Wouldn't it be a shame if we stopped using the word "Bush" when we describe our poetry?

Sure it can sometimes be confusing because much is written about our towns, cities and people that doesn't refer to the "bush". The thing is Bush Poetry is a tradition. It is a style of rhyming, rhythmic poetry about Australia and its people, and it tells a story. It is a tradition handed down from the old bards who wrote about their particular times and places.

Following those old poets we now write about times and places (including the bush), using the same style that they used. We wouldn't be true to the spirit of Bush Poetry if we didn't write about "today". Sometimes we may have to explain the name, but it would be a tragedy if the name was ever changed. Thanks for a great article Wally.

Regards

Maurie O'Brien

President SA Bush Poets

madio@chariot.net.au

Maurie

*Thanks for your comment. We hope the article helped clear a few issues that can sometimes get confused.*

Liz

Dear Liz,

Following the Waltzing Matilda Festival and the Australian Championships held in Winton this year, we had many hours of debriefing and discussions on the successful outcomes of the festival and possible improvements for the future. One of the suggestions raised, and discussed at some length, was the possibility of trophies specifically for the Australian Male and Female Champions, donated by the APBA who hold the rights to the Championships — i.e. particular trophies that are standard and exclusive to the two Champions each year and separate to the normal trophies that an organising Festival committee may present for their own competition.

As you are aware, Winton presented its winners with a Daphne Mayo statue for winning the Waltzing Matilda Awards, as it does each year, but the 2001 Australian Champions received nothing extra for achieving that title, except the title. To promote, encourage and support the APBA's involvement in these awards and Bush Poetry as a whole, I suggest that two exclusive trophies be made available each year and get forwarded to whoever holds the Australian Championship titles, for the two winners. Not only would this encourage competitors to vie for these trophies, and reiterate the prestige and importance of these awards, but would also highlight and publicise the forward thinking of the APBA. Hopefully this idea will bring forth further discussion and take the Australian Championships to another level.

Regards

Louise Dean, Prairie Qld

Louise

*I hope that all the members going to the AGM keep your suggestions in mind as Agenda items for discussion and consideration. Details of the Waltzing Matilda Bush Poetry Awards are on Page 3.*

Liz

Dear Liz

I was interested to read the article about C. J. Dennis in the October magazine. I am in my eighties and like many older people I was brought up to appreciate the old writers and possibly Lawson, Gordon and Paterson in particular. However my favourite was always Dennis. The Sentimental Bloke and his friends were more real to me than any of the names, which appeared in the daily newspapers. I laughed with them and cried with them. I appreciated many other of his writings — I loved "The Swagman" and "The New Gnu At The Zoo". I tried writing a poem with all "oo" endings and finished up with "The Avian Parvenu", which I like. I decided to extend the social life of the "Bloke" characters and have written other poems that I feel keep to the character of the originals. I am enclosing "Swan Lake", wherein I take The Bloke and Doreen to the ballet, and hope you like it. I also like Bartlett Adamson, but his name is rarely heard now. I think "The Rime Of A Casual Cove" is a gem.

There must be many other writers who are almost forgotten these days and perhaps readers could write in with a reasonably short poem from one of the old favourites. It seems a shame that many of the old names will be forgotten.

Yours sincerely

Alma Thorsteinsen. Mt Gambier S.A.

Alma

*My dad is a big fan of C. J. Dennis and you would have enjoyed the smile on his face when he read your letter. Your poem's on page 10. Let's hope for a big response from your request.*

Liz

Dear Rosemary,

At last — I'll stop getting Grahame Watt's old copies!! Here's a few poems of mine to give you an idea where I'm coming from. "Beneath the Faded Word" was the one that got into the top 5 in the Womens Weekly/Asthma Foundation exercise and provided the opportunity to meet people like Gary Fogarty, Graham Fredriksen, Keith Lethbridge, Jack Drake, Bill Kearns, etc. Looking forward to a long and fruitful association.

Peter Thomas

Mt Martha Vic

Peter,

*Our Treasurer, Rosemary Baguley, passed on your letter attached to your membership application. Good news for Grahame Watts! He can now keep his old copies of our newsletter. I hope others follow your excellent example so generous members, like Grahame, get to keep their old copies too. Peter, all jokes aside, a hearty welcome to our Association may our time together be long and fruitful. You'll see your poem "Beneath the Faded word" on Page 10. The others have been kept for future issues.*

Liz



## On Ya Soapbox continues . . .

Thanks to everyone who sends in photos from time to time. I'd love to use them all but this is something to approach with caution because this process is not kind to photos and often they won't reproduce well. Photos on this page were taken at Winton by Debbie Beach from Falls Creek, NSW. The two good looking "young" men (above) show what a good time was had. Can you pick which one is the President? Here's a clue: he never has a bad hair day.

Look for Debbie at The Man from Snowy River Festival at Cooyong in April and say G'day!

Liz



Left to right: Milton Taylor, Debbie Beach, and Bobby Miller.

## Letter to the Editor - Editor

Dear Sur or Madam,

I hav notised in resent Artickles in yaw magzeen that thair ar a lot of mistaiks and misprince and I am apawled at the mispellin and lak of punchuasion witch I suppose is because becoz of thees new eliktronik masheens witch I blame four orl the truble in the world twoday and I trussed yew will try in fewcher to chek orl wurdz sillybills and comas and maik our Magazeen purrfek.

Yaws,

Skew Wiff, Kyabram Vic.

Deer Mista Skew Wiff

Thank you fer four bringing this to our attenshun. The problem is my Dad. He uses this computa to copy pomes by C. J. Dennis. The spell checka died from overwork. We trussed yewl undiemand.

Liz

Dear Liz,

Thank you for a great magazine, this last edition, November 2001 is a very professional production. However I would like to point out a minor error. On page 3 there is a sketch by Frank Mahone of a man on horseback trailing a stockwhip. You mention the sketch was prepared for "The Man From Snowy River and Other Verses" but not used.

I have an original print of that book, leather bound and printed in 1896. It is one of my treasured possessions. On the opening page next to a portrait of a very young A. B. Paterson is that particular sketch. just as a matter of interest there was only 7,000 printed in 1896 and I wonder how many survived. Just in case anybody should ask my copy is not for sale.

Dave Farrer  
The Banjo of the Bush  
Mudgeeraba Qld

Dave

Thanks you for setting the record straight. Our error is one passed on from another book. Your 1896 book is a treasure. As you say it would be interesting to know just how many copies did survive. If it were mine I wouldn't sell it either.

Liz

Dear Liz,

I would like to endorse what our President wrote in his article "What is Bush Poetry Anyway?". I started writing when my husband retired and we moved to the Gold Coast. My first interest was writing short stories. Then on one of my shopping trips I met Henry Lawson. I took the volume home and didn't read another book for three months. Shortly after I wrote my first poem.

I kept working at this artform, had no idea about scansion or metre, but here my sense of rhythm helped me out. I must also mention here the great encouragement and guidance I received from my best mates, the late Charlee Marshall and his wife, Beryl, who I still count as one of my dear friends today. Charlee never had any qualms about correcting me, saying "it should be such and such, you foreigner!"

After years of practice I finally felt confident enough to sometime recite a poem at some poets' breakfasts. On one such occasion it involved entering a competition. I entered and my rendition earned a very satisfactory applause.

Afterwards one of the organisers took me aside and said, "You write beautiful poetry, Corry, and your rhyme and metre are perfect, but your accent is against you. You should let an Australian born person recite your work for you." This person meant this — I'm sure — in a kind way and I thanked her accordingly, but at the same time I promised myself, "Never!"

Years before this event (namely in 1991) I'd won the poets' plaque at the National Folk Festival in Adelaide with my poem, "Whispers of

the Past", which I read myself. This poem will be published shortly in the USA Writers' Journal, whose poetry editor commented . . . *this poem best captures the whole spirit of Australia (and much of it is true for the American West.)* It will be published with other Australian verse, which members of the Gold Coast poetry group sent up at her request and I helped organise. I don't write this because I have tickets on myself, but only to show we can promote Australian Bush Poetry in different ways.

Next January my husband and I will celebrate the fact that we arrived in Australia 42 years ago. I have lived here longer than in Holland and yes, I still have an accent and proud of it. It is the one thing that still binds me to my birth country. Can some one tell me how long you have to live in this country to be regarded as Australian?

We have taken every opportunity to explore this beautiful country and those were my happiest moments, when my pen would come out and I began to scribble lines.

I'd like to thank Wally for his article. Writing poems about this country is my way of saying thank you to those who accepted me — and my accent — wholeheartedly. To others? I'd like to remind them that had Dirk Hartog stayed just a little while longer we'd all be speaking Dutch now.

It's still early, but a Happy Christmas and a healthy, safe New Year to you all.

With kind regards

Corry de Haas

Corry

*Sometimes we native born Australians lose the plot. Even the Aborigines are said to have come here from somewhere else.*

*Dad is a sixth generation Australian whose Aunt married a man from Poland. I've been told many times how Uncle Anton once said to him in his very strong Polish accent, "I'm glad I'm Australian." Dad answered, "Uncle Anton, your an Australian by choice." Uncle Anton asked Dad, "Isn't that all of us?"*

*How right he was! If Australia was no good, who'd stay here on purpose? Although we sometimes speak with different accents the fact still remains constant — We're all Australians by choice! And there's no time limit on that!*

**To All Members and your Families  
may the Peace, Joy and Love  
of Christmas be with you  
throughout the year and  
may 2002 be your  
best year ever.**

On behalf of the  
whole Committee

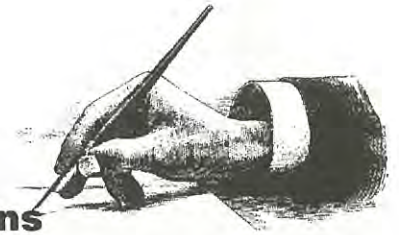
Liz Colls  
Editor



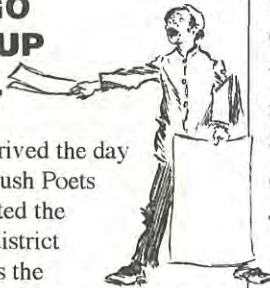


# R Pages

## Roving Reports, Rave Reviews, Ratbag Ramblings and Rich Revelations



### DORRIGO ROUNDUP A HOOT



Much needed rain arrived the day before the Dorriggo Bush Poets Roundup and that lifted the spirits of the whole district And what high spirits the audiences and Poets were in at both the Roundup on the Saturday and the Poets Breakfast next morning. Over one hundred people attended each event to revel in the entertainment so professionally presented by Bill Kearns and his mates Don Lloyd, Ray Halliday and "Coffs Harbours own" Ed and Margaret Parmenter.

Fifteen walk up poets recited works at each session and the high standard of presentation was rapturously received by the audiences. Maureen Stonham gauged the audience responses and a bag of famous Dorriggo red soil potatoes was presented to four outstanding performers, Paddy O'Brien from the Tweed, Cliff Schofield, Gleniffer, and Dorriggo's own David Lamb and Arthur Billing.

The Bush Poets is a key event in the Dorriggo Spring Festival and has now established itself as a major gathering on the New South Wales North Coast Bush Poets calendar.

Thanks again to Bill Kearns and his mates!!

Murray Suckling, Dorriggo, NSW



### NAKED POETS AT TAMWORTH 2002



The Naked Poets are gearing up for another NEW SHOW in Tamworth in 2002. The Golf Club will host 5 night shows and 4 (the best of) lunch time shows.

After two successful road shows this year throughout Queensland and Northern NSW the Naked Poets are firing on all fours. They were special guests at the Winton Outback Festival this year, The National Country Music Muster, Gympie, and the Oracles Of The Bush at Tenterfield.

The third CD in the Naked Poets series is the "Live Loud and Ludicrous" album, a series of poems, comedy and music Marco Gliori. It is released through Shoestring Records, and

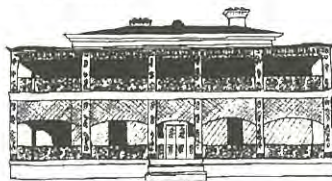
is now available from Saddlesaw Productions on 07 4661 4024.

We are the first to hear that Naked Poets 3 may also be released at Tamworth in 2002... maybe... see you at the show.

Get Naked

The Naked Poets

Marco Gliori



### Palma Rosa Poets Annual Report

It gives me great pleasure to announce another successful twelve months for the Palma Rosa Poets.

In July 2001 we celebrated 5 years of fabulous performances in poetry and song — quite a milestone. This year also featured another great achievement for the Palma Rosa Poets when we released our "Palma Rosa Poets Live" double CD.

We have held seven great concerts this year — the first being the launch of our CD in February. In March Rupert McCall was our guest — Ray Essery, Elizabeth Lord and Leigh James came in May and Greg Scott and Mark Tempany were here in July. Neil McArthur and Stuart Niverson were our featured artists in August, and to celebrate CHOGM we invited Jake Drake, Geoff Sharp and Mark Tempany to entertain our guests. As you know, CHOGM was cancelled, but all our Palma Rosa functions were still held — with great success.

Our final show for the year will be next Tuesday (20th November) showcasing the outrageous Shirley Friend and the talented Noel Stallard.

I would like to take this opportunity to thank you all for your support throughout the year. We look forward also to your ongoing support for the beautiful Palma Rosa.

I wish you and all your families a happy and safe Festive Season.

Trisha Anderson, Palma Rosa, Qld.

### Man From Snowy River Festival



The Poetry & Bush Music Program is taking shape for next year. Peter "Whipstick Wortho" Worthington, Ellis Campbell and Carol Reffold have agreed to judge, along with others, and our regional ABC man Neil Meany has agreed to record some or all of our competition. There'll be 3 days of Poetry and Bush Music events at Banjo's Block and other venues in Corryong main street, similar to this year.

We have 11 Competition Sections — with the Written Section for Adults & Juniors being judged before the Festival. Reciters of Banjo's MFSR poem will send a tape and two finalists will challenge Don Anderson, 2001 winner, for playoff. Performance competition will be held all day Saturday with Traditional, Original, Yarnspinning, Junior, Original Song, and Banjo's choice — the person who scores top points over several sections. Closing date for entries is 1st March 2002 and we've included a "one-minuter" section for poets to enter at the Festival.

Personally, my favourite is the Jack Riley Heritage Award (Song, Poem, Yarn, or Skit which must be about "The Man", The Poem, Jack Riley, or the Snowy Mountains/Upper Murray area). Previous to 2001 there was no performance, as the award was chosen from other sections, but we decided to make it specific content with spectacular results — See Jim Angel's Poem on page 16.

Poetry and Music Entry forms will be posted with our major mailout on 10th December and if you entered in the last 2 years, you should receive one. I can email or post entry forms or they're on...

[www.manfromsnowyriverbushfestival.com.au](http://www.manfromsnowyriverbushfestival.com.au)  
(Do we get the title of the longest website?)

Note: Even though the poetry and Bush Music has huge potential and is growing each year, our festival is mainly a large horse event (the "Challenge" to find the Modern Man From Snowy River). The Challenge organisers and riders have asked for more bush poetry at their venue 2 kms from the main

.... Continued on Page 7

# R Pages

street, so I have been working with Neil Hulm (ex bronc rider) to provide what they've asked for. Neil will organise very early Poets' Breakfasts and 'Round the Campfire poetry at the Challenge venue and is also running his "Silver Brumby" competition on Friday night at the Bottom Pub as he did at the 2001 Festival.

Jan Lewis (see advert this page)

## Gippsland Writers Festival

The inaugural Gippsland Writers Festival, held over the weekend of October 27th and 28th in the small town of Stratford, was a great success. The numbers at the Festival were at the lower end of the expected range, but still the weekend was an entertaining, financial and Bush Poetry promotion success.

Guest poet, Neil McArthur, had all laughing till they cried at his performance in the Avon Hotel on the Sunday Afternoon. As one member of our club commented, "It's a dangerous habit eating or drinking when Neil McArthur is performing, you could choke, you just don't know where the next line is going". Both the Poets Breakfast mornings were compered by Neil and went over well, with poetry performed by the

Gippsland Bush Poets and the general public. Claire Van Baalen, Dorothy Watt and Neil McArthur ran a poetry work shop on the Saturday afternoon, with nearly 20 people present, it was a very entertaining and thought provoking couple of hours.

On the Saturday night the Gippsland Bush Poets had a members only BBQ, and the opportunity for members of our club to catch up with Neil one on one. The night was a great social one, where the beer, wine and of course Bush Poetry flowed freely. It does me proud that Neil was so impressed with our club, he decided to become a member. This takes our membership up to 40.

The Gippsland Writers Festival 'written competition' was judged independently by a Ballarat Lecturer in creative writing. The results are:

Open Section (96 entries): 1st Shirley Pearce, Kingston, Tas  
2nd Ross Noble, Maffra, Vic  
3rd Joy Alchin, NSW

Commended: Margaret Armitage, Briagolong, Vic  
Dawn Barr, Swan Reach, Vic  
Peter Thomas, Mt Martha, Vic

Secondary Student (2 entries): Xenia Natalenko  
Primary Student (90 entries)

1st Madeline Smith, Bairnsdale Primary  
2nd Julia Allen, Gutheridge Primary, Sale  
3rd Lani Harris, Bairnsdale Primary

Congratulations to all of the above, and many thanks to all who entered our inaugural competition. I know some of the best poets in Australia entered, and I hope all will enter again next year.

Yours in Poetry, Dennis Carstairs

President — Gippsland Poets

## KY Notes

We had our normal meeting in October and it was well attended. Two of our Poets, Mick Coventry and "Skew Wiff" Watt



travelled to Sydney to record poetry at Sony Music for the "Bush Poet of the Year Award" C.D. All proceeds to Asthma NSW (now available at C.D. outlets.)

And on the 1st November we sponsored the Geoffrey Graham Show at the KY Club. This was his "100 Not Out" show. It was Geoffrey at his best. Very well received by an enthusiastic audience.

On the 14th November Skew Wiff launched his new book "Poor Old Grandad" at the KY Club. (See advert in Product Shelf Page 17.) The Xmas Meeting is at the KY Valley Hall on the 2nd Tuesday of December 11th. All Welcome.

Also our Group has been involved in the local "Federation" celebrations in November. Oh! Yes! Some of our members entertained at the Shepparton Show in October. So you can see we are a busy little lot of Poets.

Grahame "Skew Wiff Watt"  
Kyabram Vic

## The Murrundi Historic Register Inc 2002 Dusty Swag Awards

Written Poetry Competition

Winners announced at our  
Poets Breakfast 3rd March 2002

Entries close 31st January 2002

Entry Fees \$5.00 per entry (no limit on the number of entries).

Theme: Characters of Australia —  
Bush verse

Open Section — Free Verse

Secondary School Section

Primary School Section

Conditions of Entry

Adult — Open and Theme Sections 100 line limit. Secondary School Section 50 lines and Primary School Section 40 lines.

Entries must be own work and should be typed on one side of an A4 page. Author's name should not appear on the page. Please Note that further conditions apply

Enquiries: Paul J. Bannan 03 5797 2625

MHR c/- 7 Vickery Street  
Alexandra 3714

website: <http://gogocities.com/dustyswag/>

Paul J Bannan, Yea Vic

## Man from Snowy River Festival 2002 Thursday 4th — Sunday 7th April Poetry & Bush Music Competition

### 11 Sections & 2,300 Prizemoney

General bush Theme except Jack Riley Award

### All Adult Entries \$5,50 & Closing Date 1st March

Written Original, Junior Written (U17) Original, Original Poem (Own work), Traditional (50 years), Original Song, Yarn (not necessarily original), Juniors (under 17 years)

Banjo Paterson's poem "Man from Snowy River". Entry on tape. Two finalists notified 27th March to perform on Saturday 6th April & Challenge Don Anderson.

Jack Riley Heritage Award Original Poetry/Yarn/Music/Song/Act to be performed. Content to refer specifically to Jack Riley, MFSR poem, or Snowy Mountains/Upper Murray area Clancy's Choice Award best overall entrant. (Points divided by N<sup>o</sup> of Sections entered (at least 3 other sections, best score wins)

One Minute Poem — \$2 on arrival at Festival. Buy a topic, write a poem during Festival & perform on Sunday morning at Banjo's Block.

Second Prizes for all sections courtesy of Cudgewa Hotel — Encouragement awards too!

Enquiries to Jan Lewis 02 6077 4332  
email: [poetfarm@corryongcec.net.au](mailto:poetfarm@corryongcec.net.au)



# Round The Traps



**John McGrath Toyota Country Music Rush  
Festival of Country Music  
16 — 17 March 2002  
Jondaryan Woolshed  
(40 km west of Toowoomba — part of the  
Queensland Heritage Trails Network)**

In conjunction with this event  
**the "Silver Comb"  
Poet Writing Competition**  
will be held — \$2.00 per entry —

Send to P. O. Box 7038,  
Toowoomba Mail Centre 4352

Entries close 28th February 2002

## **IN MEMORIAM Kev Barnes of Millmerran**

With sadness we advise members of the loss of one of our own. Kev passed away on 27 November. This tribute written for Henry Lawson in 1922, somehow seems appropriate for Kevin as well.

### *To A Dead Mate*

*There's many a man who rides to-day  
In the lonely, far out back;  
There's many a man who makes his way  
On a dusty bushland track;  
There's many a man in bush and town  
Who mourns for a good mate gone;  
There are eyes grown sad and heads cast down  
Since Henry has passed on.*

*A mate he was, and a mate to love,  
For mateship was his creed;  
With a strong, true heart and a soul above  
This sad world's sordid greed.  
There's many a man who rides to-day  
Cast down and sore oppressed;  
And thro' the land I hear them say;  
"Pass Henry, to your rest."*

C. J. Dennis

## **The Tamworth "Country Energy" Bush Poetry Competition 2002**

**Featuring  
"The Golden Damper Awards"**

**Tamworth Imperial Hotel  
Cnr Marius & Brisbane Streets, Tamworth**

Heats: 23, 24 25 January 2002

Finals: 26 January 2002

**Two Sections:** Original  
Traditional or Established Works

Cash prizes for winners and finalists plus Golden Damper awards for the winners of each section.

Entry fee \$5 per section

Entry forms available. Send SSAE to  
Jan Morris P. O. Box 1164 Tamworth 2340

Phone 02 6765 7552 (Ah)

## **Meet the Folk at Moomba**



**3.00 pm - 7.00 pm Sunday 17<sup>th</sup> February 2002.**

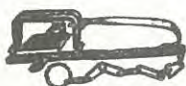
Join Wally Finch, Mark Feldman, Rob Spence and other bush poets for an entertaining afternoon/evening of folk music and bush poetry. Free entry with reasonably priced beverages and home made snacks available.

New faces segment always brings that extra laugh and starts another person on their way.

Moomba Function Centre  
406 Ipswich Road  
Annerley Q 4103

**Phone Anne on 07 3391 3553  
email: moonba@eisa.net.au**





# Round The Traps (Check Page 15 too!)

2002

## The Naked Poets Show

(laugh ya' guts out)

Marco Giori, Murray Hartin, Shirley Friend, Ray Essery,  
Bobby Miller, Pat Drummond and special guests.

**Tamworth Golf Club**

Night shows — 8.00 pm

(All New Show)

Mon 21<sup>st</sup>, Tues 22<sup>nd</sup>, Thurs 24<sup>th</sup>, Fri 25<sup>th</sup>, Sat 26<sup>th</sup>

Tickets — \$16.00

**PLUS**

Lunch Time Shows

11.30 AM

**THE VERY BEST OF THE NAKED POETS**

Mon 21<sup>st</sup>, Tues 22<sup>nd</sup>, Thurs 24<sup>th</sup>, Fri 25<sup>th</sup>

Tickets \$12.00

For Bookings phone 02 67 65 93 93



## ADVANCE NOTICE

### Toowoomba Country Music Breakout

incl. Bush Poets Afternoon Smoko  
Dampier and Billy Tea

Male and Female Competition

**Saturday 9th February 2002**

For information Contact Ron Selby  
P. O. Box 77  
Drayton North Q 4350

### Inaugural Bush Poets Breakfast

in conjunction with

**The Hastings Country Music Club Annual Festival**

Wauchope Country Club  
King Street  
Wauchope NSW 2446

**8.30 am Saturday 9th March 2002**

Compered by Sam Smythe from Kempsey  
Assisted by Coffs Harbour's own  
Ed and Margaret Parmenter

Contact Rod Worthing

**Ph/Fax 02 6581 3161**

July 5th, 6th & 7th  
**Bundaberg Poets' Society Inc.**  
present

### Bundy Bush Poetry Muster 2002

Competitions: Opens, Intermediates, Novices & Under 15s

Entry forms now available send SSAE to:

Muster Committee  
Bundaberg Poets Society Inc  
P. O. Box 4281  
South Bundaberg 4670

Phone Sandy 07 4151 4631, Marylyn 07 4154 1663,  
or Sam 07 4156 1216

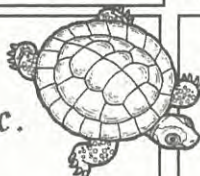
### 2002 Bush Lantern Award

Written Competition for Bush Verse 2002

Entry forms now available send SSAE to:

Mrs Liz Ward  
Bush Lantern Award Co-ordinator  
Bundaberg Poets' Society Inc  
P. O. Box 61  
Mt Perry 4671  
Phone 07 4156 3178

Results announced at Bundy Bush Poetry Muster week-end



If you enjoy Good Times  
Don't miss the

### Towers Bonza Bash 26<sup>th</sup> April — 6<sup>th</sup> May 2002

It's a bottler mate!

See the Finest Australian Bush Poetry  
Workshops, Poets Breakfasts, and Competitions

Enjoy the combined talents of

**Bob Burges** from Cairns

**Tom Maulini** from Innisfail

with **Wally (The Bear) and Mary Finch**  
from Kallangur

The Gold City Bush Poets

would love the pleasure of your company at our

**2002 Festival of Australian Bush Poetry**  
**30th April — 2nd May**

(Come early and stay late for fair dinkum Australian music)

For more information contact

Arthur Rekow

P. O. Box 38

Charters Towers Q 4820

Phone 07 4787 2409



## Definition of Bush Poetry

Australian bush poetry is poetry with good rhyme and metre which is:

- (a) written by an Australian;
- (b) about Australia, its people, places, things, and, way of life.

From the Australian Bush Poetry Association Inc. booklet "Guidelines for Bush Poetry Competitions" approved at our AGM 2001



## Stop Press

I had to share my news with you,  
I had to let you know;  
It rained out here in Eulo and  
The grass began to grow.

There was lightning, there was thunder,  
Lost power for a day,  
A dust storm led the deluge but  
It rained! So that's okay.

The telephone stopped working and  
Our mailman got held up,  
But we cranked the generator —  
Got to see the Melbourne Cup.

The drought received a challenge,  
There are celebrations here,  
For we got some rain in Eulo . . .  
That's five inches for the year!

© Janine Haig, 2001

## 1st Response . . . ?

Hey I know what rain is!  
So don't you call me dumb!  
For sure as my name's Liz,  
I know from where it come!

Read it falls from the sky.  
It can be cold and wet.  
It begs a question "why"  
There's somethin' I don't get.

Heard it rained at Eulo.  
Hey! That is really great!  
Something I don't know though  
Just where is Eulo, Mate?

Feel I shouldn't say that —  
I should just wonder why —  
I'm bound to get some flack.  
Wanting rights of reply . . .

© Liz

## Swan Lake

I went to see a show the uver night  
A corker play — the sheilas were a sight.  
Me little Doreen sed it was Bally  
"Bally" I sez — "The name don't seem to tally"  
Meself I'd say it was a sorter dance.  
Yer should 'ave seen the way them blokes awl  
prance.  
I put me 'and across me Doreen's eyes  
I didn't want 'er lookin' at them guys.  
She's never seen me in me underdraws  
An' what them blokes 'ad called for sum  
applause.  
I sorter gasped and thought it wasn't right  
But when the sheilas came, cor what a sight!  
They wore them funny sorter little skirts.  
Too Toos me Dorren sed — they were too toos  
fer certs.

An' little bits uv stuff above their waists  
They looked a bit too skinny fer me tastes.  
They 'opped around pretendin' they were ducks,  
Skipping round the blokes to chance their lucks.  
"Corpse de Bally they were" me Doreen sed.  
"Corpse", I sed, "They're flamin' well not ded".  
There was a white duck prancin' round in style,  
Then a black wun came and wus she vile!  
I started to get up to yell out "Boo!"  
But Doreen sed "I'll shoot yer if yer do!"  
Seems yer gotter be perlite at Bally  
But me and that blark nark would not be pally.  
They jumped about a sorter pool.  
Yer should 'ave seen the big bloke actin' cool.  
He tossed them ducks up in the air.  
I tell yer I was fair glued to me chair.  
Well, any'ow at last the white duck died  
And I jest put me 'ead down and cried.  
Doreen sed to 'urry fer the bus  
But when I got inside I made fuss.  
Comin' up the street came Ginger Mick,  
I grabbed 'is arm and sed "I'm feelin' sick.  
I saw that lovely white duck fall down ded,  
I reely am upset an seein' red."  
Mick said that lovely white duck was a sheila  
called Pavlova  
An' no way was that Russian's life all over.  
Me Doreen sed the 'ole lot was pretend.  
An' so at last me broken 'eart did mend.

© Alma Thorsteinsen



## Heroes Unsung

Wherever you see them, these creatures so  
grand,  
On a beach, in the bush, or on hot desert sand,  
They stand out so proud, so tall and aloof,  
No fang, no claw, and no cloven hoof.  
Their soft doleful eyes, always half hidden,  
Give all the impression, their friendship's  
forbidden.

© Liz

They're smelly and noisy, and cranky at best,  
But when water is lacking they do the job best.  
Our early explorers couldn't do without those  
Wonderful beasts, led with peg in the nose.  
Across tractless wastes, the early ones clung  
To these ships of the desert, these heroes  
unsung.

Great beasts of burden, for the dry arid heart,  
In opening this country, they played a huge part.  
From building of railway and telegraph line,  
And transporting goods for homestead and  
mine,  
The paths of these slaves crisscrossed our land,  
Always the servant for the work we had  
planned.

Now for a gold coin at market of fête,  
When you ride one of these so serene and  
sedate,  
Give thought to these beasts, in trappings  
designed  
For kids to enjoy, one up front one behind.  
Remind yours gently, that they are heroes  
unsung.

© Des Fisklock (c) 2000  
(See advertisement on page 13)



## Beneath the Faded Word

It sat out in the shearing shed for thirty years  
or more,  
With Cobwebs, dust and binder twine, and  
sheep dung on the floor.  
An old and trusted Lockwood kept is secrets  
from my eyes  
A cabin trunk of leather there since 1945.  
I asked my dad who owned it and what we kept  
it for,  
He replied, "It's Uncle Basil's, that he brought  
back from the war.  
So don't you bloody touch it, or I'll tan your  
bloody hide."  
But that only made me more intrigued to see  
what was inside.  
And I wondered at its mysteries and the secrets  
that were hid,  
Beneath that faded word, "Tobruk" stencilled  
on the lid.

Near Wilcannia, where only hardy cattlemen  
will go,  
Uncle Basil had a station, Baden Park, near  
Ivanhoe,  
A strong and gentle man, who once rode the  
"Birdsville Track"  
Just to prove he wasn't hampered, by shrapnel  
in his back.

So I stood alone and weighed it up; which would  
I decide,  
Should I leave the memories undisturbed, or  
take a look inside?  
I knew I had to take a look, to see what it'd  
hold.  
Medals? Spoils from the — guns or jewels or  
gold?

The old man went off fishin' of a Sunday with  
Bob Grey.  
So if I was gonna do it — that would have to be  
the day  
I started out determined — I was done by ten  
past two  
With half a broken hacksaw blade, I cut the  
padlock through  
But even as I opened it, the truth was plain and  
clear,  
The old trunk held no gold or jewels, there was  
no treasure here.  
Just a pile of letters tied with string, an old moth-  
eaten flag,  
A rusty metal helmet, a mouldy webbing bag,  
A cup made from a jam tin, an emu feathered  
hat,  
A newspaper clipping with the title "Desert  
Rat",  
Some photos of the pyramids — a rusty  
bayonet,  
An IOU — Jack Carmody — 2 quid ( a 2-up  
bet),  
I folded out a faded map as day began to wane  
Foreign places like Benghazi, Tobruk,  
El Alamein.

Then I came upon a satchel and a little leather  
book  
And a photo of some young blokes — so I took  
a closer look.  
It was twenty young recruits, their faces tanned  
and worn  
From places like Cohuna, Moama and  
Bamawm.  
Farmers, shearers, stockmen off to fight a  
noble war,  
For the Empire in a foreign land they'd never  
seen before,  
And scrawled across the bottom, in writing  
rough and course  
Twenty names below the words, the Echuca  
Boys — Light Horse.

I turned the photo over, and there upon the back  
Were words that sent a chill through me, and  
made my mouth go slack.  
A solemn list of twenty — the fate of each the  
same  
Every one but Uncle Basil had a date beside  
their name.  
Some said April '43, some said June/July.  
A record from our history, the date that each  
had died.  
I turned back to the photo and looked in every  
face  
And written each one was a month, a year, a  
place.  
A grinning sun-bronzed face, each now with a  
name  
Like November 1943 — the words El Alamein.

I wonder — did they think, as they sailed across  
the foam  
That amongst them only one — Uncle Basil  
would come home?  
Recorded in this little book — an' I remember  
to this day —  
A record of their actions and how each had  
passed away  
A mortar shell out on patrol; a sniper in the  
night;  
A landmine took ones legs off — he died  
before first light.  
The death of each was brutal, the reality was  
stark —  
40 pages written there. I finished just on dark.

I slowly closed that record of the men who kept  
us free  
And turned to see my father, standing watch-  
ing silently.  
He didn't do his block, as expected that he  
would.  
He just said, "Come on pack it up, I reckon that  
we should."  
So with love and care we packed away the  
treasures from the past,  
When I came across the photograph — it was  
put aside till last,  
And with new respect and love — I recorded  
there his fate,  
Next to Uncle Basil I wrote April '68.  
Yeah, Dad and I we packed it up and put it back  
again  
And wrapped it in a bit of tarp to keep it from  
the rain.  
We never spoke about it or discussed what I  
had read  
I reckon that was his way, to respect those  
blokes long dead.

There's a statue of a digger in most every  
country town,  
And a list of names of locals, who fought with  
great renown,  
And now, when I go by, I remember what I read  
Sitting on the floor out there, in our old  
shearing shed  
And I think of Uncle Gordon, lost somewhere  
on Ambon,  
Uncle Jack on the Kokoda, and in England,  
Uncle John.  
I remember still that photo, with sadness and  
remorse,  
That mob of grinning faces, the Echuca boys,  
Light Horse.

In a cemetery near Ivanhoe lies a bloke whose  
left his mark  
Basil Thomas, of Echuca, Tobruk and Baden  
Park.

© Peter Thomas



## Whispers of the Past

I wanted to write me a bush-verse,  
— I'm almost addicted to them —  
But I found I lacked the right background  
For my pen to produce such a gem.  
For suddenly as I sat writing,  
My lines seemed to fade clean away,  
And a memory stirred that was hidden between  
Of a small country's Crisp Autumn day.

What I wrote was a song from my childhood,  
Where the whirr of the windmills leapt time;  
With a far different tone to its music,  
A much sadder note to its rhyme.

I searched for some fresh inspiration,  
Read Lawson and Paterson too;  
They showed me the past and its struggles,  
The backbreaking plight of the few.  
But as I was reading their verses  
The themes of my youth filtered in  
I smelled the fine tang of the heather,  
Felt a bitter sweet yearning begin.

And the scenes became songs of my childhood,  
With the lyrics etched deep in my soul,  
When my footsteps would pace out the rhythms  
On the cobblestones I used to stroll.

Your bards told of mountains and rivers,  
Of brolgas that dance on the plains.  
Of young spring-time growth in the valleys,  
And life-giving monsoonal rains.  
They wrote about fierce floods and fires,  
Of bushrangers everyone feared,  
The bullockies, shearers and swagmen  
And the yarns that — with them — disappeared.

But deep down inside mists were swirling  
On the low-lying fields I once knew,  
Where the willows stood guard at the ditches,  
With the cattle near hidden from view.

They write of the rush to the gold-fields  
Where fortunes are lost as they're made,  
And tell of the slow rate of progress  
When early foundations are laid.  
Then — later — when shadows grow longer  
And mirages of riches are gone,  
They speak with the pride of a nation,  
That was so reluctantly won.

Still the Pictures I see are the memories  
Of pine forests dressed in pure white,  
And of dreamy, long summery evenings  
When the skies were aflame with the light.

But for now as I read distant verses  
That are written by poets so fine,  
I feel that their roots are beginning  
To be interwoven with mine.  
I can still hear the whispers of childhood,  
And my heart can still treasure the past,  
But the new songs I hear of this country  
I can truthfully call mine at last.

© Corry de Haas, January 1991



## The Christmas (Melbourne) Cup

*I was too late for the Melbourne Cup. So I thought that I would combine Christmas and the Cup.*

The field is at the barrier  
for the Christmas Cup this year,  
The "Polar Bear" goes in now,  
followed by Santa's "Deer".

"White Boomer" is fighting fit today,  
"Candles" is looking trim,  
"A Christmas Carol" is settling down,  
to be ridden by Tiny Tim.

"St Nicholas" and "Holly",  
are in barriers eight and nine,  
"Pudding" is slightly over-weight,  
and "Turkey" is looking fine.

"They're off!" the Christmas Party roared,  
"They're coming into sight,  
A "Christmas Carol" leads the field,  
followed by "Silent Night".

"White Boomer" now is rounding up,  
"Polar Bear" is on his tail,  
"Christmas Stocking" is hanging up,  
and "Holly's" on the rail.

"St. Nicholas" is moving up  
as they turn into the straight,  
There's "Polar bear" and "Turkey"  
and "Candles" burning late.

When down the outside rail  
comes "Santa" and his "Deer"  
"Jingle Bells" is flying  
and the crowd lets out a cheer."

Who won the race? Well no one knows?  
It was left to three wise men,  
They pondered and they pondered,  
and pondered once again.

They finally named a winner,  
and the crowd as one arose,  
The winner was a reindeer,  
It was "Rudolph" by a nose.

© "Skew Wiff" Watt

## Star Struck

Hundred thousand million stars,  
Planets, Pluto, Neptune, Mars,  
Jupiter of mighty girth,  
Mercury, Uranus, Earth,  
Saturn, Venus, Moon and Sun,  
Shining down on everyone.

Twinkle, PISCES, pair of fish,  
LIBRA, balanced double-dish,  
Crab of CANCER, high and dry,  
Mirror twins of GEMINI,  
Awesome TAURUS, mighty bull,  
Ave\* VIRGO, beautiful.

Twinkle Lion King, LEO,  
Beware, scary SCORPIO,  
Archer, SAGITTARIUS,  
Waterboy, AQUARIUS,  
ARIES ram, hard nut to crack,  
Horoscopes and Zodiac.

Twinkled once upon a time,  
Perfect star on Palestine,  
Three Wise men came from afar,  
Following that lovely star  
Twinkle proudly CAPRICORN . . .  
CHRISTMAS DAY and CHRIST IS BORN!

\* "Ave" is Latin for "Hello" because the  
Romans couldn't say "G'day".

© Tom Stonham 1999



## The Sounds Of Summer

We hear the sounds of summer around us  
everywhere,

We listen to the voices day by day;  
The chorus of cicadas in loud and constant song,  
And birds who join to gladly have their say.

The waves upon the beaches, the children on  
the sand,  
Their laughter as they play around the pool.  
The pleasure and excitement as books are put  
away,  
For holidays have started, no more school.

The buzz in shopping centres as shoppers come  
and go,  
With lovely Christmas music bringing joy.  
The tread of tiring footsteps, a mother's weary  
sigh  
While Santa talks to every girl and boy.

The bells from churches ringing, they say "Just  
stop a while  
And feel the sounds of silence in your heart.  
Remember this is Christmas, God gave His gift  
of love  
For you to know, to share, to have a part."

Around us sirens sounding, the whole state  
seems on fire,  
Those roaring flames that overwhelm with  
fears.  
The timber, pasture, houses lie blackened, burnt,  
destroyed,  
There's stories told with voices close to tears.

We hear the rumbling thunder that heralds  
coming storms,  
The beating on the roof of falling rain.  
The steady drone of tractors with the harvest in  
full swing,  
And trucks and trains that carry golden grain.

The bright and happy greetings of family and  
friends,  
A radio, a telephone, a call  
To help someone in trouble, to lend a listening  
ear.  
The sounds of summer, these are for us all.



© Joyce Alchin

## Christmas Day

'Twas the morning of Christmas and all through  
the house  
There was laughter and noise, 'cause the cat  
got that mouse!  
The children had long since got out of their beds,  
Christmas presents and food foremost in their  
heads.

Now mother and I from our slumber did wake,  
We really don't know how much noise we can  
take.  
Then out in our lounge I heard such a clatter  
I sprang from my bed to see what was the  
matter!

Sunlight through the windows lit up the whole  
place,  
The kids and the dog were all playing chase!  
The what with my sleepy eyes did I see,  
But the stereo busted, and so the TV!

The tree it had fallen, and crashed to the floor,  
It's flickering lights flickered no more.  
The cat was impaled by the star from the tree,  
Her eyes had rolled back, and she looked crook  
to me!

The soot from the chimney covered the hearth,  
The kids they blamed Santa, 'cause that was  
his path.  
Egg nog and cake crumbs now staining the rug,  
Me best plate was broken and so was me mug!

I called out to Mother, "Come look at this  
mess!"  
"Like hell!" She replied, "Not in my new dress!"  
So off to the kitchen, the breakfast to cook,  
It's bacon and eggs, but for lunch we'll have  
chook!

Now feasting is over, we've cleaned up the  
mess,  
And Mother looks nice, in her brand new dress.  
The kids went next door to spread Christmas  
Cheer,  
So I grabbed the esky, and drank all the beer!

I was on the verandah when she saw my plight,  
Better sober up quick, 'cause I don't need a  
fight.

I mentioned how nice she looked in her dress,  
But she'd gone and changed, boy, was I in a  
mess!

So sprang to my feet, to the dog gave a whistle,  
But to her it meant nothing, like the down on a  
thistle.

And I heard her exclaim as she slammed the  
door tight,  
"I thank you for Christmas, but you'll stay out  
tonight!"

Now I banged on the door, yellin', "Hang on a  
tick,"

Then she called me a name, and it wasn't Saint  
Nick!

So I guess I'll just sit here and suffer me pain,  
And I suppose that next Christmas, I'll do it  
again!

© Kev J Barnes



## The Antipodean Pagan

"Oh Krismus is for kiddies", thus he piously  
intones.

While stocking up with beer and wine and grub  
and, maybe, cones.

He smiles in anticipation of the coming  
"Krismus" treat

Like warbling "Winter wonderland in searing  
summer heat

And singing songs of sleigh bells where the  
snow was never seen

And any heathen legend wouldn't be quite so  
obscene

As guzzling pud and turkey while the  
temperatures soaring

Then collapsing as from every pore the  
perspiration's pouring.

I tried to point out to him that the scholars sagely  
say

That Jesus wasn't born in winter. There was  
not a way

That shepherds kept their flocks in fields in  
freezing cold December.

It was the time for taxing by the Romans, you  
remember,

And they were not quite fools enough  
expecting flock to travel

In winter's stark conditions and on roads of  
roughest gravel.

The wise men didn't visit Him till He was nearly  
two

And living in a house as Matthew Two explains  
to you.

The scholars know what time of year when  
every coorse of priest

Their duties in the temple kept, and there was  
not the least

Degree of doubt that He was born (your  
patience thus permitting)

September on Atonement Day: so faithful, apt,  
and fitting.

And every Yultide custom is as pagan as can be  
(I'd shock you if I told you all about the  
"Krismus" tree).

I tried to tell him all of this. Alas, he wasn't  
listenin'.

He's living in a dream world; thinking what he  
does is Christian.

© Ken Hood

## Hot Air Rises

I think I've worked it out,  
why windbags make the grade,  
why out of such verbosity  
are politicians made.

To me the reason seems quite clear  
(You can tell me if its not)  
HOT . . . AIR . . . RISES!  
that's how they make the top!

© Sandra Binns

## Christmas in the Outback

Christmas in the Outback  
Oh what a sight to see  
CHRISTMAS BELLS and waratahs,  
Koalas up the tree.  
CHRISTMAS in the OUT BACK  
Feeling's something grand  
The magpies joyous carolling  
Drifts across the land.

CHRISTMAS in the OUTBACK  
The sky so blue above  
Everywhere there's happiness  
As GOD sends down HIS love  
No snow or ice is glistening  
Across the wide brown land  
But warm, gold days of summer  
Heralded by a locust band.

No reindeer pulling his sleigh  
As SANTA calls around  
Instead we hear the horses hooves  
As they gallop o'er the ground  
Yes CHRISTMAS in the OUTBACK  
Has a charm all of its own  
No matter from which land you came  
You're welcome in our home.

Yes CHRISTMAS in the OUTBACK  
Still has the HOLY STAR,  
And GOD still sends HIS blessing  
No matter where we are.

© June Lal Nov 1996

## Christmas Time

Last year Christmas was cancelled among our  
family.

Within weeks both our mothers died, no  
Christmas cheer.

Almost a year has past, I took out the cards to  
write.

My two dearest friends — no longer here.

Does the pain of loss and emptiness go?  
Christmas looms, I envy the happy smiles  
My old mate, has just had heart surgery.  
Together we have travelled many miles.

My eldest daughter is very unwell.  
Her much loved dog has cancer, no end in sight.  
Must write those Christmas cards, cheerful like.  
Both my daughter and her dog must fight.

Ah! Christmas is not a happy time,  
For the lonely, the poor, and the sick.  
I whisper to myself, be strong, they need your  
strength.

Step outside yourself, be positive, be calm,  
that's the trick!

Christmas looms, sweet carols fill the air.  
Bright decorations, sparkling trees, coloured  
lights.

We'll pull ourselves up 'by our boot straps'  
And, yep, we will 'hit the heights'.

To all those, who at this time are better off,  
And yes there are those worse off as well.  
We will unite, in a mind boggling Christmas  
For I'm sure, we have just struck a rough spell!

© Geraldine King

## Santa I'm Here

Milling around the Christmas tree  
With other girls and boys  
I saw Santa give the kids  
Lots of lovely toys.

The other orphan kids were  
Having a wonderful time  
With their gifts from Santa,  
But oh, dear, where was mine?

Maybe I'd been naughty  
It's really hard to know.  
But Mummy, he forgot me.  
Oh, why did you have to go?

© Mavis Appleyard

## Can you help?

Mrs C McInnes Jambin Qld is seeking a  
poem called "Dogger Fry". It's about a dog  
trapper travelling with his horses. Pursued  
by Aborigines he poisoned himself when he  
could go no further. Please contact me if you  
can help. We'll publish if possible.

Liz



## The Joy of Christmas

It will soon be Christmas, and hearts will be gay

As families gather for Christmas Day,  
Kin-folk will travel from far and near  
Who have not been together for almost a year.  
And mothers will shop and cook and plan  
To have all in readiness for the clan.

Excitement is rising, and eager faces  
Reveal, there are secrets in all sorts of places.  
There are golf clubs hidden up in the ceiling,  
And parcels wrapped with shapes all revealing.

Father has something locked in the shed,  
And don't dare look under anyone's bed.

There are all kinds of goodies stashed away,  
That folk have gathered along the way.  
The children, too, have spent all they had  
On something special for Mum and Dad.  
And now they wait, with impatient delight,  
For Santa to come on Christmas Eve night.

The decorations have all been done.  
That's been a joint effort for everyone,  
With lights and tinsel, and baubles galore,  
A nativity scene, and a wreath on the door,  
And streamers, balloons and mistletoe,  
And children's stockings hung in a row.

It would not be Christmas without a tree,  
With a star on top for all to see.  
As a symbol of that star so bright,  
Which shone in the sky on the first Christmas night,  
And which proclaimed to all on earth,  
The message on our Saviour's birth.

This is the Festive Season, when joy and love abound,  
The postman's bag is heavy as he makes his daily round,  
With packages and letters, and greeting cards which say,  
That friends are thinking of us in a very special way.  
And on each card there is a verse, sent to bring good cheer  
For a Merry Christmas, and a wonderful year.

© Maxine Ireland



## "Teddy"

Teddy Bear Dusty, Teddy Bear torn . . .  
Teddy Bear wishing he'd never been born.  
Teddy forgotten, Teddy outgrown . . .  
Just dust and darkness, unloved, all alone.

Aching, heart-breaking scenes filled his head,  
Teddy and Timmy, together, in bed.  
Playing, pretending, laughter, pure joy . . .  
Teddy had so loved that dear little boy.

Teddy was crying, (what do you expect?)  
Teddies are tough, but they'll cry . . . from neglect . . .

Down in the cellar, wanted no more . . .  
Then faint from above "Ding-Dong", the front door.

"Good morning, Ma'am, my name is "Sam"  
And me and "Happy" here,  
Are magic gnomes, we call on homes  
About this time of year.

"We come of course, from Santa Claus,  
For toys both sick and old.  
We wash them, mend them, then we send them  
To Santa Claus, North Pole.

Dolls, funny frogs, stuffed ducks and dogs  
Who but for us would die . . .  
And, here and there, a Teddy Bear . . .  
We save them all . . . or . . . try."

Teddy heard footsteps coming downstairs,  
But nobody visits old, sick Teddy Bears.  
His sight was so dim from tears in his eyes,  
When they lifted Teddy, he gr-r-rowled, in his surprise.

© Tom Stonham 1965



## Santa's Prang

Around the bush stories are told  
in voices so often hushed  
when Santa years ago was bold  
but he had his ego crushed.

You see Australia's bush is very vast  
and Santa was running late.  
How could his sleigh go extra fast  
what scheme could he contemplate.

Then in his mind he hatched a plan  
to speed over desert dunes.  
And so he fed each reindeer bran  
mixed up with laxettes and prunes.

This diet was the reason why  
his team at speeding excelled.  
They shot across the Aussie sky  
each reindeer was jet propelled.

They cruised along fast and level.  
High over Sturt's desert they flew  
where up rose a wiley devil  
to challenge that Christmas crew.

The willy willy caused a spin  
the mighty sleigh did tumble.  
It hit the ground with such a din  
for miles they heard the rumble.

The wayward sleigh it changed the land  
across the desert it did streak.  
It dug a gash across the sand  
now known as Cooper's Creek.

It gouged the site for great Lake Eyre  
and caused many other changes  
by pushing soil with style and flair  
it formed the Flinders Ranges.

Bushies always keen to fettle  
came from miles around  
to collect bits of broken metal  
they found lying on the ground.

Now across the bushland hills and dells  
if you listen at your ease  
windmill blades whistle Jingle bells  
as their sleigh bits catch the breeze.

© Maurie O'Brien 2000

## Christmas in Australia

It's Christmas in Australia  
Summer sings her warm refrain  
perhaps the greatest thing Santa could bring  
Would be a cool welcome drop of rain.

Cicada's drone from their tree top homes

Insects hum and croon  
While cheeky Kookaburras call  
Their happy laughing tune.

The sunbeats down, on dry parched ground  
Where sheep and cattle graze  
As the colour of the ranges  
Turn blue through the distant haze.

There may be scenes of ice and snow  
From our coast to the far outback  
But the scent and sight of beautiful gum blossom white  
Surely compensates for that.

Now a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year

I pray all your troubles be small  
And may the good angels above, send down their love

Like a rainbow over all — Here in Australia.

© Bob Skelton (aka)  
The Minmi Magster 2001  
minmimagster@hotmail.com



## The Meaning of Christmas

Remember those wonderful Christmas Eve nights,  
 When shops were all open and filled with delights.  
 When the streets were so crowded we scarcely could walk,  
 And police moved us on when we stopped to talk.

When people were rich, though they'd little to spend,  
 For it cost very little to please a friend.  
 Just a small box of hankies, or a nice cake of soap,  
 And we were all happy and full of good hope.

And Santa was someone kids thought of in awe,  
 So they were never naughty for they knew that he saw  
 Everything that they did, be it wrong or right.  
 And Santa would come on Christmas Eve night.

So they plucked chooks, washed dishes and helped with the chores,  
 And polished the handles on all the doors,  
 And Mum did the baking, and Dad chopped the wood,  
 And everyone pitched in and did what they could.

And the Christmas tree smelt as a Christmas tree should,  
 It wasn't plastic, but real live wood,  
 And the trimmings were saved from year to year.  
 Remember the meaning of Christmas Cheer?

What has happened to us that we're so blasé,  
 Have we lost the meaning of Christmas Day?  
 We grumble that Christmas costs such a lot  
 But do we appreciate what we've got?

So let us think of what we have lost;  
 And stop thinking of Christmas as just the cost,  
 And remember the days of faith and hope,  
 And a small box of hankies and a nice cake of soap.

© Maxine Ireland



## Notice

### The National Bush Poetry Championships 2002

will be at

### Yarrowonga-Mulwala

17th, 18th 19 May 2002

Enquiries

Yarrowonga-Mulwala Tourism

P. O. Box 190

Yarrowonga Vic 3730

Phone 03 5744 1989

## Call to Poets at Tamworth

Poets wishing to take part in the activities at the City Bowling Club

Please contact

Carol Reffold

03 9740 4868

or

0413 080 095

please send bios  
 payment = show share

## Last Chance Sale

Special offer extended to 31.12.01



\$10 including postage for four copies of back issues 3, 4, 5, and, 6 of the ABPA Annual. The 7<sup>th</sup> Annual is available for \$3.00 per copy.

Postage of \$1.00 will post up to 4 copies.

The 8th Annual will be available at Tamworth

Please Contact Rosemary Baguley,  
 Treasurer,  
 22/12 Taurus Rd  
 Capalaba Q 4157.

## Notice



### The National Bush Poetry Championships 2003

will be decided at our AGM at Tamworth

Please forward submissions  
 To our Acting Secretary

Ron Selby

P. O. Box 77

Drayton North Qld 4350

by 10th January 2002



The Australian Bush Poets Association Inc

## Eighth Annual will be available at Tamworth.

Don't miss out on your copy of a collection of great poems submitted by members especially for this publication.

Poems from our Newsletter aren't included.

Remember some back issues are still available. See above



The Australian Bush Poets Association Inc

## Please help

We get many request for dates and other details of future events.

We'd gladly pass them on if we knew them.

Starting next month (if enough information is received) we will publish a calendar of what's coming a up, where and when.

Organisers please send us details as early as you can —

Information on Tamworth is ultra urgent

Liz

This poem is based on a true story published in a book written by Father Frank Mecham, who is a nephew of the priest in the poem. The area — the upper Murray. The year — 1911.



## The Man from Snowy River Meets the Bard

A message came to Albury that in the mountains high,  
A man was asking for a priest, in fear that he would die  
Up in those rugged ranges where there was no priest to find.  
A visit from a Man of God would rest his weary mind.  
The Parish priest in Albury only had a horse to ride,  
That trip would take him many days, there was no time to bide.  
He sent instead a younger priest, who drove a Renault car,  
At speeds of twenty miles an hour, the hills would not be far.  
But tracks were rough and narrow so the progress made was slow,  
Jingellic took him half a day, nearly fifty miles to go.  
The young priest showed an eagerness, to drive on through the night,  
Although the way was dangerous, the car headlights were bright.  
He asked a local at the pub to be his guiding crew,  
The bloke said, "I'd go with you, but I know we'd not get through."  
Reluctantly he stayed the night, and at first glimpse of day  
Continued up the mountain track, the peaks still far away.  
Creek crossings were quite treacherous, the Renault struggled through  
As though it knew how urgent was, the task it had to do.  
The priest would ask at ev'ry shack, about the stockman's hut  
But none knew of it's whereabouts, "It must be further up."  
Those stony twisting tracks were steep, the pace was but a crawl,  
around every turn a precipice cajoled a fatal fall.  
At Bringenbrong the same reply, "He must be further on."  
The sun was sinking in the west, daylight

would soon be gone.

And a Khancoban they'd not heard of that old stockman's plight,  
"If he be up at Hickey's hut, best get there fore the night."  
'Twas there he found Jack Riley, who by now was gravely ill,  
His mates brought him forty miles, from back the furthest hill.  
The priest gave him "The Blessing", as his prospects were not bright,  
The old man rested peacefully and slept on through the night.

His mates were sitting 'round the fire and spinning yarns with flair,  
The priest recited "Banjo's poem", then silence filled the air  
"What have I said?" the young priest asked,  
"That was a gallant ride."  
A mate who pointed at the door, said, "That's the 'The Man' inside."  
This revelation startled him, 'twas hard to understand,  
That frail old stockman in the hut was famed throughout the land.

Next day old Jack felt better, and with mates all standing by,  
They talked of must'ring brumbies, and a gleam came to his eye.  
When questioned 'bout "Regret's young colt", he pondered for a while,  
"Yeah, that colt was really something and he put us to the test,  
But my hardy mountain pony challenged him to do his best."

Jack Riley lived for three more years, his spirit now still rides,  
His grave you'll find at Corryong by Snowy Mountain sides.  
"The Man from Snowy River" in the mountains loved to roam,  
"The Man", "The Banjo" wrote about, who brought the brumbies home,  
The priest was Patrick Hartigan, whose literary incline,  
Gave us the famous poet we now know as John O'Brien.

© Jim Angel, Winner of the Jack Riley Heritage Award Section MFSR Festival 2001

**Don't forget Membership Fees are due from 31st December 2001.**

**That's \$25 for the whole year**

**Remember only financial members can vote at our AGM**



**Thank You to everyone who contributed to making this newsletter possible**

Joyce Alchin	June Lal
Trish Anderson	Joan Lane
Jim Angel	Sandy Lees
Mavis Appleyard	Jan Lewis
Rosemary Baguley	Barb Macdermid
Paul Bannan	Jan Morris
Kev Barnes	Maurie O'Brien
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Ken Hood	Peter Thomas
Maxine Ireland	Alma Thorsteinsen
Max Jarrott	Viv Ledlie
Norma Jeffries	Liz Ward
Graeme Johnson	Grahame Watt
Denis Kevans	Rod Worthing
Geraldine King	

And a special big thank you to the Phantom — you know who you are

### APOLOGY

Due to such an overwhelming response to this Christmas edition, even with extra pages added, there was not enough space to fit in all great poetry submitted. Unfortunately, some very good poems had to be left out. Please accept our apologies. Some poetry submitted and/or promised for this month has been held over for January.

While we do not want to put restrictions on poetry published your assistance is asked by giving consideration to the following.

Rhyme and metre — our Association has no problem with other forms of poetry it's just that we don't do them. Kindly refer to the definition on Page 8.

Length — we don't want to dictate set lengths but ask for your co-operation as printing costs dictate the size of our newsletter. Avoid epics please.



# Product Shelf

Advertising fees in this section are \$5.00 for two months. What a bargain, hey? To advertise your products please contact the Editor, 56 Orchid Avenue, Kallangur Q 4503. Advertisers please note the small numbers on the bottom right of your advertisement indicates the date of your last paid insert, e.g. "01/02" etc. which in this case means January 2002. Please tell the Editor if it's incorrect.

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02/02



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01/02

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02/02



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Net proceeds from the sale of this anthology are donated to Operation Smile Australia Limited, a charitable organisation which helps children from developing countries with craniofacial deformities.

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 Alexandra Hills Q 4161

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01/02



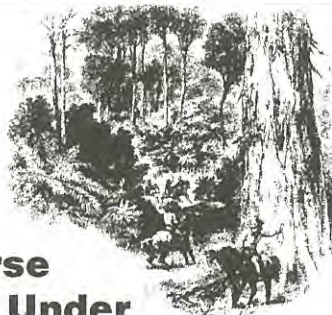
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08/02



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12/01



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03/02



# Regular Monthly Events

Take these pages with you on your holiday.  
If you're passin' through  
call in and say G'day)



## Queensland

Every Wednesday	Writers in Townsville	7.30 pm	Hodel Room, City Library, Thuringowa, Phil Heang	07 4773 4223
Every Wednesday	Matilda Country Caravan Park	7.00 pm	Winton — Pinki & her Pee Wee Poets	
1st Sunday	North Pine Bush Poets Group	9.00 am	Dad 'n' Dave's Billy Tea & Damper	
			North Pine Country Park	07 3285 2845 or 07 3886 1552
1st Wednesday	Kilcoy Unplugged	7.00 pm	Kilcoy Gardens Restaurant	Graham 07 5497 1045 (gold coin entry)
1st Thursday	Red Kettle Folk Club	8.30 pm	Mapleton Hotel, Mapleton	Jacqi Bridle 07 5478 6263
1st Friday	Point of view Cafe	7.00 pm	Main Road Wellington Point	Rob 0419 786 269
1st Saturday	Poets & Musicians @ Eumundi	a.m.	Courtyad Rob's Bakery Eumundi Markets	Elizabeth 07 5449 1991
2nd Thursday	Golden Pen Poets	7.00 pm	Old Gympie Town Hall, Gympie	Phil Morrison 07 4773 4223
2nd Saturday	Bundaberg Poets Society Inc	1.30 pm	Orange Hall Targo St Bundaberg	Jim 07 4152 9624 or Sandy 07 4151 4631 Marilyn 4154 1663.
2nd Saturday	Sunshine Coast Poets	8.00 am	Nostalgia Town, Pacific Paradise	Rod 07 5448 7155 or Wally 07 3886 0747
3rd Sunday	Lairs, Larrikins & Liars	10.30 am	Jalla's Café, 95 Archer St, Woodford	Mark Feldman 0407 625 408 or 07 5496 1157
3rd Sunday	North Pine Bush Poets Group	9.00 am	Dad 'n' Dave's Billy Tea & Damper	
			North Pine Country Park	07 3285 2845 or 07 3886 1552
3rd Monday	Poets in the Park	7.30 pm	Cafe on the Park, Shorncliffe	Anne 07 3869 1282
3rd Wednesday	Kilcoy Unplugged	7.00 pm	Kilcoy Gardens Restaurant	Graham 07 5497 1045 (gold coin entry)
4th Thursday	Golden Pen Poets	7.00 pm	Old Gympie Town Hall, Gympie	Phil Morrison 07 4773 4223
4th Saturday	Sunshine Coast Poets	8.00 am	Nostalgia Town, Pacific Paradise	Rod 07 5448 7155 or Wally 07 3886 0747

## New South Wales

Every Tuesday	Poets & Writers on the Tweed	1.30 pm	Meeting Room Tweed Heads Library	
			Cnr Wharf & Brett Sts	Lorraine Richards 07 5590 9395
1st Tuesday	Tugarah Lakes Poetry Group	7.00 pm	The Entrance Leagues Club	
			3 Bay Village Rd Bateau Bay	Joan 02 4332 5318 or Judy 02 4388 5972
1st Thursday	North by Northwest Poetry and Folk Club	7.30 pm	Cornucopia Café (grounds Old Gladesville Hospital off Punt Road - Follow the signs)	Graeme Johnson 02 9874 7653 or Jenny Carter 02 9887 or 0412 222 690
2nd Monday	Parakeet's Poets	7.00 pm	Parakeets Cafe Katoomba St Katoomba	Denis Kevans 02 4757 3119
2nd Tuesday	Hunter Bush Poets	7.00 pm	Tarro Hotel Anderson Dr Tarro	Bob Skelton 02 4953 2751
2nd Wednesday	Dorrigo Mountain Top Poets	7.00 pm	April, June, August, October	Murray 02 6657 2139
2nd Thursday	Tamworth Poetry Reading Grp	8.00 pm	2/8 Illoura St Tamworth	Keith 02 6766 4164 or Maureen 02 6765 6067
2nd Friday	Pheasants Hut Folk Club		Bundeena	Yuri 02 9527 0955 or 0419 412 093
2nd Friday	The Monaro Leisure Club	7.00 pm	Vale St Cooma Bush Poetry & Country Music	Elaine 02 6454 3128
2nd Sunday	"Interludes" Ashfield Civic Centre		Ashfield	Joyce dempsey 02 9797 7575
3rd Friday	Junee Bush Poets Group	7.30 pm	Junee Community Centre	Brian Beasley P O Box 82 Junee 02 6924 1317
3rd Saturday	Poets in the Making Performance Workshop	12.00 — 4.00 pm	Liverpool Library 170 George Street, Liverpool	David Price 02 9825 0402
2nd last Monday	The Mid Coast Sundowners —		In a different private home each month. For more information please phone	Reid 02 6554 9788 or Phil 02 6552 6389
4th Tuesday	Grafton Live Poets Society	7.30 pm	Poets in the Pub Roches Hotel	Bill Kearns 02 6642 2772
4th Tuesday	Wollondilly Regional FAW Writers	7.30 pm	Picton Hotel, Argyle Street, Picton	Vince 02 4684 1704
4th Wednesday	Inverell Wednesday Writers	7.30 pm	Empire Hotel	Ida Morse 02 6722 2425
4th Thursday	Queanbeyan Bush Poets		Poet's Lane Queanbeyan	David Meyers 02 6286 1891
Last Tuesday	Spaghetti Poetry Group —	Dinner 6.30 pm, Poetry 7.30 pm —	Gee Wong Restaurant 197 Main St Gosford	Bob or Ester Sennett 02 4325 2590
Last Thursday	Writers on the River	7.00 pm	Caddies Coffee Shop 2-3 Castlereagh St Penrith	Brian Bell 02 4739 2219
Last Friday	Kangaroo Valley Folk Music Club		Bush Poets Welcome	Carl Leddy re venue 02 4465 1621
Last Saturday	Australian Christian Writers Hunter Div Baptist Church Hall	1.30 - 4.00 pm		J Bray 11 Rhodes Pde Windemere Park 2264
Every 2 months on	2nd Saturday Compucopia Café Poets & Folkies Get Together Old Gladesville Hospital Grounds			Jenny Carter 02 9887 or 0412 222 690 or Graeme Johnson 02 9874 7653
2nd Saturday Oct	Poets in the Club 13 October	1.00 - 4.00 pm		Urunga Golf Club Maureen 02 6568 5269
Every 3 months	Poetic Folk		24 Finisteree Ave Whalan 2770	"Arch" Bishop 02 9625 7245



# Regular Monthly Events

(Continued)



## Victoria

Monthly	Top of the Murray Poets & Bush Story Tellers	Cooyong	Jan Lewis 02 6077 4332
1st Monday	Kyabram & District Verse Group	7.30 pm Kyabram Fauna Park	Mick Coventry 035852 2097
Every 2nd month			
Thursday			
Every 6 weeks	Gippsland Bush Poets	7.30 pm Rosedale Hotel	Dennis Cartairs 03 5145 6128

## South Australia

3rd Wednesday	South Australian Bush Poets	7.30 pm Alma Pub Long Room Willunga	Maurie O'Brien 08 8326 8788
Last Tuesday	Whyalla Writers Group		Colby Maddigan 08 8645 1771

## Western Australia

1st Friday	WA Bush Poets & YarnSpinners	7.30 pm Raffles Hotel Canning Bridge	Rusty Christensen 08 9364 4491
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*These notices are included free of charge. Any group wishing to be included please contact the Editor. If any mistakes slip by the Editor and our proof reader please tell us so we can correct them for next time.*

## Regular Events

This page is an experiment. Anyone who wishes their regular event promoted in this way it can be arranged for a modest fee. Samples selected at random

**Sunshine Coast Bush Poets**  
at  
**NOSTALGIA TOWN**



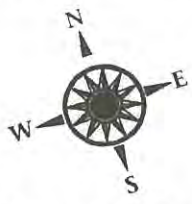
596 David Low Way  
Pacific Paradise  
Sunshine Coast Qld

**Brekky & Open Microphone**  
8.00 am 2<sup>ND</sup> & 4<sup>TH</sup> Saturday of the month

**Free Admission**  
**Superb Tucker at great prices**

Bring your latest poem and have a go  
or just sit back and enjoy

**Ph 07 5448 7155 or 07 3886 0747**



**North by Northwest  
Poetry and Folk Club**

7.30 pm 1st Thursday of the month

**Cornucopia Café**  
(in the grounds of Old Gladesville Hospital  
off Punt Road - Follow the signs)

Graeme Johnson **02 9874 7653** or  
Jenny Carter **02 9887 1856**  
or **0412 222 690**

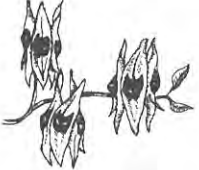


7.30 pm 1st Monday  
every 2nd month

**Kyabram & District  
Verse Group**

**Kyabram Fauna Park**

Contact Mick Coventry  
**03 5852 2097**



**South Australian  
Bush Poets**

7.30 pm 3rd Wednesday

Alma Pub Long Room  
Willunga

Maurie O'Brien  
**08 8326 8788**

*These illustrated feature notices  
have been selected at random  
as an experiment.*

*If you would like your regular  
event featured in this way  
please contact the Editor*

Elizabeth Colls  
56 Orchid Avenue  
Kallangur Q 4503  
Phone/Fax 07 3886 0747

(A fee of \$5 for three months  
will apply after December 2001)



7.30 pm 1st Friday

Raffles Hotel  
Canning Bridge

**WA Bush Poets  
&  
Yarn Spinners**

Rusty Christensen  
**08 9364 4491**

The Australian  
Bush Poets  
Association Inc.



Volume 8 No 12 December 2001

56 Orchid Avenue Kallangur Q 4503  
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The Australian  
Bush Poets  
Association Inc.



**PLEASE JOIN US**  
**IF YOU LIKE WHAT YOU SEE**  
**IF YOU BELIEVE IN OUR GOALS**  
**AND WOULD LIKE TO HELP US ACHIEVE THEM**  
**OR IF YOU JUST LIKE BUSH POETRY**

The Australian Bush Poetry Association Inc. was formed at a meeting in January 1994 at the Tamworth CM Festival.  
The purposes of our Association are to:

- Foster the publication of a Monthly Newsletter to keep members informed of coming events and past results
- Promote bush poetry as an art form in the entertainment field, both in the spoken word and as published verse.
  - Encourage competitions both written and spoken.

Please complete this form and send it with payment to the Treasurer, Rosemary Baguley, 22/12 Taurus Rd Capalaba. Q. 4157.

**Membership Form**

**(Photo copies of this form are welcome)**

I wish to become a member of the Australian Bush Poets Association Inc. (Please use block letters)

NAME -----

HOME ADDRESS -----

POSTAL ADDRESS -----

SIGNATURE -----

AMOUNT ENCLOSED ----- Cheque/Cash/Other -----

**Membership fees:**

\$25.00 Single, Family, or club member. Juniors \$10.00 (Students to year 12).

NEW members joining after 1 July, \$13.00 to the end of December. New members joining after 1 October receive up to 15 months membership for the first year.

Our financial year is from 1 January to 31 December.