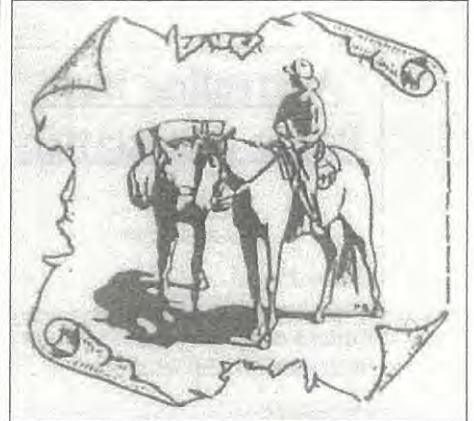


The Australian Bush Poets Association Inc. - Newsletter -

Volume 9 No. 3.

March/April 2002



FITTING TRIBUTE TO 'BANJO'

A fitting memorial and tribute to the late AB Paterson was unveiled in Orange NSW on what would be his 138th birthday, February 17th. 2002. A large crowd attended the celebrations demonstrating the huge community support behind the project.

Banjo Paterson's granddaughters Rosamund Campbell and Philippa Harvie said they were 'honoured and proud to unveil the Banjo Paterson Memorial in the Orange Civic Gardens'.

Mrs. Campbell said the memorial was a wonderful tribute to her grandfather, whom she described as being a very normal grandfather.

'He used to read me stories and take me for walks and I didn't think he was anything more than a grandfather'.

'We had no idea how strongly people thought of him until after his death and it never ceases to amaze me that he is still relevant to this generation'.

'His work has not dated and his poems are still easy to understand'.

More than \$60,000 was raised by Orange businesses and the community to build the memorial.

Memorial Committee Chairman Councilor John Miller said the unveiling of the memorial was an extremely important day for the Orange community because it was something the community has wanted and needed for fifty years.

'There has been a number of efforts over the years to have a Banjo Paterson Memorial erected, and now we have achieved that goal'.

Cr. Miller went on to say 'the memorial is very visible and everyone that drives past will see that it is Banjo and link him to Orange'.

This is important because until now many visitors to Orange would not have known that Banjo was born here'.

ABPA President Frank Daniel delivered a monologue demonstrating Banjo Paterson's literary skills and his connections between the city and the bush.



(Photographs courtesy Central Western Daily - Orange NSW)

AB (BANJO) PATERSON MEMORIAL

The AB (Banjo) Paterson Memorial is an initiative of Orange City Council and a fully endorsed Centenary of Federation project.

The memorial was erected through the generosity of Orange City Council, the National Trust of Australia (NSW), Orange Chamber of Commerce & Industry, many local sponsors and the residents and businesses of Orange.

The memorial is a lasting tribute to the achievements of one of Orange's most honoured sons.

It also depicts Banjo's famous characters, the Man from Snowy River and Mulga Bill on the backs of seats and records the winners of the Annual Banjo Paterson Writing Awards.

The design is the brain-child of Reuben Buesnel who was born in Orange and now lives in England.

Reuben Buesnel studied his craft at Camberwell College of Arts in London and is now working as a sculptural metal smith in Surrey.

Buesnel's credentials are impressive. He has been privately commissioned for a variety of works, including large-scale refurbishments and local government arts projects by the English Arts Council.

The most noted of his achievements is the façade and forecourt at Wimbledon train station and the unforgettable Oscar Wilde memorial, at Reading which consists of railing, gates and seats.

The design of the Banjo Paterson Memorial follows on the theme from these works and uses the fabrication and landscaping skills of local Orange crafts people and industries.

Left: Frank Daniel, Cr John Miller, Rosamund Campbell and Phillipa Harvie at the opening of the Banjo Paterson

**Australian Bush
Poets Association
Inc.**

(Established 1994)

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SPREAD THE WORD

Ask a friend to become a
financial member of the

Australian

Bush Poets Association Inc.

Join now and

SAVE!

New applicants and former
members wishing to rejoin will
pay \$20

for the rest of 2002

Renewals for annual
membership is \$25.00 from
January 1st to December 31st.

Simply post a cheque or money
order to the Treasurer (address in
above column) and a short printed
note bearing your name, postal
address, telephone and fax. num-
bers and your internet details if
any.

Do your part - spread the word.

Presidents Report



G'day once again,

I tend to live in the past a lot of the time, allowing my mind to wander back to my boyhood days, remembering some of the fabulous stories told by, and about, my grandfathers — Mum's father the grazier, and Dad's father the blacksmith; and stories about my grandmothers as well.

I find it not hard to recall life in those far gone days, or to imagine life in the days before my birth because the stories were so well told and so absolutely true in every respect. I mean to say, who would ever lie to a little boy?

I cherished such yarns as the one where grandmother Gallagher witnessed a descent on 'Springfield' Station near Goulburn by the notorious Ben Hall gang, and the running gun battle between the outlaws and the young Faithfull boys who were driving their sulky to school.

On this occasion one of the bushrangers accidentally shot his mount. The horse was later buried on the site near the entrance to the property, and a clump of pine trees was planted to mark the spot, fenced in by posts and rails. I knew this story was 'true' because I had seen the 'grave' many times. Proof enough for me.

Mathematics of course put a sad ending to this story. In later years when I finally got a grasp on my 'sums' I managed to calculate that 'Ma Golligar' was not born until 1882 - nearly twenty years after the death of Ben Hall; and those pine trees were by no means ninety years old.

I never had the opportunity to tackle her over this issue. Grandmother was accidentally killed about six months before I learnt to 'add up'.

With similar doubts in mind about other family yarns I suppose you can't blame me when I say **'Only half the lies I tell are the truth!'**

And here we are today, writing bush poetry, reciting, telling yarns and enjoying life to the full, recording our own histories in verse and song, just as our forefathers did, and we're still expecting people to believe what we say.

'Poets Never Lie' said Marco Gliori of Warwick Q. but he never said anything about stretching the truth or further embellishment of fact or fiction.

In 1923 in an introduction to Jack Moses book 'Beyond the City Gates', publisher Frank Morton wrote 'Most people in Australia have, indeed, lost the trick of reciting; they have taken to elocution, and that is the most dismal dead-end of entertainment'. Jack Moses himself was reputedly a great reciter.

I'm pleased to say that the 'trick' of reciting has certainly made a triumphant comeback and, rough and ready as some of it may be, it is still the greatest form of entertainment that I know.

Thankfully the art of story-telling is still rife in our family, the kitchen table is still the playing field with our descendants latching onto every word for posterity's sake, keeping our culture and heritage alive and well; keeping Australia Australian.

Keep on writin' and keep on recitin' *Frank Daniel*

*"If I could put the clock back a score of years or so
I'd pick up again my old bush tracks and pals I used to know,
I'd light once more the yarran sticks and smoke and yarn with mates
Where they plant for good the finger posts beyond the city gates."*

Jack Moses 1923

LIFE UNFOLDS All my life I had just one chin,
but just last week I met its twin! - Brian Bell

March 1994. The second of our newsletters was mailed out with paid up membership almost having doubled to 42.

'Here we are again' wrote our industrious un-tiring Secretary/Treasurer/Editor Ron Selby, 'and they said we wouldn't last!'

Ron's first newsletter flashed 'Art Work Wanted' on the cover, and he was 'pleased' to announce that the number of entries received for consideration came to the grand total of 'one'; from Charlee Marshall, which naturally graced the front cover of issue no. 2.

Not a bad start really, especially when we were only five weeks old.

Ron Selby printed 150 first issues and distributed them widely throughout Australia in an effort to increase membership.

As a result much material was coming to hand for inclusion in the newsletter, media coverage was increasing with news items appearing in many country tabloids, and letters of enquiry regarding membership were aplenty.

New names started to appear on our pages for the first time ever, names that would remain synonymous with many written and performance bush poetry competitions and bush poetry to this day.

Names such as Ron Stevens, Johnny Johansson, Ray Essery, Marco Gliori, Marion Fitzgerald, Carmel Randle, Bob Miller, Geoffrey Graham, Noel Cutler, Frank Daniel, Murray Hartin, Ellis Campbell, Charlee Marshall, Bobby Miller, Shirley Pearce, Janet O'Brien Vise, Betsy Chape and the amazing Gertrude Skinner were only forerunners to the countless others who followed.

Writers Groups and festivals were suddenly becoming more aware of the growing popularity of rhyming verse, and groups such as the Bundy Mob and the Mapleton Yarn Spinners were soon to become nationally identified.

One of the country's greatest collectors of Australian folk lore, balladry, bush song and verse, Bill Scott of Warwick published an article on 'Poets & People' delving a little into the history of bush poetry and folklore, and what it may hold in store for future generations.

Whoever said 'we wouldn't last' has been proven wrong thanks to the tireless efforts of Ron Selby. A great debt of gratitude is owed to Ron who virtually started with nothing creating a newsletter and an association we can be proud of.

TOOWOOMBA BREAKOUT BREAKFAST

The inaugural Toowoomba Country Music Breakout - a Rotary initiated Country Music Festival - held on Saturday 9th February 2002 at the Toowoomba Showgrounds was hailed an outstanding success.

Organizing group, the Rotary Club of Toowoomba Garden City have already started planning the 2003 festival using very solid and positive feedback from festival goers.

"Every aspect of the inaugural festival was a success - from the performances of the artists, through to the weather, to the site and the atmosphere - so we are ecstatic about the outcome," said Jim Sampson, President of the Rotary Club of Toowoomba Garden City.

"There were close to 100 caravans and campsites used this year in an excellent setting overlooking the lake and the second stage, so it is obvious to us that we must encourage the attendance of campers and caravanners."

"At least 3,000 people were on site during the event and around 350 people enjoyed the Breakout Bush Poet's Breakfast Bash, compered by Marco Gliori ."

Marco was joined throughout the breakfast by Gary Fogarty and Jack Drake. Local poet and former executive officer of the ABPA Ron Selby gave the crowd a few belly-aches with his performances.

An added bonus to the festival was the arrival of 2001 Australian Lady Champion, Carmel Dunn of Warwick Q., recently returned from her whirlwind American Poetry Tour, where she took in the Cowboy Poets Gathering at Elko Nevada.

Walk-up poets were encouraged during the morning's entertainment bringing back that wonderful feeling of the Traditional Bush Poets Breakfasts. A Great Weekend.

Mr Sampson added encouragement to the emerging artists, congratulating them "on their professionalism and the quality of their performances."

OUR CARMEL RETURNS

Carmel Dunn of Warwick Q. returned home from the cold American winter full of enthusiasm after what she describes as the 'most fabulous experience'

Carmel and her parents Maureen and Tom Dunn were guests at the American Cowboy Poets Gathering in Elko Nevada as part of her prize after winning the Australian Ladies Bush Poetry Championships in Winton last year. At eighteen years of age, Carmel is our youngest champion yet.

An old stager by all means as far as bush poetry goes, Carmel has been reciting all her life, has made annual appearances at Winton and Tamworth since 1995 and took out the title of Australian Junior Champion Bush Poet on no less than three occasions.

In America Carmel teamed up with triple-Australian Bush Poetry Champion Milton Taylor of Longreach and American Cowboy Poet Dick Warwick visiting American Schools and 'explaining' our way of life to the children.

Carmel performed to an audience of 900 people in the first of her six performances at the Gathering with the added bonus of being seen all round the world via a cybernet broadcast on the internet.

Carmel said that many people were curious about Australia and were surprised to find many similarities to their 'West' and our Out-back.

Carmel released her first book of bush poetry 'Dunn at Last' only two days before departure for Elko.

(continued p 6)

Letters to the Editor

Dear Editor,

I'm writing to congratulate you on your appointment to what must be a very demanding position, and at the same time I'd like to express my thanks to Wally Finch and Liz Colls for their hard work over the past year.

It's only when people are prepared to put in their time and effort that organisations like the ABPA are able to prosper.

I would also like to say a big "Thank You" to all those bush poets who helped to make my first visit to Tamworth so memorable, by giving me the chance to perform, by giving me lifts, and by being so friendly and supportive. It was lovely to meet old friends, and hopefully make new ones among the poets I hadn't met before.

There is the possibility of Poets' Breakfasts being held in Mount Isa during the new week-long Festival to celebrate the Mount Isa Rotary Rodeo. Dates for the Festival are 5th-11th August. If anyone is heading for western Queensland at this time, and is interested, please contact me on 0747 435856.

Regards

Veronica Weal - Mount Isa, Qld. (16.02.02)

Editors note: I would like to take this opportunity to acknowledge the fifty or more subscribers who took the time to write, fax, phone or email after my return to office and appointment as editor. They know who they are and I thank them collectively for their kindness and encouragement. I am not prepared to print all the compliments and 'pats on the back' - the space can be better used.

Omissions: With the pressure attached to the printing of the February issue of the newsletter, I noticed after publishing as did one other keen observer, that I omitted the names of the winners of the Blackened Billy Written Verse Competition, although a story about the winner and her poem was published as well as a list of the highly commended.

My apologies to these writers.

Veronica Weal of Mt. Isa - first prize with *'The Spirits of the Outback'* - to Milton Taylor - Portland NSW, runner-up with *'Backfire'* and to Jimmy Brown of Gilgai NSW with *'The Dero in the Doorway'*. A belated congratulations. I have included both Milton's and Jimmy's poems in this issue.

While prose may carry all the facts,
the voice of verse is sweeter.
For poetry transports the soul
on lilting rhyme and meter.

Be careful of the words you say
And keep them soft and sweet
You never know from day to day
Which ones you'll have to eat.

EIGHTH BUNDY MUSTER

The Bundaberg Poets Society Inc. will be holding its eighth annual bush poetry muster from 5th to 7th July.

Performance bush poetry competitions will cater for Open (mens and womens sections), Intermediate, Novices and under 15's.

This popular festival has grown immensely since inception in 1995, and now caters for entrants from all over Australia in its written and performance bush poetry sections.

BUSH LANTERN AWARD - is another of the valued competitions for written Bush Verse. ABPA vice-President, Liz Ward is looking after this section and poets are reminded that the deadline for written entries is May 31st.

Further entry details are available from the Poets Calendar on page 23.

The winners will be announced at the Muster.

PALMA ROSA POETS . . .

The Palma Rosa Poets were more than delighted when their double CD was selected as a finalist in the ABL awards 'Album of the Year' at Tamworth in January.

Hard at it once again the Palma Rosa organizers are planning a number of entertaining bush poetry nights throughout 2002.

The winners and placegetters in all the Junior Sections in the 'High Country' poetry competition held in Stanthorpe in March.

These juniors will perform at the Palma Rosa in Brisbane in a special Sunday afternoon concert on May 14th at 2.30 pm. Senior poets will be performing as well. (Admission is \$18.00 and includes afternoon tea. BYO drinks).

Palma Rosa - Queens Rd. Hamilton Q. 4007
Ph. 07 3262 3769 or Trisha Anderson 07 3268 3624

French men eat snails and I'm wondering why,
For I've never quite felt in the mood.
Maybe their taste is exceedingly dry,
Or perhaps they just don't like fast food.

Brian Bell



When our trials and tribulations are over,
And down in the big hole you lob,
There's always this one consolation,
It's the last time you'll ever be robbed. **Denis Kevans**

NOTE: CHANGE OF ADDRESS -

**The Qantas-Waltzing Matilda
Bush Poetry Championships**

now have a new postal address.

Graeme & Louise Dean have move to Winton.

Their new contact address

P.O. Box 287, Winton. Q. 4735

SKY OF DEATH

© Ellis Campbell, Dubbo NSW

A fearful droning tremors deadly skies;
then thunderous crack and flash of lightning's sting.
A squeal of terror from the scrub replies -
as tortured brumbies quail before this thing.
The nervous horses scale the steep incline -
their instincts tuned to warn of instant dread.
The snarling bullets ricochet and whine,
awakening the gorges of the dead.

They spew their lethal blast at lightning pace;
the volleys drown the tortured moans of slain.
Disoriented horses blindly race
beneath the helicopter's brutal rain.
A futile charge against horrific odds;
horrendous war where only one can win.
Machine controlled by self-appointed gods
and death dispensed with hell's unholy din.

Romance of brumbies streaked the poet's page
on sweeping plains and rugged mountains high.
A gallant symbol roaming freedom's stage
no pioneering bushman will deny.
The thunder of a thousand pounding hooves -
a flash of brilliant colour on the hill.
The dash of speed and cunning countermoves -
are lost to fiendish horror of the kill.

The rabbit knows its burrow's guaranteed
and foxes hide in hollow logs and trees.
The horse's only weapon is its speed -
what use against such death-machines as these?
They swerve and balk in terror-stricken fright,
and gallop till their mighty hearts near burst.
But shattered legs and backbones halt their flight -
a lethal monster's tactics well rehearsed.

His coat of sable rippled when he walked;
his piercing whinny echoed loud and shrill.
His mighty mane blew wildly as he baulked -
to wheel in pirouette below the hill.
He fiercely guarded mares and foals from harm -
a brumby stallion roaming free and proud.
Bewildered now, his snort a lost alarm,
he cringes in the shadows weak and cowed.

Disbanded horses scatter far and wide;
and quiver when they hear the whining sound.
A rotting carcass fouls the gully's side
and putrid stench of death is all around.
How few are left to skulk and hide in fright -
the glory of the past long nullified.
The gallant horse is not equipped to fight
the tyranny of equine genocide.

Winner: Isolated Writers Competition - Sydney 2001

SENTINELS OF DREAMS

© Des Fishlock

You'll see them dotted on this land,
On canefield, farm and station.
Reminders of the young folk gone,
Their dreams and aspirations.

You'll see them lurching sadly,
Barely staying on their feet.
No sign of garden fences,
Where roses once grew sweet.

'Twas eighty years or ninety,
Or maybe even more,
When a happy, hopeful stripling,
Swept his bride up to that door.

They sweated, worked and strived,
To wrest a future from the land,
Through drought and flood and fire,
Facing hardships, hand in hand.

Like sentries 'round the homestead,
Verandah posts grew proud.
Where children played in blessed shade,
And high heeled boots trod loud.

From 'neath those wide verandahs,
Life's picture book they say,
The joy of birth, the fear of death
And sons ride off to war.

The laughter of the good times,
Despair of seared brown land.
The thrill of tiny grandkids
Reaching up to hold a hand.

Now it's useby date has passed,
Unloved and leaning, there it stands,
Keeping silently those secrets,
Locked away in time's swift sands.

For there's a heartache in the rusting roof,
Through windows fear and gloom.
There's anger in the sagging door,
A tear in every room.

But there's a wish in every creaking step,
A joy in every beam,
Each rusty nail held a hope,
Every twisted board a dream.

So when you see those lonely ruins,
Beyond repair, or reclamation,
Spare a thought for those who built them,
For they also built our nation.

ANZAC DAY - TV BROADCAST

Noted Australian Bush Poet, Jim Brown of Stanza Television, Richmond Victoria will be featured reciting an original poem in a video clip on *Good Morning Australia* on Anzac Day; possibly a first for the genre.

The poem is entitled "**The Anzac on the Wall**"

CAROL REFFOLD

Born in the small village of Chilworth, Surrey, England, UK., Carol Reffold emigrated in 1960.

Carol had only heard smatterings of bush poetry and didn't begin to write Bush Verse until 1994.

Whilst attending the Dallarnil (Qld.) Rodeo in 1995, she was enchanted with the performance of an entertainer riding a penny-farthing bicycle to the accompaniment of a voice over of Banjo Paterson's *'Mulga Bill's Bicycle'*; the most unique Australian thing she had seen.

Enlisting as a member of the 'Bundy Mob Bush Poetry Group' her quest to become a performer saw her performing original and traditional bush poetry at many bush poetry events and festivals.

Now living in Sunbury Vic. Carol recently showcased two performances for the Victoria University and Melbourne's Fringe Festival.

In 2001 Carol won the NSW Overall Ladies Performance Bush Poetry Championships at Tumut.

She is currently involved in Performance Theatre Studies and Small Companies Management at Victoria University with the ambition to become a qualified events manager.

During Country Music Week in Tamworth this year, Carol coordinated the Bush Poets of Australia 2002 Venue at Tamworth City Bowling Club, with children's competitions, daily Poets Breakfasts, Workshops and campfire recitals.

Carol is a Vice President of the ABPA Inc.



(From p3)

The Dunn's left Australia on January 15th, and on arrival in Los Angeles witnessed an Arnold Swartzeneger Film being shot. The next few days were spent at Disneyland, shopping, taking in the sights, Hollywood and the stars.

On January 20th they met up with Milton Taylor of Longreach and American Cowboy Poet Dick Warwick who had just dropped Janine Haig at the airport after performing in Denver.

An eye-opening tour for the Dunns took in Las Vegas, Hoover Dam, the Grand Canyon, Zion Canyon and of course the Cowboy Poets Gathering.

At Elko, where the population increases by 10,000 each year for the poetry alone, the Australians performed alongside the cream of the American Cowboy poets, with artists such as Baxter Black, Sourdough Slim and Waddy Mitchell.

Carmel performed in a number of schools in the Elko area sharing with children from Kindergarten to year twelve.

Carmel said that 'Elko in particular had an amazing atmosphere – the people were incredibly kind and welcoming, offering our Aussies warm friendship and accommodation if they ever were to come again'.

'If anyone ever has the opportunity to visit this wonderful festival, grab it with both hands!' said Carmel, 'I'm so grateful to everyone who made my trip possible – thank you!'

KOSCIUSKO

© Neil Hulm, 24.10.2001

I am the king of the mountains,
Southwest are my guards standing tall,
Feathertop, Hotham and Bogong,
And Mt. Townsend, the wildest of all.

My slopes are the source of my rivers,
That wind their way down through the plains;
From the south blow the freezing snow storms,
From the west come the big soaking rains.

For millions of years almost silent,
But for cracking of ice in the thaw;
The winds and the thunder and lightning,
Or a rushing deep river's wild roar.

The Snowy, the 'Bidgee, the Murray,
And the Mitta, the Keiwa and King,
Flood their banks after the winter,
With the melting of snow in the spring.

They roar 'round the bends 'neath the ridges,
The rock outcrops smothered in spray;
With debris caught wide in a whirlpool,
As the cold rivers rush on their way.

In a timeless land of such beauty
I saw the first people arrive,
They found and they fed on the bogongs;
They fed off our land to survive.

The nomads brought in the wild dingo,
They quickly spread over the land;
From the tips of my wide spread ranges,
To the faraway dry desert sand.

Next came the drovers with livestock,
They took care as the shepherds of old,
Then two wandering stockmen discovered
A creek bed with pure, yellow gold.

A gold rush had come to my mountains;
Thousands had tramped to the site,
Frantically digging and washing,
And guarding their claims day and night.

My winter came in with a fury,
With snow falling thick on my peaks;
My temperature dropped over night,
To a forty below by the creeks.

The prospectors fought the hard winter,
Some threw down their tools in despair,
Others were doomed in their failure,
Too weary, too beaten to care.

But this is the way of my mountains,
And many a man fell to strife,
By breaking the rules of my kingdom,
My history, my winter, my life.

Then came the men of the Snowy,
With their tents scattered over the land,
They walked and drove their land rovers,
A happy and hard working band.

They tore at my weather worn snow gums,
Like borers, they bore through my core;
They blasted out rock from their quarries,
And left my cliffs ragged and raw.

They ripped at my ribs with their 'dozers,
Workmen came along in huge teams,
To dam up my creeks and my rivers,
And steal the life blood of my streams.

The wild horses circled the camp fires,
They snorted and trembled in fear,
And raced away down through the valleys,
Their echoes bounced back loud and clear.

A young dingo howled from his forest;
An eagle took watch from the sky;
The kangaroos fed on the clover,
On the flats where the copperheads lie.

Wild flowers are here in their millions;
A beautiful far stretched stand;
The heather and gums in full blossom;
A deep carpet of grass on my land.

White clouds break away and go racing
As the blustery winds curl and play,
The morning sun peeps through the tree tops,
And the pale moon fades quietly away.

Skiers arrive yearly in thousands,
They swerve and they jump and they race,
They laugh, it's the thrill of a lifetime
To ski down my slopes at full pace.

I am the king of the mountains;
There is beauty for all here to see;
Patience and silence, my virtues;
Kosciusko, the land of the free.

NOTICE

- For future reference -

Due to the workload and time involved, the Editor will not be in a position to publish entry forms or rules and regulations for competitions or add 'inserts' to the newsletter as has been done in the past.

Not all readers are in need of entry forms or details pertaining to such events.

It would be preferred that all advertisements allow for interested parties to send a Stamped Self Addressed Envelope (SSAE) to relevant organisations for such material. 'Save a tree or two, eh?'

Wauchope Bush Poets Breakfast

The Inaugural Wauchope Bush Poets Breakfast was a resounding success, with high praise from both competitors and audience alike for the organizer and major sponsor, Rod Worthing.

Ninety-two attended the breakfast, compered by Sam Smyth, which featured talented Coffs Harbour poets Ed and Margaret Parmenter, who delighted the audience with their humourous duo and solo acts.

The Timbertown Performance Bush Poetry Competition attracted eighteen performers with twenty-seven entries in the three sections. According to judges Maureen Stonham and Gwen Norris the standard was exceptionally high; with competitors coming from as far as Nerang Qld., the Central Coast and inland from Tamworth. The results of the competition were as follows:

Traditional: 1st Shirley Everingham, Wauchope. 2nd Reid Begg, Foster. 3rd Tied. Paddy Obrien and Gloria Obrien, Murwillumbah.

Original: 1st Jim Steele, Laurieton. 2nd Gaby Calquhoun Gloucester. 3rd: Tie. Cay Fletcher, Blue Haven and John Prosdocimo - Comboyne.

Junior: 1st Shane Treeves, Port Macquarie. 2nd Emily Breckell-Smyth Kempsey. 3rd Courtney Breed, Kempsey

Overall Champion: Shirley Everingham, Wauchope.

Encouragement Awards: Clare Reynolds, Gloucester and Duncan Williams, Tamworth

NEW ALBUM - HORSES AND HORSEMEN

Milton Taylor has released a new album of Bush Poetry entitled Horses and Horsemen. The album is a collection of poems dedicated to, and inspired by two of the essential elements of Australia's history on which our early classic bush poets based their stories.

Milton has chosen some of his favourite poems for this recording, verses he was brought up with when the reciting of poetry was a social skill. He has drawn on the storehouse of poetry available in choosing works by A.B. Paterson, Will Ogilvie, John O'Brien, Edward Dyson, "Breaker" Morant, and "Curlew" and has added one of his own to round off his tribute to the legends of outback Australia.

The album is available in cassette and C.D. from Milton Taylor at "Timberton" 126 Cullenbenbong Rd. Kanimbla Valley, via Lithgow NSW 2790. Cassettes \$15 posted, C.D.s \$20 posted.

CHALLENGE - CANCER SUPPORT GROUP

ABPA member Colin Scott of McArthur Vic. in conjunction with the McArthur Lions Club has produced a cassette 'Scotties Natural Bush' containing nineteen poems by well-known Australian Authors that will raise a laugh or a spot of quiet reflection.

Challenge, a cancer support network, is Victoria's major provider of support services to children and their families living with cancer and other life-threatening blood disorders.

Challenge provides more than \$1.5 million of services annually aimed at improving the quality of these children and their families, with hospital support, camps, outings and education without any Government assistance at all.

You can help Challenge by donating \$20 and in return receive a free copy of 'Scotties Natural Bush' from **Colin Scott 119 Donovan's Lane McArthur Vic. 3286 Ph 03 5576 1174**

WELL DONE © Maxine Ireland

When the summer sun is setting, and the sky is turning red,
And the egret's flying homeward overhead,
There's a twittering of sparrows in the branches of the trees,
And a hint of honeysuckle on the breeze.

Then the farmer puts his tractor in the shed beside the hay,
For he knows his work is finished for the day,
And the city dwellers weave their way along the crowded street,
To catch a bus, and hope to get a seat.

They've been concentrating on their work,
and now are feeling weary,
Some find their work exciting. For some it's dull and dreary,
But there's a sense of satisfaction when the days work is done,
And a time for relaxation with the setting of the sun.

A time to count our blessing, and turn our thoughts above,
And thank our Heavenly Father for His blessings and His love,
And now your term is closing, you can face the setting sun,
With a feeling of achievement for a job well done.

Maxine Ireland was born the ninth daughter of a family of ten and lived most of her life in Murwillumbah. She now lives in Tweed Heads.

She had very strict parents of Scottish and Irish descent and went to a one-teacher school at Mooball where she had a very good poetry teacher. Living in the country and growing up on a dairy farm the family made their own entertainment. Her sisters played the piano and sang and Maxine recited poetry. She soon became a lover of poetry.

Maxine started nursing at age seventeen and was married in 1942. She and her husband George had three children. Maxine started writing poetry in the seventies and has two books printed. "Verse You Will Agree With" (1987) and "More of the Same" (1997). Her first performance in competition was in Bundaberg in 1997. During 2001 she has won 6 firsts and one second in open competitions and was placed second in the written sections of NSW Ladies Championships.

Maxine can be contacted at 254/192 Piggabeen Road, Tweed Heads 2486. Ph. 07 5599 7737



The Australian Bush Poetry Performance Championships Mulwala Services Club 17th.- 19th May 2002.

Sections include; Men's and Ladies Original
Mens and Ladies Traditional (Bush Poetry at least 50 years old.)
Men's and Ladies Modern or Contemporary (Bush Poetry less than 50 years old) Junior Traditional, Modern or Contemporary and humorous.

Ph. 1800 062 260 (See poets Calendar P 22.)

AUSTRALIAN BUSH POETRY CHAMPIONSHIPS

Who will be the Australian Bush Poet and Australian Performance Bush Poet in 2002?

All will be revealed on presentation night Sunday May 19th at the Mulwala Services Club.

With the Australian Championships only a few weeks away, Mulwala/Yarrowonga is extending an invitation to all bush poets, friends of bush poets and appreciators of bush poetry to the most prestigious event in the ABPA calendar year,

The Australian

Bush Poetry Championships'

16th, 17th, 18th and 19th May 2002

Already some top name performers have agreed to be part of the Championship activities which will be totally staged at the Mulwala Services Club, with special activities planned for the Pioneer Museum on Sunday 19th April at 2pm.

Apart from poets contesting the titles, well respected names such as Noel Cutler, Frank Daniel, Ray Essery, Shirley Friend, Neil McArthur, Tammy Muir, John Memery, Geoff Jackson and others will be present for the entire championships adding more highlights to the already busy entertainment programme.

Organizers are more than thrilled with accommodation enquiries and bookings made by poets and guests in the early stages. A wonderful atmosphere has been created with much excitement brewing in Mulwala.

Special show tickets are now on sale at the Services Club, 03 57 44 2331.

Yarrowonga/Mulwala has something to offer everyone attending the championships, whether competitors or not, with opportunities to appear at the Bush Poets Breakfasts, to perform at other venues or merely enjoy the relaxation and hospitality of this beautiful inland aquatic paradise on the Murray River.

Once again, the Mulwala District Services Club has proudly taken on the major sponsorship of the Championships, with many other groups and individual businesses offering to be part of the event.

And here's an added bonus, *'Poets will be permitted to wear their hats inside the Club'*

(cont'd next page)

\$6,000.00 AT MULWALA

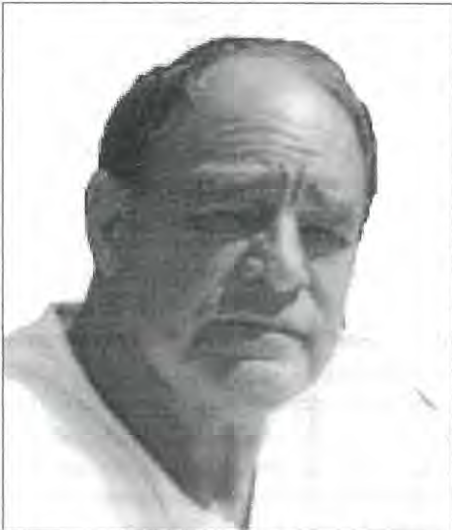
The Australian Championship will be even more attractive this year with prizes and trophies in the vicinity of \$6000, with cash and other awards. The schools section is also being well promoted with many pre competition activities planned within the schools.

Sponsors who wish to donate further to the overall Championships are asked to call 03 57 44 1989.

A small working committee, under the leadership of Chairman Trevor Hargreaves, local Bush Poet and finalist in this years' Tamworth Bush Poetry Competition, has been busily formulating the program and official printed programs are now available.

NOTE: Championship first round - the Traditional Section for Juniors, Females & Males will commence on Friday 17th May at 1.00 pm running through to 5.00 pm.

The **Poets Registration Table** will be in the Foyer of the Services Club from early Friday morning. School groups have been encouraged to take advantage of sitting in on some of the heats.



As part of the championships a special tribute will be paid to the late Johnny Johanson (pictured), a dear friend of the bush poetry fraternity and instigator of the original championships in Mulwala.

Johnny will be commemorated with a Per-

petual Trophy for the Yarn Spinners which will incorporate the Australian Champion Yarn Spinning Award.

The Gala Concert will be energetically 'kicked off' with performances by local children.

Mulwala /Yarrowonga is eagerly waiting to welcome everyone once again. Please make sure that you use the '*power of the bush telegraph*' as effectively as possible to ensure record numbers of poets and visitors throughout these prestigious awards.

Further information:

The Mulwala Services Club 03 57 44 2331

www.mulwalaservices.com.au

Or The Visitor Information Centre

Ph. 03 5744 1989 Fax 03 5744 3149

Email: ymt@cnl.com.au

FIRESIDE FESTIVAL

Wheels have been set in motion to revive the Fireside Festival at the Traditional Home of Bush Poetry - the famous Longyard Hotel in Tamworth.

The '*New Fireside Festival*' will be held over the June Long-weekend, with a gathering of poets and musicians on Friday night (7th June), and poet's Breakfasts on the Saturday and Sunday mornings. Special guests will be featured at the breakfasts.

After a break of three years, the Fireside Festival will once again see two poets inducted into the Bush Poets Wall of Renown. Other activities, though still in the planning stages at the time of going to print, are being considered for the weekend, but at least a step has been taken in the right direction.

Short Street Productions of Canowindra will be promoting the bush poetry segments with compere's for the weekend being Frank Daniel and Grant Luhrs.

The Hats off to Country Festival runs from Friday June 7th to Sunday June 9th leaving the Queen's Birthday holiday as a rest and departure day.

(Further updates and a programme of events will be included in the June issue of this newsletter).

THE BARNYARD YARBARD

American Cowboy Poet Dick Warwick has been touring eastern Australia as guests of a number of ABPA members.

He arrived in Melbourne on 5th March and was greeted by Carol Reffold and her husband Jack, and shown the sights of Melbourne.

On the eighth of March he travelled out to Ballarat where he was picked up by Neil McArthur and Frank Daniel thence onwards to the Port Fairy Folk Festival and three days of poets breakfasts and yarn spinning.

After touring with Frank throughout Victoria, taking in some of Ned Kelly's Country, Dick entertained visitors to the John O'Brien Bush Festival in Narrandera followed by a quick trip to Canowindra for a St. Patrick's Day Concert.

Dick visited Sydney for a couple of days and then flew to Brisbane where he was met by Tom and Maureen Dunn and taken to Warwick Qld for a gathering of bush poets on the following weekend.

From Queensland Dick travelled with the Dunns to the National Folk Festival in Canberra where he joined up with Milton Taylor and Frank.

Following the National, the trio were set to take in the Man from Snowy River Festival at Corryong V. Dick returns to America on April 11th.

Persons interested in purchasing any of Dick's three albums can do so at the following address.

DICK WARWICK

P.O. Box 16 Canowindra NSW. 2804.

Albums are \$22.00 posted.

Ph. 02 6344 1477

ABPA HISTORY

(An extract from *The Courier Mail* March 5 1994
by Kavanagh)

"What's all the fuss about the big parade down south tonight? This is a democracy and if grown men want to do something perfectly natural like getting into frilly skirts and pretty underwear and flounce around Sydney having an absolutely delirious time, why not?"

Leave them alone while the rest of us get on with some more mundane Australian things . . . things like bush poetry.

Perhaps you don't know about it but bush verse finally has a national body, the Australian Bush Poets Association, formed earlier this year during Country Music Week in Tamworth.

The Tamworth Festival was an appropriate birthplace because bush poetry readings attracted some of the biggest crowds at the festival, even surpassing those gathered to hear some of the nations top country and western singers."

And so the word was spreading, journalist such as Mr. Kavanagh were pursuing bush poetry wherever it cropped its head, it wasn't going to lie down and be forgotten.

He went on to say *"How do I know all this? Because an old mate named 'Bluey' Bostock cornered me yesterday. Blue's the sort of bloke you tend to listen to even today at 60 and having his use-by-date extended through a quadruple by-pass just a matter of months ago.*

"He is the least likely bloke to be founding president of a society devoted to poetry. In fact it's much more likely he would be the subject of bush poems, like the Man From Ironbark say, than be a leading light in a society devoted to promoting bush culture.

Such was the fervour of our first national President Merv. 'Bluey' Bostock. His passion for the Bush Poets Association was like that of a tiger unleashed, he couldn't tell the world fast enough, 'spread the word' was his catch-cry, and this is what he was doing.

----- **'Bluey' Bostock -**

In the 1950's 'Bluey' Bostock was emerging as one of Australia's top rodeo personalities. He was young, the money was coming in, he was nudging selection in the national rough-riding team to tour the US and National Service was calling.

'Nashos' posed too much of an interruption to his career so he didn't show up. Then one day, easing himself on to a mad horse at Chinchilla's rodeo, one of the handlers told him two well-dressed blokes looking mighty like cops were asking after him.

'I had a quick look before they opened the shute' said Blue, 'and they were cops alright, so I stayed on that horse until it reached the far side of the arena, then I dived over the fence and kept on running, clearing fences and logs and whatever got in my way'.

As you might expect he was eventually carted off to Wacol where he put on a few turns until they put him in charge of the company boxing team where he finally settled down. Blue was a bit of a pug in his day and fought main events in Sydney and Brisbane.

News from the West Australian Bush Poets

TRUE-BLUE RUSTY

There's no disputing that Rusty Christensen is 'fair-dinkum and true-blue'. Rusty, from Ardross WA was born on Australia Day into a pioneering cattle industry family.

In 2001 he was the City of Melville's Citizen of the Year and now has been named as an ambassador for the Year of the Outback, and will be attempting to break down the barriers between urban and rural Australia.

Ambassadors are not only encouraged to promote outback Australia but also to support people involved in regional activities or those wanting to initiate rural projects.

City bred, Rusty has a real affinity with the country and country life, and as he says 'there is a little bit too much of the 'us and them' attitude and that's why the Year of the Outback is so important in establishing our roots with the country'.

Through the Melville Rotary Club, Rusty will be urging local clubs to make contact with their counterparts in the bush.

During 2001, Rusty made 40 guest appearances at Rotary functions and with the opportunities gained from this he is in an ideal position to promote the Year of the Outback.

"It's up to city people to extend a hand' he said. "As the author Jocelyn Burt once said, 'the outback begins and ends in our minds'.

Rustys appointment as ambassador is particularly special to him as he is also deeply involved in environmental causes. He helped establish the new Piney Lakes Environment Education Centre in Winthrop, was a Greening Australia board member for seven years and set up the Barbara Kernot Buschcare Trust.

Rusty believes all Australians have a great deal of responsibility to care for the environment, including urban bush and wetlands and rural areas.

"We are so lucky, privileged to live in Australia" he said. "Australia Day on January 26th is a good time to reflect on that - not just people who were born here but also those who have come here from other countries.

"My message for the Year of the Outback is simple 'get out there and reach out to the outback' The rest of the world recognizes the outback as a symbol of our island continent, so this should be good for our tourism industry.

In a letter to ABPA Secretary Ed Parmenter, Rusty described the growing strength of bush poetry and yarn spinning in the 'real west', "it was hardly mentioned or heard of when I began 'my journey' through it in '98'.

He is confident that, with the amount of local support given to the West Australian Bush Poets, should they get the 'nod' to conduct the Australian Championships sometime in the future, that they would be equally capable, and would hope that the 'tyranny of distance' would not cause too many problems for the eastern side poets.

'Rhyme and Reason' - Writing Tips from Ellis Campbell

The amazing resurgence of Performance Bush Poetry over the last few years has worked wonders to restore a flagging art.



A good performance poem, however, is not necessarily a good written poem. Give a good performer a poem that is funny - a little rude, even - and he/she can stretch or cramp the stress and place the emphasis where needed to make it flow and be hilariously entertaining.

Place the same poem under bare scrutiny on a written page and the faults are obvious. I believe both performance and written poetry have an important part to play in this fascinating world of Bush Verse. Some poets make a good job of both.

The wonderful poetry of Paterson, Lawson and Ogilvie should not be allowed to become a thing of the past. A number of poets across Australia are making a valiant effort to keep this Bush Verse alive and up to a high standard. Take a look at Veronica Weal's Blackened Billy winner in last issue of the ABPA, for example. What a pleasure it is to read.

Writing and performing Bush Verse is my great love, but I regard it as two different arts. Neither of my most successful performance poems (Beach House Honeymoon and Luck Can Vary) have won a major award in written competitions.

A few years ago I came up with the idea of using the analogy of the human body to explain the structure of Bush Verse. **Content** is the *Body*, **Rhyme** is the *Heart* and **Metre** is the *Soul*. A person may have a perfect body but not be really complete without a heart and soul, so it is with Bush Verse.

A wonderful story does not make a good poem without good rhyme and metre. The tips I give are for the love of Bush Poetry and a desire to help my fellow poets. If anyone exploits my ideas through workshops etc. for profit (without my express permission) I will be extremely disappointed.

On page nineteen I write about rhyme, the heart of traditional Australian poetry.

\$1,000 BATE at CAIRNS SHOW

The Cairns Show Association in conjunction with the Year of the Outback celebrations, will conduct its fourth annual Bush Poetry Competition on Wednesday 17th July. Bush Poets in the area at show time will be more than welcome.

Former Australian Bush Poetry Champion, Guy McLean, will be demonstrating his horsemanship and handling skills at the show and has consented to sit in as a judge for the Performance Poetry.

The organizers are keeping the competition simple with no fancy frills, with the focus primarily being on entertainment in the two sections, Original and Traditional.

The Original section is named after a local bard, the late Claude Morris, with \$1,000 prize-money for the outright winner. The Traditional section has a trophy and there will be a Larrikin prize for the most humorous poem.

Further information is available from 07 4051 6699.

Claude Morris

Claude Morris was born in Watsonville, Queensland, in 1908. Watsonville, about 80 miles (128 kays) south-west of Cairns, was a small tin mining town that came to life in the 1890's and supported 4 hotels. After the turn of the century it began to decline and now, only a few dwellings remain.

Claude Morris spent his boyhood in the town of his birth, scarcely a stone's throw from the encroaching bushland that he grew to love, and though most of his adult life was spent with the Queensland Railways, he was seldom far from the scent of gums and wattle.

His boyhood associations with mining people left a deep impression of their goodness and uncomplaining acceptance of conditions that the new generation could hardly understand. In his book, *The legend of Angel Creek* - the story that is - may be taken as a memorial to the miners and their wives of his parent's generation - and some may find it hard to suppress a tear for the manner of their living, and for the 'passing' of one of the many heroines of the era.

Claude Morris passed away about 1996 and is perhaps best remembered for his poem 'A Grave Situation'.

HIPSHOT makes a welcome return to the bush poetry pages.

When Sitting Bull's wife delivered twin sons
They called 'em Wigwam and Tepee.
They squabbled with bows, and arrows and guns,
and sleep was a rarity.

So she called on the family witchdoctor,
who showed some psychological sense.
His final analysis shocked her. . .

.. "I'm afraid that your boys are too tense!" © Hipshot

A friend in need is a friend indeed,
of that there can be no doubt.
But a true friend is one who wanders in,
when the rest of the world walks out. © Hipshot

ONE SMALL HAND IN MINE

© Denis Kevans - Katoomba NSW 2002

It roared up like a monster from the gullies far below
And soared up through the treetops, where the roaring west winds blow,
No need for fireworks displays, they'd seen it all before,
These soldiers in the front line, who must fight the bushfire war.
They leapt from the cabin of the truck and saw the seething flame,
Surging like a crimson surf, from a sea that has no name,
That leapt at them, with claws of hate, and struck and struck again,
They braced themselves against the wall, and forgot the heat and pain.

The smoke was fur inside their mouths, black acid stung their eyes,
They heard the trees exploding loud, and the wild fire's battlecries,
Its rifle shots, its musket cracks, its eucalypts exploding,
But they turned to face the firestorm, as the trucks they were unloading.
Flame-harnessed dragons charging, an exploding gumtree crashes,
From a Roman Candle chimney burst cascading red-hot ashes
That are arcing above the gumtrees, sending fusillades of red
That scatter tracers everywhere, across their flower bed.

He saw the edges leaping and the tongues of flame commence
To lick up limbs of gumtrees and incinerate the fence,
And he waited for the pressure, while a moment's panic bites
The lining of his pumping heart, as more of the fence ignites,
Like a python's lunge, the pressure comes, he aims the torrent where
The hydra-headed crimson snakes are striking every where,
Near fainting, in a trance of flame, he hugged the heavy hose,
And doesn't look at the dragon's crest, but the spotfires running close.

The firestorm was screaming, and the roar of the winds that night
Sent waves of crimson fire soaring near five-story height,
Big sparks, like tracer bullets, dancing, crackling through the air
As he braced himself against the wall, to fight for the people there.
Like a maddened beast that's mocking them,

they heard the firestorm's scream
But their mates were moving with them, each part a well drilled team,
As it screamed out for more victims, more souls to sacrifice,
On the altar of the fire god, no matter what the price.

Laughing, heckling, mocking and the firestorm monster's screaming,
Searing the harddrive in his mind, and scorching a lifetime's dreaming -
"But why are you now smiling, mate, what makes your eyes to shine?"
"Ah, the look upon that mother's face, and one small hand in mine".
And when the monster mocks once more, from the sea of crimson flame
And leaps spitting from the mountains deep, from a sea that has no name,
And the cinders fire like tracers, and the spotfires run before,
They'll brace themselves against the wall, and win the bushfire war.

CARRARA FESTIVAL

The inaugural Carrara Country Music Festival will be held on Saturday 18th May at the Carrara Sportsground on the Gold Coast.

'Carrara - where Country Meets the Coast'.

A 'Country Meets the Coast' Ball on Friday 17th will kick proceeding off with Pixie Jenkins adding to the entertainment while Bullamankanka will get the feet tapping and set a lively pace for the square and barn dancing.

Wally 'The Bear' Finch will conduct a Bush Poets Breakfast on Saturday morning. Finals of the National Bush Poetry Competition will be held in the Stadium.

Details of this competition can be found in the Poets Calendar.

\$1,000.00 first prize will go to each of the winners in the mens and ladies competition.

The Grand Champion will win a return flight for two to Auckland courtesy of Freedom Air.

Main stage entertainment commences at 10am with the finals of the Carrara Gold Singing Competition, followed by local and national artists continuously during the day.

John Williamson, Troy Cassar Daly, Beccy Cole, Adam Harvey, The Topp Twins and Vicki O'Keefe make up only some of the stars appearing on the big programme.

Tickets will be available from Tickatek outlets at \$38 per adult and \$28 for concessions and those aged between 12 and 18 years.

Under 12's are free when accompanied by an adult.

Contact details in Poets Calendar P.22.

Note from Wally Finch:

This year's inaugural Carrara Country Music Festival is the start of many more to come.

It is planned as an annual event and already plans for next year and beyond are on the way. We considered presenting a proposal for the Queensland State Championships for 2003.

Carrara is, as many know, very close to the New South Wales border and will draw interest from both sides of the border.

After much consideration and consultation with interested parties from both States, it seems more appropriate to conduct a regional contest for South East Queenslanders and Northern New Welsh-persons from the Northern Rivers District. With all due respect to members from both states the combined district names when said together is a bit unwieldy so we've named the region Central East Australia.

Carrara will be big in 2002 but it will be mega huge in 2003. We already have confirmation of our booking of the venue for 3rd, 4th, 5th May — a long weekend in Queensland.

We can't make any promises yet, but apart from everything that makes this year's Festival so attractive, there will be some surprise additions to the program.

O'Mara's Number Four

"It's four years since we started . . ."

From Stella Matheson Drake

With Stanthorpe's street decorations and flags still flying, and with the biggest range of prizes to date, O'Mara's High Country Poets number Four set sail.

An informal "Meet the Poets" evening was held in O'Mara's Hotel on the Friday evening. The place was a-buzz in anticipation of the competitions. Original and Traditional Sections had reached capacity two weeks before, with a strong line up of Juniors and Novices.

Jacaru Australia donated free hats to each competitor which were presented by "Atelier Gallery", Stanthorpe which stocks a large range of Jacaru's leather goods.

Saturday morning saw all the youngsters lined up bright eyed and eager to wear their Jacaru hat. The first five placegetters to be treated to a trip to Brisbane's "Palma Rosa Poets" to perform and represent the Bush in the City. This exciting trip was funded by the Regional Arts Division Funding and the Stanthorpe Shire Council. It would also include the five best in each of the Junior Written Competition and the Poster Competition.

Winners of the Junior Performance Section sponsored by Huddleston Solicitors, were: 1st Stuart Nivison 2nd Harry Blundell and 3rd Megan Wust with \$10 Encouragement Awards going to another five.

The winners of the School Poster Competition sponsored by Stanthorpe Wine Centre and judged from 68 entries from schools all over the Granite Belt, were 1st Robert Calvisi, 2nd Clarissa Pabst and 3rd Nicholas Ree. Another 5 children were awarded \$5 Encouragement Awards donated by renowned Bush Poet, Milton Taylor.

Another first this year, was the Junior Written Competition sponsored by Dr. George Bush, which brought in 46 entries. The winners were 1st Juliet Davis, 2nd Stacey Howard and 3rd Tim Abbott with another five receiving a \$5 Encouragement Award courtesy of Milton Taylor.

The Novice Section was sponsored by Granite Belt Tyre Service which was won by: 1st Murray "Mo" Rutherford, 2nd Glori O'Brien and 3rd Daniel Thompson. Mo and Daniel were first timers at High Country Poets with Daniel and his wife coming all the way from Townsville. Glori and her husband Paddy O'Brien from Murwillumbah, were the winners of the Category 1 Art Union which ran for the first time this year with first prize being a weekend at The Poets' Pub for the competitions.

The Traditional Section with a full

capacity of 25 contestants was sponsored by Huddleston Solicitors John Best won the big \$700 first prize. 2nd place went to Ron Leikefett and 3rd place to Max Jarrott.

With much excitement in the air, the big event began at 7pm with 25 contestants. This is the Open Original Section with O'Mara's Hotel's generous \$1,000 first prize for the fourth year.

Ellis Campbell of Dubbo took home the money with 2nd Prize going to John Best of Pine Rivers and 3rd to Glennie Palmer of Beaudesert.

Judges for the day and evening's events were Maureen Stonham, Reg Rubie and Wally Finch for the Traditional and Original Sections, and a second team of John Best, Peter Blundell and Trisha Anderson judging the Junior and Novice Sections. The Scoring team was again Peter and Rosemary Bagueley who do such a great job. Time keeper was Nevill Bryant. Ray Essery and Jack Drake compered the day's events and kept the ball rolling.

On Sunday morning the now traditional "Breakfast with the Poets" was held in the Dining Room to cater for the expanding numbers of guests who come each year to "the morning after". This was hosted by Ray Essery and featured many of the winners from the previous day's events.

The organizing team headed by Jack Drake, is more than happy with the way this event has grown in only four years. It is now fixed in the Bush Poet's Calendar and is not to be missed. The support by locals in the audience and local sponsorship is very rewarding to Bob Dellar and instigator Jack Drake, to showcase some of Australia's Bush Poetry talents here in Stanthorpe.

O'MARA's NUMBER FOUR by Jack Drake

It's four years since we started and Bob's still got a grin
'cause the poets patronise us and we pack the people in.
Up here at O'Mara's in the clear, sweet, mountain air
you can meet some Dinkum Poets who are Aussie fair and square.
For it don't get more Australian than our own Bush Poetry –
an art that celebrates this land loved by you and me.
And every mongrel Poet with a verse or two to spiel
rolled their swags, packed their ports, and got behind the wheel.
The judges have all made it. We've got "Wally the Bear"
and the Queen of "Palma Rosa" sexy Trisha over there.
Pete Blundell and Reg Rubie our local Stanthorpe blokes.
Maureen working like a Trojan and John Best cracking jokes.
Ray Essery has rolled in from the Northern Rivers side
Straight out of the cowshed with the arse out of his strides.
Pants don't last young Raymond as long as they do some.
But I reckon they'd last better if he stopped scratching his bum.
Rosemary and Peter are here running up the scores.
A mob of other mates of ours all helping with the chores.
They are cooking up the tucker and they're pouring out the beer.
The poets are all primed up. We'll have fun – no bloody fear!
So let's sit back and listen to the stories of our land
from the mountains and the beaches to the glaring desert sand.
Come listen to our Poets as they rant and rave and skite.
Hear the voice of our Australia in old Stanthorpe town tonight!

In Flanders Fields

by John McRae

In Flanders fields the poppies blow
Between the crosses, row on row
That mark our place; and in the sky
The larks, still bravely singing, fly
Scarce heard amid the guns below.

We are the Dead. Short days ago
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,
Loved and were loved, and now we lie
In Flanders fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe:
To you from failing hands we throw
The torch; be yours to hold it high.
If ye break faith with us who die
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow
In Flanders fields.

The Red Cross Nurses

by Thomas L Masson

Out where the line of battle cleaves
The horizon of woe
And sightless warriors clutch the leaves
The Red Cross nurses go.

In where the cots of agony
Mark death's unmeasured tide --
Bear up the battle's harvestry --
The Red Cross nurses glide.

Look! Where the hell of steel has torn
Its way through slumbering earth
The orphaned urchins kneel forlorn
And wonder at their birth.

Until, above them, calm and wise
With smile and guiding hand,
God looking through their gentle eyes,
The Red Cross nurses stand.

Old Soldier

©Tom Stonham

Dim jungle dawn, a crouching run,
hot on my hip, an Owen gun ...
Cold, clammy sweat as I was torn
from brash boyhood ... and woke, reborn.

For nineteen years I never knew
what Freedom costs but now I do ...
You know, or not, it can't be told -
New-born at dawn and now I'm old.

The ignorance of youth was lost.
Life's line of no-return was crossed.
Delusion's dead, I've shed its husk ...
Old soldier in the grim, red dusk.

ANZAC DAY 1915 - 2002

by Frank Daniel

Eighty-seven years have lapsed since the Anzacs landed at Gallipoli in answer to England's call. No doubt many Australians asked the same questions as did CJ Dennis through his mate Ginger Mick.

'E sez to me, "Wot's orl this flamin' war?
The papers tork uv nothin' else but scraps.
An' wot's ole England got snake-'eaded for?
An' wot's the strength uv callin' out our chaps?"
'E sez to me, "Struth! Don't she rule the sea?
Wot does she want wiv us?" 'e sez to me.

Ginger Mick was a likeable rogue who, before answering the call to arms to defend democracy, and later losing his life in North Africa, sold fresh rabbits in the streets of Melbourne.

Like so many Australians, Mick wasn't too sure why he enlisted or what the hell they were fighting for. Some of them probably understood, but so many just went along to fight for their country, not necessarily for Mother England. It was more or less a case of going 'over there' and punching a few heads and teaching them all a lesson or two before coming home.

Wot for? Gawstruth! 'E wus no patriot
That sits an' brays advice in days uv strife:
'E never flapped no flags nor sich like rot;
'E never sung "Gawsave" in all 'is life.

Seeing loved ones off to war, and leaving family behind was not easy. None realised the extent to which the war would last nor the fatal outcome.

Why did 'e go? 'E 'ad a decent job,
'Is tart an' 'im they could 'a' made it right.
Why does a wild bull fight to guard the mob?
Why does a bloomin' bull-ant look fer fight?
Why does a rooster scrap an' flap an' crow?
'E went becos 'e dam well 'ad to go.

The Aussies were reputedly happy-go-lucky fellows not taking too seriously to regimentation or the war itself. It even struck Ginger Mick as a bit of an oddity.

"When I'm sittin' in me dug-out wiv me rifle on me knees,
An' a yowlin', 'owlin' chorus comes a-floatin' up the breeze -
Jist a bit o' 'Bonnie Mary' or 'Long Way to Tipperary' -
Then I know I'm in Australia, took an' planted overseas.
They've bin up agin it solid since we crossed the flamin' foam;
But they're singin' - alwiz singin' - since we left the wharf at 'ome.

As the casualties of war increased and the wounded were returned to Australia, Dennis wrote of 'the Boys Who Took the Count',

Now, it's dickin' to style if yer playin' the game,
It it's marbles, or shinty, or war;
I've seen 'em lob 'ome 'ere, the 'alt an' the lame,
That wuz fine 'efty fellers before.
They wuz toughs, they wuz crooks, they wuz ev'ry bad thing,
But they mixed it as gentlemen should.
So 'ere's to the coot wiv' the eye in a sling,
An' a smile in the one that is good.

During the war many young men 'found themselves' and Mick was promoted to Lance Corporal and, as he said, "found me game at last".

"An they picked me for me manners, w'ich wus snouted over 'ome,
But I've learned to be a soljer since I crossed the ragin' foam.

(to page 15)

ANZAC DAY (From page 14)

Correspondence from families and friends at home kept the fighting mans spirit alive. Letters from the front were much awaited.

Delays in the mail caused some concern, especially at home, but as always 'no news was good news'.

The most dreaded communication of course was in the form of a telegram, delivered by the local policeman or clergyman.

A month ago the world grew grey for me;
A month ago the light went out fer Rose.*
To 'er they broke it gentle as might be;
But fer 'is pal 'twus one of 'em swift blows
That stops the 'eart-beat; fer to me it came
Jist, "Killed in Action," an' beneath, 'is name.

*Rose: Mick's sweetheart.

For Australia the First World War remains the most costly conflict ever in terms of deaths and casualties. Three hundred thousand Australians enlisted for service, of which number, nearly sixty thousand were killed, proportionately the highest casualty rate of any army in the war.

After training in Egypt, the Anzac corps sailed for Gallipoli to combat threats posed by the Turks over British interests in the Middle East and the Suez Canal. The Australians landed at Anzac Cove on 25 April 1915.

Together with his mates from New Zealand, the Aussie Digger made his presence felt and no better fighting soldier was ever produced.

As proud Australians we 'will remember them.

(Two hundred servicemen from Canowindra (*population app., 2000 in 1914*) served in the First World War, with 61 lives lost. Believed to be the highest casualty rate of any country town in Australia on a per capita basis).



MARY GILMORE - No Foe. . . .

Mary Gilmore (1865-1962) was born at Cotta Walla near Goulburn, New South Wales.

Her life span of nearly a century joined pioneering Australia to the modern Commonwealth, just as her verse projects some of the basic elements of the Australian ethos into twentieth century literature.

In 1937 she was made a Dame of the British Empire for her services to Australian literature. Mary Gilmore is one of two Australian writers (A.B. Paterson is the other) featured on the 1993 ten-dollar note.

It was in 1940 that Mary composed her most famous patriotic poem, 'No Foe Shall Gather Our Harvest'.

He diary of June 16th contains the first draft of a poem which she proposed to call 'The Men from Riverina'. Two days of revision led to a change in title to 'Song of the Cattle Men' and substantial variations to the first verse. She took it to Leslie Haylen of the Australian Women's Weekly who declared immediately that he would feature it, that is, give it a dramatic and full presentation.

Haylen was as good as his word. On a full page of the Weekly (dated 29th June 1940), bordered by pictures of Australian rural life and a scene from the landing at Gallipoli, was Mary's poem, now titled 'No Foe Shall Gather Our Harvest'. It has become part of Australian legend.

The Weekly's boards announced as the leading feature of that

NO FOE SHALL GATHER OUR HARVEST

Mary Gilmore 1940.

Sons of the mountains of Scotland,
Clansmen from correl and kyle,
Breed of the moors of England,
Children of Erin's green isle.
We stand four-square to the tempest
Whatever the battering hail –
No foe shall gather our harvest,
Or sit on our stockyard rail.

Our women shall walk in honor,
Our children shall know no chain,
This land that is ours forever
The invader shall strike at in vain.
Anzac! ..Bapaume!..and the Marne!
Could ever the old blood fail?
No foe shall gather our harvest,
Or sit on our stockyard rail.

So hail-fellow-met we muster,
And hail-fellow-met fall in,
Wherever the guns may thunder,
Or the rocketing 'air mail' spin!
Born of the soil and the whirlwind
Though death itself be the gale –
No foe shall gather our harvest,
Or sit on our stockyard rail.

We are the sons of Australia,
Of the men who fashioned the land,
We are the sons of the women
Who walked with them, hand in hand;
And we swear by the dead who bore us,
By the heroes who blazed the trail,
No foe shall gather our harvest,
Or sit on our stockyard rail.

week's edition, 'Dame Mary Gilmore's War Poem'.

The Weekly's wide appeal as a family magazine meant that Mary's poem went into a great many homes, there to be read and discussed by the whole family group. Many, especially the children, came to know it by heart. Always ready to depreciate her own talent she considered 'No Foe' 'not great verse but it just hit the moment'.

That it certainly caught, after the trauma of Dunkirk, the national mood of defiance, can be gauged by the intense public reaction to it.

It was displayed in shop windows in cities and towns and was read at regular intervals, during the days that followed, over 2GB.

Mary, and the Women's Weekly, received scores of appreciative letters.

THE ANZAC ON THE WALL

© Jim Brown - Richmond Victoria.

I was loitering in a country town 'cos I had time to spare;
So I went into an antique shop to see what was in there.
Bikes and pumps and kero lamps, the old shop had it all,
And then I was taken prisoner by the Anzac on the Wall.

Such an honest open face, a young man in his prime,
When I looked at your photograph your eyes locked onto mine.
An image proud and confident inside a wooden frame,
I felt myself drawn to you in a way I can't explain.

"Does the Anzac have a name?" I asked. The old man didn't know.
He said, "Those who could have told me have passed on long ago."
The old man kept on talking and, according to his tale,
The photo was unwanted junk bought at a clearance sale.

"I asked around," the old man said, "but no one knew his face,
He's been up on that wall for years, deserves a better place.
Some one must have loved him, it seems a shame somehow."
I nodded and said quietly, "Oh well, I'll take him now."

So you came home with me mate - too long you'd been alone
I don't even know your name, but you're welcome in my home.
Did you fight at Flanders, or perhaps Gallipoli?
I'll never know the answer, but I know you fought for me.

I wonder where they sent you mate, when you answered the call,
Were you killed in action? Did you come home at all?
You must have had a family - will you be claimed one day?
To be honest, I hope not mate - 'cos I'm proud to have you stay.....

People come to my house, and they question me,
And I tell them a white lie, and say you're family.
They say, "You must be proud of him." I tell them, one and all,
That that's why you've got pride of place - my Anzac on the Wall.

Owen Michael Davis was born on the Darling Downs in Queensland. He was related to noted author Arthur Hoey Davis ('Steele Rudd' - Dad 'n' Dave).

Owen was a quiet young man, with a love of gardening and home. His love of roses prompted Dorothea Quinn to write the

accompanying poem *'My Secret'*, for his parents Michael and Glad Davis back in 1942 at Murgon.

Dorothea was a great friend of Owen and his family, and still keeps in touch with Owen's older brother.

Owen Davis died of wounds on 22nd December 1942 in Buna, New Guinea aged 22 years.

Dorothea Quinn commenced writing bush poetry when she was 12 years old, encouraged by her parents love for Pater-son, Lawson and Ogilvie.



My Secret

© Dorothea Quinn. Murgon Qld.

Oh yes, she admired my garden,
And wondered at my sad smile,
But how could she guess my secret
Though she wandered with me a while?
How could she know what sadness,
What joy, what sorrow and pain,
That splendid array of roses
Brought in its glorious train.

Whene'er I stand in my garden
Such vivid reflections I see,
For from my favourite blooms
A face shines out at me -
Dewdrops on a pink rosebud
Are tears on his baby cheek,
I see mischief in clear eyes,
Hear the patter of tiny feet.

His favourite flower - that deep pink rose
Halfblown - is like his first year,
Of budding manhood when youth whispered,
"Grasp joys that are near."

Oh rose, I see in your deep red splendour
The passionate love of a man,
For all he held dear in his life
Left behind with the wave of the hand.

There is no bloom in all my garden
Dreary or drab enough to be -
Alas! I brush away a falling tear -
Likened to that shade, khaki.
But the deep green foliage you've seen
Wherein my blossoms lie
Speaks to me of jungle green -
Years do not ease broken hearts - oh why?
Would that I could never see, the drooping head
Of a full-blown rose, bent o'er by summer rain,
Its duty done, its brilliance gone,
Never to bloom again.

Garlands of white roses I place tenderly
Not on the grave in jungle wild,
But upon the shrine I keep in memory -
She wondered why I sadly smiled.

Now in her 83rd year Dorothea Quinn is still writing poetry and her work is much admired by many of our present day writers and performers.

Editors note: The timely receipt of the two poems on this page along with the photograph, boosted my enthusiasm to add four more pages to this edition of the newsletter.

The Owen Davis photograph I believe compliments Jim Brown's **Anzac on the Wall** as much as it befits Dorothea's tribute, and I'm sure it will be appreciated by one and all.

JOHN O'BRIEN BUSH FESTIVAL

The John O'Brien Bush Festival held at Narrandera over the St. Patrick's Day weekend has been a spectacular success with organiser's anticipating huge growth over the next few years.

Festival Coordinator Julie Briggs said 'it was unanimous that everyone we spoke to was pleased with the quality of the festival and the quality of the venues.'

"Even the performers who travel around Australia a lot, especially in eastern Australia, the likes of poets Noel Stallard and Frank Daniel, said it is the best festival and they are prepared to promote it for next year."

"The festival has really come of age now. The last few years have been excellent but this year we saw more than one hundred percent growth and we know that from this point on the festival has a life of it's own."

"Feedback from patrons, performers, local businesses and volunteers has been exclusively positive. Media interest, and in particular national media interest is beginning to emerge, but most importantly we expect eighty percent of our festival visitor's will return again and many intend bringing others with them.

Many visitors also indicated that they wish to spend more time in Narrandera on the shoulders of the festival, with a view to taking in more of Narrandera and the Riverina.

The Tourist Board is delighted with the success of the festival and is confident that it will fast become a vanguard event for the Riverina and for New South Wales.

This year it was found necessary to hold four bush poets breakfasts; two on Saturday and two on Sunday morning, with comperes Noel Cutler, Geoffrey Graham and Frank Daniel sharing the audiences and participants in a manner designed to allow patrons to catch a glimpse of all in action.

Two hundred people attended the Boree Log Dance at the Sandigo Hall.

"The success of the John O'Brien Bush Festival lies purely and simply in the hands of volunteers, and it already looks like we'll need twice as many next year." said Mrs. Briggs.

A special Anzac Tribute conducted by the Narrandera RSL and led by Wallace Charles, was held in the Memorial Gardens with a wreath laying, special prayers, a monologue and poetry by Frank Daniel and songs by Peter Godbee.

The John O'Brien Poetry & Prose Competition 2002

Section 1 Awards for Verse

Open Class 1 Traditional

1st Prize Noel Stallard, Arana Hills, Q'nd

Jack Riley - Bushman Game

Highly Commended - Frank Cardiff Gosford, *Troop Trains*

Brian Beesley Cherrybrk, NSW *Kosovo Last Night*

Nelle (Ellen) Harris, Richmd V *Born Again*

Ron Stevens, Dubbo, NSW *Year of the Outback Poets, 2002*

Open Class 2 Contemporary -

1st Prize - Susan Kruss, Hamlyn Heights, Vic

Journeys with Glass Hinges

Highly Commended - Vera Hepple, Nth Q. *Paper Daisy*

John Ryan, Bunyanvale, NSW *At the Bottom of My Garden*

Norman MacLucas, Glenelg SA *Hospital Time*

Ian C Smith, Bairnsdale, Vic *New Tricks*

Open Class 3 Humorous - 1st Prize

Noel Stallard *Both Ladies Wore Red*

Highly Commended

Denny Aldridge, Carlingford NSW *Bush Dance*

Denny Aldridge, Carlingford NSW *Garage Sale*

Ellis Campbell, Dubbo NSW *Barely a Holiday*

Ken Dean, Marrangaroo NSW

The Shearer's Fashion Show

Jim Horan Bush Poetry Award -

Brian Beesley, Cherrybrook, NSW

West of Blackhall

Section 2 Awards for Prose

Open Class 1 Short Story 1st Prize

Ron Stevens, Dubbo NSW *Funny Business*

Highly Commended

Helen Armstrong, Bundeena NSW *The Visitor*

M Darling Ward, Frankston, Vic

Innocence at the Saturday Matinees

J O'B - PERFORMANCE BUSH POETRY

The Country First Credit Union Ltd - Open Class \$1,000.00 Performance Poetry competition held on the Friday night was a resounding success with over a hundred and twenty in attendance at the Narrandera Ex-Services Club.

Sixteen poets battled for supremacy with an undisputed win going to Ron Stevens of Dubbo with his lively, self written rendition of 'Pumping Iron'. Ron is only just starting to show his mettle as a performer having been happy with his many successes in written competitions.

Terry Regan of Blaxland NSW was runner-up with 'Through the Horses Eyes'. Third place went to Don Anderson of Leeton NSW who recited the Bobby Miller poem, 'The Will'.

Three complimentary prizes were allocated to Ken Dean of Marrangaroo NSW, Ed Walker of Narre Warren V. and Jim Angel of Narrandera NSW.

Judges for the challenge were Noel Cutler of Wangaratta V., Noel Stallard of Brisbane, Dick Warwick, visiting American Cowboy poet from Oakesdale, Washington USA, assisted by Glenn Cutler and Anne Stallard.

THANK YOU . . .

Thank you to the following contributors to this 28 page edition of the ABPA Newsletter, as well as those mentioned elsewhere.

Maxine Ireland, Brian Bell, Dorothea Quinn, Stella Drake, Narrandera Tourism, Jim Brown, Maureen Dunn, Milton Taylor, Julie Gliori, Wally Finch, Maureen Stonham, Jim Sampson, Trish Anderson, Mulwala Tourism, Sam Smyth, WA Bush Poets, David Wilton, Central Western Daily - Orange.

THE DERO IN THE DOORWAY

© Jimmy Brown Gilgai NSW

In the sordid concrete jungle
on a crowded busy street
Lies a body in a doorway
'midst the rushing waves of feet

People marching ever onwards
hardly spare a side long frown
At the dero in the doorway
please don't kick him when he's down

All they see's a drunken loser
lying listless In the door
You would waste your time to tell them
of the man he was before

They've no hinting of his past life
before moving into town
Where a fickle woman found him
and the bottle brought him down

Does he ever miss the scrub land
and the life he led before
Does he long to fork the saddle
and to join his mates once more

Deep in alcoholic slumber
in dim recess of his brain
Old memories come to haunt him
through the drink that numbs the pain

He was a prince among the ringers
on those far flung western plains
He can hear the night horse whinny
feel his fingers on the reins

He can hear the timber cracking
as the wild mob gathers speed
Feel the old stock horse beneath him
as they race to turn the lead

In his hand the stockwhip thunders
he was rated with the best
When the bravest hearts would falter
he had always stood the test

Never heeding cry nor warning
fear not danger round the bend
Until the nerve began to falter
the beginning of the end

Feel the pounding of the heartbeat
as you head the flying steer
Search for the courage in a bottle
anything to beat the fear

First a drink at night to wind down
then a shot to start the day
Just one more to keep you going
time to give the game away

Just a broken busted ringer
one more loser on the pile
Like the others come before him
they only stick it for a while

STOCKMAN'S REVIEW

© JB 'Badge' Harvison

On a nail above the fire-place my old spurs gather rust,
My old stock-whip is silent in its coils,
My saddle and my bridle are dry and grey with dust
And I'm dreaming while my old black billy boils.

The firelight wraps around me as a golden cloak, it seems
As I watch the bright red embers glow in my fire of dreams
And a cavalcade in pictures as the voice of memory clears,
With a gallery of faces, through the flames and smoke appears.

I can see old droves of cattle and the flocks of sheep I've shorn
And I see again the humpy in the hills where I was born
Then I see the swollen rivers and smell the driving rain
And hear once more the reapers in the fields of golden grain.

And I hear the ring of axes and the thud of heavy mawl,
As I watch the sweating teamsters load the big rough logs they haul
And I see the great green ocean and the ships that plough her fields
And I watch the weary ploughmen plodding home as twilight steals.

I can see the jewelled coal-seams and hear the biting drill
And I see again the bushfires and my eyes are smarting still
And I ride the wild horse muster and with the riders cheer,
Then watch the white froth floating as we drink the sweet cool beer.

Then I hear the cannons rattle and the cries of dying men
And smell the stink of battle and the poppy fields again,
Then I see the wood-duck winging and hear the brolga's call
And watch the quick trout darting as the shades of evening fall.

I can glimpse a lonely valley and a mound of fresh turned earth,
And a wreath of cloud descending o'er the hills that gave me birth
And I know deep down within me when they stage this final scene,
There'll be no need then to mourn me, I'm the man

I might have been.

Drifting down into the inside
wine and women take their toll
Running out of luck and money
feeling lost and growing old.

Craves a woman's arms around him
finds a girl with heart of stone
Tongue that lashes like a stockwhip
leaves him broken and alone

Leaves him begging for a handout
living only for the drink
Once again the stars his bedroom
don't give a damn what people think.

Old friends he knew desert him
pride a thing of times gone past
Sinking further down the gutter
knows each day could be his last

Is that a man there in the doorway
or a broken empty shell
Reliving memories of his glory
in his lonely private hell

Spare a thought for that old ringer
as you pretend you do not see
But for the sake of lucks good fortune
that old tramp there could be me.

Book Release!

'DUNN AT LAST'

By

Carmel Dunn

**Three times
Australian
Junior Bush Poetry
Champion**

**Australian
Ladies Bush Poetry
Champion 2001**

Contact
Carmel Dunn
MS 623 Ogilvie Rd
Warwick Q. 4370
07 4661 4400
\$10 posted

DRINKING FROM MY SAUCER

From Jill Jessen (Author unknown)

I've never made a fortune
and it's probably too late now.
But I don't worry about that much,
I'm happy anyhow.
And as I go along life's way,
I'm reaping better than I sowed.
I'm drinking from my saucer,
'Cause my cup has overflowed.

Haven't got a lot of riches,
and sometimes the going's tough.
But I've got loving ones around me,
that makes me rich enough.
I thank God for His blessings,
and the mercies He's bestowed.
I'm drinking from my saucer,
'cause my cup has overflowed.

Remember times when all went wrong,
My faith wore somewhat thin.
But all at once the dark clouds broke,
and the sun peeped through again.
So Lord, help me not to gripe
about the tough rows that I've hoed.
I'm drinking from my saucer,
'Cause my cup has overflowed.

If God gives me strength and courage,
When the way grows steep and rough.
I'll not ask for other blessings,
I'm already blessed enough.
And may I never be too busy,
to help others bear their loads.
Then I'll keep drinking from my
saucer.

To Jade Brishcke,

Dear Jade,

Thank you for your lovely letter in ABPA mag of February. It was real cool and made me feel very special. I find 'Jades' are very nice people. I know, as I have a granddaughter called Jade and we're best mates. I'm glad you like my poetry and I'll certainly write some more.

If you send me you address I will send you one of my books. It has poetry and short stories in it and I'm sure you will enjoy them

Keep rhyming words, Jade. Kind regards
Corrie de Haas.

6 Riverstone Rd Helensvale Q. 4212
Ph. 07 5573 1315

'Rhyme and Reason' -

Writing Tips from Ellis Campbell

As I wrote on the page thirteen I regard Rhyme as the heart of good Bush Verse. It is very much a natural part of Traditional Australian Poetry. Even a small child might write "Jimmy Brown went to town" or "A big cat chased a rat". That is good rhyming, but it is not so simple when one has to make it a natural part of the story being told and fit into the metre pattern.

I try hard to use perfect rhyme at all times and do my best to avoid forced rhyme, half rhymes, sight rhymes or substitute assonance for rhyme.

"A drover rode his horse along the lane - and watched by people through the window pane", is perfect rhyming but poorly constructed verse. The author has deviated from the story merely to get a rhyme. That is forced rhyme. Write "The drover rode his horse along the lane - and cursed the driving wind and sleety rain". We again have a perfect rhyme but now have better rhythm and sounds more natural.

Half rhymes are 'saddle' and 'cattle' or 'town' and 'around' - some I often see used.

'Saddle' rhymes with 'addle' - 'straddle' - 'paddle' etc; while 'cattle' rhymes with 'rattle' - 'prattle' - 'battle' etc.

'Town' rhymes with 'Brown' - 'gown' - 'renown' etc. while 'around' rhymes with 'ground' - 'sound' - 'abound' etc.

Sight rhymes are 'bush' and 'hush' or 'town' and 'sown' or 'rough' and 'though'. They look the same to the eye but are pronounced differently. Some poets use these, but I prefer not to.

Another doubtful one is words like 'distribute' — 'repute' . . . They look good and I expect most poets would use them. But 'disTRIBute' has the stress on the middle syllable while 'rePUTE' has it on the last syllable. A bit tricky?

Conversely words that do not look alike can be perfect rhymes. For example 'boot' 'brute' 'fruit'. Or 'fire' 'choir' 'tyre'. Or 'jaw' - 'bore' - 'claw' - 'floor' or 'pool' - 'cruel' - 'rule'.

Rhyming on the weak stress is not usually successful but can be made work if it follows a strong stress, e.g. 'flowing' - 'mowing' - or 'racing' - 'chasing' or 'flying' - 'dying'. You can go one step farther and have triple rhyme e.g. 'thundering' - 'blundering' or 'beckoning' - 'reckoning'.

Or four if you like with 'reflectively' - 'effectively' - or 'demonstrative' - 'remonstrative'. Or five with words like 'unconventional' - 'unintentional'. But one needs to be fairly conversed in the art of poetry to try some of these.

Many confuse assonance with rhyme. Assonance is the repetition of vowel sounds. 'Sheep' - 'wheat' - 'squeak' have the same internal vowel sounds but each ends with a different letter. Likewise 'squall' - 'squat' - 'squaw' - or 'pool' - 'shook' - 'door'.

We will look at Metre, the soul of poetry next issue.

Ellis Campbell

I knew a very clever man
Who's poetry would never scan.
When I told him this was so
He answered me 'oh yes! I know!
"It's all because I try to put every possible
syllable into the very last line that I can"!!



BACKFIRE

© Milton Taylor

It happened twenty years ago whilst travelling interstate,
Chasing up a shearing job, the night was getting late,
It was me and John Johansen that was driving through the fog,
We was lost and gettin' nowhere, then, we bottomed in a bog.

" We'll have to leg it mate," says John, "I think it's gunna rain,
I'm sure I saw a letter box a mile back up the lane."
We walked and found the letter box and through the gloom we saw
A light inside a farmhouse, so we fronted at the door.

Our knock was quickly answered by a lady with a lamp.
"Whatcha'want?" she hollered, so I said, "A place to camp.
We're tired and cold and hungry missus, could you see us right?
We only want a nice warm place to camp in for the night."

"You can't sleep here! I'm on me own, I got no extra beds,
There's lucerne hay and straw inside the feed room near the sheds.
Make yerslves a bed in there, and take this as a warning,
Don't hang around termorrer, youse leave early in the morning!"

Well, the straw was soft, the hay was warm, John snuffed out like a light
And I'll admit I had a very pleasant time that night.
At six o'clock the old girl's voice came rattling through the shed.
"There's eggs and bacon at the house, and tea and toast," she said.

We had a bonzer brekky, and we couldn't eat no more,
The old girl's attitude to us had softened, that's for sure.
She went and got her tractor and a length of bullock chain
Pulled us from the bog and sent us on our way again.

Well twelve months later Johnno rang. "I wan't to talk to you!
Remember that old farmer girl?" "Yeah, John, "I said, "I do."
"That night when I was sleepin', did you sneak out of the shed
And go and wake our hostess up and creep into her bed?"

"Well, Johnny, cobber, yeah, I did." I answered, filled with shame.
"And furthermore, you cunnin' rat, you gave my bloody name!"
Well! Yeah! I sorta mighta done John, you're a decent bloke,
Now you've found my secret out I hope you'll see the joke."

Yeah, very bloody funny! Though I s'pose ya' gotta laugh,
A joke like that is pretty good, too clever mate, by half.
But I'm not cranky with ya' mate, I'm rather glad ya' see.
The old girl died six months ago and left the farm to me!!"

*The above poem, 'Backfire' was adjudged runner up in the
2002 Blackened Billy Written Poetry Awards.*

LUDWIG LEICHHARDT PAGEANT FUN DAY . . .

All roads lead to Cecil Plains Homestead on the
18th and 19th May for the Annual Ludwig Leichhardt
Pageant Fun Day.

Poets are asked to put pen to paper once again in the
written competition. The theme being *'Ludwig in the
Bush'*. Details can be found in the Poets Calendar and
the winners will be announced at the Pageant Fun Day.

Camping is available on the Saturday night in readi-
ness for the big Barbeque and Bonfire with special
guest 'Ludwig's Ghost' making an appearance.

In case you're
asking . . .
Cecil Plains is
near Dalby in
Queensland

Sunday the 19th will kick off with a Barbeque Poets
Breaky with the main programme beginning at 11 am
which includes fun and games for all the family, vintage
cars, bikes, machinery and demonstrations.

Arts and crafts stalls, exhibitions, paintings, and a
Beaut Ute Competition make up only part of the days ac-
tivities. (See p. 22)

MY OLD

BUSHMAN'S BOOTS

© Duncan Williams Tamworth NSW

My ridin' boots are leaning,
In the cupboard where they stay,
The heels are worn to one side,
Bit I'll fix them up some day.
There were made by RM Williams,
I can feel them on my feet,
With the weight of the stirrups
In the comfort of my seat.

The style of them is bushman,
And yes, they were made to last,
Worn by those old stockmen,
And the drovers of the past.
Those men that lived on horses,
They lived hard and rather rough,
And depended on good leather,
Their type of work was rough.

These boots were worn by legends,
Back when the west was won,
Leather dressing helped to soften them,
From the harsh Australian sun.
These boots were soaked in water,
Dried on to shape the feet,
And worn around the stock-camps,
Near the fires glowing heat.

These boots were worn in cities,
And were made there just the same,
And the city folks and bushies,
Wore the RM Williams name.
These boots of mine are treasures,
And I wear them with respect,
With the name of RM Williams,
At five Percy Street, Prospect.

'I caught my husband making love',
the distraught woman said with dismay.
'Don't worry' replied her caring friend
'I got mine the same way'.

Brian Bell

Sweet Tooth

He didn't like his tea too sweet,
So when I filled his cup,
He put five spoons of sugar in -
And didn't stir it up.

Claude Morris

LIES, DAMN LIES AND STATISTICS

© Bob Burgess Edge Hill Qld.

Statistics are like lawyers, they testify for either side;
They sound very impressive but the truth they often hide.
If forty-seven percent of statistics are really just made up,
Take no note of survey mongers or you might be sold a pup.

Some day an enterprising statistician will try to figure out
The time lost compiling statistics wondering what
it's all about.

Two people in every one is schizophrenic, so they say;
And cigarettes are a major cause of the statistics of today.

A quarter of our road deaths are caused by drunken drivers,
so statistics prove;
Which means seventy five per cent are caused by non-drinkers
on the move.

Statistics on Australians who pass the average intelligence test
Prove they are smarter than half the people and more stupid
than the rest.

There are seven millions fat people, in round figures,
in Australia;
Which statistically proves that seven million diets are a failure.
Statistics are to play with, but to believe in will just bring woe;
The best time to buy anything, statistically, was this time
a year ago.

Don't take up lawn bowls, because it's statistically
a deadly sport;
More people die from playing lawn bowls, than from
any other sport.

There's lies, damn lies and statistics is a saying
worthy of note;
So beware the glib social worker who tries to shove numbers
down your throat.

MAY 20th
DEADLINE FOR COPY
JUNE ISSUE
ABPA NEWSLETTER



BUNDABERG Q.
BUNDY BUSH POETRY MUSTER 2002
July 5 - 7

Performance Bush Poetry Competitions

Open, Intermediates, Novices, Under 15's
Entry forms: SSAE to Muster Committee -
Bundaberg Bush Poets Society

P.O. Box 4281 South Bundaberg Q. 4670
Ph. Sandy 07 4151 4631 - Marilyn 07 4154 1663 - Sam 07 4156 1216

BUSH LANTERN AWARD

Written Bush Verse Competition

Entry forms: SSAE - Liz Ward - Award Coordinator
Bundaberg Poets Society Inc
P.O. Box 61 Mt. Perry Q. 4671 - Ph. 07 4156 3178
(Results announced at Muster)

SONG AT THE END

by Brian Bell, Glenbrook NSW

*There's a song at the end of life's rainbow
and it whispers it's message of peace
to a world that won't hear,
while it's innermost fear
is of perfect and natural release*

*There's a shadow that hangs in life's garden,
holding onto our worries and fears.
When the soul is at rest,
then this shadow is blessed
by the light, where it soon disappears.*

*There is moonlight shines after life's sunset
and it's beams are more pure than gold.
It replaces the gloom
of the emptiest room
with a love that will never grow old.*

*There's a ship that sails out of life's harbour,
past the seas of this limited world.
Love's the energy source
there to keep it on course
and ensures that it's sails are unfurled.*

*There's a place that awaits the departed,
filled with patience and beauty and trust.
There they shine in it's light,
gaining precious insight,
while possessions on Earth turn to dust.*

*There is mateship in deep consolation
when a loved-one is saying goodbye.
There's a bond in our loss
that will help us to cross
any bridge that awaits when we die.*

*There is always some hope for the future
while we keep spinning life's golden wheel.
When it's well understood, we can look for the good
in the hardship the years can reveal.*

*Though we won't hear our clock's final chiming
or be sure what's around the next bend,
we can give as we may;
live our life day by day;
not just wait for the song at the end.*

MULTI AWARD WINNING BUSH POETS CHRIS & THE GREY

BOOKS: Bush Verse and Yarns \$17.00 Posted

A MUSTER OF VERSE & YARNS

YOU'RE JOKING! MILK IN BILLY TEA

EXCUSE ME! IT'S THE GIDYEA

CASSETTES (\$ 17 posted)

CD's (singles \$ 22 posted) Double CD (\$32 posted)

CHRIS & THE GREY- A SELECTION OF BUSH VERSE

PULL UP A STUMP AND LISTEN!

LAUGHTER & TEARS FROM THE BUSH (Double album)

**Merv & Chris Webster. 8 Hawaii Court Bargara Q. 4670
Ph/fax. 07 4159 4868**

WORDSMITHS . . .

A SERIES OF WORDS AND PHRASES FROM THE PAST

Etymology is the study of word origins. It is not the study of insects; that is entomology.

Where words come from is a fascinating subject, full of folklore and historical lessons.

Often, popular tales of a word's origin arise. Sometimes these are true; more often they are not.

While it often seems disappointing when a neat little tale turns out to be untrue, almost invariably the true origin is just as interesting.

Botany Bay dozen: An obsolete reference from Australia's convict era which means twenty-five lashes. (WF).

Bundaberg honey: Golden syrup. (A product of sugar cane the principal crop of Queensland's Bundaberg district.) (WF).

Canary: A convict (the name is a reference to distinctive yellow and black clothing worn by the prisoners). Another name with the same meaning was "canary bird". (WF)

Booze: Folklore has it that this term for liquor comes from a Philadelphia distiller named E.C. Booz who prospered around 1840 by selling a popular spirit in bottles shaped like a log cabin. This is not correct. The word has been around since the fourteenth century and in use in America since the early eighteenth century. The Random House Historical Dictionary of American Slang records a cite of Benjamin Franklin using the term *boozy* from 1722, and Webster's 1828 dictionary has entries for *boose* and *bouse* meaning "to drink hard; to guzzle," and for *boosy* meaning "a little intoxicated; merry with liquor." It derives from the Middle Dutch verb *busen*, meaning to drink heavily, and first appeared in English as a verb spelled *bouse*.

From Spenser's 1590 *The Faerie Queene*, I.iv.22:

"And in his hand did bear a bouzing can,
Of which he supt so oft, that on his seat
His dronken corse he scarce upholden can" (DW)

Barbecue: This American contribution to international cuisine actually originated in the Caribbean, and the word comes to us via Spanish from its Indian roots. The original sense of *barbecue* is that of a raised, wooden (later metal) framework used for either sleeping upon or curing meats. The Indians of Guiana called it a *babracot* and the Haitians a *barbacoa*. The Spanish evidently acquired the Haitian word and it came into English from the Spanish. The earliest English cite, used for a sleeping platform, is from 1697. By 1733 the word was being used for an open-air, social gathering featuring the grilling of meat. (DW)

Courtesy of Wally Finch & David Wilton

LOST POETRY

Can you help?

Since January 1997 the ABPA home page Bushpoetry.com. has included a **Lost Poetry Archives** page on its website conducted by Frank Daniel.

By the end of December 2001, with a little help from friends and readers, 5,625 requests for lost poetry or poets had been satisfied. (many repeats of course)

Frank doesn't claim to know all the answers, but certainly does his best to help.

Readers of this newsletter are now invited to help out with some of the more elusive items.

The search is on for a poet named **Hatfield** (pen-name 'Bald Eagle') who came from Clermont Central Queensland (no Christian name available). His poetry was written most likely from the 1920's onwards.

The North Queensland Register in Townsville, published some of his works in its "Sundowner" section; many poems were about the Clermont district.

The people asking about Hatfield were unable to find any information from the Editor of the North Queensland Register.

Another reader asks for help in locating the words to a poem containing the following verse . . .

'The Bush Coach was ready and Billy the bear, Before he had started collected the fares, Now young Wally wombat who wanted a ride As proud as a peacock was sitting inside'

Another request is for a poem with the following lines.

"A famous King would build a church, a temple vast and grand, and that the prayers might be his own he gave a strict command".

Help would be appreciated on the following as well. Poetry by Hawkeye Edwards who was writing around the 1920's. It is believed he lived in Sydney and wrote some poetry about the Mid North Coast of NSW.

Can anyone help with a poem of special interest to a reader where the first line could be *"In the street of a thousand whispers"* - it may be called *"The pigtail of Lee Fang Foo"*

A former Queenslander, Penelope Setchell, living in England since 1971 is still an avid reader of Australian verse and literature, and is currently writing a novel, set in Queensland in the late 1960s.

She is searching for a poem which as far as memory allows is called *'The Netmaker'* by Val Vallis, possibly from a book by Dr. Vallis called *'Songs of The East Coast'*, published in 1947, but not available in the UK.

Another lost poem, written pre 1950 called *"The Australian"*, author unknown. *His sheep are white on the rolling downs His cattle are over the hills His axe is heard on the timbered heights And the echoing valley thrills His hand is quick to the bridle reign And his foot that is stirrup-born Lifts him as light to the saddle tree As a bird to the bough at morn*

Information that may help with any of the above would be appreciated. Please contact the Editor.

ECHOES IN THE WOOLSHED

© June Lal. Mt Druitt NSW

I stand here in the empty yards
And through the misty haze,
I can see sheep pens full again
As in those far off days.

I stand inside the shearing shed
Where Will Ogilvie once stood,
I see his name upon the wall
Written in the ageing wood.

And as I stand and gaze around
I hear the voices soft and low,
Of the shearers in the woolshed
As they were so long ago.

There are echoes in the woolshed
And they speak of other days,
On Kaleno, out near Cobar where
Some thousand sheep would graze.

I leave the silent woolshed
And those voices stay with me,
As I walk across the red soil
To a stand of Wilga trees.
And I look back at the woolshed
And the homestead far away,
I can see sheep in the scrubland
And the kelpies at their play.

And the echoes from the woolshed
Speak again to me,
They tell of days to come
When good times again we'll see.
And I look around me
At the vision that I see
Of sheep and kelpies coming up
And the echoes speak to me.

There are echoes in the woolshed
And they speak of times long past
When sheep were shorn in thousands
But alas this didn't last.
For the drought brought devastation
To the man there on the land,
But the people in the city
They don't seem to understand.

In the woolshed once again
My eyes are blurred with tears
The echoes speak, I feel a hand
I hear the sound of shears.
I turn around and see them there
I touch them and I feel
The shearers on Kaleno
And those echoes they are real.
So hear the echoes in the woolshed
And hear the soft refrain
And see the fleeces flying
They are shearing once again.

BIGGER, SHARPER SPURS

Gary Fogarty is widely regarded as one of Australia's leading Bush Poets and the release of his latest CD, *"Bigger, Sharper Spurs:"* will only add to his already impressive reputation.

Following on from two successful books, *"You'll Find It In the Bush"* and *"Unleashed"* and the equally successful cassette *"No Apologies"*, this latest offering is sure to thrill Gary's many loyal fans and introduce a whole new audience to the talents of this uniquely Australian performer.



If you have ever been run over by a Line Dancer, subjected to the Stupidity of Political Correctness, spilled gravy on your jeans at a Barbeque, braved a Blind Date, ran a Cross Country race, suffered through a Garage Sale, stubbed your toe on a Garden Gnome, discovered the true worth of a Mate or searched for the inspiration to rise above the odds, then *"Bigger, Sharper Spurs"* is a must for your CD collection.

There are other performers who can be just as funny, there are other performers who can reach out and inspire you or touch your emotions, but few if any can take you on such a roller coaster of emotions.

From the outrageously funny *"Cross Country Capers"* to the inspiring title track *"Bigger, Sharper Spurs"*, this Album proves once again the ability of Gary Fogarty to relate to his audiences in the no-nonsense, tell it as it is, take no prisoners style that his clearly evident throughout the recording.

Recorded and produced by Roger Ilot of Restless Music, Stanthorpe Qld., this CD feature 14 tracks written and performed by Gary Fogarty plus a moving performance of the Banjo Paterson classic *"The Last Parade"*.

In addition, Gary has enlisted the help of long time friend, singer Mike Horswood in the recording of *"Rough Country Ringer"*, a bush ballad penned by Gary some years ago.

Despite winning Australia's Inaugural Bush Poetry Championships and a host of other awards, Gary Fogarty has been referred to as *"Queenslands best kept secret"*.

Here is an opportunity to add this uniquely Australian recording to your CD collection and to enjoy the unquestionable talents of this genuine boy from the bush. CD's \$20 plus postage Books \$10 plus postage.

Gary is available for festivals, poets gatherings, corporate and charity dinners. Contacts: Ph. 07 4695 1228 Fax. 07 4695 1834
P.O. Box 245 Millmerrin Qld. 4357. fogartygary@hotmail.com

VICTORIAN BUSH POETRY CHAMPIONSHIPS

Stratford, Victoria. October 12 & 13th 2002

Championships run by the 'Gippsland Bush Poets'
in conjunction with the 'Gippsland Centre, Sale'
GIPPSLAND WRITERS FESTIVAL

Three Categories: 1. Junior 2. Open Traditional 3. Open Original

Entry forms and details available by return mail

Send Stamped, Self Addressed Envelope to

Victorian Bush Poetry Championships

P.O. Box 159

Stratford Victoria 3862

Regular Monthly Events . . .

New South Wales:

- 1st Tues TUGGERAH Lakes Poetry Group. 7 pm The Entrance Leagues Club. 3 Bay Village Rd, Bateau Bay.
Joan Johnson 02 4332 5318, Judy Stanton 02 4388 5972
- Every Tues. TWEED HEADS Poets and Writers on the Tweed. 1.30 pm - Library Meeting Room. Lorraine Richards 07 5590 9395
- 1st Thurs GLADESVILLE - North by Northwest Poetry & Folk Club. 7.30pm Cornucopia Café. Graeme Johnson 02 9874 7653
(Grounds Old Gladesville Hospital - off Punt Rd-follow signs). Jenny Carter 02 9887 1856 or 0412 222 690
- 3rd Sat. LIVERPOOL Poet's in the Making. 12 - 4 pm Liverpool Library - 170 George Street Liverpool David Price 02 9825 0402
- 2nd Mon KATOOMBA - Parakeet's Poets - Parakeet Café - 7 pm. Katoomba St, Katoomba. Denis Kevans 02 4757 3119
- 2nd Tues HUNTER Bush Poets. 7 pm, Tarro Hotel, Anderson Dr, Tarro. Bob Skelton 02 4953 2751
- 2nd Wed DORRIGO Mountain Top Poets, 7 pm, April, June, August, October. Murray 02 6657 2139
- 2nd Thurs TAMWORTH Poetry Reading Grp. 8 pm, unit 2, 8 Illoura St, Tamworth. Keith 02 6766 4164. Maureen 02 6765 6067
- 2nd Frid BUNDEENA - Pheasant's Hut Folk Club - Ph. Yuri 02 9527 0955 - 0419 412 093
- 2nd Frid COOMA The Monaro Leisure Club - 7 pm Vale St. Cooma - Elaine 02 6454 3128
- 3rd Fri JUNEE Bush Poetry Group. 7.30pm, Junee Community Centre. Brian Beasley PO Box 82 Junee. 02 6924 1317
- 4th Tues PICTON - Wollondilly Regional FAW Writers. 7.30 pm, Picton Hotel - Vince 02 4684 1704
- 4th Tues GRAFTON Live Poet's Society - Roches Hotel, 7.30pm. Bill Kearns 02 6642 2772
- 4th Wed INVERELL Wednesday Writers, 7.30 pm, Empire Hotel. Ida Morse 02 6722 2425
- 4th Thurs QUEANBEYAN Bush Poets. Poet's lane, Queanbeyan. David Meyers 02 6286 1891
- 2nd last Mon MID-COAST Sundowners - Bush Poets meet in a private home. Reid 02 6554 9788. Phil 02 6552 6389 re Venue.
- Last Tues GOSFORD Spaghetti Poetry Group. Gee Wong Restaurant, 197 Mann St. 6.30 pm. Bob & Ester Sennett 02 4325 2590
- Last Thurs PENRITH Writers on the River, 7 pm, Caddies Coffee Shop, 2 - 3 Castlereagh St Penrith. Brian Bell 02 4739 2219
- Last Fri KANGAROO VALLEY Folk Music Club. Bush Poets welcome. Carl Leddy 02 4465 1621 re venue.
- Last Sat MORISETT Australian Christian Writers Fellowship, Hunter Div, Morisset Baptist Church Hall, 1.30 - 4 pm. J Bray.
- Every 2 months - 2nd Sat GLADESVILLE Cornucopia Café, Poets & Folkies Get together. Old Gladesville Hospital Grounds, Punt Rd.
Jenny Carter 02 9887 1856 or 0412 222 690 or Graeme Johnson 02 9874 7653
- Every 3 months WHALAN Poetic Folk, 24 Finisterre Ave Whalan 2770. "Arch" Bishop 02 9625 7245

Queensland:

- Every Wed. TOWNSVILLE Writers in Townsville - 7.30 pm Hodel Room, City Library, Thuringowa - Ph. Phil Heang 07 4773 4223
- WINTON - Matilda Caravan Park - Pinki & her Pee Wee Poets
- 1st Thur. MAPLETON - Red Kettle Folk Club. Mapleton Hotel - 8.30 - 11 pm Poetry & Music Jacqueline Bridle 07 5478 6263
- 1st Frid. WELLINGTON POINT 7.00 pm. "The Point of View Café" Main Road. Rob 0419 786 269
- 1st Sat. EUMUNDI Poets & Musicians - Eumundi Markets in Courtyard outside Rob's Bakery. Elizabeth 07 5449 1991
- 2nd & 4th Sat. PACIFIC PARADISE 8 am Sunshine Coast Poets - Nostalgia Town - Rod 07 5448 7155 or Wally 07 3886 1747
- 2nd Sat. BUNDABERG Poets Society Inc. 1.30 pm - Jim 07 4152 9624 - Sandy Lees 07 4151 4631 - Marilyn 07 4154 1663
- 1st & 3rd Sun. NORTH PINE Bush Poets. N/Pine Country Markets, 9 am Dad & Dave's Billy Tea & Damper. 07 3285 2845 - 3886 1552
- 2nd & 4th Thurs. GYMPIE Golden Pen Poets. Old Gympie Town Hall. 7 pm. Phil Morrison, 07 4773 4223
- 3rd Sun. WOODFORD - Lairs, Larrikins and Liars - 10.30 am - Jalia's Café - Mark Feldman 0407 625 408 - 07 5496 1157
- 3rd. Mon. SHORNCLIFFE - 7.30 pm - Poets in Park - Café on Park - Anne 07 3869 1282

South Australia

- 3rd Wed WILUNGA - South Australian Bush Poets. 7.30 pm, Alma Pub Long Room, Willunga. Maurie O'Brien 08 8326 8788
- Last Tues WHYALLA Writers Group. Colby Maddigan 08 8645 1771

Victoria

- Monthly CORRYONG Top of the Murray Poets and Story Tellers Corryong - Jan Lewis 02 6077 4332
- 1st Mon KYABRAM & District Bush Verse Gr, every 2nd Month, Kyabram Fauna Park, 7.30 pm. Mick Coventry 03 5852 2097
- 6 weekly, GIPPSLAND Bush Poets. Rosedale Hotel, 7.30 pm. Dennis Carstairs 03 5145 6128

Western Australia

- 1st Fri CANNING BRIDGE - WA Bush Poets & Yarnspinners, 7.30 pm, Raffles Hotel - Rusty Christensen 08 9364 4491

NOTE: REGULAR EVENTS MISSING FROM THE ABOVE LIST WILL BE INCLUDED ON RECEIPT OF DETAILS. PLEASE ADVISE ANY CHANGES TO THE LIST.

BEAUDESERT BUSH POETRY

Saturday 15th June has been set aside for the annual Beaudesert Bush Poetry Competition at the Beaudesert Showgrounds.

Part of the Annual Country and Horse Festival, the competition has two sections for adults, traditional and origi-

nal along with two sections for children under 17 years. Entries for a Senior and Junior written competition close on 27th May. (See poets calendar).

Features of the festival will be the hilarious Tom McIvor and Glenny Palmer, and an extra 'open mike' brekky in the park on Sunday 16th June.

Product Shelf . . .



UNDER the COOLIBAH TREE

by Wendy Laing
Fun, sometimes rowdy and always
delightfully full of Australian Colour,
this collection of
Australian Bush Poems
is sure to amuse.

\$20.00 posted

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Joe from Jumbuck

an eponymous
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BUSH VERSE & NARRATIVE

\$11.20 posted

By

Des Bennett

P.O. Box 466

Morwell V. 3840

The Australian
Bush Poetry
Championships
Mulwala NSW
Services Club
17th - 19th May 2002
1800 062 260

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Hendra - Brisbane Qld. 4011
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& Nonsense**

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4/02

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Billy Hay - Anita Hendrie - George Lovejoy
Bobby Miller - Stuart Nivison - Anita Reid
Glenny Palmer - Noel Stallard
Ron Selby - Robert Raftery
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POET'S CALENDAR

- April 4 - 11 **CORRYONG** Vic. **The Man from Snowy River Festival**. Poets Breakfasts - Written & Performance Competitions - Poets Brawls - Snowy River Ballad Recitals -
Details etc from Jan Lewis 02 6077 4332 email poetfarm@corryong.net.au
- April - 11 **GIPPSLAND** Vic. - Contact Dennis Carstairs P.O. Box 159 Stratford V. 3862
- April - 11 **NARRABRI** District Show Society. Closing date for entries - Poets Breakfast. Prizes for Traditional and Original Performance poetry. Contact Max Pringle 02 6793 2190 or Judy Mitchell 02 6792 5003
- April 12 **SYDNEY** NSW - Finals - Asthma NSW Bush Poetry Competition.
- April 17 - 22 **TENTERFIELD** NSW. Oracles of the Bush - Legends and Larrikins - Looming Legends Poetry Competition. \$2,002.00 in prizes plus trophies. Written & Performance Competitions. Ph/fax 02 6736 2900
- April 19 - 21 **CANOWINDRA** NSW - Martis Balloon Fiesta - Poets Breakfasts - Ph. Frank Daniel 02 6344 1477
- April 24th. Closing date. Written Bush Poetry Competition - **Carrara Country Music Festival**.
Limit of 3 A4 page poems with cover pages. Entry fee \$5.00 per entry. (Go to May 18th).
- April 26 Closing date. **DUNEDOO** competition. (go to May 11).
- April 26 - May 6 **CHARTERS TOWERS** Bonza Bash - 2002 Festival of Bush Poetry (April 30 - May 2).
Bush Poetry Workshops - Poets Breakfasts - Competitions.
Contact: SSAE - Arthur Reckow P.O. Box 38 CHARTERS TOWERS Q. 4820 Ph. 07 4787 2409
- April 25 - 28 **MOUNT BEAUTY** Vic. Country Muster -
Bush Poets Breakfasts with Neil McArthur and Frank Daniel - Special Anzac Day Tribute -
- April 27 **BOONDOOMBAH** HOMESTEAD HERITAGE MUSTER. Written and Performance Comps. 07 4168 0168
- May 4 Closing date. Written competition. Topic **'LUDWIG in the BUSH'** - Original, unpublished work to 50 lines.
Name & details etc. on separate cover sheet. Send to Leichhardt Poetry Competition.
'Cecil Plains Homestead', Cecil Plains Qld. 4407. Glennis Philbey Ph. 07 4668 0098 fax. 07 4668 0097
- May 11 - 12 **DUNEDOO** NSW **'GREAT DUNNY CLASSIC'** Bush Poetry Competition. Entries close April 26.
No entry forms required. Cover sheet must be attached to entries - \$5.00 per entry.
For further information Ph. Dunedoo Development Group 02 6375 1975 fax. 02 6375 1976
- May 17 - 19 **MULWALA** Vic. - **AUSTRALIAN BUSH POETRY CHAMPIONSHIPS**
Free Call 1800 062 260 - email:tourism@yarrowongamulwala.com.au (See ads in this issue).
- May 18 **CARRARA** Q. - Country Music Festival - Written and Performance Bush Poetry Competitions
(Closing date for all competitions **April 24th**). Fantastic prizes - Trips to New Zealand. \$1000 cash for both top male and top female Ph. 07 5527 8688 - SSAE to P.O. Box 1229 Nerang. Qld. 4211
URL www.austcountry.com or Wally Finch - 07 3886 0747 email: wmbear@optusnet.com.au
- May 18—19 **CECIL PLAINS** Qld. **The Ludwig Leichhardt Pageant Fun Day 2002**. Cecil Plains Homestead.
18th. On Site Camping - B.B.Q., Bonfire and 'Leichhardt's Ghost' - 19th. BBQ Breakfast - fun and games. demonstrations, exhibitions vintage bikes, cars and machinery. BEAUT UTE Comp. (See May 4)
- May 23—24 **CASINO** NSW - **Casino Beef Week**. Bush Poets breakfast each morning 9am - 11am.
Thursday Night Australian Bull Yarn Competition approx \$300 prize money. all welcome
Sunday morning Bush poets competition. All welcome. Poets performing will be, Milton Taylor, Bob Miller, John Major, Don Lloyd, Ray Essery. Enquiries Ray Essery 0266448285.
- May 27 **BEAUDESERT** - Closing date for written competition, seniors and juniors. (see June 15th)
- May 31 **MONTO** Q. - Dairy Festival Poetry Night - Monto Golf Club - Cream Can Awards -
Written Bush Poetry Competitions. Max 100 lines. Entries close April 30.
Betsy Chape 19 Edson St Monto Q 4630 email. Chape@bigpond.com
- May to August . . . Join Chris and the Grey at **Charleville's Bailey Bar Caravan Park** most evenings 0427 591 868
- June 2 **GOONDIWINDI** Customs House Museum **Annual Open Day & Bush Poetry Competition**.
Celebrating the year of the outback - Trophies awarded in all sections: Male & Female- Original- Novice- Junior and the Poets Brawl. Entry forms from John Pitt 83A Winton St Goondiwindi Q 4390
Phone Fax 46711912 or Secretary; Phyllis Zirbel Po Box 190 Goondiwindi. 4390 Phone 46712156
Fax 46713019 or email pez@bigpond.com
- June 15 **BEAUDESERT** Q. Bush Poetry Competition. 9am Beaudesert Showgrounds. Open Adults Original and Traditional, Children's senior and junior sections. SSAE to P.O. Box 242 Beaudesert Q. 4285
- June 21 **CLOVER NOLAN PRIMARY & SECONDARY CHAMPIONSHIPS**.
SSAE to P.O. Box 287 Winton Q. 4735

- June 22 - 24 **WINTON Q. OUTBACK AUSTRALIA** - Qantas Waltzing Matilda Bush Poetry Championships. Christina McPherson Novice Bush Poetry Awards Male and Female. Yarn-spinning, Junior Senior and Masters Bush Poetry Competitions - SSAE to P.O. Box 287, Winton. Q. 4735.
- June 30 **NIMBIN** Agricultural and Industrial Society Inc. Written Poetry Competition - Bush Verse - Bush Theme Maximum 28 lines. First prize \$100. Send typed entries with entry fee of \$3.00 plus a cover sheet bearing title, name and address etc to Poetry Competition, Susan Jackson, 1189 Williams Road, Lillian Rock NSW 2480
- July 5 - 7 **BUNDABERG Q. - BUNDY BUSH POETRY MUSTER 2002** - Competitors: Open, Intermediates, Novices, Under 15's Entry forms: SSAE to Muster Committee - Bundaberg Bush Poets Society P.O. Box 4281 South Bundaberg Q. 4670 Ph. Sandy 07 4151 4631 - Marilyn 07 4154 1663 - Sam 07 4156 1216
BUSH LANTERN AWARD - Written Bush Verse Competition - Entry forms available now. SSAE - Liz Ward Bush Lantern Award Co-ordinator - Bundaberg Poets Society Inc P.O. Box 61 Mt. Perry Q. 4671 - Ph. 07 4156 3178 (Results announced at Muster)
- July 15 Closing date. **NORTH PINE BUSH POET'S CAMP OVEN AWARDS 2002** for Open Written Bush Verse. Max. 120 lines. 1st. Trophy and \$300 - 2nd \$150 - 3rd \$75. 3 Junior Sections - under 8's, 9-12 yrs and 13-16yrs. Entry forms. SSAE - Mary Hodgson 74 Diamond Valley Road Mooloolah Qld. 4553 - 07 5494 7260
- July 17 **BARCALDINE Q.** History of Australia's Working Women at the Workers Heritage Centre. 07 4651 1104
- July 31 Closing date. **SHORT STORY COMPETITION.** Winners announced September 13th. Entry fee \$6.00 per entry. Pen name (essential) only on manuscript - Entries to be original fact/fiction or both, not previously a winner, with an Outback Australian Theme. Max. 2500 words typed double spaced with title on each page. Send cover sheet bearing word count, Story Title, Name, Pen-name, Address, Postcode and Telephone no. plus SSAE for results to Toowoomba Anthology Group. C/- Don Talbot, 2 Annie Close, Toowoomba Qld. 4350.
- August 5 - 11 **MT. ISA QLD.** There is the possibility of Poets' Breakfasts being held in Mount Isa during the new week-long Festival to celebrate the Mount Isa Rotary Rodeo. Interested people should contact Veronica Weal 0747 435856.
- August 16 - 18 **NORTH PINE.** Camp Oven Bush Poetry Competition North Pine Brisbane Q. SSAE Sec. P.O. Box 131 Arana Hills 4054
- October 12 -13 **VICTORIAN BUSH POETRY CHAMPIONSHIPS** - Stratford Victoria. In conjunction with the Gippsland Writers Festival. Open Original & Traditional. Junior Sections (under 16yrs) Aggregate score to determine Victorian Champion. Trophies and cash in all sections.
- ENTRIES IN THE BUSH POETS CALENDAR ARE POSTED FREE OF CHARGE. MAKE SURE YOUR FESTIVAL IS LISTED.**

THESE HANDS

© Norma Jeffries



These hands like me are
growing old
They've countless tales to tell
Like ever true and trusted friends
Through life they've served me well.
They've helped create a lifetime
Of memories I can keep
They mended broken fences
And rocked my babes to sleep
When young these hands could break
a horse - Extract the milk from cows
They proudly wore a band of gold
When I took my wedding vows
They mended toys and childhood
wounds
Dispelled a thousand fears
When my children's hearts
were feeling sad
They wiped away the tears

Many times these hands of mine
Have held a baby small
They've stroked a new-born kitten
Played catchie with a ball
Although a little shaky now
These hands will see me through
With me they'll write a few more poems
And they'll grow a rose or two.



A MOTHERS GIFT TO THE BRIDE

© Jimmy Brown - Gilgai NSW

Well I'm standing here and watching
As she waltzes down the aisle
And my boy stands at the altar
With a sweet angelic smile

Memories flooding in to haunt me
Of the things gone in the past
But at last I'm finally happy
'cause I'm rid of him at last
No more dirty bloody sports clothes
Laying out upon the floor
No more dreading football season
'cause he won't live her anymore
No more aches and pains and brushes
To be rubbed on Sunday night
His new bride can do the honours
I suppose she's earned the right
I won't have to wait and listen
For his footsteps on the stair
When he's late home from the pub
And too damn drunk to care
About his poor and worried mother
Sitting home and in a stew
All the troubles can be yours now
Because I've passed him on to you.

Sheepdog Trials

by Frank Halliwell - Jimboomba Qld.

My Putih is no working dog,
Not black and white and quick.
Golden Retrievers don't run sheep,
He couldn't take a trick.

I took him to the sheepdog trials
In town last Saturday.
And though we didn't know the rules,
I knew he'd like to play!

We watched them work from frosty morn
Until the sun was low,
Though every dog was keen to please.
The sheep were much less so!

Chased out in threesomes on the field,
They stood and wondered why.
They muttered idly to themselves
And gazed around the sky.

Within the ring the trainer waved
His dog to wait apart,
Until the judge's bell was heard
To indicate the start.

This dog is black and tan and small,
He doesn't have the size,
To bully and outwit three sheep
To hope to win the prize.

He lay, taut as a wound-up spring,
His focus on his prey,
And setting out the path he'd race
Along to start the fray.

Then with the bell he fairly flew
To outflank those three sheep
And quickly cut their best escape,
So to his will they'd keep.

Advancing like a hunting cat
Upon his skittish prey.
And feinting first to left then right
He made them back away.

They stopped!
They froze and stamped their feet
They didn't like this game!
The little dog was unimpressed
His aim remained the same!

Mind games! The sheep were adamant
That they weren't going to play!
The dog must make them move again
The clock brooks no delay!

A half a dozen lightning moves
A few feet to each side
The nervous sheep have moved again,
The trick has turned the tide.

Eventually he gets them through
The gate and through the chute
And finally into the yard.
The crowd claps their tribute!

A few more dogs now try their luck
Most end with some offence
One dog attempts a frontal charge
The sheep leap through the fence.

Another cuts across between
The trainer and the sheep,
Which blows the game entirely
And makes the trainer weep!

My dog and I were going back
To head out home for tea.
And passed that small black clever dog
Tied to a shady tree.

And while they passed the ribbons out
And trophies to display,
He lay there dozing in the sun
Day-dreaming of the fray.

He knew he'd made the day worth-
while
And proved that he was versatile
I fancied that I saw him smile
He KNEW he'd won the day!!



GOOD OLD DAYS

© Sam Smyth, Kempsey

Back in the sixties
When I was a lad
We didn't have much
But things weren't so bad

If you got up to no good
The copper would come
And most likely give you
A swift kick in the bum

Then send you on home
To your mum and your dad
You wouldn't tell them
That you had been bad

You'd hope and pray
Dad wouldn't find out
For you knew if he did
Your ears he would clout

It most certainly did
Return us to the line
Worked so much better
Than a charge or a fine

Then came the do-gooders,
They said, all this must go
And straight over night
We saw discipline slow

Now almost non-existent,
Respect- n- manners both bad
Wouldn't been tolerated
Back when I was a lad

Perhaps we should bring
Back coppers in boots
And send to damnation
These do-gooder coots.

THE AUSTRALIAN BUSH POETRY CHAMPIONSHIPS

Friday 17th to Sunday 20th May 2002

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