

# The Australian Bush Poets Association Inc. - Newsletter -

Volume 9 No. 4

June/July 2002



## AUSTRALIAN BUSH POETRY CHAMPIONSHIPS

### AUSTRALIAN CHAMPIONS 2002

MILTON TAYLOR - MAXINE IRELAND

STUART NIVISON - FRANK DANIEL

MULWALA  
REIGNS  
SUPREME

Milton Taylor of Portland NSW successfully took out his fourth Australian Bush Poetry Championship Title at Mulwala over a tightly contested three days of competition heats.

Maxine Ireland of Tweed Heads NSW, in her first ever national competition, won the ladies title with little to spare from the fierce challenges thrown at her.

Fifteen year old Stuart Nivison of Woodford Qld. added the Junior Australian Champion title to his growing list of successes.

The Australian Yarn-Spinning Championship went to Frank Daniel of Canowindra NSW.

Maxine, who has performed poetry since a three year old, is only a recent participant in the national championships.

"If I've lived to be 83 to get this title, it's been worthwhile" she said.

The overall male winner, Milton Taylor, has now taken out his fourth Australian title, having won in previously in 1996, 1998 and 2001.

Milton was unreserved in his praise for fellow poets, the organisation which went into this years championships by Yarrowonga/Mulwala Tourism, Mulwala Services Club, the many sponsors and the general public for their support.

"I'll be back again next year for sure," he said.

Year ten student at St. Columbans in Brisbane, Stuart Nivison, scooped the pool in the junior sections and is currently Australia's brightest young talent with a performance ability belying his young age.

Over fifty of Australia's best male and female

bush poets enthralled packed audiences from the Thursday night's 'Up Close and Personal' performance over dinner in the Lone Pine Restaurant to the closing Monday's Breakfast in the Endeavour Bistro, in what can only be described as the best exhibition of bush poetry ever.

The poetry, song, yarn-spinning and camaraderie was fantastic, from the youngest to the oldest.

There were many budding young bush poets, and with 139 presentations in the written section by students from the Yarrowonga/Mulwala district schools, it must be reassuring for the national president to see the nation's heritage preserved in verse.

Special tributes were paid to the late Johnny Johansson, initiator of this event in Mulwala, and to the late Riverina Poet, Jim Angel during a gala concert held in the clubs auditorium on Saturday night.

*(Mulwala Chronicle)*

Further reports can be found in this issue, as well as the results of the heats, and the written sections. Ed.



MAXINE IRELAND



MILTON TAYLOR



STUART NIVISON

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**SPREAD THE WORD**

Ask a friend to become a financial member of the

**Australian  
Bush Poets  
Association Inc.**  
\*\*\*\*\*

New applicants will pay  
**\$13.00**

From July onwards  
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, Rosemary Baguley (address in above column) and a short note bearing your name, postal address, telephone and fax. numbers and your internet details if any.

**Presidents Report**



G'day once again,

On behalf of the Australian Bush Poets Association executive and its members, I take this opportunity to congratulate Yarrowonga/Mulwala Tourism, the Mulwala Services Club, and all those people involved in creating yet another wonderful venue for the purpose of promoting Australian Bush Poetry.

This is the third time now that the Australian Championships have been held in Mulwala and the accolades for the first two competitions still

glow in the memories of those fortunate enough to attend.

The 2002 Bush Poetry Championships is already reeling with acclamations, praise for the organizers, the splendid organization of events, the warm welcome extended to the poets, their wives and families, and to the many visitors.

The hard work, dedication and determination of Barb. MacDermid of Yarrowonga/Mulwala Tourism, the unfailing assistance of Karen Bromley, liaison officer for the Mulwala Services Club, and the no holds barred attitude of the club and its members, led by RSL president Trevor Hargreaves has been nothing short of commendable.

We know that Bush Poetry has been accepted well and truly in Yarrowonga/Mulwala, not only as that very special traditional entertainment form that it is, but also as a major tourist attraction.

The value of these championships cannot be measured just in prize-money alone, but as a windfall for Yarrowonga/Mulwala, the Mulwala Services Club and for Bush Poetry.

Bush poets attended from as far north as Gladstone in Queensland to the far south of Victoria, and South Australia, so keen were the contenders to partake in a competition of such magnitude.

It is pleasing to see so many organizations adopting the guidelines of the Australian Bush Poets Association.

By having a standard set of rules, bush poetry gains more credibility nationally and poets, wherever they come from, just like sportsmen and sports-women, can expect to be judged along the same lines, to the same set of rules, no matter where they compete.

Yarrowonga/Mulwala has safely secured the Australian Bush Poetry Championships for 2003, and it is hoped thereafter that this organization will continue to host bush poetry functions for many years to come. Not always on such a grand scale, but hopefully, to keep their respected place in the bush poets calendar of events, furthering the cause of one of Australia's oldest traditions, bush poetry and yarn-spinning. Well done Mulwala!

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

**POETIC LICENSE** leaves a lot of scope for exaggeration, bad spelling, poor grammar and, as the late Charlee Marshall of Queensland once said, *'if you can't find the right word, you can always make one up'.*

He sat alone as the fire burned low  
And thought of the life he used to know  
When youth was his and he'd cleared the land  
With a work-worn axe and a firebrand. WH

Q. Why did God create man before woman?

A. He needed a rough draft before the final copy.

## THE PHANTOM TEAM

© Ken Dean, Marrangaroo NSW

The old man died on a winters night  
When the wind was from the west,  
But tortured dreams of a distant road,  
Denied his soul its rest.  
A spectre dressed in an oil-skin coat  
Invaded the driver's space,  
His lifeless hand grips the phantom reins  
And wakens the sleeping trace.

The 'Zair' whip in his strong right hand \*  
His sceptre of red 'roo hide,  
A full twelve feet in its coiled fall,  
Their guide through a long cold ride.  
He has een again the rough bush road,  
Felt the old 'Cobbs' racing pace,  
With five in hand, the chains stretched hard  
And the way bill hung in place.

The skies flush pink with the coming dawn  
As the gang-gangs swirl in fright,  
The ghostly shadows of ribbon gums  
Transform in the growing light,  
Five miles to go to the next mail change,  
New horses, a bite to eat,  
Then twenty miles down the road again  
To his bay team's steady beat.

He feels their weight through supple lines,  
The bold leaders pulsing gait,  
As he croons again the old bush songs  
To the wheeler and her mate,  
Their iron-clad hoofs fling the dust aloft  
To garland the sandstone ridge,  
He rides the brake down the long steep grade  
And rattles the she-oak bridge.

He rocks again to the thoroughbrace pitch  
As the wattles etch the road,  
The boss pin groans with a weary voice,  
As it fights a moving load;  
The sun bites hard at his sweating team  
And their mile devouring stride,  
The distant hills give a last salute,  
To an old man's dream of pride.

He's laid to rest by a mountain road  
Where the air hagns crisp and free,  
While the magpies sing their sad sweet song  
From the shaded bloodwood tree.  
Perhaps you'll hear on a moonless night  
When the ironbarks bow their head,  
The phantom sound of a vanished rig,  
The ring of his ghost team's tread.

\* The 'Zair' whip, manufactured in Toowoomba.  
Choice of Cobb and Co drivers.



## GREG SCOTT BUSH POET OF THE YEAR

The second annual Asthma NSW search for the Bush Poet of the Year was conducted during February-March resulting in five finalists from over 300 entries appearing at the Sydney Hilton on April 12th.

Judges for the evening were Colin Munro from ABC Radio, Olympic Water Polo Gold Medalist Liz Weekes and Dr. Johathon King.

The Finalists were Victoria Brown of Esperance WA with 'The Local Elders Man', Ken Dean from Marrangaroo NSW with 'Me Apple Tree', Robert Raftery of Wacol Qld., with 'A Phone Call From Home', Greg Scott of Moonan Flat via Scone NSW., with 'Mulligan's Mob' and Peter Thomas of Mt. Martha Vic., with 'Yorkie & Eddie - The Chaff Cutters'.



Greg Scott

The list was an impressive one with Peter Thomas of Mt. Martha Vic., making his second appearance as a finalist in these awards.

Greg Scott was the eventual winner from a tightly contested event taking home the sole prize of \$5,000 and the title of Bush Poet of the Year 2002. (See p. 10)  
Sony Music is again planning an album of the best fifteen entries.

Asthma NSW fundraising and marketing officer Charlie Adlum said that he was pleased with the time and effort put in by so many bush poets in supporting Asthma NSW.

The competition raised over \$50,000.00 for Asthma research and education.

Even in the current difficult economic climate, the demand for the services of Asthma NSW continues to increase. With almost a million people in NSW having asthma, their education, information and research services are now needed more than ever. This is particularly visible in rural areas.

More than two million Australians suffer from Asthma, with people in regional areas often limited in their access to health information and support.

Funds raised from the Bush Poet of the Year Award continue to assist Asthma NSW's education and information services.

## Letters to the Editor

### PRIVACY LAWS

New Privacy Laws commenced on  
December 21st, 2001

It has been brought to the Editors notice by members of this association that they have received unsolicited mail regarding bush poetry events and information.

The Editor knows the source of the mail in question and wishes to advise members and readers alike that their names and addresses have not been made available to other organizations by the current executive.

Please note: present or past subscribers details will not be made available to outsiders or other mailing lists for purposes other than those intended without the consent or prior knowledge of the person or persons concerned.

Members receiving unwanted mail are advised to refer the sender to the privacy laws and/or contact the editor.

### RESTLESS MUSIC JOINS ABPA

A big bush poetry welcome to two new members who should be of special interest to many of us. Penny Davies and Roger Ilott are two extremely talented musicians and vocalists who have connections with Bush Poetry that stretch back many years.

Anyone who listens to ABC Radio will be familiar with their work which is featured regularly on Macca's "Australia All Over" as well as many Regional ABC broadcasts.

Roger and Penny run "Restless Music" Studio at Stanthorpe in Queensland and have recorded CDs and tapes for many of our Bush Poets including Marco Gliori, Bill Scott, Gary Fogyarty, Carmel Randle, Jack Drake, Milton Taylor, Max Jarrot, Keith Hollinshead and Geoffrey Hamlyn-Harris.

Perfectionists in their art, Roger and Penny put that bit of extra effort into their productions and poets who have recorded with "Restless" agree that their quality is unmatched. Many recording studios have little experience with the spoken word and this becomes obvious when compared with work from a sound technician of Roger Ilott's calibre.

The couple's musical and singing talents are

### 'THE WEDDING GIFT'

#### A novel idea in bush poetry.

To mark the wedding of Carol Stratford and Doug Hutcheson, writers are cordially invited to enter into a unique Bush Poetry competition. Carol and Doug want to give something back to the craft they love and to celebrate their meeting through Bush Poetry.

The competition will be run according to ABPA guidelines with Flo Hart, Graham Fredriksen and Ellis Campbell as judges.

Winners will be announced and the winning poem will be read by MC, Wally (The Bear) Finch, at the cake cutting ceremony following the wedding service on Saturday 7 September 2002.

There are no restrictions as to theme or length of poems, but they must conform to ABPA standards with rhyme, metre and Australian focus.

Selected entries will be collated into an anthology to be titled 'The Wedding Gift'. This anthology will be available for the cost of production, as soon after the wedding as practicable.

Entry to the competition is free. First prize is \$200. 2nd prize \$100. Four third prizes of \$25 each. More information from the Poets Calendar.

The 2002 'Wedding Gift' competition will continue as an annual not-for-profit written competition to be called 'The Stratford Gift', to honour Carol's family name.

It is hoped these competitions will continue to foster the creation of new Australian Bush Poetry for many years to come.

--- NOTICE ---

### LONGYARD HOTEL

The proposed resurrection of the Fireside Festival on the June Long-weekend in Tamworth has been put on hold for the time being.

Plans are still being made to hold a poets gathering at the Longyard Hotel apart from the Traditional Poets Breakfasts held in January each year.

Further information will be available in the next issue of this newsletter.

Frank Daniel

used to provide musical and sometimes vocal back up to poetry and the results shine when compared to the run of the mill synthesised musical backing provided by most studios.

Any poet considering recording, would do well to give Penny and Roger a call on 07 46837184, email them at [restlessmusic@flexinet.au](mailto:restlessmusic@flexinet.au), write to them at P.O. Box 438, Stanthorpe Q 4380 or check their website at [www.flexi.net.au/~restlessmusic](http://www.flexi.net.au/~restlessmusic)

SD

## COURSE I'M BLOODY DINKUM!

### A Bush Poets slice of life

Ross Magnay of Alice Springs has crammed more than a lifetime into his first five decades of life, having lived and worked on farms, in mines and pubs with the typical self-reliant heroes and heroines of the bush not being wasted on this bloke.

Ross, while masquerading as an electrical contractor and beer drinker, began storing up the events, stories and experiences that many see but few can retain, much less describe.

Stories like Mexican Joe the Aboriginal pearl-diving Vietnam Veteran whose grandfather was a witch doctor. Of mates like Arn, the farmer cum miner, the 'thinking man' turned musician cum tour guide and events that occurred on the opal fields of Mintable which almost defy description.

In 1991 Ross combined his talents with illustrator Teresa Ramsey and together they financed and published '*Course I'm Bloody Dinkum*' which contains 65 works of poetry and sketches that reflect the larger than life perspective of bush people. A well presented hard-covered book (A4 size), containing some of the best illustrations ever to be produced in a bush poetry publication.

Ross is a true blue Australian with the concern that our patriotic spirit is waning, that we are more concerned with material things rather than the real things in life.

Many of his stories are taken from life; of people he has seen and worked with in the past or whilst travelling in the Outback.

'Course I'm Bloody Dinkum' can be purchased direct from the author at \$20 plus postage (\$10).

Ross has recently joined the ABPA and can be contacted at 11 Walker St. Alice Springs NT 0807 or 08 8952 8721

## THE LAST YEAR OF FOOTY

© Ross Magnay Alice Springs NT

I'm gonna give up footy, 'cause I'm getting old I s'pose,  
And me footy boots are buggered, you can nearly see me toes.  
They can stick their bloody training, 'cause I'm not up to that  
And I'm getting aches in all me joints, and me belly's getting fat.

And they hardly ever pick me, 'course they young blokes got to learn,  
And they just can't remember the way I used to burn.  
But I might not give up right away, I'll give it one more try,  
Perhaps I'll even train a bit, and maybe qualify.

But I'm gonna finish sometime, when this season's done,  
'Cause watching from the boozier, has got to be more fun.

Yes I'm gonna give up footy, you can bet your boots on that,  
But it's not because I'm getting old, and not because I'm fat.  
And it's not that they won't pick me, or the young blokes need a go,  
But it might just be the simple fact, I'm getting too damned slow!

## A BULLOCKIES VOICE

A bullockies voice is a thing that's renowned,  
It shatters the air and makes holes in the ground.  
It bellows out oaths with enough zeal and zest  
To shrivel the hair on a clergyman's chest.

WH

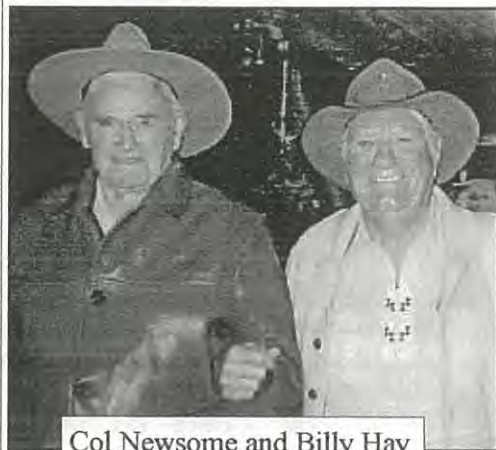


## STANTHORPE POETRY

Those who attended the final session of the poetry competitions at Stanthorpe back in March witnessed an event that may eventually become unique in the annals of Australian Bush Poetry.

Two great pioneers, who have contributed much to the modern resurgence of bush poetry, Billy Hay and Colin Newsome, appeared competing against each other in the Open Original Section of the competition held at O'Mara's Hotel. Both of these grand 'Octogenarian Gentlemen Poets' deserve to be recorded and remembered by the increasing number of young Australians now making their own contributions to the further development of the movement.

Both performers were given enthusiastic ovations at the end of their chosen pieces. No doubt many will be looking forward to seeing them appearing again on the same programme for a long time into the future.



Col Newsome and Billy Hay

## GIRL IN A MILLION

Kim Gear of Kenilworth Q. has been selected as the candidate for the coming RSL Girl in a Million quest, part of a 'Year of the Outback' celebration to raise funding for War Veterans Homes. Yandina Station, on the Sunshine Coast, will be the venue on 2nd June at 11am, with old style camp oven dinners, country music and bush poetry featuring Bobby Miller, Barry Offer and Mark Feldman.

Kim is the daughter of ABPA member Dianne Gear, and, with bookings essential, further information may be obtained by phoning her on 07 5472 3025

## NEWS FROM THE WEST

The West Australian Bush Poets and Yarn-spinners have submitted this article feeling it high time further comment from the wild west was made.



The WABP&YS now boasts 135 members from all over Australia who receive a colourful monthly Newsletter.

Their monthly 'Come All Ye' meetings are held at the Raffles Hotel generally attracting between 60 and 120 people depending on the speciality of the occasion.

A good number of their members live as far north as Halls Creek and as far south as Albany, and it is very pleasing for the organisers to see a steadily rising audience attendance. Many bring non-member friends along who continue to make regular visits.

In 2001 sufficient funds allowed the group to entice some Eastern States Poets to the west. The first visitor was Bob Magor of Myponga SA. His visit was a huge success for both the association and the artist. So much so that Bob is planning a return trip in June or July this year.

Thus emboldened by the success of this visit, members invited Milton Taylor to the west in March this year. Milton entertained guests at several outdoor performances. One at Piney Lakes Environment Centre (as mentioned by Rusty Christensen in the last ABPA news); and another at Rod and Kerry Lees 'selection' On the outskirts of Perth. This was a resounding success with over 150 people attending, many stayed overnight for a great Bush Breakfast with poetry on the property.

The group has resolved to try this venture once more in the Spring.

Milton and a strong supporting cast of "six of the best" WA poets enthralled the audiences with both serious and humorous poetry. Milton visited local schools interested in keeping the historical poetry tradition alive. He has promised to return.

A good number of WA poets are also gaining awards in the Eastern States poetry competitions with a growing two-way traffic between the East and West which hopefully shows the "tyranny of distance" is indeed breaking down.

## TENTERFIELD ORACLES OF THE BUSH 2002

The Northern New England Town of Tenterfield opened it's arms once again to honour the Bush Crafts of Poetry and Yarn Spinning.

With venues including Kurrajong Downs Winery, Paul Petrie's Barn, and The Royal Hotel, the Poets were performing non-stop, whether it be in the Looming Legends Heats or at one of the various Breakfasts, luncheons, or spontaneous performances that seem to be Oracle Trademarks.

The Naked Poets Shows and matinee were highly popular, as was their compering and other impromptu performances throughout the weekend. Naked Poets seen at the Millrace Nursing Home? Yes! It actually happened. The residents enjoyed it immensely and Ray Essery and Shirley Friend have stayed on there.

The School Of Arts Hall was packed to the rafters for all three heats of The Looming Legend Bush Poetry Performance Award.

John Bird from New South Wales was the winner of both the 'Original' and 'Traditional' sections winning over \$1200.00 cash and receiving the Looming Legend trophy and souvenirs.

Local identity and raconteur Tony Kelly, was unveiled as the 2002 local Living Legend for the Oracles of The Bush Festival and I had the distinct pleasure of composing the following tribute to Tony which was presented to him during the Living Legend induction ceremony.

Don't miss Oracles of The Bush Tenterfield April 2003.  
(Marco Giori)

## BEST HEADLINES - 2000 -2001

Include Your Children when Baking Cookies  
Something Went Wrong in Jet Crash, Expert Says  
Police Begin Campaign to Run Down Jaywalkers  
Iraqi Head Seeks Arms  
Prostitutes Appeal to Pope  
Panda Mating Fails; Veterinarian Takes Over  
Teacher Strikes Idle Kids  
Plane Too Close to Ground, Crash Probe Told  
Miners Refuse to Work after Death  
Juvenile Court to Try Shooting Defendant  
Stolen Painting Found by Tree  
War Dims Hope for Peace  
If Strike Isn't Settled, It May Last a While  
Cold Wave Linked to Temperatures  
Enfield Couple Slain; Police Suspect Homicide  
Red Tape Holds Up New Bridges  
Typhoon Rips Through Cemetery; Hundreds Dead  
Man Struck By Lightning Faces Battery Charge  
New Study of Obesity Looks for Larger Test Group  
Kids Make Nutritious Snacks.

## THE BARD

*Written for and dedicated to Tony Kelly  
2002 Tenterfield Oracles Of The Bush 'Living Legend'*

We met him by that campfire where *all is said and done*.  
He lined us up like sitting ducks until the rising sun.  
But we were willing targets as we craved another tale  
And swallowed down the bull-dust he had gathered on the trail.  
He'd seen no more than most of us, but he was of that strand  
That made you stop and worship every facet of our land.

You know him. He's that Larrikin you never quite believe -  
The *Barroom Bard* who always has a *teaser* up his sleeve.  
He'll flash that grinning dial of his to set your mind at ease,  
Then haul you in, and anchor you, as easy as you please.

You'll hang on every word he says - he'll twist the world about,  
And then before you know it you'll have bought the wag a shout.

He is a Living Legend! And his fans are quite diverse.  
Wide-eyed children love him and their parents love him worse.  
He is a talking time machine that takes them for a ride,  
As he resurrects those characters the past can never hide.  
He bashes ballads down the pub, he whispers poems to horses,  
His repertoire is like a feast that's serving several courses.

Ask the man about his life. He'll boast of nothing grand.  
But try to sell Australia short and watch him take a stand.  
From the corner of *The Underdog*, he scampers out to fight.  
Deflecting blows from Pessimists, he struts up to recite.  
And then at night those stories, that he's shaken off like fleas,  
Are taken by his audience and scattered on the breeze.

So, slap him on the back next time you see him up the road.  
Share a laugh and swap a yarn to lighten up your load.  
Bag a politician. Maybe talk the future down,  
But know the conversation won't be ending in a frown.  
He'll waltz you round that campfire, where the Storyteller grazes,  
Then grab his swag and kick up dust from Billy-o to blazes

## KYABRAM NOTES

The Kyabram and District Bush Verse Group held a successful night of entertainment and bush verse at their meeting rooms in the Fauna Park Kiosk with twenty members attending.

Highlight of the evening was eight year old songsters Lauren McLean and her younger brother Lachlan from Shepparton. Ky Group members have been successful in a number of competitions during the earlier part of the year; Des Ginnane winning two sections at the Snowy Mountains Championships at Corowa.

Molly Sparkes and 'Johnno' Johnson travelled to Narrandera, Canberra for the National and to Corryong for the Snowy River Festival where Molly won the encouragement award. Betty Olle is on the sick list following a knee operation.

The group is considering conducting a primary schools Bush Verse Competition later in the year culminating in an "Around the Campfire" night in September.

Tony is well known in the Tenterfield District for his Australian Bush Poetry. He has been reciting poetry for over 40 years.

Tenterfield hosts the 'Oracles of the Bush' where Tony has won the Poet's Brawl for the last two years, making him a four time winner. The Poet's Brawl is a competition whereby poets must write and recite a bush poem in under 60 seconds. It is judged by loud cheering, yahoing and applause from the spectators. This is one time when it pays to be a local....In Tenterfield that is!

## THAT THOUSAND HOUR HAT

© Ron A Munro



It was once a stylish Stetson,  
With a brim just not too wide  
A formal type of headgear,  
And worn with youthful pride

But hats went out of fashion,  
And time sped year by year,  
'Til the angler found the need again  
For a hat among his gear.

Reshaped by many seasons wear  
On mountain lake and stream,  
Though bent and battered, always there,  
As the angler chased his dream.

Now, the headgear mostly favoured  
By Brethren of the Fly,  
Were old slouch hats, and aged Akubras,  
Soldiering on from days gone by.

And that venerable old Stetson,  
Though bedraggled o'er the years  
Was seen by all and sundry  
As a jewel among its peers.

Then an Airforce type, one evening  
By the lakeside stopped to chat,  
And admiring the relic, said  
"Now, that's a *thousand hour hat*"

At last the rods stand in the corner,  
The waders stowed away,  
With a battered hat, still cherished  
By one now old and grey.

## THE MAN FROM SNOWY RIVER BUSH FESTIVAL

The Man From Snowy River Bush Festival, held in Corryong in April each year, is a unique gathering of mountain riders, poets, artists and lovers of the Australian High Country and pioneering spirit.

The place where the cream of Australia's stockmen, women and their horses gather annually.

Picture the archetypical Man from Snowy River scene - rivers, mountains, horses, stock-saddles, whip-cracking, brumby catching, akubras, oilskins and yarnspinning around the campfires and you've got **The Challenge** - the highlight of the festival.

The whole Festival is a celebration of the pioneering spirit which still lives "by Kosiuscko's side" in the mountains of the Upper Murray.

Traditional high country and bush culture is celebrated during the festival which has been held annually in April since 1995. The festival honours "Banjo" Paterson and his poem. "The Man from Snowy River". It is said that the poem was inspired by high country stockman, Jack Riley, who met Paterson in 1890. Riley is buried at Corryong Cemetery.

Corryong's population of approximately 1500 residents swells to over five thousand during the festival.

This year, Banjo's Block in the middle of Corryong was packed for the three Poets' Breakfasts and several other concerts, including Banjo's 'Man From Snowy River' Ballad Recital which was won by Don Anderson of Leeton NSW for the second year in succession.

The 'Housing Week' community stage in Atree Park was a resounding success on Friday night and all day Saturday with a wide variety of entertainment for all ages. Gypsy Rose Moon and Lawrie Sheridan, along with the Koetong Mob kept the music flowing. Todd Klein was the Junior section winner and his dad Peter won the Original Song section.

**Guest Poets** were Milton Taylor and Dick Warwick. They were kept busy with a number of performances, acting as judges, comperes and making a special appearance in the rodeo arena reciting to a very tough, non-poetry initiated rodeo audience, where they were joined by Peter 'Whipstick' Worthington who recited 'Turbulence'. Milton and Dick also made guest appearances at the Art exhibition.

The standard of competition was extremely high, with 23 entrants in both Original (won by Colin Milligan) and Traditional (won by Terry Regan). Terry, who endeared himself to local hearts with his performances at Daycare and the Uniting Church,

also won Clancy's Choice award for best overall performer. Frank Daniel took out the Jack Riley Heritage award and Lance Parker won the Yarn section and the One Minute Poem, which was a great crowd pleaser.

Don Anderson compered the 'Snowy Poets' Fun Night with poetry, music, nonsense and singalong. Neil Hulm ran a Poet's night at the Bottom Pub with 'Silver Brumby' awards being presented on Saturday night at the Brumby Bar. Jim Weatherstone of Canberra took the honors with 'Bradley's Bullocks' and 'The Shanty on the Rise'. Placegetters in order were Terry Regan of Blaxland, Dennis Carstairs, Stratford V., Geoff Beach, Falls Creek, NSW.

Annette Roberts from Bellbridge V. won the ladies section, followed by Betty Walton, Tintaldra V. and Carol Reffold, Sunbury V.

The juniors section was won by Kristy Offner of Falls Creek with Paul Offner second.

The Written Poetry Award went to Veronica Weal of Mt. Isa Q. This award is in memory of Elyne Mitchell, writer of the 'Silver Brumby' books.

Arts Upper Murray and the Top of the Murray Poets and Bush Storytellers combined efforts, along with generous local sponsorship, in making this event another must in the poets calendar.

Open Written bush verse; Original - Veronica Weal, Mt. Isa Q. Second Graeme Johnson, West Ryde NSW Original Performance Section. Col Milligan, Benalla Vic. Second Terry Regan, Blaxland NSW.

Traditional Performance Section. Terry Regan; second Frank Daniel.

Original Song Writer. Peter Klein Wodonga Vic; Second Lance Parker, Hillston NSW.

Yarn-spinning; Lance Parker. Second Frank Daniel U/17 Performer Todd Klein, second Kristy Offner Jervis Bay NSW

'The Man from Snowy River' Ballad recital - Don Anderson.

(Trophies in honour of the late Johnny Johanson were made and donated by Peter Worthington). Second TERRY REGAN

Jack Riley Heritage Award - Frank Daniel, second Betty Walton.

Clancy's Choice all round competitor went to Terry Regan with Frank Daniel second.

One Minute Poem, Lance Parker.

Male and female Encouragement Awards went Harold Briggs of Musswellbrook NSW and Molly Sparks of Kyabram Vic.

Arts Upper Murray's contribution of Geoffrey Graham's 'Taste of the Outback' shows brought lots of favourable comments. The Poets' & Musicians' farewell at Cudgewa Hotel on Sunday night was a terrific finale to an excellent weekend.



**WRITTEN POETRY RESULTS**  
**AUSTRALIAN BUSH POETRY CHAMPIONSHIPS - Yar-**  
**rawonga/Mulwala - May 2002**

**Female Written - Serious Section.**

First. Hope Galvan of Cootamundra, NSW. *'Big Jim'*  
Runner-up. Valerie P Read of Bicton WA. *'Twentieth Century Drover'*  
3rd. Norma Jeffries of Warwick Q. *'Just a Small Red Cattle Pup'*  
4th. Veronica Weal of Mt. Isa Q. *'Gentle Giants'*  
5th. Margaret Glendenning of Everton North, V. *'A Job Well Done'*

**Female Written - Humorous Section.**

First. Veronica Weal with *'Snakes and Ladders'*  
Runner-up. Kathy Edwards of Merewether NSW with *'The Perfect Aussie Male'*  
3rd. Margaret Glendenning with *'Jumbuckers'*  
4th. Hope Galvan with *'Demise of Grandpa's Dentures'*  
Equal 5th. Maxine Ireland of Tweed Heads with *'A Nursing Dilemma'*  
and Valerie Read with *'Aussie Barbeques'*

**Male Written - Serious Section.**

First. Ken Dean Marrangaroo NSW with *'The Shearer's Fashion Show'*  
Runner-up. Roderick Williams of Oxley Island NSW with *'Glengallen Homestead'*.  
3rd. Merv. Webster of Bargara Q. with *'What Do I Tell My Children'*  
4th. Lance Parker of Hillston NSW with *'The Cancer of Cotton'*  
5th. Ed Walker of Narre Warren V. with *'The Days When We Used Hessian'*

**Male Written - Humorous Section**

First. Peter Thomas of Mt. Martha V. *'Mrs. Peebles Sponge Cakes'*  
Runner-up. Ellis Campbell of Dubbo NSW. *'Luck of the Game'*  
3rd. Graeme Watt of Kyabram V. *'The Sheep Cockies Lament'*  
4th. Ron Stephens of Dubbo NSW. *'Paddy at the Winery'*  
5th. David Meyers of Pearce ACT. *'A Cocky's Dream'*.

*(The winning poems from each section can be found elsewhere in this issue of the ABPA Newsletter).*

**THE 'GUN' CUTTER**

by Norm Morrison 2002 Coffs Harbour NSW

You see an old man, near the end of his day,  
Stooped over with pain, and not much to say,  
He is so gaunt, clothes don't seem to belong,  
On a frame that's now twisted, once was so strong.

Imagine the past, and what must have been,  
When men had to work, like a well oiled machine,  
Sugar cane cut, from daylight 'till dark,  
Shearing compared, just a walk in the park.

Paid as a gang, all wages were shared,  
For the tonnage they cut, no energy spared.  
All day was a race, to see who was best,  
At cutting and loading, with never a rest.

To-morrow was new, you began once again,  
The daily long battle, to overcome pain,  
Ever gave in, 'till the race had been won,  
Providing once more, why you're known as "The Gun."

*(Norm Morrison once cut cane for a living in the Murwillumbah district of Northern New South Wales).*

**THE PERFECT AUSSIE MALE.**

© Kathy Edwards. Merewether NSW

He hurries out to meet her  
When she walks in through the gate;  
Never questions where she's been  
Even though she come home late.  
He's delighted just to see her  
So full of joy and pride,  
And quick to reassure her  
That he's happy by her side.

His rugged looks and smiling eyes  
Are something to behold  
He's more than just a friend to her -  
He's worth his weight in gold  
She knows he really loves her  
When they snuggle close and tight  
And 'cause he's so fair dinkum  
They have never had a fight.

He listens to her troubles  
With an understanding ear  
And she's contented knowing  
That he always will be near;  
Forever at her beck and call  
He doesn't rant or rave  
A mixture of Prince Charming  
And gallant warrior brave.

He isn't one to gamble  
And she's never seen him drunk  
The girls all think he's wonderful  
A really handsome hunk.  
Never goes out with the boys  
Doesn't swear and doesn't smoke  
In fact, sometimes minds the kids  
While she's out with another bloke.

They've never had an argument  
Crossed words are never said  
His eyes have been for her alone  
Since that day they first met  
She knows he will be faithful  
And that he will never stray  
It's something she can guarantee  
Until his dying day.

He is the perfect Aussie male  
That's the truth to be exact  
He'll stick by her through thick 'n thin  
She knows that for a fact  
He's kind and understanding —  
She's such a lucky sheila  
He's the perfect male companion  
Who else? - but her blue heeler.

## DUNEDOO DOES IT AGAIN !!

Another successful "Great Dunny Classic" program of Australian Bush Poetry took place in perfect weather in the pretty NSW town of Dunedoo over the Mother's Day weekend.

A team of over twenty poets, led by current Australian Champion, Milton Taylor and "Arch" Bishop, gathered to participate in workshops, yarn spinning and competition over a four day period.

Workshops were held at St. Michael's Primary and Dunedoo Central Schools where Milton skillfully introduced yet another generation of our 'tin lids' to the joys of bush verse. The following day, ably assisted by 'Arch', he also conducted an adults workshop which was indeed well received by participants.

The program included a well attended evening session of yarn spinning and poetry held at the Hotel Dunedoo, giving the local crowd in attendance a taste of things to come.

The culmination of the weekend was without doubt the highly successful Bush Poetry Performance Competition at Dunedoo Golf Club on Saturday evening 11th May. An audience of 140 - 150, included not only locals but towns folk from nearby Coolah, Mandooran, Gulgong and Dubbo, many of whom were saw this entertaining facet of Aussie culture for the very first time.

And entertained they were!! Many awarded poets, including Ron Leikfett from Qld., Ted Webber, Ellis Campbell, Greg Scott, Ron Stevens, Ken Dean, Frank Daniel and Margaret Parmenter, from NSW, competed in five sections, delighting the capacity audience.

The well attended Poets Breakfast, held on Mother's Day morning in the local park seemed a fitting end to a very successful weekend.

Organisers of the program, Dunedoo and Dist. Development Group wish to thank their sponsors, Regional Arts NSW, Leigh Stoddart & Co Pty. Ltd, Castrol, Husqvarna and T. P. Sullivan Pty. Ltd for their valued support.

Thanks must also go to the Bush Poetry Sub Committee of the Development Group who can be proud of that their efforts achieved a most successful weekend.

Finally, hearty congratulations to our winners !!!

*(Submitted by Sue Stoddart, Co-ordinator of Dunedoo & Dist. Dev. Group.)*

The farmyard cow is mostly calm,  
She knows no one would cause her harm.  
The only things that make her shudder  
Are icy hands upon her udder

WH

## MULLIGAN'S MOB

© Greg Scott Moonan Flat NSW

Old Mulligan's shack lay well off the track  
On a run that was stony and sour;  
A settler's block, it was hard as a rock  
With no telephone, water or power.

And Mulligan, too, was as tough as a 'roo  
Though he'd mellowed considerably;  
For he'd wed late in life and his darling young wife  
Was expecting their first progeny.

Now, the prospect he had of becoming a dad  
Filled Mulligan's heart with joy;  
And he knew that he oughta be pleased with a daughter  
But secretly hoped for a boy.

A strapping young lad, he could help his old dad  
And see his mum came to no harm  
He'd be handsome and game; he'd get Mulligan's name  
And the dubious bequest of the farm.

And he sent for his sister a fortnight before;  
She was skilled in midwifery's art.  
As his darling wife grew, he knew she was due  
Bu the dates on his old calvin' chart.

Then early one morning as Mulligan dreamed  
Of the future in store for his son,  
He was woken in fear by a voice in his ear,  
"Wake up, Pat, I think me time's come."

Well, he flew into action as Mulligan could;  
Lit the lantern and stoked up the fire,  
He woke up his sister and split some more wood  
And dressed in delivery attire.

And as time shuffled by, the tension ran high  
As his poor wife lay gaspin' and pantin';  
And Mulligan stood like petrified wood  
With a whit-knuckled grasp on the lantern.

Then very soon after, 'midst crying and laughter,  
Relief intermingled with joy;  
In that little bush shack on Mulligan's track,  
The midwife delivered a boy.

As the young fella screamed and Mulligan beamed  
On that morning he'd never forget,  
He heard his wife say, in her casual way,  
"I don't think I've quite finished yet."

As the words that she said spun around in his head,  
His sister flew into top gear.  
"Well now, fancy that. Hold the lantern still Pat.  
I think there's another one coming."

As Mulligan looked, his wife's body shook  
And her face wore a trance-like expression;  
And his sister said, "Pat,..well how about that,"  
As two daughters came out in succession.

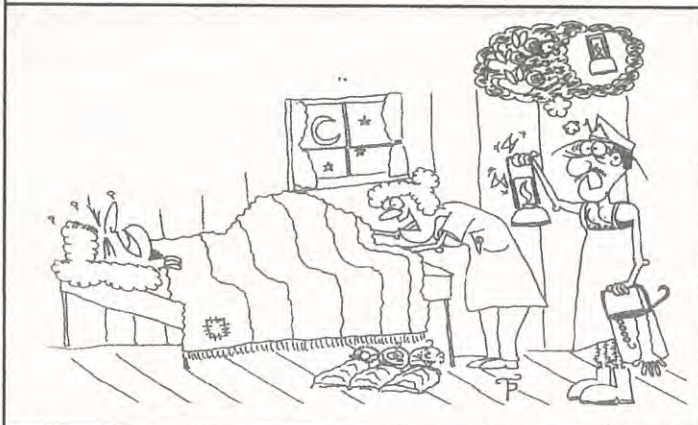
Well, the next little while was recalled with a smile  
 By his sister for many years after;  
 And the Mulligan crew saw the joke in it too,  
 Though it may as well have been a disaster.

At the sight of four babies all squealing and damp,  
 Lined up at the foot of the bed,  
 Old Mulligan turned and blew out the lamp,  
 As if something had snapped in his head.

And then from the darkness, his terrified roar  
 As his wife gave a final contraction;  
 I've got four on the floor, I don't want any more  
 And it must be the light that attracts 'em!"

Well the years have gone by and the laughter rings high  
 'Round the table at Mulligan's camp;  
 As four kids want to know of that time, long ago,  
 When old Mulligan blew out the lamp.

*(This poem was also the winning entry in the Original section of the 1997 Bush Poetry Competition held at the Imperial Hotel Tamworth NSW.)*



MULLIGAN'S MOB (and others)  
 Can be obtained from Greg Scott see book shelf

## POETRY, PORK & POTTAGE

On the 26th March a Poetry, Pork and Pottage night was held at the Hydro Hotel Ballroom in Leeton NSW in an effort to raise funds for the 'Henry Lawson Cottage Appeal'.

Geoffrey Graham acted as master of ceremonies and yarn-spinner for the occasion, with the help of the master of tall tales, Lance Parker of Hillston, adding more than his share of humorous performances.

It was left in the capable hands of Don Anderson of Leeton to perform some of Henry Lawson's work. The ballroom of the Hydro was filled with enthusiastic supporters who were treated to a variety of soups and assorted poetry.

'Lawson's Cottage' as it is known was the home of Henry Lawson for about twenty months during 1916 - 1917, and is currently under threat of demolition.

An appeal has been launched to purchase and restore the cottage which is located at 418 Daalbata Road, Leeton.

It is believed that Lawson's poem 'Scots of the Riverina' was written in this house. The poem was first published in 1917 in the Bulletin.

Henry Lawson came to be in Leeton after a group of top newspapermen and journalists of Sydney assembled in the office of State Premire, WA Holman in an effort to help their friend Henry Lawson escape from the temptations of drink and find the freedom to write again.

Since the tragic death, in 1902, of the woman Lawson loved, he had become increasingly depressed and his destitution and drinking had led to stays in gaols and mental institutions.

By removing him from the temptations of the city, it was hoped that he might recover his creative powers.

Due to personal involvement of the Premier, the position of publicist was created for Lawson and he was offered the job of promoting the Murrumbidgee Irrigation Area (MIA).

Lawson was of course unaware of this artificial arrangement and moved to Yanco by train with his friend Mrs. Byers in January 1916, later moving to the Leeton cottage.

During his stay in the district Henry Lawson wrote some 30 poems and 10 prose sketches averaging one major work every two weeks.

At that time Leeton was an alcohol free town, and as Lawson had an alcohol problem, it was thought that such a town would benefit his problem. Unfortunately the tactic of sending Lawson to a 'dry' area of the MIA did not entirely prevent him obtaining drink. He was a frequent visitor to towns outside the area such as Whitton and Narrandera, and there was a significant sly-grog trade that made liquor readily available in Leeton itself.

Despite this, Lawson's Leeton stay was a positive and productive time, the last significant creative period of his life. He returned to Sydney where he died in 1922.

"We lie at rest when the day is late, on stretchers set on verandahs wide,

With a clear canal by our garden gate, and fruit trees growing on either side;

With native saplings that seem to look to a future grand with a faith that's blind,

And a clear canal like an English brook with a rustic bridge to the lane behind.

And the pine trees run by the long red road, straight to the rim where the sun went down -

And we, for a season, have dropped each load of care and sorrow by Leeton Town"

Henry Lawson. (*Leeton Town 1916 - first verse*)

## VALE: JIM ANGEL

It is with deep regret that many southern poets heard of the passing of noted Riverina poet, Jim Angel of Narrandera.



Jim was born on 21st January 1927 in Wagga Wagga to Harvey and Winifred Angel of "Valley Field" in the Lake Albert area.

His older brothers, David and Jeff (deceased) always remained close. Their parents laid down the foundation for what Jim became - *A man who could be trusted and who had exceptional honesty and integrity.*

Jim attended Rowan Public School, later attending Wagga Wagga High School to which he rode seven miles each way either by bicycle or on horseback.

At fifteen years of age he went to work for Hector MacKenzie who had a saddlery and sports store in Narrandera. With progress, Jim studied and did courses and schools to become a Radio & TV technician. Surprisingly enough he was colour blind but this did not hinder his capabilities.

Jim later purchased the business which he ran for forty-five years before retiring and selling out.

Jim enjoyed his younger life in Narrandera spending much of his free time fishing, duck shooting, rabbiting and having an odd ale or three.

Jim was a keen tennis player, played football and later took up lawn bowls and golf.

Jim married Janet Campbell of 'Warrawing' via Wagga on 1st September 1951, and reared two children Peter and Pam.

A few years later Jim and Jan purchased the 'Warrawing' property, and battled the elements for many years much to be described as a Dad and Dave situation, as well as maintaining the business in town.

Jan was the devoted able bodied farmer while Jim maintained the businessman in town.

Jim enjoyed meeting people and socialising. He was an inaugural member of the Narrandera Apex Club, retiring at forty years as a life member. He assisted Jan with Pony Club working bees, was a trustee of the Narrandera Show Society, served as a member of the Koala Regeneration Centre, and was a member of Rotary International. Jim also received the 'Paul Harris Fellowship Award'.

Ten year ago Jim discovered he had cancer, and

never one to make a big issue of things, suffered uncomplainingly until the end.

One treatment Doctor's could not provide was self-administered by Jim himself, his love of bush poetry. Jim was renowned for regular quotations all through life - words of wisdom, verse or prose, from the likes of Steele Rudd, CJ Dennis, Paterson, Lawson or John O'Brien.

With encouragement from fellow poets, Jim competed in competitions and wrote his own poems. He built an everlasting friendship with the Snowy Mountains Bush Poetry Group members, performing throughout Victoria and New South Wales.

In 2000 he won "The Man From Snowy River" ballad recital at Corryong giving him his greatest thrill.

Jim and Jan were married for just over fifty years, and the family gathering at Christmas time was the one moment that filled him most with joy. Jim will be sadly missed but memories of this wonderful man will live on forever.

Vale Jim Angel.

Members of the Snowy Mountains Bush Poetry Club Inc. regret the passing of their esteemed member, fellow bush poet and friend, Jim Angel on 10th April 2002. Deepest sympathy to Jan and family,  
Reg Phillips—President, Sue Gleeson Secretary.

### HASTINGS MACLEAY POETS

Sunday 4th May saw another very successful gathering of the Hastings Macleay Bush Poets at the Port MacQuarie Guides Hall.

Organizers were more than encouraged by the fifty guests attending the evening with quite a number of new faces amongst bush poets and audience alike.

ABPA Secretary Ed Parmenter and his wife Margaret were in attendance along with Maureen and Tom Stonham of Nambucca and Maxine and Reg Ireland from Tweed Heads.

The next get together will be on the second Saturday, the 8<sup>th</sup> June, at the Illusions Bar, Port Panthers Club (formerly the RSL) at Port Macquarie.

All welcome, so if you live in the area or are travelling through, drop in, say G'day and enjoy some good old country hospitality and an afternoon of bush poetry.  
See ya all, Sam Smyth

On the first day of school, a first grader handed his teacher a note from his mother. The note read, "The opinions expressed by this child are not necessarily those of his parents."

## 'OUR SPECIAL ANGEL'

© Reg Phillips. Albury NSW

There's an Angel up in Heaven, somewhat different to the rest.  
Sure, he's got his wings and Halo, but it's really how he's dressed.

At the Pearly Gates, St. Peter said, 'You'll wear this gown of white.'  
Jim Angel said, "I reckon not. It wouldn't look just right.

You see I'm wearing all my Poets gear, my jeans and shirt and vest,  
And with my good Akubra hat on, this is how I look my best."

St. Peter said, "This just won't do, you really must conform."  
Our Jimmy said, "Let's make a deal, I'll change for Sunday morn."

So then this Special Angel was fitted with his wings;  
He stuffed his halo 'neath his hat and gathered up his things.

Then he spotted his mate Johnny, from down near Mulwala. \*  
Jim said, "I hardly knew you in your fancy white regalia."

John said, "An' 'ow ya goin' mate? Ain't seen ya for a while."  
"I've been crook, but I feel better now." Jim added with a smile.

Now these two old Bush Poets thought they would have some fun;  
They would run a Poets Breakfast, and they'd invite everyone.

They organized St. Peter to put on a barbeque.  
There'd be cups of tea and coffee, and of course a snag or two.

They invited all the Angels to get up and have a go.  
Just to add a little interest to their first Bush Brekky show.

Our Jimmy had to show them how to quote their prayers in rhyme,  
And how their meter must be perfect, with their rhythm keeping time.

"Well, Hark the Herald Angels Quote" said John, "It's quite excitin'  
We've gone and bloody done it mate! We've got 'em all recitin'."

So on some quiet morning when you're out in your backyard.  
You might smell a 'barby' cooking, and if you listen really hard.

You might hear a joyful candence wafting down from up above  
But it won't be Angels singing, about God and all his love.

It will be "Our Special Angel" and his departed Poet Mates,  
Putting on a Poets Breakfast, there, beyond the Pearly Gates.

## AUSTRALIAN BUSH LAUREATE AWARDS

The Australian Bush Laureate Awards are held each year to recognise excellence in recorded and published verse. Past winners include Kelly Dixon, Ray Rose, Carmel Randle, Jim Haynes, Bob Magor, Frank Daniel, Dobe Newton and Murray Hartin – just to name a few! If you have published or recorded product and would like to receive an entry form when they go out later in the year please send your name and postal address to:- Leanie Renton, Australian Bush Laureate Awards, PO Box 135, TAMWORTH NSW 2340 or email to [renton@optusnet.com.au](mailto:renton@optusnet.com.au) - please note names remain on the mailing database until mail is RTS or you request it to be removed. Rest assured that the mailing list is not shared with any other organisation. Have faith in your product and have a crack at a prestigious Golden Gumleaf Trophy.

Any questions? Feel free to contact Leanie on 0427 653 422.

## HATS OFF TO COUNTRY

This year's Best Of The Bush presentation at the CountryLink Hats Off To Country Festival in Tamworth will feature verse, music, songs and evocative video presentations.

Once again, Australian verse heritage is the main theme for the two hour theatre-style presentation which looks at the words and the legacy of the great verse writers of our past... the words of the show's specially written theme song *The Banjo, The Breaker and Henry Lawson, Will Ogilvie and C J Dennis too, Dorothea McKellar and Adam Lindsay Gordon.*

Artists such as Jim Haynes, Brendon Walmsley and Kedron Taylor, along with Dobe Newton and Roger Corbett of The Bushwackers and television's popular Jim Brown, take the audience on a journey through the worlds of these cherished writers, said a spokesman for the Country Music Association of Australia (CMAA).

"The humour, the heritage, the history and the emotion of their words are presented in an enthralling mix of music, recitation, song, video images and informative narrative. As was the case with last year's highly acclaimed show, the presentation is enhanced by the musical virtuosity of Rustling Russell on the keyboards and the talents of those fine young veterans of bush verse performance, Alli Ryan, Elissa Renton and Paddy Ryan.

"Original works celebrating the lives and influences of these great writers, and those who came after them and carried on the fine traditions they established, are also an integral part of a uniquely entertaining and informative concert presentation.

"This is an event not to be missed by anyone who loves and values the humour, heritage and history of our greatest verse writers and bush balladeers. Whatever you do, don't miss *The Banjo, The Breaker and Henry Lawson*, this year's very special Best Of The Bush concert, at Hats Off 2002

## BUSH POETS

### DO DECLARE

by KATHLEEN CUTHBERTSON  
rural reporter - Herald Sun Melbourne

Men in hats and Drizabones performing at country festivals may be the stereotype for Australia's bush poets.

But 83-year-old Maxine Ireland didn't need to mix it with the blokes.

One of the female contestants in the Australian Bush Poetry Championships in the Murray River town of Mulwala last weekend, Mrs Ireland emerged as the queen of bush verse.

She will return home to Tweed Heads as the Champion Australian Female Performance Bush Poet.

"I can't get up there and do blokes poems - it just doesn't come out right," Mrs Ireland said.

"I enjoy performing but I am not there to win. Whenever I perform at home I usually get a teaspoon or a pen, then thank you very much, and that's it."

Armed with a verse for everything from the Anzac spirit to shopping trolleys, the cream of Australia's bush poets played to full houses at the Mulwala Services Club.

They were judged not only on their ability to deliver their own original work, but to perform the works of others. Mrs Ireland delivered three poems included her own *What I Should 'a Done*.

"I was travelling around in Tasmania . . . there was always someone who said 'you should 'a been here yesterday.'" she said of the inspiration for the piece.

The overall championships were won this year for the fourth time by Milton Taylor from Longreach, who had to leave too early for interviews to make it to a shearing job.

ABPA president Frank Daniel, who won the weekend's yarn-spinning competition, said bush poetry had gone through a renaissance in recent years, with the association's numbers climbing from 24 to 400 since 1994.

Mr. Daniel said the message was spreading further, with some poets even performing at corporate functions.

"Bush poetry, although it has never been lost in the bush, still hasn't got out to all the people," he said. Mr. Daniel said bush poetry was not just confined to bush themes, and could even be about city life, so long as the rhyme and meter were right.

## Australian Bush Poetry Championships

Tuesday morning, a new day, but the Mulwala Services club car-park is looking rather lonely and desolate. We miss you already, and miss the fun that had been at the start of the days.

No greetings of "'g'day", no clambering up the stairs to seek the best position for the poets' breakfast, no hilarity in the Endeavour Bistro, no rushing to see the poet's order of appearance . . . in fact it's rather sad as the reality of the closure of the Championships becomes clear.

On behalf of the communities of Yarrawonga Mulwala, and the Services Club, may we express our deepest gratitude to everyone who ventured down to our border towns to compete, to enjoy, to relax and above all to enjoy the camaraderie at this year's Championships.

What a tough competition it has been and what a turn out! Who would want to take on the judging, eh? There were definitely many special moments which we will all cherish and remember at various times until our next gathering. We should all be extremely proud of all the skills and talents that were displayed right throughout, and the way you, our special poets touched our hearts and our minds. The laughs and the tears were equally shared as the audiences journeyed with you throughout your performances.

The superb efforts by you, our poets, without whom we would never be able to have staged a competition, yet alone a Championship, to the judges, the M.C's, the helpers, the scorers, the timers, the special concert entertainers, the children, the audiences whose enthusiasm kept encouraging our nervous competitors, in fact to everyone who ventured into Mulwala, our most sincerest thank you and highest accolades.

The town is still echoing the highest praises for the superb, professional Gala Concert Evening, showcasing our very special talented friends, Ray Essery, Shirley Friend, Frank Daniel, Lance Friend, John Memery, Geoff Jackson, Neil McArthur, Milton Taylor, Tammy Muir, Trevor Hargreaves, Reg Phillips, Glenn Cutler, under the leadership of the most hardworking and creative, Noel Cutler.

Presentation Night ended on a high with many poets thrilled at the results. The success of the Championships rested with all of our poets - you are all winners in your own right. We hope you all arrived at your destinations safely, and may your next travels and competitions bring you all the rewards and personal satisfaction that you so deserve.

It was a tremendous support to have many of the ABPA Committee and especially the president, Frank Daniel with us throughout the Championships.

Everyone of you contributed in some way to the success of the 2002 Championships.

Take a bow! Please know how much we, in the communities of Mulwala, appreciate you.

We invite you and others you meet to return in May 2003 at the next Australian Bush Poetry Championships. A date will be fixed very soon.

Fondest regards from Trevor Hargreaves, Karen Bromely and Barb Macdermid

**THE BLAME** © Ron Stevens, Dubbo NSW  
*Winner, Great Dunny Classic Written Competition*

After browsing through old pages of Henry Lawson's works,  
where he often snipes or rages at politicians' lurks,  
I'm inspired to fire some arrows (not targeting by *name*)  
at our governmental sparrows, for *someone* is to blame.

Who's at fault for rail-lines closing, bush schools with nailed-up doors?  
Which galahs have been composing our ineffectual laws?  
For we see the guilty smirking, let loose to rob or maim;  
drug control is just not working, so *someone* is to blame.

As a *bushie* it comes easy to blast the greedy banks,  
plus the other palms as greasy among high-profile ranks.  
Business moguls seek salvation through GSTs and claim  
great devotion to our nation. Is *someone else* to blame?

Count the fireworks bill, in millions, for Sydney's New Year's Eve.  
Guess the debt, perhaps in billions, the Sydney Games will leave,  
while our country roads stay rutted, no beds for *halt and lame*,  
farmers hamstrung, hanged and gutted. Yes, *someone* is to blame.

Can't our *leaders* (false impression!) discern the yawning rifts,  
see each unproductive session with *bread-and-circus* gifts  
to the cities, stokes our fury and sets the bush aflame  
till we rise as judge and jury and cities cop the blame?

Not a tongue-in-cheek encounter in Lawson/Banjo style\*  
when their verses served to mount a debate which raised a smile  
with *The Bulletin's* keen readers who'd rightfully acclaim  
bush and city value pleaders, with neither held to blame.

No, today the bush voice hardens, dividing *Them and Us*.  
Not the time for beg-your-pardons but forceful, with a cuss,  
though the cocktail set's offended and ministers defame  
whistle-blowers who have ended sly perks, for they're to blame.

May the freeways crack and crumble, the Opera House subside!  
Make casinos fold and tumble! A pox on Canberra's pride!  
Swamp the Mardi Gras, please Hughie; engulf each Brisbane game!  
Let stock-brokers hump their bluey as penance for their blame!

Is that strong enough old masters of rhyme and rhythmic beat?  
Am I drowned by ghetto-blasters re-echoed in the street?  
Or shrill migrant groups in dozens demanding grants, who came  
uninvited, with their cousins, not understanding *blame*?

Up the country, we've been taken for far too long as clods.  
Politicians are mistaken in riding us roughshod.  
Rates of suicide are growing; our boys lie choked with shame.  
What a bitter crop you're sowing. Who's harvesting the blame?

\***Note** *Up The Country*, Henry Lawson, and *In Defense of the Bush*, A.B. Paterson, published in *The Bulletin*, 1892.

Voltaire, asked on his deathbed to renounce Satan, said: "This is no time to make new enemies."

Karl Marx, grouchy to the last: "Last words are for fools who haven't said enough!"

AUSTRALIAN BUSH  
POETRY  
CHAMPIONSHIPS  
PERFORMANCE RESULTS

Round One. Results of Heats.  
Female Traditional.

1st. Maxine Ireland.

Runner-up - Carol Reffold.

Female Modern. 1st. Molly Sparks.

Runner-up - Margaret Parmenter

Female Original. 1st. Molly Sparks.

Runner-up - Margaret Parmenter

Male Traditional. 1st. Milton Taylor.

Runner-up - Roderick Williams.

Male Modern. 1st. Ron Leikefett.

Runner-up - Lance Parker.

Male Original. 1st. Milton Taylor.

Runner-up - Graham Watt.

Junior Original. Stuart Nivison.

Junior Humorous. 1st. Stuart Nivison.

Runner-up - Simone Clarke.

Junior Traditional. 1st. Stuart Nivison.

2nd. Jessica and Kimberley

Murgon. 3rd. Kristin Tynan.

Junior Modern. 1st. Stuart Nivison.

Runner-up - Claire Clarke.

Overall Female Champion.

Maxine Ireland.

Runner-up - Molly Sparks.

Overall Male Champion.

Milton Taylor.

Runner-up - Roderick Williams.

Overall Junior Champion.

Stuart Nivison.

Overall Champion Yarn-spinner.

Frank Daniel.

Runner-up Lance Parker.



Ron Stevens

## AMERICA'S DARKEST HOUR

© 2001 Stuart Nivison

The eleventh of September two thousand and one  
A real life tragedy where nobody won.  
The US caught in a disastrous trap,  
Number one target, on the terrorist map.

It all started at the hour, of zero nine hundred,  
When the first plane hit, roared and thundered.  
Frantic people in the area were shunned,  
They followed the orders of those who were stunned.

The next one to go was Twin Towers two  
Just eighteen minutes later, and there was no crew.  
Those who escaped were rallying together  
To try to help those who would be trapped forever

The third plane caught the Pentagon napping,  
The military heart of the US was sapping.  
A fortified place, that is built of stone,  
Yet a plane broke through its protective zone

Thousands of lives were lost on this day,  
All Americans now, are joining to pray.  
This day will be remembered for many a year  
For it changed the world, to a world full of fear.

*(Stuart won the Original Section of the National Championships reciting this poem).*

## NATIONAL CHERRY FESTIVAL YOUNG NSW - \$1,200 Prizemoney

Encouraged by the success of Narrandera's John O'Brien festival, organizers of the National Cherry Festival in Young have included two Bush Poets Breakfasts and an Open Bush Poetry Competition in their programme.

The competition will be held at 7 pm on Friday 6th December 2002 at the Young Golf Club.

Sponsored by the Livestock and Estate Agents of Young, the contest offers \$1,000.00 in prize-money as an enticement for competitors; divided five ways with \$500 for the winner, \$200 for the runner-up and three places of \$100 each.

Judges will take into consideration merit for material chosen and performance, with both traditional and original poetry welcome.

An entry fee of ten dollars (\$10) will apply and entries may be made by phoning Greg Broderick on 6382 3883 (working hours) or Young Visitors' Centre 6382 3394. Entries close on 6<sup>th</sup> November.

Prizewinners will at least be expected to make an appearance at one of the two poets breakfasts to be held at the Golf Club, open to all comers, on Saturday and Sun-

## ABPA HISTORY . . .

April 1995 saw the centenary celebrations of the writing of *Waltzing Matilda* by AB 'banjo' Paterson at Winton Qld.

Winton, with a population of 1100 was the home of 14,000 visitors over the twelve days of non-stop partying, poetry and song.

Overseen by the Queensland Events Corporation, this function was destined to put Winton well and truly on the map, as well as being one of the greatest promotions ever for bush poetry.

The open air theatre operated fully as both a theatre and as a poetry venue, with special concerts featuring the likes of Bobby Miller, Marco Gliori, Marion Fitzgerald, Shirley Friend, Jim Haynes and Ray Essery attracting capacity crowds to their five daily performances.

Clancy's Marquee, a huge circus big-top, was erected at the western end of the main street where the inaugural Australian Bush Poetry Championships were held.

More than eighty poets from all over Australia took part in this competition with thirty six in the semi's and the finals on Good Friday night.

Glennie Palmer of Cedarvale and Gary Fogarty of Millmerrin emerged victorious.

Judges, commenting later on the closeness and the quality of the finals, could not help but noticing "*the distinct friendliness and convivial rivalry between the bush poets.*"

The second Bush Poetry State of Origin was won by New South Wales giving them a two nil lead over Queensland.

On Easter Sunday hundreds of people gathered at the Combo Waterhole, 160 kays north of Winton, on the Diamantina River where they were entertained by bush poets in the shade of the coolibah trees.

Following a brief church service, twelve children from five months to twelve years of age, were 'bush christened' by the Catholic Priest and the Uniting Church minister. (to page 24)

day (7th & 8th Dec) at 8.30am.

Two encouragement awards will be given to 'novice' performers at these breakfasts. In this case a 'novice' being any person who has not been placed in a bush poetry competition or breakfast anywhere. How honest is a Bush Poet ?

The cost of a breakfast is \$10.

It will help the caterers if breakfasts were booked by telephone before 4 December.

Tickets are available from the Young Visitors Centre 6382 3394 and at the door.

Admission to this event is \$8 for adults and \$5 for pensioners and children under 16years.



## 'Rhyme and Reason' - Writing Tips from Ellis Campbell

### METRE

I believe metre is the most important ingredient of Bush Verse - hence 'the Soul of poetry'.



Metre is, however, the hardest thing to learn about writing good Bush Verse.

While it can be learnt I believe it is, to a certain extent, a God-given gift. It comes naturally to some poets, most have to work hard at it and some seem to find it impossible to grasp.

Metre is actually rhythm and anything that jars or interrupts the regular flow of the rhythm spoils a poem.

A very common one is where a poet establishes a pattern of Iambic metre - that is weak, strong, weak, strong - then suddenly has two weak or two strong syllables following each other.

This has a jarring effect and can spoil a good poem. There are many different patterns that one might use but I advise poets not to be too ambitious.

A metre pattern of between ten and fifteen syllables per line is recommended, rhyming either AABB or ABAB. If less than ten syllables are used I find it has a tendency to become stilted - unless the author is an accomplished poet.

On the other hand more than fifteen syllable put the rhymes too far apart and they lose impact.

Iambic, as I have just mentioned, is a simple stress pattern to begin with and quite effective. Equally simple and effective is Trochee, which is the reverse, having strong, weak, strong, weak. It is better however, to use an even number of syllables for Iambic - 8,10,12,14 for example - and an uneven number of syllables for Trochee - that is 9,11,13 or 15. This gives you the strong beat for your rhyming word on weak beats followed by a strong beat of Dactylic with a strong beat followed by two weak.

But these are more difficult and not recommended unless the poet is quite accomplished.

If your rhyming pattern is AABB every line needs the same stress pattern. However it is

not strictly necessary if your rhyming pattern is ABAB. Then your two A lines must be the same stress but the two B lines can be a different stress pattern to the A lines, providing the B lines are identical stress. I'm sorry if this sounds complicated, but I warned you at the outset that metre is the hardest thing to grasp. Do the hard yards and you'll find it worthwhile.

I will use the first stanza of my poem, "Nostalgia's Disillusion" to demonstrate a simple, but effective, stress pattern.

A BURN-ished SUN is GLAR-ing  
FROM an AMB-er TINT-ed SKY  
on PIT-i-FUL sur-ROUND-ings  
WHERE the DUST-swirls SPIR-al HIGH.  
Its DES-o-LA-tion HAUNTS me  
AS i STAND and GAZE a-BOUT,  
a PARCH-ing SOIL'S pros-TRA-tion  
AFT-er YEARS of BLAZ-ing DROUGHT.  
On ROADS that LEAD to NO-where,  
TRHOUGH a SEA of NOTH-ing-NESS,  
where SCATT-ered SALT-bush MOTT-les PLAINS -  
there's LITT-le ELSE, i GUESS.

Read this poem (my book, *The Gloss of Bush*) and you will see this pattern has been maintained meticulously throughout the six stanzas.

NB. The ideas expressed in this column each issue are entirely my own - plus an occasional piece of sound advice from my learned friend Ron Stevens. They may not necessarily be correct, but they do work for me.

The importance of pattern next issue. *Ellis Campbell*

*When an older bush poet was advised that his poetry lacked good metre, he simply replied that he was still using feet and inches. Ed.*

### A THOUGHT ON CLONES by 'Skew Wiff'

I wished I had a clone, who was another me,  
Exactly like a twin, then I would be set free.  
I wouldn't have to work at all, life would be a joke,  
I'd organize a well paid job, then send the other bloke.

### ATTENTION LADY POETS !!



With a little bit of clever juggling the organizers of the Bundy Muster from July 5th to 7th 2002, have now incorporated a separate section for female poets in the three categories of the Open Competition - Traditional, Modern and Original.

Further details can be obtained from the contacts in the poets calendar.

## 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

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

Now respect's non-existent,  
and with manners so bad  
Wouldn't 've been tolerated  
Back when I was a lad

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



### BOBBY MILLER

The Bundy Mob finally got their own back on 'The Larrikin'. Read all about it, page 27.

## THE WIDE

© 2002 Doug. Hutcheson

I was trekking in Tasmania, five days out from Westerway  
When my saddle horse, Mazurka, threw a shoe.  
With her reins across my shoulder, we walked though the closing day  
But I missed the track when snow-clouds blocked my view.  
Time was getting on for evening and the air was bitter cold  
Still we had not found a place to set up camp,  
So the shelter we discovered where the mountains made a fold  
Was as welcome as the unexpected lamp.

Through the flurries as we stumbled, I made out a weathered shack  
And the snowflakes as they tumbled wiped our footprints from the track.  
Dark and wild the glooming tightened like a shroud around the hill  
With the wind like voices frightened keening high and hard and shrill.

Yellow light flowed from a window and the air was pale with smoke  
As I led Mazurka to a lean-to shed.  
In the swiftly falling darkness, I jumped when a soft voice spoke  
"Welcome, stranger: are you looking for a bed?"  
In the doorway of the cabin stood a weather-beaten bloke,  
Straggle hair and beard silver-framed his face.  
Years of sun had tanned his skin and work had gnarled him like an oak,  
Yet he moved with freedom and a cat-like grace.

When he'd helped the pony settle I went in to share his hide  
And the stew from his old kettle while the blizzard raged outside.  
Though the back-log glowed with embers, weaving smoke into the air,  
Even now my soul remembers the abandoned feeling there.

Well I told him I was grateful to be in out of the gale  
And I tried to give him money in return,  
But he bristled, quite offended, did I think he was for sale?  
Said his only use for paper was to burn.  
Then his eyes went kind of quiet, as though waiting for a sign,  
And he sighed, or was it something else I heard?  
He leaned forward, looking through me, even though his eyes met mine,  
When he whispered, I could barely catch his word:

He said "Don't you know me, Sonny? I'm the one they call 'The Wide'  
And it's years since I had any news from what I call Outside.  
In my camp where every season is a winter sad and drear  
I have waited and through waiting hoped 'The Wide' might disappear."

Now, I'm not averse to talking, as my friends will all agree  
But the old bloke's statement fairly had me thrown.  
It was dark outside and lonely here with this old man and me -  
Was he mad from spending too much time alone?  
Still, he'd shared his food and shelter, so I couldn't turn him down  
And I sensed the hunger in his lonely plea.  
So I kind of laughed and asked "How long since you've been to town?"  
"Oh, since Annie died, way back in eighty-three."

**THANK YOU** to the following contributors to this issue of the newsletter.  
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Wilbur Howcroft, Ellis Campbell, Stella Drake, Sue Stoddart, Maureen  
Stonham, Marion Fitzgerald.

## THE WIDE...

Then his silent tears were falling for his long departed bride  
And I heard the cold wind calling for the one they call 'The Wide'  
While the brush of something walking on a grave disturbed my fear  
Something wrong and evil stalking but it knew that I was here.

"Look", he said, "you get some rest, lad, I still have some work to do  
If you're going to be out of here by noon.

I've an anvil and a hammer and your horse needs a new shoe.  
Your Mazurka will be dancing again soon."

Then he threw me an old blanket and I curled up with a sigh,  
Not the softest bed, but welcome just the same.

Yet my brain had something nagging and I suddenly knew why:  
He had never heard me speak the horse's name!

I could hear the blizzard rising and the chiming of a bell  
In the smithy's hammer clanging - was it ringing me to hell?  
Were those stealthy footsteps creeping to the window, to the door?  
Was that distant sound of weeping coming closer, evermore?

I will swear I didn't sleep a wink, but magically the dawn  
From a cloudless sky poured through the frosted pane.  
No more blizzard, just cold silence, in this graveyard of a morn,  
Silence beckoning me on my way again.

In the stable was Mazurka, shod and saddled, fit to ride  
And the old man on a brumby I'd not seen.

"If you want to leave in safety, you will need me as your guide  
Because I don't think you know where you have been".

Though it gave me no contentment, I could not deny I'd heard  
So I nodded my agreement and we left without a word.  
Though the mountains in the morning looked like mountains that I knew  
Yet my heart gave silent warning that the track we took was new.

I was so beset by worries, living in a kind of dread  
That I didn't really see the way we took,  
So it came as a surprise to see the bridle path ahead  
When the old man stopped and gave his empty look.  
"I will leave you here my boy". He made it sound like a reproof.  
"You are safe now and my freedom has begun,  
But be sure to get an ostler to look at Mazurka's hoof,  
I want someone else to check the job I've done."

Then, like one freed from his jailer, galloped off through virgin snow  
On his sturdy mountain Waler, yet his hoofprints did not show!  
While behind was my trail only - though he'd ridden by my side -  
Now I'm haunted by the lonely tale of one they call 'The Wide'.

## Mrs. PEEBLE'S SPONGE CAKES.

© Peter Thomas. Mt. Martha Vic.

If you're ever on the highway from Echuca - headed south  
Be very careful what you stick into your mouth  
There's this lady Mrs. Peebles, a cook of great renown  
Whose baking skills were sought out - by the folks from out of town  
But the locals - they knew better, no morsel passed their lips  
So now, to enlighten you, I'll give to you some tips.

(Continued p. 21)

## THE GREAT DUNNY CLASSIC

Dunedoo in the central west of NSW held its fifth annual Dunny Classic on the second weekend in May.

The open written section of the competition was won by the ever-green Ron Stevens of Dubbo with 'The Blame' which he recited faultlessly to great audience applause.

Runners up were 2nd. Ellis Campbell (Dubbo), 3rd. Ellis Campbell and 4th Joyce Alchin of Corrimall NSW.

Heats of the Performance poetry competitions were held at the Dunedoo Golf Club on Saturday 11th May with a good number of competitors actually using Dunedoo as a stepping stone on their way south for the Australian Championships at Mulwala a week later.

Ashtma Poet of the Year, Greg Scott of Moonan Flat won the Open Serious section with his classic 'The Neverknow Hotel' based on some 'truth' about the actual happenings in the Ivanhoe Hotel, in the Rivierina, many years ago. Runners up were Ken Dean of Marrangaroo and Ellis Campbell of Dubbo.

The open Traditional section, was won by Margaret Parmenter with a very realistic portrayal of 'Jane Elahi' from the late Charlee Marshall, with Murray Suckling of Dorrigo and Frank Daniel taking the places.

Murray Suckling of course broke his amateur status by winning the Novice section from Tiny Hall of Tamworth.

Margaret Parmenter took the judges eye with another shining example of her work in the Original Humorous section with 'The Ice Rink', again a very factual poem, and a credit to Margy who left Greg Scott and Frank Daniel as runners up.

Dunedoo is one little place that poets should include in their programmes in future years, stay tuned to the bush poets calendar.

It's a winner! GoodonyaMargy.

## TWENTIETH CENTURY DROVER

© Valerie P Read. Bicton WA

I'm still droving cattle and I'm satisfied with that,  
Though no more in the saddle over lonely cattle track,  
I load them in the semi and I drive them all the way,  
Two hundred to a truckload, and two hundred miles a day.  
No worries 'bout the weather or wild rushes in the night,  
When a mopoke's mournful hooting

puts a panicked herd to flight.

Now it's bitumen and bridges with a small town now and then.  
When the first load is delivered, I load up the truck again.

But there is still grave danger and I have to be alert,  
A kangaroo upon the road could leave me badly hurt.  
If you've seen a truck roll over, it's not a to visualize  
The trauma of a road train that has hurtled o'er a rise  
To hit a mob of emus that is mesmerised by light,  
Spent spinning in loose gravel, then to feel the truck in flight.  
In those seconds when it's rolling,

life goes flashing past your eyes,

And you call to wife and children in your agonising cries.

The acrid dust still chokes you and there's diesel fumes as well.  
The heat is overpowering and you feel you've gone to hell.  
The bawl of frightened cattle is an awful thing to hear  
As you push yourself past limits so your mortgage will be clear.  
Like me, they'd rather travel over sandy flats again,  
Although they moaned for water

as they crossed the droughted plain.

But you've got to let the past go and then turn to modern ways,  
though your heart is always restless

in its yearnings for past days.

I yearn for mates of droving years, the tragedies we shared,  
The courage and the friendship, all the laughter and despair.  
I miss the morning coffee and the smell of breakfast toast,  
Eggs spitting in the frying pan with slabs of juicy roast.  
The kookaburras laughing high up in a shady gum,  
The clinking of surcingles, as the saddling is begun.  
The sound of drover's laughter as we sip our evening brew,  
The smell of hot, fresh damper as we dunk it in our stew.

I miss the bawl of cattle fording rivers high in flood,  
Of dragging drowning stragglers from the stinking slimy mud.  
I miss the stockwhips' cracking and the snarling tunes they sang,  
That echoed through the dusty bush, and over ridges rang.  
The vulgar language spoken when a tragedy befell,  
The hide the strong emotions that a drove tries to quell.  
My laugh's a little wry now when I think of times long past,  
Not thinking how I'd miss them when the changes came at last.

I never thought I'd take on driving semis southward bound,  
Some stops to have a coffee and to check no steers are down.  
A chat upon the two-way to share news, a joke and smile,  
A lot of concentration to eat up each glaring mile.  
I get my cash each payday, so I guess I'm lucky there,  
Because I've got a lot of mates now living in despair.  
Their trade was horse and cattle 'long a lonely droving track,  
They can't accept that history won't turn the pages back.

## BIG JIM

© Hope Galvan Cootamundra NSW

On rotting stump, the old man sat,  
Gnarled fingers, holding tight  
His grimy, faded, well worn hat,  
A sad and sorry sight.

Deep lined, his skin of darkness brown,  
Snow white his matted hair,  
His coal black eyes were staring down-  
A depth of sadness there.

A passer-by inquired of him,  
The reason for his pain;  
"He's gone, he died, my boss Big Jim,  
We'll never meet again."

"I came here as a young black lad,  
Jim's father was my boss,  
A tough man, him, but never bad,  
His early death our loss."

"Big Jim took on his father's farm  
Though he was still a lad,  
He never did another harm,  
He learnt well from his dad."

"He faced the drought of eighty one,  
The floods in eighty two,  
Worked hard from dawn to setting sun,  
His resting days were few."

"He gave respect to each of us,  
And we respected him,  
When things went wrong,  
he'd yell and cuss,  
A vocal man, Big Jim."

"He had his faults but he was fair,  
He'd talk, but listen too.  
Listen with a patience rare  
To each man's point of view."

"His lad was not for farming life-  
The city life his way,  
Brought home with him a city wife-  
Then left one tragic day."

"Jim's wife long gone and now his son,  
You'd think he'd cease to strive,  
He swore, "By Good, I'll carry on  
While ever I'm alive."

"This tough old man, this mighty bloke,  
Worked harder every day.  
Last week he had a massive stroke,  
It took his life away.

"I'll never meet his like again,  
He was a one-off mould  
With dignity, faced loss and pain,  
Jim had a heart of gold."

BIG JIM. . .

"Folk came from near and from afar  
To say their last goodbye  
They crowded in the local bar,  
And raised their glasses high."

"We sang the songs he loved to sing,  
Told stories of the past  
Of stripling kid to cattle king,  
Big Jim, at peace at last."

"At peace to join his long lost wife  
A peace well earned by him  
Through dedication in his life,  
Rest well big man, Big Jim."

## RUSTIC ROMEO

Wilbur G Howcroft

My love is a milkmaid  
Who wears rubber boots  
While she wades thro' the cowyard  
To pen up the brutes.

She looks kinds cute  
In her sugar bag skirt  
When she hitches it high to  
Be free of the dirt.

I watch her with pride as,  
With skill and elan,  
She flushes the fluid in  
A kerosene can.

My love is a milkmaid  
And we'd exchange vows  
If only she didn't  
Smell so like her cows!

---

### A snippet from Ellis Campbell's 'Gloss of the Bush'

He raffled fish around the bar,  
for causes quite obscure.  
An unknown church -  
a mate's hard luck -  
And sometimes "for the poor."

Old Dan the boozier said to him,  
one Friday afternoon,  
"Come off it, Turk - you really must  
run out of causes soon."  
That urger, Turk,  
was quite displeased  
and said "I'll stake my life  
there's none so cruel  
they won't support  
The Unknown Soldier's Wife."

## Mrs. PEEBLE'S SPONGE CAKES. (Cont'd from p. 19)

When Mrs. Peebles baked a cake she never baked a flop  
Six inches high with loads of cream, and strawberries on the top  
Her sponges were a miracle, a truly wondrous sight  
The sort of cakes that other women dreamt about at night  
Every year come April, she'd be giggling with glee  
Here gorgeous cakes out on display for everyone to see  
She'd won first prize for ten years straight at the Royal Easter Show  
But there was more to Mrs. Peebles cakes than the judges got to know!

When someone had a function, she'd stay up half the night  
Mixing up ingredients and making sure they're right  
And turning out the tallest and the lightest cakes around  
The sort of cakes where chocolate and cinnamon about  
At functions in the local hall, at all the kitchen teas  
She'd fuss about for days and days, her aim was just to please  
She'd take 'em to the supper room and lay them out all nice  
And then when supper was announced the doors would open wide  
To a wondrous spread of temptin' treats to lure you inside  
The crowd would then descend on 'em—the savouries went first  
Sausage rolls and pies and sabs, till some were fit to burst  
Then they'd tackle all the other stuff, the biscuits, sweets and cake  
But if you watched 'em closely, they were careful what they'd take  
Then they'd slowly saunter back, for the music and a dance  
Bellies full of food and grog, their faces in a trance

Then ladies then moved in, to remove the food they'd left  
Their movements economical, efficient, swift and deft  
Mrs. Peebles she was there, scurrying about,  
Deciding which stuff should be kept and which should be thrown out  
But in that deserted supper room, where serving spoons were clutched  
Her cakes still stood there at the end—all virginal untouched  
I s'pose she must have wondered as she looked upon the scene  
Why her cakes were left intact, when they'd scoffed what was between  
They'd eaten Mrs. Hill's cake that she made with bran and lard  
And Mrs. Mitchell's biscuits that were burnt and flat and hard  
Bessie William's slices and Mavis Sandwood' tart  
But her cakes stood mostly as she left them at the start  
Poor old Mrs. Peeble she could never understand  
Why people chose the soggy cakes, the flat ones and the bland  
At kitchen teas the locals whispered, 'Which ones don't I take?'  
It was easy just pick out the best—that's Mrs. Peebles cake  
I wonder if she ever knew, the reason why we did  
Why no-one ever touched her cakes—no woman, man or kid

So I want you to imagine (though it's gross) - I know you can  
A set of size ten dentures she was left by her dead gran,  
They wee horrid little blighters that she never tried to clean  
And they flopped about inside her mouth, all furry brown and green  
And when she spoke, food and stuff went flying' all about  
Loads of crumbs and mucus, and lots of phlegm, no doubt  
So despite how tempting they might look, as if from some grand shop  
It was our best guess that there was more than icing on the top  
So remember this at kitchen teas, if you see a cake that's nice  
Ask politely, 'Who cooked that?' before you take a slice  
Stand beside a local and see which one he takes  
You never know it could be one of Mrs. Peeble's cakes!

## WORDSMITHS

**Bloody:** A British swear word, (and in Australia it is a staple of the dialect, an all-purpose adjective), usage of which dates at least to 1676.

**Bigwig:** This term for an important person dates to c. 1731. It's a reference to the powdered wigs that men wore in the 18th century. Rich and important men would have larger, more expensive wigs. Hence the term.

**Scab:** The labor sense of this word dates as far back as 1777. The original sense is anyone who refused to join a union, guild, or other labor organization. There is an older sense of *scab*, dating to the late 16th century, meaning a low fellow or a rascal.

**Station Wagon:** This term refers to a car big enough to haul people and luggage to and from a railway station. Originally, it referred to horse-drawn carriages (the term dates to 1894). The term was transferred to automobiles in 1904, and in 1929 the first modern *station wagon* was designed and marketed under that name.

If you tossed a grenade into a French kitchen, would you get Linoleum Blownapart?

Do backward poets write inverse?

## SNAKES AND LADDERS

© Veronica Weal. Mt. Isa Q.

Now the people in the city seem to think that it's a pity  
That the people in the country have no fun.  
Games of sport are non-existent, and the pubs and clubs far distant  
When you're working on an outback cattle run.

But they ought to speak to Terry, for he knows the bush gets merry,  
And the characters out west are far from tame.  
For there's taipans, browns and adders;

and a game of Snakes and Ladders

With a serpent is a most exciting game!

Terry isn't really mental, it was merely accidental,  
And he had the station manager to thank.  
It began one early morning when, still shivering and yawning,  
He was sent to do some welding on a tank.

With old bill up there beside him, to assist him and to guide him,  
Terry drove the battered ute along the track.  
And the engine roared and clattered as the 'roos and emus scattered,  
And the generator rattled in the back.

Shortly after their arrival, Terry saw that his survival  
Would depend upon a ladder past its prime.  
But with youth's bravado showing, and all caution overthrowing,  
Terry made his preparations for the climb.

Now the task would be quite testing, for above a snake was resting  
He had climbed the stand to dine on pigeons there.  
With the metal warming nicely, he had curled himself precisely  
Round the tank so he could bask in morning air.

So young Terry started working, unaware of serpent lurking,  
And he climbed with careful placement of his feet.

As the metal rungs vibrated, then the snake got agitated,  
And decided it was safer to retreat.

## BUSH POETRY SUCCESS

The 4th annual Festival of Australian Bush Poetry held in Charters Towers proved a highly successful venture for those involved in the varied activities from Tuesday 30th April through to Friday 3rd. May

Being scheduled mid-week as part of the 10-day '**Bonza Bash**', the organisers acknowledge it will never be really BIG, but rather designed to provide something a little different and easily identified as 'real Australian.'

All sessions were well attended, although the competition sections lacked support in some of the Junior categories, the open sections providing a number of 'stirring' and entertaining performances, and close decisions from the judges.

The two 'Breakfasts with the Poets' included walk-up poets, as well as the 'Pros' keeping the gathering entertained, plus enjoying a hearty 'brekky'.

More than sixty entries were attracted to the three written poetry competition sections, with a record 53 in the open.

For his third successive year, Ken Dean of Mar-rangaroo won the open written section.

David Butler of Charters Towers and Ken Dean were honoured with special 'Year of the Outback' trophies in the junior and senior categories.

Poets such as Bob Burgess, Tom Mauloni of Innisfail, Wally and Mary Finch of Kallangur were well received with a total of eight workshops being conducted overall; seven scheduled for local schools and colleges with one open to the general public.

**Written sections;** 1st. (u12) David Butler; 1st (u18) Cody Herrod; **Open**, Ken Dean.

**Performance sections. Own Choice;** 1st. (u14) Rouben Butler; 1st (u18) Corinne Whitman;

**Original;** u12. David Butler - u18 Corinne Whitman - **Open;** Dan Thompson. **Humorous;** u18 Corinne Whitman; **Open** 1st. Melanie Hall.

Ken Dean's winning poem, 'The Phantom Team' can be found elsewhere in this issue.



## 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
- Each Tues **TWEED HEADS** Poets and Writers on the Tweed. Library Meeting Room. Lorraine Richards 07 5590 9395
- 1st Thurs **GLADESVILLE** - North by Northwest Poetry & Folk Club. 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 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. 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
- 2nd Sat **KEMPSEY** or Port Macquarie. Hastings Macleay Bush Poets. Phone Rod 02 65813161 or Sam 02 65626861
- 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. John Walker 02 6555 8122
- 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
- Last Tues **GOSFORD** Spaghetti Poetry Group. Gee Wong Restaurant, 197 Mann St. Bob & Ester Sennett 02 4325 2590
- Last Thurs **PENRITH** Writers on the River, 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 **MORISSETT** Australian Christian Writers Fellowship, Hunter Div, Morisset Baptist Church Hall, 1.30 - 4 pm.  
Every 3 months **WHALAN** Poetic Folk, 24 Finisterre Ave Whalan 2770. "Arch" Bishop 02 9625 7245

### QUEENSLAND:

- Each Wed. **TOWNSVILLE** Writers - 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 - 8.30pm Jacqueline Bridle 07 5478 6263
- 1st Sat. **EUMUNDI** Poets & Musicians - Eumundi Markets in Courtyard outside Rob's Bakery. Elizabeth 07 5449 1991
- 2nd Sat. **BUNDABERG** Poets Society 1.30 pm - Jim 07 4152 9624 - Sandy Lees 07 4151 4631 - Marilyn 07 4154 1663
- 1st & 3rd Wed. **KILCOY** gardens Motor Inn - Hope Street Kilcoy 7.30 p.m. Phone 54 971 100 (Robyn) or 54 971 458 (Pat)
- 1st & 3rd Sun. **NORTH 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. 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** Bush Poets. 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 -  
Michelle Sorrell 08 9367 4963 <mailto:msorrell@iinet.net.au>

REGULAR EVENTS WILL BE LISTED ABOVE ON RECEIPT OF DETAILS. PLEASE ADVISE ANY CHANGES.

Don't forget to ask a friend to join the Australian Bush Poets Association Inc.

### **ABPA History . . .** (From p 16)

Over 2500 entries from across Australia and overseas were attracted to the ABC Radio network conducted 'Spirit of Waltzing Matilda' written poetry competition.

Entries were received from Romania, the USA,

England and Scandinavia in the two sections, Open and Junior. Respective winners were Marco Gliori of Warwick Q. and twelve year old Alissa Marrie of Toowoomba Q. each receiving \$1,000 and \$500 plus trophies and trips and expenses to Winton for the centenary

celebrations.



**Product Shelf . . .**

<p><b>UNDER the COOLIBAH TREE</b> by Wendy Laing Fun, sometimes rowdy and always delightfully full of Australian Colour, this collection of Australian Bush Po- ems is sure to amuse. Crystal Dream Publishing www.crystaldreamspub.com USD \$12.50 plus P &amp; H Snail mail orders from: <b>WENDY LAING</b> P.O. Box 283 Sunbury Victoria 3429 Ph. 03 9740 7707 Mob. 0438 504 491 www.wendylaing.com</p>	<p><b>PAINTED POETRY</b> Unique collections of colour illustrated poetry 10 beautifully illustrated original poems per book * \$21.50 posted. * 11 Volumes available. <b>Des &amp; Sandra Fishlock</b> P.o. Box 103 <b>EMU PARK Q. 4710</b> email: sandes@rocknet.net.au</p>	<p><b>300 FUNNY LITTLE POEMS</b> From Dennis Kevans <b>\$15.00 posted</b> Dennis Kevans 63 Valley Road Wentworth Falls 2782 8/02</p>
<p><b>Joe from Jumbuck</b> an eponymous Gippsland Character <b>BUSH VERSE &amp; NARRATIVE</b> <b>\$11.20 posted</b> By <b>Des Bennett</b> P.O. Box 466 Morwell V. 3840</p>	<p><b>TOUGH COUNTRY BUSH BALLADS</b> By Kevin Magher Tall Tales and True in Verse from the Shearing Sheds of the Riverina including The Pommy Engineer and the Great Wombat Muster <b>\$17.50 posted</b> Kevin Magher 5 Algol Crt Ocean Grove 3226 03 5255 1868 - 03 9742 2649</p>	<p><b>AUSTRALIAN BUSH POETRY</b> WITH <b>TRISHA ANDERSON</b> Finalist - Australian Bush Laureate Awards <b>Album of the Year 2001</b> Cassette \$15.00 + \$2.50 posted. Trisha Anderson 113 Manson Road Hendra - Brisbane Qld. 4011 Ph/fax. 07 3268 3624</p>
<p><b>POOR OLD GRANDAD</b> Book of Verse &amp; Nonsense By Grahame 'Skew Wiff' Watt <b>\$17.50 posted</b> <b>Grahame Watt</b> 4 Bond Street Kyabram Vic. Ph. 03 5852 2084 4/02</p>	<p><b>HURRY LIMITED EDITION 'PALMA ROSA LIVE' CD</b> Finalist - Australian Bush Laureate Awards Album of the Year - 2002 This double CD is available through the English Speaking Union <b>\$33.50 (including postage)</b> <b>PALMA ROSA</b> <b>P.O. Box 1 Lutwyche 4030</b> Featured artists - Trisha Anderson - Carmel Dunn - Graham Fredriksen - Wally Finch Billy Hay - Anita Hendrie - George Lovejoy Bobby Miller - Stuart Nivison - Anita Reid Glenny Palmer - Noel Stallard Ron Selby - Robert Raftery Milton Taylor - Mark Tempany</p>	<p><b>The CATTLEDOG'S REVENGE</b> &amp; other humorous verses CD \$ 22.00 posted Books: <b>DUCK FOR COVER &amp; STILL DUCKING</b> <b>\$11.00 each posted</b> <b>JACK DRAKE</b> P.O. Box 414 <b>STANTHORPE Q 4830</b> Ph. 07 4783 1769 2/02</p>

## POET'S CALENDAR . . . .

- May 29 **Palma Rosa Poets - Brisbane.** Battle of the Champions. Noel Stallard and John Best.  
Ph. Palma Rosa 07 3262 3769 or Trisha Anderson 07 3268 3624
- June 2 **GOONDIWINDI** Customs House Museum Annual Open Day & Bush Poetry Competition.  
Celebrating the year of the outback - Trophies 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,  
Ladies, 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** Open Written Bush Verse.  
Max. 120 lines. 1st. Trophy and \$300 - 2nd \$150 - 3rd \$75. 3 Jnr Sections - u-8's, 9-12 yrs & 13-16yrs.  
SSAE - Mary Hodgson 74 Diamond Valley Road Mooloolah Qld. 4553 - 07 5494 7260
- July 17 **BARCALDINE Q.** History of Australia's Working Women - Workers Heritage Centre. 07 4651 1104
- July 31 Closing date. **SHORT STORY COMPETITION.** Entry fee \$6 per entry. Outback Australian Theme.  
SSAE Toowoomba Anthology Group. C/- Don Talbot, 2 Annie Close, Toowoomba Qld. 4350.
- Aug. 5/11 **MT. ISA QLD.** There is the possibility of Poets' Breakfasts being held in Mount Isa during the week-long  
Mount Isa Rotary Rodeo Festival. Interested? Contact Veronica Weal 0747 435856.
- August 10 Go Bush at **WARIALDA** NSW with Marion Fitzgerald, Ray Essery, Noel Stallard and Double-Decker Dave.
- August 15 Closing date for **'The Wedding Gift'** written competition - (see page 4) SSAE to: Carol Stratford and Doug  
Hutcheson, 10 Sylvania Street Logan Central QLD 4114 Ph / Fax (07) 3209 3720
- Aug 16/18 **NORTH PINE Bush Poetry Festival.** Camp Oven Bush Poetry Competition North Pine Brisbane Q.  
\$2,500 prizemoney plus trophies. SSAE Sec. P.O. Box 131 Arana Hills 4054
- Aug 30 Closing date. **Coo-ee Festival GILGANDRA** NSW. Written Competition. Section 1. Coo-ee March Theme.  
Sec. 2. Outback.. Sec. 3 Humorous. Sec. 4 Open. Sec. 5. Open High School Students. Sec. 6 Open Primary  
Students. Entry fee \$5 per adults per poem. \$2.50 Students.  
SSAE to Coo-ee March Competition PO Box 171 Gilgandra NSW 2827. Ph 6847 1248 Fx 6847 1292
- Oct. 12/13 **VICTORIAN BUSH POETRY CHAMPIONSHIPS -** Stratford Victoria. Gippsland Writers Festival.  
Open Original & Traditional. Junior Sections (under 16yrs)
- October 13 Mid-Coast Sundowners Bush Poets BBQ Breakfast. Open mike Session Forster Memorial Services Club 8am.  
in conjunction with the Great Lakes Junior Written Poetry Competition presentations. Ph. 02 6558 9788
- Dec. 6-7-8 **YOUNG NSW CHERRY FESTIVAL.** \$1,200 PRIZEMONEY. See page 16.
- Dec. 28. **WOODFORD FOLK FESTIVAL.** (More later)
- Dec. 18-Jan1 / 03 **GULGONG** Folk Festival. Australian Bush Poetry, Yarn-spinning, workshops, music, dance.  
Contact Bob Campbell 02 6373 4600 Di O'Mara 6374 4600 ncompton@hwy.com.au
- March 28-30 / 03 **DUNEDOO NSW** 'Great Dunny Classic' Claiming the date. Contact Sue Stoddart 02 6375 1975

ENTRIES IN THE BUSH POETS CALENDAR ARE POSTED FREE OF CHARGE. MAKE SURE YOUR FESTIVAL IS LISTED.

## THE SHEARER'S FASHION SHOW

© Ken Dean. Marrangaroo NSW

*A newspaper reported that the modern Australian shearer was the object of a sales pitch, designed to do away with the traditional heavy trousers and blue singlets and provide him or her with a new range of high fashion work clothes.*

There's trouble on the Darling, down the Lachlan and Paroo,  
The sheep are in a panic, and our kelpie's gone all blue,  
The sheds are racked in chaos, and our classer's 'took to rum',  
The rouseabouts have vanished, old cookie's been struck dumb.

Four thousand head we've yarded, all their wool is clean and dry,  
The contracts have been settled, we've got transport standing by,  
The shearin' team has fronted, but they haven't struck a blow-  
They're lined up in the wool room for the 'Shearers Fashion Show'.

On elevated catwalks, to the sound of rock-n-roll,  
With mirror lights a flashing from an ornamental pole,  
Some fancy Pitt street shearer by the name of Ellesmore John,  
Was lining up them 'barbers' for a mighty selling 'con'.

"Throw out those daggy moleskins and those ghastly singlets too,  
Come gather, with your money, look what I have got for you!  
Those denims we must banish with their double-layered crotch,  
And those awful little pockets! - they really are too much!"

He clicked his thumb and finger, music filled the air,  
With jay-bones wildly flapping those shearers stopped to stare,  
As down that glowing catwalk, in a ball of golden light,  
Fashion teams of Nancy boys pranced 'round in sheer delight.

Their hair was short and spiky, all gelled in red and green,  
With studs stuck through their noses and through bits that can't be seen,  
Rose tattoos on each shoulder, with high-lighter 'round their eyes,  
They flaunted their equipment in this voguish exercise.

They wore these coloured singlets, (not or 'Chesty' tried and blue),  
But pretty little fuchsia pinks and lemon sherbets too,  
Each had his contrast colour of bright yellow, rose or green,  
A fancy prancing rainbow on a psychedelic scene.

Ellesmore gave a description of these visions passing by,  
The cut of every garment was enough to make him cry,  
He found the double panels in the pants were 'just a scream'  
The option of a high-cut waist was 'every fella's dream!!'

"So gents, don't fight with fashion as it sweeps across the shed,  
It's what the world calls 'progress', you can hear its steady tread,  
Just come and put your money down, then grab some brand new gear,  
You'll look a million dollars while you break your backs and shear".

Now things seem almost normal where the western rivers flow,  
But somehow, all across the boards we've got this spectrum glow,  
The shed-hands all seem nervous and the dogs wont come inside,  
Old Cookie keeps his door shut and the 'classer tends to hide.

If Jackie Howe is watching from that big shed in the sky,  
I wonder if the old bloke might be int'rested to buy  
A set of fashion singlets and some fancy trousers too,  
But then, he might just reckon his grey flannel gear will do.

## BOBBY MILLER -

### "This is Your Life"

Bobby Miller's Road to fame began at Mungar in the Wide bay region of Queensland, and so it was fitting that the Poets from Bundy should get very bloody sneaky and organize a 'This Is Your Life' tribute to Bobby.

Col and Bette Shields contacted as many Poets as possible, and had letters and poems sent from all over Australia paying tribute to the 'Larrikin' on Saturday night May 11.

Bob walked on stage under the assumption he was performing a one man show to the packed house at Brothers Rugby League Club.

Half way through his first poem, his mike cut out and the spotlight moved off Bob and onto thirty odd people walking through the crowd towards him; each of these 'intruders' (Poets) wearing a wearing a 'Bobby Miller mask'.

For the first time ever the Larrikin was stuck for words. He turned to escape, but yours truly was behind him, and it was then I uttered those famous words to Bobby ... "This Is Your Life"

The next three hours were full of laughs as the Poets lined up paying out to The Maggot, with poems relating to every facet of Bob's life from his school and sporting days to his love lives.

Bob's wife Sandy, and his daughter Tammy attended with her husband Wayne and bob's grandson Jai.

To attempt to mention all the Poets who attended and/or sent messages would inevitably result in someone being inadvertently left out.

If anyone out there reading this is wondering why they weren't advised, please beware that the crew from Bundy organized this rather hastily and did a fantastic job given the necessity for secrecy. Should you wish to send your best wishes/poem for Bob to add to his 'souvenir book'...write to Bob Miller Lot 2 Pillerwa Rd Mungar. *Marco Giori*

## GLENGALLEN HOMESTEAD

© Roderick Williams. Oxley Island NSW

Glengallen, the winds are whispering and cry of your special needs,  
to soothe your soul and to seal the stress of a heart that slowly bleeds.  
Your walls that speak of our history, from the blocks carved out by hand,  
with beautifully crafted shingle roof - you're one with the 'The Great South Land'.

The 'Darling Home' of The Darling Downs, the talk of the country wide,  
you were born in eighteen sixty-eight, you alone with a glowing pride.  
First Lady of Queensland straight and strong, being built with skill and care,  
standing with elegance rarely seen and a beauty rich and rare.

Style of the century but you had a warm and a loving heart,  
you gave security and you cared, for all, from the very start.  
You sheltered the babies in your womb and shielded them on their way,  
while watching them learn to walk and talk, to smile and to laugh and play.

Being the core of family life you healed the sorrow and pain,  
while guarding the children night and day from the cols and sleet and rain.  
You were the showpiece of owners proud, displaying their mansion fine,  
they partied and dined in lavish style with the best of food and wine.

As well as sandstone and shingle tiles and timber locally grown,  
furniture made from Australian wood, set a warm and friendly tone.  
Surpassing in strength and in beauty, the items imported here,  
'tables and chairs were Australian made and that is a lesson clear.

Homely rooms where the children ran had mouldings of Cypress pine;  
at many a dance Glengallen glowed with laughter and dress so fine.  
This was the hub of community that grew as the years went by  
and sparkled with hospitality, there under the Warwick sky.

And I don't know why they changed their mind, but friend you are standing still;  
sheep ran through you and slept on floors but that didn't break your will.  
While Heritage listed you are now, the fight for your life can't end,  
we all must give any way we can and each of us make amend.

Yes, you should stand and be cared for now in remembrance of our past,  
what use is Federation to us, if we can't make good things last.  
I know it costs and we all must give to kill the developers bids,  
for you are family and Heritage and must remain for the kids.

I shore at 'Ulonga', One Tree Plain, a jewel of a shearing shed,  
'twas written about in verse and song, but now it is burnt and dead.  
They were not concerned at Booligal, by dozing the old pub down  
and a masterpiece was torched for cash, the hotel at Violet Town.

There's so many places I have seen that have ended up in fire,  
or been locked up or to rot away and die in the dust and mire.  
Glengallen Homestead it shall not be, there are those who fight and care,  
and they will secure you from such fate and make all the world aware.

Aware that you are alive and well, with welcoming open doors,  
they'll smile at your beauty once again and walk on your friendly floors.  
Your relatives 'round this country vast, send a message for your ears,  
that 'The Darling' of The Downs will stand and shine through future years.

*Glengallen Homestead (situated between Warwick and Allora in Southern Queensland) is a wonderful relic of our past. The old home is still under threat and the fight goes on to restore the building against those who wish to tear it down.*



RODERICK WILLIAMS