

The Australian Bush Poets Association Inc. - Newsletter -



Volume 10 No. 2

April/May 2003

Tenterfield's Oracles of the Bush

'Legendary Liaisons' APRIL 11th, 12th, 13th 2003

Looking for an exciting 3 days of poetry, theatre, dance and music against a backdrop of spectacular autumn colour?

The 7th Tenterfield's Oracles of the Bush is only just around the corner and this year with premier poets Ted Egan, Gary Fogarty, Neil McArthur, John Major and Australian Ladies Champion, Carmel Dunn, visitors are assured of a great weekend of entertainment.

This year's theme "Legendary Liaisons" relates to all of Tenterfield's connections with our national history - Banjo Paterson, Henry Parkes, Peter Allen, JF Thomas and lots more who will be highlighted over the weekend.



TED EGAN
Oracles of the Bush in April

St Stephens Church will be celebrating the 100th anniversary of Banjo's wedding to Miss Alice Walker of Tenterfield Station -



GARY FOGARTY

a good old fashioned Wedding Breakfast has been arranged with Master of Ceremonies, Gary Fogarty right in the thick of it!

Don't miss the 'Tales, Tipples and Tucker' at Stretford House or join in the revellers at Kurrajong Downs with their "Vineyard Verses" or any other of the great breakfast venues in town on the Saturday.

Saturday nights Great Poets Concert is not to be missed; nor the heats of the Looming Legend competition (both written and performance) and its Grand Final (prize money over \$2000!!).

The more energetic can tear up the dance floor at the Barn Bash in Paul's Barn on Friday night.

No matter what your pleasure, Tenterfield's Oracles of the Bush is a "must go" event!

See you there! Bring your mates! Contact Patti Ainsworth on p/f 67362900.

NARRANDERA NSW 'H' MEETS 'MACCA'

An audience of nearly 2000 rallied in the early hours of Sunday 16th March in the Narrandera Park for breakfast with Ian McNamara and the ABC Presentation, Australia All Over.

Attracted by an array of feathers in the hat of one audience member, Macca, in his usual curious way, honed in on ABPA member 'H', (or 'Aitch', if you want his full name).

'Aitch' had been performing faultlessly since the Thursday morning with bush poetry and song, and when Macca discovered he was a bush poet, he wanted to hear an example of his work.

Henry Lawson's 'The Heart of the Swag' was the chosen piece, but after two verses 'Aitch' lost it. The words escaped him. Macca was quick off the mark and the more he egged our bard on, the less chance there was of recovery.

Giving 'Aitch' time to think it over, Macca returned twice more during the morning but the words still escaped our man.

In a finale to the morning, 'Aitch' was asked to come up with a 'newie', and so announced that he would perform another 'Henry Paterson' poem. It just wasn't his day, and then he forgot his words again.

Thanks to radio national, Australia All Over, Macca and his two million listeners, 'Aitch' is now the best known bush poet in Australia.

Never a dull moment with Macca in Narrandera, and the publicity gained for this great festival was immeasurable.

Make it a date for Narrandera in October '03 and again in March '04.

The Australian Bush Poets Association Inc.

(Established 1994)

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Note: Every endeavour is made to inform readers, poets, competitors etc., of functions, written and performance competitions and so on. Space does not provide to print competition entry terms and conditions, or details beyond the closing dates and dates of such event. Further information in regard to such can be obtained from the organizers by sending an SSAE (stamped self-addressed envelope) to the addresses supplied.

Presidents Report



G'day, and welcome back.

I'm pleased to say that subscription renewals for 2003 have been very prompt with only a handful of members not returning. Copy was a bit slow for this issue and although at times, dates are a little bit close to the deadline for publication, I was pleased with those who reported immediately.

My compliments to festival and competition organizers for the great job they are doing in bringing bush poetry to various regions throughout the country; Narrandera and Stanthorpe (*O'Mara's and O'Briens*) in particular, for the huge efforts put in on the weekend leading up to St. Patrick's Day. Crowds were well up at both venues and the skills of our performance poets have been more than commendable.

I was extremely disappointed when it was pointed out to me that Mulwala Services Club saw fit not to include a Written Section in the 2003 Australian Bush Poetry Championships. I received a negative response to the following message and offer of assistance to the Mulwala Services Club.

"It has been brought to my notice that the Mulwala Services Club has omitted a written section in the Australian Bush Poetry Championships this year. Written Competitions have been a traditional part of the Championships since the original competition in Winton in 1995, and have been a feature of many festivals as far back as 1972.

Naturally it is the performance poet who draws a crowd and introduces many in such crowds to bush poetry for the first time, and this can only be commended.

To conduct an Australian Championships without a written section presents only a distorted, unbalanced view of bush poetry, which belittles those who are poets but not accomplished performers.

Remember, many performers choose to recite much of the works of our present day writers.

I suggest that the Australian Championships for 2003 include a written section as per last year.

To expedite the running of this section I suggest the following.

- 1. NO ENTRY FORMS REQUIRED. 2. Entrant to send in their written poems along with a cover note bearing their names and addresses along with the titles of their entries and an entry fee (as set by the organizers - please advise) to your address, and include an SSAE for return of results.*
- 3. Details of this competition to be included in the next ABPA Newsletter due out on March 31st. 2003.*
- 4. Details to be included on your clubs website and on the ABPA website.*
- 5. Deadline for entries to be set at 18th March 2003.*

Bush verse written today is an important part of Australia's heritage, some of it will live on long after the spoken words have faded. It deserves a prominent place in our Association and at least equal status with performance poetry.

To deny bush verse writers that equal place in The Australian Championships will be a great disappointment to many of our gifted writers."

Readers opinions are invited.

Keep on writin' and keep on recitin'

Frank Daniel

Jack Drake reports that the standard was again remarkably very high in Stanthorpe. *"Even the kids and Novices were great."*

CARMEL SLAYS 'EM AT STANTHORPE

Once again O'Mara's High Country Poets proved one of the most popular venues for Australian Bush Poetry members.

Both Open events were filled a month before the competition and a slightly overfull bill of 26 Juniors and 18 Novice contenders gave spectators and poets alike a great day of Aussie poetry.

A 9.30 am start on Sat. 15th March saw a great showing of Junior poets performing with all the style of some of their older contemporaries. 1st was Stuart Nivison of Woodford, 2nd Matthew Collins of Bargara and 3rd was Peter Proust of Forrester's Beach.

Milton Taylor had spent the previous week conducting school workshops in the area thanks to an RADF grant, and the children obviously profited by his expert tuition.

The Junior Schools Written Section was won by Brooke Shatte of Stanthorpe, 2nd Timothy Abbot of Glen Aplin and 3rd Kaitlyn Con-tarino of Stanthorpe.

An exceptionally strong Novice competition saw Dean Collins take the honours in an event that was easily up to the standard of some Open contests thus setting the stage for 2 memorable Open events. 2nd was Stuart Nivison and 3rd was Peter Jesser from Graceville.

The big guns took the stage at 2.30 pm in the Traditional with Warwick's Carmel Dunn narrowly snatching victory from Bill Mac-Clure, with Novice winner Dean Collins getting up for 3rd.

A new initiative by O'Mara's this year, was the introduction of the "Old Masters Award" for people

who have given a lifetime of support to our artform. The evening crowd at 7 pm went wild when Glen Innes' Colin Newsome became the inaugural O'Mara's Old Master.

There was a tear in Col's eye as he listened to junior poets perform his words. The beautiful renditions of "The Green Tree Snake" by Harry Blundell of Stanthorpe and "Fiends at Ballandean" by Juliet Davis of Ballandean did credit to their author.

The big one was next and the Open Original contestants swung into action at 7.15 pm. When the dust cleared at 9.45 pm Carmel Dunn once again emerged a winner from Jim Brown in 2nd and Ellis Campbell in 3rd.

Needless to state, Carmel took the Overall Championship. "The Lawson Bronze" a handsome original sculpture worth \$500 crafted and donated by John Forbes, depicting the great Henry Lawson, made an extremely nice topping to the \$1,700 wad in Carmel's hip pocket.

Not a bad night's work!

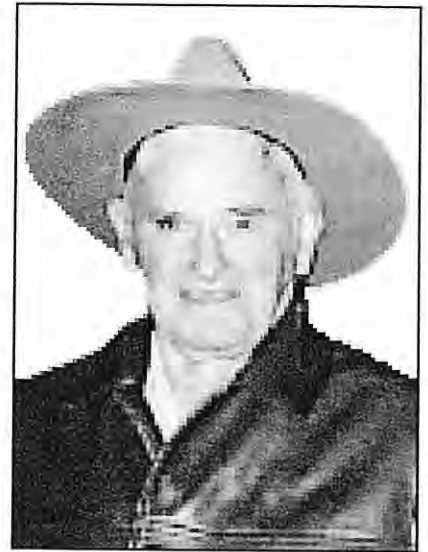
O'Mara's was glad to secure the services of ABC Radio's Chris Jensen as Guest Judge and along with Reg Rubie and Milton Taylor, the Open contestants were under very experienced eyes.

John Best, Peter Blundell and Ellis Campbell judged the Junior and Novice competitions.

Ray Essery, Gary Fogarty and Jack Drake announced the action and filled the role of Audience Judges - another innovation at O'Mara's to encourage entertaining performances.

Junior comperes Juliet Davis and Harry Blundell handled the Junior Section.

The weekend closed with an entertaining Poets Break-



COL NEWSOME
Winner, inaugural 'O'mara's
Old Masters Award' 2003.

fast on Sunday morning bringing the 5th O'Mara's High Country Poets to a close and every contestant went home with a leather gift from Jacaru Australia.

AUSTRALIANS

© Danilo Jovanovich 2nd. AIF.

They fought on the shores
of Greece and Crete
With their backs against the sea,
And inch by inch in the battles heat
They retreated gallantly.

On the dry sands of the middle east
Underneath a Tobruk sun,
They barred the path of the servile beast
And smashed the arrogant Hun.

They fronted the Japs in the islands north
And forced them to retreat,
With freedom and liberty they went forth,
The command to do and complete.

While ever Australian sons had breath
And drove the foe from his den;
They heartily cried, 'freedom or death';
These Australian sones, our men.

In the ocean's breast on distant strand;
You will come across a mound,
That is a part of our Native land;
Forever Australian ground.

BUNDY BUSH POETRY MUSTER
2003 BUSH LANTERN AWARD
WRITTEN COMPETITION FOR BUSH VERSE
Closing date May 30 (see page 5)



Mulwala Bridge - Lake Mulwala - Murray River

AUSTRALIAN BUSH POETRY CHAMPIONSHIPS - MULWALA NSW

The Murray Muster Festival incorporating the 2003 Australian Bush Poetry Championships will be held at the Mulwala Services Club from 15th to 18th May 2003

This four day festival will incorporate daily competitions for female, male and novice poets. A Walk Up Night will be a great feature enabling all budding poets to strut their stuff along with experienced poets to 'warm up' for their events.

Other events will be an 'Up Close & Personal', 'Gala Night' plus Top Live Entertainment available throughout the Club.

Whether you are a poet or just love a good yarn, join us for the Australian Bush Poetry Championships.

Further details available - contact either Debbie, Lisa, Karen or Kerry on (03) 5744 2331.

BUNDABERG POETS' SOCIETY INC.

Presents the

BUNDY BUSH POETRY MUSTER JULY 4TH, 5TH & 6TH

Open Performance Competitions
Intermediates, Novices, Under 15's, Duos
Dark & Stormy One Minute Cup
Yarn Spinning
SSAE for Entry forms:-
Muster Committee,
Bundaberg Poets' Society Inc.,
PO Box 4281,

SOUTH BUNDABERG. 4670

Phone: John & Sandy (07) 41514631,

Jim & Joan (07) 41529624 Sam (07) 41561216



2003 BUSH LANTERN AWARD WRITTEN BUSH VERSE COMPETITION

SSAE to:-

Mrs. Liz Ward,

Bush Lantern Award Co-ordinator,
Bundaberg Poets' Society Inc.,
PO Box 61,

MT. PERRY. 4671.

Closing date: May 30th, 2003

Liz Ward phone (07) 5146 3178

ABPA NOTES:

PROPOSED NEW RULES

Five hundred copies of the proposed new rules devised from the previous set of guidelines with the assistance of various members and associations who had voiced their opinions over the past fourteen months were sent to members with the February issue of this newsletter.

A good number of replies were received. Many of them accepting the 'new rules' as written without question.

Those making further suggestions or changes were noted and added to the long list for eventual publication.

Those having shown an interest, will then be advised of the intended changes for further consideration and will then be considered by the executive. A date for publication of the 'new rules' will be set once the rough bits have been ironed out.

ABPA ANNUALS

The Secretary of the Australian Bush Poets Association Inc., Ed Parmenter of Coffs Harbour has been busy distributing the latest ABPA Annual of Bush Poetry (Number 9).

Orders were slow to start, but he reports an increase in sales of late. Number 9 is available at \$4.00 each including postage.

The Annual makes an ideal gift and is an anthology of verse submitted by readers for publication each year.

Some past issues, nos. 4 to 8 are still on hand and available at \$3.00 each posted or in packs of five for \$11.00 posted.



BUNDABERG Q.



Letters to the Editor



Dear Frank,

It would be great if you could find space in the next newsletter to offer my heartiest congratulations to Sam Smythe and his team for the excellent job they made of the Breakfasts at the Bowls Club during Tamworth. I'm sure I speak for all those who took part.

Sam and his mates took on an ailing venue and by hard work and application, coupled with a pretty fair bill of poets, made a great job of it.

The crowds were not huge, but they were consistent and I heard nothing but praise for the shows. After a showing like that, I'm sure we can look forward to the Tamworth City Bowls Club being a regular Bush Poetry venue for many years to come.

Making an event work takes a lot of "behind the scenes" effort and there can be little doubt that Sam and Co rolled up their sleeves and did it.

Good on yer! Congratulations on a job well done.

Jack Drake

(Thanks Jack, because Sam is prepared to listen to good advice, I'm sure that Sam will carry on with the same quality of work Ed.).

Narrandera

The Media dubbed it Narrandera's amazing festival and the 4 day John O'Brien Bush Festival really was amazing. The weather, the quality of the performers and the friendly atmosphere were all cited by our visitors as reasons to come back in 2004 and bring some friends.

There was busking, bush dancing, a parade and breakfasts and comedy shows. There were big crowds of poets and muso's and passersby. Macca's open air broadcast of Australia all Over from the Narrandera Park featured Noel Stallard and Frank Daniel,

and made visiting muso and aspiring poet "H" almost-famous, for living out the bush poet's nightmare, forgetting his lines in front of a crowd (and in this case on a national broadcast).

The people of Narrandera were chuffed to be able to host such a terrific lot of visitors: friendly, forgiving and we hope ready to return for more in 2004.

Yours sincerely,

Julie Briggs - Festival Coordinator.

Several encouraging letters, phone calls and emails were received in the week following Stanthorpe and Narrandera complimenting the organizers on jobs well done. Too many to Print here, but thanks to all who made the effort.

DEADLINE for COPY:

All material for inclusion in the ABPA Newsletter should be in the hands of the editor by the 20th of the month preceding the month of issue.

The newsletter goes to print on the 21st of that month and no late entries can be accepted. Email is preferred otherwise direct mail or fax in that order.



VIVIENNE LEDLEY

VIVIENNE LEDLIE

Vivienne Ledley, whose work appears in these pages, lives in retirement in the Redland Shire, 25 kays east of Brisbane Qld., with husband Lionel, a cat named Crystal and Rusty the dog.

Vivienne has been writing poetry since her teen years, mostly for her own satisfaction.

About ten years ago Vivienne joined the Redland Poets Society thereby gaining an opportunity to share her poetry and learn from other writers.

During this time she has been involved in the publication of a number of anthologies for the society.

For the past two years she has enjoyed being Secretary of the Redlands Poets Society and, more recently, a member of the 119 Gallery Writers Group in Coorparoo, an eastern Brisbane suburb.

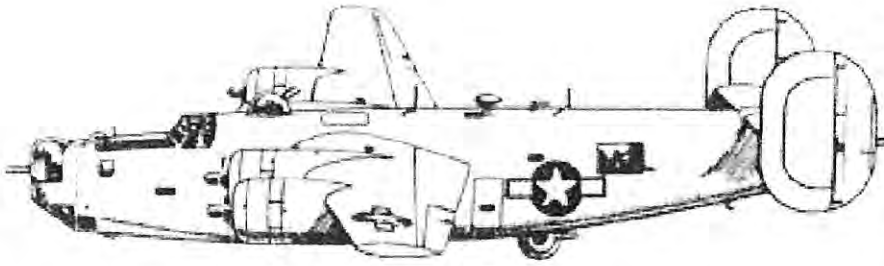
Inspiration for many of her poems emanate from travelling, particularly in Australia; its countryside, its history and its people - a bottomless pit for poetic expression!

Vivienne has always appreciated a wide range of styles in poetry but confesses to being devotee of rhyme and meter.

Some of her poems have been published on world wide web at <http://www.sonatapub.com/stubbs.htm> and on Arcadia Flynn's <http://www.funnypoets.com> site.

In 2001 Vivienne self-published a small anthology "Accent on Australia" and is now in the process of preparing a second anthology titled "To Raise a Smile", proceeds from both publications being donated to Operation Smile Australia Limited, a charitable organisation providing life-changing cranio-facial surgery for children from Australia's neighbouring under-developed countries in the Asia-Pacific region.

The Redland Shire boasts a wide range of practitioners in the arts and is supported in this regard by the Redland Shire Council and community interests.



B-24 Liberator Bomber

SECRET OF THE SPINIFEX

© Vivienne Ledlie Alexandra Hills Qld.

It's labelled, and quite rightly, as Australia's hottest town;
 Attracts few tourists venturing afar;
 But dust and heat and flies aside, there's much on offer here,
 This sleepy outback town of Marble Bar.

The 1880 era saw this settlement emerge;
 Old timers as they searched for golden cone
 Discovered what they thought were bars of marble in the creek –
 Alas, to be exposed as jasper stone.

The water pools reflect the river gums where wild birds nest,
 Bush creatures gather as the sun's rays fade;
 The summer rains breathe life into the parched and blistered soil,
 Enhancing arid countryside with jade.

But there's another facet to this town which few folk know –
 A well-kept secret through the war-time years.
 An airfield on an ironstone ridge not far from Marble Bar
 Amidst the scrub and spinifex's spears.

Corunna Downs is where American and Aussie crews
 Combined attacks against the Japanese
 In Borneo and Java, island waters to the north –
 Helped bring invading armies to their knees.

Australia's Squadron 25, a U.S. Bomber Group
 With Liberator pilots trained and keen,
 Set up the base in harsh, unpleasant, hostile countryside
 With few amenities and rations lean.

There camouflaged and hidden midst the spinifex and scrub,
 The base from which these Liberators flew;
 Like silver birds of prey they wheeled, their engines drummed and roared
 On deadly missions manned by gallant crew.

One of the best-kept secrets - no news stories, press reports;
 They thwarted Japanese attempts to track
 From whence these operations launched; they could not trace the source
 Of unrelenting, rigorous attack.

The base is now deserted, desolate and overgrown,
 The runways cracked and pitted from the sun.
 A scant reminder of these men who bravely helped defend
 Our country's honour till the war was won.

The eerie silence is itself a monument, a shrine;
 Imagination sets the scene on cue.
 As we salute each Anzac Day we stop to think of those
 To whom our freedom and our peace are due.

ANZAC DAY POEMS

Anzac Day, April 25th. A time to remember, a time to reflect. In this issue we salute those who served during past wars with a number of poems old and new.

Poems submitted over the years have nearly all dealt with the footslogger, the man on the ground, the soldier in the pits, the deserts, but rarely do we come across poems about the RAAF in these pages.

The accompanying poem on this page from Vivienne Ledlie rates a mention because it tells a story that many Australians would not be aware of, something that happened on Australian soil.

The Liberator B-24 featured greatly in our history and in the defence of our north.

THE LIBERATOR B-24

The B-24 was the first heavy bomber taken into Australian service, 287 being delivered between February 1944 and August 1945. Their advent was largely due to a decision by the commander of Allied Air Forces in the South West Pacific, US General G.C. Kenney, that USAAF Liberators of 380 Bombardment Group should be freed to move into New Guinea by the formation of heavy bomber squadrons in the RAAF. United States B-24 production was high, and these squadrons would be equipped with the Liberator.

Australian crews began conversion training on attachment to the USAAF 380th BG in New Guinea, and the first RAAF Liberators arrived to equip 7 Operational Training Unit at Tocumwal, New South Wales in February 1944. A number of RAAF Squadrons (21, 23 and 24) were withdrawing their Vultee Vengeance dive bombers from service, and these were equipped with Liberators. 24 Sqn. began operations over New Guinea from Katherine, Northern Territory, before moving to Fenton, NT. Other Liberator squadrons were in Darwin, Leyburn Q. Cundadin WA and Cecil Downs Q.

RAAF Liberators carried their operations out from Australia, as well as through Borneo and Morotai against ground targets and shipping, with other duties including transport and search.

JOHN O'BRIEN BUSH FESTIVAL NARRANDERA

The Ninth Annual John O'Brien Bush Festival held in the Murrumbidgee town of Narrandera from 13th to 16th March has been hailed by one and all as the friendliest, the most successful, and most satisfying bush poetry festival in many a long year.

Going from strength to strength since 1995, this festival has given a new meaning to bush poetry with audiences being drawn from as far as Sydney, Melbourne and Adelaide, while many tourists 'just passing through' found good reason to stay on for the celebrations. Caravan parks, Hotels, B & B's and Motels were filled to capacity.

The \$1,000 Jim Angel Memorial Bush Poetry Competition, sponsored by Country First Credit Union conducted on the Friday night attracted twenty contestants.

A magnificent perpetual trophy (for original poetry), crafted from a Boree Log by Peter Angel in memory of his late father, was presented to Narrandera Tourism for display in its premises on the Newell Highway. The winner of each years competition will be burned into this wooden 'book' while a smaller memento will go to the winner.

Judges for the evening were Noel Cutler of Wangaratta and Gail Murphy of Narrandera.

The winner with an original poem, 'Wine' was Col Milligan of Benalla V. Runner-up was Don Anderson of Leeton and third place went to Ed Walker of Narre Warren Vic.

Four Poets Breakfasts were conducted over the weekend compered by Noel Cutler, Geoffrey Graham and Frank Daniel.

Much of the programme revolved around the Poetry of 'John O'Brien', who in the guise of Noel Stallard was given leave of absence from St. Peter to return to Narrandera for the festivities.

GETTING IT RIGHT

By Frank Daniel

The article by Jack Drake on the following page raises issues that have concerned me for many years.

In the long time that I have been reading, researching and listening to bush poetry, I have found many errors in the writing of, and the reproduction of bush poetry, or matters pertaining to bush poetry, especially in the light of so-called 'facts'.

One area which raises some concern is in traditional or contemporary performance poetry, where a reciter's words are far removed from those of the author, and I don't mean just a word or two, but the changing of lines whereby the whole meaning, rhythm and rhyme of the poem is altered.

It wouldn't take some performers long to see the error of their ways if they only bothered to listen to a recording of their performance as they compared their example with the authors written words.

Another cause for concern is when articles and books by reputed authors claiming to be researchers, supposedly knowing the facts of the matter historically, are wrong.

So much of their work is taken as 'Gospel' where a little more research by the reader could often prove otherwise. You can't believe all that you read.

One example I would like to give is from John Meredith's book 'The Breakers Mate' (1996), dealing with the life of Will Ogilvie during his stay in Australia (1889-1901).

In his book, Meredith explains that a Polo match set up by Breaker

Morant, Will Ogilvie and others at Bogan Gate NSW, was the inspiration for Banjo Paterson's 'Geebung Polo Club', and that many locals are of the same belief.

It didn't take long to work out that this could not be so.

The Bogan Gate match was played in December 1896 and was commemorated in verse by Will Ogilvie in his poem 'The Glory of the Game' which appeared in the Windsor and Richmond Gazette on Saturday 6th February 1897.

Banjo Paterson's poem first appeared in the Antipodean in 1893.

In a series of articles for the Sydney Morning Herald published in 1939, Paterson explained, rather humbly the origins of his poem.

"We (*Paterson and a partner*) managed to keep the law practice going even through the 1890's depression, and when a cavalry officer came out from England and started a polo club we took to the game like ducks to water.

"This polo business brought us in touch with some of the upper circles — a great change after the little bush school, the game-cocks, and the days when I looked upon the sergeant of police as the greatest man in the world.

We played a match against the Cooma team, real wild me with cabbage-tree hats and skin tight pants, their hats held on by a strap under their noses.

I must have the gift of prophecy because, before we went up, I wrote a jingle called "The Geebung Polo Club", a jingle which has outlasted much better work."

So there you have it, and Banjo called it 'a jingle'.

Irish dancing, singalongs, concerts and a larger than life town parade added more to the activities.

A special Anzac Tribute was performed in the Memorial Gardens by Frank Daniel with the assistance of Noel Stallard, Ed Walker, Jim Brown, Alex Allitt and Joan Graham who rendered two Vera Lynne

favourites. Other features included Geoffrey Graham's 'Man From Ironbark', the Bush Drivers, Colin Mockett and Shirley Power, Luncheon tours, the Farewell Barbeque, street busking competitions, and the presentation of Australia All Over with Macca on the Sunday morning.

STRIVING FOR ACCURACY

IS ACCURACY BEING FORGOTTEN?

When Bush Poets write of real events or places and times, they automatically become historical recorders. This places a burden of responsibility on authors to ensure their work is as accurate as they can possibly make it.

It would appear some poets who are work shopping their poems to the finest degree to ensure precise meter, structure and hard and soft rhythms, are not at all concerned about accurate reproductions of the lifestyles and periods they are attempting to depict.

I recently read a piece that had taken a Commended in a very prestigious written competition dealing with an heroic flood rescue carried out by an intrepid bullock driver. It was wonderful Hollywood stuff, filled with drama and pathos. It flowed off the tongue, was extremely well constructed but would have had a bullocky's camp falling about in fits of mirth.

From go to whoa, the poem demonstrated the writer's total lack of knowledge about the nuts and bolts of bullock driving. Ok. It's not the easiest thing to learn in these technological times, but the author chose to write on this subject and should have done enough research

to ensure the work was believable to someone who did understand.

I have heard many undeserved criticisms of some of our older Bush Poets when they appear in the role of judges. These people have seen the latter parts of the eras that Banjo, Henry and their contemporaries wrote about and are very quick to spot mistakes that sail straight past many new wave poets.

If an older poet places a piece with questionable meter above a more well constructed work, it would pay critics to have a careful look at accuracy before leaping aboard the soapbox.

We in Australia, are at a cross-road in our cultural heritage similar to the situation in the United States one hundred years ago. In America the dime novelists, showmen and movie makers took the real history of the West and sensationalized it with scant regard for accuracy.

Today in the States, serious historians have to wade through a plethora of lurid fiction to get somewhere near the truth, and the Cowboy Legend is nothing like the reality. "Old hands" became disgusted and walked away leaving the history of the West in the hands of the sensationalists.

Please don't let this happen to our Outback Heritage. Don't let our "old hands" become any more disillusioned than some already are by ignoring their vital contributions of knowledge about times we try to write about.

Research material is freely available to those who care to look for it but there is more and more evidence around to suggest that the blue chip writer's adage of "write about what you know about" is carrying less and less weight with today's authors and poets.

Research can be a double edged sword and many unwary historians have fallen into the trap of listening to sources who turned out to be no better informed than they were.

Early last year the pages of this newsletter were graced with an article on Breaker Morant that caused considerable comment from people who have seriously studied "The Breaker". The wording made it abundantly clear that the research had been done from a novel who's author went to considerable pains to explain in the Foreword, that it was a work of fiction based on fact and not to be taken as an accurate account.

Comic poetry is another matter and can be written in as outlandish a style as it's writer likes, but even the realms of fantasy are better served when the author shows an understanding of characters, time and place. Would "Mulga Bill's Bicycle" be the poem it is if Paterson had not understood the mind of the horseman?

In these times when urban Australia and the World is becoming more and more interested in our folklore, we should be very careful to maintain the preciseness of observation practiced by poets of yesteryear. They established a tradition of accuracy and it is today's poets' duty to uphold this for those who follow them.

Jack Drake



'Aitch', Kevin Miles, Toni Davies, John and Annette Morey
Entertaining at the Narrandera Awards Presentations

WAUCHOPE COMPETITION

The second annual Hastings Macleay Bush Poets Competition was held on Sunday the 9th March at Wauchope Country Club, and it was pleasing to see a large number of participating poets.

The judges job was made exceedingly difficult due to the high standard in the junior section.

Full results of the competition are as follows:

Original Section - 1st Shirley Everingham, Wauchope.

2nd John Prosdocimo, Comboyne.

3rd Gabby Colquhoun, Gloucester and Margaret Parmenter, Coffs Harbour (tie)

Traditional Section - 1st Troy Wilkie, Pt. Macquarie.

2nd Cay Fletcher, Taree.

3rd Claire Reynolds, Gloucester and Nicole Stewart, Pt. Macquarie (tie)

Junior 1st Troy Wilkie, Pt. Macquarie.

2nd Nicole Stewart, Pt. Macquarie.

3rd Paddy Holt, Rowlands Plains.

Overall Champion Shirley Everingham.

Encouragement Awards - Gabby Colquhoun, Gloucester and Bob Graham, Pt. Macquarie.



With all the friends I got ...

© David Campbell, Beaumaris, Vic. 1st Place, Humorous Section - Dunedoo's "Great Dunny Classic" Written Competition.

I dunno if yer've ever seen a kangaroo that flies,
Or else a flamin' wombat wot favours paisley ties
Or 'ow about a bandicoot that sports a purple 'at,
A bright green vest an' trousers, while ridin' on a cat?
'Ave yer sat there in amazement while dingos play at pool
An' lots of platypuses go rompin' off ter school
In buses full of ostriches all wavin' Union Jacks
At rollerbladin' emus a'munchin' on Big Macs?

An' then there's that blue crocodile wot dances down the road
Wiv fancy cane an' top-hat, an' partnered by a toad
That plays the flippin' xylophone while doin' pirouettes
An' practicing' flamenco with bloody castanets!
Koala bears go marching by in pink and yellow suits,
Playin' tunes on wobbleboards and gold-encrusted lutes,
Then wallabies on bicycles are lettin' out a cheer
An' singin' dirty ditties while chuggin' cans of beer.

Fair dinkum! 'Ave you ever seen a weirder mob than that?
'Cos if you have, then...bloody hell...I don't know where you're at!
That lot are little friends of mine, I see 'em ev'ry day,
A'dancin through the mulga as I go on my way.
I'm out there on the road, yer see, 'cos that me way of life,
Ain't got no 'ouse or children, nor ever 'ad a wife.
Them critters are me family, I'm never on me own...
There's always someone passin', so I don't feel alone.

That bandicoot's a proper gent, 'e always doffs 'is 'at,
An' stops ter 'ave a chinwag, 'e loves ter chew the fat.
The bears are just 'ilarious, they sure do make me laugh,
'Specially when they do that joke about the drunk giraffe.
The wallabies are dangerous, they 'ogs the bloody road...
I wish they'd take a minute ter learn the 'ighway code.
An' as fer that blue crocodile, 'e's just a flamin' lair,
A dancin' whirlin' dervish...a frantic Fred Astair.

BY THE CREEK

© Vivienne Ledlie - Alexandra Hills Qld.

I followed the track to the winding creek
Where sunlight and shadows played hide and seek,
Where tall gum trees boughed to the waters clear
Which blithefully bubbled o'er rock and tier.

I picnicked with Nature who shared her fare
Of magical morsels dispelling care;
From platters of beauty absorbed her charm,
And drank of her cup filled with endless calm.

Beyond to the green of the pasture land,
Birds' echoing calls trilled in tuneful strand.
The mountains exuded a hazy sheen
Protecting bush creatures wild, unseen.

I lay on the ground, watched the gum trees sway,

Imagined I owned a bush hideaway
With stream running by bearing fish to catch,
Some cows, a few chooks and a vegie patch.

To wake up each morn to the birds' chorale -
A lively elixir to lift morale;
To sit by the campfire when night descends
Alone, but not lonely or lacking friends.

Words written by Patterson came to mind,
Lamenting his lot in the city's bind;
Expressing his envy of Clancy's life
Away from the mainstream of bustling strife.*

Though futile my wish, like his, that I
To life in the city could say goodbye,
Whene'er I indulge in fair fancy's flight
My spirit returns to that bush delight.

"G'day," sez Mister Bandicoot, "I see the price of gold
 Just goes an' keeps on risin' ... p'raps it should be sold?
 You've always seen me right before, I'd like your sage advice.
 The normal fee? No worries. It's cheap at half the price!"
 "Well, well," I say, "I'm glad you asked, me broker just rang through,
 An' I, fer one, am buyin', so that's wot you should do."
 "Oh, thank you sir," sez Mister B, "I'm always so impressed
 By you investment gurus, you really are the best!"

Them platypuses comes by next, while on their way ter school,
 An' asks me ter go swimmin' in their Olymic pool,
 'Cos they 'as 'eard the story told of 'ow I wiped the floor
 Competin' fer Australia in nineteen sixty four.

Them platypuses loves that tale, the ostriches do too,
 They reckons I'm an 'ero, a bonzer bloke, true-blue!
 An when I 'ears them lovely words, I goes all soft inside,
 An' I'm just fit ter burstin', me 'eart's so swelled with pride.

The wombat, 'e's an arty type, 'e's in ter litrachoor,
 An' likes ter 'ear me tellin' of when I was on tour
 With some of Mister Shakespeare's plays, an' 'ow the folks would
 cheer When I came on ter give 'em me Hamlet or King Lear.
 We also talks philosophy an' where the stars were born
 An' whether God's in 'eaven an' 'ow yer'd paint the dawn.
 Then as we chats the hours slip past, the miles go rollin' by,
 While we debates the wherefores, the wot and when and why.

The Kangaroo then drops on by ter bring me all the news
 About the great big city, all traffic lights an' queues,
 With cars an' trucks wot's blowin' smoke in ev'rybody's face,
 They spends their time just fightin' ter try ter finds some space.
 So then I sits an' looks around, an' all that meets the eye
 Is Dogwood trees an' desert, an' miles of clear blue sky,
 An' then I knows wot life's about, an' wot it's bloody not,
 'Cos I don't lack fer nothin', with all the friends I got.

JACARANDA

© Vivienne Ledlie

Close by the sea or on the country farm
 The jacaranda blooms allure and charm;
 In spring a subtle spell of colour blast
 From laden trees or shrouded soil is cast.

A jacaranda potion, so I've read,
 Can calm the scattered thoughts within my head,
 Make me decisive, clear and fleet of mind,
 With certainty of purpose well defined.

Some say good fortune through my life will call
 If blossoms on my head elect to fall.
 Still others quote a myth opposing such:
 Bad luck attends a jacaranda's touch.

I choose the tale which rings the good-luck chime;
 And when I'm lost for want of rhythmic rhyme,
 I sit beneath a jacaranda tree
 And hope a mauve-blue blossom falls on me.

QUEENSLAND STATE CHAMPIONSHIPS

The inaugural Australian Bush Poets Association's Queensland Bush Poetry State Championships will be held in conjunction with the Annual North Pine Camp Oven Festival from Friday 22nd to Sunday 24th August 2003.

The venue is the Pioneer Village Country Music Hall set in the picturesque grounds of the North Pine Country Park Petrie on the Northern outskirts of Brisbane.

Junior and Novice Competitions will be held on the Friday Evening, with the Open Male and Female Competitions on Saturday and Sunday.

The ever popular Festival Concert will be held on Saturday evening. A Poets Breakfast will be conducted bright and early on Sunday morning, followed by the completion of the Open events, rounding off after lunch with the naming of the Junior, Female and Male ABPA Queensland Champions

The Open Championships will consist of three categories, Traditional, Modern/ Contemporary and Original performances. There will be prizes for the winners of each category with the ABPA State Championships awarded to the performers with the highest aggregate across all disciplines.

There will be in excess of \$3500 in prize money to be won.

If you're planning on attending the Gympie Muster, drop in at North Pine for the weekend, then drive up at your leisure on Monday morning, less than a two hour run.

Camping is available on site alongside the venue. Dormitory accommodation is available at Y.M.C.A. Camp Warrawee.

The North Pine Camp Oven Festival is a really marvelous venue as anyone who has been here will attest.

The Written Competition closes on Friday the 25th July. Those on the mailing list will receive application forms in due course.

For further information contact John Best Secretary on 07 3285 2845 or President Ron Liekefett via email at rlikefett@dodo.com.au



YAMMATJI

When the Australia Council and the Western Australia Art's Council gave a grant to the Mungullah Aboriginal community, in Carnarvon (WA) to allow research of a book of their oral history, the first ever undertaken in the region, the Aboriginal community asked writer-artist-photographer Bryan Clark to take on the task.

Then working as a country town editor of a bush newspaper, in Carnarvon, Bryan had already demonstrated a genuine interest in Aboriginal people and their culture, especially in the Gascoyne region of Western Australia and the Ngukurr-Ngandi-Ritarrngu tribal groups of south-western Arnhem Land in the Roper River country of the Northern Territory.

His commitment to ensuring that the human side of Aboriginal history is recorded accurately and with compassion is admirable.

Bryan engaged as research assistants the Aboriginal trainees, Ernest Edney and Naomi McMahon, later bringing in the artists, James Ormerod and Raymond Edney.

For about a year the 'book research project' methodically interviewed and photographed the Aboriginal residents of the Gascoyne, starting with the allededly 116-year-old Dolly 'Nanna' Bidgiemia, gradually working their way through the older Yammaji community members and down to the 'younguns' aged between 40 and 50 years.

Sadly some refused to be inter-

viewed, believing that their past was not important, that there was no value in preserving their biographies for posterity; only today and tomorrow mattered.

Many demonstrated a willingness to be of practical assistance.

A few attempts were made to impede the groups progress.

Many of those interviewed for the record reflected on hard times working as servants in the station homestead or as stockmen on vast properties, mustering camps and droving trips.

Life was very hard and the stockwhip used by the white man to 'educate' them was referred to many times.

The harshness of the region is emphasised further by the privations and loneliness suffered by some of these people when separated from their families.

Most of them worked for the white man for little or no pay, and were often left with nothing to eat, feeling the bite of the stockwhip should they question fair dealing or even answer back.

Humour can be found in their words, kindness in their forgiving, but most of all their mutual respect for each other and life as it was and is still lived and enjoyed in one part of this country provides great insights into the nature and personalities of the people.



(Sunset © Kevin Lovis - Broken Hill)

Bryan now lives, retired, in a rural area along the beautiful Ilparpa Ranges south of Alice Springs with his artist wife, Ursula, and his dog, Bluey. Nowadays he is concentrating on the writing of an autobiography, "Journey Into Dreamtime," detailing his experiences while living with tribal Aboriginal people in south-western Arnhem Land in the early 1970s, researching cultural matters.

Bryan is also busily constructing a web site on the internet, a magazine format, called "Voices Of The Outback," which will feature articles about the people and life in the lonely regions of the Northern Territory, the bush verse, the books and the art being created.

Yammaji - Aboriginal Memories of the Gascoyne, contains many interesting stories, lots of photographs and drawings and is available from the author

Bryan Clark

PO. Box 1766

Alice Springs NT 0871. Price: \$25.

www.outbackvoices.com

GIPPSLAND NEWS

Victorian State Championships

The Gippsland Bush Poets have set plans in motion for the coming Victorian Bush Poetry State Championships to be held in Stratford over the weekend of 11-12 October 2003.

The Gippsland members, after considering the proposals for the 'new' book of competition rules,

made some recommendations to the ABPA executive committee.

The Victorian State Championships will have both Male and Female Champions decided from three rounds, Original, Traditional and Contemporary.

There will be no finals, with the highest aggregate scorers declared the State Champions. There will be no 'Overall' champion, and only a

Victorian resident can win the Victorian State Championships.

Interstate Poets are more than welcome and are encouraged to enter the competition, but are advised that they will only be eligible to win the individual sections.

In the Junior sections, both male and female will battle it out for supremacy in the one event on a 'do your best poem' basis.

A LIFE © Ron Stevens, Dubbo NSW
1st Place, Serious Section "Great Dunny Classic"
Written Bush Poetry Competition

She put the cat outside and set the clock; no need to bolt the door,
for there is not a thing worth stealing and no thieves about, Gwen's sure.
Oh yes, the neighbours's kids might pinch a plumb or two in broad daylight
but every loaded branch is safe enough from even them at night.
She'll pass some jars of plum jam over in the morning, for their mum.
That woman's had a battle, with her husband sacked and on the rum.
Though Gwen's alarm is set for six o'clock, she'll be awake by then,
and cutting lunches for two schoolboy sons, with appetites of men.

The kindling's ready on the hearth, beside the billets of iron-bark.
Well schrunched-up papers - *Herald's* news grown cold -- await a morning
spark.
The children checked - they're both asleep - and then her knitting's stowed
away;
Now kiss his photo, on the mantleshelf. So ends a distant day.
They're *special days*, preserved like plums in jars, to savour as a treat;
the shining fruits from golden times, relief from memory's dusty wheat
- insipid, flattened by the weevilled years of *progress*, grief and change.
First came the telegram, then details from a grim New guinea range.

A hero, so they said: before he died, he'd killed a dozen Japs.
Their elder son had claimed his father's medals; has them still ... perhaps.
Or more than likely, they've been sacrificed for cash to purchase drugs.
The *adult* John is lost but she recalls the *boy* -- his loving hugs,
and helping her to feed the chooks, the stance and smile so like his Dad's.
She keeps her boys' school photos on the shelf - two handsome upright lads
A month ago, one icy night, as she had put the cat outside
she thought she heard a phantom boy cry out 'My cat and I have died.'

No lie: her second son had, years before, been drowned in Stony Creek.
That week was when her hair bloomed white from just a narrow silver streak.
Now Stony Creek is but a squalid drain of *coca-cola* cans,
used needles, plastic, other remnants from financial master plans.
Gwen's home's beset by housing flats, where young delinquents stalk at will.
The town's now like a city - bloated, flush with lust and time to kill.
Her cat was choked by nylon fishing line and dumped outside her door.
Gwen scraped a grave beneath her tree, near bones of Tibby, Max ... and more.

Door bolts stayed shot by day as well as night, except for *meals-on-wheels*,
but silence met their lunch-time call today, despite their loud appeals.
Police who later forced a window found a lawful scene within.
as if asleep, she slumped across the table, hands beneath her chin.
A shaft of windowed sunlight bathed her time-worn face, and lit a last
near-empty jar of bright *Satsuma* plums, whose rosy glow was cast
upon three mantel photographs. Connections lost upon police
who'd never probed conspiracies of cats and clocks and old plum trees.

THE CONVICTS' RUM SONG

Cut yer name across me backbone,	I will eat yer Norfolk dumpling
Stretch me skin across a drum,	Like a juicy Spanish Plum,
Iron me up on Pinchgut Island	Even dance the Newgate Hornpipe
From to-day till Kingdom Come!	If ye'll only gimme RUM! Anon.

BENDIGO NEWS

The newly formed Bush Poetry group in Bendigo V. is progressing rather smartly with plans for regular meetings and concerts.

At its last meeting the group settled on an official name and will now be known as 'The Central Goldfields Bush Poets' (*Verse and Song*). Incorporation is the next big step.

Monthly meetings will be held on the 4th. Sunday of each month at 2pm. The venue for the March meeting is the Whitehorse Hotel, Eaglehawk Road, California Gully.

The April meeting however will be held at the Ironbark Riding Centre, Watson Road Bendigo.

A lively concert followed the meeting with some new local performers.

Keen support for the new group came from Eddie Dalton of Melbourne, Molly Sparkes, 'Johnno' Johnson and Joan Hill from the Kyabram Poets,
Enquiries - Contact, Colin Carrington Tel: 03 5441 2425 Email: colincarrington@mydesk.net.au

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS:

Thank you to the following contributors: Patti Ainsworth, Julie Briggs, Stella Mary Drake, Ed Parmenter, Marco Gliori, Vivienne Ledley, Maureen Stonham, Ron Liekefett, Bryan Clarke, Colin Carrington, Merv. Webster, Jill Chapman, Ellis Campbell, Gilgandra Tourism, Dianne Carroll, Paul Bannan, Glenn Palmer.

VILLAGE VOLUNTEERS

Robert Raftery ©

Australia's Picture Writer Brisbane Queensland May 2001

They come from the ranks of the regulars and the realms of the well-to-do,
Some are real live heroes, and all are unpaid crew,
They turn up at a phone call, or to a flare or a fire bell,
They'll often put their lives on the line when a highway turns to hell.
They're a branch of man whose creed's... "I can!"
These unsung engineers...

who surface when the mix is right, and the call's for *Volunteers*.

The fire had formed quite quickly, soon the brigade was under threat,
The fury of the flames had fuelled a fear they'd never met.
Now wild-eyed, and wind assisted, she wheeled her forces 'round,
With her cruel red crossbars centred on a tiny outback town.
Fresh hands from out of nowhere to buckets, bags and blade,
Fresh reserves to build the back burn and to bolster the brigade.

The battlefield's a furnace, troops arrive from towns about,
A closely knit alliance formed by flood and fire and drought,
Base command has sent the orders... has assessed the fire's core,
They'll seek to save the strip from Stringers, down to McNamara's store.
But the dancing flaming dragons hadn't heard and didn't care,
As they sent their orange archers through the super heated air.

The town's evacuated, soon the news would chill the soul,
For the Murphy boys were missing when the pastor called the roll,
A shadow fled its mooring through the screaming of a wife,
For Jim Murphy loved those little boys more than anything in life.
Terror claimed a victory as the screaming called his name,
Jim was lost amidst the maelstrom of the smoke and heat and flame.

A crown of flame was swirling to swamp the wooden mix,
A hundred years of history, cedar church and crucifix,
Jack Baron gripped the microphone that would call his brave men back,
As two mighty diesel engines cut the smoke haze on the track.
"Good God! It's Dan O'Leary's dozers!"

surging yellow through the flames,

As a town found two new heroes in amongst the driver's names.

Then comes that gentle trickle of treacled charcoal tears,
Down the soot stained heroes' faces of the village *Volunteers*.
As quickly as it started the inferno tempered down,
As two fire blackened dozers came towards us from the town,
The cheers I still can hear them, they're amongst life's precious joys,
On the lead rig stood Jim Murphy... in his arms, two Murphy boys.

NORTH PINE BUSH POETRY

The North Pine Bush Poetry Group will be holding its first concert for 2003 on Friday 9th May at the Pioneer Village Country Music Hall, Dayboro Road, Petrie Q.

Admission is \$10, or \$25 for a family. Proceeds of this concert will go to the Pine Rivers and Districts

Meals on Wheels

The group extends an invitation to all to come and enjoy two and a half hours of great bush poetry presented by members of North Pine Bush Poets.

Don't forget North Pine will be conducting the Queensland State Championships on August.

For bookings contact Noel Stallard on 3351 3550

CHRIS AND THE GREY

The Tamworth Country Music festival put a new slant on By A Fire of Gidyea Coal, but Chris and the Grey, (Christine and Merv Webster) managed to battle it out to the end.

Though many of the poets prefer to hold their shows at various venues throughout Tamworth, Chris and Merv still enjoy the spirit of Peel Street and continued to perform their show '*Laughter and Tears from the Bush*' twice a day.

Merv's new book '*A Muster of Australiana*' was well received along with their new double CD *Laughter & Tears from the Bush*.

Readers with access to the internet are invited to browse the Websters new web site of bush poetry and yarns at www.bushpoets.go.to

The duo will be heading for Roma Q. for for Easter in the Country, followed by the Boondooma Muster near Kingaroy from 15th to 16th April. Their next venue being Mt Morgan's Golden Mount Festival 3-4th May and then out to Charleville from mid May through to Mid Septem-



Remember Anzac Day

EASTER IN HAY - SHEAR OUTBACK

Where the hell is Hay?

Hay is at the crossroads to everywhere: Sydney, Adelaide, Canberra, Melbourne... and the Outback.

Hay is legendary within the colonial bush poetry of Banjo Paterson, and with good reason.

Located on the vast Hay Plains, Hay is a vibrant and friendly town on the banks of the Murrumbidgee River and readily features magnificent sunsets and an expansive array of stars under an endless Outback sky.

Home to some of Australia's most prominent and legendary sheep stations, Hay has beautiful river reserves, lush wetlands, his-

toric architecture, free roaming native wildlife, and five special museum experiences along with a whole host of other attractions.

When you visit Hay, you'll enjoy true-blue country hospitality and charm and meet the real characters of the bush everywhere you turn. In addition to Shear Outback, check out Bishop's Lodge Historic House and Rose Garden, the Hay Gaol Museum, the Dunera Prisoner of War Internment Camp Interpretive Centre, and the Hay War Memorial High School Museum.

You can take a cruise along the Murrumbidgee, picnic on the river reserves, play golf, tennis and swim, visit a winery, dine out in style, and explore a variety of bush walking and driving trails.

Make it a date to be in Hay this Easter, take in some of the many attractions and join in the family fun at Shear Outback, a multi-faceted award-winning tourist and educational attraction comprising several complementary experiences. They include; The Australian Shearers' Hall of Fame; the Shear Outback Exhibition; the historic Murray Downs Woolshed; a Special Exhibition Gallery; a Retail Shop; a Café; - and an ever-evolving year-round calendar of events and programs.

Family fun on Easter Saturday starts at 1.30 pm with a programme of traditional outback games followed by a barbeque tea at 5.30pm and a traditional Australian Bush Poets Concert with Frank Daniel joined by local poets.

Easter Sunday will leave time for Church services and then a Walkup Bush Poets Blackboard Brunch, with winners of the local writing competitions being announced and invited to perform their works.

Jill Chapman is coordinating the weekend and can be contacted on 02 69934000
intheoffice@shearoutback.com.au
www.shearoutback.com.au



A RACE APART

Let's Give the Fear the Flick Campaign

Robert Raftery ©

Australia's Picture Writer Brisbane Queensland.

Fear must not consume us, so... let's punch its searchlights out,
Don't let its toxic humus cloud our minds with dread and doubt,
Don't let its turgid drums of war

mask the magic boom of the breakers' roar,
The laughing eyes of our Aussie kids;
let's put the fear, mates, on the skids.

There are those who'd like to shut us down,
and crush our way of life,

They'd like to siphon off that spirit
that we've forged through times of strife,

That thing we've loved and nurtured, for from the very start,
We were built from a part of every race,
that's why we're *A Race Apart*.

*Our nation's never learned to beg... to fetch... to stay ... or sit,
And fifteen "mill's" a lot to spend, to fund a terror kit,
Let's just say "G'day" in the usual way...*

that usually does the trick,

And like birds of a feather...
let's all stand together, and *Let's Give the Fear the Flick*.

We're big on mateship... but there's a whole lot more,
We're the culture of the cricket, the family and the corner store,
And when the big winds fan the fire storm...

we touch the charcoal tears
That stream down the firefighters' faces...
and through the ranks of the volunteers.

And when the fleet's dismasted... and pure guts... is the engine driver
When a mate is trapped deep underground...
then that scream breaks forth... "Survivor!"

When the blood of the wattle stains a foreign foam,
We're a force unmatched... 'cause they've picked on **home**.

It's heaven sent, that precious scent...
when the eucalypt blends with the wattle,
Mates, it's the greatest perfume in the world... don't keep it in a bottle,
Let's just say "G'day" in the usual way... that usually does the trick,
'Till the big wrongs are righted... let's all stand united,
to *Give the Fear the Flick*.

'RHYME and REASON'

A few months ago I wrote on Poetic Terminology and touched upon Alliteration, Enjambment and Imagery - all important. This issue we will look at a few more, of varying importance.



"Rhyming couplet," means two consecutive similar lines that have end rhyming.

A "stanza" is a group of lines separated from others by a space. A stanza can be anything from two lines up to anywhere, but I prefer four, six or eight lines - as I have previously stated.

"Mid rhyme" or "internal rhyme" as the term implies, is simply a word in the middle rhyming with the word at lines end. A couple of examples from my poem *The Gambling Man*.

"A defacto wife named Vera stuck like glue to Dan the shearer".

"Like a breath of winter chillness came the hush of eerie stillness".

Another form of internal rhyme is when two consecutive lines have words that rhyme in the middle and two different words rhyming on lines end.

Example from my poem, *Remember Chubby?*

"Last man in when playing cricket - never made the foot ball team;
without score he lost his wicket, lost his cap and self-esteem"

Another example from my poem *Rescue For Rowdy*.

"A drop of bourbon he enjoyed and ouzo to relax
and brandy with the unemployed, who called for little snacks".

Onomatopoeia is the using of sound effects to draw attention to something. "Pow!" "Wheooo --" "Bang!" "Whizz--", etc. Comic books rely heavily on onomatopoeia to get their point across.

There is a difference in "Blank Verse" and "Free verse" but I don't think my readers are too concerned about either! "Prose" is any other form of writing other than poetry. Short stories, novels, etc. Next issue: The importance of the first stanza.

Ellis Campbell

ONKARPARINGAS

© Tom Stonham, February, 2003

Despair! I swear, I tear my hair ...
try 'timing Rhyming verse!
The rhyme, as such, may stay in touch ...
Rhythm, Cadence? Weak or worse!

It's sad to see what well could be
a fine poem, with some work.
Long, loose, limp lines like tangles vines,
thick with words that jump and jerk.

The story told could be pure gold
but the cadence falters, fails.
The would-be bard who won't work hard
wipes the wind from his/her sails.

No pressing need to write hi-speed,
a poem must be pondered.
To write in haste is wanton waste,
deep thoughts, fine phrases, squandered.

Fun-stuff, all grins, can hide its sins ...
poets prancing on a stage!
The acid test, is what reads best
on an unforgiving page.

When words won't jell, it's poet's hell,
swot, sweat blood to get it right.
Make a mansion, Rhyme and Scansion,
built with word-bricks fitted tight.

Finished, furnished, brightly burnished,
looking absolutely grand.
Part and parcel, Poet's Castle,
based on bed-rock, not on sand.

It's not easy, words are 'greasy',
so damned difficult to grip.
Don't go bonkers, use your **Onkars**,
take great care they do not slip.

Onkarparingas? Your fingers!
Count 'em, five plus five makes ten.
Rhythm conquers, drum your Onkars,
find your faults, begin agen!

COO-EE FESTIVAL POETRY COMP.

Gilgandra's Cooee Festival written competition will feature six sections this year. Section 1, the Cooee March with prizemoney totalling \$450 is for a traditional form poem with the theme of the famous Cooee March. Information can be obtained from the Gilgandra Tourist Centre

on 02 6847 2045.

The other five sections are
2. Freshwater, 3. Humorous,
4. Open, 5. Open High
School Students, 6. Open Pri-
mary Students.

Closing date for entries is
August 29th.

SSAE for entry forms etc
The Secretary
Cooee March Competititon
PO Box 171 Gilgandra 2827

WRITING IN VERSE

Dear poetry friends, I do enjoy reading helpful articles on the finer points of the art and craft of writing in verse. I can enjoy imperfect verse, yet I often feel disappointed when otherwise excellent work is lacking in either rhyme or rhythm. To illustrate what I mean I offer one example of each "problem": a limerick I learned in school when we were taught about scansion (metre or rhythm patterns) - author unknown to me - and my own "poem" about imperfection in the rhyme department. (The latter has minor imperfections in metre as well, though not so obviously as the limerick!)

LIMERICK

There was a young man of Japan
whose limericks never would scan.
When asked why it was
he said "simply becous
I always try and fit as many words in the last line as I possibly can."

RHYME

I picked up pen and paper. I would pen the perfect poem
with alliteration liltng 'long the line.
It had imagery, rhythm - it had metaphors galore -
but it limped a little when it came to rhyme.

I sprinkled it with similes, like sprinkling fairy bread,
and my assonance at ends of lines was fine -
but I'm bothered by my battle with rebellious bits of verse
that refuse to rhyme! I find it most unkind.

Like the 'Dreadful German language" much lamented by Mark
Twain,
our English language too is strange at times;
and "line" may sound like "rhyme" and likewise "fine" sound like
"unkind",
but whatever else they are, they do not rhyme.

Bessie Jennings, 2002

The John O'Brien

Poetry & Prose Competition

Section 1 Awards for Verse

Open Class 1 Traditional - 1st Prize
Bessie Jennings, Pt Macquarie, NSW
Mountain Nights

Highly Commended - Ron Stevens,
Dubbo, NSW *Pinnacles*

Highly Commended - Elizabeth McIver,
Griffith, NSW *Crayon Memories*

Open Class 2 Contemporary - 1st Vera
Hepple, Hamlyn Heights, V. *Sea Change*

Highly Commended - Heather Yates,
Kingsgrove, NSW *Pieces of the Past*

Highly Commended - Kevin Gillam,
West Leederville, WA *History of Shells*

Open Class 3 Humorous - 1st Joanna
Burke, Ballina, nsw *Change from Twenty*

Jim Horan Bush Poetry Award - Margaret
Glendenning, Everton, VIC

The Post Boy

Highly Commended - Frank Cardiff,
East Gosford, NSW *When God Chips In*

Section 2 Awards for Prose

Open Class 1 Short Story - 1st Margot
Shugg, Bradbury, NSW *Funny Business*

Highly Commended - Marjorie Darling-
Ward, Frankston, VIC

Praise the Bruised Heart of the Writer

Congratulations to all winners! Entry
forms for the 2004 Competition will be
mailed to you during September/October
2003. Competition will close on Friday
23rd January 2004

Enquiries 1800 672 392

THEIR ONLY SON

© Maxine Ireland

He went off to the war, their only son.
He was handsome and tall. Just six foot one.
His sisters were eight, though one had passed on.
And they wept and they prayed when he had gone.

He had answered the call-to-arms and he
Had his twenty first birthday out at sea.
He marched with his mates with their heads held high.
Those brave young men who were destined to die.

He went in answer to his country's appeals
And fell and was buried in Flanders Fields.
While a family grieves; a whole nation mourns
The sad waste of young lives taken in wars.

While a father's heart breaks; a mother will yearn
For the son she knows will never return.
What! another child, at age forty three ?
Please give me a son is the mother's plea.

But who dared question the Maker's design
When the much yearned for son was daughter nine.
Doubt my faith in Providence, if you can,
For twenty years on world war two began.

Recruiting was on in earnest again;
Can you imagine the anguish and pain
Those folk would have known? if they'd had a son
And he too had gone at age twenty one.

(NB. Maxine Ireland was daughter number nine).

THE BUSH ARTIST

by David Warton Forster NSW 2001

I can still smell the dust and the droppings
As we mustered sheep in those days
I still have many fond memories
how we lived with our old rustic ways

Some of us lived 'm the quarters
Others just camped in their tents
But all of us treasured our teamwork
Whether shearing or mending a fence

All the time we would be working
In the bush that we adored
Oh! We didn't make much money
We only bought what we could afford

There was one of us he was called Robbo
A lantern jawed big man was he
Built like the old country outhouse
With arms like the trunk of a tree

A big but gentle man he was
With a genuine love for the bush
Who one day met with a painter
An artist from the big city push

"You chaps from the bush do amaze me"
Said the artist with his posh city talk –
You have nature's beauty all around you
Yet you don't even go for a walk-!"

To smell the flowers and bush fragrance
To appreciate the colours and hues
You will never capture on canvas
All the reds, yellows and blues---

Said Robbo to this uppity stranger
"Just give me a bit of a start
Leave me some paints and a canvas
And we'll see about this 'ere art!"

So he took the paints and the easel
He took canvas and brushes as well
He took himself out to the country
He'd show this pompous city swell

He set up the easel and canvas
And sat and looked all around
He saw the beauty in the trees
And the colours that did abound

He saw the deep blue of the sky
He saw the clouds all puffy and white
He saw the brightness and shadows
Created by God's shining light

He saw them as never before
As natural things of beauty
He wanted to catch them all in art
He felt now that it was his duty

So brush to paint and then to canvas
He captured all nature had to give
The flowers, the trees, the sky above
That make life a joy to live.

And there before him he had imitated
Nature's canvas of colourful tones
The grass, the bark, the leaves,
He could even smell the pinecones.

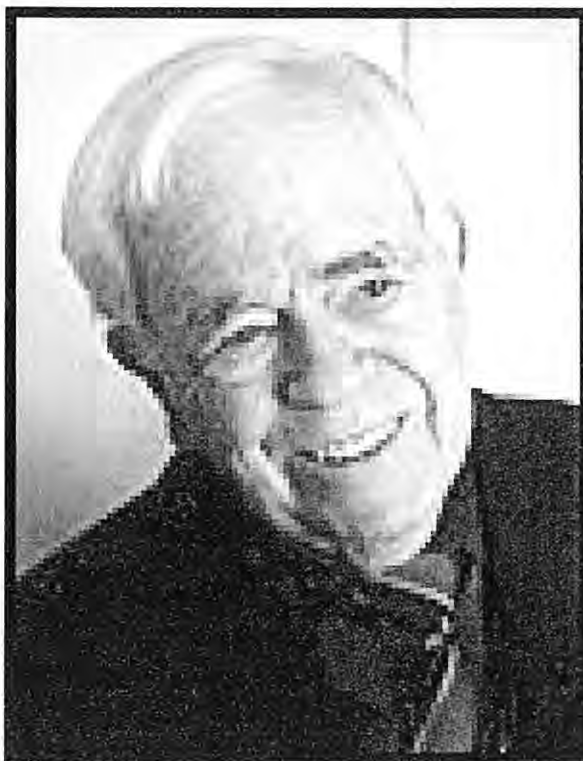
Then he waited for the next visit
Of the posh painter from the city
Would he be full of praise?
Or would he wring his hands in pity.

The painter he took one look
And said "Is this your creation?
In future I will hold my tongue
When I travel to an outback station".

"You have shown by your painting
Nature's beauty you appreciate
I want you to paint more pictures
Now, before it is too late'.

And so our Robbo keeps painting
Though mustering he's still to be found
He now has his own exhibitions
Of bush paintings all around

I can still smell the dust and the droppings
But not from the sheep or horse drays
I just look at Robbo's fine paintings
To capture the scent of those days .



The Late George Burnett Lovejoy

VALE: GEORGE BURNETT LOVEJOY - MISTER FOOTBALL

George Burnett Lovejoy, who called Rugby League on Brisbane radio from 1950 to the early 1970s, died on 5th February aged 79.

He coined the expression "Rugby League -- The Greatest Game of All" and was a household name in Brisbane.

George Lovejoy was the voice of Rugby League with his 6pm pre-views on Friday nights, his game calls on the Saturdays and reviews at 6 o'clock on Saturday afternoons.

Before television, George, through his highly energetic commentary, brought the drama of this great game to the homes of ordinary Queenslanders.

George regarded Duncan Hall as the best player he had ever seen and in his later years Wally Lewis took on this mantle.

After finishing commentating in 1967 he became manager of 4BH. All his life he was involved in amateur theatre and in his later years he toured Queensland reciting 'bush poetry'.

George was the best Rugby League caller ever and he had enormous influence over present day commentators.

Lovejoy established himself as a household name in Queensland from 1949 until 1967 when he called 652 successive league matches for 4BH and country stations. During that period it was claimed he had the biggest Saturday afternoon audience of any broadcaster in Australia.

It was the 1950s and '60s that etched the Lovejoy name into rugby league folklore. His outspoken, controversial style of commentary contributed to his early success. His broadcasting methods worked and he kept it up attracting lots of people who knew nothing about rugby into his listening audience.

Football commentators of the era rarely had the vantage point of a comfortable broadcast box with most games covered from a table on the sideline with just the caller and a junior technician.

In 1957, he defied a ban by the Ipswich Rugby League and broadcast a match between Ipswich and Brisbane from a house outside the ground.

The incident made front-page news. And at halftime in a fiery Great Britain-Brisbane game at the Exhibition Grounds in 1966, Lovejoy engaged in a heated push and shove with famed British commentator Eddie Waring.

Former Broncos director Gary Balkin was a friend of Lovejoy since his playing days in the 1960s and they shared a mutual interest away from football in poetry and prose. "George was so aggressive as a broadcaster, but really was a very gentle man," said Balkin.

A number of George's poems and short stories have been published.

In 1968, Lovejoy's era as "Mr Football" ended when he anointed successor Ross Lawson and moved to a managerial position with 4BH.

Lawson's voice and style were almost identical to those of his predecessor.

Lawson copied George's style, and "That's what got me the job" said Lawson. "He was the best in the business in a golden era of radio." A member of the Queensland Radio Hall of Fame, he was station manager of 4BH for eight years until 1975.

A family man, he later worked in marketing and managed a suburban TAB before retirement.

Lovejoy was pre-deceased by his wife, Maggie, and is survived by four daughters, a son and three grandchildren. His funeral service was held at the Alex Gow chapel, Breakfast Creek Road, Newstead. (See poem page



ANZAC POEMS

A small collection of poems in commemoration of Anzac Day have been printed in this issue of the Newsletter.

The Poem 'Why?' On the page 21 describes conditions on 'Baby 400' a scrubby waste land above Anzac Cove, a day after the Landing at Gallipoli - the night of April 26th 1915.

A hidden German shrapnel gun was continually bombarding the Anzacs.

For some reason, there was an order, at the time, that the wounded were not to be gathered.

The poem sets this in a general description of fighting at Gallipoli. Denis Kevans wrote this poem in 1960.

John Edward Kevans, grandfather of Denis and Jack Kevans, was in the 18th Battalion in France, at Mouquet Farm and Bullecourt.

Their other grand-father, Alfred Knight, was a brick-layer on old Parliament House, Canberra, and was also in the First AIF, and badly wounded.

"Old Jack's" father, John Joseph Kevans, a singer, came from Dublin. Alf came from Leeds, England, enlisting in the AIF after emigrating to Australia.

Jack and Denis Kevans are well known entertainers at folk festivals throughout Australia.

Denis has collected many WWI poems and with the assistance of well-known folk musician Sonia Bennett, has set them to music.

WILLIAM JAMES WYE - He Was Forgotten



In the last hand-written documents and letters, issue a brief records and photos from which she mention of the created 'The Billy Wye Collection'. life and times of Dianne never set out to publish Billy Wye re- the works of William Wye, but to vealed only a fulfil a dying man's wish, which little of the man was to have his manuscript placed himself. in the Mitchell Library, a wish that never eventuated.

After his death his bio- graphical manu- script, along with a suitcase full of photographs and literature disappeared from the ramshackle dwelling of the Wanderer's Club in Albury where he spent his final days.

It is said that a close friend of his destroyed them, because there may have been an uproar as some of the contents were very controversial.

These notes come from the writings of Dianne Carroll, Regional Historian and author of the Australian Alps who spent over four years trying to find the biography, but to no avail.

Along the way Dianne managed to recover single verses and stories,

At the request of Billy Wyes family, Dianne collated enough material to publish his works, including facts of their heritage and details of his life.

Published in 1997, 'Billy Wye, He Was Forgotten' records the story of Billy's life, which, unfortunately will never be complete without one day his biography re-appears.

The book is based on documentation that Dianne was able to locate and also the stories remembered by those who knew him. The missing pieces can be found in the poetry that he wrote with his great love for country.

Billy was well respected and a much loved gentleman of the bush.

Whilst on one of his prospecting ex-

cursions he felt that friends would need an assurance as to his well-being, and so wrote to the "Omeo Standard" every six months advising of his health and whereabouts.

In October 1935 the following quote appeared in the Standard.

Mr. W.J. Wye, who is probably one of the best prospectors in East Gippsland, is at present located back in the Gibbo Ranges beyond Benambra, and his friends will be pleased to learn that he is well.'

A friend of Billy's, one Charles Lennard, an Englishman and member of a prominent English family, died and was buried a pauper in the Albury Cemetary.

Charles had served in the Army, and could easily have earned the rank of an Army General, as his brother had, if it had not been for his drinking problem.

Following the war Charles roamed the country eventually settling down to work on a property in the Albury area, but his fondness of the bottle saw him eventually dismissed, embarrassed and ashamed. He died soon after.

Billy had known him for many years and when he died and was buried a pauper, Billy decided that Returned Soldiers deserved more respect after their service to the country.

Penning the accompanying verse, he sent a copy to the R.S.L., and to the local newspapers.

There was such a public outcry, that steps were taken by the Soldiers Association to ensure the never again would a Returned Soldier be buried a pauper.

CHARLES LENNARD

By William James Wye.

They buried you deep as a pauper, though you bore the family crest;
While you as behoves a true Briton, will sleep just as sound as the best,
You fought on the veldt as a hero, beneath freedoms banners unfurled,
While those you have suffered and bled for, had promised to give you the world.

How vividly do I remember, one day in an Albury street,
We met as dead-beats of misfortune, as only two soldiers can meet.
We only had two bob between us, and even that little was thine,
So just for the sake of the old days, and mateship - you spent it on wine.

The boys in their uniforms passed us, we two who were once just as proud,
Though we with the years had grown shabby,
and in consequence shunned the gay crowd.
You stated world wisely and sagely, that such was a warrior's lot,
The passing of time would dethrone them, and they in turn be forgot.

They saw you were prone to the bottle, do they who defame you know why;
Did they on the grim field of battle, see comrades in agony die;
The scenes of your sober and sane days, and ever a lasting regret,
That even in dreams came to haunt you, (such things could one ever forget).

I pause for the while as a duty, well knowing where honour is due,
And pen these lines ever so crudely by way of a tribute to you.
While you were born in a mansion, and fought with the gallant and brave,
The spruce "Sergeant Major" Charles Lennard, finds rest in a derelict's grave.

Only a few rare copies left.

'Billy Wye - He Was Forgotten'

by Dianne Carroll.

300 pages. (20x25cm)

Contact Frank Daniel

02 6344 1477.

\$35.00 posted

WHY?

© Denis Kevans 1961.

In Gallipoli, red rain is failing,
and drenching the first AIF,
In the nullahs, the wounded are calling,
but the whispering trenches are deaf,
In the tow-boats battalions are cramping,
in time with the dip and the swell,
For the shrapnel has told the Australians,
a tale only shrapnel could tell.

The battle-ships' guns are cannoning,
and blasting great holes in the sky,
While the young Australian volunteers
are given the order to die,
And the sons of the gum and the wattle,
and the red red waratahs,
Have thrown their hearts to the jackals,
and their souls to the burning stars.

And there can be no armistice,
the white flag can't be raised,
Though hundreds of men are writhing there,
in the sandy scrub, half -crazed,
And the star-shells, in the glowing dusk,
will set the scrub alight,

And many a baffled cocky's son will burn to death tonight.
Like jackpicks on construction, machine-guns start to roar,
Here, leg us up on the fire-step, then,
over the bags we'll pour,
We'll race in there like thoroughbreds,
and stagger out a wreck,
Do you remember the picnic at Helles,
or the giveaway at the Neck ?

"And wouldn't that hurt you,
digger" was all we'd ever say,
When a man had a foot, or a leg, or an arm,
or all of them blown away,
"And wouldn't that hurt you, digger," was all we ever said,
When a man was lying groaning,
with a bayonet-thrust in the head.

In Melbourne the benches are shouting,
roaring:" The Heights are stormed and won"
But the red rain keeps on spouting,
pouring, straight out of that shrapnel gun,
And the sons of the gum and the wattle,
and the red red waratahs,
Have thrown their hearts to the jackals,
and their souls to the burning stars.

~~~~~  
*over the bags--- over the sandbags on the top of the trench,  
The Neck---subject of the film '-Gallipoli'  
Hellas (Kritthia) -- tip of the Peninsula, where Australians made  
disastrous charge  
"Unullahs" -- dry gullies, creeks.  
"are deaf"-- early orders were not to pick up wounded.*

## SILENCE FALLS

All spent he lay and dreamed till the moment came,  
Then, waking with a cry, he looked, all wonder,  
To see the empty sky hurl down no flame,  
To hear no crack of thunder.

The echoes, die, the smoke-clouds thin and pass,  
The cannons are, like statues, dumb and cold,  
Silent the crosses wait, and in the grass  
The spent shells gleam like gold.

Henry Weston Pryce, Gunner 379, 1st AIF.  
November 11, 1918

## I WONDER

Could Homer walk this hill and hear,  
The song of cannon, high and clear,  
The roar of caissons jolting past,  
The hiss of bullets, and the blast  
Of shrapnel over yonder trees,  
I wonder would he sing of these ?

Could Homer walk this field and spy  
The walking wounded reeling by,  
With wet, red wounds and faces grey,  
Each helping each along the way,  
If he could see these broken men,  
I wonder would he sing again ?

I would that my imaginings,  
Might he as blind old Homer sings,  
But, if he touched this cold machine,  
That slays beyond the hills unseen,  
And heard the song of yonder lark  
I wonder would he bless the dark ?

Could I lie here, in dreams, and find  
The violet and all her kind,  
And down among the blossoms lie  
To hear the singing hours go by,  
If then, a gun should bid me wake,  
I wonder if my heart would break.

I wonder why the sunlight falls,  
So gay on yonder broken walls,  
I wonder why that soldier lies,  
With bloody lips, and smiling eyes,  
I wonder is that Death, and yet  
I know my dream is to forget. (1917)

words Henry Weston Pryce  
(Gunner 379-1st AIF)

(These two poems supplied by Denis Kevans of  
Katoomba).

## Australian Poetry - A brief history

The development of poetry in Australia was as slow as that of fiction. Poets used traditional, imported literary styles and forms, into which new themes, derived from a strange land and rough new society, were fitted. The earliest known poets, who wrote in the late 1700's, included the convict poet Michael Massey Robinson and the convict Francis McNamara (who used the pen name Frank the Poet).

Barron Field brought out the first book of poetry ever published in Australia, *First Fruits of Australian Poetry*, in 1819. The first Australian-born writer to publish poetry was W. C. Wentworth. The first volume of poetry written by a native-born Australian was Charles Tompson's *Wild Notes from the Lyre of a Native Minstrel*. It was published in 1826.

From the 1830's, distinctive poetic voices began to emerge. Charles Harpur was the country's leading poet. He wrote of the solitude and grandeur of a landscape that dwarfs its people. Henry Kendall, encouraged by Harpur's example, wrote lyrically about nature and its influence on human beings. George Gordon McCrae incorporated Aboriginal themes into his poetry. The English-born Adam Lindsay Gordon, with his *Bush Ballads and Galloping Rhymes* (1870), revitalized the traditional ballad form by infusing it with bush themes.

Australian literature in the period from 1890 to 1919 was dominated by "the spirit of the nineties," a feeling of optimism about Australia's democratic potential and pride in Australia's distinctive society and national character. The weekly magazine *The Bulletin*, founded in Sydney in 1880, reflected this spirit and encouraged the development of a national literature by inviting its readers to contribute fiction and verse of Australian interest. Henry Lawson, Andrew Barton Paterson,

Joseph Furphy, Louis Becke, and Price Warung were among the writers that *The Bulletin* discovered. J. F. Archibald helped found the magazine and edited it through the 1890's.

The bush ballad was the poetic form favoured by *The Bulletin*. The characteristic subjects developed from the early ballads about convict life, gold mining, bushranging, and campfire themes. Banjo Paterson and Henry Lawson were the most popular bards. Lawson, who was better known for his short stories, wrote several ballads focusing on Australia as a nation and the struggles of its people. In a sequence of poems Paterson and Lawson debated the romantic and realistic views of bush life. Other *Bulletin* balladists included Barcroft Boake, E. J. Brady, Harry Morant, Will Ogilvie, and Will Lawson.

Other poetry showed a widening diversity. Some lyric poets, like James Burton Stephens, George Essex Evans, and Victor Daley (Creeve Roe), were concerned with nationalistic and political themes. Bernard O'Dowd wrote about the potential of Australian democracy. Other writers, such as Dame Mary Gilmore, were concerned with social issues and underprivileged groups. Poets such as Hugh McCrae, Christopher Brennan, and Shaw Neilson, wrote in styles that reflected the influence upon their work of European precedents. The poems in McCrae's *Satyrs* and *Sunlight* are set against the background of ancient Greece and medieval Europe. Brennan was influenced by the French symbolist poets Charles Baudelaire and Stéphane Mallarmé. The most popular poet of this period was C. J. Dennis, who wrote *The Songs of a Sentimental Bloke* (1915) and its sequel, *The Moods of Ginger Mick* (1916), using larrikin (hooligan) language.

Modern poetry shows the influence of international literary movements. Kenneth Slessor wrote of an exotic world of pagan gods and ras-cals. R. D. Fitzgerald shared Sles-

or's interest in navigators and Australian history but blended this with his own concern about the nature of existence. Judith Wright also had a strong feeling for the land and Australia's past. Alec Derwent Hope wrote both sensitive lyrics and mocking satires; he used traditional poetic forms and, together with James McAuley, came to represent literary conservatism.

In the 1940's, two poetry movements emerged in Adelaide: the *Angry Penguins* and the *Jindyworbaks*. Max Harris led the *Angry Penguins*, who wanted Australian poetry to become more innovative and international by using surrealism. The *Jindyworbak* movement, founded by Rex Ingamells, continued the spirit of literary nationalism inherited from the 1890's. *Jindyworbak* is an Aboriginal word that means to annex or to join. The name represents the commitment of the group to enrich Australian culture by fostering an understanding of local historical traditions. *Jindyworbak* poets, like Roland Robinson in *Legend and Dreaming* (1952) and Black-feller, White-feller (1958), used words and symbols from Aboriginal culture.

In the 1950's and 1960's, distinct poetic strains developed in Sydney and in Melbourne. Melbourne verse expressed a solemn, ironic, concern for social and moral issues and, in the work of Vincent Buckley and Chris Wallace Crabb, an academic literariness. In Sydney, where Kenneth Slessor, R. D. Fitzgerald, and Douglas Stewart were influential, a more relaxed, popular, and various style of poetry flourished. In the 1980's and 1990's, Francis Webb, from Sydney, produced intense, demanding, and often tortured poems, while in Melbourne Bruce Dawe wrote biting and often funny social and political satires. Other prominent poets from this period include David Campbell, John Blight, Gwen Harwood, Rosemary Dobson, Bruce Beaver, Les A. Murray, David Malouf, John Tranter, and Robert Gray.

## CULTURE © Bob Carruthers 9.7.02

They talk of MULTI-CULTURE, say we must assimilate,  
To help to tie us all together, make our nation great,  
They organise festivities to celebrate their win  
Of finding such a nation that will let them come on in.

They show the culture of their land, the one they left behind,  
The dress, the food, the dances and all things of that kind,  
They want part of their homeland, to remember days of old,  
And everywhere you look another story can be told.

They come out to our island to begin another life,  
And leave behind the trauma of a nation racked with strife,  
So they can get another start, a chance at procreation,  
But when I look around, they have forgot the hosting nation.

What about the culture that is growing in this land?  
It doesn't get a look in, they neglect it out of hand,  
It may be very young and only spans two hundred years,  
But wasn't that why they all came, to leave their stress and fears?

Why don't they embrace our ways? Concession they should give,  
Why should we assimilate to fit the way they live,  
They're the ones that should make change to fit their chosen land,  
Learn to speak our language and our customs understand.

When it comes to multi culture, we're a culture too,  
We should get a stall, although our ways are very new,  
Australia is the lucky country, let it stay that way,  
Give the local ways a go on multicultural day.

We'd be there with our bar-b-q, melting down the fat,  
In R. M. Williams moleskins and a wide Akubra hat,  
A trained Blue Heeler at our side, an audience we'd win,  
Just send him out among the crowd, "Git back, - now, bring 'em in"

A fire in a kero tin to make the billy tea,  
And drop a leaf for flavour, from a eucalyptus tree,  
A sausage on a slice of bread topped with tomato sauce,  
Then damper spread with cocky's joy, a worthy second course.

Some may prefer the lighter taste of vegemite on toast,  
This is the favourite breakfast of the nation that is host,  
The billy-tea is offered up in large enamel mugs,  
Or maybe have some fourex served in icy cold glass jugs.

Bush poetry could set the scene and tell about our land,  
Of how the pioneers have toiled, our country to expand.  
The hardships they endured to make a living from this earth,  
The good times and the bad, with times of sorrow, times of mirth.

This land of ours was formed by folk from many distant nations  
People laboured through the years to lay down the foundations,  
The country was established with a Christian way of life,  
It should continue in this way, without religious strife.

Our culture may be quite laid back, but we have national pride,  
'Though now we're getting swamped with this multicultural tide,  
It's time we got some recognition multicultural day  
Or the Aussie' that was started will be dust and blown away.

## BASHFUL BOB

The ABPA is proud to boast yet another member from the USA.

Bob Wombacher Jr. runs 'Bashful Bob's Motel' on South Navajo Drive, (PO Box 2990) Page, Arizona USA 86040  
[www.page.az.net/bashfulbobsmotel](http://www.page.az.net/bashfulbobsmotel)

Now that you know his details, why not write him a letter and send a poem or two.

Bob found the ABPA website ([bushpoetry.com.au](http://bushpoetry.com.au)) and dropped us a line and a sample of his poems which can be found on page 5 and below.

By going to his website internet users can find more of his interesting little poems on his Rhyme Tyme page.  
<http://www.bashfulbobsmotel.com/>

### "DUMBLE JEOPARDY"

"Your license, please," intoned the cop.  
Occasion? Just a traffic-stop.

When first I'd spied his flashing light,  
I'd latched my seat-belt, pulled it tight.  
The ruse, though clever, did not fly.

That cop was cannier than I,  
And most observant, let me state.  
A double-whammy was my fate:  
A dual ticket I was dealt.

One for speeding, one for "belt."  
The latter, fastened in my zeal,  
Was threaded through the steering wheel!

### "MATH DESTRUCTION"

The wife and I have sung our song.  
We played the game, but played it wrong.  
She said goodbye, farewell, so long,  
Divesting me of tether.

I'd guess that she suspected me  
Of longing to be gone, and free.  
It came to be, the day that she  
Put two and two together.

### "SILENT NIGHTS"

You tend to snore, and what is more,  
Your mate might like a break.  
There's something that might fill the bill:  
A double-duty caffeine pill  
Might render nights completely still,  
'Cause YOU'll be wide-awake!

## 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 Suckling 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 **PORT MCQUARIE**. Hastings Macleay Bush Poets. Phone Sam 65626861 Jan 65813552
- 3rd Fri **JUNEE** Bush Poetry Group. 7.30pm, Junee Community Centre. Brian Beasley PO Box 82 Junee. 02 6924 1317
- Last Tues **GRAFTON** Live Poet's Society - Roches Hotel, 7.30pm. Bill Kearns 02 6642 2772
- 4th Wed **INVERELL** Wednesday Writers, 7.30 pm, Empire Hotel. Ida Morse 02 6722 2425
- 4th Thurs **QUEANBEYAN** Bush Poets. Poet's lane, Queanbeyan. David Meyers 02 6286 1891
- 2nd last Mon **MID-COAST** Sundowners - Bush Poets meet in a private home. Reid 02 6554 9788. Phil 02 6552 6389
- 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.

### 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 - Sam 07 4156 1216
- 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 Tues. **REDLANDS** Poets Society. Mandalay Centre of Care, Cleveland. Vivienne 07 3824 4038, Elaine 07 3245 2114
- 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
- 4th Sun **BENDIGO** Goldfields Poets. Whitehorse Hotel - California Gully. Colin Carrington 03 5441 2425  
mailto: colincarrington@mydesk.net.au
- 6 weekly, **GIPPSLAND** Bush Poets. Rosedale Hotel, 7.30 pm. Dennis Carstairs 03 5145 6128

- WESTERN AUSTRALIA** 1st Frid **CANNING BRIDGE** - WA Bush Poets & Yarnspinners, 7.30 pm, Raffles Hotel -  
Michelle Sorrell 08 9367 4963 mailto:msorrell@iinet.net.au
- Last Thursdays. **MARGARET RIVER**. 7pm at the Community Centre. Ph. Brian Gale 08 9757 2431

## **STATE CHAMPIONSHIPS**

### **October 11 - 12 Victorian State Championships - Stratford Victoria -**

Dennis Carstairs. (03) 5145 6128 e-mail carstairs@netspace.net.au SSAE PO Box 159 Stratford 3862

### **October 18 - 19 NSW State Championships - Narrandera NSW - Ph 1800 672 396**

### **Queensland State Championships - North Pine QLD.**

John Best Secretary 07 3285 2845 -President Ron Liekefett rliekefett@dodo.com.au

**South Australian State Championships - Barmera SA. June Long-weekend** Maurie O'Brien 08 8326 8788

**Western Australia - January 2004.** Michelle Sorrell 08 9367 4963 mailto:msorrell@iinet.net.au



## POET'S CALENDAR . . . .

- Apr. 10-13 **Corryong Vic.** Man From Snowy River Festival. \$4,000 prizemoney - bush poetry, yarns and music. Poetry & Music Entry forms available December. To be added to database, phone or email Jan Lewis, 0260774332 poetfarm@corryongcec.net.au.
- Apr. 18-20 **Roma Qld.** Easter in the Country. Bush Poetry. Ph. 07 4159 1868
- Apr. 20.... **Nambucca Heads** Poets Breakfast. 8 am at the Bowlo with poet Bill Lasham. Enquiries to Lorna 02 6568 7069 or Maureen 02 6568 5269.
- Apr. 25-27 **Canowindra NSW** Martis Canowindra Balloon Festival - Frank Daniel 02 6344 1477
- Apr. 25-26 **Boondoomba Qld.** Spirit of the Bush Open day. Bush Ballads - Bush Poetry - Special Anzac Day concert 25th. Ph:07 4168 0168
- May 3-4... **Mount Morgan Qld.** Golden Mount Festival. Includes Bush Poetry. Ph 07 4938 2622
- May 9 .... **North Pine** Bush Poetry Group's First Concert for 2003. Pioneer Village Country Music Hall Dayboro Rd. Petrie Admission \$10 Family \$25 Proceeds to Pine Rivers & Districts Meals on Wheels Come and enjoy two and a half hours of great bush poetry presented by North Pine Bush Poets For bookings contact Noel Stallard on 07 3351 3550
- May 16-18 **MURRAY MUSTER FESTIVAL - - AUSTRALIAN BUSH POETRY CHAMPIONSHIPS** Mulwala Services Club. For entry forms contact Karen Bromley. 03 5744 2331 email: reception@mulwalaservicesclub.com.au
- May 26 . . Closing Date. **'Golden Horseshoe'** written competition. SSAE and phone. See June 6-15th below.
- May 30.... Closing Date. **Bundaberg Poets Society Inc. Bush Lantern Awards.** Written Bush Verse Competition. Entry forms - SSAE to Liz Ward, P.O. Box 61 Mt. Perry Qld. 4671. Phone enquiries: (07) 4156 3178
- Jun. 6-9.... **Grenfell NSW** - Henry Lawson Festival.
- Jun 6-15 **Beaudesert** Country & Horse Festival. Poets Brekkies. Performance Competitions. SSAE PO Box 242 Beaudesert Q. 4285. Ph. 07 5541 4355 fx 07 5541 3722
- Jun 30 ..... Closing Date. **Nimbin A & I Society Inc.** Written verse competition. No Entry Forms, use Cover note. Entry fee of \$3.00 each entry to Susan Jackson, 1189 Williams Road Lillian Rock 2480. SSAE for results.
- June 8 . . . **Queensland Day.** Annual Open Day & Bush Poetry Competition. Customs House Goondiwindi Qld. SSAE Phyllis Zirbel Hon. Sec. PO Box 190 Goodndiwindi 4390 Ph. 07 46712156 e: pez@bigpond.com
- July 4  
5 6 7*  
June 26-30 **Bundaberg Poets Society Inc.** Bundy Muster. Competitions, Open, Novice, Duo's, Yarn Spinning, Entry forms. SSAE to Muster Committee P.O. Box 4281 South Bundaberg. Q. 4670 Phone Sandy & John Lees. 07 4151 4631 - Jim & Joan 07 4152 9624 - Sam 07 4156 1216
- June 26-30 **Qantas Waltzing Matilda Bush Poetry Awards** - Winton Qld. Contact Lo uise Dean PO Box 120 Winton. Qld. 4735 Ph: 07 4657 1296 Fx: 07 4657 1541 Closing date. Outback Writers Centre Inc.
- July 15.... Closing date. **NORTH PINE BUSH POET'S CAMP OVEN AWARDS 2002** Open Written Bush Verse.
- Aug. 15.... SSAE - Mary Hodgson 74 Diamond Valley Road Mooloolah Qld. 4553 - 07 5494 7260
- Dubbo National Poetry Competition.** Max. 80 Lines. Usual conditions apply. No limit to number of entries at \$5.00 each. No entry form required. Add cover sheet. Send to PO Box 2994 Dubbo NSW 2830
- Aug 22-24 Claiming the date: North Pine Festival. Written and Performance Poetry Competition. Ph. 07 3285 2180
- QUEENSLAND STATE CHAMPIONSHIPS** in conjunction with the **North Pine Camp Oven Festival.**
- Aug 29 John Best Secretary 07 3285 2845 -President Ron Liekefett rliekefett@dodo.com.au (See page 11)
- Sept. 5 Closing date. **Coo-ee Festival GILGANDRA** Written Competition. SSAE PO Box 171 Gilgandra 2827
- Closing Date. **Victorian Bush Poetry State Championships Written Competition. \***
- Sept. 19 Closing date. **Victorian Bush Poetry State Championships performance competition. \*\***
- Oct. 11-12 **VICTORIAN STATE BUSH POETRY CHAMPIONSHIPS** Stratford Vic. Contact Dennis Carstairs. (03) 5145 6128 e-mail carstairs@netspace.net.au SSAE PO Box 159 Stratford 3862 \* \*\*
- Oct. 18-19 **NEW SOUTH WALES STATE BUSH POETRY CHAMPIONSHIPS** Narrandera NSW. Julie Briggs 1800 672 392 SSAE. Narrandera Tourist Centre PO Box 89 Narrandera 2700 www.johnobrien.com.au
- Oct. 31st Closing Date. **AUSTRALIAN BUSH LAUREATE AWARDS.**
- Oct. 11-12 **DORRIGO** Mountain Top Gathering. Murray Suckling. 02 6657 2139 (More later)
- December **YOUNG NSW CHERRY FESTIVAL.** (More later)
- December **WOODFORD FOLK FESTIVAL.** (More later)
- Oct. 04... **AUSTRALIAN BUSH POETRY CHAMPIONSHIPS Perth Western Australila**

ENTRIES IN THE BUSH POETS CALENDAR ARE POSTED FREE OF CHARGE. MAKE SURE YOUR FESTIVAL IS LISTED PLEASE ADVISE ANY NECESSARY CHANGES

## DUSTY SWAG

### AWARDS

The results of the 2003 Dusty Swag Awards for Written Bush Poetry are at hand and, whilst the standard of entries is reaching greater heights, there can only be one winner per section.

The winners are:

Section A; Theme 'People and Objects of Australia'.

First: Dusty Swag Plaque & Cheque - 'Women's Business' Jill McKinley, Buxton, Victoria.

Second:

"Snake in the Toodyay Tavern". Valerie Read, Bicton WA.

Third 'Bushland Magic'. Ian Wakefield, Black Rock, Victoria.

SECTION B; Open Verse/Theme Winner of Dusty Swag Plaque & Cheque - 'I Live With a Stranger'.

Ellis Campbell, Dubbo N.S.W.

Second Place; 'Illegal Intruders or Refugees'. Ellis Campbell. Dubbo.

Third: 'A Few Petunias' Jill McKinley. Buxton, Victoria.

Yarns: Open Theme. Winner of Dusty Swag Plaque & Cheque; - 'A Flutter at Flemington'. Bett Dolling. Yea, Victoria.

Second: 'A Farmer's Dilemma', John Malley North Melbourne.

Third: 'Ash Wednesday' Keith Bennett. Alexandra, Victoria.

Organiser Paul J Bannan of Yea Vic. offers his congratulations to the winners and placegetters and extends a huge thank-you to all those who entered. Your support is much appreciated.

Hopefully a 2003 Dusty Swag Collection of Bush Poetry and Yarns will be published later this year as a companion volume to the 2002 edition.

The 2004 Dusty Swag Awards for Written Bush Poetry and Yarns, is now being organised and the closing date for entries is 31st January 2004. Winners will be announced the first week in March during Murrindindi Shire's Heritage Week.

Contact Paul on 03 5797 2625

## WOMEN'S BUSINESS

© Jill McKinley, Buxton Vic.

Winner Dusty Swags Bush Poetry Competition 2003

They were hoping to see Tuneful by the middle of the week  
If the water had subsided around Burrawonga Creek,  
For folk had passed the message on he'd left Terang already  
His horse was looking good and strong and pulling nice and steady.  
The women saw his visit as the highlight of the year,  
But the men just didn't like it and they made that pretty clear,  
From the time of it's arrival 'til the time had come to part  
The women hung like magnets around Tuneful and his cart.

Not only did he bring them all the usual pots and pans  
But petticoats am magazines and dainty little fans.  
They'd shuffle through his button box in search of something shiny  
Then find the perfect ribbon or pearl ear-rings neat and tiny.  
He'd bonnets swathed in flowers and bonnets trimmed with lace,  
And cream that always guaranteed a smooth and ageless face,  
Stiff whalebone corsets promised they would make your tummy flat,  
Or feathers from exotic birds revive a tired hat.

The menfolk were unsettled when Old Tuneful came to call,  
The Missus didn't seem to be her usual self at all.  
She got all independent like and simply wouldn't say  
Just what she'd bought from Tuneful or how much *she'd had to pay*,  
She'd say she'd saved her money from the butter and the chooks  
And if he tried to argue she would give him dirty looks.  
A bloke could feel forgiven if he felt a little stressed  
But side by side with Tuneful he was always second best!

That his wife liked spending money Fred Perkins found disturbing  
And so this reckless habit he decided needed curbing.  
He told his wife one evening that *although she'd done her best*,  
He would mind the chickens now, so that she could have a rest,  
His wife just smiled sweetly, "Why how thoughtful of you Dear,  
There are however certain things that must be made quite clear.  
Of course you can take over, but there is a catch you see,  
If I don't have *my chooks my Dear*, you won't be having me!"

While some men felt these visits had the agro running rife  
Quite clearly this did not include Jed Parsons second wife  
Who seeking for excitement by way of the Bahamas  
Instead gave Tuneful money for some purple silk pyjamas,  
Jed thought the silk a fair exchange for scarlet flannelette  
And next time Tuneful visited they bought a bassinette  
And though some thought his tactics a little over zealous  
Most came to the conclusion 'twas just that they were jealous.

Tuneful always gave the ladies time, he never made them hurry  
And should it get to lunch time they'd sit and share his curry.  
He'd have all the latest fashions - well maybe twelve months old,  
Describe for country ladies what the shops in Sydney sold,  
His book exchange was popular with tales of great romance  
Where heroines all fell in love with *heroes who could dance*,  
Then he'd show them satin slippers that matched their gown a treat  
And even made old Granny Brown feel she had dainty feet.

## GEORGE

© Trisha Anderson Brisbane Q. 5.2.2003

Dear George ... we'll never forget you  
An impossible task for sure;  
The friendship, the stories, the memories;  
We'll never close the door.

On your pride in your wonderful family;  
Your children and grandchildren too;  
Their achievements and high values,  
You were always so proud - we knew.

On 'Mr. Football's' Rugby League  
The Bronco's were your life  
Your knowledge and love of Football  
The challenges and the strife.

On that unusual sense of humour  
Your dry and acerbic wit,  
Your memory would always confound us  
Those challenges from which you'd ne'er quit!

On all your generosity  
Your thoughtfulness and your gifts,  
You were always a force to be reckoned with,  
But your loyalty never shifts.

So the final whistle has now been blown  
In your Greatest Game of All.  
George Lovejoy - we salute you -  
Proud friends and family stand tall.

(See page 19)

Tuneful carried pills and potions that often did the trick  
In preventing busy mothers from getting really slick.  
His fragrant smelling incense saw the mozzies on their way  
And his Anti-Bush-Fly lotion is still the best today.  
When Tuneful heard Dan Johnson played his wife up pretty rough  
He made for her a bottle of his 'Very Special Stuff'  
A spoonful in his cupper gave just a hint of honey  
And guaranteed Don Johnson spent the night out on the dunny.

Sometimes he'd bring new recipes containing tots of spice  
Or share his latest handy hints on cooking perfect rice.  
He'd have the latest catalogues that specialised in seed,  
And something in brown bottles that would take care of the weeds.  
*One time he brought a fishing rod and once some wooden skis,*  
*And many still remember Tuneful's Gorgonzola cheese,*  
And never once in all his years when Christmas came around  
Did Tuneful fail to bring as many *cards as could be* found.

The bush folk called him Tuneful 'Cos his name was Mr Singh  
And giving people nicknames is a real Aussie thing,  
And as he was a thoughtful man with not too much to say  
He took it as a privilege and let them have their way.  
In Burrawonga now they've built a big department store  
With all the latest merchandise displayed on every floor,  
But though the women all agree and say it's very smart  
They'd gladly swap it any day for Tuneful and his cart!

## WEST AUSSIE TRIP — 2004

**The tentative date for the Australian Championships to be held in Western Australia has been set for the fourth weekend in October 2004.**

Many 'easterners' are talking about a trip to the West for the occasion, with various suggestions regarding transport coming forth.

Readers interested in travelling to Perth next year are asked to contact the ABPA Secretary Ed Parmenter (see p. 2) and advise him of their intentions. The ABPA would like to know as far in advance as possible in order to make certain arrangements.

Ideas coming forth include group discount bookings via air, coach and rail. Another move was to form a road convoy, perhaps meeting up in the South; who knows, a lot more could come out of this, with concerts etc held en route.

Notice of intention to go west would be well appreciated by the West Australian Bush Poets as well, as they have an opportunity knocking that will be more than advantageous to motor homers, campers, etc., regarding accommodation.

The influx of visitors to the West for the Championships could be one of the biggest Bush Poets Outings since Winton



in 1995. Why not make it a date - get your thinking gear in order and plan early; the time will pass quickly.

## BEAUDESERT Qld.

The Annual Beaudesert Country and Horse Festival is set to run from June 6th to 15th with ten days of activities of Stockmen's Challenges, Sheep Dog Trials, Polocrosse, Dancing, Picnics, Arts and Crafts displays and exhibitions.

A Bullride and a special parade of a thousand hooves will be highlights of the festival.

A Bush Poets Breakfasts will be held on Saturday the 14th at 8am at the showgrounds, with a performance competition for novices, traditional and original.

Sunday the 15th June will be time for the 'Roundup in the Park' from 9am where the winners of the 'Golden Horseshoe' written awards for Adults, juniors and children will be announced.

Comperes for the weekend will be Glenny Palmer and Tom McIvor. All enquiries should be directed to 07 5541 4355 or fax. 07 5541 3722

Entry forms etc available by SSAE to PO Box 242 Beaudesert Q. 4285

## A FARMER'S PRAYER © Harold Briggs 2003

Now listen here old Huey, things are more than tough  
Us poor old Aussie farmers have had e-bluddy-nough  
There's no cattle in the paddocks, no money in the bank  
And I can't remember when it rained to fill our water tank.

Our creek and dams have dried and a bath we go without  
Two long years we've waited for you to end this drought.

You and old El Nino should get your acts together  
And bring us poor old farmers decent bloody weather.

We only want an inch or two - every flamin' week  
Let it keep on raining till it's running down the creek.  
No more flashy lightning, dry storms and all that crap  
As you have made our country side one huge fire trap

Huey! Like I said before, things are worse than bad  
My wife is at wits end and nearly driven mad  
I can't take much more of this life on the land  
Please send her down Huey, before our farm becomes unmanned.

## HOT WEATHER REFLECTIONS

Dawn de Ramirez. Bomaderry NSW

Pouring perspiration,  
I jumped off from the bridge,  
Into water just as cold  
As if I'd popped into a 'frig.  
I was so flabbergasted,  
I just went into shock,  
To think that I could be so cold  
When I'd just been so hot.  
It started to reflect then  
On what we do to butter,  
As I floated in the water  
With my mind all gone a-flutter.  
With the temperature in the 40's,  
I felt I'd gone quite funny,  
And felt deep empathy for butter

On days so hot and sunny.  
For when we leave it on the table  
And find that it's gone runny  
We immediately plonk it in the 'frig  
Right beside the honey  
And never think how it might feel  
To become so brick-like solid  
After having melted into a state  
Where pigs could splash and wallow.  
Will butter need a counsellor  
To help it overcome  
The trauma of such  
temperature changes,  
Or does it find it's fun?  
Convinced that "fun's" the answer,  
I float down the on the water,  
With my temperature back to normal  
And thinking more like I oughta!

### Title & author Unknown

He grabbed me by my slender neck  
I couldn't yell or scream.  
He took me to his dingy room  
Where we could not be seen.  
He stripped me of my flimsy wrap,  
And gazed upon my form.  
I was wet and cold and damp,  
And he was nice and warm.  
His feverish lips he pressed to mine,  
I gave him every drop.  
He drained me of my very self,  
And I couldn't make him stop.  
He made me what I am today,  
That's why you find me here...  
A broken bottle, tossed away,  
That once was full of beer.

Have you written a collection of poems and would like to have them published in book form - but only need a few copies?



may be the answer!

- Effective A5 booklet size
  - 4 to 80 pages plus a premium cover
  - 1 to 100 copies (or more)
  - Colour and/or Black & White Print
  - Designed to your specifications
- For more information, please call  
Jeannette Doyle 02 4632 7676

## THE POETICAL WORKS OF LANCE PARKER

I think a great and noble thought: -  
'By gosh,' I think 'I'll quote it!'  
Then I find to my dismay  
That Milton Taylor wrote it!!

'Never mind, I think I'll sing a song  
Terrific lyrics, hang it!'  
Then it all falls in a heap  
To find Rod Williams sang it!!

Terrific yarn then comes to mind  
About a duck and spaniel  
Funny how things come undone?  
First used by our Frank Daniel!!

Then this great poem comes to mind  
In lyrics grand I'll amble  
Hang on there a moment mate  
That was said by Ellis Campbell!!

Now here's an idea worth a try -  
Some rhymes are out of reach.  
I get it nearly on the pad then -  
Apologies to Geoff Beach!!

I try like hell to get a rhyme  
With our funny mate Ray Essery  
Nothing seems to come to mind -  
Just a great big messery.

I think, 'I'll go the female way'.  
Ideas there are in stacks  
Trouble though before I start  
All said by Molly Staks.

I'll try the Murray Valley.  
No way I'll be faultin'  
Trouble is it's all been said  
Before by Betty Walton!!

So now I'll write some top line  
verse  
This will be quite grander son,  
Hope this hasn't just been said  
By Leeton's Poet, Don Anderson!!

At last I find I've got a rhyme,  
This one is a corker - but,  
Been used a half a dozen times  
By stalwart poet Ed Walker!!

At last I think I'm in the clear,  
You could say 'In the starkers!'  
There's nothing in this lovely land  
Just now that rhymes with Parkers!!