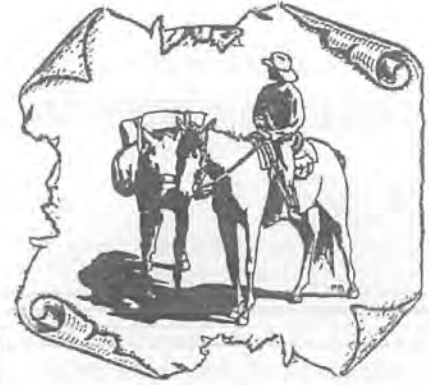


The Australian Bush Poets Association Inc.

NEWSLETTER



Volume 12 No. 2

April - May 2005



Melanie Hall

Melanie Hall is a product of Queensland's outback, having been born into the famous Fayers family. Her grandfather, Arthur, was its most notable member, bearing as he did the celebrated title of 'The Galloping Ghan'

Arthur was a true to life folk hero around the Northwest area during the golden era of the 30s to the 60s, where his sporting and working exploits were legendary. He is featured in many poems of the Northwest by noted writer/historian Richard Magoffin OAM. Melanie spent many of her school holidays with her grandfather in Julia Creek, which contrasted to her life in Townsville, where her parents had settled. It was through these visits to the source of her family roots and her close association with her father that she has developed her love for the telling of, and writing of stories in rhyme.

The presentation of poetry as a performance medium came naturally to her and she has embraced it

ARVADA COWBOY POETRY GATHERING

The 16th Arvada Cowboy Gathering, an annual event which coincides with the Denver, Colorado stock show, was held in January, with many talented Cowboy poets and singers from the USA and overseas providing first class performances to ever appreciative audiences.

We were fortunate once again to be able to include Australian poets as has been our custom for the past six years. As usual they were a great hit with the crowds with their interpretations of Australian classic bush poems and their own poetry. Milton Taylor was with us for the fourth time and was welcomed back to Arvada very warmly after being noticeably absent last year. As usual his performance was superb which leaves us in no doubt as to why he is considered one of the premier presenters in Australia.

Melanie Hall, current Australian Ladies bush poetry title holder appeared for the first time and continued the tradition of quality performances by Australian female poets

very successfully since first entering competitions in 2002.

She won the prestigious 'Musterbeenbloodygood' title at Gympie Country Music Muster in that year, the Qld Bush Poetry Championship in 2003, the Imperial Hotel competition at the Country Music festival in Tamworth in 2003 and 2004, whilst in Winton in June 2004 she won the highly prized Waltzing Matilda Bush Poetry title.

which has been a feature since Carmel Randle appeared here in the nineties.

Both of these poets presented verse ranging from tragic to the comical and delighted their audiences in doing so.

Our Australians were also part of the Outreach Education Programs and conducted schools workshops in the week leading up to the Gathering. Students and teachers alike received their demonstrations of various styles and modes of poetry enthusiastically and with extreme interest. We are very happy to be able to provide these opportunities for the Australian poets to interact with students in our area.

Our guests from Down Under truly continued the high standard we have come to expect and leaves us in no doubt that a Gathering without "Our Aussies" would not be the same.

Regards Liz Masterson
Coordinator

Colorado Cowboy Poetry Gathering

As winner of that event, Melanie represented Australia at the National Cowboy Poetry gathering in Elko Nevada in January 2005 accompanied by veteran West Australian performer Rusty Christensen. . Melanie is also much in demand as a compere, judge and concert performer at a host of music and poetry festivals from Townsville to Tamworth. *Frank Daniel*

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The Australian Bush Poets Association Inc Newsletter is set-up, published and posted direct to subscribers bi-monthly by the ABPA Inc. (Submissions deadline—20th of month prior to printing.)

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.

Dear Readers,

I'm always scrounging around looking for snippets of useful, if not, useless information.

Whilst researching the 125th Anniversary of the Bulletin, I came across the following interesting item.

The light bulb as we all know is the ultimate symbol of a bright idea. (I first discovered this in comics when I was a kid). But did you know that it's almost 125 years to the day since the first demonstration of a practical electric light bulb. Many had tinkered by candlelight throughout the 1800s in search of a cheap way of capitalising on electricity. But it wasn't until an English physicist, Joseph Swan, managed to keep a bulb burning for the incredible time of 40 hours that the world was finally able to light up.

That cheap and practical form of artificial light forever changed life on this planet. Light now circles the globe. From space, you can always tell if someone is home. (It would appear so at our house the way lights are never turned off when not in use).

I remember when I was eight years old the power lines from the Snowy Scheme came past our farm, and mum refused to have the power connected because she reckoned it wouldn't last. We were offered a free power pole to bring the line up from the main line to our house, but she wouldn't have a bar of it. Six years later, Mum relented and we got the 'lectricity on—but holy smokes did she go crook when it cost her forty-eight quid for the pole. That was probably the equivalent of five or six weeks wages.

Why the changes? The ABPA executive and members spent many hours drawing up a simple set of rules and guidelines for competitions. Every consideration was given to all ideas, suggestions and comment put forward until the current format was accepted. But today we find some organizations have decided to 'write their own rules', diverging from the accepted rules for their particular event. Why does Victoria allow previous winning poems in their written competition? Why are non-state residents barred from some State Titles? Why does South Australia not want a written State Titles in their coming event? Questions that I am being asked all the time.

Was the ABPA ever consulted? Have these changes in the rules been approved by the ABPA? Were such changes ever suggested when we so laboriously asked for ideas to improve our game? The answer to these questions is 'NO!' And then such organisations elect to run their competition 'under the auspices of the Australian Bush Poets Association'.

Members who would like to see the latest updated version of the **ABPA Inc Rules and Regulations** may do so by going to the ABPA Website at www.bushpoetry.com.au - Go to the ABPA Link and click on **Rules and Regulations**. Those who would like a copy of the **Bush Poets Calendar of Events** should click on **Events** on the same site. Those who do not have internet access may obtain copies of the above by calling me on 02 6344 1477 or fax 02 6344 1962.

Keep on writin' and keep on reciting' and

ASK A FRIEND TO BECOME A FINANCIAL MEMBER OF THE ABPA

Frank Daniel



CAROL SCORES A DOUBLE

at Young NATIONAL CHERRY FESTIVAL

The National Cherry Festival Bush Poets Competition was held at Young on 5th. December, 04. This was the concluding day of a week long festival, when buskers were on the street, a street carnival was held and a float parade, with the greatest number of floats and watched by the largest crowd.

The Poets Competition is held at the Golf Club and sponsored by Stock and Real Estate Agents of Young. The event was fully booked and they were a very appreciative audience, with congratulatory remarks being made for some weeks after.

There were fifteen poets taking part with a high standard of performance. There was an apology from Alex Allitt, of Denilquin, who was injured drafting cattle, two days before. The Cherry Queen and other Queen candidates attended, later presenting awards, much to the delight of the male winners. As, is the custom at this competition, the judges were locals, they being Joyce Cavanagh, Geoff Ray and Chris Cudmore. Frank Daniel, was again the compere and he added to the night with his inimitable style.

The Golf Club is a picturesque setting for the Poet's Breakfast, this being prepared by the Lady

Golfers. There were a number of additional poets from the night before, with an encouragement award being given. This went to fourteen year old Jason Hunter, grandson of Bruce, who has participated in this competition from it's inception. Jason performed one of his grandfather's poems.

There was a change to the format this year in that there were two performing sections - a poem by any author and an original poem.

The place-getters and the poems were - firstly by another author- 1st.- Carol Heuchan - O'rielly's Milking Cow by Veronica Weal.

2nd.- Milton Taylor - The Never No Hotel - by Greg Scott.

3rd.- Bill Lasham - The Man From Kaomagma - Anonymous
4th. - Greg Broderick - In the Droving Days - by Banjo Paterson.

5th. - Greg North - Jones Selection - by GH Gibson 'Ironbark' Original Section

1st.- Carol Heuchan - The Tractor Factor.

2nd.- Milton Taylor - The Saga of Cecil.

3rd. - Bill Lasham - The Mail Ordeal Bride.

4th.- Ellis Campbell - The Matter of Interpretation.

Congratulations are to be given

to the winners and placegetters and thanks to all the other poets for their participation. Again, holding this competition in conjunction with the National Cherry Festival has proved to be very successful, as there are many other attractions to be visited during the weekend.

I SEE HIM NOW

By Pamela Fox Jan 2005

I see him now my four year old
Angelic face and smile so bold
Playing soldiers with his mate
Wooden paling off the gate
Serves this hero as a gun
Childhood games and carefree fun.

I see him now, oh how he's grown
Twenty years have quickly flown,
School days done now setting goals
For his life as time unfolds,
Strong and handsome, loving life
In God's Own Country, free from strife.

I see him now - a graduate
Still playing soldiers with his mate
Marching proudly on parade
A service life's the choice he's made,
Skilled at handling tank and gun
In mock battles, still having fun.

I see him now, he's off to war
Fighting on some foreign shore,
The game has gone now it's for real
Blood and noise and barbs of steel,
Nerves strung tight, always alert,
Seeing children maimed and hurt.

I see him now, he's home from war
He's not the lad he was before,
His perfect body damaged now
His eyes have lost their shine somehow,
His mate came home, his body bag
Was draped in an Australian flag.

Should I have thrown his toy away?
Found peaceful games for him to play?
Should I have voiced my grave concern
When to a soldier's life he turned?
My heart it bleeds most every day,
Could I have changed his path someway?

Mothers of the world unite
No more wars, no need to fight,
There must be better ways to seek
Solutions to protect the weak
From evil men and evil deed -
A peaceful world is what we need.

Poetry in this Issue

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IMPORTANT NOTICE.

Correction to summary of 2005 AGM minutes -
"The sub-committee representative for Queensland is
Manfred Vijars, and not Ron Liekefett."
and -

Omission to summary of 2005 AGM minutes -
"Recission motion on motion passed in 2004 that only
State resident may become State Champion."
(m) Margaret Parmenter. (2) Milton Taylor. Defeated."

"SKEW WIFF" HAS MOVED.

Yes! Poet Graham "Skew Wiff" Watt, with his wife Janice,
has moved from Kyabram (Vic) to live at Toormina (Coffs
Harbour) N.S.W. A big move after 70 odd years in Ky.

But this is not the first time "Wattie" has strayed. He roamed
to Queensland once where he met and married Janice, at
Rockhampton in 1956. They have 2 children - Jenny and
David and at last count 10 grand-children.

Graham worked at the Kyabram Fruit Preserving Company
for 30 years as a Refrigeration Engineer. After the cannery
closure (not his fault he says) Graham became a 'jack of all
trades', including a stint as a hearse driver. Also he became
part of a concert party where he was a singer, comic, magi-
cian and script-writer. About this time he started writing and
performing bush verse.

Graham's writing and performing has won him many awards
in the bush verse world. Also he, along with Betty Ollie,
Mike Coventry and Herb McCrum were the co-founders of
the most successful Kyabram and District Bush Verse Group
Inc. He has published 2 books of poems and yarns, namely,
"Skew Wiff" Kelly and "Poor Old Grandad".

His trademark "G'day!" and "Gladys" poems are typical of
his humorous style of writing and performing.

One of the more nostalgic poems titled "Patches", has re-
cently been adapted to a song by Toowoomba Country
singer, songwriter, Brendon Walmsley. "Wattie's" rather
pleased about it as the song "Patches" went to No. 1 on the
country hits and recently won a songwriter's award at Tam-
worth. He reckons that Brendon is a good bloke.

Graham is still producing his bush verse and hopefully
Northern New South Wales will provide more material and
scope for his writing. We will be waiting for his latest offer-
ings.

The Other Cheek

© "Skew Wiff" Watt

Well! Ain't blokes funny!

I reckon you'll agree,
When I tell you 'bout this incident
What happened poor old me.

You see! I went to this here Concert show,
With comedians and such,
And most of them were ordinary,
I don't think too much.

When this funny bloke called Marco,
He knocked me to the floor,
With this joke about a bloke that's gay,
The crowd let out a roar.

Well! I laughed and laughed and split me sides
Until I flamin' cried,
And the old girl there beside me,
She very nearly died.

The funniest joke I ever heard,
Next day I got all fired,
And as I'm a 'Bushie' Poet,
This joke got me inspired.

So! I wrote this Bush Verse Poem,
'bout this Gay bloke, quite absurd,
and I used the funny 'Punch-line',
--- The one that I had heard.

This Poem was a beauty,
Just right for exhibition,
And I sent it off to Queensland,
To a Bush Verse competition.

And blow me down! - I WON IT!,
The best in all the land,
First prize a THOUSAND DOLLARS!,
A lovely, lovely GRAND!

I was baskin' in the glory,
Of this Poem, all me own,
When I got this urgent message
On me Telstra Mobile phone.

It was Marco, he was fumin',
He said "You can't do that-
You pinched me joke you bastard!,
You slimy thievin' rat!"

(Continued on page 5)

thankyou

Thankyou to all who contributed articles and poetry to
this issue. I would encourage all members to consider
sending interesting stories, yarns, jokes, tall tales or
outright lies for publication in future issues.

Have all write-ups, submissions and ads for June-July issue to the
editor by 20th April

Leanne Jeacocke, editor



07 4995 8407



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Leanne Jeacocke

PO Box 96,

THANGOOL, Qld. 4716

(Continued from page 4)

He cursed me up and down the hill
And said "I had a cheek!",
He would "Take me up to court!",
And "I'd be in jail next week!".

He ranted on for near an hour,
Then I said, "Hang on now, just wait,
I can see you're slightly upset,
But settle down old mate!".

"I hate to see a bloke go crook,
I only did it for a laugh,
And about that Thousand Dollars,
Tell you what!, I'll give you HALF!".

Well! The phone went awful silent,
I thought I'd lost the line,
Then Marco in a shaky voice,
Said, "That -- will -- be -- just -- fine!"

Yes! It's funny how blokes alter,
You don't know what's in store,
As Marco said, "I've lots more jokes,

Nimbin Agricultural & Industrial Society Poetry Competition

\$100 First Prize – and commendations Bush Verse or Bush Theme – (no limit) Entries for the written competition close on 30th June, 2005.

Entry Fee is just \$3.00 per entry – Australian postage stamps to the value of, or cheques or money orders made payable to Nimbin A&I Society. No entry form is required. Separate cover page with title, name and address of entrant.

Send entries to –
Poetry Competition
Post Office Box 165
NIMBIN, NSW, 2480

If you would like to receive the result after the competition, please include a SSAE for results.
Winners will be notified by mail

The winner of last year's competition was Janeen Samuel of Hamilton, Vic, poem titled "The Farmer & The Sky"
Commendations to David Campbell of Beaumaris – poem titled "Blue"
And Ellis Campbell of Dubbo NSW – poem titled "The Statesman"

Robyn Scott

GOLD CITY TO HOST 2005 National ABPA titles CHARTERS TOWERS

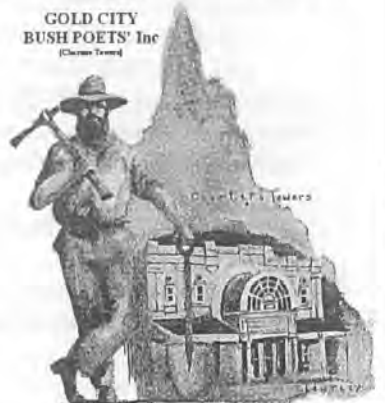
Tuesday 26th to Thursday 28th April

All activities for the 3 days "showcase" the 2005 promotion will be held in the comfort of the 650-seat air-conditioned auditorium of the World Theatre, when nationally acclaimed successful poet entertainers, Ray Essery, Noel Stallard, Shirley Friend, John Major and John Best will have you thinking, laughing and maybe even shedding a tear now and then – don't miss this show.

This will be the first time the National Titles for the Australian Bush Poets Association have been held, not only in Queensland, but more importantly NORTH QUEESLNAND, with such a line-up of talented bush poets being brought together for the occasion, and the Gold City Bush Poets keen to

perform a successful outcome.

This is also a reminder all performance poetry sections have closed on 31st March, and information is available from the Secretary PO Box 38, Charters Towers 4820 or phone 07 4784 2409 or 07 4787 3211 or email dawnharry@austarnet.com.au.



QUEANBEYAN BUSH POETS - A PROFILE

The Queanbeyan Bush Poets group, was formed in 1995 by its founder, long time Queanbeyan resident, Elaine Delaney. It was her wish to encourage local poets and poetry lovers to meet on a regular basis to enjoy Australian poetry especially and to have a yarn over a cup of tea or coffee and a piece of cake. The group meets at the "Country Heir" Cafe in Queanbeyan at 7pm on the fourth Thursday each month.

While the membership only numbers about 40, most members are very active in the poetry scene in Canberra and Queanbeyan and are regularly called upon to perform at functions.

The group hosts a breakfast every year at the National Folk Festival and has recently performed as a group at the Canberra Museum and Gallery.

Members have also read on various radio programs, including the ABC and entertain regularly at folk festivals in the Southern region. Three of the group perform at several nursing homes, including George Forbes House in Queanbeyan.

The Queanbeyan Bush Poets are also well known for their big breakfasts served up at the annual Elmslea Homestead Poets Gatherings at Bungendore NSW in February since 1995 and for their performance poetry.

A book entitled "Queanbeyan Selections" has recently been produced by Nerrigundah Publishing, which includes the poetry of the Queanbeyan Bush Poets together with historic photographs and snippets of Queanbeyan's history.

© Queanbeyan Public School



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www.bellingen.com/crystalcreek

DAN O'DONNELL is the author of twenty books on Australian history/ education and Pacific history. as well as over one hundred articles published in Journals and newspapers, including Journal of the RAHS, Historical Studies of Australia and NZ, and Pacific History. He has extensive experience as a teacher (primary and secondary) in



NSW, Quebec, Scotland, Ontario and Queensland as well as many years as lecturer to teacher-trainees in English (Newcastle

DORRIGO BUSHCARE

© Murray Suckling August 1999

The timber getters came here first with powerful arms and backs,
they felled the forest giants with crosscut saw and axe,
no more the kings of Dorrigo held their crowns up to the sky,
but down upon the forest floor their regal forms did lie.

They cut the mighty cedar, the rosewood and the gum,
the bullocks hauled the logs to where the breakdown saws did hum,
they cut them into planks and frame and timber of renown
and this country lost the timber 'cos it went to Sydney town.

The eager farmers followed soon, crops and grazing their desire.
They cleared away the standing scrub with axe and plough and fire,
they brought in cows and pigs and horse aleft them there to graze
they planted better pasture, crops, potatoes, Swedes and maize.

They built their houses, church and store and somewhat better roads
and the railway shortly came to town carting timber off in loads.
The Dairy Factory churned the cream of purest mountain gold
and bacon from the local pigs was the tastiest ever sold.

Now farmers are hard workers and not afraid of toil
and they grew the biggest mountain spuds up in the mountain soil
the big red soil potatoes earned fame for taste and size
for chips or roast or even boil they always took first prize.

So alas the noble bush of ours the Dorrigo Big Scrub
made way for finest farming land, an agricultural rub
and many mourned the days gone by when bush was everywhere
when turkeys roamed the undergrowth and pigeons filled the air.

With so few stands of remnant bush to feed the species pool
the cry for preservation came to every home and school,
the Government bowed to pressure from the people most concerned
financed the Bush Care Program and their praise was fairly earned.

Greening Australia near the showground stood up to lead the way
a group of real enthusiasts who plant trees most every day
and the vegetation officer went out from farm to farm
to encourage fencing projects to save the bush from harm.

They spread the word to one and all and met with great success
and the stands of remnant timber came under less duress
the fences rose around the stands of sassafras and beech
and the younger trees grew strongly now beyond the cattle's reach.

The Green Corp Trainees lent a hand, six months for every set
they bent their backs and cheerfully gave their labour and their sweat
they fenced in lots of native bush and cut away the weeds
they planted trees, then fertilized and even gathered seeds.

So now the praises must be sung for those who led the push
who gave their time and energy to save our remnant bush
our children in the future will thank their lucky days
for these tireless decent people and their preservation ways.

Teachers' College) and Education (North Brisbane CAE).
Some of his poems have been published in *Quadrant*, *Imago*,
and *Westerly*. Today, he is a full-time writer - historian, reviewer,

poet (writer and performer, with a very keen interest in the Bush Ballad).

Frank Daniel

DORRIGO AND THE PROMISED LAND

On the Mid-North Coast of NSW about half way between Brisbane and Sydney lies the Bellingen Shire. It's three major towns are Urunga on the coast, Bellingen in the valley and Dorrigo high up on the Plateau.

What is it about the Dorrigo Plateau that lures visitors back again and again? Could it be the clean mountain air and the crystal clear streams and waterfalls? Is it the lush green pastures and the world heritage listed National Parks and rainforest? Maybe it's those luscious red soil potatoes.

The first white man in the area was an escaped convict, Richard Craig, who came to live with the local Aboriginal people in the early 1800's. In 1830 a Major Edward Parkes came to the area to establish a cattle grazing property. Major Parkes had fought in the Peninsula wars under a Spanish General, Don Dorrigo. To honour his old comrade he named the eastern portion of the plateau, "Dorrigo".

During the 1850's hardworking timber-getters recognised the value of the fine timber on the Plateau and came to harvest the magnificent Cedar, Rosewood and Coachwood that abounded in the local forests. Most of this timber was transported

to Urunga on the coast and shipped to Sydney. Late in the 1800's farmers began to clear the scrub and utilized the rich volcanic soil for crops and dairying. A butter factory was opened in Dorrigo early the next century and shortly after a bacon factory. In 1925 a railway line was constructed from the coast to Dorrigo to transport timber and farm produce to the coastal markets. The 1930's saw the Dorrigo Red Soil Potatoes gain reknown the country over.

Although the railway ceased operation in mid 1950's, Dorrigo still has one of the largest collections of steam locomotives and rolling stock in the country.

Dorrigo is a thriving small country town, with an ageing charm, a strong rural economy and a growing potential as a tourist destination.

At the foot of the Dorrigo Mountain to the east is the scenic subtropical Bellinger Valley and the culturally interesting town of Bellingen. Nestled just to the north under the lee of the forest clad ranges is the farming district of Gleniffer. This area was first settled by a Scottish emigrant, John W Fayden, in 1866.

To the north of Gleniffer lies the Promised Land, "God's own Country", encompassed by the beautiful wooded mountains and the pristine

waters of the Never Never creek which tumble over 150m from the high plateau above.

There are two stories about how the Promised Land got it's name. The first being that it was promised to soldiers returning from the Great War.

The second more romantic version is that the cedar cutters and bullock drivers called it the Promised Land because it provided them with everything they needed for months out in the bush. Plenty of water, feed for the bullocks, turkeys and other food and just a wonderful place to live.

There is a strong interest in Bush Poetry in the Dorrigo and Bellingen area with regular poets gatherings throughout the year. Bellingen was home to Don Sheahan the original writer of the "Pub Without Beer" which later became the famous Slim Dusty song "The Pub with no Beer".

Cliff Schofield, an accomplished local poet, with his wife Pat run a farm stay enterprise in the Promised Land. They have donated a weeks accommodation at their farm-stay cottage as the major prize in the raffle to raise funds for the NSW Bush Poetry State championships to be held in Dorrigo during the week-end of October 8th this year.

Murray Suckling



The Dorrigo Bush Poetry Roundup
incorporating

THE NEW SOUTH WALES
BUSH POETRY STATE CHAMPIONSHIPS 2005

Dorrigo Community Centre – Dorrigo NSW
7th 8th & 9th October 2005

(Conducted under the auspices of the Australian Bush Poets Association Inc.)



ENTRY FORMS NOW AVAILABLE.

Closing Dates: WRITTEN: 15th August, 2005 PERFORMANCE: 1st September, 2005

PERFORMANCE CATEGORIES

LADIES AND GENTS Section 1. Classical 2. Contemporary 3. Open Original Junior Section (Under 16yrs)

PERFORMANCE SECTION WINNERS MAY BE RESIDENTS OF ANY STATE

CHAMPIONSHIP WINNERS MUST BE RESIDENTS OF NSW

FOR ALL INFORMATION CONTACT: MURRAY SUCKLING – P.O. BOX 403, DORRIGO, NSW 2453
Ph. 02 6657 2139

BUSH POETRY SOIRÉE AT BOWRAVILLE THEATRE

On Saturday 16th July, 2005 another popular Bush Poetry Soirée will be staged at the heritage listed Bowraville Theatre. The event will feature well known Mid North Coast identity, Bill Kearns and all funds raised during the afternoon will support the ongoing refurbishment of the theatre.

Bill was born in Grafton, Big River Country. In recent years his lifetime love of traditional poetry was rekindled and this fired his desire to write and perform his own work.

Branded "The Bull" for his mastery of the art of Bull, he entertains his audience with poetic tales of life's misadventures as seen through the eyes of his own incorrigible, disreputable, unforgettable and sometimes weird but enjoyable sense of humour. He is in his element spreading his own brand of bull dust, however he has proven

well able to pen and perform work on serious and sensitive issues. Inspirational verses are also part of his collection.

In fact, he has been guilty of causing excessive fits of laughter in audiences by outbursts of rhymed ratbag ravings on diverse subjects from mountain bike riding transvestites to talking horses.

Winner of a number of original bush poetry competitions, he has been on stage at the Gympie Muster, The Longyard Hotel in Tamworth and in recent times, made the final five in the Asthma Foundation's National Bush Poet of the Year Event. He has published a number of books and is currently preparing to record a CD of some of his live performances.

Lovely local singer Diane Sanger will, by popular request, once again entertain during the afternoon. No stranger to local stages she has justifiably received awards

at many Country Music events.

The afternoon's entertainment will commence at 1.30 pm and cost of entry is \$8.00.

During interval you can treat yourself to the tasty snacks or delicious coffee from the theatre's very own café or perhaps a Devonshire Tea, available for just \$5.00.

If you recite or wish to read Bush Poetry you are invited to participate in the afternoons entertainment. Novice and junior poets are most welcome.

Enquiries to Dorothy Evans - 02 6564 7828 or Maureen Stonham - 02 6568 5269.

We look forward to sharing this afternoon of very Australian entertainment with you when you come to see the Bards at Bowra!!

Submitted by: *Maureen Stonham,
2/8 Salamander Pde.,
Nambucca Heads
Phone 6568 5269 Email: mau-
reenandtom@tsn.cc
for and on behalf of Bowraville
Arts Council*

11th BUNDY BUSH POETRY MUSTER 2005

JULY 1st, 2nd & 3rd

BUSH LANTERN AWARD FOR WRITTEN VERSE

The Bundaberg Poets' Society will be holding their famous Bundy Poets' Muster in air-conditioned rooms at Across the Waves Sports Club. This year is the 11th Muster and over the past couple of years has attracted over 50 competitors for their performance competition which includes Open (men & women judged separately), Intermediate, Novice & Under 15 categories plus yarn spinning, duo performances and the Dark & Stormy One Minute

Cup. There will be a Walk-Up Poets Concert on the Friday night with Milton Taylor, Noel Stallard & Glenny Palmer being the poets to entertain patrons at THE CONCERT on Saturday night. Poetry workshops will be conducted by Milton Taylor on the Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday prior to the Muster at the Bundaberg Library.

Please note the change of contact for the event. Direct your enquiries to John & Sandy on 07 41514631.



Competition enquiries SSAE to :

Bundaberg Poets' Society Inc.,
PO Box 4281,
South BUNDABERG. 4670

Ph. Sandy 07 41514631
or Laree 07 41527409.

Bush Lantern enquiries:
John & Sandy 07 41514631
Joan 07 41529624

Written competition will close on May 27th, 2005

Results announced on July 3rd at Muster week-end.

Entry forms available: SSAE to PO Box 4281, South Bundaberg 4670.

The 39th NATIONAL FOLK FESTIVAL – CANBERRA

There's more to Canberra than politics

...that's where the National Folk Festival is celebrated every Easter, when the city is frocked up in its golden autumn best. Australia's festival flagship, the 'National', draws together people from all around Australia and the world. They come to share in the songs, dances, tunes, and verse that have flowed through the ages from many communities into Australian folk culture.

For five days Exhibition Park in Canberra dresses up and becomes a magic place, filled with colour and sound. Hundreds of the world's best folk musicians perform daily, in a non-stop flow of entertainment in the Festival's nineteen comfortable venues. Every day is packed with workshops and sessions, where you can join in the dancing, singing and playing and become part of the celebration. It's all there for you; once you've bought your ticket and come through the magic time portal you won't feel the need to leave.

Children have their own Festival venue every day where quality performers and arts workers introduce them to the fun of the Festival – where they can leave the computer games at home!

Every year more and more young people are being drawn to 'the Folkie', as performers, audience and volunteers. This is a Festival that actively caters for every age.

The Spoken Word - yarns, storytelling and poetry - including The 10th World Poetry Debate and the come-all-ye Poets' Breakfasts, a daily heart - starter where all poets, the budding and the already bloomed roll out their purple prose over morning coffee and croissants. It is at the National that a unique blend of poetry exists between the Folkies and the Bush Poets, relating their stories and experiences in

verse.

The National Reciters Award is the oldest performance poetry award in Australia, and has been conducted at the National since 1983 when it was won by West Australian Kel Watkins. Annually the trophy goes home with the winner, and is returned for the next years contest by the trophy holder who automatically becomes guest judge.

Carol Heuchan of Cooranbong NSW became the 2005 Title Holder with a superb rendition of the Milton Taylor poem concerning a certain character named 'Cecil' and his sullage sucking machine.

The Inaugural National Yarn Spinning Championships were conducted by Roger Montgomery of Perth over the four days of the fes-

tival. Six finalists were selected from the three heats and battled it out on Easter Monday before a capacity crowd.

Frank Daniel of Canowindra was the Inaugural Yarn Spinning Champion followed closely by Marco Gliori of Warwick Qld., and Barry Lake of Narooma NSW.

The World Poetry Debate was again a winner with over five thousand in the Budawang audience to see if 'All Pommies are Bastards' or not. The Debate featured UK representative Les Barker, Keith Donnelly and Daryl Peebles successfully arguing against the motion, defeating the Australian's Roger Montgomery, Sophie Raymond and Peter Willey.

The Life of Lawson

'Son of the South' was presented at Narrandera's John O'Brien Festival in March drawing a packed audience, and more than favorable comment.

Shepparton teacher Matt Scholten's original play based on the life of Henry Lawson, debuted at the Shepparton Festival last year and was presented at the Henry Lawson Festival of Arts in Grenfell on the June Long Weekend in 2004.

The work 'Son of the South' dramatizes key episodes in Lawson's life - his childhood, his relationship with his distant mother and his loving father, his rise to fame, and eventual decline through alcoholism and illness.

The play also uses Lawson's poetry and other writings to tell his story.

"A lot of what Lawson said resonates today - Australia's place in the world, republicanism and the position of the artist in this country are all still relevant issues," Mr Scholten said.

Mr Scholten said audiences would be taken on a journey through Lawson's life, and hear his most well-loved verses.

"His life was remarkable - he was born in poverty on the goldfields, rose to enormous fame, yet died virtually a pauper, leaving behind a wonderful legacy of the written word," Mr Scholten said.

Shepparton's Dale Janke, who has appeared in several Shepparton Theatre Arts Group (STAG) productions, plays Henry Lawson as a man, while 12-year-old Wanganui Secondary College student Luke Lewis plays Lawson as a child.

Other cast members include: STAG award winning actors Dale Roberts (Aunt Emma and Mrs Byers) and Fiona Kennan (Lawson's mother Louisa); Chris Ward (Bulletin editor J F Archibald and Prime Minister Billy Hughes); John Lewis (Lawson's father Peter and poetic rival Banjo Patterson); Helen Janke (Lawson's wife Bertha); and Ted Malloy (teacher Mr Tierney).

Once the play had been performed at Lawson's birthplace in Grenfell, the cast and crew headed to Melbourne's Chapel off Chapel Theatre for eight shows in early July.

For further information please contact Matt Scholten 0409 008 181
Onyx Website: <http://onyxproductions.tripod.com>

Forum Discussions

There has been a lot happening at the Forum at www.bushpoetry.com.au. Apart from many discussions and suggestions about the Association and competitions, many of the regulars spin yarns and talk of their life in different parts of the country. Croc, a regular for many months said, "What do you reckon we write a poem between us. We could have a right good old 'yak' about something or other, what d'y's reckon. If you fancy doing a poem, I'll let you start it and we'll go verse by verse or line by line or any how you fancy it."

And Ross replied "Good idea! here's a start, see what you can do!"

The resultant ongoing poem was then entitled 'ALTOGETHER MATES'.

SA STATE CHAMPS Stumpy Awards Murray Bridge August 5th and 7th 2005

Deadline for all entries in the written competition is JUNE 1st. This will allow the various adjudicators time to choose wisely. The SA Bush Poetry championships for both poets and performers resident in SA provide prizemoney of \$200 and a trophy each for the winning poet and the winning performer of bush poetry.

Poets and performers from outside SA are not overlooked, however. The Stumpy Bush Poetry Awards for written class and performance class each carry prizemoney of \$200 and a Stumpy trophy for the respective winners. And we have a free-form poetry class, a short story comp and an original bush song competition - all with \$200 first place prizemoney on offer. Something for everyone!

Entries are trickling in now. Don't put it off and then find you are TOO LATE TO ENTER. June 2nd WILL (sadly) MISS THE CUT.

So, get on the net at <http://www.lm.net.au/~stumpy/> read the entry conditions, download an entry form and make your way to the starting post. Any questions, please contact Max at stumpy@lm.net.au

Max Merckenschlager

'ALTOGETHER MATES'

I was sitting thinking, drinking, with a homebrew in my hand,
in the middle of Australia, 'mongst the spinifex and sand.
looking out across the mulga, just as far as you can see,
there's this great big land Australia, the only place for me!

Its great red heart beats vibrant 'neath an azure southern sky,
and the rivers run the life-blood so the living shall not die.
Skeletal mountain ranges, salt flat bush, and gibber plains,
I drink a toast, 'Australia', and the name runs through my veins.

from a campfire built from Gidgee, to the west coast's crashing sea,
from the east coast mighty ranges or wherever you may be,
underneath the shining southern cross, or northern stormy nights,
I love this rugged country, and it's ever changing sights.

With pride as fierce as bush fire's blaze, as powerful as flood,
I walk the tracks my forebears took, and stand where they once stood.
I meld my mind with nature's forms; my breath becomes it's air
as I thank once more my deity for this my land so fair.

and her people are a melting pot, of folk from far off lands,
who come to make this land their home, by sea or blood red sands,
and as the bloods amalgamate, we breed a brand new race,
a mob of dinkum Aussies, and we all love the place.

We've got gladdies in the garden and roses round the door,
and we love to 'beer an' barbie' with the folk who live next door.
My kids are learning Eskimo, and they're teaching Nanuk slang;
we're 'all in all together mates', a happy Aussie gang.

And today of course a special one, our celebration day,
being proud to be AUSTRALIAN, being allowed to have our say,
being proud of where we come from, and where we're going to,
for we are dinkum Aussies mate, we're dinkum through and through!

Some of us are 'out-back' folk, and some live in the towns,
and both lead different types of life; each has it's ups and downs.
But I'm an Aussie 'bushie' mate, and may I truly say---
"I wouldn't swap my way of life for all the 'townie's pay'"

I wouldn't give the spaces up, or neighbours that I know,
the unpolluted air above, the fertile ground below.
I could not give the freedom up, to walk just where you please,
'cause I'm at home where red 'roo's bound, amongst the mulga trees.

And when Australia day comes 'round I feel a sense of pride;
It fires the boiling sentiments no Aussie cares to hide.
To all you rhyming bards I stand and raise my pint of beer;
Here's to you mates and while I'm here, all have a great new year.

Brave Australian diggers fought like heroes to a man;
the young and old stood side by side and fought a battle plan
for the 'green and gold', the Coat of Arms, Gold Wattle with it's sway,
They fought to gain the right to stand on this, Australia Day.

A sunrise on the red sand, and the form of Uluru,
where folk fly in from far flung clime to dine with me and you
on the barbie'd lamb chops, sausages, and cans of 'real cold beer';
while we all remember well today, the humble pioneer.

the blokes who tramped the unknown land, not knowing what's ahead,
the blokes who crossed the mountains, and the dunes so hot and red,
the women that went with them, to open up this land,
and those who built the cities, that now are big and grand.

I too will doff my hat to you, you're where we all come from,
Irish, Scot or Europe, or even bloody Pom!
for we are forging well ahead, we love this place we live,
and like you people did for us, we're happy we can give.

2005 Victorian State Championships

On March 12th and 13th the Snowy Mountains Bush Poetry Club Inc. held the 2005 Victorian Bush Poetry State Championships, compered by Reg Phillips in the Benalla Bowling Club. With a good line up of poets from across Victoria, vying for the spoils, the level of competition was very high. The venue proved fantastic, the crowd was warm and the poets hot.

Jan Lewis from Cudgewa was the 2005 Ladies Victorian State Champion and Jim Brown of Heathmont took out the Men's State Title. Sarah Draper of Maffra won the Junior Competition.

It was interesting to note that the Original section consisted of mainly deep and meaningful, seri-



2005 Vic Mens Champion
Jim Brown

ous poems this year with poems such as Col Milligan's 'China Rose' placing a high demand on Kleenex.

The Poets Brekkies were a huge success with Col Milligan at the helm and no one in the audience being immune from his wit and sharp comments, leaving the Bistro knee deep in bull-dust each morning.

There was a grand concert on Saturday night with Col as MC and an

audience of around 80 people enjoying the antics of Col Milligan, Dennis Carstairs and Reg Phillips along with most of the other poets creating a variety of items of entertainment.

Ric Rafits sang several Bush Ballads and Howard Gad and Peter Klien rendered some great country folk songs.

The Sunday entertainment finished on a high note with Carol Reffold conducting a one minute poem competition with the title 'Secret Women's Business'. This was won by Ric Rafits, but Sue Gleeson was a favorite with her debut poem and received the traditional standing ovation for a 'virgin poet'. It was a wonderful weekend of fun, laughter and tears as the poets took their audience through a roller coaster ride of emotions with their brilliant performances.

The Performance Judges were Sue Gleeson of Albury, Don Anderson of Leeton NSW, Herb McCrum of Kyabram Vic.

The results:

The 2005 Victorian Bush Poetry Performance Champions are Jan Lewis and Jim Brown with David Campbell of Beaumaris as the State Champion Writer

Jan Lewis hails from Cudgewa and is well known in Bush Poetry circles for her efforts in conducting the famed Man From Snowy River Bush Festival in April each year at Corryong.

Jim Brown is perhaps just as well known as a poet as he is as a presenter of TV documentaries. He comes from Heathmont Vic.

Runner-up in the Ladies section was Annette Roberts of Bellbridge with Betty Walton of Tintalra was highly commended.

Tony Strauss of Geelong was runner-up in the Men's section with Dennis Carstairs of Stratford Highly Commended.

Contemporary Sections: Men. Ric



2005 Vic Ladies Champion
Jan Lewis

Rafits with 'Song of a Nation' by Johnny Johanson.

Ladies. Annette Roberts with 'Not Gone' by Janine Haig.

Classical Sections: Men. Jim Brown - 'In the Droving Days' by AB Paterson.

Ladies. Jan Lewis with 'Women of the West' written by George Essex Evans.

Original Sections: Mens. Jim Brown - 'The Anzac on the Wall'

Ladies. Jan Lewis 'Mrs K' Junior Competition: Winner - Sarah Draper Runner-up Christopher Draper.

The Judges encouragement awards went to Sarah Draper, Christine Gordon, Colleen Conboy and John Peel.

The Victorian State Champion Writer for 2005 was David Campbell of Beaumaris Victoria with his poem 'Bridie May'. David was also runner-up in this section with 'Shadow Boxing'

Des Bennett of Morwell was highly commended for his poem 'A Blokes Shed'

The Junior Written Competition was won by W Jade Killoran with 'Mariagh' and Sarah Draper was runner-up with 'My Queensland Holiday'.

Reg Phillips and Sue Gleeson

AMERICA

I have been sitting here at my keyboard for the last half hour; sweat dripping of my elbows and dribbling down my cheeks. Not too many weeks ago I was standing ankle deep in snow, with a stupid grin on my face.

We had a wonderful time in America.

The Qantas Waltzing Matilda Bush Poetry Competition was held in Winton in June 2004. Organised by the Winton Business and Tourism Association. The Male and Female winner each year are sent to the National Poetry Gathering in Elko Nevada, and this year Rusty Christensen and I had the privilege of being able to present Australian Bush Poetry in the States.

What an experience.

The Arvada Center in Denver was our first destination, and the 16th Annual Colorado Cowboy Poetry Gathering our reason for being there.

Milton Taylor and I were both on the programme. We had a full programme, with daytime sessions, and the Theatre shows to either to perform in, or to watch. There was also a programme of school workshops, which Milton Taylor pre-

sented, and I tagged along to see how it's done, and get some experience.

At the Cowboy Gatherings, they mix poetry with music. Each session would have poets and singers, and the variety works well. I enjoyed listening to the singers and musicians almost as much as I enjoyed hearing the Cowboy poetry.

From Colorado we travelled on to Elko, Nevada with Milton Taylor and Dick Warwick, where we met up with Rusty Christensen from Western Australia.

As the Qantas Waltzing Matilda Australian Bush Poetry representatives for 2005, Rusty and I were featured on the Elko programme. We also attended several schools where we presented Australian Bush Poetry alongside a group of Columbian musicians, singers and dancers. I've picked up a few new dance steps, and a taste for tequila.

The Australians are very popular at the Cowboy Gatherings, and they're arrival each year is eagerly anticipated. By the reception that we received, I know the previous Australian Bush Poets are well remembered.

Although not on the Elko programme this year, Milton Taylor

was welcomed back with open arms, especially by the Cowgirl Poets.

At the 21st National Cowboy Poetry Gathering in Elko, Rusty and I performed in several sessions each, all of which were very popular with the audiences. The American audiences are quite familiar with Banjo Paterson, and are very fond of his work. The poems of Banjo's that Rusty presented were great hits with the crowds. And crowds they have. Four session rooms are running simultaneously, and there's six sessions in each room every day for the duration of the Gathering. Most of the time each room is full.

I did wonder how our Aussie humour would go over, but I needn't have worried. The audiences laughed just as hard there as they do here.

It was a fantastic opportunity, travelling to the States, and presenting Australian Bush Poetry, it was the most fun I've ever had, and the coldest I've ever been. I just wish I could have packed some of that cold, and brought back to Townsville with me. Oh well.

Melanie Hall

ATTENTION STUDENTS!!

GREAT LAKES & TAREE DIST. POETRY COMPETITION FOR SCHOOL STUDENTS 2005

The Midcoast Sundowners Bush Poets will, for the sixth successive year, conduct the Great Lakes and Taree District Written Bush Poetry Competition for School Students.

Entry is open to students who reside in these geographical areas of NSW and further details are available from Reid Begg, 02 6554 9788.

The presentation of awards, during which the winners will recite their entries, will take place at a Poets Breakfast to be held in the Forster Tuncurry Memorial Services Club on 18th September 2005, commencing at 8 am. Breakfast will be available for a very reasonable \$5.00

The mornings entertainment will also include performances from local and visiting poets.

As a additional feature, an extra event which will take place on Saturday 17th is to be arranged, the details of which will be announced in the next edition of the newsletter.

Inverell's

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The best weekend in the North West!

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Great Competitions, Top Prize Money

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- ★ Big Performance Night, Saturday
- ★ Original and Traditional Poetry Competitions
- ★ Junior Competition
- ★ Writer's Competition
- ★ Balladeers and Bush Bands

Program available from May

Visit the gem of New South Wales for a terrific weekend of Australian at its best

Contact:

Burt Candy ph: (02) 67 211127

e-mail: candyb57@yahoo.com

REALITIES

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gregrosso@midcoast.com.au

Good One Ross

Ross Magnay is a regular at the Forum at bushpoetry.com.au and has made many contributions, joining in discussions and open poems as well as posting some of his poetry.

Ross works as an electrician near Alice Springs, and obviously enjoys the interaction. He commented "I just thought I would make the point how good it is, that whenever I log on there is always at least one or two guests and the odd member on the site, I remember when I first became a member there was hardly ever anyone else on at the same time, now we have had up to 21 on at once! (And I wasn't even on that day!) Congratulations Frank, and all those who contribute." Here is one of Ross's yarns.

A taxi driver I met in Sydney was happy to relay to me how much BS the Yanks can talk, he said he was carrying a yankee through Sydney one day when they went past the Bridge.

The yank said "What's That?"

The taxi driver said, "That's the Sydney Harbour Bridge. They started building from each side of the harbour and met in the middle, did it in record time for that age."

"That's nuthin'" said the Yank. "We got a bridge in the states three times the size of that, and we built it in six months."

"Fair Dinkum" said the cabbie as they went past the opera house.

"What the hell is that?" said the Yank.

"That is the opera house." said the Cabbie. "Went a bit over budget but they built 'er in record time!"

"That's nuthin," said the Yank. We got buildings five times the size of that in the states, build 'em in a few months."

"Fair dinkum" said the cabbie as he drove past Centre Point Tower.

"God damn!" said the Yank "What in tarnation is that?"

The cabbie looked out the window and said, "stuffed if I know, it wasn't there yesty!"

** BEAUDESERT COUNTRY AND HORSE FESTIVAL. 2005 **

Week long festivities, culminating in the "Golden Horseshoe" Bush Poetry Festival.

***Friday, June 17th: 7.00pm.**

Around the campfire at Big Al & Glenny Palmer's place, to warm up for the next day's competition. All liars & larrikins welcome. (byo) Please advise. 43-49 Samantha Rd. Cedar Vale. Ph 07 55432010

***Sat. June 18th: 7.30am.**

Poet's Brekky. Beaudesert Golf Club, Kerry Rd.

Final registration for competition by 8.45am. Comp Starts 9.00am.

- ★ Open Traditional Performance Competition. \$150 + Trophy
- ★ Open Novice Performance Competition. \$100 + Trophy
- ★ Open Original Performance Competition. \$200 + Trophy
- ★ 2nd Places, 2 tickets to night concert & meal. (value \$50)+ Trophy
- ★ 3rd Places, (something good) +Trophy

"GOLDEN HORSESHOE WRITTEN AWARDS" PRESENTATION

1st. \$200 +Trophy 2nd. & 3rd. Trophy

PERFORMANCE AWARDS PRESENTATION.

6.30pm "BONZA BUSH BASH" concert & bush meal, featuring "Woody's" famous master, JACK DRAKE, "The Mullumbimby Bloke", RAY ESSERY, the raving redhead, GLENNY PALMER & Others. \$25. (\$20 for comp participants.)

***Sunday June 19th: 10am.**

"Roundup In The Park". Walk up poets, & children's written prizes presented.

Followed by "Parade Of 1000 Hooves", Markets, Rides etc.

& live entertainment & poets throughout the afternoon.

Come along & enjoy this affordable fun filled weekend, in scenic Beaudesert, the home of the "Beauy Bush Bards". There are many other attractions such as Art Shows, Equestrian Events, Quilt Displays, Pottery & Craft etc. For accommodation & (some free) camping info, call the Festival office on 07 55414355. Poetry enquiries/entry forms, phone Glenny, 07 55432606, or Email glennypalmer@dodo.com.au

**** Register early to gain a place in the performance comp! ****



Remember The Horses, Too ...

© Kym Eitel

The men who went to war for us, and died so far away,
are honoured and remembered well, each touching Anzac Day.
We know they're made of hero stuff, but let us not forget -
who helped them through those horrid times of bomb and bayonet?

The Remounts Section¹ sourced the best - Australia's finest Walers²
were led aboard a hundred steam ships - patient equine sailors.
Oblivious to war ahead, they crossed the angry waves.
Not all of them survived the trip, some sleep in watery graves.

The Brigadier's prancing mount, the trooper's sturdy steed,
the half-legs³ pulling water carts, gave strength, endurance, speed.
Through dust storms, scorching temperatures, and shifting sand and hills
they proved that they had hearts of gold, with courage, nerve and will.

The Waler took the trumpeter to call at Palestine.
The heavy horse pulled medic carts behind the firing line.
The gun horse⁴ hauled artillery to arm the troopers' fight,
while sections⁵ rode reconnaissance each dark and restless night.

The horses saw the desperate times, when death was all around.
They galloped through the screaming injured, thrashing on the ground.
They were shot at, strafed by German planes, felt shrapnel each grenade.
The wounded, frightened horses fell, as Turk machine guns sprayed.

All did their job, and did it well, with little hope of rest.
The saddle taken off at night, was thanks they got at best.
A pat, and "Thanks, good on 'ya mate," a nosebag with some corn,
a quick lay down, a few hours sleep, then back to war at dawn.

So many stories have been told - heroic acts of horses
who double-backed the injured men and dashed through Turkish forces⁶.
And when the war was finished, all the troopers clapped and cheered,
but what about the horses, that they loved and so revered?

Their horse was friend and comrade, through the thick of war and thin.
The Aussie politicians wouldn't let them come back in.
They said, "Because of quarantine, and massive costs involved,
you'll have to leave your mounts behind." The troopers' cheers dissolved.

The war was done. The men could leave that nightmare combat zone,
but first, they had to take the lives, of those who'd saved their own!
The younger mounts were volunteered to India's command.
The others though, were shot and left, to perish in the sand.

The horses of the 3rd Brigade, were killed in Tripoli.
They lined them up in olive groves, then shot them. Tears ran free.
Each marksman fired, and wished the horse had died while serving war,
to lay the blame on enemy - instead his own heart tore.

The horses' frightened screaming rose above the gunshot rattle,
and left the men with lifelong scars, of killing after battle.
A thankless way to thank each horse for service in the sand,
and fearless dedication shown, to save our precious land.

One hundred and twenty thousand horses, gave their blood and lives,
to help return our troopers to their children and their wives.
They gave their all, and still found more, brave gallantry to give.
They'd never see green fields again, or come back home to live.

We appreciate the Anzacs, and their sacrifice as well.
We know that war is brutal, and we know they went through Hell.
Remember fallen loved ones and the friends we never knew,
but I ask you - every Anzac Day ... remember the horses, too

Explanation Key

1 The Remounts Section travelled around Australia sourcing and buying horses to send overseas. Banjo Paterson was one of these men.

2 The Waler was not a breed of horse, but they were an Australian-bred horse, from a range of breeds or cross breeds (Cape horses (Basuto and Barbs), Thoroughbreds, Arabs, Cleveland Bays, Norfolk Roadster, Suffolk Punch, Percheron, Clydesdales, Shire, Welsh Cobb, Welsh Mountain Pony, the Timor pony, and stock and station horses). They were bred to be extremely hardy and of good nature. Only blacks, bays and brown horses were used. No greys, chestnuts or coloured horses were accepted. It was in 1846 that the term "Waler" was coined by the British, because Australian horses were originally sourced in New South Wales, but by the mid-1800's, all Australian horses were referred to as Walers. The most famous feat of the Walers, was the Light Horse charge on Beersheeba in 1917, to claim the water wells.

3 "Half-legs" were a Clydesdale-cross, bred for endurance, speed and strength.

4 "Gun horses" were the heavy horses that pulled "18 pounders" (a gun that shot shells weighing 18 pounds). Each gun and "limber", which carried ammunition, were hitched together behind a team of six horses, so as to be an independent unit complete with gun crew. The six horses were arranged as three pairs of horses, and each pair had a "postillion" rider on the near side horse. If any of the horses was suddenly injured, the rider could cut the traces and release the horse, enabling the rest of the team to keep going.

5 "Sections" were groups of four horses and riders that went on scouting rides to look out for advancing enemy at night.

6 A particularly interesting story can be found on page 111 of the book, "From the Saddlebags at War", by Joan Starr - "... one night, (Major Mick) Shanahan found four Australians who had lost their horses in the thick of combat. He took two on his horse, and with the other two clinging to his stirrups, he dashed safely through the Turks in the darkness."

Kym Eitel

Laurence (Robert) Binyon was born in Lancaster Lancashire, Eng. April 10, 1869, the son of a clergyman, died March 10, 1943, Reading, Berkshire

Binyon was educated at St Paul's School and Trinity College, London where he won the Newdigate Prize for Poetry. Influenced by the work of William Wordsworth, Binyon published two major volumes of poetry: Lyric Poems (1894) and Odes (1901).

From Oxford Binyon went in 1893 to work in the British Museum's Department of Printed Books, before transferring two years later to the Department of Prints and Drawings where he eventually became Keeper, and an authority on Oriental Art. His book *Painting in the Far East* (1908) was the first book on the subject to be written in any European language. Binyon was also an expert on Japanese and Chinese Art.

Binyon was already in his mid-forties when he wrote the poem "For the Fallen" in September 1914 and the poem was published in *The Times*. The poem was later to adorn war memorials throughout Britain and The Commonwealth. Binyon wrote the poem while working at the British Museum and did not go to the Western Front until 1916 when he went as a Red Cross orderly.

After the Armistice Binyon returned to the British Museum printed books department where he was in charge of Oriental prints and paintings.

Besides publishing many collections of his verse, Binyon also wrote nine verse plays (six of which were performed), including *Arthur* (1923) a treatment of the Arthurian legend, which was staged at the Old Vic with music by Elgar. Binyon also published books on art and allied subjects; and in 1931 he published his *Collected Poems* (London) in two volumes. Between the years 1933 and 1943 he published a three volume translation of the whole of Dante's *Divinia Comedia* in terza rima (Italian verse-form in triplets). In this translation some commentators have found the best use of Binyon's craft.



Laurence (Robert) Binyon

Binyon lectured in Japan in 1929, was Norton Professor of Poetry at Harvard University in 1933-34 and was Byron Professor at the University of Athens in 1940. He died in 1943.

The poem, "For the Fallen" makes better reading as a whole. The last verse gets a bit isolated. For Australians, perhaps it is a reminder that the Great War was essentially and Imperial war (as the title of the AIF states). Something to get used to: Australia has always gone to war on someone else's foreign policy coat tails.

Manfred Vijars

For the Fallen (21st September, 1914)

Laurence (Robert) Binyon (1869 - 1943)

With proud thanksgiving, a mother for her children,
England mourns for her dead across the sea.
Flesh of her flesh they were, spirit of her spirit,
Fallen in the cause of the free.

Solemn the drums thrill: Death august and royal
Sings sorrow up into immortal spheres.
There is a music in the midst of desolation
And a glory that shines upon our tears.

They went with songs to the battle, they were young,
Straight of limb, true of eye, steady and aglow.
They were staunch to the end against odds uncounted:
They fell with their faces to the foe.

They shall grow not old, as we that are left grow old:
Age shall not weary them, nor the years condemn.
At the going down of the sun and in the morning
We will remember them.

They mingle not with their laughing comrades again;
They sit no more at familiar tables at home;
They have no lot in our labour of the day-time;
They sleep beyond England's foam.

But where our desires are and our hopes profound,
Felt as a well-spring that is hidden from sight,
To the innermost heart of their own land they are known
As the stars are known to the Night;

As the stars that shall be bright when we are dust,
Moving in marches upon the heavenly plain;
As the stars are starry in the time of our darkness,
To the end, to the end they remain.

BRONZE COO-EE

Each year the Gilgandra Coo-ee Festival Committee has organized a Poetry competition. From this year, being the 90th Anniversary of the Coo-ee March, a bronze "Coo-ee Soldier" trophy is to be crafted by Brett Garling who has ties with Gilgandra, will be awarded to the poet who has written the best overall poem.

This trophy will be presented on Friday of the October long weekend during the presentation night at the Gilgandra Bowling Club. The 2005 Coo-ee Festival Poetry competition has again six sections – Coo-ee March, Outback, Humorous, Open, High School and Primary School.

Entry forms may be obtained by contacting The Secretary, PO Box 171, GILGANDRA, NSW, 2827 or phone 02 6847 2308.

Elaine Gibson

'A very good, smart little boy in Yass'

Bringenbrong on the Upper Murray and that he had

Priest, Poet and author, Monsignor Patrick Joseph Hartigan first belonged to the Diocese of Goulburn, NSW and later to Wagga Wagga when that area was created a new diocese in 1918. Although much revered as the Parish Priest of the town and district of Narranderra, he is better known as John O'Brien, author of 'Around the Boree Log', and 'The Parish of St Mel's' - collections of poetry which record the lives of the pioneer Irish Catholics, and their deep, unostentatious faith, and love and support of the Church.

Patrick Joseph Hartigan, the fourth of the nine children of Irish immigrants Patrick and Mary (nee Townsell) of Yass, was born at Yass on October 13, 1878. Along with his brothers and sisters, he attended the parish school at Yass, conducted by the Sisters of Mercy.

In 1892, one of these Sisters, Sr M Bernard, wrote to Rev Dr Michael Verdon, President of St Patrick's College Manly, the newly established seminary in Sydney, introducing 'a very good smart little boy in Yass. His name is Hartigan'. In the letter she requested some consideration be made regarding a reduction in fees. Young Patrick, then aged 13, was accepted and given that 'consideration'.

At that young age young age he began his journey towards the priesthood. Even during his seminary years he showed strong signs of future success as author and poet.

Patrick Hartigan was ordained a 'priest forever' in the Cathedral of Saints Peter and Paul, Goulburn, by Bishop John Gallagher on Sunday January 18, 1903. The next Sunday he celebrated Mass and preached his first sermon in St Augustine's Church, Yass, his home parish, where he had been baptised 24 years before.

Goulburn Diocese at that time covered a very large area and Fr Pat's first appointment was to Albury, one of the more distant parishes. He arrived on February 1 and his first Baptism is recorded in the parish register for February 12.

Inspector of schools

Fr Hartigan remained at the Albury presbytery until July, 1910, when Bishop Gallagher appointed him Inspector of Schools for the Diocese. His new position did not mean complete severance of ties with Albury, as he moved to a cottage at the Sisters of Mercy Orphanage, Thurgoona, on the outskirts of Albury.

During his time as Inspector of Schools, based at Thurgoona, Fr. Hartigan embarked on an epic journey worthy of any history book.

Word came through to the Albury presbytery that an old man named Riley was dying at a place calle

asked for a priest to bring the Last Sacraments.

Although he was now Diocesan Inspector of Schools and therefore no longer a member of the parish clergy, he was urged to go, as he had a motor car, a two-cylinder, eight horsepower Renault and it would take a fortnight on horseback to reach the dying man.

Fr Hartigan set out with the Blessed Sacrament taking John 'Joker' Byrne from Albury with him as a companion. Joker Byrne later became famous for his recitations of the poetry of John O'Brien.

The travellers spent the first night at Jingellic, then on to Bringenbrong the next day, but no-one there had heard of a dying man named Riley. The same reply greeted his enquiry at Kahncoban. The Renault struggled on, with Mt Kosciusko in site to what was known as Hickeys, at the very end of the track.

Here they found Riley, who received the last Sacraments reverently and fervently.

As it was too late to start the long trip back to Albury, the travellers gratefully accepted the local hospitality and around a blazing log fire, Fr Hartigan, who was a devotee of Banjo Paterson, recited one of his favourite poems, 'The Man From Snowy River'. After he had finished he casually remarked that surely it must have been in these parts that the man from Snowy River had his famous ride.

Imagine his surprise when the laconic reply came that the subject of Paterson's poem was no other than Riley, the old man whom he had just prepared for death.

Patrick Joseph Hartigan wrote two memorable books of poetry 'Around the Boree Log' and 'The Parish of St. Mels'.

CALLING TO ME by John O'Brien

Through the hush of my heart in the spell of its dreaming
Comes the song of a bush boy glad-hearted and free;
Oh, the gullies are green where the sunlight is streaming,
And the voice of that youngster is calling to me.

It is calling to me with a haunting insistence,
And my feet wander off on a hoof-beaten track,
Till I hear the old magpies away in the distance
With a song of the morning that's calling me back.

It is calling me back, for the dew's on the clover,
And the colours are mellow on mountain and tree;
Oh, the gold has gone gray in the heart of the rover,
And the bush in the sunshine is calling to me.

It is calling to me, though the breezes are telling
Gay troubadour tales to the stars as they roam;
For the tapers are lit in the humble old dwelling,
And the love that it sheltered is calling me home.

It is calling me home - but the white road lies gleaming,
And afar from it all must I tarry and dree;
Just an echo far off, in the hush of my dreaming,
Is the voice of a youngster that's calling to me.

Bush Poetry Irish Style at Narrandera NSW **THE ELEVENTH JOHN O'BRIEN BUSH FESTIVAL**

The NSW Riverina town of Narrandera is still buzzing with excitement over the success of its latest John O'Brien Bush Festival.

Held from 16th to 20th March, to coincide with St. Patrick's Day, the 2005 Festival was hailed by one and all as the biggest and the best organized in its eleven years. No stone was left unturned and the festival committee led by Julie Briggs of the Narrandera Tourism was swamped with compliments and congratulatory pats on the back for a job well done. It was the best.

The Narrandera Tourism Board was the winner of the Inland NSW Tourism Award in 2004 and this year far surpassed last year's efforts. Encouraged by last years success, the townspeople and business houses rallied further and with an influx of new and eager volunteers, and more generous sponsorship making 2005 the huge success that it really was and deserved to be.

The Country First Credit Union Ltd sponsored the increasingly popular Bush Poetry Performance Competition for the third time with a \$1,000 donation to be used as prize-money. In presenting cheques to the three place-getters, Country First representative, Lorraine Clarke stated how pleased Country First was to be able to sponsor such a popular, growing event, a highlight of the John O'Brien Bush Festival, indicating that they will be back next year. A larger venue has already been considered for 2006 to cope with the increasing audience numbers. Planning never stops in Narrandera.

Winner of the bush poetry competition was Gregory North of Linden NSW with a fantastic performance of the Dennis Kevans poem dealing with the destruction and redevelopment of many historic areas, 'Ah Brother, Have You Any Sacred Sites'. Following closely in second

place was Lisa Quast of Narrandera with an exceptionally heartfelt portrayal of the Janine Haig Poem, 'Not Gone'.

Vic Jeffries of Baulkham Hills NSW placed third, but was also the outright winner of the Jim Angel Memorial Trophy for Original Work with his poem 'What Price a Life'.

Owing to the large numbers of guests wishing to attend the Bush Poets Breakfasts, it has become necessary to hold no less than seven 'brekkies' throughout the festival, starting with a Business Houses Breakfast on the Thursday with host Frank Daniel. Others follow, with one on the Friday morning, and three on Saturday, and two on the Sunday.

These breakfasts are all held at 8am daily with different hosts allowing for visitors to rotate themselves between events. Host for the different breakfasts included Col Milligan, Geoffrey Graham, Neil Smith and Frank Daniel.

Two two-hour Walkup 'Meet the locals' get togethers are held in the

Narrandera Park on Thursday and Friday, with performances by Phillip Rush of Tasmania, Col Milligan of Benalla V. and Geoffrey Graham as well as a tribute to 'H' with bush poetry and song filled in other parts of the busy programme.

No John O'Brien Bush Festival would be complete without the presence of John O'Brien, the old master himself, re-incarnated in the guise of Noel Stallard from Brisbane. Noel's portrayal of John O'Brien is always exceptional, never failing to please, from his 'Around the Boree Log' luncheon to the 'Irish Luncheon' with Jo Hicks. Jo bringing to the festival a voice that has grown through a varied musical career, delighting festival goers at her many appearances. Bush Music, Bush Poetry, Concerts, Workshops, Art, Dancing and a big street parade leave nothing to be desired by visitors from as far afield as Western Australia, Brisbane, Melbourne and various parts of NSW.

Start planning for the John O'Brien Festival in 2006, you can't afford to miss it.

Frank Daniel

QUEENSLAND STATE CHAMPIONSHIPS

The North Pine Bush Poets will once again host the Queensland Bush Poetry State Championships.

In the absence of other interested groups, this will be the third year that North Pine has conducted the State Titles.

There's nothing like wearing out a willing horse and the group has expressed that perhaps some others might consider taking it on for next year.

The effort involved and the cost of running such a competition doesn't actually take any more work or money than their usual Camp Oven Festival does, and some of the North Pine members would be able and willing to give some advice if

needed.

It was hoped that the State Championships would be rotated each year and held in another centre, making the titles more accessible to poets living in different regions.

North Pine Bush Poets perform where the bush meets the city, with the sea not far away, in the North Pine Country Market with its delightful old buildings and rural atmosphere.

Camping is available right next to the venue with plenty of other accommodation available in the area.

The Camp Oven Festival will be held from the evening of Friday 19th August to Sunday 21 August, and there will be more details available in the next issue of the Newsletter.

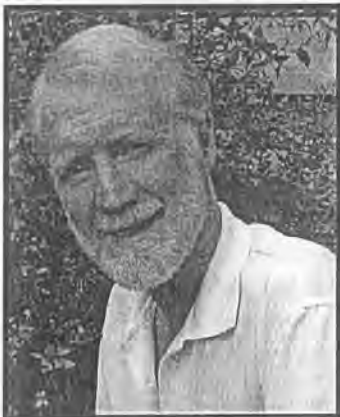
Anita Reed

From Mathematics to Bush Poetry

David Campbell's first serious venture into the world of writing came in the early 1990s when he was one of the authors of a series of senior maths textbooks for Victorian schools. That involvement came courtesy of his long-time role as Head of a mathematics department, but his main interest has always been poetry, prose, and the teaching of English. In 2001 he decided to "have a go" in the literary field and sent some topical verses in the style of C.J. Dennis off to the opinion page of The Age newspaper. To his surprise they were published, and attracted a very positive response.

That led to more articles (which continue to appear) and submissions to the many short story and poetry (in all its forms) competitions around the country. David's first bush poetry breakthrough came with the 2002 Eastwood/Hills FAW Boree Log Award and his love of this traditional style of verse has resulted in success in a number of other competitions since then.

David is married to Ellinor and they have three adult children. The writing bug has bitten seriously and David and Ellinor have just co-authored an illustrated poetry book



David Campbell

(called Simply Poetry!) for pre-school children which has been published by Tertiary Press. And David has contributed over sixty poems to two anthologies of performance poetry for primary and secondary children published by Kindamindi Publishing. One thing leads to another!

He's currently working as an education consultant in Melbourne and hopes to find time in the future to at-

tend some more of our bush poetry festivals. Last year he managed to get to Shepparton, Gilgandra and Euabalong and thoroughly enjoyed meeting other poets who had previously only been names in the ABPA Newsletter. "It's been a real eye-opener to see how much interest there is in bush poetry," says David. "The enthusiasm is tremendous...may it continue!"

First place in 2005 Vic. State written Championships

BRIDIE MAY

© David Campbell - Beaumaris Vic. 2005

In a lush green river valley where the Red Gums cast their shade
there's a weathered old stone chimney standing tall,
and on early summer evenings as the light begins to fade
I can hear the white-backed magpie's fluting call
drifting faintly through the silence on a whisper of a breeze
as the cloak of night falls softly on the land,
and the leaves begin to murmur in the language of the trees,
telling softly of the place in which I stand.

She came out from Northern Ireland when the famine took its toll,
met and married a young squatter in the town,
who then brought her to this valley, built a house upon a knoll,
and in 1851 they settled down.

They began to build a future in the rich dark river soil
where they laboured every day to make their mark...
ploughing, sowing and then harvesting the blessings of their toil
while out working in the sun from dawn till dark.

In the third year of their marriage she gave birth to Bridie May,
Joseph Patrick followed close within a year,
but while Joseph was a baby she walked out the door one day
and deserted everyone who held her dear.

No-one ever knew what happened, she was never seen again,
although rumours circulated now and then
of a white girl with the natives running wild out on the plain,
and the squatter felt the scorn of other men.

But he couldn't work the land now, not with children of that age,
so he packed all their possessions in a dray
and they headed for the township where he tried to earn a wage
as a farmhand cutting other people's hay.

And so Bridie May and Joseph spent a lot of time with "aunts",
but they never really stayed around for long,
and they seemed to have a language full of "won'ts" and "don'ts" and "can'ts",
so the children were quite often in the wrong.

Then the squatter spent his money on the whisky and the rum,
and he sent the children begging door to door
for a scrap of food, a hand-out, just the merest tiny crumb,
as they lived a life of squalor...hard and raw.

Until Bridie May at thirteen found a future on the streets
with the men who made their money digging gold,
while young Joseph started mixing with the card-sharps and the cheats
where he learnt to rob the drunks when they got rolled.

On a cold black night one August in a dirty backstreet lane
Joseph bashed a man who stumbled, swore and fell,
but discovered to his horror as the man cried out in pain
that his father's voice was damning him to hell.
So he took the broken body and went home to Bridie May
and he told her of the awful thing he'd done,
but they couldn't save their father...he just slowly slipped away...
and his final words were curses for his son.

At which Joseph walked out sobbing, overcome with guilt and shame,
and they found his body hanging from a tree...
then they buried son and father, although only Bridie came,
and she prayed to God to set their spirits free.
Then she took her father's Bible and she vowed to change her ways
with an oath to rise above the life she'd led,
so she took in dirty laundry and worked long, exhausting days,
but at least it kept her warmly clothed and fed.

Then a storekeeper came courting and he offered her his name,
and a chance to leave behind her sinful past,
so our Bridie May was married and soon rose above her shame
with a promise that she'd make this union last.
Over twenty years they prospered as their little business grew
and eleven healthy children came along,
then they moved out to a valley with a river winding through
where the Red Gums caught the magpie's lilting song.

So the generations followed in this lovely, tranquil place,
though the house has shifted further up the hill,
and as I stand here dreaming at the old stone chimney's base
I can hear their ghostly voices echo still...
as they tell the tragic story of the squatter and his wife,
and young Joseph and the price he had to pay.
But whenever I am musing on the past that gave me life
I am grateful for the strength of Bridie May.

NEW CLUB IN CHARLEE MARSHALL COUNTRY

Residents of the small Central Queensland township of Thangool are proud of the cricketer who put their town on the map in poetry circles and are determined to keep it there.

A couple of open meetings have brought together a group of successful performance and written poets, based in and around Thangool. A Writers and Reciters group has been established, as an arm for the locally acclaimed Thangool Amateur Players and Singers Inc (TAPS).

Participants are keen to run workshops, perform at various community events, help fundraise to upgrade the local hall, be seen at festivals and in competitions, and gen-

erally support one another.

The small group includes: Leanne Jeacocke (Musterbeenbloodygood Poetry Awards), Cory Jeacocke (Gladstone Harbour Festival Award), Kym Eitel (John O'Brien et al), Trevor Shaw (Queensland Country Life Award). Yet to be published, Tom Chalk, and local performer, Don Longbottom, have also attended meetings, with expressions of interest coming from Australian Balladeer finalist, Ashley Cook, Margie McArdle, Trent Jenkinson and Janet Hogan.

Contacts are Leanne Jeacocke, editor of this magazine, and Trevor Shaw 07 499581908 or trevshaw@tpg.com.au

Trevor Shaw

RAILWAYS COMPETITION

The Tamworth Poetry Group has been asked by The Heritage Futures Research Centre at UNE, Armidale to help conduct an exciting new Poetry Competition on Railways.

The development of the railways is an integral part of the history of Australia and many people are entranced by the romance of rail, from the early mighty steam engines to the exciting modern-day Ghan.

This year we are celebrating 150 years of rail in Australia. The Heritage Futures Research Centre, at the University of New England, Armidale NSW, is holding a National Railway Conference in Tamworth in September 2005, in conjunction with the opening of the first stage of the Australian Rail Monument and Museum at Werri Creek.

The Tamworth Poetry Reading Group, which runs the Blackened Billy Verse and The Country Energy Tamworth Bush Poetry Competitions in conjunction with The Tamworth Country Music Festival, has been asked to conduct a poetry competition that focuses on the themes of the past or the future of railways in Australia.

Poems may be written in any style and there is no entry fee. There are cash prizes for both the adult's and children's sections. Children are encouraged to illustrate their poems and these will be displayed during the Conference.

The competition closes 31st July 2005 and winners will be announced at the Conference, 28-30 September.

Entry forms with all details are available by sending a SSAE to Jan Morris, PO Box 3001, West Tamworth NSW 2340

Frank Daniel

VICTORIA BROWN

On the 26th December last, Karen Pidgeon, the State Administration Officer for Elders Webster Pty Ltd of Hobart Tasmania, posted a request for a 'lost poem' in the Lost Poetry section of the ABPA Website.

Karen was searching for the words of 'The Local Elders Man', author unknown, and the search was on. It was not until Tamworth Country Music Week this year that the site webmaster, Frank Daniel, heard Leanne Jeacocke of Thangool, reciting the poem at the Longyard Hotel. Leanne knew the author was Victoria Brown of Esperance WA, but little else.

More research followed until eventually Victoria was contacted and we found that her 'Elders man' was a finalist in the 2002 Asthma NSW Women's Weekly Bush Poetry Awards, which was won by Greg Scott of Moonan Flat NSW with his 'Mulligan's Mob'.

Victoria explained that she had had tremendous mileage out of 'The Local Elders Man', stating that whenever she performed the poem, she would be approached by many women who claimed similar circumstance happening to them, or variations on the theme.

She says 'there must be a good waiting list of men wishing to join Elders'. 'The Elders Man' can be found in this issue.

Victoria writes mainly for performance purposes and reckons she's not right into true bush poetry with good meter and rhyme, but she could have fooled us.

She says she loves the opportunities to turn good yarns into poems and performs quite often for Landcare Conferences, the Pastoralists and Graziers Association, Worksafe and others . . . but always in an amusing vein.

Victoria Brown can be heard weekly on the State Wide Rural ABC program, where she recites her poetry or chats about anything that tickles her fancy! She aims to make a CD one day, as she is so often asked if she has a recording of her work, but we'll have to wait a little longer for that one.

With her already busy schedule and commitments to her three children, the farm (85k east of Esperance), sailing, school committees and pony club....there's not a lot of time!!

Frank Daniel

The Local Elder's Man

By Victoria Brown, Esperance WA

When you're living in the country in the land of bush and scrub
And you're 20 k's from neighbours, another fifty from the pub
When you haven't seen a soul for days let alone a postman's van
Well, never fear, a visit's near, from your local Elder's Man
He's a cheerful friendly fellow with a twinkle in his eye
And he brings the daily papers and spare parts when he drops by
He's your link with civilization in your isolated spot
And when it comes to sights he's seen he hasn't missed a lot

When you're living miles from anyone you may think you're not observed
And a sense of false security makes you think you can't be heard
Your city sister daily may have visitors pop in
And so by eight she's looking great, the house like a new pin
For you by eight the kids are off, cows milked, you've fed the chooks
You've been so jolly busy you haven't cared about your looks
With hairy legs and daggy shorts, that funny little hat
Odd socks adorn your Rossi's - who the hell would fancy that?

But does it really matter? 'Cos there's no one there to see
Or so you thought till the Elder's Man calls unexpectedly
If he thinks "By God she's ugly - if I only had a gun"
He never shows it on his face - acting lesson number one
He never mentions unswept floors, or comments on the sink
The heavens and groans with breakfast plates that teeter on the brink
He understands that farmer's wives are busy all the time
And that when he sees you next in town, you'll be dressed up looking fine

Last summer, hot as hell, north wind blowing fit to bust
The chook bin stank, the house pump seized, I had to brave the dust
I stuffed the baby in the pram, and dragged the toddler out
The pram wheels jammed, the scraps tipped up, I began to yell and shout
I arrived exhausted at the shed to find the chooks were dead
"This God forsaken hell hole! Wish I lived in town instead!"
The wind roared loud. I cursed and swore, and fell and beat the ground
I failed to hear the Elder's Man had arrived without a sound

He bent down sympathetically and offered me a hand
I thanked him extricating from my mouth large gobs of sand
He said to me "Well, isn't this a bugger of a day?"
A glaring understatement, thought I, but didn't say
He put the children in his car, the toddler on his knee
And probably thought, "She ought to be in an infirmary!"
But nothing more was ever said, though there was worse to come
"WORSE?" - you say - much worse I fear, just listen to this one.

Two weeks later I decided it was time to mow the lawn.
The husband and the workmen had gone off at crack of dawn
I was alone and mowing hard and working up a sweat
So, I stripped off to my underwear to cool me down a bit
The engine throbbed, the sun shone hard - I thought "Oh what the hell
I don't want strap marks on my back!" - off came my bra as well.
Singing loud whilst working on my great all over tan
I mowed around the corner "BANG!" into the Elder's Man!!

I wish I had been calm and cool, and smiled and "G'day!"
Instead I screamed, blushed, clutched myself and swiftly ran away
With T-shirt and my shorts back on, I met him at the door
"I turned the mower off, love" was all he said. No more.
So when you're living in the bush, this advice put in its place
Expect the unexpected, or you'll end up losing face.
Prevent yourself from fits of passion and those weird quirks if you can
Or you'll get caught for certain by your local elder's Man!!

You can contact Victoria by email tvbrown@bigpond.com

Frank Daniel

Dear Jane

By Bessie Jennings, 2003

Dear Jane, I know I still owe you a letter
It's hard though, when I've got no news to tell.
I've had to have a hip and knee replacement;
But otherwise, the family's keeping well.

The kids are into basketball and cricket.
Young Johnny hopes to represent the state.
He's learning refereeing, while in prison.
He's missing home, but otherwise he's great.

Our Greg is due in court on Monday morning.
His girlfriend's taken out an A.V.O.
He says he loves her, but he lost his temper.
She's quite a nice girl, but you might say ~ slow.

Our Julie's six months pregnant. Who's the father?
She isn't telling, but I think I know.
I'm tipping that the child will be a redhead
With freckles, like the boy next door ~ young Joe.

Our Danny crashed the car on Friday evening.
We think he might have had too much to drink.
The cat had kittens last week ~ in the wardrobe.
It's time we took her to the vet I think.

Young Beryl likes to do a bit of cooking.
She burned the house down while we were away.
We're living in a caravan, quite cosy,
and hope to build another house, one day.

Remember my poor skinny niece, Young Wendy?
We all thought she would end up on the shelf.
She's married now, had triplets in September;
delivered them at home all by herself.

A cyclone hit our valley in October,
and sheets of iron blew across the street ~
decapitated one of Bill's prize turkeys
and cut the horns of our best cow, real neat.

Poor Bill has had to have a triple by-pass.
I think it's all the worry of the farm.
He has to have dialysis, twice weekly.
The doctor says there's no cause for alarm.

We used to have these really noisy neighbours.
We never got to know them, though we tried.
They're gone now, and the place is nice and quiet.
They say it was murder-suicide.

I'd better finish off and mail this letter.
I hope it finds you well, as we are here.
There isn't any news, love, so I'll close now
And wish you all a very happy year.

Appologies to Bessie for misspelling her name in the advertisement last issue. Bessie's book, "Grounded" and CD "The Best of Bessie" are available for \$11 each. Contact Bessie on 02 65845425 befrank@tsn.cc
Editor

BITS AND PIECES



NORTH PINE BUSH POETS' CONCERT - 14 MAY

North Pine Bush Poets' Concerts have had their highlights in the past. One was Gary Lowe dressed as a beautiful bride, so that when his veil was lifted, the audience gasped, laughed and then clapped. Another was when Jill Perren and Kevin Dean, according to a review in a local paper, had impeccable timing in a comedy act, when it was really a case of forgotten lines. We've had magic musical accompaniments to some poems, some weird costumes in acted-out poems, and lots and lots of fun. You have to expect the unexpected.
To book for the next one, phone (07) 3351 6332.



KYABRAM KAPERS

On Monday the 7th of February 45 members of the Kyabram Bush Verse Group gathered at Joan Hill's 'Old Bush Hut' to say farewell to Grahame and Janice Watt. The highlight of the evening was the presentation of a life membership certificate to Grahame and Janice, the first life members of our club which will be 10 years old this year. Grahame was our groups first president and the driving force behind its formation more than 10 years ago.

Grahame and Janice (Mr and Mrs Skew Wiff) left Kyabram at the end of February for their new home in Coffs Harbour. Kyabram has been 'home' to Skew Wiff for 76 years and his presence will be missed by many organizations around the area. All members of our group wish Grahame and Janice well in their venture 'up north' and hope that Coffs Harbour is ready for a Skew Wiff invasion.

The Kyabram Scribe



CHARTERS TOWERS FNQ

By now everyone should have plans set for the trip to Far North Queensland for the 2005 ABPA National Poetry Titles 2005 to be held in Charters Towers.

With the All Australian Jamboree commencing on the Saturday 23rd April and concluding with the Charters Towers Country Music Festival Friday 29th to Sunday 1st May the poetry events will begin on Tuesday 26th and carry through to the presentation on Thursday 28th April.

Noel Stallard, John Best, Ray Essery, Shirley Friend and John Major will be among the huge line up of award winning entertainers set to host this enormous event.

Q: What's Irish and sits on the verandah all year round?

A: Paddy O'Furniture!

* * WANTED * *

BUSH POETS

FOR NEW PUBLICATION

Author and Publisher Ian Hamilton is looking for some of Australia's established and emerging Bush Poets to feature in a new book that he intends publishing later this year.

All Bush Poets are invited to submit up to three poems any of which could be included in this proposed colour publication. All submissions should be of a humorous nature and if chosen will be accompanied by an editorial and picture of the relevant author.

Ian & his wife Fay have spent much of the last few years travelling Australia in their motorhome and are commencing their next trip in May. They hope to meet as many Bush Poets as possible dur-

ing their next journey, whilst compiling their publication.

Their last book, *Beaches, Bush Roads & Bull Ants* exceeded all expectations and had sold out its original print run.

The new book will be marketed throughout Australia and will hopefully promote the world of Bush Poetry to legions of new followers.

Ian can be contacted on 0412048400 or email to thehammies@bigpond.com. Submissions can also be forwarded to:

Ian Hamilton
PO Box 125
Suffolk Park NSW 2481

Good Sport A man in his 40's bought a new BMW and was out for an evening drive. The top was down, the breeze was blowing through what was left of his hair, and he decided to open her up. As the needle went over 120 km/h, he suddenly saw flashing blue lights behind him.

"There's no way they can catch a BMW," he thought and opened her up further. The needle hit 140, 160 ... then the reality of the situation hit him. "What the hell am I doing?" he thought and pulled over.

The cop came up to him, took his license without a word, and examined it. "It's been a long day, this is the end of my shift, and it's Friday. I don't feel like more paperwork, so if you can give me an excuse for your driving that I haven't heard before, you can go."

The bloke thinks for a second and says, "Last week my wife ran off with a cop. I was afraid you were trying to give her back."

"Have a nice weekend," said the officer.

Poets Breakfasts
Saturday & Sunday
mornings

YARRAWONGA/MULWALA
Murray Muster Festival 2005
AUSTRALIAN SONG, YARNS & BUSH POETRY
13th - 15th May 2005 at Mulwala Services Club.

**Total Prize Pool
Over \$3000**

Calling all Poets, Songsters and Actors

Yarrawonga~Mulwala Murray Muster will be holding a Variety Concert on Saturday 14th May commencing at 7pm. Geoffrey Graham will be the anchor man for this fun night. Graeme Johnston will also be involved and will be doing a short launch of his CD, "Lager, Laughs & Lies".

If you would like to perform in the show they would love to hear from you.

This would be a great opportunity for those with product to promote, who may wish to demonstrate further their entertainment skill. Please send back your expressions of interest ASAP as due to time restraints, it may not be possible to include all who volunteer.

Competition - There are many sections including YARN SPINNING (Prize Pool \$500), Traditional and Original Performance Poetry, Original and Other Song, Bush Comedy and Junior. As well as Junior and Open Written Poetry and a One Minute Poem (Draw for topic from Friday evening).

To be eligible to win the very prestigious title of **CHAMPION JILLAROO** or **JACKAROO** (with a total Prize Pool of approximately \$650 each and Perpetual Trophies), entrants need to compete in at least 3 of the sections from 1 to 7. There will be no finals. Highest aggregate wins.

CLOSING DATE
Performance Fri 29 April
Written Fri 1 April

JUDGES:-Carol Reffold,
Graeme Johnston,
Geoffrey Graham
+ other TBA

Conducted by:-
Mulwala Services Club
PO Box 19
Mulwala NSW 2647

Enquiries Entry Forms etc
(03) 5744 2331
marketing@mulwalaservices.com.au

POET'S CALENDAR OF EVENTS

Apr 1 - Closing date **KATHERINE COUNTRY MUSIC MUSTER** Written Comp
Apr 2 **DUNEDOO**. Great Dunny Classic. 02 6375 1975 More next issue
Apr 26-28 **CHARTERS TOWERS** 2005 National ABPA Championships
Feb 20-27 **NORFOLK ISLAND** Poetry in the Park Ph. 1800 140 066 or rebecca@travelcentre.nf
May 1 **KATHERINE COUNTRY MUSIC MUSTER** P.O. Box 8211, Bargara, Qld, 4670
May 13-15 **YARRAWONGA / MULWALA** Murray Muster Festival contact details
May 14 **NORTH PINE** Bush Poets Concert 7.30p.m. \$10 To book phone (07)3551 6332
May 26-29 **CASINO Beef Week** Poets Breakfast and Competition Phone Ray 02 6644 8285
May 28 Closing date **BUSH LANTERN AWARD** for Written Verse 2005 Bundaberg Poets Society
June 1 Closing date for **STUMPY AWARDS** written competition, Murray Bridge, SA Details page 10
June 17-19 **BEAUDESERT COUNTRY FESTIVAL** Contact Glenny 07 55432606 glennypalmer@dodo.com.au
June 27 **MT LARCOM** Poets Breakfast & Comp. SSAE Secretary Show Society. PO Box 49 Mt Larcom Q 4695
Jun 28 **QANTAS** Waltzing Matilda Competition. SSAE PO Box 120 Winton Qld. 4735
June 30 Closing date **BOREE LOG**
June 30 Closing date **NIMBIN** Agricultural and Industrial Society Poetry Competition Page 5
July 1-3 **BUNDY BUSH POETRY MUSTER** ph Sandy & John 07 41514631; Other contacts and info Page 8
July 11 Closing date **QLD STATE WRITTEN COMP** Details page 17
July 16 **BOWRAVILLE THEATRE** - Bush Poetry Soiree Ph 02 6546 7828 or 02 6568 5269
July 29-31 **MAREEBA FNQ** Bush Poetry Festival phone 07 4159 1868 or email thegrey@tpg.com.au
Aug 5-7 **MURRAY BRIDGE** Stumpy Awards SA State Bush Poetry titles email stumpy@lm.net.au
Aug 19-21 Qld State Championships, **NORTH PINE** Camp Oven Festival Ph. Anita (07)3343 7392 page 17
Sept 9-11 **INVERELL** "Celebration of the Outback" Contact Burt Candy ph: (02) 67 211127 Page 12
Sept 10-18 **WINTON** Waltzing Matilda Bush Poetry Festival
Sept 17-18 **FORSTER** NSW Poets Breakfast & Presentation of Award Students Written comp details page 12
Oct 7-9 **NSW STATE CHAMPIONSHIPS 2005 DORRIGO** ph. Murray 02-66572139
Nov 13 **WALLA WALLA** Heritage Festival Written comp den53@austarnet.com.au Ph. Erica 02 6039 2119

ATTENTION Event Organizers

Is your event missing? Please be sure to contact the editor and take advantage of **FREE** one line advertisements (approx 85 to 100 characters incl. spaces).

Check back page for advertising rates.

And **DON'T FORGET** to send a story and photographs after the show!

CONCRETE SOLDIER

© Heather Giles SA

You stand each day on the corner,
your rifle points to the ground
the wind and rain are beating.
yet still you utter no sound.

Your battles are now over;
the battlefields far away,
the people briefly pause to gaze
at the Honour Roll you proudly display.

You remind them of their fathers
of their husbands; of their sons,
who gave their lives for Freedom's sake
and fell victims to the enemy guns.

Little children look up in wonder
at this soldier so straight and tall:
Mother's study you closely
and brush away tears as they fall.

Returned soldiers regard you silently,
men don't cry, they say
you remind them of lost comrades,
those mates with whom they went away.

The guns of battles are now silent
the wreathes are withered and spent.
The soldier on the memorial
stands alone with his head still bent.

NSW STATE CHAMPIONSHIPS 2005 DORRIGO

October 7th-9th
ph. Murray 02-66572139

Find a lost Poem
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Poets Calendar and Regular Events
Free. Limited to one line only.
Copy regarding festivals and events
should be accompanied by a paid
advertisement. Where possible all
material should be emailed direct to
the Editor: jarby@cqnet.com.au

Please remit payment to the
Secretary

(See page 2 for address details)

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publications from the Secretary.
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Secretary
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ABPA Inc. BADGE

Have you got one
on your hat or Lapel?

Interstate Relations

Four blokes are driving cross-
country together, one from South
Australia, one from Tassie, one
from Queensland, and the last
one is from Victoria.

A bit down the road the Tasma-
nian starts to pull apples from his
bag and throws them out the win-
dow. The South Australian turns
to him and asks, "What the hell
are you doing?"

The Tasmanian says, "Mate, we
have so many of these damned
things in Tassie they're lying
around on the ground. I'm sick of
looking at them!"

A few miles down the road, the
South Australian begins pulling
bottles of wine from his bag and
throwing them out the window.

The Queenslander asks "What
are you doing that for?"

The South Australian replies,
"Man, we have so much of this
damn stuff in South Australia I'm
sick of looking at them!"

Inspired by the others, the
Queenslander opens the car door
and pushes out the Victorian.

"EKKA"

BUSH POETRY COMPETITION

is on again

GREAT PRIZE
MONEY

- ★ Traditional
- ★ Original
- ★ and Novice

SAT 13th AUGUST 2005

At the BRISBANE EKKA.

Contact Trisha Anderson

ph/fax (07) 3268 3624

email

trisha.spencer@bigpond.com.au

More Details next issue

BUSH POETRY SOIREE

Bowraville Theatre

High Street, Bowraville NSW

featuring

Bush Poet **BILL KEARNS &**

Singer **DIANE SANGER**

1.30 - 4.30 pm

Saturday 16th July 2005

Entry - \$8.00

Local and visiting poets welcome.

Devonshire teas, snacks, coffee
available from the Theatre Café

Bookings - Dorothy 02 6564 7828

Poetry enq. - Maureen 02 6568 5269

*A fundraiser for continuing
theatre restoration*



Bill Kearns