

The Australian Bush Poets Association Inc.

NEWSLETTER

Volume 12 No. 4

Aug - Sept 2005



ELEVENTH BUNDY MUSTER



Dean Collins Overall Champion

Bundaberg's eleventh Bundy Bush Poetry Muster was held on the week-end of July 1st, 2nd & 3rd. Forty-nine poets registered prior to the week-end but due to illness, floods, etc. six had to cancel at the eleventh hour.

Milton Taylor, Noel Stallard and Glenny Palmer entertained approx. 240 people at the concert on the Saturday night held at Across the Waves Sports Club while the variety concert on the Friday evening was a lot of fun with some patrons saying they hadn't laughed that much in years.

The level of poetry performed in the competition was of a very high standard and all poets should be congratulated on their efforts.

Dean Collins from Bargara was the Overall Champion Poet for the week-end. Poets travelled from Victoria, New South Wales and North Queensland to attend. To finish off a great week-end 40 poets and their partners were invited back to John & Sandy's place for a sausage sizzle and sing-a-long.

The winner of "The Bush Lantern Award for Written Verse 2005" was David Campbell of Beaumaris in Victoria with his poem entitled "**Homecoming**" (see p 10)

EKKA COMP

The Ekka or Exhibition (officially known as The Royal Queensland Show) is on again for 2005. Be one of more than 600,000 visitors to the Brisbane Ekka to see dozens of events and attractions including the annual EKKA BUSH POETRY COMP.

The Ekka is more than a traditional country show. It's a 10-day event that brings the best of the country to Brisbane City from Thursday 11th until Saturday 20th August.

Entries closed on July 13th with twenty-eight nominations for the coming EKKA COMP to be held at

the Stockmen's Rest at 9.00 am on Saturday 13th August as part of the Brisbane Royal.

Trisha Anderson will be coordinating the daily Bush Poetry at the EKKA where three or four poets will perform in eight twenty-minute sessions over the ten days of the exhibition in the Wool Pavilion.

Appearing at the Ekka will be Noel Stallard, John Best, Carol Heuchan, Melanie Hall, Jack Drake, Ron Liekefett, Gary Fogarty and Trisha Anderson.

Trisha has also been the convener of the **Palma Rosa Poets** held now for a number of years at 9 Queens Road Hamilton, Brisbane. Guest poets have been numerous, with many making repeat appearances.



Trisha Anderson

The next Palma Rosa will be on Wednesday 24th August following the Brisbane Show featuring Australian Ladies Champion Bush Poet, Melanie Hall from Townsville.

Give Trish a bell on
07 3268 3624

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

## **PRESIDENT'S REPORT**

Dear Members,

Currently I am back at the Editors desk  
following unforeseen circumstances that  
forced the retirement of Leanne Jeacocke  
who'd been holding the fort quite capably  
for the past eighteen months.

On Friday 24th June, Darren Jeacock, son  
of Leanne and Ian Jeacocke, suffered a broken  
neck in a cycling accident.

Cory, Leanne's 16 year old son tell us "About 5pm on Friday 24<sup>th</sup>  
June, exactly one month after his 21<sup>st</sup> birthday, Darren Jeacocke stacked  
his push bike at the Frenchville dirt jumps in Rockhampton and landed  
on his head, shattering his C4 vertebra and fracturing C5.

He could feel nothing below his upper chest or the middle of his bi-  
cep. Darren was flown to Princess Alexandra Hospital in Brisbane. He  
was able to breathe without assistance until 3am Saturday morning  
when a tube had to be inserted in his throat attached to a ventilator to  
rest his chest and aid breathing."

In an update on July 25th Leanne reported that "as far as recovery  
goes he's doing great - nothing plugged into him anymore, breathing all  
on his own. Looking at moving out of the "Acute" ward and into a regu-  
lar ward in the Spinal Unit.

As far as regaining movement goes, it's likely to be a very long recov-  
ery process. He has some movement in the left arm at the bicep and tin-  
gling in many areas, including the feet and legs but as current medical  
technology can do nothing to "repair" damage to the spinal cord, the  
doctors are not promising anything. From what we've read and what we  
see of others at this hospital overcoming similar injuries, it depends very  
largely on determination, support, prayer and positive thinking - all of  
which he has in abundance. We are confident of major advances over  
the coming months and Darren is determined to 'Ride the Redline in  
Rockhampton's Christmas parade'."

ABPA member Trevor Shaw of Thangool Queensland has started an  
appeal to help the Jeacocke family through this critical time. They don't  
have a lot and have recently moved from Thangool, and are now faced  
with these massive unexpected expenses.

Donations in envelopes marked 'Darren Jeacocke Appeal' can be for-  
warded directly to:

**Trevor Shaw PO Box 61 THANGOOL Qld. 4716**

All donations will be appropriately receipted, and monies received  
will be deposited into the Thangool Amateur Players and Singers Inc  
(TAPS) Commonwealth Bank Account, to be distributed via a TAPS  
cheque.

Trevor is getting together a goose club hamper for a local fund-raiser,  
so if members would prefer to donate products in lieu of dollars, they  
will be used as prizes and duly acknowledged. He hopes to get local  
poets together to run a camp-oven evening for when they do the goose  
club draw.

Leanne, Ian and Cory, I trust in the generosity of our readers and  
members and know that our prayers will be answered. Just keep on  
keeping on.

regards,

*Frank Daniel*





## HENRY LAWSON HERITAGE FESTIVAL 2005 REPORT

Once again the crooked streets of Gulgong played host to the annual Henry Lawson Heritage Festival run by the local Henry Lawson Society of NSW & sponsored by "The Land" Newspaper & Country Energy.

One of the Country's most sought after & prestigious set of Literary Awards the Ceremonies were once again held in the magnificent "Prince of Wales" Opera House.

Finalist in the Leonard Teale Spoken Word Award performed "Live" for the judges and the attentive crowd was also entertained by The Sydney Trade Union Choir and some of Australia's best Bush Poets, Geoff Sharp, Noel Stallard, Ray Essery & John Major.

The Sunday Poet's Brekky was a lively affair hosted by Bob Cummins & the Hunter Bush Poets who also performed at various venues around the town over the course of the long-weekend.

One of the major productions for the Festival was the inclusion of the 23 strong "Henry Lawson in Song & Verse" troupe from Sunny Qld who showcased a broad range of Lawson's work in fine voice & traditional verse.

Internationally renowned Artist Donna Gilbertson ran workshops, There was a Street Parade, Market Stalls, Town Heritage walking tours, Old time dancing, Pipe Bands, A local food fair, Picnic Races, a screening of the Silent Film Classic "The Sentimental Bloke" & much much more.

As the tourist pamphlet said, **"Gulgong-More than History!"**  
Graeme Johnson.

## National Poetry Week:

National Poetry Week 2005 will be celebrated from Friday 9 September to Sunday 18 September.

On behalf of the convenor, Jayne Fenton Keane from Brisbane, and the Poets Union in Sydney, Bush Poets from all round Australia are invited to join other poets in celebrating the event.

People are invited to join in by holding readings and performances, by persuading libraries to display

poetry books, by asking schools to promote the reading and writing of poetry during the week, by urging local radio stations to broadcast some poetry and/or to interview some poets, or in any other way.

As a writer of contemporary poetry, I have few contacts in the bush poetry community. I would be grateful if you could publicise the week through your newsletter.

Regards, Norm Neill  
[info@poetsunion.com](mailto:info@poetsunion.com)

## HENRY LAWSON HERITAGE FESTIVAL AWARDS RESULTS 2005

### Leonard Teale Memorial Spoken Word Award.

1<sup>st</sup>: Graeme Johnson \$1000  
2<sup>nd</sup>: Carolyn Eldridge-Alfonzetti \$400

3<sup>rd</sup>: Ron Stevens \$200

### ADULT LITERARY AWARD

1<sup>st</sup>: John Roberts \$400

2<sup>nd</sup>: John Roberts \$100

3<sup>rd</sup>: Alan Buggy (Book prize)

### ADULT SHORT STORY

1<sup>st</sup>: Cheryl Rogers \$400

2<sup>nd</sup>: Joe Backshall \$100

3<sup>rd</sup>: Heather Bird (Book Prize)

### STUDENT SHORT STORY

1<sup>st</sup>: Isobel Moore

2<sup>nd</sup>: Charlotte McKenzie

3<sup>rd</sup>: Marissa Behrens

### STUDENT POETRY

1<sup>st</sup>: Mereana Tiopira

2<sup>nd</sup>: Kimberley Hancock

Did you hear that a survey has been carried out amongst 500 women in London as to whether they would have sex with Shane Warne. Seventy-five per-cent of them said 'never again!'

<<<O>>>

A man's got to do what a man's got to do.

A woman must do what he can't.

<<<O>>>

A man's knowledge can never outweigh his experience.

<<<O>>>

Ever notice how a 4 year-olds voice is louder than 200 adult voices?

<<<O>>>

Do Lipton's employees stop for a Coffee Break?

<<<O>>>

Their marriage was a love match pure and simple. She was pure and he was simple.

<<<O>>>

## Dates to Remember:

SA State Championships & Stumpy Awards 6/7th August

Ekka Bush Poetry Bris. 13th August

North Pine 19-20th August

Inverell 9-11th September

Winton 14-18th September

Hampton Bush Poetry 17th Sept.

Euabalong Long weekend October

NSW State Championships Dorrigo 7th - 9th October



## Gregory North is Fully Sick Mate!

A resident of the Blue Mountains, Gregory North is a relative newcomer to Bush Poetry but has found writing and performing verse to be a great source of enjoyment as he continues to search for what he wants to be when he 'grows up'.

Since his first performance in 2003 he has received great encouragement from fellow poets and is

now a regular at many Bush Poetry events. Gregory's quirky humour and obvious gift for entertaining are apparent whenever he takes the stage. He also has a wonderful gift for accents, which makes him unique among bush verse entertainers.

Bush Poetry is now a big part of Greg North's life. He performs regularly, has just recorded his first album, and presents the Blue Mountains Community Radio program "Bush Verse, Comedy & Worse" on BLU FM 89.1 alternate Mondays from 10:00 till midday.

Along the way Gregory has won many awards including the Mt Kembla Mining Heritage Award 2004, the Murray Muster Festival open section 2005, the 2005 John O'Brien Festival Poetry Competition and two sections of the Southern Highlands Festival of Australian Bush Poetry in 2004. He was also Overall Winner at the Man From Snowy River Bush Festival, Corryong 2004.

Australian Bush Poets Association President, Frank Daniel, calls Gregory North a 'great new talent' and writer entertainer producer Jim Haynes says, 'Greg is the most original talent to appear on the Bush Poetry scene for a long time. I heard him perform just once and immediately offered to produce an album of his work.'

The Album Gregory North is Fully Sick Mate is a great introduction to the many moods and voices of this talented performer. Produced by Jim Haynes, the album contains 14 tracks, which provide listeners with a wide variety of humorous, original poetry featuring an amazing range of accents. There are also four traditional poems as well as a serious and stirring Gregory North original, The Murray, Mate.

From the serious, to the funny, to the really ridiculous, there's something for everyone in this collection. This talented man of many voices might just change the way you think about Bush Poetry.

## NOMINATIONS BOARD OF DIRECTORS FOR 2006

The Annual General Meeting of the Australian Bush Poets Association will take place on Saturday 28th January, 2006 at St. Edwards Hall, Hillvue Street, Tamworth at 1.45 p.m. and elections will be held for the positions of President, Vice-President, Secretary, Treasurer, three committee members and five State sub-committee representatives.

### POSITION OF EDITOR

As of the 25<sup>th</sup> of June 2005 the position of Editor was vacated by Leanne Jeacocke, due to unforeseen circumstances. The Association is looking for a person interested in undertaking the position of Editor. If you have the enthusiasm, but are unsure of the requirements, please contact me on email or phone for more details. The Association has several very experienced past edi-

tors and members who could give assistance to a new editor. I propose, by motion, to call for nominations at the A.G.M for the position of Publicity Officer, who I believe, would assist greatly with the submissions of stories, poems, reports and general interest items reaching the Editor.

### NOTIFICATION

In accordance with Rule 15 for Incorporated Associations, nominations are requested for the election of Office Bearers of the Association, therefore, would any members interested in standing for election to these positions please complete a nomination form. A copy of the nomination form is enclosed. A proxy voting form is available on the reverse side. Additional nomination forms or proxy forms may be obtained by contacting the Secretary.

A list of nominees will be published along with agenda items for the A.G.M. in the December edition of the newsletter. Please return nomi-

nation forms by the 30<sup>th</sup> October, 2005. Any member with agenda items should also return them to the Secretary by 30<sup>th</sup> October, 2005. Edward Parmenter - Secretary  
1 Avenue Street Coffs Harbour  
2450  
mailto:edandmarg@hotmail.net.au

## Election of Officers

In accordance with rule 15 for incorporated Associations, nominations are requested for the election of Office Bearers of the Association, and ordinary members of the committee. As discussed at the last A.G.M. a representative from each state body is required.

(a) Nominations must be in writing, signed by two members of the association and accompanied by the written consent of the candidate.

(b) Must be delivered to the Secretary of the Association at least 21 days before the date fixed for the holding of the Annual General Meeting at which the election is to take place.

(c) Nomination and proxy forms are available on request.

## GONE FISHIN'

Old Bob and Ron  
                    had been mates for years,  
Regular fishing was their game,  
And so, over a couple of beers,  
They dreamt of Barra' they would tame.

A trip to the gulf was duly planned,  
the wild hunt was now in their blood.  
So they went, - rods, reels -  
                                    and food all canned,  
before the rivers were aflood.

But fate then played its' horrible hand,  
When Ron had a big one on hook.  
Something for which they  
                                    couldn't have planned,  
- It was his heart that took him crook.

Bob used first aid, but a Doc he's not,  
Mouth to mouth and massage he tried,  
But Ron was finished - he'd had his lot,  
And on the muddy bank he died,

Now, the nearest town was days away,  
And the sun was blistering hot,  
And Bob knew that in only a day  
A body would certainly rot.

He looked at Ron and pondered a bit  
And thoughts he had most alarming,  
For as flies flew in from miles around  
He had ideas of embalming.

He used an old tarp to lay Ron out  
'cos his mate was getting all stiff  
and of urgency he had no doubt  
as dingoes and crows got a whiff.

© Maurie O'Brien SA

He toiled away in the blazing sun,  
Doing all that a mate could do,  
And when finally the job was done,  
It was off to the town he flew.

At a hellish speed he was bumping  
Over the dry and dusty track  
With a tarped up bundle a jumping  
From side to side there in the back.

While at this pace he was travelling,  
As he fought each torturous skew,  
The old tarp began unravelling  
And bits of Ron were showing through.

So time and again he'd stop on route,  
Wiping tears from his grimy face  
And jump on Ron with his size ten boots  
To force stiffened bits back in place.

Then on he sped in a cloud of dust,  
'til at last he arrived in town  
and in front of the local copper,  
he gently laid the body down.

"It's me mate he said, he up and died,  
Out back in the blistering sun,  
I've bundled him up and brought him in,  
And it's taken two days", he cried.

"Give me a break" the cop cried aloud,  
He'll stink - and he's probably burst",  
"Nah, I thought of that"

                                    said Bob real proud,  
"So I gutted the bugger first".

## DUNEDOO WINNERS

### Written competition

1. Dean Trevaskis Qld.  
'Cutting Coal'
2. David Campbell Vic  
'Aftermath of War'
3. Carol Heuchan NSW  
'Keepsakes'

### Junior

1. Roger Knight
2. Megan Knight
3. Gabrielle Spooner

### Novice

1. Maggie Deaves.
2. Patricia Gentle
3. Nan Bennett

### Original Serious

1. Carol Heuchan
2. Kathy Edwards
3. Ted Webber

### Original Humorous

1. Carol Heuchan
2. Kathy Edwards
3. Dan O'Donnell

### Traditional

1. Caol Heuchan
2. Gary Lowe
3. Cay Fletcher

### Dunedoo Theme

1. Gary Lowe
2. Carol Heuchan
3. Ellis Campbell

**Great Dunny Classic** –  
Best single performance  
of the competition.  
Gary Lowe



Hi Leanne,

I read with interest your editorial in the recent newsletter. You do a great job with it and I am sorry that it isn't as easy a task as it would be if more people sent their contributions to you.

Perhaps they are daunted by the fact that prize winning poems are printed and they may feel that

their humble contributions would not stand up to scrutiny.

Despite that, I decided to send in this very short poem in case you can use it for your next newsletter.

It was written in response to a subject chosen for our monthly homework of the BBB's.

....Regards.....Pamela Fox

## EMPTY OLD CHAIR

© Pamela Fox May 2005

Little old man on a weather worn chair,  
Craggy-like features and snowy white hair;  
Spends all his days on the porch; all alone,  
I see him each day as I rush past his home;  
Brief morning greeting is all that we share,  
I'd talk to him longer, had I time to spare.

Little old man, he is no longer there,  
I see on his porch just an empty old chair;  
I feel such remorse that I didn't slow down  
To hear of his life, how he'd come to our town;  
How many great stories had he in his head?  
They'll never be written and never be read.



## FROM ELLIS CAMPBELL

Although writing is much more my line than performance, I love to attend poetry festivals and take part in performance poetry. Regardless of results it gives me great pleasure to catch up with wonderful friends I might only see once or twice per year.

There is, however, one aspect that concerns me - and I am aware that this complaint has been aired before. I wish to add my voice to this ongoing wrong that festers like a seething canker. To perform another poet's work without permission or acknowledgement is rather pathetic. To allow the audience to assume one has written that poem is despicable.

Poems like Murray Hartin's *Turbulence*, the late Bobby Miller's *The Will*, Carolyn Eldridge-Alfonzetti's *The Ballad of Rosie McGrear*, Bob Magor's *Who Gives The Bride Away*, Veronica Weal's *The Breaker's Tale*, Jack Drake's *The Cattle Dog's Revenge*, Neil Carroll's *A Letter To An Only Son*, Marco Gliori's *Granny And The Snake* are the kind that become a target.

These authors are talented enough to come up with something that captures the written or performance (as the case may be) judge's attention and finds immediate rapport with the audience. Poets of far less ability like to bask in

the glory. Everyone wants to have a go at performing that **particular poem**.

It is wrong to take a popular poem and begin performing it without permission or acknowledging the true author. After this poet has performed the poem four or five times without acknowledging the author it is natural for the audiences to assume he/she has written that poem.

What an injustice, Terry Regan is a shining example of how it should be done. Terry always seeks permission before attempting another's poem, does a first class job of the performance, acknowledges the author at both beginning and end of the poem and shares the spoils with the author should he win money. He even goes beyond that by carrying the author's cards to give to interested persons, thus directing sales of the author's product. He is a perfect example of what Bush Poetry is all about.

Sometimes a third person can be affected by this unhealthy act of piracy. I recall one particular competition where Terry was organised to do a certain poem by a well-known author and a pirate did a poor performance of the same poem before Terry's turn came. What happens then? People say, "I don't want to hear that bloody thing again," and take the opportunity to go for a drink or outside for a smoke.

I spent seven years trying to locate Arthur Green to get his per-

mission to perform *The Light Horse*. I know I could have performed that poem right through those years and the chances are Arthur might never have known, but I could not be comfortable with that. I did run this great writer to earth eventually, and renewed a friendship that had been waning for fifteen years. He was very happy to grant me permission to perform this lovely poem.

I do not have much reason to personally complain in regard to this matter, only twice having caught someone performing my work without permission.

On each occasion it was one not a member of ABPA and probably doing it more through ignorance than intending any harm.

The first fellow really murdered the poem and freely admitted that he had no idea who wrote it!

The second bloke did acknowledge my authorship and did a far better job than I do myself - but he did not seek my permission. Poets that do my stuff quite regularly, like Jan Facey and Colin Carrington, for example, are wonderful.

They always ring me to ask permission to do a certain poem at a particular venue. It is always my pleasure to grant them permission unless I am performing in the same **competition** myself or have granted previous permission to another poet to perform the poem at that competition, as has happened a couple of times.

ELLIS CAMPBELL.

### A WEEKEND OF FUN AT DORRIGO

Come along to the Annual

## DORRIGO BUSH POETS ROUNDUP

and the

## NSW BUSH POETRY STATE CHAMPIONSHIPS

7<sup>th</sup>, 8<sup>th</sup> & 9<sup>th</sup> October, 2005

7<sup>th</sup> A FUN EVENING! MEET THE POETS

8<sup>th</sup> THE "CREAM OF THE CROP" STATE CHAMPIONSHIPS

9<sup>th</sup> RELAX AT THE POETS BREAKFAST

PLUS JUNIOR COMPETITION AND AWARDS

DON'T MISS OUT!!

Further information? - Phone Murray - 02 6657 2139

Visit the Australian  
Bush Poetry Website





## MATTER of ETHICS

(Addressed to  
The Hunter Bush Poets)

acknowledge my intellectual property when performing it. I hope this is an innocent mistake but, either way, the result is the same – I am not being given due credit for my poem and my authorship is being challenged.

Dear Members,

Over the June long weekend I attended the Leonard Teale Memorial Performance Poetry Awards held in Gulgong as two of the ten finalist places. I ask you to imagine how upset I was when, shortly before I had to get up on stage before several hundred audience members and the panel of judges to perform my second piece, one of your members questioned me, in front of others, as to where my first piece 'The Ballad of Rosie McGreer' had been published, told me he had heard it before, and mentioned it in association with 'a friend' of his - a fellow Hunter Bush Poets member.

Instantly, I told this man the name of the person I thought he was alluding to and explained that several years ago Frank Daniel, the Australian Bush Poets Association president, had contacted me to tell me he had heard that this person was performing the poem in question as his own. Mr Daniel, knowing that I was runner-up in the 2001 Asthma NSW Bush Poet of the Year Competition with this poem — which had subsequently been published in The Australian Woman's Weekly — asked me how this could be. Of course, I was devastated by any suggestion of plagiarism and quickly responded by furnishing Mr Daniel with evidence of my authorship. Mr Daniel then published 'The Ballad of Rosie McGreer' in the A.B.P.A. newsletter giving me my due credit.

I had assumed this action on the A.B.P.A president's part would put this matter to rest, but unfortunately it seems mud sticks. Alternately, my poem is still being performed under someone else's name, or they are simply failing to

I noted that **not** all people who recited poems as entertainment at Gulgong during the Henry Lawson Heritage Festival acknowledged the writers of the pieces they performed.

Some of these performers weren't reciting their own poems, but several of my friends assumed they were. Surely, giving credit to writers is a basic matter of courtesy, let alone one of legality with regards copyright.

I would like to state that I would never take credit for someone else's intellectual property. I am very proud of my writing and, although not prolific, have achieved considerable success with my short stories, poems and articles through sheer hard work and a certain sense of perfectionism. I am also respected enough in writing circles to be called upon to act as a judge in literary competitions. Quite frankly, I have no need to steal other people's ideas and am sickened by the suggestion that I may have.

Perhaps what upsets me most is that, if one person approached me with this upsetting allegation, perhaps there were dozens more in the audience when I performed *thinking* the same thing.

I would like this matter settled once and for all, although I feel irreparable damage has already been done to my reputation, and I request from your group a written reply to this letter.

Yours sincerely,

Carolyn Eldridge-Alfonzetti  
cc. Mr. Frank Daniel - A.B.P.A. president.

### Glen Innes Lions Club Land of the Beardies Festival Free Community Breakfast & Bush Poets Competition For the Colin Newsome Trophies Sunday 13<sup>th</sup> November

King Edward Parklands  
9.00am

**Prize Money**  
**\$1,200.00**

(Inside venue if raining)

**WRITTEN SECTION**

**Closing date 21<sup>st</sup> October**

**Open Original**

Serious / Humorous

**Classical**

Poems Older than 1950

**Contemporary**

Post 1950 non original

**Entry Fee \$5.00**

**Junior Encouragement Award**  
**Nominations close 4<sup>th</sup> Nov.**

Walk up Poets accepted on the day.

Neville Campbell - Secretary

PO Box 182 Glen Innes 2370

02 6732 2663

e:nevillecampbell1@hotmail.com



### Engagement

The Engagement has been announced between Carmel Dunn of Warwick Qld. and Adam Wooding of Carrara on the Gold Coast.

Congratulations from the executive and members of the ABPA.

## The Rhymer from Ryde

### LAGER, LAUGHS & LIES

Popular versifier Graeme Johnson has just released his new CD of "Aussie" Bush Poetry on Pat Drummond's Shoestring Records label.

The "Rhymer from Ryde's" second CD is presented "Live", a forum that best suits the Bush Poet's art.

It contains 15 tracks with a strong emphasis on humour and combines poetry, yarn-spinning and joke telling in the true traditional style of the masters.

The CD contains no less than seven award winning pieces including "Faces on the Wall" (a stirring

presentation of the Anzac legend) which won the **Banjo Paterson Bush Poetry Competition in 2004.** & "Calamari Capers" which won the **Leonard Teale Spoken Word Award 2005.**

Other tracks include "Only a Freesia for Henry" (a poem about the life of Henry Lawson) and a moving rendition of grief on his father's death "Have you seen my Dad?".

Comedy is well represented with the original tracks "Oops" (about the perils of golfing), 50/50 (the foibles of old age), the "Blonde" poems (a series on the stunner who lives next door), & "Calamari Capers" (funny things that happen in the pub).

"Lager, Laughs & Lies" is available through Shoestring Records or Graeme - (\$25 plus p&h)

Ph. Shoestring Records on 02 4788 1157 - Ph Graeme 0419 415 137  
Graeme can be contacted for performances on 0419 415 137  
TheRhymerfromRyde@bigpond.com  
www.therhymerfromryde.com



### The Old Verandah Chair

© Carolyn Eldridge-Alfonzetti - March 2003

So many years I've shared this woman's life;  
rocked countless hours where homestead meets red dust  
and rippled roofing iron, once newly nailed,  
now leaks — all laced with cobweb strands and rust.

I've been with her for over sixty years;  
a blushing bride with little cash to spend  
she proudly brought me home and set me here.  
Since then, I like to think I've been her friend.

I've rocked her through adulthood's highs and lows  
and all those 'every days' that fell between  
to form the background of her tapestry —  
each thrill and sorrow stitches unforseen.

I soothed her through the early days back when  
a lonely, isolated rural wife,  
she ached for friends and loved ones far away  
and rocked whilst dreaming of a different life.

I held her while she nursed her newborn son  
and crooned to him those soft, low lullabies  
as crickets chirped their night songs in the dark  
and joy shone bright as stars in her young eyes.

I listened as her man and she first talked  
about that curse I came to know as 'drought'.  
I watched their eyes survey the dry, cracked earth  
and heard, within her voice, that note of doubt.

But he was right, it couldn't last for good;  
in time the crops would flourish once again.  
And I was there the day she sat for hours,  
quite mesmerised, and simply watched it rain.

Two daughters came and then another boy,  
and soon four teenage bodies filled their home.  
My aging joints would creak on Friday nights  
she'd wait and read until each one came home.

I worried for her when her husband died  
and one by one the children left her nest.  
So many nights she'd shun her lonely bed  
to sit with me and rock in lieu of rest.

Those first few years were hard for her to bear  
but time *does* heal, and gently eased her pain.  
A grandchild came to sway upon her knee  
and, slowly, she began to laugh again.

For twenty years she kept this place alone.  
Now, paintwork peels and fences lean down low.  
Her old heart breaks to see its disrepair  
and knows the time has come to let it go.

A breeze blows through the old verandah posts  
and, knowing how she was within her prime,  
I wonder what my friend's reliving now  
as we rock here, together... one last time.



## Graeme Johnson

"The Rhymer from Ryde" is a wonderfully eargrabbing Bush Poet & "stretcher of the truth" who has been involved in the Folk scene for about 10 years now.

His performances are renowned for their vibrancy, humour & heartfelt emotion and in the true larrikin tradition his reciting covers everything from the silly to the serious, Traditional to Contemporary. No slouch with Original work either Graeme has amassed over 80 prizes for his written & spoken work and has been included in 16 Anthologies of "Aussie" Bush Poetry.

He is also much sought after as an Mc in his own right and his standing in the Bush Poet's fraternity has seen him judge at major events like the NSW, SA & VIC Championships.

His love of the art has also seen him branch out into promoting Bush Poetry, working for many years now on the Committees of Festivals such as the Galston & Sth Coast Country Music Festivals to name a few (organizing their respective poetry functions).

He has been booked to perform at major Festivals all over the Country including events like the Tamworth Country Music Festival, Man from Snowy River Festival & Maldon Folk Festivals (VIC), National Folk Festival, Brisbane Show & many many more.

He recently won one of the

Country's most prestigious spoken word awards "The Leonard Teale Memorial Spoken Word Award" (held as part of the Gulgong Henry Lawson Festival) which carried a \$1000.00 first prize cheque.

At the end of last year he also won the National "Banjo Paterson

Writing Awards" for Bush Verse as well.

He has released 2 books, 2 cassettes & 2 CD's, the latest of which, "Lager, Laughs & Lies-Live" has just been released on Pat Drummond's Shoestring Records (02) 47881157. \$25 (plus p&h)

## Beaudeserts 2005 Poetry Week-End

© Pamela Fox

When poets get together then new friendships they are born  
Endurance pills and vitamins won't stop the weary yawn  
That projects forth when all's complete and competition's done  
For sleeping it ranks lowly when bush poets meet for fun.

On Friday night at Glenny's we were totally amazed  
At all the work the Palmers did - their dunny it was praised  
The redback on the toilet wall - and warming fires abound -  
The earth works and 'Chernobyl Swamp' and sawdust scattered round

The fun around the campfire, the great music, poems and jokes  
They made it unforgettable for all the girls and blokes  
The dancing wolf with glowing eyes, the magic man as well  
Made sure we all had many tales of this event to tell.

The Saturday Bush Brekky saw the Goodall Boys in town  
And everyone got many laughs, I didn't see a frown;  
The competition then began with records being broken  
The judges working very hard assessing what was spoken

Some beaut new poems and clever folk had their minute of fame  
But somehow all the judges seem to have missed out my name  
But I'll be back you can be sure for bush verse is such fun  
And poet pals make it worthwhile when competition's done.

We then returned to see the experts stage their evening show  
By then I felt so weary, my reactions were quite slow  
But laughter is a pick-me-up - I couldn't get to sleep  
That's why I'm really jiggered and have fallen in a heap.

By nine o'clock this morning we were spruiking in the park  
Regaling folks with poetry, an odd joke for some spark  
But then the rain came 'mizzling' down - an answer to our prayer  
For drought has ravished these here parts and laid the paddocks bare.

You'll notice I have not named names, my memory is shocking  
And if I missed out anyone, the boat I would be rocking,  
But let me say to everyone who helped to make things flow  
That you will be rewarded 'up in heaven', don't you know.

So let us give a great big cheer for Al and Glenny too  
And all their many friends, the ones who helped to built the loo,  
The ones who judged the poetry and kept the records straight  
The ones who entertained us all and kept us up so late.

We hope you will return again to Beaudesert next year  
By then I will have caught up on my sleep so have no fear  
That there will be good times ahead for all who join the fun  
When Beauy's Festival and Poets Competition's run.

(The rain was a cross between mist and drizzle -  
it hadn't amounted to much at the time.)

### Ask a friend to become a financial member of the Australian Bush Poets Association Inc.

From October, new people joining our ranks will receive bonus membership through to December 2006 for the price of an annual subscription.

Please support the ABPA and help keep our heritage alive through bush poetry.

**BUNDABERG  
RESULTS**

**Bush Lantern Award**  
for bush verse 2005

1<sup>st</sup> David Campbell  
2<sup>nd</sup> Max Merchenschlager  
3<sup>rd</sup> Ron Stevens  
HC Arthur Green  
HC Ron Stevens  
HC Joyce Alchin

**Overall Champion Poet**  
Dean Collins

**Open Traditional – Men**

1st Dean Collins  
2nd Lynden Baxter  
3rd John Best

**Open Traditional –  
Women**

1<sup>st</sup> Jean Lindley  
2<sup>nd</sup> Jan Facey  
3<sup>rd</sup> Suzanne Honour

**Open Original – Women**

1<sup>st</sup> Anita Reed  
2<sup>nd</sup> Jean Lindley  
3<sup>rd</sup> Jan Facey

**Open Original – Men**

1<sup>st</sup> Gregory North  
2<sup>nd</sup> Dean Collins  
3<sup>rd</sup> Paddy O'Brien

**Open Modern – Men**

1<sup>st</sup> Dean Collins  
2<sup>nd</sup> Paddy O'Brien  
3<sup>rd</sup> Gregory North

**Open Modern – Women**

1<sup>st</sup> Laree Chapman  
2<sup>nd</sup> Anita Reed  
3<sup>rd</sup> Jean Lindley

**Novice Traditional**

1st Stewart Law  
2<sup>nd</sup> Eddie Budgen  
3<sup>rd</sup> Jill Perren

**Duo Performance**

Winners: Jill Perren &  
Suzanne Honour

**Novice Modern**

1<sup>st</sup> Jill Perren  
2<sup>nd</sup> Eddie Budgen

**Yarn Spinning**

1<sup>st</sup> Gregory North  
2<sup>nd</sup> Ellis Campbell  
3<sup>rd</sup> Ron Selby

**Dark & Stormy Cup**

1<sup>st</sup> Dean Collins  
2<sup>nd</sup> Harry Donnelly  
3<sup>rd</sup> Ron Liekefett

**Novice Original**

1st Stewart Law  
2<sup>nd</sup> Jill Perren

3<sup>rd</sup> Joan Lane - **Intermediate Traditional** 1<sup>st</sup> Suzanne Honour 2<sup>nd</sup> Maurie Foun 3<sup>rd</sup> Eddie Budgen -

**Intermediate Original** 1<sup>st</sup> Maurie Foun 2<sup>nd</sup> Mary Hodgson 3<sup>rd</sup> Stewart Law

**HOME COMING**

© David Campbell – Beaumaris V.  
(Winning Poem,  
2005 Bush Lantern Award - Bundaberg)

My Dad went off to fight a war  
and left my Mum and me;  
he said that he was duty-bound  
to keep our country free.

We watched him marching  
through the town,  
his head held high and proud,  
with all the other volunteers...  
we cheered them long and loud.

A final wave, the train pulled out  
and vanished down the track.  
My father went to fight a war...  
but someone else came back.

One April eve in autumn's haze  
when three long years had passed,  
I rode in from the lower field  
as daylight breathed its last.  
And there upon the homestead path  
a stranger walked alone,  
with shuffling gait and vacant stare...  
a man I'd never known.

My mother wept and held him close,  
but I kept well away,  
for in those eyes was winter's chill...  
so bleak and cold and grey.

A gentle man had left our home,  
a man in love with life,  
but now this stranger, grim and hard,  
returned to son and wife.  
He hit the dogs, he cursed the world,  
he used his belt on me...

I hid away, became a ghost  
this stranger could not see.  
My mother tried to catch his mood,  
to bring him back again,  
but nothing that she said or did  
could ease his inner pain.

He sat and drank the whole day through,  
just staring into space,  
but all the thoughts that warped his mind  
were caught behind a face  
that never showed a hint of love,  
or hate or joy or fear...  
a pale stone mask was all we saw  
as months became a year.



My mother rarely left the house,  
too overcome with shame;  
I thought her friends might try to help,  
but no-one ever came.

Perhaps they, too, were trapped by grief  
as men came back from war...  
a host of husbands, brothers, sons  
who'd left some foreign shore  
rejoicing they were still alive,  
but deaf and dumb and blind,  
all haunted by the battlefield  
they thought they'd left behind.  
And so his pain was ours as well,  
we carried it around...  
a heavy cloak that stifled love  
and muffled every sound.

I worked the land as I had done  
the years he was away.  
My mother said: "It's up to you...  
there's no more I can say."  
While he just sat and drank his beer,  
imprisoned in a cage  
that had no window, walls or door...  
just silent, burning rage.  
He seemed to fade before our eyes,  
consumed by fires within  
that stripped the flesh from brittle bones  
and ravaged fevered skin.

I found him late one summer's day  
still sitting in that chair,  
his gaze fixed on the distant hills,  
his hands clasped as in prayer.  
He could not see the setting sun,  
nor hear the magpie's call,  
solddbut in his face I glimpsed the man  
who'd once stood proud and tall.  
We shed no tears, just gave our thanks  
that he had found release,  
for now the man who went to war  
could also find his peace.

## NEW LOCAL TALENT UNEARTHED AT COONAMBLE

*The roving breezes come and go, the  
reed beds sweep and sway,*

*The sleepy river murmurs low, and loiters  
on its way.*

*It is the land of lots o' time along the  
Castlereagh. AB Paterson.*

What could have been more encouraging than these immortal words to Carol Heuchan when she was approached to compere and perform at the inaugural Coonamble Bush Poetry, along the Castlereagh on the June Long-weekend.

Carol began her visit with a series of workshops at the High School on the Friday where she found the students more than ready to embark on such a 'bold new venture'. Carol encouraged teachers and parents to foster young adults and their ideas.

Carol, who has received national acclaim as an author entertainer, compere and teacher burst onto the Bush poetry scene in 2003. Until then her life was devoted to horses riding and judging both nationally and internationally. From the moment Carol took to the stage her audience was taken on an unforgettable journey, laughing uncontrollably at one instance, and trying to hide their emotions at the next. Carol is not only a gifted writer of bush poetry, her renditions of some contemporary and classic poems kept the audience on the edge of their seats.

Patrons at the Clubhouse Hotel were entertained by Carol and a newcomer to the town, the Telstra Shop employee, Fiona McNaught.

Rain didn't hamper the enthusiasm of the locals and visitors who jammed into St. Patrick's Hall for the occasion, with a great deal of local talent on show during the recitals.

President, Liz Markey and the 'Streets Ahead Committee' could not have been happier with the result.

Carol ably presented a variety of her award winning poems which have now been released on CD.

## BEAUDESERT BUSH POETRY FESTIVAL

What a wonderful shire we live in, when our State Parliamentary Member agrees to officially launch a new "old bush dunny".

On Fri 17<sup>th</sup> June, The Hon Kev Lingard & Mrs Alison Lingard cut a ribbon of dunny paper tied in bows, to officially get celebrations under way, for the 3 day Bush Poetry Festival, at "Fairy Meade" the home of Big Al & poet Glenn Palmer, in Cedar Vale.

Over 150 people sat on hay bales & folding chairs & rocks, enjoying the starlit sky & warm campfire, while splitting their sides laughing at the antics of the Bush Poets. Mad musician, Paul Ensbey kept things rolling with rollicking bush music, & Des the Magician wove his magic into the night.

The highlight for the kids was the arrival of "Marcwolf". His appearance in the surrounding bushland, with his illuminated eyes, delighted the children & terrified the adults.

Poets & lovers of bush verse travelled from as far away as Cooranbong in NSW, & from central Queensland & the Gold Coast, to take part in the festival. It was the biggest roll up of poets yet seen at our Country & Horse Festival.

The Bush Poets' Breakfast & performance competition at the Beaudesert Golf Club, was so well contested, that it took until 3pm to finalise. "The Goodall Boys" had those trying to eat breakfast in stitches, & took care of all the walk up poets who wanted to have a go, in this fun filled informal atmosphere.

The Original Performance section sponsored by Thompson Park Reception Centre, was won by Manfred Vijars from the North Pine Poets Group. The Traditional section was won by Carol Heuchan from New South Wales, &

Beaudesert's own James Hasson won the Novice category, despite stiff competition from out of shire poets.

Saturday night saw the Golf Club almost full to capacity for the Bush Meal & Bush Poetry Show, with leading Australian poets, Jack Drake, Ray Essery, John Major, Glenn Palmer, & a special guest, Mr Kelly Dixon...the man who wrote the famous country song, "Leave Him In The Longyard".

Carol Heuchan also made a guest appearance, while Paul Ensbey kept the toes tapping with his bush music.

Sunday morning saw the shire's children receive their poetry awards, at "The Roundup In The Park", in Jubilee Park. Congratulations go to the Veresdale Scrub School for dominating these awards.

The prestigious "Golden Horseshoe Written Award" was won by Veronica Weal, who has just moved from Mt Isa to Herberton. Her winning poem "Fairytale" deals with the sad story of a neglected ex-racehorse, who in true fairy tale style, is ultimately rescued from his plight. Written entries were doubled this year, & quite a job for the judges, Alison Lingard, Phyl Hyam, & Glenn Palmer. An entry was even received from the USA.

This year's Bush Poetry events have placed Beaudesert squarely on the Bush Poet's map for the future. The internet is buzzing with reports Australia wide about how great it was, & how much everyone is looking forward to returning next year. The months of hard work by the President & committee & convenor Glenn Palmer & her hubby Big Al, has paid off well & truly. A big thank you must go to all who chipped in a gave a hand where it was needed.

Thanks also to our sponsors & supporters, who make the whole celebration of Beaudesert's Country & Horse Festival possible.

*Submitted by Glenn Palmer*

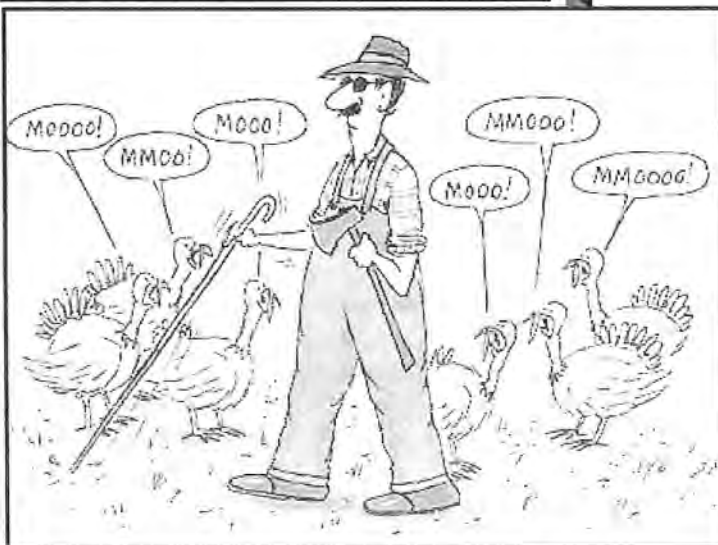
## CRAZY TOWNS

Each of these cryptic clues suggests the name of an Australian town or city. If completed correctly, the answers will be in alphabetical order.

e.g. Knitted bell.....Wollongong  
Plait timber.....Braidwood

1. Brady's helper leaps .....
2. Sandy value .....
3. What police do to 'em .....
4. Will's partner .....
5. Fractured mountain .....
6. Sweeper .....
7. Made of tin .....
8. Place to get rich .....
9. Bowerbird .....
10. A colder Scotsman .....
11. Tainted water .....
12. Adam and Eve's meeting place .....
13. Glen paddling .....
14. Shot a breeze .....
15. Shot a man .....
16. Shot an animal .....
17. Solidify .....
18. Elizabeth shortened but greater .....
19. Friendly Australian place .....
20. Fungi hollow .....
21. Hanging rope from the neck up .....
22. Fruit .....
23. .... and gardens
24. Ita Buttrose's handbag. ....
25. Renters stream .....
26. Boot .....
27. Youthful .....

Answers in next issue.



## THE TABLE © Joyce Alchin Corrimal NSW

'A clearing sale is to be held,' that's what the paper said, 'disposing of the furnishings of one who now is dead. There's many articles for sale and though some might be old there will be treasures, come along, for all things must be sold.' And so the people came along – the day was bright and clear – encouraging the sticky-beak and those who felt that here could be some merchandise go cheap – an antique jug or two, a cedar chest, an ornate clock, a pot for making stew.

I walked amongst the many wares that were on sale that day and wondered, if they had a brush, what pictures they'd display portraying lifetime cameos, what stories would they tell to add some value to each piece there advertised to sell. And as I thought about these things a table caught my eye, used in the kitchen, I supposed, my interest lifted high for I could see it was well used, designed in solid wood – it has a history, that's for sure, I'd find out if I could.

As if she could have read my mind a woman spoke to me, "You'd like to hear this table's tale – your curious, I see. Now picture many years ago, a strong and keen young man, a tract of untamed virgin scrub, the makings of a plan to turn it to a useful farm, a shack beside a stream, a sharpened axe, determined look, a country farmer's dream. And on that dirt, uneven floor this table with him shared enamel cups, enamel plates, potatoes, meat and bread.



### **ABPA Inc. BADGE**


**It's only \$5 posted  
Ideal Gift**

Send payment to the  
**Secretary - ABPA Inc.  
Ed Parmenter  
1 Avenue St. Coffs Har-  
bour NSW 2450**


**It's Copper - It looks like a penny  
It's the colour of a penny  
It's the size of a penny - It looks great**

### **Deadline**

for copy and advertising in the  
October - November issue  
**20<sup>th</sup> September 2005**

 **02 6344 1477**

 **bushpoet@bushpoetry.com.au**

 **Frank Daniel**

**PO Box 16, Canowindra NSW 2804**

The years rolled by, he took a wife, someone with whom to share a simple but a better home – two daughters joined them there. And central on that kitchen floor the sturdy table stood to watch this little family grow through bad times and the good. It proved to be a useful piece, it carried every meal and then became the office desk and supervised each deal. It acted as an ironing board – the iron has left its mark, the darker spots where winter fires sent out a showery spark.”

I listened to her eager voice as she relived the past,  
 “It all just seems like yesterday, the time has gone so fast – I still see all those jars of jam – tomato, melon, plum while at the right time of the year the other fruits would come to fill preserving jars with pears, with apples, cherries too, the table used to peel and chop – was really fun to do. Fruit stains don’t seem to go away, see how they’ve changed the wood to varied shades of brown in parts, reminders that are good.”

The woman paused, and in her eyes I saw a wistful smile,  
 “This table, during sixty years, has truly been worthwhile. Those Christmas decorations made of magazines and glue and Ludo, Snakes and Ladders, Draughts, the puzzles children do. It’s been the constant partner of the man whose sale today will be the ending of an age, bring sadness in a way for decades with this table are amongst the best I’ve had – you already may have guessed it, the owner was my dad.

### Dunedoo Update:

From Sue Stoddart,  
 Dunedoo Development Group

The 2005 event was bigger and better with the whole weekend attracting people from not only NSW but Qld, South Australia and Victoria.

Over 300 people attended the finals of the performance section on the Saturday night, with the poets being very professional and keeping the audience totally entertained throughout. Over \$2000 in prize money was up for grabs at this festival.

Next years festival will be held the weekend before Easter. Milton Taylor will be the MC to keep the weekend rolling especially the competition. For years Milton has conducted written and performance workshops at the schools, and this year, Dunedoo Central School, at the Education Week celebrations gave Bush Poetry awards and it is hoped to have Milton to come a couple of months prior to the festival, to enable the students more time to write and tune their performance skills to enable them to participate.

Untitled . . . © Saul Veriwell

Genetic engineering  
 has come a long, long way.  
 I saw this in our shopping centre  
 only yesterday.  
 Opticians, chemists, milk bars  
 and a host of other shops.  
 On a board outside the butcher’s...  
 ‘Today’s special’ -  
*Pork Lion Chops!*

The  
**Umina Beach Folk Festival**  
 has expanded and moved to a better  
 venue in Gosford.  
 The original organisers,  
**Troubadour Folk Club**  
 have joined forces with  
**Brackets and Jam Central Coast**  
 to create a new and exciting  
**Festival – Coast Fest**  
 (More to come later)

## FORSTER BREAKFAST AND BRAWL

The Midcoast Sundowners Bush Poets will be holding a Bush Poets Breakfast and Poets Brawl at the Forster Tuncurry Memorial Services Club in Strand Street, Forster on Sunday 18th September 2005 from 8 am. As usual the program will feature the presentation of awards and performances by the winners of the Great Lakes and Taree District Written Bush Poetry Competition for School Students.

Local and visiting poets are invited to perform. A barbecue breakfast will be available for \$5.00.

An added extra to this years program will be the Mud Crabs One Minute Brawl with prize money as follows: 1st - \$100, 2nd - \$30 and 3rd - \$20. Topic for the Brawl poem will be available by phone, one week prior, on Saturday 10th September between 9 am and 2 pm from Reid Begg, 02 6554 9788. Entry is \$3.00.

Bookings for the One Minute Brawl, Breakfast, and other enquiries should be directed to Reid.

The organisers wish to express their appreciation to this years event sponsors who are Ware Building Pty. Ltd. of Tuncurry, Forster Tuncurry Memorial Services Club, Country Energy and Forster Mud Crabs Swimming Club who will not only be sponsoring prizes for the Poets Brawl but who give their time to prepare and cook the barbeque breakfast.

*Submitted by Reid Begg, Tuncurry NSW*

- \* No amount of darkness can hide a spark of light.
- \* Those who want to learn listen - those who know it all interrupt.
- \* When in doubt mumble.
- \* The Doctor said jogging would add years to my life. I’ve only been once and already feel ten years older.

## SINGLETON POETS AND WRITERS WORKSHOP

People from places such as Newcastle, Taree and the Blue Mountains joined local Poets at the Singleton Heights RSC over the weekend of July 20<sup>th</sup> to 22<sup>nd</sup> for a Workshop with award winning Poet Jim Haynes.

The Workshop consisted of seminars on writing techniques and performing skills as well as practical sessions where participants had a short poem analysed.

ABPA President Frank Daniel gave an overview of the Australian Bush Poets Association, it's history and the history of the Bush Poets Breakfasts.

Highlight of the weekend was when eighty people attended a dinner at the Singleton Heights RSC followed by performances by Jim Haynes and Frank Daniel, ABPA President, Gregory North, Kathy Edwards and Carol Heuchan.

The Secretary of the Singleton Bush Poets and Writers Society, Isabella Bailey, said it was a real coup to get Mr. Haynes, who has won the Australian Bush Laureate Award for Book of the Year three times, and who regularly appears on Television and Radio in the Singleton region.

"When he heard about our society in Singleton, Jim very generously offered to come and do a Workshop with us," Mrs. Bailey said.

"He was extremely helpful for us over the weekend, guiding our poets and discussing and refining their writing and performance skills. An ordinary bloke who just seems to have an extraordinary talent," she said.



John and Isabella Bailey, Frank Daniel and Jim Haynes at Singleton

## A FOLKIE BLOKE

Bill Scott, Folk  
Lorist, Poet, Song  
writer, Historian



and Collector was born in Bundaberg in 1923 and spent his boyhood mostly at Caboolture through the *Hungry Thirties*. It was not a musical household, except that the family owned a wireless set (*powered by a car battery*) which did bring music into the home. The family moved to Brisbane when Bill was 13 years old, his father being transferred there as a railway guard.

He joined the Navy in 1942 and served for four years during the Second World War, ending the war at Wewak in New Guinea. It was during this period he first became aware that there were many songs sung on messdecks and in wet canteens that did not belong to any other kind of music and he felt a great affinity to this kind of mu-

sic. (*'folk songs'*). He sang these songs for the amusement of himself and his shipmates, having memorised many of them.

After discharge from the Navy he prospected (*unsuccessfully*) for gold, worked at Mt. Isa in the smelters, cut sugar cane and worked on the small steam locos of the sugar mills around Innisfail in North Queensland. In 1948 he returned to Brisbane with many more songs in his repertoire. In the early fifties he returned to sea as a seaman on the lighthouse tender Cape Leeuwin for a year, and kept learning new songs.

Around the mid-fifties he met Stan Arthur and joined the Moreton Bay Bushwhackers Band, which performed at many venues around Brisbane, from the Boiler-makers Picnic at Sandgate to the re-enactment of the landing of Governor Bowen at the Botanic Gardens at the State centenary celebrations in 1959

Also about this time he was associated with John Manifold who edited and compiled the two songbooks, *Folksongs from Queensland* and *The Penguin Book of Australian Folksongs*.

In 1976, at the suggestion of Susan Wagner, Chief Editor at the Sydney publisher Ure Smith, Bill compiled the *Complete Book of Australian Folklore* which has been in print almost continuously since.

Bill is now living in Warwick Q.

**Golden Wedding** Well known Riverina Poet and Chorister Alex Allit and his wife Noel will be celebrating their Golden Wedding Anniversary on 20th August. They were married at Yass NSW in 1955.

Alex is a relatively new poet having only taken up reciting six years ago. The Allits have been farmers and graziers all their lives starting with a Dairy, progressing to 'Holmwood', Deniliquin, adjoining Alex's old family farm, where they have lived for the past thirty years.



## FULLY SICK MATE

© Gregory North 2005

My ute is fully sick mate,  
Take a ride; you'll feel it's hot!  
Your pupils they will dilate,  
From two-sixty kilowatt.

I used to have a Lexus,  
And a Honda before that,  
But bumps here they're like Texas  
—  
Outback roads they're not so flat.

The spoiler kept on breaking,  
And the thing would bottom out.  
My body it was aching,  
Just from being chucked about.

The Lexus it got traded,  
For my filthy wicked ute.  
Suburban life had faded,  
There was no need for a boot.

Out here you need a tray back,  
And a 'roo bar with some lights  
The custom it goes way back,  
Blokes without utes got no rights.

I had to draw a base line,  
'Cause I ain't no westie dag,  
My new ute had to look fine,  
And perform well in a drag.

So *it* don't look as rural  
As the cockies' utes out here.  
It's got a full-on mural,  
Of a Leb bloke on a steer.

It's got a full tray liner,  
To protect its purple paint.  
There's really nothing finer —  
All the chicks see it and faint.

The homies that I hang with,  
Oh my God those guys are weird.  
The country hick is no myth.  
Mate,

their brains aren't prop'ly geared.

They perve around on cruise nights,  
Seeing chicks as would-be wives!  
They use bare fists in street fights,  
Without trace of guns or knives!

They even don't have gangs here.  
Just big groups of blokes in utes.  
They dress in flannel farm gear —  
There's no shiny night club suits.

It's no suburban life style  
Way out here among the sticks,  
At least they still go off while  
Dragging as the stopwatch ticks.

So some things are the same here,  
Like high speed  
and mad wheel spin.  
Burnt rubber gets the same cheer,  
And all drivers drive to win.

We cruise to B and S balls,  
Just to find the country chicks,  
That dance in sheds and town halls,  
Way out, sev'ral hundred clicks.

In car parks we lay donuts,  
And smoke burnouts  
down the street.  
The outback chicks just go nuts.  
Blokes in utes they want to meet.

So rarely we get rain here,  
We can park beneath the stars,  
There's no struggle with chick gear,  
'Cause there's no back seat,  
like cars.

You just chuck in a mattress,  
And make sure that it don't stink!  
And I have from learned  
from practice —  
Take an esky for the drink.

You need to take some covers,  
'Cause it can get pretty cold.  
But waking up with lovers,  
On this ute thing you'll be sold!

I never thought I'd say it,  
But I feel I'm settling in.  
My coolness was a big hit,  
But my ute's made me like kin.

So now I've got ute passion,  
But I have to tell you that  
I can't wear westie fashion —  
Flannel shirt and cowboy hat!

This Gangsta street wear's *my* pick,  
And there's something else  
I've found —  
I still need doof doof music,  
Not that country western sound!

Although I have to live in  
A fast food forsaken place,

To pressures I won't give in,  
I will still turn up the pace.

They're starting to accept me,  
And they say that I'm a hoot!  
I think though, 'cause they all see,  
I've now got this hectic ute.

This outback life is first rate,  
But I ain't no country hick.  
Although I own a ute, mate —  
It's a ute that's fully sick!



## QUILTING CHALLENGE

Here is the opportunity to combine your passion for quilting with the excitement of travelling to a new destination and making new friends.

Quilters are invited to take part in the Patchwork Poetry Quilt Challenge. Prizes are still to be finalised but look like including a Holiday, Sewing Machine, Fabric and Cottons.

This is a challenge to the imagination and inspiration of quilters to produce something that they see as portraying the essence of bush poetry.

Bush Poetry is also a major highlight of the "Beatin' Round the Bush" festival held in the Heart of NSW in the small village of Euabalong on the October Long Weekend. Poets travelled from all over NSW to perform and vie for the \$2000 prize money in 2004. Entry Fee is \$10.00

The theme of the quilt is your interpretation of "Australian Bush Poetry"  
Closing Date for entries is 20<sup>th</sup> September 2005.

Further details SSAE Julie Ingram  
'Beatin' 'round the Bush'  
Nardoo Street, Euabalong 2877

Entrants are invited to visit the Festival and join in the fun at Euabalong on the October long weekend.



## FAIRYTALE

© Veronica Weal  
Herberton Qld.

I'd driven over outback roads  
for nearly half the day,  
then realized I must have lost  
my course.  
Nearby I saw a homestead, so  
I stopped to ask the way.  
That's when I saw this poor,  
pathetic horse.

I walked across to look at him.

Beneath his matted coat  
his backbone and his ribs were very plain.  
His hooves were cracked and splitting,  
and I couldn't help but note  
the burrs that clung to tangled tail and mane.

He stood beside the homestead fence,  
his weary head hung low.  
I'd never seen a horse so weak and thin!  
I said, "Your horse looks poorly,"  
but his owner didn't show  
regret for the condition he was in.

"Oh, him? An old ex-racehorse –  
well, he tried, at any rate,  
but never won a race – he's far too slow!  
I bought him for me daughter,  
but he's lost a bit of weight.  
Those Thoroughbreds can't take the drought, y'know."

The old, familiar story –  
one more horse not fast enough  
to make his owner's hopes and dreams come true.  
Sent out to country racetracks,  
with his life becoming rough;  
neglected once his racing days were through.

Once pampered, now he suffered,  
lacking feed and decent grass,  
and shelter too, as far as I could see;  
and yet this walking skeleton  
still showed a touch of class,  
reminder of the horse he used to be.

He turned his head towards me,  
with a look of dull despair.  
I knew I had to save him from his fate.  
"What, buy old Bones?  
I reckon fifty bucks is pretty fair.  
He wouldn't last much longer, any rate."

The horse survived the trip back home.  
With special care each day,  
a rug at night, and paddocks lush and green,  
the passing months transformed him  
to a handsome, gleaming bay,  
his backbone and his ribs no longer seen.

And when I started riding him, I very quickly found  
I'd bought myself a lovely horse to ride,  
with paces smooth and effortless,  
completely straight and sound.  
he showed that touch of class with ev'ry stride.

I couldn't call him Bones,  
and from his brand I couldn't tell  
the background of my rags-to-riches steed;  
and so I named him Fairytale.

It seemed to suit him well,  
for Fairytale was destined to succeed.

Our partnership grew stronger  
as the weeks went passing by.  
His presence and his style just seemed to grow,  
and rather like a fairytale, he caught the judge's eye  
and won each class we entered at the Show.

A champion at last, he wore a sash of gold and blue.  
We left the ring, and then I was surprised  
to hear a voice behind me, one I fancied that I knew.  
I turned, to see a man I recognized.

He said, "Congratulations!  
Is that horse of yours for sale?"  
I shook my head; he bargained all the same.  
"My daughter needs a decent horse,  
and yours can hardly fail.  
I'll pay you any price you care to name!"

"He's not for sale," I answered him,  
amusement in my tones;  
for circumstance had helped repay a crime.  
"And Fairytale was formerly  
the horse you knew as Bones.  
You used to own him – once upon a time!"

Now reprinted

### The Crack of the Whip

Bush  Verse

by

**Veronica Weal**

39 poems, humorous and  
serious, many award-winners  
Finalist in the Australian  
Bush Laureate Awards 2002

**\$13 (includes postage)**

**Veronica Weal**

**13A Mowbray Road  
HERBERTON QLD 4887**

**Tel. 07 4096 3435**



## VERONICA WEAL

There's no Macca's at the heritage mining town of Herberton, but it does have two pubs, which is more important! There are also two cafes where you can get a cappuccino, and a small supermarket, and a post office, newsagent, butcher, hardware store, doctor, hairdresser and a garage, so it's really quite civilised.

After 27 years in Mount Isa, the hills of Herberton, on the Atherton Tablelands in North Queensland, have become the new home for Veronica and Ken Weal. Their daughter has kindly described them as the "Herberton Hillbillies", and certainly they're settling happily into a laid-back, semi-retired lifestyle.

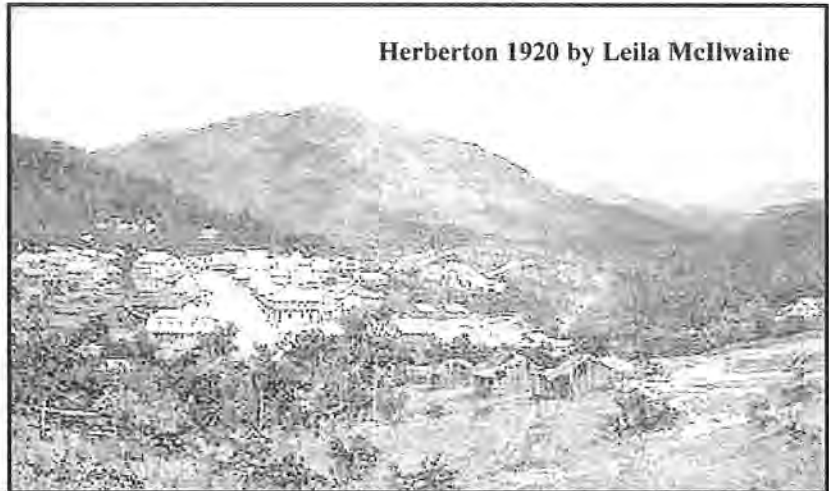
So far they've found the occasional cold and rainy weather a real novelty after the heat and drought of The Isa, though Mad Max the dog, and Ally the Traumatized Cat, seem to miss the sunshine

more than their owners. They're finding Herberton a delightful place to live, a heritage "village in the hills" with friendly locals, and lovely scenery and wildlife.

Veronica has finally found time to write a few new poems, and is working on a second book, which she hopes to get out this year. Her first book "The Crack of the Whip" has been out of print, but is now available once more at a cost of \$13 posted.

In August Veronica and Ken are returning to Mount Isa for the Bush Poets' Breakfast, to be held on Wednesday 10th as part of the Mount Isa Rotary Rodeo celebrations. More details are available on the ABPA website.

Veronica and Ken send best wishes to all the bush poets, and if anyone's passing through Herberton, they're very welcome to call and say "G'day" - the billy's always boiling at 13 A Mowbray Road.



Herberton 1920 by Leila McIlwaine



### 'PARTNERS IN RHYME'

23 Frances St, Morphett Vale SA 5162  
Phone 83821504

*Perhaps no person can be a poet, or can even enjoy poetry, without a certain unsoundness of mind.*  
Thomas McCauly (Literary Essays).

### ELECTIONS.

The Annual General Meeting of the South Australian Bush Poets was held on Thursday 21st July. Anne Rogers was elected President with Maurie O'Brien as Secretary. The position of Treasure was capably filled by Jan Murray with Terry Anderson, Peter Lang, Heather

Giles, Jill Wherry and Ron Giles making up the committee.

### RIVERLAND.

A big thank you to the members who attended the Riverland Country Music Festival and who helped to make the Bush Poetry events the most successful we have held. Despite some inclement weather, all of our events were well attended. The Poets Breakfast attracted a big crowd. We had to turn people away because we couldn't accommodate them at the Poet's showcase on the Saturday afternoon.

We encourage members to consider joining us next year as we will again be holding the SA Bush Poets Championships at the Riverland festival.

### SAD NEWS.

We were saddened to hear of a recent serious accident affecting Darren Jeacocke, the 21 year old nephew of Graham and Tim Strauss and their families from the Riverland. Darren is the son of

Leanne Jeacocke (Editor of the ABPA newsletter) who is Graham and Tim's sister. On your behalf we have sent letters of support to Graham and Tim. We have also contacted the president of the ABPA to ask him to assure Leanne of our ongoing thoughts and prayers.

### NATIONAL TITLES.

Congratulations to Melanie Hall and Ron Liekefett who won the female and male sections of the ABPA National Titles held in Charters Towers in April.

**South Australian Bush Poetry SA STATE TITLES** will be held at Murray Bridge, 6-7th August.

There is a riverside concert on Sunday, 7th August that is highly recommended. The championship prizes will be presented at this concert.

### DID YOU HEAR ABOUT ...

The blind man who was given a silver grater for Christmas? He said it was the most violent thing that he had ever read.

## American Blue Devils by Frank Daniel ©

Billy O'Connor, my mate of many years, is a wheeler and a dealer, trading in anything and everything from rabbit traps to rhinestones – shangai's to semi-trailers.

He is an avid reader of the Land Rural Newspaper which comes out weekly in New South Wales. Bill was never any great shakes as a reader but when it came to reading the Land he was quite an expert.

Always starting from the back, he would read through the Classifieds, specializing in Clearing Sales, land and stock sales. He could tell you every property for sale in the country, the price of ewes and lambs from Cooma to Cobar, the price of store cattle from Tibooburra to Tumut. He never missed a thing.

If there was a two-bob watch for sale somewhere he would have seen it advertised and would more than likely be able to tell you from memory the advertisers' phone number.

However, if he happened to say that something was going to take place on a Tuesday or a Thursday, it would be advisable to check the paper yourself and make sure, because they both started with a 'T'.

About the year 1975 the famed American Motor-cycle Stunt Rider, Evel Knievel was touring Australia

and another of my mates, 'Slatter' and I took our kids to Orange to see this spectacular. (I might add here that the almighty Yank was a big disappointment, and the real hero of the show was Australia's own, the late, great, Dale Buggins who performed all the motor-cycle stunts.)

A week later Billy and I were travelling through Musswellbrook in the Upper Hunter Region and were some miles out of town en-route to Merriwa when a large Pan-technicon passed on its way towards Musswellbrook.

"There he goes!" said Billy unexpectedly.

"Who?"

"Your mate! Evel Knievel! That's his truck ain't it? 'American Blue Devils! Stars and Stripes! Red, White and Blue!'"

I had a disbelieving look over my shoulder at the truck and said it couldn't possibly be him because I knew for a fact that the stunt show was scheduled for Melbourne after Orange.

"It's him I tell ya – Red, White and Blue – stars and stripes" he said, "American Blue Devils! It's written all over the truck."

"No!" says I, "you're mad!" "Now look," he insisted, "I know I'm not much good at reading and all, but that was definitely Evel

Knievel! It's written all over the truck! Stars and Stripes! Red, White and Blue! The whole works! It was him alright. American Blue Devils!"

"No bloody way mate! You're wrong!"

"Well I know I'm right this time. I'll prove it to you" and with that he spun the old Ford around and gave chase, back towards Musswellbrook. He was determined to get a winner this time and had the Fairlane fairly rocking along at eighty miles per hour in a bid to establish his reading ability.

We caught the truck as it turned in to a Service Station on the edge of town. Billy pulled the car up alongside and, full of confidence and glowing with pride said "Go on! Read that! What's it say eh?"

Sure enough it was Red, White and Blue with Stars and Stripes. He was right in that respect but, the sign on the side of the big pan read 'AMCO BLUE DENIMS'.

"Well stuff me!" he uttered in disgust as he swung the car around and took off again in the direction of Merriwa. "I reckoned I was right that time!"

A few miles down the road and after a lengthy silence he commented "Well! At least I got one word right out of three!"

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### "Pocketful of Poetry"

is the eagerly awaited and very exciting CD from Carol Heuchan. The recording, produced by Roger Ilott of Restless Music at his studio in Stanthorpe is a collection of her award winning performance poetry.

'The Tractor Factor' which won Carol the Australian Championship for Original Humorous work is one of the featured works, along with 'The Pocket Sized Edition', that beautiful poem that won her this year's Oracle of the Bush title.

All of the poems are original with the exception of two. As Carol has won numerous perform-

ance awards in Traditional and Contemporary Competitions, she decided to have her rendition of C.J. Dennis' 'Pitcher Show' represent the Traditional and Veronica Weal was delighted to allow Carol to have 'O'Reilly's Milking Cow' represent the Modern section.

Carol's performance of Veronica's delightful poem about a troublesome bovine has several times beaten the best of the best of Bush Poets in Australia. The CD will be available by October (details in next Newsletter) at \$20 each.

Advance orders are building up on what promises to be a Bush Poetry treat. Phone 02 4977 3210  
mailto:carrobity@hotmail.com



## CAROL HEUCHAN

Those aware of the prolific poetry successes of Carol Heuchan in recent years might imagine that she has been doing it forever. Not so! An instant top selling book in 2002 led, quite inadvertently, to her first Bush Poetry competition.

Never having seen a performance of Bush Poetry, let alone a competition, she was thrown in at the deep end at the Imperial Competition at Tamworth 2003.

Amazingly, she won both heats and finished up with the Bronze. She was hooked.

Poetry took over her life – a life that previously had been totally occupied with the demanding world of competition show horses. She still has horses but they are delighted to have accepted the early retirement plan. Carol judges quite a bit but more than ever, she is either performing, guest speaking, teaching or competing with her new obsession, poetry.

It's been a roller coaster success. In just two and a half years, she has won over thirty performance competitions, including a State Championship and an Australian Championship for Original Humorous. Canberra Folk Festival named her this year's prestigious Reciter of the Year and

she is the first female to win Tenterfield's Oracle of the Bush.

A second book "Horsing Around!" made top four original poetry and top five open category Book of the Year in the Australian Bush Laureate Awards this year. Several thousands of her books have sold in saddlery shops and bookstores throughout Australia.

Her writing talents have developed and she has been regularly in the top five in written competitions over the last year but her greatest claim to fame was when she won the richest prize in the history of Australian poetry. Carol won the 2004 Royal Easter Show's writing competition from hundreds of entries across the country. The prize was a Case JX55 tractor valued at \$34,000.00!

Carol has just returned from Restless Music Studio in Queensland where she recorded her CD of award winning performance poems.

"A Pocketful of Poetry" is eagerly awaited and orders are already coming in. Roger Ilott is working on the music and the launch will be announced in this magazine (possibly Sept/Oct) and on the Bush Poetry Website.

Carol Heuchan is a popular and valued asset to the ABPA, we wish her continued success.

## KEEPSAKES

© Carol Heuchan 2005

When life takes a different direction and pathways are chosen anew, you find there are things to surrender, accoutrements long overdue.

The playthings you had in your childhood, the trinkets and toys that accrue, are easily discarded, forgotten, with teenager games to pursue.

And even the pastimes and habits of single years slip by the by, when love takes a grip on your heartstrings; the best laid of plans go awry.

Then shedding some trivial trappings is not such a hard thing to do. They're only inanimate objects you know you already outgrow.

But sometimes the forks in life's roadway are not always taken by choice. The question of what is discarded is asked in a soul-seeking voice.

For reasons without explanation, (the justifications are rife) I'm faced with the time to relinquish my horses – the love of my life.

My mares are quite valuable assets. They're champions still in their prime; so people are saying I'm crazy; 'Just *sell* them now, while there is time.'

But somehow, I'll manage to keep them, these gems in the crown of the land. The people that say I'm foolhardy, are right but do not understand.

Just sell them for pieces of silver? Then how could I face them, in truth? For these are my yesterday comrades; For these are the dreams of my youth.

## LIMERICKS (From Jim Haynes Great Australian Book of Limericks)

Lleyton Hewitt's reputation is growing  
With cap back to front and hair flowing  
He said, 'It's a ruse,  
It's meant to confuse,  
They don't know if I'm coming or going.

Dame Edna is larger than life  
Of course she's Norm Everage's wife  
She throws gladdie blossoms  
And calls us all 'possums'  
While her satire cuts like a knife.

One morning I went to the zoo  
For I wanted to view the old gnu  
But the old gnu was dead  
And the new gnu, they said,  
Was too new a new gnu to view.

Said my friend Albert Fiddle to me,  
'I'm a student of divinity.  
When I graduate  
'twill be my sad fate  
To be known as A. Fiddle D.D.

# WALTZING MATILDA BUSH POETRY AWARDS

Winton Outback Festival  
September 14th - 18th 2005

- Bush Poets Breakfasts
- Walk-up Concert
- Announcement and Presentation  
Bronze Swagman Award for Written Verse
- Waltzing Matilda Awards for  
Performance Bush Poetry
- Male and Female winners to receive Bronze  
'Jolly Swagman' Statuettes valued at over \$3,000  
plus various other sponsored prizes and trophies
- **Performance Competition Categories**  
Banjo Paterson (Limited performances of any one poem)  
Original (Bobby Miller Larrikin Award)  
Open (Bonus points for Poem from Bronze Swagman Books of Verse)  
Australian Yarn Spinning Championships  
One Minute Poem  
Junior Section



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## **HEADLINES OF 2004:**

**Something Went Wrong in Jet  
Crash, Expert Says**  
[no, really?]  
**Police Begin Campaign**

**to Run Down Jaywalkers**  
[now that's taking things a bit far!]  
**Is There a Ring of Debris around Uranus?**  
[not if I wipe thoroughly!]  
**Panda Mating Fails; Veterinarian Takes Over**  
[what a man!]

**Miners Refuse to Work after Death**  
[no-good-for-nothin' lazy so-and-sos!]  
**Juvenile Court to Try Shooting Defendant**  
[see if that works any better than a fair trial!]  
**War Dims Hope for Peace**  
[I can see where it might have that effect!]  
**If Strike Isn't Settled Quickly, It May Last Awhile**  
[you think?!]

**Cold Wave Linked to Temperatures**  
[who would have thought!]  
**Enfield (London) Couple Slain;**  
**Police Suspect Homicide**  
[they may be on to something!]

**Red Tape Holds Up New Bridges**

[you mean there's something stronger than duct  
tape?!]

**Man Struck By Lightning Faces Battery Charge**

[he probably IS the battery charge!]

**New Study of Obesity Looks for Larger Test Group**

[weren't they fat enough?!]

**Astronaut Takes Blame for Gas in Spacecraft**

[That what he gets for eating those beans!]

**Kids Make Nutritious Snacks**

[Taste like chicken!]

**Chef Throws His Heart into Helping Feed Needy**

[That was really giving of himself!]

**Local High School Dropouts Cut in Half**

[Chainsaw Massacre all over again!]

**Hospitals are Sued by 7 Foot Doctors**

[Boy, are they tall!]

**And the winner is ...**

**Typhoon Rips Through Ceme-  
tery;**

**Hundreds Dead**

[nuff said]



## BATTLEFIELDS AND BLOSSOMS

© Ron Stevens – Dubbo NSW 2004

'No flowers, Mate,' he'd urged and I'd agreed,  
though adding there was certainly no need  
for haste, as he would be around for years  
to come -- for yarning, joking, sipping beers  
together at the club each Friday night.  
I'd babbled on about this mateship rite  
to be renewed, although both knew I lied.  
To prove this point, Big Clarrie quietly died.

No flowers here to scent this sombre mood,  
except for paper poppies, which include  
the tributes from the township's comrade few  
remaining from a fading World War Two.  
I wasn't in his unit but it's said  
at least a dozen Japanese lay dead  
by Clarrie's hand alone on Tarakan.  
For battle can transform a gentle man.

No flowers, yet for Clarrie's wife last year  
abundant blooms encircled Betty's bier.  
Upon her casket-lid lay roses, red  
and dewy, fresh from Clarrie's treasured bed.  
Then afterwards, an antidote for grief,  
intensive gardening brought brief relief.  
Alone, midst shrubs and fernery, he pruned  
and potted, soothing every floral wound.

No flowers in the house since Betty died;  
not even in the vase she'd placed beside  
their only child's last photo, snapped before  
he fell in Vietnam's contentious war.  
With Betty gone, their cottage rooms assumed  
a barren chill, where once her warmth had bloomed.  
And hunched before the telly's blinkered light  
Big Clarrie stared and shrank each wilting night.

Winning poem in the Bush Poetry Category,  
2005 Banjo Paterson Writing Awards.

'No flowers?' mourners asked and I explained  
depression had persistently campaigned  
against Big Clarrie in his blighted days.  
Grim telly news invoked the fatal phase.  
I'd found him mesmerised before the screen  
depicting images of what had been  
the Beslan school parade the year before  
the carnage in this distant mindless war.

'The flowers and the children on their way  
to school, those cherished petals blown astray,'  
he sighed, as tears ran down his craggy face.  
'It's time to quit this bloody human race.'  
I'd seen him flatten playground bully-boys;  
had shared his high school rugby bruises, joys.'  
Yet there sat Clarrie, beaten by a band  
of terrorists in Russia's splintered land.

No flowers, sadly, for he'd specified  
that way, a metaphor for peace denied  
My dreams involve those self-styled *warriors*  
who queue at fairy-tale embellished doors  
of paradise, where pulsing virgins wait.  
Instead, a bloke of Clarrie's youthful weight  
and strength confronts each hooded psycho-case  
in turn, alone, unarmed and face-to-face.

No flowers for this gentle giant, mate  
of many years, as trustworthy and straight  
as Henry Lawson's *Dunn of Nevertire*  
respected, sometimes soft but *'tough as wire.'*  
The agent told me I could confiscate  
the Rosemary that grows near Clarrie's gate.  
Each Anzac Day that I have left I'll snip  
some sprigs for Clarrie and for comradeship.

## SPUD POETS AWARD

### \$1000.00 Prizemoney

The Lake School of Celtic Music Song and Dance is proud to announce a new poetry award - The Spud Poets Award. A prize of \$1000 will be given to the best original poem, in the opinion of the judges, submitted of 300 words or less with a celtic connection.

The Award was inspired by a poem written by Mary Fiorini-Lowell in 2002 called the Humble Spud. Mary gave a performance of her The Humble Spud at the Lake

School launch in Koroit, Vic on July 23 2005 when it was announced the entries are now open for the Award.

Entries close on October 31 2005.

The panel of judges lead by Martha McEvoy (from the Embassy of Ireland) and Jim Brown (President of the Victorian Bush Poets Society) will select 15 finalists to read their poem at the Spud Poets Award Night on Friday January 6 2006.

The Award night will be held as part of the annual Lake School and staged at the Commercial Hotel in Koroit. While the judges are considering the award winner, a concert of

Songs of the Poets will be performed by renown singers Maria Forde, Vince Brophy and recently inducted Legend of the Lake - Dennis O'Keeffe.

Applications forms on the web.

[bushwahzee.alpalink.com.au](http://bushwahzee.alpalink.com.au)

or email Felix Meagher

[bwz@alpalink.com.au](mailto:bwz@alpalink.com.au)

or SSAE PO Box 22 Mitcham 3132

The Lake School of Celtic Music Song and Dance is staged annually by the Koroit Community Association Inc January 3-8 2006

The Spud Poets Award is made possible by sponsorship from Bushwahzee Bush Band.

## YOUNG PEOPLE

© 2005 Gregory North

Young folk today, well, they just make me mad!  
Take a close look and you'll find they're all bad.  
They all look dreadful; their clothing's a sight!  
Even the fat ones wear garments skin-tight.

No talk of love, now, or even romance,  
Just about sex and, well, what's in your pants.  
What's the world come to?

An outdoor strip show?  
We had no sex back in my day you know?

Got no respect, it's just all about me!  
Walk down the street – it's so easy to see,  
Young folk abusing and jostling the rest.  
You'll know they're bad  
by the way that they're dressed.

Hear them as well, with their impudent quips,  
Our good Queen's English destroyed by their lips.  
Mumbling their words  
like they've got severe colds,  
God, I hate fifty and sixty year olds!



### A bit about... **LUDWIG LEICHHARDT** **1813 - 1848**

© Saul Veriwell April, 2005

The last days of Ludwig Leichhardt...  
Mysterious, way out, weird!  
Ludwig and six tough companions  
just vanished... Pouf!... disappeared!

They set out to cross Australia,  
they followed a north-west star.  
Seven experienced bushmen...  
now, no-one knows where they are.

Last seen near Roma in Queensland,  
April, Eighteen forty eight.  
One hundred fifty years later...  
How, where and what was their fate.

Nothing was ever discovered,  
not even one musket ball.  
No guns, picks, axes or shovels...  
Nothing found... nothing at all.

To Ludwig Leichhardt, explorer  
and six brave men... R. I. P.  
Ask those who now live in Leichhardt...  
"Ludwig Leichhardt? No... Who's he??"

## Notice to Publicity Officers or others EMAILING

### COPY FOR PUBLICATION

Please make the editors job a lot easier

#### When submitting News or Poetry:

Please use a Page setup in Portrait (not Landscape) using a single column, not two or three columns.

Microsoft Publisher or Microsoft Word are preferred, without formatting Paragraphs, Fonts, Borders, Indents or Character Spacing.

Plain text in 12 font is all that is required.

#### For advertising.

Do not format or create text boxes. State the size of the Advert. as per advertising rates on p. 24

Only send the words you wish to be inserted in the Ad., again following the same rule as for news or poetry.

Keep it simple please.

Frank Daniel - Editor.

## POET'S CALENDAR OF EVENTS

Aug 4-7 **BYRON BAY WRITERS FESTIVAL**

02 6685 6262 [www.byronbaywritersfestival.com](http://www.byronbaywritersfestival.com)

Aug 5-7 **MURRAY BRIDGE Stumpy Awards**

SA State Bush Poetry Titles email

[stumpy@lm.net.au](mailto:stumpy@lm.net.au)

Aug 14 **GREENSLOPES BOWLS CLUB**

Bush Poets' Brekky Show Ph. Anita (07) 3343 7392)

Aug 19-21 **Qld State Championships, NORTH PINE**

Camp Oven Festival Ph. Anita (07)3343 7392

Aug 26 Closing date **HAMPTON School**

Bush Poetry Competition, (see page 23)

Sept 9-11 **INVERELL "Celebration of the Outback"**

Contact Burt Candy ph: (02) 67 211127

Sept 10-18 **WINTON Waltzing Matilda Bush Poetry Festival.**  
(See page 20)

Sept 11 **GREENSLOPES BOWLS CLUB**

Bush Poets' Brekky Show Ph. Anita (07) 3343 7392)

Sept 11: **GALSTON Country Music Festival**

Poet's Brekky Ph Graeme 0419 415137

Sept 17 **HAMPTON Bush Poetry Competition**

Michelle Duff 0263 593 395 (See p. 23)

Sept 17-18 **FORSTER TUNCURRY One Minute Brawl &**

Bush Poets Breakfast. Pages 13 & 24

Sept 30 **F.A.W. Soapbox Written Comp. Miriam Mc Goldrick**

32 Mackie ST, W't Moorooka Q. 4105

Oct 1-3 **EUABALONG Beatin' 'round the Bush**

[bushpoet@bushpoetry.com.au](mailto:bushpoet@bushpoetry.com.au) (See page 23)

Oct 7-9 **NSW STATE CHAMPIONSHIPS 2005 DORRIGO**

ph. Murray 02-66572139. (See page 6)

Oct 20 Closing Date **WALLA WALLA Heritage Festival**

Written comp SSAE PO Box 22 Walla Walla NSW 2659

Nov 13 **WALLA WALLA Heritage Festival**

[den53@austarnet.com.au](mailto:den53@austarnet.com.au) Ph. Erica 02 6029 2119

Nov 13 **Glen Innes Land of the Beardies Festival** (See p. 7)

Mar 12 **Wauchope Hastings-McLean Poets Breakfast & Comp**

# 'BEATIN' 'round the BUSH'

## THE HEART OF NSW Bush Poetry Competition

The October long weekend will see the second Annual 'Beatin' 'round the Bush' Festival of the Heart of New South Wales Bush Poetry Competition and Breakfast at Euabalong, a tiny Central Western NSW township situated west of Condobolin on the Lachlan River.

The organizers, a small but dynamic group led by Julie and Trevor Ingram of the Melaleuka Trading have secured \$2,000 in prize-money for the Written, Performance Bush Poetry and Yarn-spinning competitions to be held on Sunday 2<sup>nd</sup> October and Monday 3<sup>rd</sup> October. Bush Poetry coordinator and compere will again be Frank Daniel of Canowindra.

The Performance Bush Poetry competition will start at 10.30 am on Sunday 2<sup>nd</sup> October with two open sections, two age groups for juniors and one for yarn-spinning, each paying four places.

### Section 1. Open

**Non-Original Bush Poetry - \$500.**  
Entry fee \$6.00

**Section 2. Juniors under 12 - \$70.**  
No entry fee.

**Section 3. Juniors 12 to 17 - \$80.**  
No entry fee.

**Section 4. Open**  
**Original Bush Poetry - \$500.**  
Entry fee \$6.00

**Section 5. Yarnspinning - \$300.**  
Entry fee \$5.00

**Section 6. OPEN WRITTEN  
COMPETITION - \$450.00**  
Entry fee \$6.00 (First entry)  
\$4.00 (each other entry)

Entry forms are not necessary, but written entries must be original poems to 80 lines accompanied by a cover note bearing authors name and details, along with payment of entry fees.

The Closing date for the written competition is **AUGUST 26TH** SSAE for results please.

Poets wishing to enter the Performance sections must send notice, choice of poems and payment of fees by

**Closing Date September 26<sup>th</sup>.**

Note: All entries to  
**Frank Daniel, PO Box 16  
Canowindra NSW 2804.**

Enquires: Phone 02 6344 1477 or  
mailto:bushpoet@bushpoetry.com.au

A Poets Breakfast will be held on Monday 3<sup>rd</sup> at 8am with a \$100 encouragement award on offer. Last years 'Round Table' gathering over sausages, toast and eggs was a resounding success, led by Frank with those present taking part with poetry, a yarn or simply a story about themselves.

### PATCHWORK QUILTERS

Murrin Bridge Wines will be holding a display and wine tasting along with **Quilting Displays** and demonstrations. Patchwork quilters are encouraged to bring their quilts, prizes to be awarded to the best exhibits. As well there will be displays of Fine Arts, Fabric Dying, Aboriginal Totem, the playing of the Didgeridoo and stories on its history, chain saw carving and many more events.

The Festival is a growing event celebrating the culture, history, nature, music and crafts of the Heart of NSW.

More information see page 15

**Euabalong**, located right on the Lachlan River, one of Australia's last unspoilt rivers, is just the place to catch that big one. Euabalong is also the heart of the brush cutting industry, where men take on the elements in one of the last hands-on trades left. Find out about it at the local brush cutters hangout, the Melaleuca café.

## 4th Annual Hampton School Bush Poetry Competition

**Over \$1,100.00 Prizemoney**

**Written Section** - (poems that have not won a written contest nor been published for financial reward)  
No entry form, no line limit, no limit to number of entries.

**Attach cover sheet with authors details**

**1st \$250 - 2nd \$100 - 3rd \$50  
Entry Fee \$5**

**CLOSING DATE: 26th August**

The Secretary,

Hampton Poetry Comp  
126 Cullenbenbong Road  
Hartley 2790

**Performance Competition  
September 17th**

(at the School)

**Juniors - Novice**

**Traditional/Contemporary  
Original**

Entries taken on the day  
Enquiries: Michelle Duff  
Ph. 02 6359 9965

(Address as above)

e. miltonpoet@yahoo.com.au

## 'Beatin' 'round the Bush' EUABALONG NSW OCTOBER 2nd & 3rd BUSH POETRY COMPETITION

(See details this page)

**\$2,000.00 Prizemoney**  
**Written Competition**

**Closing Date 26th August**  
Poetry to 80 lines.

No limit to number of entries  
No entry forms required  
use cover sheets

**Performance Poetry**

**Closing date 26th September**  
Post all entries to

Frank Daniel

PO Box 16 Canowindra NSW 2804  
Send details to Frank Daniel

**PATCHWORK QUILTERS**  
(See Page 15)

**Closing Date 20th September**

# The Rhymers from Ryde

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(02) 4788 1157  
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TheRhymersfromRyde@bigpond.com  
Mobile: 0419 415137

## QUEENSLAND BUSH POETRY CHAMPIONSHIPS

In conjunction with

### NORTH PINE CAMP OVEN FESTIVAL

PERFORMANCE COMPETITIONS:

**Junior and Novice** - 19th August (Evening)

**Open** 20th & 21st August

**Pizemoney exceeds \$3,000.00**



### CAMP OVEN CONCERT

**Jack Drake - Melanie Hall - Bill Kearns - Noel Stallard**

**Saturday 20th August 7.30 pm**

Pioneer Country Music Hall - North Pine Country Markets

Dayboro Road Petrie

**Bookings: \$15.00 Ph 07 3351 6332**

Enquiries: John Best Ph. 07 3285 2845

Anita Reed 07 3343 7392

## Gregory North

is

**Fully Sick  
Mate!**



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Bush Poetry  
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A great introduction to the many moods  
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Gregory North  
5 Dryandra Place Linden 2778 NSW  
02 4753 1197 - 0425 210 083

## FORSTER MUD CRABS POETS BREAKFAST & ONE MINUTE BRAWL

Incl. Presentation of Awards  
Great Lakes and Taree District  
Written Bush Poetry Competition  
for School Students

**8am Sunday  
18th September**

**Forster Tuncurry  
Memorial Services Club**

(Brawl topic available - Reid Begg  
Sat 10th from 9am - 2pm Entry \$3)

**Barbecue hot breakfast \$5.00**  
**Breakfast Bookings Essential**  
**Ph. Reid Begg 02 6554 9788**

## ABPA

### Annuals

**Bush Poetry Publications**  
Any 5 for \$10.00



Write to the Secretary  
Ed Parmenter  
1 Avenue St  
Coffs Harbour NSW 2450

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### ADVERTISING RATES

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Poets Calendar and Regular Events  
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Copy regarding a festival and or event  
should be accompanied by a paid ad-  
vertisement.

Send all details direct to the Editor,  
PO Box 16 Canowindra NSW 2804  
mailto: bushpoet@bushpoetry.com.au

**Please remit payment to the  
Secretary**

(Address details page 2)



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31 July 2005

Dear ..... *A Generous Person*

**RE: DARREN JEACOCKE APPEAL**

On behalf of TAPS, I wish to express sincere gratitude for your donation to the Darren Jeacocke Appeal.

Donations played a significant part of our fund raising which, along with a goose club raffle, a Calcutta on the Thangool Cup, and a Camp Oven Tucker and Concert evening at the Thangool Recreation Reserve, resulted in \$4000 being raised to go directly to Darren.

Darren is making positive progress, being able to feel pressure on his left hand fingers and all of his toes. He is also controlling his own breathing, and is mentally positive. However, full rehabilitation will be a long process.

Many thanks for your contribution. The rewards from being involved have been immeasurable.

Yours sincerely,



Trevor Shaw (Proud to be a member of ABPA; President of TAPS.)

*I thought I was being clever by keeping all the envelopes with addresses on them. Yours didn't have a name and, as I had separated the donations for forwarding to our treasurer, I can't do a match. If you are J.B. Morris, thanks. If not, thanks anyway!  
Trevor*