

# The Australian Bush Poets Association Inc.

## NEWSLETTER



Volume 12 No. 5

October - November 2005

### QUEENSLAND STATE CHAMPIONSHIPS

In glorious sunny Queensland winter weather a total of thirty competitors competed in the Open Sections of North Pine's Camp Oven Festival. Not all of them competed in all categories and some were from outside the state, so these competitors were not eligible to become the State Champion.

Dean Collins of Bargara was the winner of the men's State Championship while Laree Chapman from Bundaberg won the Ladies' Championship from very strong competition, with Greg North from Linden in N.S.W. receiving the most prize money.

The overall standard was very high and the Serious categories were a feature, with beautiful performances being given by both male and female performers. Members of the audience and some judges commented favourably on the number of poems they heard for the first time in this competition.

Shirley Drake from Woy Woy in N.S.W. was the winner of the Novice section from Eddie Budgen and Ian Jeacocke who read a very moving poem. Amy Collins became the Junior champion and Veronica Weal won the written competition from Ron Stevens

and Joyce Alchin. We were pleased to have Ken and Jeanette Dean in the audience, and to hear Ken's comments on the Written entries.

A large crowd laughed along on Saturday night at the concert presented by Jack Drake, Melanie Hall, Bill Kearns and Noel Stallard. They were also our competition judges, with Sandra Harle (who has brought many Juniors to our competition over the last couple of years - six in 2004) and Carmel Randle (who with Patti and John Coutts put on our first Camp Oven Festival ten years ago) also acting as rostered judges.

Saturday and Sunday morning walk-ups were compered by John Best and Ron Liekefett, with the competition being compered by other members of North Pine Bush Poets. Lots of hilarious poems were presented in the One Minute competition with Leanne Jeacocke being the winner.



The 2005 Queensland State Champions Laree Chapman and Dean Collins with Qld. Junior Champion Amy Collins.

It was a very friendly competition with an excellent standard of performance. Many thanks to all those who contributed to the success of the weekend.

Anita Reed.



**NOMINATIONS** have opened for the 2006 Australian Bush Laureate Awards to be staged as part of the Telstra Tamworth Country Music Festival.

Nominations are open to verse recorded and published between October 1, 2004 and September 30, 2005. Forms and details available from

**Australian Bush Laureate Awards**  
PO Box 73, Tamworth, 2340.

Phone 0427 653 422.

mailto.info@bushlaureate.com or visit the ABL Site www.bushlaureate.com.au.

**CLOSING DATE OCTOBER 14TH**

### NARRANDERA WINS NSW TOURISM AWARD - Best Event

Narrandera's John O'Brien Bush Festival has once again taken out the Inland NSW Tourism Award for best Event. The Award was presented to Festival Coordinator Julie Briggs at the Inland NSW Tourism Awards Presentation Dinner in Tamworth during July. The award recognises excellence in organisation and marketing of the event. The John O'Brien Bush Festival has grown over 10 years to be one of the best of the festivals that have bush poetry as the primary focus. The festival program boasts around 7 poet's breakfasts, a competition, and quite a few walk-ups, so lots of opportunities for poets to perform.

The next festival will be held from 15th - 19th March 2006.

Contact Julie, Marie or Brent on 1800 672 392 for information.

# The Australian Bush Poets Association Inc.

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**Membership:** Annual subscriptions \$30.00 1st January to 31st December payable to the Treasurer.

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The Australian Bush Poets Association Inc Newsletter is set-up, published and posted direct to subscribers bi-monthly by the ABPA Inc. Deadline for copy—20th of month preceding the month of issue.

**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 can be obtained from the organizers by sending an SSAE (stamped self-addressed envelope) to the addresses supplied.

## PRESIDENT'S REPORT

G'day all,

I've been pushed for space in this issue, extending to twenty-eight pages - jamming it all in and still having to carry over to the next issue.

Thank you to all the contributors who were kind enough to *post early*, saving the usual big rush at the deadline hour.

The Poetry Bird has flown south again after a very busy northern winter.

New venues continue to pop up with no diminishing signs from the established. Mt Kembla has plans for growth, Harden NSW is 'new' again, sorry that they ever stopped, with a \$1,000 competition; Young continues to grow, The Rusty Nail competition and the Victorian Chapter of the ABPA are going from strength to strength and I've got a forty minute spot in October at a gig involving the forty member Sydney Youth Orchestra. (Nothing like instilling culture into our youth).

On behalf of the association I would like to convey our deepest sympathy to Ray Essery and family of Mullumbimby on the passing of Ray's father, and to Cay Fletcher of Taree in the tragic loss of her niece.

Gotta go, keep on writin' and keep on reciting' - *Frank Daniel*



## BUSH TRACKS:

\* **New Arrival.** Exciting news, 'Prousty' (Dave) rang on Friday 9th September to announce that he was now the proud grandfather of a bouncing baby boy, a ten-pounder named Jack. It would be a safe assumption that his wife Therese is the grandmother; and he did mention his daughter Danielle in passing. Goodonya Dave!

\* Janice Downes of Port Macquarie has compiled an album about bullocks and bullockies, the funds to support the bullock teams at Timber Town, Wauchope. Call her on 02 6581 3552. More next issue.

\* Garry Lowe has just finished a three months residency at the Blackall Caravan Park, entertaining tourists as well as finding time for some fossicking and fishing.

\* John Norman, 'The Old Fella' of Morayfield has released an album of five original songs, sung by Noel Simonsen and Russell Hinton. Ph. 07 5428 6754.

\* John and Sandy Lees of Bundaberg Bush Poets are holidaying overseas for six weeks - address unknown - expected home early November.

\* Trisha Anderson of Brisbane is taking a long awaited holiday in South Africa. Lion dancing perhaps!

\* Duncan Williams of Tamworth has released his first CD. (page 27)

\* The Derby WA Bush Poets have released a 24 track CD recorded at their Festival in July. Send \$15.00 to Robyn Bowcock - PO Box 67 Derby WA 6728

\* Eleven year old Lucy Daniel of Canowindra NSW successfully made the top two hundred from 12,000 entrants in this year's Australia's Brainiest Kid. Guess who's still got a grin on his face?

\* Dave Proust has put out all the fires at Foresters Beach, and has now been transferred to the Fire Station at Umina.

\*\*\*\*\*  
**INSURANCE NOTICE:** The Secretary is finding an increasing number of Performers who are being asked by Festival and Venue Managers for proof of their third party insurance cover. Please be informed that this cover is not available at a moments notice, and cannot and will not be issued until the full payment is received. The ABPA Third Party Insurance is still the most affordable in the country, and costs \$70.00 per annum to December 31st irrespective of joining date. Available to financial members only - please send payment, name and details to the Secretary.  
 \*\*\*\*\*

"I eat my peas with honey, I've done it all my life. It makes the peas taste funny, but it keeps them on the knife." -- Anon.



## SA STATE TITLES & STUMPY AWARDS

How did you fill your weekend of August 6th and 7th?

I listened to Mamum's John Francis sing me through the epic, lyrical journey of our mighty river "on its way down to the sea". Superb! I was spell-bound by petite Danielle Catanzariti, sprinting well beyond her ten tender years to weave a mature, astonishing and magical web of Shakespearean 'Midsummer Night's Dream' soliloquy at the poets' breakfast on Sunday in our Regional Gallery's fabulous sculpture court.

Then I sampled yummy delicacies provided free by Murraylands Regional Tourism Association - washed down by a glass (or two) of Banrock White Shiraz. Adrienne Coulter moved me to the welling point of tears when she read "The Connection" by Alison Quigley of Queensland, which won Stumpy's short story competition this year. What a buzz it was listening to Rita Gade, elegantly edging towards 90, read her poem "Quorn's Black Galah" which



Max Merckenschlager

won her the 2005 state championship for bush poetry - followed by Gary Attrill from Monteith, whom I seem to recall was a fair sort of footballer in his day, perform his farming poem "Time To Toil".

Where were you on Saturday night? I had a feast at the Community Club - no, make that TWO feasts; firstly, of beautiful soul and blues singing by 'Alansis' - what a pretty voice has Sissilia! How gracious it was of Soursob Bob, Swampy Marsh and John O'Dea (all top SA club entertainers) who trav-

elled from Adelaide and Orroroo for little more than petrol money, just to present their own unique, toe-tapping Australian songs to me. John capped this off by collaborating with poetess Carol Reffold over a few reds at my home on Saturday night post-concert to write a sentimental song called "Gran's Quilt", which he then performed to great applause at Sunday's concert. Watch for this one. It could be a future hit.

And weren't the North School drummers, pipers, didgeridoo and dancers great?

Later during the Variety Night concert I had a second feast, laid out by the Murray Bridge Community Club. They fed me to bursting point.

Yes, I had an exhilarating, emotional high of a weekend. But then, I admit I am hard to please.

To all who made that weekend so special, and for any who couldn't be there, the above reflection comes with my compliment. **Max Merckenschlager** (on behalf of all who were touched by 'Stumpy' last weekend).

## GYMPIE Poets Muster

The Poets once again were first cab off the rank at Gympie with the Tuesday morning Breakfast an extravaganza to remember. Fogarty, McArthur, Dave Proust, Shirley Friend and Bluey The Chook were introduced to Muster crowds in a frenetic display of randy rhymes, sexy stanzas and traditional tributes.

As the week went on the Breakfasts incorporated 2 hybrid versions of The Poets Brawl that proved very popular and won Camper Dion Cross from Miles Queensland a free Muster ticket for next year.

The Muster *been bloody good* Poetry Award was very keenly contested and the final on Sunday saw Greg North from Linden, New South Wales take the honours.

The Bullshute Bar Bards performed two feature concerts titled The Wedding and The Wake. These informal, and blatantly unrehearsed, concerts proved popular with Muster audiences and the riveting war of words between Farticus and Bravehart must surely rate as one of the Great Battle Ballads of all time.

Peter Capp from Western Australia

made his first appearance at the Muster to rave reviews and Noel Stallard's work with local school children was a highlight of Thursday's Breakfast as they presented both comical and moving tributes to Aussie life and old friends.

The camp at the Muster is always one to remember and this year's was a bottler. With campfire crooners like Cappy, Neil, Ron The Ringin and occasionally your's truly strumming the ol' six string, we had enough bad singing to last us another twelve months and remind us why we are Poets.

*'no matter how prestigious their work, or widely read, a good Bush Poet never knows they're great until they're dead'*.

cheers - **Marco Giori**

## NOTICE:

**The Annual General Meeting**  
of the  
**Australian Bush Poets Association Inc**  
St. Edwards Hall  
Hillvue Street Tamworth  
**2 pm Saturday**  
**28th January 2006**  
Contact: **Ed Parmenter**  
Secretary ABPA  
Ph. 02 6652 3716

## Deadline

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



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## Remembrance Day in Australia



Australia seems far removed from the battlefields of Europe but its membership in the British Commonwealth meant a commitment to supporting the British war effort in both World Wars, particularly in Turkey and the Middle East.

Although Australia became a nation in 1901 its loyalties still lay with Britain and so the Australian government had

committed itself to supporting the British war effort and Australian men volunteered to fight and die on the battlefields of Europe, Turkey and the Middle East.

Of the Australian population of 5 million, 300,000 young men went to the Great War. Of those 60,000 died and 156,000 were wounded or taken prisoner. Unlike many of its Allies, Australia did not conscript its soldiers to fight in the Great War - all Australian diggers were volunteers.

Said official historian C.E.W. Bean of the Australian diggers:

"Yet at heart even the oldest Australian soldier was incorrigibly civilian. However thoroughly he accepted the rigid army methods as conditions temporarily necessary, he never became reconciled to continuous obedience to orders, existence by rule, and lack of privacy. His individualism had been so strongly implanted as to stand out after years of subordination. Even on the Western Front he had exercised his vote in the Australian elections and in the referendums as to conscription, and it was largely through his own act in these ballots that the Australian people had rejected conscription and that, to the end, the A.I.F. consisted entirely of volunteers. He was subject to no death penalty for disobedience or failure to face the enemy.

(Source: *The Australian Imperial Force in France During the Allied Offensive, 1918*)

The first Remembrance Day was conducted in 1919 throughout the Commonwealth. Originally called Armistice Day, it commemorated the end of hostilities (the signing of the armistice) which occurred on 11 November 1918. It came to symbolise the end of the war and provide an opportunity to remember those who died.

According to the Department of Veterans' Affairs: After the end of World War II, the Australian and British governments changed the name to Remembrance Day. Armistice Day was no longer an appropriate title for a day which would commemorate all war dead.

In October 1997, the Governor-General issued a proclamation declaring eleventh of November as Remembrance Day and urging Australians to observe one minute's silence at 11.00 am on Remembrance Day each year to remember the sacrifice of those who died or otherwise suffered in Australia's cause in wars and war-like conflicts.

## The Australian

by Will H Ogilvie

The skies that arched his land were blue,  
His bush-born winds were warm and sweet,  
And yet from earliest hours he knew

The tides of victory and defeat;  
From fierce floods thundering at his birth,  
From red droughts ravening while he played,

He learned to fear no foes on earth –  
"The bravest thing God ever made!"

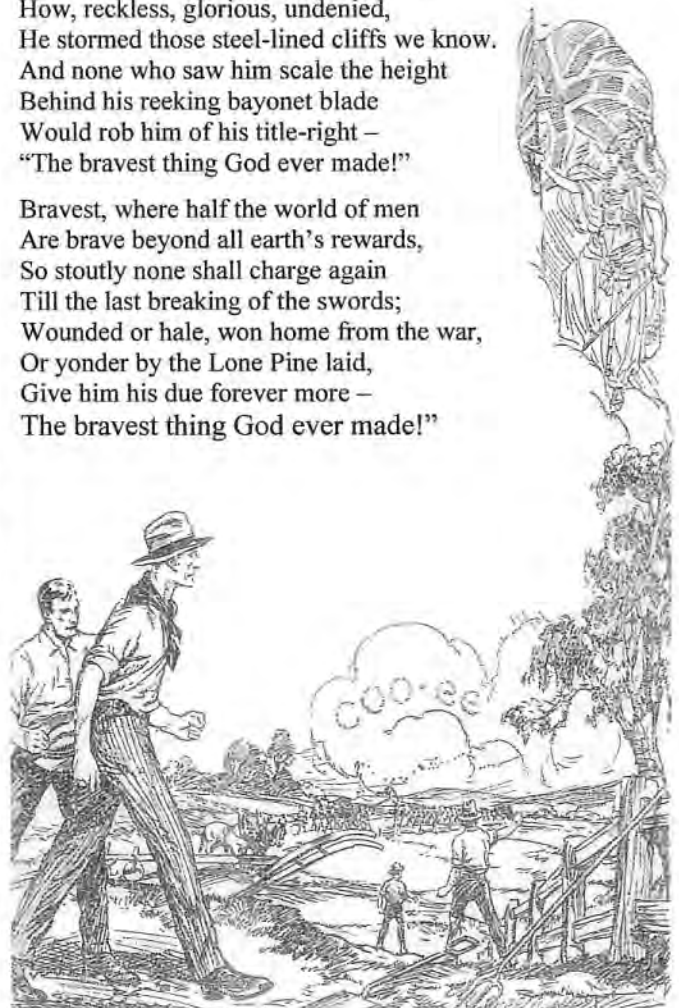
The bugles of the motherland  
Rang ceaselessly across the sea,  
To call him and his lean brown band  
To shape imperial destiny;  
He went, by youth's grave purpose willed,  
The goal unknown, the cost unweighed,  
The promise of his blood fulfilled –  
"The bravest thing God ever made!"

We know - it is our deathless pride! –  
The splendour of his first fierce blows,  
How, reckless, glorious, undenied,  
He stormed those steel-lined cliffs we know.  
And none who saw him scale the height  
Behind his reeking bayonet blade  
Would rob him of his title-right –  
"The bravest thing God ever made!"

Bravest, where half the world of men  
Are brave beyond all earth's rewards,  
So stoutly none shall charge again  
Till the last breaking of the swords;  
Wounded or hale, won home from the war,  
Or yonder by the Lone Pine laid,  
Give him his due forever more –  
The bravest thing God ever made!"



William Henry Ogilvie



And they answered to the call!

This poem was triggered by a 'cartoon' (!!) in 'Punch', c. 1916

### 'GLARE de LUNE'

© 29.1.2001, Tom Stonham

An English country garden,  
a balmy night in June.  
The scent of summer roses,  
a glorious full moon.  
Young, bathed in golden moonlight,  
a bride of four short weeks,  
stands dreaming of her husband  
and, in her heart, she speaks...

"Oh, darling husband, Tommy,  
I ache for your pure love.  
Your sweet impassioned kisses;  
I pray, dear God above,  
bring home my hero safely  
and, please God, make it soon.  
Let us share our lives together  
as we now share this full moon."

In France, young Tommy Atkins,  
half crazy, cursed that moon.  
Stuck, cheek by jowl with corpses,  
his infantry platoon.  
Pinned down since early morning,  
snipers, mortars, shot and shell.  
That moon glared down on Tommy,  
on *No Man's Land*... on Hell!

His proud division, butchered,  
well over half were dead.  
What was last month's honeymoon  
was, this month, charged with dread.  
Tom's last words, snarled in fury,  
were, in effect, his shroud...  
"You big, bright, yellow bastard!  
Be black... *A bloody cloud!*"

### AND... In Scotland

The Ogilvie cairn, erected to commemorate Will H Ogilvie, a local poet. The cairn is topped by an open book depicting one of his poems.



## Mt Kembla Mining Heritage & Music Festival

The picturesque Illawarra escarpment village of Mt Kembla on the South Coast of NSW held its 4th Annual Festival on the last weekend in July.

The original festival in 2002 was held to commemorate the Centenary of the Mt Kembla Mine Disaster of 1902 (where 96 lives were lost in Australia's largest industrial disaster).

One of the most significant signature festival events, the Great Kembla Poetry Challenge was well patronised and the breakfast in Ruby's Courtyard was a glorious Mt Kembla beginning to yet another great day on the mountain.

Sponsored by Dendrobium Mine, Keira Dry Cleaners and the Illawarra Credit Union, the morning was hosted by Claire Cave and the male judges Big Russ Hannah & Michael Darby, both well known in the world of poetry and the Hon. Patricia Forsythe MLC.

Impressive works were presented all morning by some outstanding talent. Len Leffley was wonderful in his miners outfit and was awarded the Best Mining Poem while the Champion Poet went to a much deserved presentation of "Fully Sick Mate" by the very talented Greg North.

The Best Original Poem "Tommy Knockers" was taken out by Jim Chapman and Tom Taylor presented Henry Lawson's "Outback" to win the best traditional poem.

Best Female performer went to the very talented and funny Viv Sawyer with her story of "The Male Bush Poet". Viv was also a joint winner with Len Leffley for Most Appropriately Dressed.

The Modern Poem Category was won by Treva Taylor with his wife's poem "Ode to Henry" and Norm Whit-

ton won the Encouragement Award with his "Plumbers Lament".

Blair McVicar, who is now a regular at the festival, won the Secondary Students award with "Tsunami".

The Mt Kembla Primary School students added that special touch to the event with parents supporting them by ensuring they were fully fancy dressed at such an early hour and all students were given encouragement awards.

The Best Primary Poet was jointly won by Alexander Skedalis & Thalia Boys.

Most Appropriately Dressed was awarded to Emily Markham. This was a wonderful effort from the Mt Kembla Primary School and all concerned.

Best Poem about Mt Kembla/Illawarra as won by Zondrae King with 'Uncle Clyde'.

Overall the morning event displayed an interesting range of both innovative and conventional works as well as some great costumes.

The 5th Mt Kembla Mining Heritage & Music Festival will be staged in July 2006.

### On Being Excised

We're on Magnetic Island,  
We were on a holiday,  
We came here for a fortnight,  
But it seems we'll have to stay.  
That Corpse-like Phillip Ruddock,  
Has done something quite infernal,  
He's excised our little Island,  
So our stay could be eternal.  
We came here on a ferry  
And I know this sounds insane,  
But he's declared us all 'boat people,'  
And we can't go home again.  
So if you want to see us,  
We're outside Australia's Border,  
So you'll have to come and visit,  
With a passport that's in order.

Bigruss August 05

**Winning Poem**  
**STUMPY WRITTEN BUSH POETRY**  
**2005**

**EVER TURNING -**  
**EVER YEARNING**

© Ellis Campbell - Dubbo NSW



By a lonely stretch of wayside, on a track that's seldom crossed,  
stands a lone abandoned windmill, symbol of a past long lost.  
With a creaking groan of protest, damaged blades still slowly whirl,  
play-thing of the fickle breezes where the dismal dust-clouds swirl.  
Plunger-shaft---long disconnected---rasping with an eerie squeal;  
seems to mock the fruitless labour of its fractured spinning wheel.

Grinding metal's fierce resistance jarring harshly as it swings---  
does it pine for pasts departed and the reign of better things?  
Vaguely changing its direction as contrary wind decrees---  
long resigned to being mastered by the whim of wayward breeze.  
Can an ancient mill remember rearing proud above the bore  
when old Warragloaming station spread from here to Vellador?

Grazing runs of vast importance stretched across the saltbush plains  
where merinos gamely battled seasons cursed by lack of rains.  
Whirling windmills were a god-send with their ever-precious flow  
as the parched merinos staggered to the bore-drains long ago.  
Long dilapidated wool-shed---minus roof and half its walls---  
stands in morbid resignation with the visions it recalls.

Massive yards surround the wool shed, all neglected and forlorn.  
Sagging gates no longer open, termites sly attacks have shorn  
solid posts to piles of pith-mould where they rot upon the ground.  
Workers burn the seasoned palings if no fire-wood's around.  
Steely cattle yards replace them, gleaming in the midday sun;  
built to handle flighty bullocks roaming wild across the run.

Motor bikes and helicopters have replaced the gallant horse  
for the urgent cattle musters over hill and watercourse.  
Troughs and tanks replace the bore-drains on the Warragloaming run  
and the lurching road-trains' rumble herald marketing's begun.  
Long deserted rambling homestead---with a smashed verandah floor---  
spider webs designing patterns weaved on window-pane and door.

Garden weeds are growing wildly where the flowers used to thrive---  
two old aloes and a canna somehow seem to stay alive.  
Eighty thousand sheep have vanished that were Warragloaming's pride  
and romantic tales of shearing sheds have disappeared and died.  
Lurching bullock waggons loaded with one hundred bales or more---  
later twenty huge draft horses came, transporting wool to store.

Kangaroos like statues standing, blending with the tawny grass---  
cockatoos wheel loudly screeching, casting shadows as they pass.  
Cawing crow's cruel squawk resounding---wailing out its harsh refrain---  
and the echoes dully answer far across a lonely plain.  
Orange dust-haze idly drifting, specks beneath a burnished sun;  
searing winds that scorch the herbage cast their gloom across the run.

And they stir the ancient windmill till it answers with a moan---  
tired old blades are spinning limply as the greaseless bearings groan.  
Singing songs of desolation and the bane of fruitless quest,  
while its heartless master urges with a never-ending zest.  
Stands alone. Deplored. Forgotten. Taunted by the groaning gears---  
wailing ever its abandonment to wilderness of years.

**STUMPY FESTIVAL**

The recent Stumpy Festival in Murray Bridge SA included the 2005 SA state championships for both written and performed bush poetry, and the following new events: open poetry, original Australian song and prose.

Entries to all the new events were received from every state of Australia excepting Tasmania.



**Adjudicator's Comments**

(supplied by Max Merckenschlager)

I commended a significant number of poems in this year's Stumpy written bush verse competition in recognition of the overall high quality of entries.

My scoring valued careful attention to rhyme and natural rhythm, imagery and descriptive qualities of the chosen words, persuasive and engrossing qualities of the idea/theme/story, originality and memorable nature of the poem.

Ellis Campbell's winning poem rated consistently high in these 4 areas. Once the meter had been established in the opening lines of his poem, Ellis stuck to it like a farmer ploughing his paddock - no daydreaming lapses at the wheel. You won't find a half-rhyme among the couplet lines, or a phrase inversion to patch things up.

Look at the appropriate and evocative words and images which he selected throughout the poem to describe what he saw and felt. Here are just a few: "dismal dust-clouds swirl" "termites sly attacks" "urgent cattle musters" "spider webs designing patterns" "lurching bullock wagons" "tired old blades are spinning limply". You are left at the conclusion of the poem with a feeling of empathy for the tired, manipulated windmill - another battler beaten by time and the unforgiving elements of our Australian outback - just as Ellis planned.

**WATCH THIS SPACE**  
**FOR**  
**IMPORTANT INFORMATION**  
**ABOUT THE 2006**  
**BUNDY BUSH POETRY**  
**MUSTER**  
**.. JULY 7TH, 8TH & 9TH**  
**2006**



2005 SA CHAMPIONSHIPS  
WINNING ENTRY  
WRITTEN BUSH POETRY

QUORN'S BLACK  
GALAH

© Rita Gade

The tame Galah that travelled on the  
Commonwealth's railway  
Was feathered very handsomely in  
shades of pink and grey;  
But as he roosted nightly in Quorn's  
Locomotive Shed,  
Strong jets from engines' smoke stacks  
blackened him from tail to head!

Although he was rejected by the  
neighbourhood's Galahs,  
He didn't drown his sorrows like some  
barflies do in bars!  
He wisely chose to fraternize with  
friendly enginemen;  
And rode with them on train trips to the  
outback now and then.

Whenever a steam engine, with the  
black Galah aboard,  
Was coupled to "The Marree Mixed",  
that cocky's spirits soared!  
He gripped the handbrake's handle -  
quite the place on which to perch -  
Then steadied his position as the foot-  
plate gave a lurch!

"The Mixed" made its departure at a  
signal from the Guard;  
And early in the morning left Quorn's  
Railway Station's yard.  
The cocky's beady eyes lit up with  
thoughts of purest glee

On leaving Quorn aboard the train now  
heading for Marree!

He revelled in the action as the steam  
train rode the track -  
The crossing of each jointed rail, the  
steady 'clack, click, clack',  
The hiss of steam, the smell of coal, the  
breezes rushing through!  
In Summer and in Winter there was  
much to see and do!

He glimpsed the fiery furnace through  
the open fire-box door;  
And watched the Fireman shovel coal  
into its hungry maw!  
There was no other place on Earth  
where he would rather be -  
When biscuits were on offer, as men  
sipped hot mugs of tea!

The cocky rode his iron horse past lots  
of feathered friends -  
Enjoying his day travel on the railway's  
straights and bends!  
He never wished to change his lot, for  
life up here was grand;  
And journeys by the Flinders Range  
quite simply beat the band!

"The Mixed" train stopped at stations  
where the hiss of white-hot steam  
That spurted onto ballast stones woke  
cocky from his dream!  
He saw wild emus stalking through the  
lonely Saltbush plain  
The while the crew kept busy with their  
duties on the train.

He flew out from the cabin where the  
town of Leigh Creek stood.  
Its countryside provided drinking water  
and fresh food!

Then maybe in a day or so, a coal  
train's favoured crew  
Would spot this little mascot as he flew  
in from the blue!

The Driver sat him on his perch and  
scratched his jet black head!  
The cocky was delighted! "Hello  
Cocky Boy," he said!  
That coal train's crew were happy at  
the thought of heading back -  
As big wheels sped them home-  
wards on the narrow-gauge rail  
track.

The Flinders Range stood grandly -  
dappled, now, with cobalt blue  
As clouds cast passing shadows that  
enhanced its lustrous hue.  
The Fireman who felt the heat, now  
dreamed of cooling beer -  
Frothed up in schooner glasses; and his  
soul was filled with cheer!

A flock of White Corellas wheeled  
across the northern sky;  
And bush Galahs ate grass seeds as the  
"Coalie" passed them by.  
A kangaroo lay lounging in a Red  
Gum's leafy shade -  
Indifferent to strangers and the noise  
that coal train made!

The train's crew signed off duty when  
their shift was at an end;  
And, having partly fondly from their  
little feathered friend,  
The men all made a bee line for the  
Hotel Austral's bar -  
Which in their estimation served the  
best pale ale by far!

## COLIN JOHN NEWSOME

Colin Newsome was born on 12th  
October 1916 at Wellingrove (A vil-  
lage North West of Glen Innes) and  
grew up in the District. During his  
Schooling at Wellingrove one of the  
Teachers was a big fan of Australian  
Poetry (Especially Henry Lawson and  
AB Paterson) It was from this Teacher  
that Colin acquired his love of Bush  
Poetry and has been writing Poetry  
ever since. He has published two major  
books of his works ('The Green Tree  
Snake' and 'Dingo Howler') as well as  
many more smaller Books of Poetry  
and short Stories.

Colin has knocked about the bush all  
his life from working on the family  
farm in his early life to Stockman,  
Drover, Wool presser, Shearer, and any

other jobs he could find. He  
spent some years as a Boxer  
and Wrestler with Jimmy Sharman's  
Boxing Tent touring to all parts of the  
Country from the Sydney Royal to the  
smallest towns that staged a show or  
Rodeo.

He was a top Wool presser on the  
old manual presses till the introduction  
of hydraulic machines saw him concen-  
trate on Shearing. He was a good solid  
shearer and staunch Union man who  
saw all the hard times of strikes and  
trouble in the Industry. He was always  
willing to help a young fellow get a  
start in the sheds or give him his first  
go at shearing.

All though this his love of Poetry  
shone through with many of his Poems  
depicting the good times and the Strug-  
gle he lived through he was still recit-

ing at Poets Breakfasts and Festivals  
until as recent as the Celtic Festival in  
Glen Innes this year and up to a couple  
of years ago was still shearing the  
'Pets' around Town.

*(Information supplied by Jack Kilner)*

The Glen Innes Lions Club Land of the  
Beardies Festival Inc will hold a Testimo-  
nial Poets and Yarn Spinners Night  
in recognition of the achievements of  
Local Australian Bush Poet Colin  
Newsome at the Club Hotel Rose  
Rooms in Wentworth Street Glen Innes  
NSW commencing 7.00pm for 7.30pm  
on **Saturday the 12th November 2005**

Please contact Neville Campbell on  
02 6732 2663 to indicate your atten-  
dance by Thursday the 10th November  
2005. No costs for evening  
Guest Poets/Comperes - Ron Brown  
and Graeme Johnson. (see p. 12 & 21)



*TO BE A POET IS A CONDITION,  
RATHER THAN A PROFESSION.  
(Robert Graves)*

**A NOTE FROM OUR PRESIDENT**

We have been working steadily preparing for next year's Riverland festival. While June 2006 may seem a long way off in terms of planning it is very close indeed. We have been in contact with Arts SA to try to arrange some arts funding for the event.

The Bush Poetry has now become a major festival within the overall Country Music Festival, and as it is an Arts Festival we hope that Arts SA will look kindly on us. We will keep you posted.

Congratulations to our members who were successful with their poetry at this years State Championships. The State Championships was won by Jill Wherry and Judy Strauss from Waikerie was runner-up. Maurie O'Brien was runner-up in the Written State Championships and both he and Terry Anderson received commended awards.

In the Stumpy 2005 Performance Poetry Awards Jill Wherry took out third place.

Congratulations to all placegetters.

Keep on writing,  
Anne.

**HAVE YOU HEARD THE ONE ABOUT:-**

When Anne Rogers had become a mother for the first time she excitedly rang a friend and said "I've had the baby, I've had the baby". Guess what it is?

"A boy" guessed her friend.

"Nope", said Anne, "have another go".

**Rusty Nail Bush Verse Festival  
Saturday 8th October 2005  
Hard Hill Tourist Reserve, Wedderburn Victoria**

The Rusty Nail Bush Verse Festival is organised to promote bush verse amongst primary school children—the keepers of the flame and the future of bush poetry.

The Central Goldfields Bush Poets have sent entry forms to a large number of schools throughout the district to encourage them to participate in this event which will cover both written and performance areas.

It is the third time the CGBP have run the event and it is expected to be huge this year with the addition of a gala concert.

Some top name performers have been recruited to show students, families and visitors what bush poetry is all about.

The festival begins with an "open stage" Poets' Breakfast from 7am to 9am where anyone can get up and perform.

At 9.30am the Junior Bush Poetry Festival begins, where students registered by 9.15 am will perform original poetry and poems written by others.

The gala Bush Poetry & Music Show starts at 1.30pm featuring Past Australian Ladies Champion, Glenny Palmer, Jim Brown the current Victorian Champion, award winning singer and guitarist Jill Meehan, Geoffrey Graham and Carol Reffold with Australia's funniest poet, Neil McArthur.

For full information, see the details at [www.cgbp.info](http://www.cgbp.info), the Central Goldfields Bush Poets homepage. Contact Ric Raftis on 03 54943404 email [ric@bushverse.com](mailto:ric@bushverse.com)

**GUESS WHAT, MISS!**

© Frank Daniel – 11.8.05

Today was teacher's birthday all the kids with eager eyes came armed with little presents to give her a big surprise.

Teacher had to take a guess as to what was wrapped inside each tidy little parcel; she'd pretend, then she'd decide.

Rosie from the Florist's shop brought a bulbous rounded gift. Teacher feigned pretentiously closed her eyes and then she sniffed;

'I think you've brought me flowers, what a thoughtful little child.' 'Have a happy birthday Miss' came from Rosie with a smile.

Peter from the Paper shop brought a flat wrapped writing pad; Marcus from the music store gave a CD that he had.

Prissy gave some perfumed soap she came from the Chemist's shop, and teacher guessed correctly till the last one made her stop.

Young George from the liquor store held a leaking cardboard box. 'Betcha dunno what's inside!' - Miss was used to George's shocks.

She took a little sample on her fingers from the leak, sucked it slowly through her lips, but her thoughts were rather bleak.

She asked was it a white wine. George said no! and gave a sneer, then from her second sample reckoned it could be light beer.

'Wrong again the second time! - Miss, I think you should give up - enjoy your birthday present - it's a little Kelpie pup!'

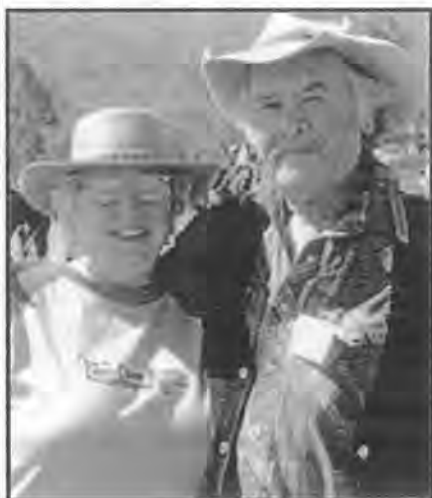
**BEAUDESERT WORKSHOP**

*Preliminary notice . . .*

*The Beaudesert Bush Bards group is two years old and the membership is growing steadily. The members perform at the monthly markets and for various charities. They have declared themselves a "pressure free zone" and this helps the less outgoing members to ease in gently. They enjoy the fellowship that their common interest brings and feel that they are helping to promote Aussie culture. The BBB's plan to conduct a performance workshop with Noel Stallard on 11th February next year. They will need the support of poets from near and far to make the workshop viable. Look for the ad. in the next issue.*



# JOHN LLOYD



## Carmel and John Lloyd

John Roberts Lloyd was born in November 1939 - the second of six children, to an alcoholic, and abusive father and a gentle but unrealistic mother. The family moved frequently, causing the children's youth to be dysfunctional, and their schooling fragmented.

John's publication 'From Wagonettes to Roadtrains' reveals much of his adventurous life with real stories and bush ballads from when he left home as a thirteen year old and found himself digging spuds at Roberston to the harsh realities of far north Queensland, the Northern Territory and the Kimberleys.

His book is dedicated to all the faceless men and women who helped shape the rural industry in Australia, the Ringers (Stockmen), Station Hands, Cooks and Rouseabouts, Horse Breakers, Aboriginal Stockmen across the Northern and Western areas of Australia.

Someone once asked John when did he first start travelling - his reply was 'When I was about six' - when he travelled to places and had great adventures in his mind. Later when he did start to roam his fantasies became reality, sometimes harsher but always much greater.

In all love affairs there are highs and lows - but John's love for this country has never waned. Its variations and its people have made his travels a joyous part of his life.

His wanderings along dry creek beds and deserts of the inland, seeing the

mighty Cooper's Creek in flood, the Barkley Tablelands and the awe inspiring escarpments of the Kimberleys, the big mobs moving from the Northern Territory into Queensland, meeting a multitude of characters on the big runs - all revealed in his poems and stories.

In 1953 when he was thirteen he made a decision that changed his life and send him down the road of learning that no school had the capacity to do - he left home!

His father grew increasingly harder to live with, he had been a heavy drinker all his life but this had progressed into alcoholism. After a rather nasty incident one night young John packed a few things and caught a train - and so began his education.

School had been so fragmented that his learning was basic to say the least; and although he could read and write, he wished he had a better grasp of the English language. "Especially obvious when one tries to put words into a book," he says. (Not so thinks the editor)

Two days after catching the train he was digging spuds on a farm at Robertson, in the Southern Highlands. "Bloody hard work," he remembers. After a few weeks and the realisation there was no future in it for him he progressed to working on a dairy farm at Moss Vale. It didn't take long with getting up at 4.00am in the freezing cold, to wonder whether 'progressed' was the right word, but he hung on for a few months until the fruit picking had started in the Riverina.

He headed for Leeton where he picked peaches and pears for six weeks before taking work on a grazing and wheat property sowing crop, mustering and general station work until lured by stories from older men of Queensland, the big cattle runs, droving and the wide open spaces. And so his journey began, but to a fourteen-year-old with a hunger for knowledge his baptism of fire was rushing at him headlong. Today Lloydie lives in MacKay Queensland.

Of his wonderful ever-present wife, Carmel, without whose persistence and unwavering faith his book would never have started, John says "She has been my main inspiration, my soul mate and the other half of me. I love her dearly."

Goodonya Lloydie!

## DROVER

© John Lloyd

The dogs I've had were varied,  
In all those bygone years.  
Some have brought me laughter,  
And others - angry tears.

But there's one I still remember,  
He was the best of all.  
He had no fear of man or beast.  
And to me he gave his all.

I could scour the country far and wide  
And cross my tracks twice over.  
But I know I'll never find a dog  
Like my old mate - Drover.

He'd fight a bit amongst the dogs,  
To show who was the boss.  
But there never was a scrubber  
That old dog couldn't toss.

Now in the scrub or in the yard  
He needed no command.  
Whenever he was needed  
He was there to give a hand.

And if there is a muster,  
Way up there in the sky.  
Where bullocks live on lush green  
grass,  
And old bulls never die.

And cattle dogs just lay about  
throughout the sun filled days  
St. Peter's on the big yard gate  
Checking out the strays.

If they seem to balk a bit  
And it's hard to get them over  
He calls for help to move 'em on,  
He calls my old mate . . . Drover.

## CLEO

by Bill Glasson

I have a dog, quite old and slow,  
But loyal as any dog can be;  
And she would tackle any foe  
If she thought she was saving me.  
A loving pat is all she'll crave  
As she sits by me while I write,  
And prowlers would be very brave  
To take her on by day or night.  
But I would not be hard to rob  
By any crook who used his head,  
For on a stormy night, the slob  
Lies hiding underneath my bed.

'If there are no dogs in Heaven,  
then when I die  
I want to go where they went!'



## ELMSLEA SOLD

The Historic NSW, Southern Tablelands Homestead, 'Elmslea', at Bungendore has been sold.

The home of the Elmslea Bush Poets over the past eleven years has had a change of ownership and will cease operations as a B & B. The new owners will no longer conduct the annual Bush Poets Breakfasts as part of the Bungendore Country Muster in February.

Negotiations by Frank Daniel have come to fruition with the Bungendore Bowling Club taking up the challenge to keep the tradition alive.

Next year the Poets Breakfasts will be conducted at the Bowling Club in Duralla Street on Saturday and Sunday 4th and 5th of February 2006.

Miles and Toni Flanagan, with the help of Frank Daniel, instigated bush poetry at the festival in 1994, starting off at the Bungendore Lighthouse Building in the main street before transferring to the spacious grounds of their home, 'Elmslea' on the outskirts of town, where the Queanbeyan Bush Poets catered for some three hundred patrons with cooked breakfasts each morning.

The ABPA wishes every success to the Flanagans in their move to Tasmania, and sincerely thank them for their tremendous contribution to Australian Bush Poetry.

## RIGHT OF REPLY

In reply to: Carolyn Eldridge-Alfonzetti's now public letter (Matter of Ethics) addressed to the Hunter Bush Poet members.

Dear Readers, I am a foundation member and former president of the Hunter Bush Poets Association and a current financial member of The A.B.P.A. I do not buy The Australian Woman's Weekly and I have only been receiving The A.B.P.A. newsletter since becoming a member approximately two years ago. Carolyn Eldridge-Alfonzetti's poem, "The Ballad of Rosie McGreer." May well be being performed under someone else's name or as she has stated, that person may simply be failing to acknowledge her intellectual property, which in either case is morally wrong. However, it is a sad day for bush poetry when a fellow bush poet cannot politely inquire from a competition finalist fellow performing bush poet, as to where he may have seen or heard her original poem before; without invoking a loosely worded public response discrediting the ethics of the HBP 61 members because of the alleged actions of one alleged member (who incidentally happens to be a long-time member of the A.B.P.A. as well.) While any story regarding ethics or injustice is indeed newsworthy, surely there are ethics governing the actions of a person publicly claiming an injustice based solely on hearsay, for as Carolyn has stated "mud does stick." Therefore, I respectfully suggest that rather than have harbored ongoing resentment and hostility towards one of our shared HBP, A.B.P.A.

Members for the last four years because of (as far as I'm aware) an unsubstantiated accusation based solely on hearsay; Had Carolyn expressed her concerns to the HBP in the past as she did to the ABPA, her letter would have been read out to our members at the next monthly Tarro meeting as her previously published letter was and if one of our members had as Carolyn alleges, regularly been reciting her poem and claiming it to be his/her own work, it stands to reason that at least some of our members would have been aware of the fact (which they are not) and the alleged offending member would have been exposed and discredited on the night; after which Carolyn would have been sent an official letter of apology, denouncing the unethical, immoral, (not to mention illegal as far as copyright goes) practice that was being allegedly carried out regards to her poem allegedly by one of our members. Or alternatively had she contacted the HBP Association providing proof of her allegation, we would have been sympathetic and every bit as disappointed and upset as Carolyn claims to be and we would have sought her permission to have published her poem in our HBP newsletter acknowledging her authorship along with an official letter of apology. I have attended 99% of all HBP monthly Tarro Hotel meeting nights and probably 95% of all HBP well organized and ethically run member performance events (which there have been many over the past eight years) and I can assure Carolyn and every reader of The A.B.P.A. newsletter, that Carolyn's poem has never been recited or performed by any HBP member at any HBP Tarro meeting night or

at any other HBP organized event that I have had the pleasure to attend. I make this statement without reservation in as much as having seen Carolyn perform her poem at the Henry Lawson Awards night at Gulgong this year, was the very first time that I had ever heard the poem "The Ballad of Rosie McGreer" performed or recited by Carolyn Eldridge-Alfonzetti or anybody else and I can assure Carolyn Eldridge-Alfonzetti and every reader of The A.B.P.A. newsletter, that even though our members are all individuals the ethics and moral code of The Hunter Bush Poets Association are and have always been second to none.

Bob Cummings.

**Next issue will feature the true story of the Dog on the Tuckerbox by Frank Daniel, taken from historic Gundagai records of 1932 and the unveiling ceremony of the monument.**

**Also a short biography on Jack Moses, author of 'Nine Miles from Gundagai'.**

### How the Nations are Fed

Jack Moses

The meat and the wheat and the fruit that we eat  
and the butter we spread on our bread  
All come from the toil of the man on the soil  
and that's how the Nations are fed.  
The birds on the wing joyfully sing,  
times will be better ahead  
While we grow the wheat  
and the meat that we eat  
And the butter we spread on our bread.



## SANDRA HAMILTON CONWAY



### HARDEN NSW DINNER & COMPETITION

On Saturday 22nd October the busy rural centre of Harden on the south west slopes of NSW adjacent to the Canberra and Riverina Regions will be holding a Dinner and Bush Poetry Competition in the Mechanics Institute.

Sponsored by the Kruger Trust, the \$1,000 'Taste of Country' competition will be hosted by Frank Daniel of Canowindra, basically being a revival of the old 'Hardened Liars' competitions held in the nineties.

The contest will be an open poetry challenge, Traditional, Original or Established works, for male and female, (one in all in), with five equal prizes of \$200 each for the most successful. Contact can be made with Lorraine Brown either by phone or fax on 02 6386 2555.

In its early stages, the moral improvement of the town was not forgotten and was indeed important to its civic leaders.

As well as the churches, a Mechanics Institute was established in Harden in 1874. Its objects were the provision of a library and reading room, educational lectures and later a billiard room. For many years it served a useful purpose, but education was never one of its popular functions. In 1909 the Institute built the present hall which included a large auditorium and the building serves as the town hall to this day.

Despite the fact that Harden had the only library, the residents of Murrumburrah were reluctant to contribute to or use its facilities

Sandra Hamilton Conway was born at Deniliquin, N S W, in 1939, just six days before Black Friday when the country seared under a piteous, blue sky. Growing up on her parents' sheep and cattle property 25 miles west of Deniliquin was easy with the love of her family to protect her but going from the relaxed atmosphere of Correspondence School at home with her mother into a classroom situation made her schooling a difficult experience.

But always there were words and the descriptive power of them that she found irresistible. Down the years words have become her passion and writing Bush Poetry is an opportunity to use them to express her thoughts and the irrepressible humour that she has in common with so many of her family members.

Sandra's writing began early in her life but lapsed after her marriage when she put aside her scribbling to be there for her husband, Jim, and her two sons, Damian and Philip.

However in June 1997 Jim and Sandra attended the Tamworth Fire side Bush Poetry Festival where her imagination was once more set on fire as she listened to the poets in the Longyard and attended orkshops conducted by Blue the Shearer, Grahame Watt and Frank Daniel. Inspired by their depth of knowledge and their encouragement Sandra began to write again. Milton Taylor took time to write to Sandra to offer advice and to encourage her to keep writing which she appreciated.

The following year she was judged to be the best new voice at the Fireside Festival.

In 1998 Sandra won a special Award for her poem titled 'The Stoush' in the 'John Dunmore Lang' Poetry Competition which, in that year, was commemorating the Centenary Year of the Queensland Irish Association. In the following year one of her poems was selected to be published in an anthology of poems which were considered, by a panel of judges, as the best poems submitted to the Blackened Billy Competition in 1999.

The words she has most enjoyed writing are those contained in her book 'Howitt Began' which she had published as a handsome hardback volume of 300 pages in 2002 to document the history of her Howitt family as a gift

for its generations to come.

Time and other commitments have meant that much of Sandra's work is unpublished though she is in great demand on the Probus speakers' circuit to read her work and to speak about Bush Poetry.

### CORROBOREE

© Sandra Hamilton-Conway  
Murrumbena Vic. 1998

The sheer grey cliffs of granite  
Stood silver by moonlight  
And the ochre pits lay silent  
As the men prepared for night.  
They would decorate dark bodies  
With the totems of their birth,  
And dance old Koorie legends,  
At one with deep red earth.

The markings they wore proudly  
Told of animal or bird.  
Each man would dance his story,  
A tale of things he'd heard.  
Beyond the fringe of campfire's light  
The women sat serene,  
Content to play no part tonight,  
But watch unheard, unseen.

Now great red puffs of dust rose up  
Beneath the dancers feet  
As didgeridoo wailed plaintively  
To clap-sticks' rhythmic beat.

The ageless land and watching moon  
Shared secrets from a time  
When ancient mystic legends  
Became the tribe's Dreamtime.

The distant caves where tribesmen  
Carved history in limestone  
Heard sounds of tribal heartbeat  
Above the wind's low moan.  
It was as if the earth and sky,  
The wind and granite cliffs,  
And caves with ancient drawings  
Kept the magic and the myth.

Tomorrow, when the sunlight comes  
And Dreamtime fades with day,  
The tribesmen will be stockmen  
And ride to earn their pay.  
The ochre pits and granite cliffs  
Will ring with stockwhip's crack,  
As riders round up cattle  
And brand the cleanskin's back.

But the caves will guard their secrets  
Until they dance again  
With ochre painted bodies,  
A dance of roo and crane.  
The myths and mystic symbols  
Passed down from hand to hand  
Are safe within their keeping  
At one with their red land.



## HOPEFULLY OF SOME INTEREST!

I have a very old copy of *Fair Girls and Grey Horses*, as written by Will H Ogilvie.

The inside cover has a signature. I. Ousby, 'Elmsleigh', Cowra, 1926.

Glued to the inside cover is a newspaper clipping, dated 9th September, 1959. It read - Note from Miss Noni O'Sullivan, Parkville, Vic.:-

*"Recently I read an article in which the erroneous statement was made that the Australian and Scottish poet, Will H. Ogilvie, died in 1941.*

*"Will Ogilvie is not dead. On the contrary, he will be 90 years old this year and lives at Kirklea, Ashkirk, Selkirkshire, Scotland.*

*"It's a pity Australia doesn't appreciate her bards enough to know whether they are dead or alive."*

Another clipping dated February 1963 in the same book reads *"And, in the minor class, Will Ogilvie, bush balladist of the 1890's, died in Scotland last week aged 93, the last of that tribe."*

With the scribe referring to Will Ogilvie as a 'minor' poet, I cannot but believe there must have been some 'gooduns' that we never heard of.

I also wonder if in his use of 'tribe' was he referring to Bush Poets.

A third clipping, quite obviously the inside flap of a dust cover from a book, date unknown, showed a list of books by Australian Poets.

I'd like to be stocking up a library at these prices.

Three examples:-

*'The Passionate Heart'* by Mary Gilmore. (etc. ) Price with portrait. 5/- (postage 2d.) Today 52 cents.

*'The Poetical Works of Henry Kendall'* - Enlarged edition, with portrait. 9/- (postage 3d.) 93cents.

*'Poetical Works of Henry Lawson'* Definitive Edition. With Preface, biographical and critical . . . with 3 portraits in colour. 3 Vols. 18/- (postage 6d.) \$1.85.

It goes on to read *"this is the best edition of Lawson's Poems, it is nearly out of print and will not be reprinted."*

**Damn!** Only eighteen and a half bob and I missed him.

*Frank Daniel*

## VALE: DENIS KEVANS 1939 - 2005



### DENIS KEVANS 'The Poet Lorikeet'

**KEVANS, Peter Denis.**

Australia's Poet Lorikeet (January 15, 1939 August 23, 2005). Loving father of Sophia, uncle of Keiran and Kate, special friend of Sonia.

A true mate to all humanity, to justice and the Conservation Movement. Lyrebird of the Mountains, our hearts dance to your sweet song forevermore.

Denis Kevans passed away at 3.20am on 23rd August at Westmead Hospital following heart surgery.

Denis delighted audiences for more than forty five years with his humour and hard hitting poems. His music and songs will long be remembered, songs such as 'Come On Souths', 'The Roar of the Crowd', 'Shoulda Been a Champion' and 'City of Green'.

Poet and singer songwriter Denis Kevans entertained festival goers at Australian folk festivals for many years. Since moving to live in the Blue Mountains in 1982, Denis became

known as Australia's 'Poet Lorikeet' for his larrikin poems celebrating working class culture and the need for preserving the environment.

He wrote well over a thousand poems, songs and satires and won more than 50 prizes for poems and songs. His titles, if not his name, are a byword among the Australian people.

Denis Kevans was widely known and respected in the Australian folk fraternity as a poet, singer, songwriter and great performer. Like his brother Jacko, who pre-deceased him in April this year, Denis spent his early years in the Canberra area and was a regular performer with an emerging Monaro Folk Society. He performed and facilitated workshops at local and national folk festivals from the early 1970s.

Denis leaves behind many friends all over the country, and a small number of very close friends who knew him extremely well.

Others with lasting memories of him as a poet consider themselves fortunate.

Unpretentiously he would pace nervously outside the 'Big Top' at a festival before taking the stage to perform. Once on stage, of course, he was the ultimate performer.

He would usually commence his performances with a handful of hilarious two liners, after which he would launch into one of his exquisite poems.

He wrote and performed with great passion, an ability rare in many circles. Many of his poems were crowd favourites, none more popular than his environmental, audience participation piece, "Concreto".

People often forget that Denis was also a very talented singer and songwriter. Over the years he performed his own songs. Much of his work has also been performed by other talented artists, including Sonia Bennett.

Denis will be fondly remembered by all those fortunate enough to have shared a moment or two with him or were touched by the passion of his poetry.

Denis Kevans was one of Australia's greatest contemporary poets who never got the national recognition he justly deserved. History, hopefully, will find a place for him up there alongside the likes of other great Australian poets in the likes of Judith Wright, A.D.Hope and David Campbell.

*(per David Meyers & Frank Daniel)*

## SHHH!

### DON'T TELL COLIN!

**The organizers are hoping to keep it a secret!**

As a tribute to one of the country's greatest living characters, The Glen Innes Lions Club Land of the Beardies Festival Inc will be conducting a Testimonial Poets and Yarn Spinners Night in recognition of the achievements of renowned local bush poet and bushman, Colin Newsome on Saturday

**12th November at 7pm.**

See page 7

From Dennis Kevans '300 Funny Little Poems';

### BART CUMMINGS

Bart Cummings is our greatest race-horse trainer,

His stables were inspected by Inspector Sav,

'You've got far too many flies in your stables, Bart!'

'Well, Inspector, how many am I allowed to have?'

### GOOD JOB

I'd like a job that doesn't pollute,  
That doesn't destroy the earth,  
That doesn't destroy the rivers and forests,  
Or soils the land of my birth.

### CUTTING LOSSES

When the boss is cutting losses  
And the loss he cuts is you.  
When you're rocking on your rubbers  
And you don't know what to do.

When the right-wing organizer  
Sort of sighs a sorry grin,  
Do you throw it all to blazes,  
Cut your throat and chuck it in.  
Do you give your brains and airing  
With a sawn-off twenty-two?  
No, you stand and stick together,  
Then the Boss'll make the blue.  
(1962)

## AH, WHITE MAN HAVE YOU ANY SACRED SITES? By Denis Kevans 1937 - 2005

Ah, brother, I am searching for the sites sacred to you,  
Where you walk in silent worship, and you whisper poems, too,

Where you tread, like me, in wonder, and your eyes are filled with tears,  
When you see the tracks you've travelled down your fifty thousand years.

I am searching round Australia, I am searching, night and day,  
For a site, to you so sacred, that you won't give it away  
For a bit of coloured paper, say a Church you're knocking down,  
Or the Rocks, your nation's birthplace, by the Bridge, in Sydney Town.

Your cathedrals I have entered, I have seen the empty aisles,  
Where a few knelt down in sorrow, where were all the children's smiles?  
Big cathedrals, full of beauty, opal glass and gleaming gold,  
And an old man, in an overcoat, who had crept in from the cold.

Your schools, I drifted through them, heard the sound of swishing canes,  
Heard the shouts of angry people crushing flowers in our brains,  
Heard the bark up on the rostrum, where the powers had their say,  
Wouldn't children's hearts be sacred, though they're made, like mine, of clay?

Where's your wonder? Where's your worship?  
Where's your sense of holy awe?  
When I see those little children, torn apart, by fear of war?  
What is sacred to you, brother, what is sacred to your clan?  
Are your totems rainbow-feathered? Is there dreaming in you, man?

Sacred ... sacred ... sacred ... gee, you chuck that word about,  
And when echoes answer sacred ... sacred, louder still, you shout,  
And the echoes come, in patterns, and then, louder, every one,  
Till they meet, like waves together, and go bang! just like a gun.

Sacred ... hesitating ... now, a film is reeling through  
My brain, and through my memory, of our sacred rendez-vous,  
Of our meeting, of our parting, of my tears, as sweet as ice,  
Of my numb incomprehension of a shattered paradise.

Sacred, O so sacred, was our sacred rendez-vous,  
And your ferocious anger, when you found, we weren't like you,  
But if I should make an act of faith, in a voice, both firm and clear,  
That there's something sacred to me, you start drowning in your beer.

What is sacred to you, brother, what is sacred to your heart?  
Is Australia just a quarry, for the bauxite belts to start?  
Where the forests are forgotten, and the tinkling of the bell  
Of the bell-bird in the mountains is just something more to sell?

Ah, brother, I am searching for the sites sacred to you,  
But the rivers, clear as crystal, smell like sewer-fulls of spew,  
From the pipe and pump polluters, and the nukes that fleck the foam,  
Would you let a man, with dirty boots, go walking through your home?

Sacred means that, sacred, that's a place where spirits rise,  
With the rainbow wings of sunset, on the edge of paradise,  
Sacred, that's my father, that's my daughter, that's my son,  
Sacred ... where the dreaming whispers hope for everyone.

In the silence of the grottoes of Australia's sunny land,  
Stand together with the Kooris, stand together, hand in hand,  
Open eyes to endless beauty, and to spirits, far and near,  
For Australia is my country, hey, it's sacred to me here.

Ah, brother, I am searching for the sites sacred to you,  
Where you walk, in silent worship, and you whisper poems, too,  
Where you tread, like me, in wonder, and your eyes are filled with tears,  
When you see the tracks you've travelled down your fifty thousand years.



## THE WEEPING WILLOW TREE

by CA Rogers - SA 12.8.05

It's the willow I remember  
When my mind wanders back  
The fun we had down by the creek  
Along McDougal's track.  
It's the willow I remember  
The cooling dappled shade  
The ripples in the water there  
Where weeping branches played.

It's the tinkle of your laughter  
That echoes in my mind,  
The glint of mischief in your eyes  
A spirit not confined.  
It's the tinkle of your laughter  
I close my eyes and hear,  
And see your precious little face.  
A face I hold so dear.

It's more years now than I recall  
That sunny summer day  
Where down beside McDougal's creek  
We whiled the time away.  
It's more years now than I recall  
Since I last saw your smile  
But still it glows there in my mind  
Stays with me all the while.

I live that day year in year out  
It never leaves my side,  
That day beneath the willow tree  
When my sweet angel died.  
I live that day year in, year out  
The nightmare haunts me still  
Of how you lost your life that day  
In waters deep and chill.

And down beside McDougal's creek  
A tiny grave stands stark  
Your name upon a marble stone  
Your resting place to mark.  
And down beside McDougal's creek  
When memories come to me  
It's the willow I remember,  
That weeping willow tree.

I sat next to the Duchess for tea,  
It was just as I feared it would be.  
Her rumblings abdominal  
Were simply phenomenal,  
And everyone thought it was me!

(Jim Haynes Book of Limericks)

## BY FIRELIGHTS GLOW

(Winning entry. Queensland Written Championships 2005)  
© Veronica Weal. Herberton Q.

I was working in the garden when the dogs began to bark,  
and a car with mum and dad and kids pulled up outside my gate.  
As my visitors were greeted, introductions were completed.  
They had bought the run-down place nearby, a small deceased estate.

City couple, John and Ellen, and their teenage girl and boy  
were delighted with their purchase, and the haven they had found.  
It was cold but cloudless weather, so they'd planned a get-together  
with a barbecue, so they could meet the neighbours all around.

I am still not sure the reason why I promised them I'd go.  
I'd been something of a hermit, shunning strangers quite a while;  
for my grief seemed never-ending, and I found it hard pretending  
that my life was slowly mending, and that sometimes I could smile.

Maybe anything was better than another night alone  
with the echoes and the memories that left me sad and blue;  
so with night-time shadows falling, on the neighbours I went calling,  
and I mingled with the locals, faces old and faces new.

John had lit a welcome campfire, keeping winter chills at bay,  
and the guests were huddled closely round the leaping golden flames.  
By the firelight, brightly glowing, conversation started flowing.  
As the guests were introduced, I tried to memorize some names.

For a while I joined the chatter, and I tried to play my part,  
but before too long they must have found me boring - old and slow;  
for the firelight, so inviting, was a catalyst, igniting  
rosy visions in my memory of scenes from long ago.

In the days when I was younger, fires were part of daily life -  
used for cooking, warmth, and washing, and to keep us cleanly clad.  
There beside the fire we shivered, health and cleanliness delivered  
by the weekly bath we hated, and would rather not have had.

At the age of seventeen I left my home, and drifted west.  
Working hard with sheep or cattle was a way of life for me.  
Winter days were spent in yearning for the warmth of firewood burning,  
and the comfort of my canvas swag, and mug of billy tea.

When I met and married Jenny, how we loved to go out bush,  
where we lived like carefree nomads as the days went rushing by;  
while at night the firelight flaring matched the passion we were sharing.  
How I missed her! There were still some nights when all I did was cry.

I was lost in thought, still staring at the firelight straight ahead,  
where the flames engulfed the shrinking wood in burning hot embrace.  
Then a log, collapsing, dying, sent the red-hot embers flying,  
and a brilliant orange starburst drifted upwards into space.

And it brought to mind the bushfire that we struggled to contain  
on the property, the year the land was gripped by savage drought.  
With the wildfires madly racing, in a terror all-embracing,  
there was endless devastation as the place was all burnt out.

Friend or foe, the flames held images and shadows from the past,  
scenes to bring me joy - or sadness - as the memories were sparked.  
Then my reverie was broken as some words nearby were spoken.  
"Sir, I've noticed that you seem to like our campfire," Tom remarked.

He was John and Ellen's elder child. I turned my chair around  
to enable me to face him, and I knew I'd been a bore.  
But the firelight seemed to beckon, and he said, "It's cool, I reckon.  
We have never owned a place where we could have a fire before."



He was staring at the dancing flames the way I had all night,  
then I realized the campfire had enthralled his senses too;  
and I hoped this moment's pleasure left him memories to treasure,  
in the way that I had memories to last my lifetime through.

Then we somehow got to talking of the move his parents made,  
and the changes it would mean for him, and younger sister Joy;  
then he said, his voice confiding, that he'd like to take up riding,  
for he'd had a love of horses since he'd been a little boy.

And I heard my voice replying that he'd have to come around,  
for I'd ridden many horses, and would teach him what I could;  
that I had an old horse waiting in a paddock, vegetating,  
and he needed exercising, for some work would do him good.

And I never will forget the way he turned to look at me,  
or the way his eyes were shining as I heard him softly say,  
"Do you mean it, Mister? Really?" and I told him, most sincerely,  
he'd be doing me a favour if he came around one day.

It's surprising how a small decision brings about a change.  
Tom and Joy both visit often, and the only thing I know  
is that days seem so much brighter, and my heart is feeling lighter  
since the night I met the neighbours by the firelight's friendly glow.



## NEW ALBUM - CAROL HEUCHAN

**Carol Heuchan's** life, until a few years ago, revolved around show horses - competing successfully and judging at the highest level throughout Australia.

Her sense of humour was always to the fore and manifested itself in two top selling books, 'Horseplay' and 'Horsing Around!' (Australian Rhymes and Ramblings).

This 'accidentally' led her to her first Bush Poetry Competition in 2003 and she has been amazingly successful ever since, with over thirty performance wins in two and a half years - NSW State Champion (2003); Australian Champion, Original Humorous (2004); Mulwala Champion 2005; 'Reciter of the Year' (Canberra National Folk Festival 2005) to name a few.

Carol's writing skills are also taking her to the forefront. She is the winner of the richest prize in the history of Australian Poetry - a \$34,000 Case JX55 tractor (Sydney Royal Show - The Land Newspaper 2004)

'A Pocketful of Poetry' is dedicated to Carol's son, Joshua, who was killed in a tragic skiing accident in New Zealand, July 2004.

At the recent Inverell festival Carol took out first and third places in the written competition, winning with 'Aunt Olga' and was placed first in the Established Performance section with Marion Fitzgeralds 'Booby Trap' and third in the Original section with 'Rosie'.

See ad p 28.

## FORSTER BREAKFAST AND BRAWL

An enthusiastic crowd of about 50 people enjoyed the Midcoast Sun-downers Bush Poets Breakfast, Poets Brawl and Presentation of Awards to the winners of this years Great Lakes and Taree District Written Bush Poetry Competition for School Students held on Sunday 18th September 2005.

The winners each received a prize of \$35 from a total prize pool of \$400. They were as follows: Primary School Section: Riannan Hayes Hansen from Tuncurry Primary, Brook Maruell, Sara King, Jett Tassell, Jasmin McGrath, Mary Louise McInerney, Jace Tassell, Cory Rolfe and Jake Turner, all from Bungwahl Primary and Colin Watts from Cundletown Primary.

Prizes were also awarded to High School students Connor Smith from Manning Valley Anglican College and Samantha Holden from Great Lakes College.

During breakfast, these young poets all recited their entries and the 7

'senior' poets, led by compere Cay Fletcher, performed throughout the morning, happy to take a back seat behind this talented group of youngsters.

Maureen Stonham, who judged the 84 entries received, commented that she was stunned by the quality of discipline evident in the poems written by the children, aged between 8 and 11 years, especially those received from the tiny Bungwahl primary school which won 8 of the 12 prizes awarded.

The inaugural Poets Brawl drew seven entries, the set topic of which was "What Cheeses Me Or! Congratulations to winner Frank Atchison, 2nd place to Clare Reynolds and 3rd to Kathy Edwards.

The organisers wish to express their appreciation to this years event sponsors who were Ware Building Pty. Ltd. of Tuncurry, Forster Tuncurry Memorial Services Club, Country Energy and Forster Mud Crabs Swimming Club who sponsored the Poets Brawl and cooked the best barbeque breakfast.. ever....

See you next year folks and thanks for supporting junior bush poets!



*Submitted by Reid Begg, Tuncurry NSW.*

Information re the  
**Blackened Billy Verse Competition**  
and the  
**Golden Damper Performance Competitions**  
now available from

Jan Morris, PO Box 3001, West Tamworth 2340  
(send SSAE) or email [janmorris@northnet.com.au](mailto:janmorris@northnet.com.au).

## HAMPTON SCHOOL REPORT

The 4th annual Hampton School Bush Poetry festival was held on Saturday September 17th and the weather gods showed their disapproval by providing a cold day with plenty of rain and wind.

The weather affected the attendance of both competitors and audience, but those who did attend were treated to another great day of bush poetry.

Greg North showed his usual aplomb and took out both open sections, whilst the Novice was won by Amy Bruce. As this was Amy's first attempt at reciting in competition it was a notable effort. Even more remarkable perhaps is the fact that Amy celebrated her 92nd birthday this year. She is obviously a late developer!

Sadly absent from this year's event was Denis Kevans, who had supported the poetry day since its inception. Denis passed away a few weeks earlier and he will be greatly missed by all at Hampton.

The results of the competition are:  
Written section.

1st Dean Trevaskis, Brisbane for "Brophy's"

2nd Arthur Green, Warana for "Dig"

3rd Carol Heuchan Cooranbong for "Charlotte's Way."

Reciting section.

Junior Primary 1st Jared Kennedy  
equal 2nd Jono Loadman and Jared Duff

Junior Secondary 1st Claire Perry

Novice 1st Amy Bruce 2nd Denis Rice 3rd Frank Bulgin

Traditional 1st Greg North 2nd Peter Mace 3rd Denis Rice

Original 1st Greg North 2nd Peter Mace 3rd Denis Rice

Milton Taylor compered the competition in his usual competent manner and appeared in concert at the Hampton Half way Hotel on Saturday night. A hardy group of poetry lovers braved the hostile conditions and were rewarded with a top performance by the local legend.

Thank you to all the poetry writers and performers who supported this year's festival; looking forward to a bigger event next year.



### LORNE HENRY

Lorne Henry grew up in country Australia but, like so many youngsters, had to move to the city for employment. However she spent much of her life in the country and intends staying there, her home being in the Hunter Region of NSW.

Over the years Lorne has worked in a number of countries including Scotland, Canada and Czechoslovakia, at all times living in rural areas.

Lorne's first poems were written in the late 1980's and irrespective of their quality she kept them all for future possible material.

She found words came easily to her

having been a 'modern jazz' singer and songwriter for a number of years – which made it so much easier for her to find the rhythm and rhyme in poems.

Much to her surprise a good number of her Haiku, written in English, have been printed in the Asahi newspaper in Tokyo. From this exercise she learned to be more succinct, as in Haiku, so much is said in so few words.

About mid 2005 she was asked to join a Bush Poetry Group in Singleton, NSW but wasn't too sure what constituted 'bush poetry'. She thought the subject matter should have been 'of the bush', but found that it can be almost anything.

Lorne found a Bush Poetry Workshop conducted in Singleton by Jim Haynes with Frank Daniel over a weekend in July to be a marvellous experience where she and others attending learned so much.

After a long break from poetry she has since found inspiration to write once more, obviously coming from thoughts she had been carrying in her mind for some time.

Lorne now regularly attends the Singleton Bush Poetry Association's meetings and has a wonderful time with people writing from such different perspectives.

## Royal Brisbane Show 'The Ekka' 2005

Visitors to the 2005 Royal Brisbane Show were enthralled by the presence of twenty-five Australian Bush Poets who performed over the ten days of the exhibition, and took up the challenge in the Original and Established works in the competition.

Now in its seventh year, organizer, Trisha Anderson of Brisbane, was more than happy with the result, having had a busy time of it placing poets in eight shows daily on three separate stages at the International Food Court, the 'Magic Forest' and in the Wool Pavilion.

The "Go Caravanning and Camping Australia" people, headed by Mr. Ron Chapman, generously donated prize-money to \$3,000 which was distributed equally to all placegetters. Mr. Chapman donated a Bonus Prize to be known as the 'Bobby Miller Memorial' for the 'Most Humorous' poem. A new Trophy has been created for this event.



Trisha Anderson

The competition held in the Stockman's Bar and Grill saw money go to Carol Heuchan (Cooranbong), Carmel Dunn (Brisbane) and Jan Facey (Bundaberg) for Established works, and to Carol Heuchan, John Best (Whitesides) and Graeme Johnson (Ryde) in the Original section.

The Novice section went to Evangeline and Ben Shaw (Brisbane), niece and nephew of Graeme Johnson.

Inimitably John Best took home the bacon for the most humorous poem.

The adjudicators were Kelly Dixon, Ellis Campbell, Trisha Anderson and Noel Stallard assisted by Rosemary Baguley and Glennie Best.



## MAX FROM THE NURSING HOME

Young boys have left their noisy play along the concrete drive,

The drowsy summer heat has quelled their boasts.  
Disturbed from sleep, demented minds, their nightmares never still,

Scream out and loudly castigate their ghosts.  
With anger at their real enough imaginings of hell  
Who knows the cruel taunts their psyche weaves?  
A crow call out laconically in answer to a wail,  
While sparrows chirp from under shady eaves.

I think of those among the frail with healthy minds intact  
Who must withstand their awful given lot.  
They're spread each day like sheets upon a lawn to soak the sun,

With lunch at twelve, come appetite or not!  
Of Max, who ventures out into the world of everyday  
He won't submit to invalidated life.  
He plans to live, as formerly, by independent means,  
Left undisturbed by haunted minds and strife.

We often sit and talk upon the park's warm, sunny bench.  
He tells me of his many sailing years.  
There're not too many ports throughout the world he hasn't seen

Or nations' ships he hasn't sailed and steered.  
He tells me how, when war broke out, he manned a German ship.

His Jewish nose made those eventful times!  
He studies navigation books to keep his mind in trim  
And loves to read the constellations' signs.

A partial stroke has rendered disobedient his tongue  
But manfully he wills it speak again.  
He chats with anyone who has the time, but pesters none.  
And younger children are his special yen.  
A smile is always crinkled round his sparkling, clear blue eyes.

There's humour in his every sparkling word.  
He tells me of his hardships in uncompromising style  
Made lighter by his sense of the absurd.

Lorne Henry (Sydney 26/08/95)

He gave away his car, no longer any use to him,  
To some young nurse who needed it – who cared.  
"My son said, 'Dad you're crazy! She's a stranger!' What a nerve!

He hadn't come to see how I had fared!  
I still own three good homes across the Tasman Sea, you know;

A cottage by the sea where I can swim.  
That lawyer son of mine who never cared a jot for me  
Demanded that I sign the lot to him!"

"There's one old girl who calls out for her daughter in the dark.

Another walks with steady, plodding tread.  
She thinks she's on patrol, and when she sleeps, I hardly know;

Investigating halls and snoring beds.  
Another bloke with cancer of the throat now has a voice;  
Some wonder miracle of surgery.  
But Lord! His constant preaching never gives us any peace.  
I'd throw him overboard by night at sea!"

"And one old boy, Korean, and a mighty hefty bloke;  
When I was standing in the gents alone,  
He hammered with his fist, the door, although it wasn't locked;

Reached in and grabbed me wrench-like by the arm  
And dragged me out into the hall, with everyone agawk;  
There's me with trousers hanging round my feet!  
And matron said, 'Now Max! My God! And what is this I see!

You giving all the girls in here a treat?"

"I'm slowly getting into shape to leave that dreadful place;  
Improving till they must admit I'm well.

I'll ask the powers that be if I can live alone again,  
And then my greedy son can go to hell!"  
Without a hint of malice in his laughing, sun-tanned face,  
he watches children playing on the swings.  
With such determination for the freedom he deserves  
He'll break the bonds of prison with his wings.



## ONE HUNDRED SHOWS

- The PALMA ROSA Poets are very excited to announce the next Poets evening will be their HUNDRETH Show.

It promises to be a wonderful night of celebration - a Tribute to the great

HENRY LAWSON featuring four fabulous poets : Noel Stallard, Ray Essery, John Major and Geoff Sharp and the 15 strong Choir of the Hills Country Singers who have a newly released a CD 'HENRY LAWSON in SONG and VERSE'.

The organizers are looking forward to a big evening on Friday 18th November and advise intending patrons that it is necessary to book in advance.

Palma Rosa, 9 Queens Road, Hamilton Brisbane 4007

Admission of \$ 20.00 (incl. Nibbles and Supper - BYO Drinks) - 7pm for 7.30 pm Start.

Palma Rosa (07) 3262 3769  
Trisha Anderson(07) 3268 3624

'Palma Rosa', originally called 'Sans Souci', a three level sandstone mansion located at Hamilton in Brisbane overlooks the Albion Park Racetrack and Breakfast Creek. , was built in 1887 by Architect Andrea Stombuco.

By 1972, "Palma Rosa" was almost derelict when it was sold at Auction to Ralph Holden on behalf of the English Speaking Union, an educational charity dedicated to promoting international understanding and human achievement.

Today the house has been almost fully refurbished and is used by the ESU as an Art Gallery for visiting collections and as an excellent venue for exhibitions, weddings and other social functions.



## THE PRESIDENTS REPORT

Ron Stevens 2004  
 ( 1st prize Far North Qld 2005  
 Written Bush Poetry Competition.)



Now, as you know,  
 I've signified that this has been my final year.  
 It hasn't been an easy ride these last few months,  
 the atmosphere  
 at meetings often on the beak when some  
 I used to call my mates  
 would try and shove me up that creek  
 and stifle any fair debates.

I'm sure I'd finish up in court if I named names tonight because  
 that's where these rotten mongrels sort things out and show their hidden claws.  
 But let me warn you dingoes - when we're finished here, I'll wait in case  
 outside some so-called gentlemen would like to front me face-to-face.

Perhaps anonymous *Concerned* who wrote a poisoned pen report?  
 That rat who asked why I'd adjourned a meeting called to probe a roat  
 on building costs, might take me on? Or else his mate, the publisher?  
 No chance, that pair's already gone with copy for the *Weekly Stir*.  
 I swear to you that though my son had been consultant to the group  
 that built the swimming pool, no-one could prove collusion. Would I dupe  
 you members by inflating bids? Abuse your trust? No bloody way!  
 My recompense is watching kids enjoying swimming there, okay?  
 Concerning those who criticised the costs of representing you  
 at conferences, I'm advised our auditors are of the view  
 those hotel rates are on a par with other Gold Coast five-star spots.  
 And naturally, in the bar I felt a round or two of pots  
 created just the atmosphere conducive to the tasks ahead.

Three hectic weeks, yet then to hear the taunts of *junket* widely spread!  
 These jibes were hurtful to my wife especially, for she'd not been  
 too keen to go but put her life on hold for you, but that's Kathleen!

A more supportive wife could not be found and that is why the smears  
 and gossip struck us as a plot to end our public-life careers.  
 The office manager resigned for *very private reasons*, right?  
 Suggestions that I wined and dined her in the office late at night  
 are scandalous; as are the tales of being *sprung* by my Kathleen.  
 The girl's retirement pay met scales applicable to one who'd been  
 a loyal servant thirteen years. You, couple up the back, may smirk,  
 displaying your salacious sneers but I tell you, that girl loved work.

I'll cut this short. It's time to leave you lot to stew about this speech.  
 Should any mongrel here believe he's good enough, I'll damn well teach  
 him otherwise outside the hall. For my successor - you'll lament  
 responding to each beck and call. Sincerely, your ex-president.

## ABPA Inc. BADGE



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 -  
 It's only  
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Ideal gifts  
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 2450

### Anon.

He tried to cross the railroad  
 track  
 Before a rushing train.  
 They put the pieces in a sack  
 But couldn't find the brain.

### A RIDDLE

Because I am by nature blind,  
 I wisely choose to walk behind;  
 However, to avoid disgrace,  
 I let no creature see my face.  
 My words are few, but spoke with sense:  
 And yet my speaking gives offence:  
 Or, if to whisper I presume,  
 The company will fly the room.  
 By all the world I am oppressed,  
 But my oppression give them rest.

*Jonathon Swift.*

What am I?

- A bottom

### A Mystery

Most mysterious of all is that mythical  
 creature called the oozlum bird, which  
 is capable of various amazing feats.

A verse written by WT Goodge in  
 1899 describes it thus:

It's a curious bird, the Oozlum,  
 And a bird that's mighty wise,  
 For it always flies tail-first to  
 Keep the dust out of its eyes!

## MILTON TAYLOR for IRELAND

Milton Taylor of Hartley will be  
 leaving the colony on October  
 12th bound for Ireland in an  
 endeavour to retrace some of his  
 family origins and especially  
 those of Queenie Lucinda

## GRANDADS BOOTS

© Margaret Glendenning

At sunset a blur on the distant horizon  
was dismissed as another cruel joke  
As so many times we had seen all the signs  
turn to dust, screeching birds, drifting smoke ,  
But it did rain last night and the sweet promise given has  
lightened our hearts here already ,  
It began very quietly soaking parched earth ,  
settling in softly and steady

I looked for a shovel - my excuse to go puddle where run -  
off had caused a small flood,  
But propped in amazement - my father's old gumboots  
stood covered in fresh clinging mud !  
They hadn't been worn since the winter before  
this long drought clawed it's terrible hand ,  
Making us all it's unwilling thrall as it gripped  
and laid waste to the land.

I stared rather nonplussed - but no explanation  
came to enlighten at all -  
I'd last seen them lying festooned in grey cobwebs shoved  
under the steps by the wall ,  
Yet deep prints led plainly beyond the big house tank and  
back by the yards and the shed ,  
Clearly sidetracking across to the windmill  
and paddocks where gaunt cattle fed

My father had died that first searing summer -  
he'd predicted the coming ' big dry',  
The gift of his knowledge had helped save our stock and  
assisted us all to get by ,  
'Thanks , Dad .' I said , addressing his boots ,  
overcome by the strangest sensation ,  
Then jumped as a shadow fell over my arm and a familiar  
voice crowed with elation

'Grandad said it would rain before our dams emptied', my  
son's voice had a 'told you so ' tone ,  
This lanky limbed boy was now a young man,  
I marvelled at how he had grown,  
'My gumboots won't fit me, they're way - way too small  
and Grandad's were all I could find ,  
So I wore them this morning out into the rain -  
I didn't think Grandad would mind

I fancied his Grandad was looking on smiling  
as we splashed and we danced like two fools,  
Leaping the creek to admire water swirling  
and filling the string of slimed pools,  
My son , too loved this land, my unsteady hand brushed  
tears away, blaming some grit,  
'No, Grandad won't mind, and you're welcome  
to wear his old boots any time if they fit'.

**Margaret Glendenning** comes from Everton  
Upper in Victoria.

Her accompanying poem, 'Grandad's Boots' won the  
'Jim Horan Poetry Award' for 2005 in this years John  
O'Brien Poetry and Prose Competition at Narrandera in  
March.

Margaret is no stranger to written competitions, having  
previously won this award in 2003 with 'The Post Boy'. In  
2004 she won the Murrindindee 'Dusty Swag' competition  
with an Environmental Theme poem entitled 'Grandma,  
Come Walk by the River', and followed up with a win in  
2005 with 'Galloping Wheel' (A Theme Poem - P. 20).

On behalf of the ABPA I would like to extend our deep-  
est sympathy to Margaret whose husband George, a keen  
follower of Bush Poetry and Festivals, passed away in May  
after a brave battle with a very aggressive brain tumour.

## New Book

### Laughter, Love & Limericks An Angel on my Shoulder

Two publications by Kathy Edwards

Kathy Edwards lives in Merewether, a beautiful  
seaside suburb of Newcastle. She has been writing  
poetry for quite a few years and her good nature and  
sincerity shines through in her works. She is always  
available to entertain, perform and assist in nursing  
homes and aged care facilities around the Newcastle  
district.

Kathy has travelled as far afield as Western Aus-  
tralia, Victoria and Queensland to compete in vari-  
ous poetry competitions. She has won two National  
Songwriting Contests.

One of her treasured possessions is a letter from  
Slim Dusty offering to record two of her songs, un-  
fortunately this did not eventuate.

On numerous occasions Kathy has been asked to  
write poems for birthdays, anniversaries, special oc-  
casions and even eulogies which have been accom-  
plished graciously, with personal anecdotes.

She won the New South Wales Ladies State  
Championships in 2004 at Narrandera.

Kathy has one book published (Laughter, Love and  
Limericks) with a second (An Angel on My Shoul-  
der) on the way, which hopefully will be available  
for release in Dorrigo in October 2005. (See p. 28)

O'Toole, the two and a half year old pilgrimage, researching his poem.  
infant in his poem of the same name. In a more recent discovery, Milton

Milton has researched Mary Allen, found that one of Mary's family mar-  
Queenie's grandmother, (Mary is in ried a Taylor from Cloncurry in the  
the grave alongside Queenie at Clon- twenties, lending itself to another link  
curry cemetery) and has found the date in the chain. Milton was born in Clon-  
and place of her birth in County Sligo curry.  
(1842), so his trip will be more of a Basically he will be travelling as a

tourist until in the latter half of his  
holiday will be joined by American  
Cowboy Poet Dick Warwick of Wash-  
ington State, USA to take in a 'few pub  
gigs'.

Readers no doubt will be anxious to  
hear from Milton on his return.  
Good luck mate!



## New Book

### 'AUSSIE COUNTRY COMEDY'

After twelve books and approximately 40,000 sales, author Neil Hulm reckons it's time for a spell. Of his latest book, 'Aussie Country Comedy', his thirteenth and final publication, bush poet and story teller, Neil Hulm says "this volume contains what I consider the best of my works. A large amount of my poems and stories come from the Snowy Mountains area, the South-West Slopes, the Riverina and the Upper Murray where I spent most of my years.

*I write about the Snowy Mountains simply as I see them."*

Neil has been writing Australian Bush Poetry for over twenty years; telling his stories and recording his history in verse and yarn.



**NEIL HULM** was born in Wagga Wagga in 1930 at a time when his father owned a property at Mangoplah. Later his father sold the family farm and moved to the Tumbarumba region where he owned a property on the Mannus about seven kays south of town where Neil spent his early years on the property assisting in general farm work with sheep, cattle and horses. Neil went to school at Tumbarumba.

In 1943 his father took out a grazing lease in the Kosciuszko National Park near Kiandra and Neil was engaged in attending to the cattle and sheep during the summer months and then moving them down to the lower regions for the winter.

This continued until 1960 when the Park was closed to summer grazing.

Neil recalls "in 1943 we first rode onto our section of the Great Divide

when Dad was granted a grazing lease on Bullock Hill, near Kiandra towards the northern end of the Snowy Mountains. The Five Mile Creek, which begins in the grazing lease, is part source of the Eucumbene River and is the most northerly water to flow into the Snowy River."

Neil's long and varied career has seen him riding racehorses for his grandfather, as a bushman, an A-grade Polo-crosse player, horse-breaker, rodeo rider and judge, and as a race-horse trainer. Neil now lives in Albury NSW and keenly follows bush poetry events in the south. He was the inaugural Secretary of the Snowy Mountains Poetry Group.

### BRADLEY BULLOCKS

It was about 1880 when the Bradley's settled in the McPherson's Plain area. This snow country is situated between Tumbarumba and Kiandra.

Over the years the Hereford bred Bradley bullocks became well known to cattlemen all over southern NSW and North Eastern Victoria. Year after year the bullocks were sold at auction in the Corryong saleyards. This annual event was carried out until about 1960.

It was in the 1940's when second generation Jack Bradley, aged around sixty years began going blind.

Do you hear them Jack, as I hear them now?

How they rattled the snow gum rails,  
Then hit the crush in a blinding rush:  
Let me know if my memory fails.

The rush was on at McPhersons Plains  
As the bullocks were drafted out,  
From bawling cows and frightened calves

In the gum yards high and stout.

How they tested the drafting yards  
As the cold morning fog drifted by,  
When the howling dogs grew restless  
As daylight came into the sky.

As darkness fell those bullocks camped,  
Content 'neath the snow gum trees,  
The old night owls were quiet that night,  
And there wasn't a breath of breeze.

But a storm came up without warning  
And the lightning split the brush,  
Those bullocks rose in a thunderous roar  
And took off in a frightened rush.

How we raced through the timber, Jack,  
In a world that we thought insane,  
How we turned the lead of that crazy mob

And raced them back to the plain.

Do you feel the call of the mountains,  
Jack,

To the ash and the basalt trails?  
Do you feel you'd like to wander back  
Out towards Kiandra rails?

Did you hear that snorting brumby?  
He'd be watching the new salt log,  
He has caught the scent of dogs and men

As it hangs close by in the fog.

Mountain bred and snow grass fed  
Were cattle of the Bradley run,  
Where the bulls would stretch at day break

And bellow at the rise of the sun.

Bullocks all bred in the mountains  
A great line of three year old steers,  
Now what am I bid for these long-horns?

Was the cry from the auctioneers.

White faced, cold country cattle  
Bred on the old Bradley run,  
What am I bid for these bullocks?  
They will fatten as round as a drum!

They were touchy brutes to muster,  
Jack,  
How they slithered and raced in the rain,  
And the red mud flew as we wheeled them  
To the stockyards out on the plain.

Remember those lads we brought one time,  
How they loved to cooe and push,  
Those bullocks wheeled and scattered  
And raced for miles though the bush.

And a drover man McLachlin;  
Every bone in his body jarred,  
When a wild bull caught and tossed him  
Across the top rail of the yard.

But the yards are empty now Jack,  
Come potter along with me,  
We'll watch the Ash tops waving;  
But how can a blind man see?

Can you hear them, Jack as I hear them now?

How I'd love to be there once again,  
While mustering the Bradley bullocks  
To the yards on McPhersons Plain.

© Neil Hulm (1981)

## SAPPHIRE STONES FOR ROSARY BEADS AT WELLINGROVE. © Colin Newsome.

Animal hides on an earthenware floor,  
The bushland provided their needs.  
"That's what the good Lord made sapphires for"  
she said "They are Rosary Beads."  
Each day they ate stew from kangaroo bones  
And then, every night of the week,  
She counted Hail Marys on pretty blue stones  
She found in the Wellingrove Creek.  
Her children knelt with her on animal skins,  
Their knees nestled into the fur,  
Telling God they were "heartily sorry for sins"  
In prayers they repeated with her.  
They answered the Rosary every night,  
The youngest knew not what it meant.  
Whatever their mother said had to be right  
On stones which the good Lord had sent.

No pause from her prayers when her baby had cried,  
She soothed it with milk from her breast.  
She prayed on those stones when two little ones died,  
And neighbours helped lay them to rest.  
She chanted her prayers as each baby was born,  
To stifle her screams and her moans.  
A mid-wife attending her vented her scorn,  
And said she was worshipping stones.  
Stern words of a mid- wife were quite understood,  
By people who lived in the Bush.  
Kind words of sympathy weren't much good  
Exhorting child bearers to push!  
A day of rejoicing to Wellingrove came,  
When those with more need had the least;  
A visiting priest! Bless the good Father's name!  
Oh! Heaven be praised! We've a priest!

The children to christen! And some fully grown,  
And articles for him to bless.  
From out of the wood work came Catholics unknown  
With hundreds of sins to confess.  
"That hardened old sinner! Him kneeling to pray!  
Well known as an old reprobate!  
Poor Father can only be here for today,  
And here he is keeping him late!"  
No matter how pure and pious some be  
To preach from a loftier perch,  
God was as present beneath the Gum Tree  
As ever He was in Church.  
A beautiful present of Rosary beads  
She refused with a shake of her head,  
"God hears through these stones and He answers our  
needs!  
God likes the blue colour," she said.  
The priest blessed the stones in their rough wooden case  
With fervour that only increased;  
'Twas Ireland he saw in that dear lady's face  
brought tears to the eyes of the priest.

When she left this life for more heavenly lands,  
Preparing her body for rest,  
They took the blue sapphires out of her hands,  
When they folded them over her breast.  
Those stones she regarded as Heaven's good gift  
With their future value unknown  
If I knew whereabouts I surely would sift  
The rubbish dump where they were thrown.  
Not for the riches that they may be worth,  
Not for wealth or pleasure or pain,  
For no other treasure I'd trade them on earth,  
They'd give me my faith back again.



The photo, courtesy John Muirhead, features Rob Vlastuin (manager, Derby Elders), Dags Cross (MC) with Keith Lethbridge and his prize

## DERBY - BUSH POETS BREAKFAST

They were richly entertained by the likes of Keith "Cobber" Lethbridge, Rusty "Boss Cocky" Christensen, "The Late" Ron Evans, a host of local talent and a few wannerbe's.  
The morning was ably emcee'd by Darren "Dags" Cross who ensured a great time was had by all.  
Some special moments of the morning included the "find" of a budding champion in James Fitzpatrick and Ron Evans performing two of the late CJ Kelly's poems.

CJ Kelly was a Kimberley character, drover and saddle maker for much of the first half of the 20th Century.

The Derby Bush Poets' annual written poetry competition, sponsored by Elders, was won by Keith Lethbridge with his poem, "Yakka Munga Man", a tribute to the late Johnny James, another Kimberley character who was a regular at the Derby breakfasts until his untimely demise in a helicopter accident two years ago.

The junior written competition, sponsored by the family of the late Johnny James, was won for the second year in a row by Hannah Hartwig with her poem "Dingo".

This year the Derby Bush Poets produced a 24 track album of the festival available at \$15.00 posted.

Contact Robyn Bowcock  
PO Box 67 Derby WA 6728  
Phone 08 9191 1782

Over 250 people turned out for the 8th Derby Bush Poets' Breakfast on Sunday 3rd July 2005.



## Duncan Williams



is the son of a well-known and respected western drover.

Writing bush poetry has been an enjoyable past time for Duncan over the

last fifteen years, although he didn't start performing until three years ago.

His first poem, 'The 1991 Test' was published in new visions, a poetry anthology from Writers World.

Since then his tally of Anthologies has climbed to twenty four with twelve Australian and twelve International books.

Duncan's most recent effort has been the release of his new Album, 'Poetic Collection - Poems by Duncan Williams'.

The album sells for \$20.00 post paid, obtainable from Duncan Williams,  
PO Box 746, Tamworth. NSW 2340.

(02) 67623286

mailto:duncan1969@hotmail.com

Anyone wishing to view a sample of his poetry can do so at [www.bushpoetry.com.au](http://www.bushpoetry.com.au)

### BUSH POETS' BREKKY SHOW - GREENSLOPES

Freezing fierce westerlies greeted the morning of the first Bush Poets' Brekky Show in July, but nonetheless a band of enthusiastic poetry fans arrived and were a warm and happy audience for John Best and Anita Reed.

The August audience was just as responsive to Jack Drake and Cay Fletcher as was the September audience to Noel Stallard and June Hansen, and a lot of fun has been had by all. The organizers could still do with a few more in the audience, so if you know anyone on Brisbane's southside, let them know about this friendly new event.

Details are in the Calendar of Events.  
Anita Reed

## THE CURLEW'S CRY

© Arthur Green - Warana Qld.

(Winner - Hawkesbury River Writers - 2003 Poetry Competition)

It echoes through Glenrowan's bush, the curlew's mournful cry,  
Evoking hopes and dreams of days, now sadly, long gone by.  
And buried feelings waken when I hear that sound each night -  
Reminding me of how things were - of wrongs I fought to right.

For years we lived from hand to mouth, with every day more grim,  
And hopes that things would soon improve were looking mighty slim.  
We had our share of mouths to feed ... and by my oath ... we tried.  
But jobs were few and far between and Kellys have their pride.

Those days we bided by the law - I'd not long turned nineteen.  
Now, looking back, I sometimes wonder what life might have been.  
'The System' screwed us from the start - it's tough when you're dirt-poor.  
What if we took a horse or two - we could've taken more.

I know there were some shoot-outs but I swear, just those few times,  
And though we shot in self-defence, they called them 'Major Crimes'.  
Soon, 'WANTED' posters, nailed to trees, proclaimed a big reward.  
The Kelly Gang copped all the blame, from 'petty theft' to 'fraud'.

And all because of little Kate, who caught Fitzpatrick's eye -  
Lord knows what he'd intended if I hadn't happened by.  
We fought, and when my gun discharged, it barely grazed his wrist.  
He claimed 'Attempted murder' - more's the pity that I missed.

## Yakka Munga Man

© Keith Lethbridge Derby WA

They miss him in the Kimberley at Yakka Munga Station,  
And every now and then they hold a special celebration.  
They miss him at the muster when the going's getting tough,  
And yarning at the dinner camps, they miss him sure enough,  
And then of course at Derby there's the poets' breakfast show,  
When the spruikers from the outback and the city have a go.  
They've got some great bush poets and a lot of famous names,  
But there'll never be another Johnny James

His voice was rough as gravel and he lacked a tooth or three,  
And the fashion of his haircut was a total mystery.  
He strode across the Kimberley, no boots upon his feet,  
The wildest looking character you'd ever care to meet.  
His eyes were fired with passion and his jaw was firmly set,  
Just itching for some idiot to pick a fight, and yet,  
They've got some great bush poets and a lot of famous names,  
But there'll never be another Johnny James.

He couldn't match the masters with his rhythm or his rhyme,  
And his onomatopoeia didn't matter half the time,  
He held some strong opinions and he wrote the way he spoke,  
So you couldn't help admiring the courage of the bloke.  
He wrote of situations every bushman understood,  
And even Rusty Christensen conceded he was good,  
And of all the great bush poets and of all the famous names,  
There'll never be another Johnny James.

So now he's with his maker, "*shuffled off his mortal coil*",  
No more he'll roll a scrubber, nor watch the billy boil,  
No more he'll work from dawn to dusk then half way through the night,  
To muster one more gully run or set a windmill right,  
No more he'll stir an audience with passion in his eyes.  
His spruiking days are over, but a legend never dies,  
And for all your great bush poets and those fancy, famous names,  
There'll never be another Johnny James.

The bank job at Jerilderie, as Standish would concur,  
 Was carried off without a shot – the way that I'd prefer.  
 And though we had supporters who helped hide us from the Law,  
 Eight thousand pounds reward, for some, proved too much to ignore.  
 Old friends began to shun us while at night the narks would come,  
 And bribe the drunks, who'd sell their souls for one more tot of rum.  
 Betrayed and trapped, that moonlit night – outnumbered ten to one;  
 Betrayed by those we'd trusted, with no chance to cut and run.

Surrounded, and with bullets buzzing by like angry bees,  
 We held them from Glenrowan's Inn, those Troopers in the trees.  
 Then in our make-shift armour-plate, like knights of old once wore,  
 We ventured out to meet our fate – we four against two score.

The bullets sprayed and ricocheted and then ... dear God – I'm hit.  
 I lay and bled against a log – this here's the end of it.  
 "Ned Kelly's down, Ned Kelly's down," I hear the Troopers cry,  
 And lift my eyes towards the velvet, diamond-studded sky.

'Tis closest yet to heaven, Lord, the likes of us will get –  
 Joe Byrne and me and both the boys – we're done for now ... and yet..'  
 The Troopers gathered 'round me, glad to see I wasn't dead,  
 "You'll live to face the hangman, Ned" – the only fate I dread.

'No more to roam the bush again – to hear the curlew's cry;  
 To see my home and loved ones, one last time before I die.  
 To ponder, Lord, the ways of fate – the things I've not yet done –  
 The hopes, the schemes, the foolish dreams – surrendered one by one.'

And when it comes, that fateful day, Ned Kelly meets his end,  
 I'll scan the crowd for those not too ashamed to call me friend;  
 Who'll tell the world the life I've lived was not the life I'd planned;  
 And help to see Ned Kelly's exploits spread throughout the land.

Some there, will come to jeer and shout – and some cry, like as not;  
 To hurl a curse (or something worse) – perhaps some smart bon mot.  
 A final glance towards the sky – a hush falls on the crowd;  
 The time has come to meet my fate – I'll stand there, straight and proud.

'Please grant me, Lord, the courage to accept it without fear,  
 For Kellys aren't the type to turn and run when death is near  
 Inspire me with some repartee – I'll go with head held high.  
 Let Justice Barry do his worst ... he'll rue the day I die.'

## Lance and Josie

Young Lancey Boy has left the farm—  
 He found it dull and slow,  
 and drifted to the city lights  
 where everything's aglow.  
 He's drinking here and dancing  
 there  
 and really 'living - up'  
 he's finally found the meaning of  
 the OVERFLOWING CUP!!  
 (Apologies to Banjo)

Yes, it's true, Lance and Josie  
 Parker have left the 'old place' at  
 Hillston and are now townies  
 and don't want anything to do  
 with farms or whinging cockies.  
 Poets excepted.  
 (Unit 7 49 Hyandra St  
 Griffith NSW 2680)

*Conscience is the inner voice that  
 warns us somebody may be looking.*  
 (H. L. Mencken)

*Anyone can get old; all you have to  
 do is to live long enough.*  
 (Groucho Marx)

*If thou art a master, be sometimes  
 blind, if a servant, sometimes deaf.*  
 (Thomas Fuller)

~~~~~  
 See SHHHH! P12



## YOUNG CHERRY FESTIVAL BUSH POETRY COMPETITION

The Young Cherry Festival Bush Poetry competition will again be held this year on Saturday night, 3rd December, at the Young Golf Club. There will only be one section this year and poets will be judged on the performance of their own or anyone else's poem. There will be \$1000 prize money, divided between the first seven placegetters and those who performed last year will not have to pay an entrance fee. This is the fourth year of this competition, which has been hugely successful, having a full house

on each occasion.

Frank Daniel will again be Master of Ceremonies, with a feature of the night being the presence of the Cherry Queen, who will present the awards. Then, on Sunday morning, there will be a Poets Breakfast, commencing at 8.30 am., where a \$100 encouragement award will be given.

The Cherry Festival is a week-end of a great variety of entertainment which, on the Saturday, will include a float parade, busking, street theatre and culminating in a Celtic Military Tattoo.

Those attending will find plenty to see and do, before moving to the Golf Club for the Bush Poets.

To enter this competition, contact the Young Tourist Bureau, 0263823394 (Tammy or David) mailto:info@visityoung.com.au or phone Greg Broderick, 0263822506 after hours.

## WALLA WALLA HERITAGE FESTIVAL

The Lions Heritage Festival will be held at Walla Walla on Sunday November 13th starting at 10am.

Walk up poets will be more than welcome to join the host Frank Daniel during the course of the day.

Entries (no forms needed) are invited for the juniors and open Wagon Wheels written competition.  
 (See details p. 27)

Walla Walla is situated in Dan 'Mad Dog' Morgan Country, south of Wagga Wagga on the road to Albury.

It was originally settled in the 1860's after migration by wagon train of fourteen families from a German Lutheran Community in South Australia. Their history and heritage is still there to be seen.



## TOM THE CAT

© Alan Dwan

Why do dogs hate cats so much?  
I'd really like to know  
I guess a cat upset a dog  
many years ago.

And dogs being the types they are  
they still remember yet  
I really think it should be time  
to forgive and to forget.

Now take the dog that lives round here,  
he's a vicious sort of brute  
I really think if guns were law  
he'd be the first one I'd shoot.

But let me introduce myself  
my name is Tom the Cat  
I like sleeping in the sun  
drinking milk and getting fat.

I must admit I stir the dog  
as I go walking by  
I arch my back and carry on  
and spit into his eye.

I live rather dangerously  
I'm not denying that  
but if that dog-chain ever breaks  
it's good-bye Tom the Cat.

But the reason that I work here  
is to rid the place of mice  
and sometimes catch a rat or snake  
I've done that once or twice.

The dog is not the only cause  
of trouble round this house  
lately we've been troubled  
by a different sort of mouse.

He moved in when the computer came  
thought it was his right  
to sit and guard the flaming thing  
all day and through the night.

He'd watch the computer all the time  
he really was so keen  
a sort of mouse watch dog  
if you gather what I mean

He'd sit and watch it through the day  
and he wouldn't move all night  
I think he lacked intelligence  
he wasn't very bright.

I'd often heard the story  
these mice were hard to toss  
but I knew I'd have to show him  
that Tom the Cat was BOSS.

So I jumped upon the table  
with one almighty shriek

but he showed no emotion  
he didn't even squeak.

So I jumped upon this rodent  
I bit him hard, and struth  
his skin was just like plastic  
I broke a bloody tooth.

So knocked the critter over  
and bit him underneath  
but that was not a clever move  
I just broke two more teeth.

To add insult to injury  
the owner of the house  
verbally abused me  
for fighting with this mouse.

Then he pointed to the door  
and said 'go on, get out'  
then he picked up the broom  
and gave me one hard clout.

My God, I felt frustrated  
and I think I really should  
I was only trying to do the things  
that a good cat really should.

Now next time there's a mouse plague  
or he's troubled by a rat  
one thing he shouldn't do  
is call on Tom the Cat.

## Waltzing Matilda Awards/ Bronze Swagman Award 2005

2005 was perhaps the best festival at Winton in a long time, so the changes made proved to be very positive, with the format to be followed again in 2006.

The atmosphere was absolutely tremendous (like the old days) and once the competition and breakfasts were over, everyone had the chance to participate in parts of the Outback Festival that was raging through the main street of Winton, and going by some of the faces the next morning, the entertainment continued in true pub style into the night.

The venue, the North Gregory Hotel Beer Garden, was just perfect.... it was standing room only on the Wednesday Night "walk-up" concert, with Marco, Murray, John and Ray at the helm.

We had no idea what to expect at the poets breakfast the next day, but we were stunned to get 137 on the first morning and then it just went up from there... 180 on Friday, 225 on Saturday and we quickly organised another one for Sunday with 150 people turning up again.

We had 21 competitors over all . . . once again female competitors were hard to muster.

The presentation ceremony for the awards was on the main stage in the street, part of the Festival presentations and was very well received. And, today, all people can talk about is the poetry, so we must be doing something right.

### FEMALE

**Section 1 OPEN: 1<sup>st</sup>.** Nell Perkins, Winton. **2<sup>nd</sup>.** Louisa McKerrow, Longreach **3rd.** Sarah Cavanagh, Evatt, ACT

**Section 2 ORIGINAL: 1st.** Val Dart, Townsville. **2<sup>nd</sup>.** Nell Perkins. **3rd.** Sarah Cavanagh.

**Section 3 BANJO PATERSON: 1st.** Louisa McKerrow, Longreach. **2nd.** Nell Perkins. **3rd.** Val Dart.

**OVERALL CHAMPIONSHIP: 1st.** Nell Perkins. **Runner-up:** Louisa McKerrow

### MALE

**Section 1 OPEN: 1st.** Lynden Baxter, Monto. **2nd.** Bob Magor, Myponga, SA. **3rd.** Ron Liekefett, Lawnton

**Section 2 ORIGINAL: 1st.** John Lloyd, Calen, Qld. **2nd.** Lynden Baxter. **3rd.** Bob Magor.

**Section 3 BANJO PATERSON: 1st.** John Lloyd. **2nd.** Campbell Irving,

Cardwell. **3rd.** Ron Liekefett

**OVERALL CHAMPIONSHIP: 1st.** John Lloyd. **Runner-up:** Lynden Baxter

Bobby Miller Memorial Larrikin Award: Best performance of an original Humorous poem during Section 2

*Sponsored by: Sandy Miller:* **Winner:** Bob Magor

Banjo Paterson Award: Encouragement Award for a presentation of a Banjo Paterson Poem during Section 3

*Sponsored by: Waltzing Matilda Centre* **Winner:** Sarah Cavanagh

Australian Bush Yarnspinning Championships: **1st.** John Lloyd. **2nd.** Ron Liekefett. **3rd.** Nell Perkins

One Minute Cup: **Winner:** Ron Liekefett

### Bronze Swagman Award 2005:

Highly Commended: Don Adams, NZ. "The Demon". Peg Vickers, Albany, WA "The Royal Touch". Lorne Maitland, Amamoor, Qld "Beyond our Jurisdiction". Arthur Green, Warana, Qld "To Whom it May Concern". Ellis Campbell, Dubbo, NSW. "Kindred Souls". **Runner-Up:** John Concannon, Wavell Heights, Qld. "A Western Prayer". **Winner:** Veronica Weal, Herberton, Qld "The Chance to Say Goodbye"

**BOOK SHELF:** - Due to the constant enquiry regarding available books and CD's, the next issue of the ABPA Newsletter will publish a list of product available. Each ad will be restricted to three lines maximum per poet as per the following example:

"NOEL ESSERY 19½ The Long Road, Kickatinalong Qld. 4999 Ph. 02 0304 0506 - mailto:yourname@whatever.com.au CD's: 1. Australian Poetry. Fair dinkum Aussie verse \$20.00 pp 2. Rhymin' Verse. Ridgely Didge Aussie Stuff \$16.00pp Book: 1. I Told You So. 68 pages etc etc. 2. A Droving Yarn. Stories and verse from the Territory. \$15.00pp."

**Advertise for Christmas. Cost of advertisement: \$5.00 Please quote all prices to include postage paid.**

## INVERELL'S "CELEBRATION" BOWLS THEM OVER

The second year of Inverell's "Celebration of the Outback" proved that, if you turn on a first-rate event, the people will support it. Visitors from all over New South Wales and Queensland flocked to the pretty North-West N.S.W. town to hear a battery of top poets and bush bands over the second weekend of September. All proceeds from the event went to the Rescue Helicopter Service which has become a vital part of the bush health system.

Milton Taylor, Dave Proust and Jimmy Brown led the poet charge and had the audiences in tears with their humorous and moving performances. They were supported with the music of Bob Easter, "Fat" Hardy and Dave Sims as "Scrubby Gully", and bush bands "The Rabbit Trappers" and "Bandy Bill". It was a reunion for "Bandy Bill" which last played together in the 80's when they were Australian Champions. The mixture of true Australian poetry and music won the hearts of the crowds.

The weekend kicked off with the Poets' Pub Crawl. A group of poets and musicians went around the nine watering holes in the town, performing a short program at each pub and collecting donations for the Rescue Helicopter. The first of the Poets' Breakfasts was held on Saturday morning at Inverell's Pioneer Village. The Village provides a beautiful setting for the performances of the poets and bands, as

When a cocky whose name we don't need  
Saw his new born son, (tiny indeed)  
He just said, he was glad,  
He knew things were bad,  
He was lucky to get back his seed.

The big Irishman Paddy Malone  
Said when talking one day on the phone  
'Are you there, Molly me dear'  
She said 'No - I am here,  
'tis yerself's there, and me here alone'.  
(JJ Sherman)

Since Watty moved to the East Coast we thought the 'Ky' mob had gone shy, but fortune shines, 'The Kyabram Kid' has taken things in hand to send us the

## KYABRAM NEWS

Thursday September 8th saw the final judging day for the Primary Schools reciting competition run by the Kyabram Bush Poets. The winner of the Individual section was 10 year old Tasmine Mueller of the Haslem Street Primary School with a great performance of the Graham Dean poem "The New Dunny". The Duo or Group section was won by Brad Canny and Matt James, also of Haslem Street, who performed the Carmel Randle poem "Cricket Match".

The competition was of a very high standard and the students from all the schools are to be congratulated on the fine way they represented themselves and their schools.

Bush Verse Group member Mick Coventry co-ordinated the competition

again and Herb McCrum and Betty Olle acted as judges.

The winning performers were able to perform their poems again to open the programme at the Bush Verse Group's "Around the Campfire" on Thursday September 15th at the Kyabram Club.

This annual event now in its 17th year was again hosted by the Lions Club of Kyabram, and with a crowd of about one hundred, was once again very successful. The evening was compered by President Les Parkinson and Col Milligan and brought poets from as far as Deniliquin, Benalla and Bendigo.

Best poet was won by Alex Allit of Deniliquin with a great rendition of "In the Droving Days". Johnno Johnstone of Kyabram was voted best yarnspinner and took away the "Johnny Johanson Yarnspinning Award". Well done to all performers.

*The Kyabram Kid.*

well as the entrants in the various poetry competitions.

Competitions were held in Original, Traditional and Junior Poetry, with a Written section that was well supported. The three finalists in the Original competition had to perform again at the Saturday Performance Night to decide the winner.

Visitors and locals packed the auditorium at the R.S.M. Club for the Performance Night and they were treated to some of the finest Australian poetry and music to be heard. The night went on until nearly midnight and the crowd didn't move from their seats. The finalists in the Original Poetry competition provided the highest standard of Bush Poetry. John Best, Ellis Campbell and Carol Heuchan had the audience entranced with their performances, with Ellis taking out the "Golden Angel" Award and the \$500 first prize.

Glorious rain interrupted the Sunday Poets' Breakfast, held again at the

Pioneer Village, but the standard of the poets and musicians still attracted over 100 brave souls. The facilities at the Village allowed everybody to move into a hall for the performances, including the "Open Mike" session, to wind up a wonderful weekend.

Winners in the various competitions were: Original Poetry - Ellis Campbell  
Traditional Poetry - Carol Heuchan  
Written Section - Carol Heuchan  
Junior Poetry - Calvin Grogan

The Rescue Helicopters are named "Angel" 1, 2 And 3. All winners received a "Golden Angel" trophy, a gold-plated abstract of a helicopter on a glass base, with an Inverell Sapphire, as well as the prize money.

The "Celebration" will be held again next year over the second weekend in September, and anybody wanting a program mailed out as soon as it is printed can contact the Organising Committee through Burt Candy at: e-mail - candyb57@yahoo.com per Burt Candy



**NORTH PINE CAMP OVEN  
FESTIVAL incorporating the  
QLD STATE CHAMPIONSHIPS**

**Written Competition**

1st Veronica Weal - Herberton, Qld.

"By Firelight's Glow"

2nd Ron Stevens - Dubbo, NSW.

"Passenger on Time's Old Chariot"

3rd Joyce Alchin - Corrimall NSW

"Dare to Dream"

Highly Commended.

Carolyn Eldridge-Alfonzetti -  
North Epping,

"The City Bride of Boorang"

**Juniors 8 yrs and under**

1st Laura Collins - Bargara, Qld.

**Junior 9-12 yrs**

1st Amy Collins - Bargara, Qld.

2nd Matthew Collins - Bargara, Qld.

**Queensland State Junior Champion**

Amy Collins

**Novice**

1st Shirley Drake - 2nd Eddie Budgen -

3rd Ian Jeacocke.

**Humorous Female (Non-Original)**

1st Laree Chapman - 2nd Cay Fletcher

3rd Jean Lindley.

**Serious Male (Non-Original)**

1st Gregory North - 2nd Dean Collins

3rd Dennis Scanlon.

**Serious Female (non-Original)**

1st Jan Facey - 2nd Anita Reed -

3rd Jean Lindley.

**Humorous Male (Non-Original)**

1st Paddy O'Brien - 2nd Gregory North  
3rd Ellis Campbell.

**Humorous Female (Original)**

1st Jean Lindley - 2nd Cay Fletcher  
3rd Laree Chapman.

**Serious Male (Original)**

1st Gregory North - 2nd Dean Collins  
3rd Dean Trevaskis.

**Serious Female (Original)**

1st Laree Chapman - 2nd Anita Reed  
3rd Jan Facey.

**Humorous Male (Original)**

1st Gregory North - 2nd Dean Collins  
3rd Harry Donnelly.

**Queensland State Champion Female**

Laree Chapman - Bundaberg Qld.

**Queensland State Champion Male**

Dean Collins - Bargara Qld

**SA 2005 State  
Championships**

**Written Bush Poetry**

1st. "Quorn's Black Galah

(Rita Gade, Murray Bridge)

Runner-up: "On Radji Beach"

(Maurice O'Brien, Morphett Vale)

**Performance Bush Poetry**

1st. Jill Wherry (Windsor Gardens SA)

2nd. Judy Strauss (Waikerie SA)

3rd. Jacqui Merckenschlager (Murray  
Bridge)

**Stumpy Written Bush Poetry Awards**

1st. "Ever Turning - Ever Yearning"

(Ellis Campbell, Dubbo NSW)

2nd. "An Ordinary Man"

(Ron Stevens, Dubbo NSW)

**Stumpy Murraylands**

**Writers Poetry Awards**

Winning entries (two tied):

"VIC - The Last Of The Swagman"

(Brian Martin, Karoonda) and "Stars In  
The Wilderness" (Nancy McLean)

**Stumpy Performance Poetry Awards**

1st. Carol Reffold (Melbourne Vic)

2nd. Ric Raftis (Wedderburn Vic)

3rd. Jill Wherry (Windsor Gardens SA)

**Stumpy Open Written Poetry Awards**

1st. "Resthaven Residents"

(Max Merckenschlager, M. Bridge)

2nd. "Cruising The Fleurieu"

(Mary Bradley, Aldinga Beach SA)

**Stumpy Orig. Australian Song Award**

1st. "Roll On Mighty River"

(John Francis, Mannum SA)

2nd. "The Camels and The Cameleers"

(Warren Williams & Ross Magnay)

**Stumpy Prose Awards**

1st. "The Correction" (Alison Quigley,  
Buderim Qld)

2nd. "Scars"

(Ilona Merckenschlager, Murray Bridge)



**Beatin' 'round the Bush' Written Competition.**

1st - Don Adams NZ., 'Call of the Bidgee'

2nd - Don Adams NZ., 'A Stupid Way to Die . . or Kill'.

3rd. Katheryn Apel, Mt Tom Q., 'This Land'.

4th - Maurice O'Brien, Morphett Vale SA. 'On Radji Beach'.

**FAR NORTH BUSH POETRY COMPETITION**

The 2005 Far North Bush Poetry Festival was held at the Mareeba  
Wetland Reserve on the weekend of 29-31 July 2005.

The Festival included workshops, a concert, Bush Poet's Breakfast,  
and written and performance competitions.

The emphasis of the festival was on celebrating the Australian bush,  
its people and its wildlife in verse, with plenty of light hearted enter-  
tainment and fun!

**Winners of the Open Clancy of the  
Overflow Written Awards:**

Ron Stevens, Dubbo, NSW - *The*

*Presidents Report*

Runner Up, Veronica Weal - Herber-  
ton Q. *Destiny*.

**Highly Commended**

Ellis Campbell - *The Carlton Clydes-  
dales*

Ron Stevens - *In the Doctor's Wait-  
ing Room*

Ron Stevens - *Searching In The  
Hitchen House Museum*

David Campbell - *Sweet Sugar Cane*

Veronica Weal - *All My Pretty Things*

**Commended**

Ellis Campbell - *Nobody's Hero*

Max Merckenschlager - *The Pine  
Valley Murder Hunt*

Max Merckenschlager - *King of the  
Land*

Max Merckenschlager - *Fury's Feast*

Doug Berry - *The Silence of a Valley*

Joyce Alchin - *Country Cop*

Joyce Alchin - *A Waiting Game*

Veronica Weal - *Peacock Blues*

Val Read - *Saving The Snowy River*

**The Junior 12-17 years section**

Alysha Eitel, Bilolela - *Lucky or  
Unlucky*

Runner Up, Liza Hogg, Mareeba -  
*Edmund Kennedy*

**Under 12 section**

Chatelle Pedersen, Mareeba - *Stardust  
and I*

Runner up. Kelsie Realf, Miriamvale  
- *Nature Rules*.

**Under 10 years section**

James Thelan - *Bush Walking*

Runner up. Tyler Palmer - *What I  
Hate About the Bush*

**The performance sections went to:**

**Local Over 18 years,**

1st Veronica Weal,

2nd John Outback Burns,

3rd Tom Mauloni,

**Traditional,**

1st Veronica Weal,

2nd Heather Howe,

3rd Ron Pedersen,

**Original,**

1st Veronica Weal,

2nd John Outback Burns,

3rd Ron Pedersen.

## POET'S CALENDAR OF EVENTS

Oct 2-3 **EUABALONG** Beatin' 'round the Bush Comp. Frank Daniel 02 6344 1477 bushpoet@bushpoetry.com.au  
 Oct 7-9 **NSW STATE CHAMPIONSHIPS DORRIGO** ph. Murray 02-66572139.  
 Oct 9 **MATTARA Festival** Civic Park Poets Breakfast Enq. Ron Brown 02 4926 1313 Hunter Bush Poets  
 Oct 9 **North Pine Poets.** Greenslopes Bowls Club Poets Brekky Show. Ph. 07 3343 7392  
 Oct 14 **Closing Date Australian Bush Laureate Awards. Nomination forms see page 1.**  
 Oct 20 Closing Date **WALLA WALLA** Heritage Festival Written comp. Post to PO Box 22 Walla Walla NSW 2659  
 Oct 21-23 **Coast Fest Gosford** - Ph. Cec Bucello 4325 7369  
 Oct 22 **HARDEN NSW** - Poets Dinner and Competition. 7pm. \$1,000.00 Prizemoney. Ph. 02 6386 2555 Lorraine Brown (p. 11)  
 Oct 22-23 **WA State Championships.** Ph. 08 9387 0409  
 Nov 12 **GLEN INNES** Land of the Beardies Festival - nevillecampbell1@hotmail.com. Ph. 02 6732 2663  
 Nov 13 **WALLA WALLA** Heritage Festival - Walk-up Poets mailto: den53@austarnet.com.au Ph. Erica 02 6040 5337  
 Nov 13 **North Pine** Bowls Club. Poets Brekky Show. Ph. 07 3343 7392  
 Nov 18 **Palma Rosa** - Tribute to Henry Lawson. 9 Queens Road, Hamilton Bris. 7pm (07) 3262 3769 (07) 3268 3624  
 Nov 19 **North Pine Concert** to Aid Darren Jeacocke Appeal. Ph. 07 3351 6332  
 Dec 3,4 **Young NSW** Bush Poetry Competition & Breakfast. Ph Greg Broderick. 02 6382 2506 (p. 23)  
**January Tamworth Bush Poetry Competition & Blackened Billy Written Competition.**  
 SSAP Jan Morris, PO Box W1 West Tamworth 2340 mailto:janmorris@northnet.com.au  
 ABPA Inc. AGM. St. Edwards Hall. Hillvue Street Tamworth - Ed Parmenter 02 6652 3716  
 Feb 4-5 **BUNGENDORE** Poets Breakfasts. Bowling Club. Ph Frank Daniel 02 6344 1477 bushpoet@bushpoetry.com.au  
 Feb. 7 **Whittlesea Vic.** Country Music Festival  
 Feb. 21 **Shepparton Vic** Ph 02 6043 3220  
 Feb. 24 Closing date. **Dunedoo NSW** Written Competition. Sue Stoddard dddgroup@bigpond.com 02 6375 1975  
 Feb 27 **Bendigo Vic** Bush Poets Concert. Colincarrington@mydesk.net.au - 03 5441 2425  
 Feb. 28 Closing date. **Midlands Literary Competition.** SSAE. PO Box 1563 Ballarat Vic. 3354  
 Feb. 29 **Wedderburn Vic** Rusty Nails Competition. Ric Raftis. 03 5448 8132 ric@bushverse.com  
 Mar 5 Closing date **Ipswich** Poetry Feast - \$2,600 Written Competition. Ph. 07 3810 6761  
 Mar 10 Closing date. **Grenfell NSW** Short Story and Verse Written competitions. SSAE PO Box 77 Grenfell 2810  
 Mar 10 Closing date. **Henry Kendall Poetry Award.** SSAE Central Coast Poets PO Box 276 Gosford NSW 2250  
 Mar 12 **Wauchope** Hastings-McLean Performance Poetry Competition - Cay Fletcher 02 6551 2953 - Sam Smyth 02 6562 6861  
 Mar 15-19 **Narrandera NSW** John O'Brien Bush Festival & Competition - w.www.johnobrien.com.au Ph. 1800 672 392  
 Apr 8 **Dunedoo Performance comp.** Closes Mar 26 SSAE - PO Box 1 Dunedoo 2844 dddgroup@bigpond.com Ph. 02 63751 975

### **DON LLOYD WINS 2005 AKUBRA CEDAR HAT AWARD**



Well-known Pillar Valley Bush Poet Don Lloyd was presented with an Akubra Cedar Hat Award for Bush Poetry at the Kempsey Country Music & Trucking Festival held on the 9th, 10th & 11th of September.

The festival was an outstanding success with people flocking from all-over for the weekends entertainment. A sell out crowd packed the newly refurbished Dining Room of the Kempsey Macleay RSL Club for the Bush Poets

& Balladeers Brunch. The audience was treated to a morning of great poetry by way of poets Don Lloyd, Bill Kearns, John Lloyd, Cay Fletcher, Emily Breckell-Smyth & Sam Smyth.

Mary Kemp of Kempsey won the Walk-up encouragement award. Country singers Deb Minter and Marilyn Steele entertained as well.



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**Full page NOT available**

Poets Calendar and Regular Events Free. Limited one line only.

A paid advertisement would be appreciated in accompaniment with copy regarding a festival or event.

Send all details in plain text with jpeg photos direct to the Editor,  
 PO Box 16 Canowindra NSW 2804  
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 Ph. 02 6344 1477

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## 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

Under the auspices of the ABPA

**SEE SHHHH!! Page 12**



## Poetry in this issue

Page

- |    |                                                               |    |                                                                           |
|----|---------------------------------------------------------------|----|---------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 2  | Peas and Honey - Anonymous                                    | 14 | The Weeping Willow<br>CA Rogers                                           |
| 4  | The Australian - Will H Ogilvie                               | 14 | Firelights Glow - Veronica Weal                                           |
| 5  | Glare de Lune - Tom Stonham                                   | 17 | Max From the Nursing Home<br>Lorne Henry                                  |
| 5  | On Being Excised -<br>Russell Hannah                          | 18 | The President's Report<br>Ron Stevens (Winner FNQ<br>Written Competition) |
| 6  | Ever Turning - Ever Yearning<br>Ellis Campbell (Stumpy Award) | 18 | Riddle - Jonathon Swift                                                   |
| 7  | Quorn's Black Galah - Rita Gade<br>(SA Written State Title)   | 18 | Anonymous                                                                 |
| 8  | Guess What, Miss! -<br>Frank Daniel                           | 19 | Grandad's Boots<br>Margaret Glendenning                                   |
| 9  | Drover - John Lloyd                                           | 20 | Bradley Bullocks - Neil Hulm                                              |
| 9  | Cleo - Bill Glasson                                           | 21 | Sapphire Stones for Rosary Beads<br>Col Newsome                           |
| 11 | Corroboree<br>Sandra Hamilton Conway                          | 22 | The Curlew's Cry - Arthur Green                                           |
| 12 | Three short poems - D. Kevans                                 | 22 | Yalda Munda Man -<br>Keith Lethbridge                                     |
| 13 | Ah! Whiteman Have You<br>No Sacred Sites - Denis Kevans       | 24 | Tom The Cat - Alan Dwan                                                   |
|    |                                                               | 25 | Limericks                                                                 |



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