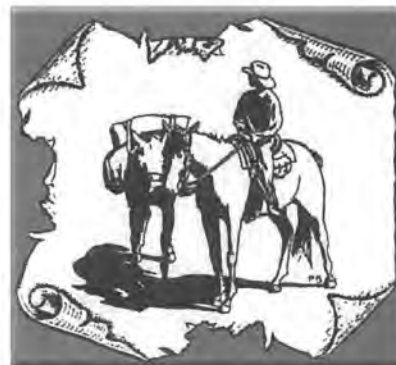


The Australian Bush Poets Association Inc.

NEWSLETTER

Volume 13 No. 1

Feb-Mar 2006



NOEL STALLARD

Our new President for 2006

BUSH POETS AGM

The Annual General Meeting of the Australian Bush Poets Association Inc., was held on Saturday 28th January at St. Edwards Hall, Tamworth. Forty members attended.

Noel Stallard of Arana Hills, Brisbane was elected President with outgoing president Frank Daniel assuming the vice presidency.

The Secretary re-elected is Ed Parmenter of Coffs Harbour.

Treasurer, re-elected, Marie Smith, Dorrigo NSW.

State Reps. Maurice O'Brien, SA; Dennis Carstairs, Vic; Carol Heuchan, NSW; Manfred Vijars, Qld. and Rusty Christensen, WA.

Duncan Williams, a Tamworth resident, was elected as the Tamworth Representative to keep the association up to date with happenings in Tamworth during the year. Committee members are Gabby Colquhoun, Dennis Carstairs, Ron Liekefett.

AUSTRALIAN BUSH LAUREATE AWARDS – 2006 WINNERS

Winners in the 2006 Australian Bush Laureate awards were announced before a capacity audience in the Tamworth Town Hall on Tuesday 24th January.

In BOOK OF THE YEAR, for the best Australian rhymed verse in book form, the winner was *'Old Bush Songs'*; a centenary edition of Banjo Paterson's classic collection edited by Warren Fahey and Graham Seal (published by ABC Books).⁹

In BOOK OF THE YEAR, ORIGINAL VERSE, for the best original Australian work in book form, the winner was *'Australian Poems That Would Captivate a Koala'* by Philip Rush (self published). A prolific writer, Philip

hails from Tasmania and has been a multi finalist in the Bush Laureate Awards over a number of years.

In ALBUM OF THE YEAR, the winner was *'A Pocketful of Poetry'* by Carol Heuchan, of Corranbong in the Hunter Valley of NSW (Restless Music, produced by Roger Ilott).

For SINGLE RECORDED PERFORMANCE OF THE YEAR, the winner was TV personality and broadcaster Jim Brown from Heathcote in Victoria with *'Angel of Death'*, produced by Jim for Stanza TV.

The winner of the JUDITH HO-SIER HERITAGE AWARD, for outstanding achievement in nurturing Australia's heritage of verse, went to the *Winton Tourist and Business Association* (WTBA) which has staged the famous Bronze Swagman bush poetry competition and published the Bronze Swagman books every year since 1972. (to page 4)

BLACKENED BILLY WINNERS

First, Carol Heuchan, Second, David Campbell.

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

**PRESIDENTS REPORT**



To  
The Australian Bush Poets Association Inc.

The Secretary,  
Mr. Edward Parmenter and members,

It is with regret that I advise I will not be standing for re-election as President of the ABPA this year.

It has been a long and winding road over the years supporting what I believe to be a very important cultural necessity in this country – helping to keep our heritage alive.

My life long interest in Australian Bush Poetry, coupled with yarn-spinning, writing and performing, stems from my childhood days, and is something that I believe in so much.

Since the ABPA was formed in 1994, I, as a founding member, have had the pleasure of seeing it grow from a small band of twenty-plus to a membership of over 400.

In the intervening years, at the request of members, the ABPA has provided guidelines for both written and performance events, with the aim of standardising competitions and rules across the country.

As we grew, requests came in for State Championships to be held under the auspices of the ABPA. Subsequently, State committees were duly formed for this purpose and are now active in most states.

In this litigious society of ours it has become increasingly evident that performers needed to carry personal public liability insurance and to meet this demand, our committee was able to facilitate an insurance option for its performing members.

Our newsletter, of course, is an integral part of our Association. As Editor for periods totalling five and a half years, it has given me great satisfaction to see the important contribution which it makes to our members and to the growth of our Association and Australian culture.

Over the many years of my involvement with our group, we have lost some of our shining stars, some of whom had been with us from the beginning. Fortunately though we see, rising through our current ranks, many who will carry on the tradition of our craft and I wish them well. I am delighted with the growth that we have collectively achieved and I am extremely proud to have been part of it.

May I take this opportunity to thank everyone for their continuous support and encouragement and I wish the incoming President and Committee every success.

Yours sincerely,

*Frank Daniel*

**P.S. During my recent and still partial incapacitation I am ever grateful to Jan Morris, Maureen Stonham and Jan Lewis for their help in typing and preparing parts of this newsletter; not forgetting the many subscribers and my twelve years old daughter Lucy, a wiz on the computer.**

**Goodonyezall, Joe.**

(From Lucy) **Q.** What lane do blood cells take when they are late for work?  
**A.** The Car-Pool Tunnel.

✦ There are only three kinds of people in this world.

Those who can count and those who can't!

## BLACKENED BILLY

The Blackened Billy Verse Competition had a revival of interest this year, which boosted our numbers and flushed out a whole world of budding poets out there.

Keith Jones, our judge, had a hard time and came up with an interesting selection of winners.

The award ceremony was held on Friday, 27 January and the winner, Carol Heuchan, read her very moving poem, "Why?" to a spellbound audience.

### JUDGE'S COMMENTS - BLACKENED BILLY VERSE COMPETITION 2006

**Judge: Keith Jones Tamworth**

There was a wonderful response to the 2006 Blackened Billy Verse Competition. There were 279 entries, which was approximately 100 more than last year's competition.

This is very pleasing to the Committee and shows that many writers are using their skill in putting their experiences and imagination into verse, and keeping the Australian spirit alive. I believe that the committee, headed by the hard working

Jan Morris, explored further print media avenues for this competition, and achieved the necessary results in entries.

The larger number of entries made my job somewhat more difficult, as approximately one third of the entries were meritorious, and having to eliminate the bulk of these to achieve a final result is quite painstaking.

Knowing the hard work involved in writing, I can genuinely empathise with the entrants. To all entrants, may I say that every effort is made to ensure that your work is given much consideration and time, and no detail in the construction of your work is ignored.

**THIRD PLACE:** 'WALLY' by Dick Lewers (Blaxland NSW). This is a romantic story about a swaggie and employs his colloquial speech to emphasise the natural and colourful effects of the narrative. Cleverly written.

**SECOND PLACE:** 'OUTBACK' by David Campbell (Beaumaris V.) A beautifully crafted poem about an outback experience over a long period of time. The writer has been

able to share his experiences with a wonderful use of word pictures.

**FIRST PLACE:** 'WHY?' by Carol Heuchan (Cooranbong NSW). The poem is one of pathos and feeling and depicts the sadness of the writer who is a victim of a broken family. The emotion of the poem weaves around the loss of a father who has ignored his responsibilities to his daughter, and she has suffered visibly. Although she has missed out on much happiness, she is still prepared to honour him with her loves until she dies. There is a fine use of rhythm and descriptive phrasing in the construction of this poem.

The balance of results are as follows:

First: Carol Heuchan - 'Why?'

Second:

David Campbell - 'Outback'

Third: Dick Lewers - 'Wally'

Highly Commended.

Terence Docker, Frank Conroy, Ellis Campbell, Valerie P. Read, Kym Eitel (2 poems), Roderick Williams, Milton Taylor, Trevor Shaw, Max Merckenschlager

## The Golden Damper BUSH POETRY COMPETITION

Despite the unsettling changes of times foisted upon us by Wests, the Country Energy Tamworth Bush Poetry Competition ended up being a full and exciting program of poetry with scintillating performances from some of the old (and not so old) familiar faces, plus a whole host of new competitors with loads of talent.

As some of the established bush poetry performers are now opting not to compete any more, it is wonderful to see so many new faces and to hear them perform so incredibly well. Bush poetry is in good hands for the future. I would particularly like to mention the following people: Lisa Quast, Kate Gibson,

Sandy Cudmore and Fiona Witts as ones to watch in the future.

Nevertheless, it was the tried and true in the end with Dave Proust taking out his second Original Golden Damper in a row, this time for a very funny poem, 'Santa's Little Helpers'. This poem hit the spot with everyone who has tried to assemble kids' Christmas presents on Christmas Eve (and I bet that's almost everyone!).

Winner of the Traditional Golden Damper was Gabby Colquhoun, who has been creeping closer each year and managed to snatch it this year with her rendition of Bill Kearns' poem, 'Pierced to the Eyeballs'.

Second place in the Original Section was Melanie Hall and John Lloyd was third.

Second place in the Traditional Section was Dave Proust and Third

was Carol Heuchan.

The Tamworth Poetry Reading Group appreciates the support of the poets who act as compères each day and help to give our shows a more professional touch.

Jan Morris.



DAVE PROUST



(ABL Awards. From page 1)



**Louise Dean**

After the presentation to Louise Dean and David Strang representing the WTBA, poet Carmel Randle said Winton had "kept alive the legend of Banjo Paterson while at the same time encouraging today's poets to write down that story – to tell that poem."

The Bush Laureate Awards were first staged in 1996 to recognise excellence in published and recorded Australian bush poetry. At the presentation it was announced that in 2007 a trophy would be awarded for the Bush Poetry Performer of the Year.

## **2006 Judith Hosier Heritage Award Winner**

### **A tribute to The Winton Tourism and Business Association**

*Moving into their 35th year of The  
Bronze Swagman*

There is a name synonymous with Australian bush poetry – Winton. This tiny town in the middle of Western Queensland (population 1,200) is the "birth place" of *Waltzing Matilda*, where it was first performed and where, for the last 34 years, a book of the best original Australian bush verse has been published.

The town has kept alive the legend of "Banjo" Paterson while, at the same time, encouraging today's poets to write down that story, to tell that poem!

Truly I believe that Winton has kept that heritage alive! Go to America or England and watch the faces of the crowd when you say a Paterson poem, or listen while any gathering, anywhere in Australia or overseas, breaks into a chorus of *Waltzing Matilda*, and you'll know what I mean!

Winton is now the home of the Waltzing Matilda Centre, an establishment of world renown, as well as...

- a. The Bronze Swagman competition
- b. The Qantas-Waltzing Matilda Bush Poetry Awards
- c. The Little Swaggies Competition
- d. The Junior Performance Festival

In addition, it has published books of the best of the Bronze Swagman entries for the past 34 years and has recently published a book of children's entries.

Everyone who goes through Winton appreciates "Waltzing Matilda" and the other poems that Paterson wrote. Why? Because the people of Winton have worked so hard for so long to make this dream materialise.

I am delighted that the Winton Tourism and Business Association have been presented with the 2006 Judith Hosier Award for their absolutely outstanding contribution to Australian Bush Poetry over three and a half decades.

*By Carmel Randle*

## **THE AUSTRALIAN BUSH LAUREATE AWARDS BUSH POETRY PERFORMER OF THE YEAR**

It was announced at the 2006 Australian Bush Laureate Awards that, in 2007, the Awards will recognise for the first time the performance of Australian bush poetry with the introduction of a new category.

Since the Bush Laureate Awards started in 1996, all awards have been made on the basis of recorded or published material.

A spokesman for the organisers said that over the years there had been a significant increase in the popularity of Australian bush poetry. This had been both encouraged and reflected by expanding public performance.

The time had come for the Australian Bush Laureate Awards to

recognise and salute the talented artists who, in the true oral tradition of the bush, are taking Australian bush poetry back to an ever-widening circle of enthusiastic followers.

Called Bush Poetry Performer Of The Year, the new trophy will be presented to an individual performer whose public performance of Australian bush poetry over the current 12 month period (December to November) on stage, radio, television or any other public forum, is judged to be outstanding.

Criteria for the Award will include frequency of performances, reach of performances, professionalism, popularity and entertainment value of performances and originality and Australian character of material used.

Judging for the Bush Poetry Performer Of The Year will be based

on a system, which combines:

1. A panel of individuals who have a significant involvement in Australian bush poetry, including bush poets themselves. The panel's votes will receive a weighting.
2. A popular vote conducted through The Australian Bush Laureate Awards website and other specialist media outlets and events to be announced.

Judging forms will be distributed through the year and, for the 2007 Awards, must be returned to the ABLA by Tuesday, November 30.

The winner of the inaugural  
**BUSH POETRY  
PERFORMER OF THE YEAR**  
will be announced at the annual  
Bush Laureate Awards  
presentations on  
Tuesday, January 23rd 2007.

**OUTBACK** © David Campbell, Beaumaris Vic.  
(Runner-up - Blackened Billy 2006)

I have walked the wild bush country now for nigh on  
forty years  
in a quest to see the outback of my dreams,  
but no matter where I travel I keep finding new fron-  
tiers...  
for the outback's further out it always seems.

I have searched the deep red chasms in the centre and  
the west,  
from the Standley to a gorge near Wittenoom...  
from the Musgraves and Macdonnells to the Flinders  
Ranges crest,  
from the Alice to the Hamersleys and Broome.

Over time I've found a landscape that is never quite the  
same  
as the days and months go quickly slipping by,  
and the people of my childhood can no longer speak  
my name...  
they've no cause to even stop and wonder why.

In a stand of silver wattle I will rest and lay my swag,  
then I'll listen to the silence of the night...  
to the feral cats and dingoes as they prowl a nearby  
crag,  
to the wallabies, so timid, taking flight.

In the beauty of the centre I will sit alone for hours,  
with the passage of the sun my only clock,  
and I'll watch a sudden cloudburst carpet all the earth  
with flowers  
as the colours ripple slowly on the Rock.

I will tread the salt-crust claypans as they shimmer in  
the heat,  
where the sun makes strange mirages for the mind,  
and the ghost of desert madness is the only thing I'll  
meet,  
and the fall of night the only friend I'll find.

Through the gibber plains and sandhills I'll continue  
on my way,  
through the spinifex, the mulga and the scrub,  
past the river gums and middens at the dying of the day  
for a bath, a beer and bed in some old pub.

At a waterhole I'll linger just to watch the grand parade  
as the animals come down to take a drink...  
from red kangaroos to camels in a patch of dappled  
shade,  
from a buffalo to tiny blue-tongued skink.

Then at dusk the birds come calling, first the pink and  
grey galahs,  
and black cockatoos and finches by the score.  
There'll be cormorants, white egrets, and bright green  
budgerigars,  
and some pelicans and ibis on the shore.

When the rain comes to the floodplains and the rivers  
break their banks  
it is time to see the miracle of birth,  
as the wildflowers blaze their colour and the red gums  
give their thanks  
for the water that brings life back to the earth.

From the Thomson and the Cooper, the Warrego and  
Paroo  
there's a floodtide slowly pulsing through the land,  
while the Macintyre, the Darling, the Culgoa and Bar-  
coo  
send a heartbeat as a guide to nature's hand.

From the Murray-Darling Basin to the saltpans of Lake  
Eyre  
there is movement as the birds fly in to breed,  
as the bounty of the water yields a rich and varied fare  
in the fish and tiny crabs on which they feed.

And in this I see my homeland, in a country some call  
dead,  
but where life abounds for those who care to seek,  
in a gully or a wetland or a dried-up riverbed,  
on a plateau or a windswept mountain peak.

For the outback has no place-name, you won't find it  
on a chart,  
and no signposts can direct you on your way.  
It is everywhere around you in the skill of nature's  
art...  
through the morning and the evening of each day

**John O'Brien**  
**Bush Festival**  
**15th - 19th March 2006**  
A gem of a festival - bush poetry and  
humour, bush music and magic, friendly  
and fun. Be a part of the great  
Narrandera gathering!

**Bush Poetry Competition - Poets Breakfasts**  
**Busking Competition - St. Patrick's Day**  
**Street Parade - Us Not Them Bob Magor**  
**Geoffrey Graham - Frank Daniel - Noel Stallard**  
**Greg North - It's all Irish and then some . . .**  
Ph. 1800 672 393

## GRAHAM JENKIN

Graham Keith JENKIN; poet, historian, composer, and teacher; was born in Adelaide on 17 May 1938, the son of Leonard Bee Jenkin, teacher, and his wife Doreen Kathleen Puckridge, author.

He was educated at various country schools and at Prince Alfred College, Wattle Park Teachers College, and the University of Adelaide. His academic qualifications include: Diploma of Teaching; Diploma of Engineering; Master of Arts; and Doctor of Philosophy.

On leaving school, he spent two years (1957 and 1958) working as a jackeroo on stations in northern South Australia. Then, from 1959 to 1962, he was a full-time student.

In 1961, he founded the Tea and Damper Club which became the major body in South Australia devoted to the preservation and dissemination of Australian folklore, music and verse. The club flourished for a decade.

From 1963 to 1965, he was Head Teacher of Coober Pedy Primary School.

In 1966, Graham Jenkin was appointed as a lecturer at Wattle Park Teachers College. That institution became part of a College of Advanced Education which, in 1991, was subsumed by the University of South Australia; but throughout all the changes, Graham Jenkin continued his work as an academic historian and writer, relatively uninterrupted.

In 1968 Graham Jenkin, together with three other musicians, formed The Overlanders, a group which during the following thirty years gave many concerts, throughout South Australia, consisting of Bush Songs and Bush Ballads in an historical background. The Overlanders also produced records, including Songs of the Breaker (1980) and the important double album Songs of the Great Australian Balladists (1978).

In 1970, he initiated what is believed to have been the first course in Australian Studies to be mounted in an Australian tertiary institution. This course continued to expand and develop throughout the following quarter-century, and served as a paradigm for others.

Graham Jenkin became Senior Lecturer in History and Australian Studies in 1979.

In 1995, he resigned from teaching at the University of South Australia in order to devote his time entirely to writing. Since then, he has continued to write history, poetry, music, and drama.

In 1996, Graham Jenkin was awarded the title of National Non-Indigenous Person of the Year, by the National Aboriginal and Islander Day Observance Committee, for his contribution to Aboriginal historiography.

In 1962, Graham Jenkin married Robyn Ann Herriman. They have two sons, Benjamin and Matthew.

## CORRYONG: Winner in the Regional Achievement and Community Awards

It was a case of third time lucky for the Man from Snowy River Bush Festival in Corryong in winning the prestigious Community Achievement Award for best Tourism Event for 2005 announced in Ballarat on 12th November.

There were over 280 applicants in 6 sections with 3 finalists in each category. The Man from Snowy River Bush Festival beat the Elmore Field Days and the Apollo Bay Music Festival to secure the title of 'Australia Post Events and Tourism' Winner

"This is a magnificent achievement and everyone connected with staging of our festival should be proud to accept this award. It is appropriate recognition of the huge effort, dedication and commitment of the approximate 600 volunteers

that have made this Festival the success that it is. The social and economic value of this Festival to the Corryong Community has been recognized." said Chairman Peter Hunt

The festival elected to take a \$2000 Prime TV on air package as well as a beautiful trophy.

"The celebration of our high country heritage and culture has been recognized twice in a week with funding being obtained from the Victorian Government for \$110,000 over 4 years as a recognition of the significance of our event to Tourism in regional Victoria as well as this prestigious award. We are elated!" said Jo Mackinnon Festival Coordinator

The Man from Snowy River Bush Festival will be held in Corryong from the 31st March - 2nd April 2006

Don't miss your opportunity to experience the Legend. (See P17)

## GOOVIGEN WRITTEN COMPETITION

Eighty entries were received for the Australia Day Written Bush Poetry Competition held at Goovigen Q., in the Banana Shire on 26th January.

Through no fault of the organizers or the editor, an article promoting this event failed to make the newsletter, and an email in the form of an SOS was sent out, resulting in eighty replies.

Organizer, Kym Eitel wishes to convey her heartfelt thanks to those who gave their overwhelming support.

Entertainment for the day was from Margie McArdle, Trevor Shaw and Kym Eitel.

The prize winners are as follows:

First Place - Don Adams, *'A Voice From Abroad'*  
Second - Arthur Green, *'Heart Of The Grey'*

(Cont'd page 19)



## THE BALLAD OF THE BUSHMAN'S CLUB

(Paradise Lost)

By Graham Jenkin

Now there's a joint across in Sydney, I suppose you jokers know,  
Where the hardest riding stockmen and the great gun-shearers go,  
And it's something of a gaming den and something of a pub,  
And it's known to Sydney-siders as "That Flamin' Bushmen's Club!"  
It's the most tremendous place on which I've ever cast me eye,  
Including Mac's at Broken Hill where we used to spin the swy,  
For the grog flows by the bucketful, and sheilas, -- strike me blue!  
They're all of them dressed like Cloey, and they're twice as pretty too!  
For this is the place of worship of that noble little push  
Who compromise the famous Brotherhood of Bludgers from the Bush,  
Their noble, high and lofty aim to fight for all things freer,  
And strive for the Two Great Freedoms -- free whisky and free beer.  
And valiantly they carry on their noble cause to fight,  
They start right in at the crack o' dawn and rollick through the night  
With revelry and sport galore and girls and grog and song,  
No wonder that the waiting list is half a mile long.

So to keep the place exclusive, so they only get the best,  
Each budding, would-be brother has to pass a little test.  
You have to shear three hundred sheep a day with either hand,  
And duff a thousand bullocks on your own and change the brand,  
And drove them down the Birdsville when the Cooper's on her way,  
Then dig a well through granite rock at fifty feet a day:  
And cut a mile of mulga posts and sink the bludgers down,  
And break a dozen killer-colts and ride 'em into town,  
And drink a keg of Bundaberg in just a half an hour,  
And live for a year on damper which you make from weevil flour,  
And track and skin a hundred 'roos, then crack the Sydney Flash  
With a whip you've made from 'roo-hide having forty foot of lash,  
And many another little skill that only the best can do--  
(I passed them all with credit and a top distinction too).  
But the last examination is some yarns you have to tell--  
They must be lies -- original -- and you have to spin 'em well...

Well, I stood before the Panel in a highly nervous state  
And began to tell my story from a very early date:  
I told 'em how, at the age of twelve, I dug that excavation  
For the Government, which now is called the Great Artesian Basin:

How when I'd dug the mullock out, I carted it aside,  
And nowadays people call that heap o' dirt the Great Divide.  
I told 'em how I swum the old Pacific in a gale,  
And made the homeward journey in a bath-tub with a sail,  
How I used to work the windmills in a calm for my old man,  
By running like a lumber-jack on top o' the flamin' fan,  
But I fell from a Southern Cross one day with a tin in me pocket here--  
I've still got "Capstan Fine Cut" printed firmly on my rear!  
And once I won the Melbourne Cup on an untamed brumby mare,  
But they went and took it orf me -- riding backwards wasn't fair!  
'Twas me alone who finally rode old Curio and her brother  
While I did the flash with one hand, rolled a querlie with the other.

And I was the bloke who tried to ride to Tassie on a bike,  
Lost me bearings, got a puncture on a ruddy coral spike--  
Missed the Apple Isle completely so I almost met me death,  
But I surfaced on New Zealand, very nearly out of breath!  
And once I flew to Canberra when me mate Bob Menzies wired,  
And I would've flown back here but me flamin' arms were tired.  
I lost Victoria River in a crooked two-up school  
And I boozed me other stations in a fortnight -- what a fool!  
'Twas me who flooded Carruthers in the fifty-second round  
Of a private little battle for half a million pound,  
And I ran the mile, three minutes flat, but I didn't stake me claim,  
'Cause I'm not the sort of bloke who likes to brag and climb to fame.  
And I could've gone forever reminiscing to the Board,  
But at last they yelled, "No more! Shut up! You're in!" -- and I was flooded.  
You can just imagine the tears of joy one sheds at a time like this,  
When you've passed the test to paradise and near-eternal bliss--

Then think what an awful shock it was, when I'd been there just a week,  
And one of the Elder Brothers comes and grabs me by the cheek  
And says to me, "The Panel rules that you will have to go--  
You bluffed us on that final test." And what he said was so,  
For though at other bushy skills no stockman e'er ranked higher,  
I never was or will be worth a cracker as a liar.  
I dunno how they done it like, 'less one of the Panel knew,  
But somehow they'd discovered, that all me yarns were true!  
And that is why I drift through life just searching for the coot  
Who dobbed me in to the Brotherhood and got me the flamin' boot.

### NARRANDERA BUSH POETRY PERFORMANCE COMPETITION

Open Competition - Entries limited. First in first served.  
Send Names to PO Box 89 Narrandera 2700

Ph. 1800 672 392

## NATIONAL CHERRY FESTIVAL

The National Cherry Festival Bush Poets competition was held again at Young on the 3rd. December '05. Combining this competition with the National Cherry Festival ensures there will be a weekend of entertainment. As well as various street activities on Saturday morning, the highlight of the afternoon was the float parade in which eighty floats took part. This was followed by a brilliant Scottish Military Tattoo and then you could attend either the Cherry Festival Ball or the poets competition at the Golf Club.

There were fifteen entries in the competition and this would rate as the highest standard of poets and poetry in the four years of this event. As usual, the hall was booked out and a very appreciative audience they were. The three judges, Joyce Cavanagh, Margaret Roles and Chris Cudmore, are locals and have to be thanked for their very fine effort. The Sunday morning breakfast was well attended, with an excellent breakfast prepared and served by the Lady Golfers.

Frank Daniel was again the MC and titillated the audience in great style.

List of winners:- 1st - Greg North, Linden NSW. Greg was a stand out winner with his humorous rendition of "The Man from Snowy River" and his box of hats.

2nd- Carol Heuchan, Cooranbong

3rd- Ted Webber, Young.

There were four Highly Commended prizes - Greg Broderick, Young - Milton Taylor, Hartley - Alex Allitt, Deniliquin and Jim Weatherstone, Canberra.

Again, this was a very successful and well conducted competition, with great appreciation from both the audience and competitors.

### SO . . .

Australian history is almost always picturesque; indeed, it is also so curious and strange, that it is itself the chiefest novelty the country has to offer and so it pushes the other novelties into second and third place.

It does not read like history, but like the most beautiful lies; and all of a fresh new sort, no mouldy old stale ones.

It is full of surprises and adventures, the incongruities, and contradictions, and incredibilities; but they are all true, they all happened.

Mark Twain, *More Tramps Abroad*, London, 1897

## VALE: BILL SCOTT 1923-2005



Wayne Richmond of the New South Wales Folk Federation advises that Bill Scott, a man who was a legend within the Australian Folk Music scene, passed away on the 24th of December. Bill was 82 and had been ill for some time.

Bill Scott was born in Bundaberg in 1923 and is one of Australia's national treasures.

A noted folklorist, he has written novels, short stories, verse, anthologies and songs.

He was awarded the O.A.M. for his services to folklore in 1992.

Bill served in the Navy during World War II, and has worked as a seaman, steam engine driver, prospector, miner, bookseller, editor and publisher.

He has been writing full time for the past 25 years.

A profile on Bill Scott was published in the August issue of this publication.

Bill Scott was a poet, song writer, authour, yarn spinner and collector of Australian folklore amongst many other interests and achievements.

He published a number of books and will probably be best remembered for his song "Hey Rain," which is now a "standard" and sung at most folk music gatherings.

The ABC produced a documentary about Bill and his varied experiences which was re-shown recently.

Those interested in Australian poetry, music and folklore will mourn his passing.



## OPAL MINER

by Bill Scott

Deep in the shaft I chip alone  
where sunsets sleep in the dry brown stone.  
Scrape of shovel blade, tap of pick,  
flickering light from the burning wick.

Long ago, before there were clocks,  
a rainbow crept inside these rocks.  
Now in the darkness I burrow and creep,  
waking that light from its age-old sleep.

Pot of gold at the rainbow's end  
are the sunset colours that shift and blend.  
I hammer and tap, scrape and strain,  
till I bring them back to light again.

I may never see the day  
when the stone shines bright as the Milky Way,  
But some other miner, when I'm long gone  
may discover the dream that drove me on.

My blue-green eyes, my blood's red streams,  
golden hope and harlequin dreams  
may shine like colour in the dry brown stone  
as underground he chips alone.



**What's all the fuss about?**

# NARRANDERA

**WINNER: NSW INLAND TOURISM  
AWARD 2004 - 2005**

The media has dubbed it Narrandera's amazing festival and the five-day John O'Brien Bush Festival will be no less amazing when it hums to life again in March 2006.

We can only look forward to a



festival with all the elements that make for a wonderful festival experience: humour, music, talent, tradition and friendly faces. For the uninitiated this means there'll be busking, bush dancing, poet's breakfasts, and comedy shows.

There'll be get-together's, pub sessions, luncheons and singalongs.

There'll be a parade, a craft fair, an art exhibition and an Anzac tribute. There'll be street performers and a parade. And there'll a touch of the Irish, evident in dance and in song.

The Festival celebrates Narrandera's connection with John O'Brien, the author of some of Australia's most popular poetry, 'Said Hanrahan', 'Tangmalangaloo' and 'The Old Bush School'. It celebrates the Irish-Australian connection, that is so evident in the poetry, and it celebrates the best of bush culture.

**MUSIC and SONG** play a big part in the John O'Brien Bush Festival.

Lively bands such as the Celtic Larrikins with ballads from the Scottish Highlands, Irish Laments and Aussie Bush Songs, fantastic fiddle playing, pub sessions and bush dancing.

By request Jo Hicks returns with

her special mix of light opera, jazz and musical theatre.

The Canberra Celtic Choir, the Kioloa Harp Ensemble, under the tutelage of renowned harpist Alice Giles, will perform classical works covering a wide range from Chorales to Rhumbas.

Jason and Chloe Roweth, "Us Not Them", will bring a dynamic mix, distinctly Australian in character with songs about people, history and landscape of regional Australia.

'Firestone', a collaboration of poet Andrew Hull and the music of Tonchi will have you moved by their individual stories and resonance of song honouring the words of Banjo and Henry.

George Royter, Australian Baladeer sings of a recognizable lifestyle while ex-Narrandera St. Joseph's School student Des Kelly will pull out his best swag of songs, poetry and yarns.

Bob Magor is renowned amongst bush poets for converting experiences at the funny end of a cow, in the shearing shed, as a broken-down sheep cocky and as a grey nomad extraordinaire travelling the length and breadth of the nation writing about his experiences. It's his first visit to John O'Brien country.

Noel Stallard plays John O'Brien for most of the festival bringing the former Parish Priest to life once more.

We've got Greg North returning with a bundle of new awards up his sleeve and new poems. Seeing is believing.

Festival favourite Frank (Joe) Daniel returns for his umpteenth visit to Narrandera hosting the Performance Poetry Competition, several poets breakfasts and the very special Tribute to the Anzacs in the Memorial Gardens.

Keeping all sanity in the programme will be 'The Irish Trio', (both of them), Paddy and Glori O'Brien. Medium-sized Glori always looks up to her husband Paddy, all six foot three of him.

Two BI-LO Welcome walk-up in

the Narrandera Park, one Thursday and one on Friday mornings will warm newcomers to the poetry scene alongside more of the accredited. Bring a chair for this.

Seven Poets Breakfasts will give festival goers ample opportunity to experience the talents of the visiting poets, as well as the performance poetry competition, the Anzac Tribute, the works of John O'Brien and Noel Stallard, Bob Magor, Paddy and Glori O'Brien, as well as the non stop street entertainment, sing-alongs, concerts, buskers, a street parade and bush dancing.

And, when you think it's all over, there will be a Barbeque and paper plate farewell meal with entertainment at the Narrandera Bowling Club.

Entry forms, programmes and further details can be obtained from 1800 672 392. (p. 5)

## **An Old Irish Blessing**

May love and laughter light your days,  
and warm your heart and home.  
May good and faithful friends be yours,  
wherever you may roam.  
May peace and plenty bless your world  
with joy that long endures.  
May all life's passing seasons  
bring the best to you and yours!

## **St. Patrick's Day**

Patrick and his followers were free to spread their faith throughout Ireland and did so to great effect. He drove paganism (symbolised by the snake) from the lands of Eire-ann.

Patrick died on March 17th in the year 461 at the age of 76. It is not known for sure where his remains were laid although Downpatrick in County Down in the North of Ireland is thought to be his final resting place. His influence is still felt to this day as Nations the world over commemorate him on March 17th of every year.

Make sure you wear something green on Paddy's Day.

## VALE: JOE DALEY



Legendary bush ballad writer Joe Daley has died.

Joe lost his battle with cancer in Broken Hill, NSW, on Monday, December 19, 2005.

Best known for penning the Slim Dusty hit Trumby, Joe wrote a wealth of material during his lifetime.

A promotional piece for his book "Tracks I Left Behind", said Joe was a writer of lyrical outback history", the book itself capturing an awesome collection of Australian outback and Aussie character in the intricate form of verse.

Joe was born in Broken Hill in 1927, the second of five children. His grandfather was of Irish decent which indicates where he inherited his wit and talent. In fact, one of Joe's aunts sang with Dame Nellie Melba.

Leaving school at the age of 12 years to work on Box Hole station, then a big Kidman cattle station about 100 miles north of the Silver City, set the stage for Joe's life. Better than maths and science, Joe proceeded to absorb a varied wealth of experience over the years, working with horse teams and cattle droving, fencing, as an axeman, bush race jockey, slaughterman, boundary rider, dogger, rabbitier, roo shooter, tank sinker, then, finally, back in town as a miner and storeman.

After retiring, Joe became a penologist, pushing nothing but his pen. Influenced by his folks, music and verse were always among his strongest interests.

## TRUMBY by Joe Daley

Trumby was a Ringer,  
a good one too at that,  
he could rake and ride a twister,  
throw a rope and fancy plait,  
he could counter-line a saddle,  
track a man lost in the night;  
Trumby was a good boy,  
but he couldn't read or write.

Trumby was dependable,  
he never took to beer;  
the boss admired him so much,  
one day made him overseer,  
it never went to Trumby's head,  
he didn't boast or skite,  
Trumby was a good boy,  
but he couldn't read or write.

The drought was on the country,  
and grass in short supply,  
the tanks were getting lower,  
and the waterholes near dry,  
cattle started dying,  
and relief was not in sight,  
to estimate the losses,  
Trumby couldn't read or write.

He rode around the station,  
pulling cattle from the bogs,  
to save them being torn apart,  
by eagles crows and dogs,  
he saw a notice on a tree,  
it wasn't there last night,  
Trumby tried to understand,  
but he couldn't read or write.

On bended knee down in the mud,  
Trumby had a drink,  
swung the reins and to his horse,  
said 'we go home I think,  
tellem boss about the sign,  
him read 'im good alright,  
one day bosses missus,  
teach 'im Trumby read and write'.

In 1964, Joe Daley wrote a song for Slim Dusty entitled 'Jackie' with Slim subsequently changing the name to 'Trumby' when he put it to music.

One of the most memorable moments in Joe's life was his meeting with Slim Dusty and Joy McKean.

In Joe's words: "After meeting Slim and Joy, for the first time in Longreach in 1965, I felt deeply moved when they accepted my 'Jackie', renamed 'Trumby' when

Concern was felt for Trumby,  
he hadn't used his bed,  
next day beside that muddy hole,  
they found the Ringer dead,  
and a piece of tin tied to a tree,  
then caught the bosses eye,  
as he read the words of 'Poison Here',  
and signed by Dogger Fry.

Now the stock had never used that hole,  
along that stoney creek,  
and Trumby's bag was empty,  
it had frayed and sprung a leak,  
the dogs were there in hundreds,  
and the Dogger in his plight,  
told the boss he never knew,  
poor Trumby couldn't read or write.

Now Trumby was a ringer,  
as solid as a post,  
his skin was black but his heart was pure,  
and that's what mattered most;  
oft' times I think how sad it is,  
in this world with all its might,  
that a man like Trumby met his death,  
'cause he couldn't read or write.

**Notation** from the Slim Dusty song book, 1984:

*'This song was a favourite with the Aborigines who were such a high proportion of our audiences in the North-West.*

*We were told by the Education Department that the song resulted in record enrolments in literacy classes in the Kimberleys'.*

Slim put it to music.

Twice in 1985, and again in 1997, Joe was a finalist in the writer's awards in Tamworth and has been recognised for his contribution to Australian country music lyrics in the Hands of Fame in Tamworth and Barmera SA.



The GREAT DUNNY CLASSIC  
**DUNEDOO** Page 15.

## **OUR FATE IS IN YOUR HANDS...**

© Lee Taylor-Friend 20.12.05

The 'winds of change' are blowing, time to rise up and be showing, that the paths our predecessors forged will not be all in vain. For its time to make a stand and to save this proud southland, or a wilderness of heart and soul is all that will remain...

'Plan of Management' are making resolutions now forsaking, the fine history created in this bold and rugged land. Will you take this precious heritage and burn an all important bridge we're building to make way for 'conservation', 'change at hand'?

So much has been forsaken and so very much was taken, when the 'Mighty Snowy River' became just a trickling stream. And the towns you could not save, buried 'neath a watery grave, for the feat they called the 'Snowy Scheme',  
not everybody's dream...

See, there's so much you could learn, many kudos you could earn, just by listening to the people, to their knowledge, woes and strife. We need more 'conversation', not just 'blanket conservation', for they've learnt for generations  
through the 'grand old school of life'.

'Squeaky wheels get all the oil', lots of bluster, little toil, don't be blinded by your 'visions green' and grapple for the vote. 'Commonsense must now prevail, as we set forth and take sail, on this journey to the future that the history books will note...

Consistency a must, if you wish to gain the trust, of the people who are struggling with transition and with change. When the winter hoards arrive,  
through the 'High Country' they drive,  
while you slowly ban the locals riding horses on the range.

Have you thought of gas emissions,  
while you're making your submissions?  
From the 4wd's arriving for the falling of the snow?  
Will it be our nations fate, will you lock up the park gate?  
And create a 'perfect wilderness' where nobody can go...

For 'The Man From Snowy River', will you stand up and deliver, a fair policy and recognise our heritage, 'so grand'. It's the lifeblood of our nation, will the 'movement at the station', be a 'household word' tomorrow or Australian culture banned?

Understanding must prevail, for we can't afford to fail, or ignore the precious heritage and history of these lands. No 'political correctness' should ignore us or reject us. Will we **stay** the 'lucky country'? **Our fate is in your hands...**

© Lee Taylor-Friend 20.12.2005 Ph/fax: (02)6456-7310



The accompanying poem was written by Lee Taylor-Friend of Jindabyne NSW on a subject of great importance to not only the people of the Snowy Mountains, but **all** Australians.

This was written after many discussions with the local people and in consultation with people such as Leisa Caldwell (Snowy Mountains Horse Riding Association) and Ted Taylor (B.U.G.S and former member of the P.O.M Committee).

It is an open letter aimed directly at the politicians and policy makers as well as a message that Lee feels is relevant to all.

Please spread the word and help keep our heritage alive.

## **AUSTRALIA SUNRISE**

by James Cuthbertson

The Morning Star paled slowly, the Cross hung low to the sea,  
And down the shadowy reaches the tide came swirling free,  
The lustrous purple blackness of the soft Australian night  
Waned in the gray awakening that heralded the light;  
Out of the dying darkness over the forest dim  
The pearly dew of the dawning clung to each giant limb,  
Till the sun came up from the ocean, red with the cold sea mist,  
And smote on the limestone ridges, and the shining tree-tops kissed;  
Then the fiery Scorpion vanished, the magpie's note was heard,  
And the wind in the she-oak wavered, and the honeysuckles stirred,  
The airy golden vapour rose from the river breast,  
The kingfisher came darting out of his crannied nest,  
And the bulrushes and reed-beds put off their sallow gray  
And burnt with cloudy crimson at dawning of the day.





## ADAM and EVE

© Alan Dwan - Chermiside Q.

God said "Did you eat that fruit?"  
Said Adam "No I didd'n"  
God said "Don't you lie to me  
You know that fruits forbidden."

Adam said "It was Eve's fault  
She told me what to do  
She picked an apple from the tree  
And said "Here have a chew."

The Devil said it was okay  
It surely was no harm  
There's lots of apples everywhere  
Growing on this farm.

God said "I've told you lots of ties  
Not to eat that fruit  
But you openly defied me -

You in your birthday suit!"

He said "I want you out of here  
Before the fall of night  
And for Pete's sake put some  
clothes on  
You're not a pretty sight."

Adam reached and picked a leaf  
From an old fig tree  
Said "I'll get one for Eve -  
Really she'll need three!"

That afternoon at sunset  
The gate swung open wide  
Adam and Eve walked out  
To the great outside.

Said Adam "What a nasty mess  
You've got us into now  
We've got to find somewhere to  
live  
Stuffed if I know how!"

Eve said "That's right, blame me  
I knew you bloody would  
It seems you men are all the same  
You were never any good."

Adam said "What do you mean  
'You're all the bloody same'  
I'm the only man on earth  
You should hang your head in

shame."

God said "Listen to them carry on  
That argumentive pair."  
I don't know who he said it to -  
No one else was there.  
He said "love them lots you know  
To me they're very dear  
But they'll have to mend their silly  
ways  
Before they come back here.

But they kept on fighting  
Till Autumn came around  
(Autumn is the season  
When the leaves fall to the  
ground).

This also was a problem  
With the leaves the couple wore  
And soon they were as naked  
As they were some time before.

Eve looked down at Adam  
Found him looking at her too  
And soon they viewed each other  
With a different point of view.

Said Adam "We've been fighting  
For all that we are worth  
Let's do what we are here for  
Let's populate the earth!!"

## HEADLINES FOUND: The Need for Editors

"Cold Wave Linked to Temperatures"  
"If Strike Isn't Settled Quickly, It May  
Last a While"

"Include Your Children when Baking  
Cookies"

"Iraqi Head Seeks Arms"

"Juvenile Court to Try Shooting Defen-  
dant"

"Miners Refuse to Work after Death"

"Panda Mating Fails; Veterinarian  
Takes Over"

"Plane Too Close to Ground, Crash  
Probe Told"

"Red Tape Holds Up New Bridges"

"Two Sisters Reunited After 18 Years  
at Checkout Counter"

"Typhoon Rips Through Cemetery;  
Hundreds Dead"

## THE HORSES TAIL

by Don Lloyd

The chase is finally over, and they're inside drinking grog,  
and I'm tied up to the rail, and left there like a dog.  
Old Harrison is slapping backs, and handing drinks all round,  
While the blowflies give me hell and my blood drips on the ground.

Yes I wheeled the mob to bring back the colt from Old Regret,  
But sliding down that mountain is something I'll never forget.  
Clancy reigned his horse in, though he led the stockmen's' pack,  
but I was spurred by the butcher on my back.

The brumbies all went over, they took a desperate chance,  
as they fled in mindless fear of the stockmen's quick advance.  
No one will tell you how some died, as battered bloody wrecks,  
How the foals were trampled under, with broken legs and necks.

I came down in a long mad slide, though gouged by rocks and stones,  
You may say I was lucky to escape without broken bones,  
Most of my tail was torn out when I snared it on a stump,  
and I've a piece of a tree stump protruding from my rump.

Yes I went on to wheel the mob though cut by whip and spur,  
For I'm a mountain horse myself, and no one can call me cur.  
I was limping badly when I bought them to the yard,  
But my rider showed no mercy and still he spurred me hard.



## MEMORIES

© Alan Dwan - Chermside Qld.

Hell, I hated milking cows; it used to make me cross  
Rising before daylight, barefoot in the frost  
My feet were like two lumps of ice, my nose all cold and runny  
My fingers numb and blue from cold, it wasn't very funny.

When the summer rain came down, just before the flood  
We'd walk around the cowyard, ankle deep in mud  
Dad said it wouldn't hurt me, 'twould tend to make me tough  
But I thought that's alright for him, I felt it pretty rough.  
Then I'd have to feed the calves, what an awful job was that  
The one way to control them was belt them with my hat  
They'd stick their noses in the milk, they didn't seem to care  
Then they'd knock the whole thing over and spill it everywhere.

But I'm sounding rather negative, I really mean no harm  
I'm simply reminiscing 'bout my childhood on the farm  
We had some really happy times, we mostly did, I find  
It's funny how those memories keep racing through my mind.

Remember the old kero lights, a smell all of their own  
And April 1950 when we got the telephone  
The hollyhocks that Mum grew out on the eastern side  
Kev and Jock shooting roos and pegging out the hides

Dad used to hang his papers behind the pantry door  
Some of them I reckon for thirty years or more  
Invoices and receipts for things that he'd acquired  
A permanent record of a curled up piece of wire

A milk can filled with sugar, one for bread and flour too  
Five pound tins of syrup and bags of Reckitts Blue  
The shower room that Kev built and of course the header shed,  
The old red dog named Ginger, he's been a long time dead

The wild cat from the hayshed, Towser on three legs  
Barry in the fowl house, gathering the eggs  
Remember the Case Tractor and yes the mouldboard plough  
The 'forty-six Ford Freighter, where are they all now?

Dave Bygraves, our milkman, I called him Dave By Gee  
Old Tom Mac, our neighbour, he was very good to me  
Alladdin lamps, Velvet soap, the grape vines out the side  
The day our kangaroo was killed, I really think I cried

Remember the old wild rooster, hell wasn't he a pain?  
He chased me round and round the shed and half way down the lane  
I used to have to run like hell, with all the speed I'd muster  
But anyway the jokes on him, he's now a feather duster

## GOLD CITY BUSH POETS AUSTRALIAN CHAMPIONSHIPS

Preparations are well under way for the 2006 National Bush Poetry Championships to be held in the World Theatre Auditorium, Charters Towers, from 25th to 27th April.

The Written Section closes on February 28th., with three judges appointed to scrutineer.

Entries for the performances close on 31st March with no exceptions for late entries; novices and juniors will certainly be catered for provided sufficient entries are received.

The Bush Poetry Concert will be held on Wednesday 26th April.

Prizemoney for the Championships will be in the vicinity of \$8,000.00 with Trophies.  
See the Gold City ad on page 21 for further details.

Harvest time was really good, I thought it lots of fun  
Standing in the header-box, burning in the sun  
Then we'd load the bags, Dad and Jock did all the work  
While I'd sit on the wagon, happy as a Turk

The meat safe in the pantry, I can remember that  
The hook above the bathroom door, where Jock would hang his hat  
We'd make ice-cream on a Saturday night and put into freeze

Can you still remember Harpers dried green peas?

Washing then, compared with now, really was quite hard

Dad would light the copper on his way down the yard  
Then Mum would work all day, 'till the washing was all done

Hanging out the clothes in the hot and blazing sun

The waterbag in the washhouse, a memory I hold dear  
If water always was that good, I never would drink beer

In the tub at Christmas time, we had melon, drinks and beer

Lemonade, sarsaparilla and lots of cherry cheer

The Hillbillies at midday, Toley and the cart  
When I heard Tom Mac had died, it almost broke my heart

Then on Saturday mornings, in the sulky we all got  
And headed off to Pratten mass, as down the road we'd trot

I could go on with memories for quite a long, long time  
But there is a little problem - it's hard to make it rhyme  
The childhood days are gone now, but memories are all ours

Now back to my first statement - I hated milking cows!





## Yass Valley Festival

On 25 February 2006, the beautiful town of Yass will become a focal point for fun and excitement as it comes alive for the annual Yass Valley Festival.

Usually held in November, the 2005 Festival moved to February this year, to coincide with Queen's Baton, passing through Yass, on its way to the 2006 Commonwealth Games in Melbourne. Festival attendees will have the opportunity of viewing the Baton up close, as it passes through the crowd on its journey to Melbourne.

Running for over 16 years, the Festival is a major annual event, celebrating Yass Valley's unique rural and cultural heritage while

giving the locals a chance to meet with each other and share their township with visitors.

Building on its successful inclusion in the 2004 Festival Program, the Festival Committee is again pleased to announce the inclusion of In The Bin Short Film Festival, to be held on the evening of 24 February 2006. Held on the banks of Riverbank Park, the In The Bin Film Festival, offer patrons the opportunity to view 20 award winning short films.

As well as high profile entertainment, music competitions, children's activities and the ever popular street parade, this year's Festival will feature a unique bush poetry breakfast to be held in Banjo Paterson Park featuring multi award win-

ning bush poet Carol Heuchan of Cooranbong and yarn-spinner and compere of note Frank Daniel of Canowindra.

With the Festival's success dependent on the active support and involvement of the community at large, the Festival Committee invites interested parties to apply for market stalls. To receive an application please email to [yvfest@bigpond.net.au](mailto:yvfest@bigpond.net.au) or call Louise Booth on 02 6226 3858

[Yass is a progressive town with excellent educational, medical, aged care, sporting and recreational facilities.

Yass Valley has a population of 12,938 and comprises the town of Yass and Villages of Binalong, Bookham, Bowning, Gundaroo, Murrumbateman, Sutton and Wee Jasper.]

## GETTING TO YOWAH

© Janine Haigh Eulo Q

Turn right once you're through Eulo,  
Turn right at Carpet Springs -  
The signs will lead to Yowah  
For the Winter gatherings.

When Summer days are cooling  
And heat-waves settle down,  
Tourists start a moving  
And heading out of town.

Some choose to travel Westward,  
And they hear the Opal call:  
A voice that's all tormenting -  
"Come and find us all"

"Come and dig and scavenge!  
Come and have a try!  
Come and take a look around!  
Come on! Don't be shy!"

Come and meet the miners -  
A pretty decent squad;  
Some will stop and have a chat,  
A few are really odd.

No, the crazy, wild-eyed coots  
Do not shoot you any more,  
Instead they set you digging  
And invite you to explore.

When it's time to head back home,  
Time to hit the track,  
You know the place has "got you"  
And you know that you'll be back.

## 'The Great Dunny Classic'

6, 7, 8 and 9 April 2006

Competition Saturday 8th April (Before Easter)

Juniors, Novice, Serious, Humorous, Traditional, Dunedoo Theme  
and Written Competition

Over \$2,000 worth of prizes

Entry \$5 per poem - ABPA Rules - No Finals

Performance competition, Entry forms necessary

Closing date 29 March 2006

Written competition. No entry form required.

Coversheet with each poem with name and contact details

Poets name not to appear on poem

Closing date Friday 24 February 2006

Dunedoo and District Development Group Inc.

PO Box 1, DUNEDOO NSW 2844.

Ph. 02 63751975. Fax 02 6375 1976. Ph. Ah. 02 63751297

[dddgroup@bigpond.com](mailto:dddgroup@bigpond.com)



## A BUSHMAN'S PLEA

© Elizabeth Bray – Blair Athol SA

Carry me back to my old bush shack

To my home by the river's bend  
Where the track is rough and the going's tough

And my dog is my only friend.

Where the sun beats down and the leaves turn brown

In a broad and curling sheet  
And the crackling sound of the baking ground

Ascends through the noonday heat.

Yet the rise and fall of the night birds' call

Can sooth like a lullaby  
As the river flows and my firelight glows

And the tall bush timbers sigh.

Now I feel forlorn and my senses mourn

And I cannot comprehend  
These city sights with their blaring 'Lights

So far from the river's bend.

I have missed the sounds where life abounds

And the peace at the end of day  
When the soft mist curls and the river swirls

In the light of the sun's last ray.

So carry me back to my old bush shack

Where the tranquil waters lie  
I am old and sick, so carry me quick,

For there's where I want to die.



## WINNER: 2006 Events and Tourism Award of Regional Achievement and Community Awards

### THE MAN FROM SNOWY RIVER BUSH FESTIVAL

at Corryong from 31st March to 2nd April 2006

Picture the archetypical Man from Snowy River scene - rivers, mountains, horses, stock saddles, whip cracking, brumby catching, akubras, oilskins and yarn spinning around the campfires and you've got The Telstra Country Wide Challenge - the highlight of Man From Snowy River Bush Festival.

Our Festival is a celebration of the pioneering spirit which still lives "by Kosciusko's side" in the mountains of the Upper Murray district. It's a great weekend for the whole family to enjoy.

Traditional high country and bush culture will be celebrated during the 'Man from Snowy River' Bush Festival, held in Corryong, from March 31st to April 2nd, 2006.

The festival honours Banjo Paterson and his poem "The Man from Snowy River". It is said that the poem was inspired by high country stockman, Jack Riley, who met Paterson in 1890. Riley is buried at Corryong Cemetery. (p.19)

As a tribute to Jack Riley, this year the Festival will begin with a trail ride, titled Riley's Ride. The riders will make their way back to Corryong to be a part of the rest of the festival entertainment and events. Events including Poetry & Bush Music and Art & Photography run through out the whole festival.

This year's Programme will again feature the very popular Proton Jumbuck Ute Muster. The poem "The Man From Snowy River" will be recited as horse riders display the traditional bush riding skills which were admired by Paterson during the Re-enactment. This show of wild horses galloping down a bush slope with horsemen

and women in close pursuit is an unforgettable sight for spectators which "well might make the boldest hold their breath."

A themed parade of cars, riders, musicians and characters celebrating the history of the region begins the festivities. Many of the eye-catching attractions in the Street Parade will recognize the importance of horses throughout the district's history. The parade will travel through Corryong's main street and move toward the local cemetery for the Official Launch - a moving ceremony held at the graveside of Jack Riley which includes Poetry and Song.

Whip cracking, horse shoeing, yarn spinning and the good old fashioned "coo-ee" were a part of life when Paterson met Riley. And at the dawn of a new millennium, these skills will be essential elements of The Telstra Country Wide Challenge - a true test of all round horsemanship which is judged throughout the three days of the Festival.

The three day Man From Snowy River Bush Festival will be in top gear with some of the best riders in the land and arts, craft, photography, bush markets, good wine and fine food all on display.

The Bush Festival is a unique gathering of mountain riders, poets and lovers of the Australian High Country and the pioneering spirit. The highlight is the The Telstra Country Wide Challenge.

This year the organising committee have managed to secure performances by horse trainer and stunt coordinator Heath Harris.

Heath has horse mastered, trained, stunt co-ordinated, and second unit directed over 40 feature films and 120 commercials and television series. In 2001, Heath was the creative consultant and also trained the liberty horses for "The Man from Snowy River" live arena production at Sydney

Royal and Brisbane Royal.

A varied and exciting program of events has been made possible due to the enthusiasm and generosity of the Upper Murray Community. They will recreate the fun and excitement of a bush gathering where both new and old friends come together to have a yarn and a beer, enjoy traditional bush tucker and kick up their heels.

Keith Potger (ex-Seekers) will head bush balladeers and bards from all over Australia to honour our rich heritage by performing in Poetry and Bush Music events from Thursday evening to Sunday evening at the Lions' Youth Hall on Banjo's Block, Attree Centre, Hotels, clubs and restaurants in Corryong's icon Aussie event.

Keith will conduct a Songwriting Workshop and will be one of the judges for Song sections as well as perform.

Geoffrey Graham is 'The Man from Ironbark', and brought the life and times of 'Banjo' Paterson to life

with his one-man show in 1995 at the Winton Q. Centenary Celebrations and also appeared as 'Banjo' at our first Festival in 1995.

Geoffrey has toured extensively over most of Australia in the past 11 years to rave reviews and lives at Eaglehawk in Victoria.

Bush poetry is Australian, written about Australia and Australians through an Australian's eyes, and no better proponent of the 'sport' exists than Frank Daniel, Immediate Past President of the Australian Bush Poets' Association. Don't miss your chance to see Frank, - Bush Poet, teller of tall tales, fibs, Alibis and jokes, as he leads a host of entertainers, MC's and judges through their paces.

There'll be chances to strut your stuff at Poet's Breakfasts, a special 'Saluting the Anzacs' in Corryong RSL hall and Busker opportunities - for more information email poetry@bushfestival.com.au!

A limited number of half-price weekend tickets are available for

Poetry and Music Volunteers. Please advise if interested.

As usual, hosts are Ian and Diane Simpson, local folk musicians. Ian plays the saw and makes concertinas and whistles, so a campfire music or poetry session is never too far away, so we hope to see you there!

Don't forget to leave some time to experience the other events! The Challenge, the Re-enactment, The Launch, The Art & Photography, the Street Parade, Kid's tent, Pub & Clubs.  
*Jan Lewis.*



**JAN LEWIS -**  
Poetry & Music Coordinator

**From March 30th - April 2nd, 2006 - Corryong, NE Victoria**



**THE MAN FROM**

# SNOWY RIVER BUSH FESTIVAL

**Where Legends Perform!**

*Top Poets - Yarn-spinners - Musicians*

**Frank Daniel \* Geoffrey Graham \* Keith Potger**

Banjo's Block next to Lions' Youth Hall & Camping Area - Art & Photography Exhibition & Sale  
Poets' Breakfasts - Walkups and Concerts Including Pete Gervasoni  
Experience the local legend of Jack Riley - the 'Man From Snowy River'  
Experience real bush friendliness and flavour

**2 WEEKENDS BEFORE EASTER**

**ENTRIES CLOSE 27th February**

**UTE MUSTER**

**'The Man From Snowy River'  
Poem Re-enactment**

**Old Bush Songs - Salute the Anzacs**

**Campfire Sessions**

**\$4,800 Prize-money**  
14 Sections  
ANZ Poetry & Music  
Competitions  
Entries Close 27th February

**Unique Horsemanship Challenge  
to find the modern 'Man'  
\$15,000 Prizes**

Ph. Jan Lewis - Poetry & Music Events - 02 6076 1992 -

e.mfsrbf@bigpond.com - www.manfromsnowyriverbushfestival.com.au - www.bushfestival.com



## FLOWERS FOR MARY

© E.L. (Ted) Webber - Young NSW (May 2003)

We squatted near the blazing fire, crouched low against the chill,  
Three weary travellers of the road were Grandpa, me and Bill.  
We sipped our tea and sat around to wait for dawn's first light  
and whiled away the hours telling yarns throughout the night.

We spoke of all the usuals, the weather and the drought,  
Of drovers and gun shearers and no speaker was without  
a tale of daring horse rides, or of jockeys of repute  
who rode against the fearsome odds to win the golden loot.

And so we talked on by the hour each capping that last told,  
'Til Gramps stood up to have his say and made the statement bold,  
"I've heard your yarns and stories and I've told a few meself,  
But now I'll tell a wondrous tale that really tops the shelf."

I've seen a lot throughout me life with all its cut and thrust,  
But nothing beats the wonder of a young child's simple trust,  
'specially outback kiddies on the far-flung western runs,  
Where harsh the sun is blazin' on a land of greys and duns.

And those children mob together when one of them is crook,  
It's 'mazin' how the word will find its way to every nook.  
Bush telegraph in action for the news flash seems to flow,  
And every kid for miles around just somehow gets to know.

Young Mary Dodge, a nine year old out on Murphy's place,  
Got bit by something 'orrible, a really nasty case.  
The sweat was pourin' from her skin, her face turned green and blue,  
It looked for sure like curtains, I'm dinkum tellin' you.

The kid was having DTs, like we old uns get from grog,  
As poison took its grip on her and weaved its dreaded fog,  
She ranted ravin' crazy things, then in her quieter hours,  
She begged her Mum to bring her a bunch of pretty flowers.

Flowers? Well I'm tellin' you, your wildest fancy dreams  
will never grow a garden in that land of thirsty streams.  
No flowers could her mother find. She searched in dark despair.  
But somehow that there desp'rate need went waftin' through the air.

And children heard the message far across the rollin' plain,  
"My Mary asks for flowers, to make her well again."  
And even with no gardens those kids made flowers grow  
with coloured crayon drawin's. Oh, they made a bonza show.

Some grabbed a Women's Weekly and cut flowers out of that,  
Some blighters even cut the trim from dear old granny's hat,  
Then 'cross that barren outback run by horse and foot and car  
came gifts of pretty flowers from the homesteads near and far.

And mixed up with those flowers sent with love from all her friends,  
Rang the laughter and the music that sweet childhood always blends,  
The flowers filled the little room and sparkled in the light,  
They made the darkness roll away to end young Mary's blight.

Well boys, I think I'll turn in now. My cheeks run wet with tears.  
It maybe smoke or then again it maybe through the years  
I've heard of little miracles, but none that's stronger than  
the power of a youngster's faith that often baffles man.



**E.J. (Ted) Webber**

## MAN FROM SNOWY RIVER BUSH FESTIVAL

- Where Legends Perform!

Since 1995 we've celebrated Banjo's famous poem with the real scenery and dinki-di bush folk putting on a unique show of the 'Challenge' horse competition (\$15,000 prizes) and displays.

Corryong is a lovely little town and 600 volunteers get behind this important annual event.

This festival combines horsemanship, poetry and music. Jack Riley is central to the festival and most of it revolves around him, his memory or his alleged feats (some believe he was the 'man' in the MFSR poem).

Look at the website to see who'll be there, but we already have Keith Potger, Geoffrey Graham, Frank Daniel, George Royter, Dave Brannigan, and Joe Paolacci.

The Poetry and Music program keeps to the Aussie 'Bush' theme. \$4800 prizemoney is offered across 14 sections of written & performed poetry, song, yarn, drama - closing end Feb, but there's walkups or busking for poets & musos at Banjo's Block, pubs and cafes as well.

You don't have to attend - Written Serious and Humorous sections available.

Half-price weekend wristbands are available to volunteers, to be paid for by 16th March.

To be added to our database, phone or email the Festival Office, 0260761992 mfsrbf@bigpond.com or log on to [www.bushfestival.com](http://www.bushfestival.com)  
..... thanks from Jan Lewis.

## JACK RILEY (1854 - 1914)



'The Man from Snowy River', both the poem and the man, have virtually remained a household word since penned by A.B. Paterson in 1890.

'The Man' was a fictional character, and Paterson made that plain, saying that he did not intend to describe any one man or incident.

Nonetheless, many claimants to the title have existed since the time of writing, but none more steadfastly than that of Jack Riley. Jack Riley was born in Ireland in 1841 and emigrated to Australia at thirteen years of age, arriving in Sydney on March 15<sup>th</sup>, 1854. He later lived with his sister Mrs. Mary Jones at Omeo in Victoria's high country, and operated a tailoring business.

He then went to work on 'Eulamuna Station' in the Monaro district of NSW near the Victorian border. In 1894 he was appointed to look after cattle on 'Tom Groggin', a 20,000 acre Upper Murray pastoral run.

Riley lived in a log cabin on the station for nearly twenty years and drove cattle out from 'Tom Groggin' every summer to graze in the high country.

Here he quickly gained a reputation as a brumby catcher and a

horse breaker, with tales of his exploits recalled around many a campfire.

Walter Mitchell of 'Bringenbrong', (father-in law of internationally renowned 'Silver Brumby Series' author, Elyne Mitchell) introduced 'Banjo' Paterson to Jack at Riley's Hut on 'Tom Groggin' in 1890.

In a marathon yarn-spinning session over a bottle of whisky, Riley's tales included his running down of an escaped thoroughbred stallion, when he, among a party of stockmen, was the only rider brave enough to follow it down the slope of 'Mt Leatherhead'.

No doubt Riley's stories impressed Paterson and, coupled with the many tales recalled during his travels, 'Banjo' wrote and published 'The Man from Snowy River' in the *Bulletin*, 26<sup>th</sup> April 1890.

Riley lived on 'Tom Groggin' until he fell seriously ill in July, 1914. Concerned friends organized a party of riders to transport him to Corryong Hospital. Inspired by mateship; enduring rain, snow and treacherous terrain, the journey ended for Jack Riley in a deserted mining hut near Hermit and Surveyors Creek where the party sheltered for the evening.

Jack Riley was buried at Corryong Cemetery with a granite headstone to his memory bearing the words 'The Man from Snowy River'.

## SPIRIT OF JACK RILEY

© Jan Lewis 1995

An Irish tailor from Omeo, at Kiandra you panned for gold, horsebreaking at Tom Groggin, as manager we're told. A humble hut in New South Wales was home for thirty years. Droving cattle to the high plains or riding brumbies without fear.

As "The Man from Snowy River" a legend you became although that was long ago, today's kids know your name. Ah! Romance of the Stockman, nostalgia for things past. Each year we all remember you and the ride that was your last.

Advancing years brought failing health - freezing cold that last long ride.

A stockman's saddle cradled you as mates walked by your side.

You died there in a miner's hut just near Surveyor's Creek. They buried you at Corryong - and friends could only weep. Magpies warble o'er your grave on your headstone round and grey though the mountains that you overlook are not Tom Groggin way.

Where are you now, Jack Riley? What would think of us? Who'd have thought there'd be still be horse events in your name with such a fuss? The spirit of your horsemanship abounds out Corryong way but I wonder what you would think Jack, if you rode in here today.

BRUMBY  
CATCHER

P.13

## GOOVIGEN RESULTS (From p 6)

Highly Commended

Joyce Alchin, 'A Real Lifestyle'

Geoffrey Graham, 'Legends Of The Outback'

Glenny Palmer, 'Aaark Raven Mad'

Don Adams, 'The Takeover'

Pamela Fox, 'Tell This To The Children'

Carol Heuchan, 'Why?'

Zondrae King, 'Uncle Clyde'

David Campbell, 'Depression Years'

Arthur Green, 'Young Travis Magee'

Merv Webster, 'The Wallet'

And for the Youth Section:

First: Sarah Draper, 'My Queensland Holiday'

Second: Romanah Warry, 'Me Old Mate Barry'

## Rhyme's reason

THE FORUM (The Australian)

David Campbell 31 December 2005

There was movement at the station,  
for the word had passed around  
That the colt from old Regret had  
got away,  
And had joined the wild bush horses  
-- he was worth a thousand pound,  
So all the cracks had gathered to the  
fray.

HOW many of us can recite those lines or, indeed, every line of Banjo Paterson's *The Man From Snowy River*? Countless numbers, I suspect, courtesy of childhood classrooms, the magnificent imagery and the driving rhythm of the mountain horseman's exhilarating ride. Other favourites include Paterson's *Clancy of the Overflow* and the well-known second verse of Dorothea Mackellar's *My Country* ("I love a sunburnt country...").

Now try to quote some free verse by a modern poet that sticks in the memory quite the same way. Difficult? Nothing come to mind? So why does free verse dominate the poetry scene?

Pick up any of Australia's leading literary magazines and you'll find page after page of free verse. You'll discover only a handful of poems that could be described as possible examples of traditional verse: that is, rhyming verse with at least a gesture towards regular metre.

A sampling of magazines during the past couple of years suggests free verse occupies about 90 per cent of the market. It would appear traditional verse, at least in the mainstream literary world, is dead, smothered by a torrent of words that sometimes appear to cascade on to the page as a sort of alphabet soup. In fact, anyone can become an instant free-verse poet using a poetry generator from the internet.

Here's an example, created from [www.jelks.nu/poetry/](http://www.jelks.nu/poetry/)  
My love aches for the desert's abandonment.  
Might not the sun weep with studious

laughter?

The sunset dwells on luscious sorrow.

Alas!

Now that's deep!

Poetry has come a long way since the days of Shakespeare's sonnets, but opinions on whether that's a good thing vary widely. One writing colleague detests free verse and never misses an opportunity to rubbish it as nothing more than pretentious, gimmicky prose. For him, real poetry is strictly a matter of rhyme and formal structure.

Even though I enjoy writing free verse and have had some success with it, I can sympathise with those who think it is ridiculous or just boring. Some examples are so weird they result only in confusion and a shrug of the shoulders: "What the hell was that all about?"

However, my intention is not to debate the pros and cons of free verse, a subject that can provoke endless arguments. Rather, it's an attempt to do a bit of tub-thumping for Australia's own form of traditional verse, commonly known as bush poetry.

For, despite Imre Salusinszky's dismissal of what he calls "faux dinkum" verse (Review, *The Australian*, December 17), the tradition established by Paterson, along with the likes of Henry Lawson and C.J. Dennis, has most definitely not vanished.

If you want to see crowds of people turning up to listen to poetry, then try attending any of the many bush poetry festivals held in country towns across Australia each year. Traditional verse is being written and performed by a great many people, but it's particularly popular in NSW and Queensland.

On almost any weekend of the year it's being celebrated in a town somewhere, in places such as Winton, Beaudesert, Bundaberg, Murray Bridge, Tamworth, Inverell, Tuncurry, Dunedoo, Gilgandra, Stanthorpe, Derby, Dorrigo, Katherine, Charters Towers, Mulwala, Corryong, Tenterfield, Benalla, Nimbin,

Narrandera and North Pine, to name a few.

Perhaps such poetry is dismissed by the literary cognoscenti as sentimental doggerel about kangaroos, billabongs and gum trees.

However, any study of the contemporary, original work on offer at these festivals quickly reveals an agenda that is much broader than that.

The outback life certainly features strongly, but there are also poems about war, the environment, personal loss, multiculturalism, the family ... in other words exactly the same issues commonly dealt with in free verse.

But there's one big difference: it's readily understandable. Even if, as is inevitably the case, some of it is badly written, at least the reader or listener won't be saying: "What the hell was that all about?"

Furthermore, traditional rhyming poetry provides an excellent basis for the development of language, reading and writing abilities in children.

Rhymes and chants help children to see the relationship between oral and written language and assist in developing listening and concentration skills. As children's author Mem Fox points out on her website, "Children adore rhyme, rhythm and repetition ... Young children are mesmerised and enchanted by a predictable pattern of language, which is fun for them to say and pleasing for them to hear."

So let's hear a bit more of it. (And a little less of the snide remarks.)

We have a great history of traditional poetry in Australia and that creates a challenge to poets and editors alike to preserve it and give it prominence. It's certainly being written and celebrated, but at the moment it's playing to a limited audience.

(David Campbell won first prize for an original written work in the 2005 Victorian Bush Poetry Championships for his poem *Bridie May*. His poems and short stories have been published in magazines and Anthologies).



Victorian poet David Campbell wrote this article for The Australian in response to an earlier article ("A line on rhyming crime") by Imre Salusinszky about "bad" Australian poetry which, in his view, included "faux dinkum" bush poetry. Salusinszky described bush poets as a "hearty and well-organised group" who are "easily enough avoided" and bush poetry as "...a torrent of emotional outpouring combined with a certain emotional phoniness." His derisive comments included a crude piece of doggerel of his own creation. David's response is a defence of our great history of traditional verse at a time when free verse dominates the literary landscape.

## GOLD CITY -

Rich in history with a colourful past and an exciting future.

Due to the Gold boom between 1872 and 1899, Charters Towers operated the only Stock Exchange outside of a capital city. During this period, the population was approximately 27,000, making Charters Towers, Queensland's largest City outside of Brisbane.

The City was also affectionately



known as 'The World', as it was said that anything one might desire could be had in the 'Towers', leaving no reason to travel elsewhere.

## Festival of Australian Bush Poetry 2006

World Theatre Charters Towers

Including the

## Australian Bush Poetry Championships

APRIL 25, 26, 27

# Gold City Bush Poets Inc.

### WRITTEN POETRY COMPETITIONS

Entries close February 28th

Under 12 - 12 to 15 years - 15 to 18 years

Open: 18 YEARS and OVER

### PERFORMANCE POETRY COMPETITIONS

Entries close March 31st

Under 12 (Own choice) 12 to 18 years (Own Choice & Original)

NOVICE - Classical - Modern Traditional - Original

OPEN: Classical - Modern Traditional - Original Serious  
Original Humorous - Yarn-spinning

Entry Forms: PO Box 620, Charters Towers Qld. 4820

Enquiries: Harry Jackson - dawnharry@austranet.com.au

(To be Conducted under the auspices of the Australian Bush Poets Association)

*Also*

### ROUND THE BOREE LOG

Sunday - April 23

MEET and GREET

Monday - April 24

EVENING CONCERT: WEDNESDAY APRIL 26

## BOB the POET

How's this for publicity?

We need more like it!

(© Article found in the Melbourne AGE in 2002)

"Bob Katter, Independent federal MP, crusader against free trade, outspoken maverick ... **bush poet**.

Mr Katter is among a flock of bards keen to enter this week's bush poetry competition at the Queensland mining town of Charters Towers.

The member for the north Queensland seat of Kennedy said bush poetry was a big part of life for even the tough guys of the outback.

"I've never heard a city person ever recite a poem but you might find one in 10 bushmen who will know hundreds of poems," Mr Katter said.

"If you want to hold your own in a bush pub, you'd better have a few Banjo Paterson (sic) and Henry Lawson (poems) up your sleeve.

"We wouldn't use the word culture but we sure have got our own songs and our own poetry and it just keeps getting bigger and bigger."

Mr Katter said he had been given special permission to enter the competition. . . ."

**'Whistling Foxes'** - Serious & Humorous Rhyming Australian Bush Poetry.

Many prize-winning poems from Australia-wide Literary Competitions. Author Highly Commended 2006 Blackened Billy. \$16.00 Post paid from V.P. Read, 108 Harris Road, BICTON WA, 6157. Ph. 08 9339 8349

**'Beyond the Ranges' & 'East of the Ranges' by Heather Corfield.** Illustrated. The way of life of the people living west and east of the ranges. A birds-eye view of country towns, the pubs, halls, rivers and festivals.

Send \$17 plus \$1.50 postage per each to Heather Corfield, M553 Taroom Q. 4420

## Regular Monthly Events - - - UPDATES TO DECEMBER CALENDAR

1st Friday month WA POETS & YARNSPINNERS Como Bowling Club, Hensman St. South Perth.

Secretary Jean Ritchie 08 9450 3111

### POET'S CALENDAR OF EVENTS

Feb 4-5 **BUNGENDORE** Poets Breakfasts. Bowling Club. Ph Frank Daniel 02 6344 1477 - Norma Luton 02 6238  
 Feb. 7 **Whittlesea Vic.** Country Music Festival  
 Feb. 21 **Shepparton Vic** Ph 02 6043 3220  
 Feb. 24 Closing date. **Dunedoo NSW** Written Competition. Sue Stoddart dddgroup@bigpond.com 02 6375 1975  
 Feb 25 **Yass NSW** - Yass Valley Festival - yvfest@bigpond.net.au Ph. Louise Booth on 02 6226 3858 P. 15  
 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 12n. - Cay Fletcher 02 6551 2953 - Sam Smyth 02 6562 6861  
 Mar 15-19 **Narrandera NSW** John O'Brien Bush Festival & Poetry Competition - www.johnobrien.com.au Ph. 1800 672 392  
 Mar 29 Closing date. **Dunedoo** Performance Competition.  
 Mar 30 - Apr 2 **Corryong Vic.** Man from Snowy River Festival. See page 17.  
 Apr 7-9 Tenterfield - Oracles of the Bush—SSAE PO Box 1 Dunedoo 2844 dddgroup@bigpond.com—Ph 02 6375 1975  
 Apr 8 **Dunedoo Performance Comp.** SSAE - PO Box 1 Dunedoo 2844 dddgroup@bigpond.com Ph. 02 63751 975  
 April 24-28 **CHARTERS TOWERS - AUSTRALIAN CHAMPIONSHIPS** - Ph. 07 4787 3211 dawnharry@austarnet.com.au  
 May 26th Closing date for Bush Lantern Award for Bush Verse. Details as per advertisement on page 20  
 June 17-18 **SA STATE CHAMPIONSHIPS** - Maurie O'Brien SSAE 23 Frances St. Morphett Vale SA 5162 08 8382 1504  
 June Long-weekend **Grenfell NSW** - Henry Lawson Festival.  
 Jun 28-30 **Winton Qld.** Qantas Waltzing Matilda Bush Poetry Competition. SSAE PO Box 120 Winton Q. 4735  
 Jul 7th, 8th & 9th: Bundy Bush Poetry Muster week-end. Details as per advertisement on page 12.  
 Jul 29-30 **Kembla Mining & /Heritage Festival.** Cate Stevenson. 9 Araluen Av. Mt.Kembla Village 2526 - 02 4271 3737  
 August **North Pine. QUEENSLAND STATE CHAMPIONSHIPS.**

## THE YOUNG BOYS

Talented young Tamworth musicians Angus and Cameron Young had never heard of guitar virtuoso Phil Emanuel before the Tamworth festival.

But they are unlikely to forget him now, after a fortunate brush with fame during the Telstra Country Music Festival.

The brothers were busking on Peel St – the "Boulevard of Dreams" – throughout the week in an effort to raise money for a new electric guitar.

And their dreams were realised a little earlier than they had planned when Mr Emanuel strolled down to a local music retailer to buy the boys an electric guitar after watching them perform.

"He saw us playing – I was playing my bass guitar and Cameron was playing his saxophone – and then he came back and gave us an Essex guitar," Angus said.

While the boys were blown away at receiving such a gift, they had no



**Cameron, Phil Emanuel and Angus in Peel Street**

idea who to thank for this outstanding act of generosity. Angus asked his mother who their generous benefactor was, only to be told they were in the presence of one of Australia's greatest guitarists.

But the boys are now no strangers to Phil Emanuel or his music after going to see him play at the Tudor Hotel. "We went and saw one of his concerts and he was really good," Angus said.

Taking along their new guitar the boys asked Mr Emmanuel to sign their new instrument after he had finished performing.

But he did more than that, playing two AC/DC songs for Angus, in honour of his more famous namesake, before inviting the young musician to jam on stage with him at next year's Festival. (continued over)

## ILLAWARRA FOLK FESTIVAL

The Illawarra Folk Festival (its 21st) has a new home at Bulli Showgrounds following a decision to leave its old site at Jamberoo.

The Festival ran for four days from Australia Day through to Sunday Jan 29th with an extra Poets Breakfast, the Great Limerick Competition, The Woolly Yarn-Spinning and a lot of stand-up comedy.

The spoken word was well catered for. Poets Vic Jefferies, Dave Meyers, Vivienne Sawyer, Jane Faulkner and Neil Morrison headed the long list of poets while Alan Glover and S Sorrensen led the stand-up comics.

For those with a culinary disposition the 'Great Australia Day Gut Busting Tripe Eating Night' kicked off the Festival with both eaten and oral tripe.

Russell Hannah has been the anchor man of the Folk Club and the Festival since its inception. Russell is the traditional default MC, publicity guru, stalwart of the workers,

## A TRIP ON TRIPE

Some people like to go on trips,  
It stops them being bored,  
Some do their tripping interstate,  
And some do trips abroad,  
Some take their trips on heroin,  
On hashish or cocaine  
While some use 'speed' to go on trips,  
And live in the fast lane;  
But me, I fancy none of these,  
I'm simply not that type,  
For when I like to take a trip,  
I take my trip on tripe.

Bigruss Jan06

(Bureau of Statistics figures show irrefutably that tripe eaters are 99.99% less likely to get bird flu than those who eat diseased chickens)

councillor extraordinaire, upholder of the environment, brunt of large jokes, tripe connoisseur, tormentor of accordion players and generally all round good bloke. If you run out of drinking partners, look for Russell who will gladly share a drink and a good yarn.

## CANBERRA - EASTER AUTUMN

There's more to Canberra than politics

...that's where the National Folk Festival is celebrated every Easter, when the city is frocked up in its golden autumn best.

Australia's festival flagship, the 'National', draws together people from all around Australia and the world.

They come to share in the songs, dances, tunes, and verse that have flowed through the ages from many communities into Australian folk culture.

For five days Exhibition Park in Canberra dresses up and becomes a magic place, filled with colour and sound. Hundreds of the world's best musicians perform daily, in a non-stop flow of entertainment across twenty two fabulous venues.

Every day is packed with workshops and sessions, where you can join in the dancing, singing and playing and become part of the celebration. It's all there for you; once you've bought your ticket and come through the magic time portal you won't need to leave.

He started assembly performances for kids to showcase their talents which has been widely accepted and enjoyed by the school.

Cameron received many academic awards and a Distinction in Australian Maths and Science as well as Credits in English and Computer Studies.

Cameron plays the piano and the saxophone and won two prizes for poetry at the Tamworth Eisteddfod and three awards for music.

Angus made his debut as a performance poet with Frank Daniel at the Longyard Hotel bush poets Breakfasts five years ago, and was joined by his brother Cameron two years later.

*(Courtesy Northern Daily Leader)*

## THE YOUNG BOYS (continued)

The boys' mother Carolyn said Angus had become so attached to his new instrument he had been unable to tear himself away from it.

"He slept with it in his bed the other night, he was so excited," she said.

The guitar is not the first instrument which has piqued the interest of the two boys – between them they play an astonishing eight instruments.

"They have worked to pay for every one of the instruments, as well as pay for their microphone, their outfits and their busking licence," Mrs Young said.

"They are just willing to get in and have a go, they are so full of confidence."

With the boys already in possession of the guitar they worked so hard for, Angus is using the takings

from their busking to not only buy an amplifier to plug his new guitar into, but he and Cameron are showing some generosity of their own. "We are going to take the family on a holiday to the Nautilus resort in Coffs Harbour for three days," Angus said.

The brothers, Angus (11) and Cameron (9) certainly made the best of 2005.

Angus received A's in his Trinity Music Exam for Grade 3 Clarinet. He also played 'The Last Post' and 'Reveille' for the diggers on VP Day in August and for the Remembrance Day Service in November.

Angus also plays the electric Bass and is part of the Regional Youth Orchestra (Clarinet) and the Regional Guitar Ensemble.

At school he received a Distinction in his Australian Maths Exam.

He started assembly performances for kids to showcase their talents which has been widely accepted and enjoyed by the school.

Cameron received many academic awards and a Distinction in Australian Maths and Science as well as Credits in English and Computer Studies.

Cameron plays the piano and the saxophone and won two prizes for poetry at the Tamworth Eisteddfod and three awards for music.

Angus made his debut as a performance poet with Frank Daniel at the Longyard Hotel bush poets Breakfasts five years ago, and was joined by his brother Cameron two years later.

*(Courtesy Northern Daily Leader)*



# POETRY

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## 'Me 'n' U'

Yes, ev'ryone is diffrent,  
we are, all of us, unique.  
Like, ev'ryone's an island,  
isolated, so to speak.  
Take cannibals, for instance,  
they, like us, have special needs.  
One cannibal, a vegan,  
would eat nobody but Swedes!

Tee hee, Saul Veriwell

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## THE DIFFERENCE

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One lonely child hasn't any friends,  
One lonely child doesn't follow any trends,  
One lonely child's existence depends,  
On the difference that you and I can make.

One lonely child is abandoned all alone,  
One lonely child has no-one he can phone,  
One lonely child is only skin and bone,  
He eats bread while you and I eat steak.

One lonely child really needs a guide,  
One lonely child has no-one on his side,  
One lonely child walks when others ride,  
Let us give and hope that he will take.

One lonely child is cringing back in fright,  
One lonely child is slipping from our sight,  
One lonely child is giving up the fight,  
Hold out your arms and help him not to shake.

Hold out your arms and help him not to shake.  
Let us give and hope that he will take.  
He eats bread while you and I eat steak.  
There is a difference that you and I can make.

