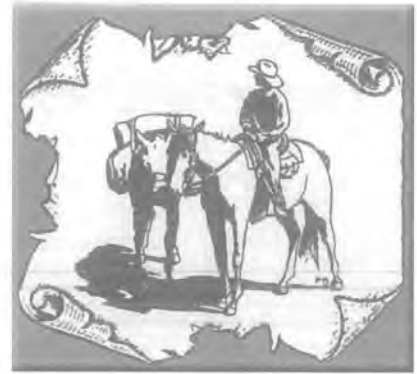


# The Australian Bush Poets Association Inc.

## NEWSLETTER

Volume 13 No. 3

June - July 2006



### CORRYONG

When people think about Australia, they often think of its magnificent cities, its beautiful beaches, surfing, the Great Barrier Reef, or let their imagination run wild about myths from the Red Centre, Uluru, Kakadu or the Kimberleys.

But Australia has a more significant and untameable high country where yet another set of Australian myths and traditions of Australian identity were born - the high country of the Snowy Mountains. This is the locale of Australia's most famous man of the mountains, 'The Man from Snowy River'.

Since 1995, The Man from Snowy River Bush Festival has been held in April at Corryong. It celebrates the heritage of the high country with Riley's Ride, bush poetry, a parade, a wine and food festival and much more.

Former member of the 'Seekers', Keith Potger was the festival's guest performer this year leading bush balladeers and bards from all over the country in honouring our rich inheritance of bush poetry and music, conducting a song-writing workshop and acting as one of the judges for the song writing competition.

A regular at Corryong is Geoffrey Graham, 'The Man from Ironbark', who recreated the life and times of 'Banjo' Paterson in 1995 and since then has toured extensively over most of Australia with his show. Frank Daniel led a host of entertainers, MC's and judges through their paces over the four days at Corryong, entertaining from the Stockmans Camp to Banjos block and

the Youth Hall where the annual performance competition awards were decided.

Of these, the Matilda Award went to the best female performer, Betty Walton of Tintaldra, and the Clancy's Choice award to the best male, Gregory North of Linden in the Blue Mountains.

The Silver Brumby Award for Written Original Serious Poetry was won by Glenny Palmer of Beaudesert Q. ('Six Red Marbles'), and the Corryong 'Larrikin' award for Written Original Humorous Poetry went to Kym Eitel of Thangool Q. with 'The Rocket and the Flea'.

Tracy Foxcroft of Khancoban won 'The Man from Snowy River' poem recital, the first lady to do so. This event is pre-judged from recorded entries with the three finalists competing 'live' at Banjo's block on the Friday evening.

More results p. 23

### GIPPSLAND

### Wattle

### \$1,000 BUSH POETRY AWARD

The Gippsland Bush Poets have been considering for some time ways of promoting Australian Bush Poetry, their own bush poetry group and the Gippsland area, and have now launched the Gippsland Wattle Bush Poetry Award for written poetry with prize-money amongst the highest in the country.

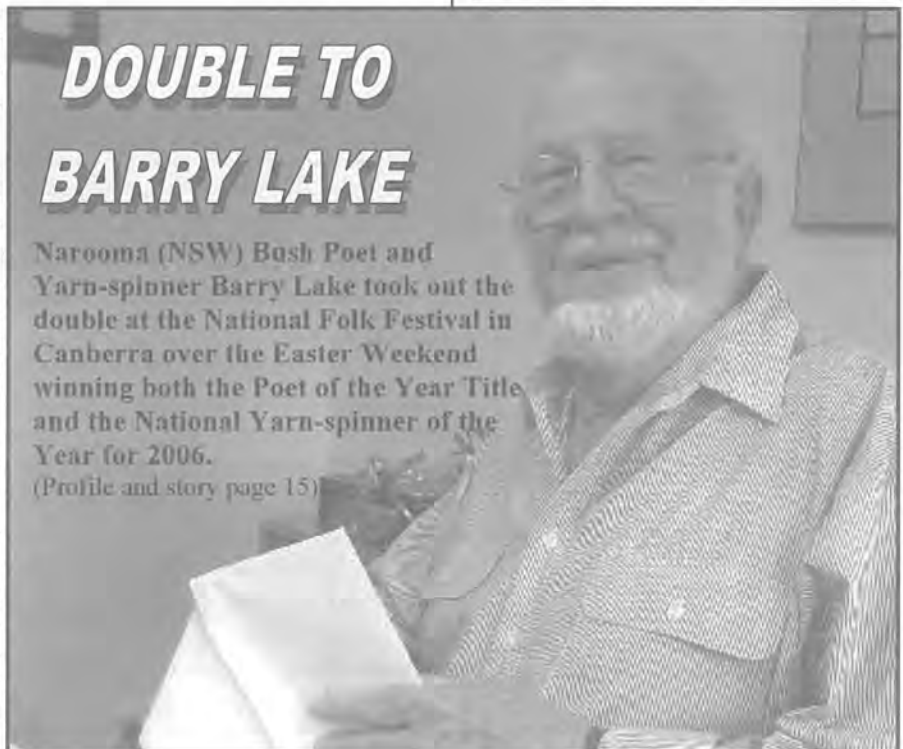
The winning entrant will receive \$1,000.00 with the runner-up and third placegetter each receiving \$250 and \$100.

See page 21 for more information.

### DOUBLE TO BARRY LAKE

Narooma (NSW) Bush Poet and Yarn-spinner Barry Lake took out the double at the National Folk Festival in Canberra over the Easter Weekend winning both the Poet of the Year Title and the National Yarn-spinner of the Year for 2006.

(Profile and story page 15)



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The Australian Bush Poets Association Inc Newsletter is set-up, published and posted direct to subscribers bi-monthly by the ABPA Inc.

**Deadline for copy - 20th of month preceding the month of issue.**

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

## PRESIDENTS REPORT

Dear Members,

The Australian Bush Poetry Written and Performance Championships have been successfully completed for 2006. I congratulate the champions of the various sections; our Australian Writing Champion Max Merckenslager with his powerful poem, *Men of Skins* and our Australian Performance Champions, Melanie Hall and Milton Taylor. In a special way I want to pay tribute to the President of The Gold City Bush Poets, Harry Jackson and his hard working committee whose organization and hospitality were superb. The work they had done to gain the sponsorship, their detailed precision with organization and processing of results provided a model that anyone running a similar festival would be advised to follow. Without their hard work the people of Charters Towers and Townsville would never have had the positive experience of Bush Poetry that they enjoyed. Thank you Harry and your team.

At the ABPA's, A.G.M it was decided that we needed to have our own website. This is now a reality and I want to pay special tribute to Andy Schnalle who has worked with Frank to achieve this goal. It is in its infancy but it will become the focus for us to be updated on what is happening in the Bush Poetry world. You will find it with -

**abpa.org.au**

Another A.G.M request was to get out an attractive brochure that bush poets and their groups could use to encourage friends and audiences who enjoy our poetry to become members. A copy of this brochure has been included with this Newsletter and I would encourage each member to canvas a friend, relative or workmate to become a member. If each of us got one new member then we double our membership. Rather than send out these brochures randomly I would like any member or Poet Group to email or write to me to request a quantity that they feel would be appropriate for their contacts with the public.

I received a request to look into the judging criteria for Written Competitions. In the next two months I will be in contact with key personnel and hopefully have for the next Newsletter some draft criteria for your comments.

With gratitude,



Noel Stallard



## Australian Bush Poets Association

**www.abpa.org.au**

The ABPA Inc is proud to announce the opening of its own Website on the internet.

To access the Home Page, type **www.abpa.org.au** in the address bar on your Internet Explorer. Here you will find the gateway to Traditional and Modern Bush Poetry, links to the Bush Poetry Events, links to competitions and entry forms, ABPA Terminology, Rules and regulations, Writing tips from Ellis Campbell, members websites and Administrative contact details.

Special thanks goes to long-time member Mr. Andy Schnalle of Rockhampton Q. for compiling and building the new site.

Members are asked to make good use of the new site, and be forthcoming with ideas and suggestions. The Australian Bush Poetry site ([www.bushpoetry.com.au](http://www.bushpoetry.com.au)) established in 1995 is still operative with its myriad of links to poets and poetry.

## SIX RED MARBLES

© Glenny Palmer 2005

Winner Silver Brumby Award Corryong 2006

The kitchen was warm with the embers of toil  
and the love of a family denied;  
the widow McCreedy with all of her brood  
huddled closely together, inside.

Inside where the merciless fingers of ice  
clawed and scratched through the cracks in the wall,  
in the old wooden hut, six small faces looked up  
to a mother, who stood proud and tall.

In their eyes a sad pleading that slashed at her heart,  
as they each clutched an empty tin bowl,  
there was soup for one mother, or six little ones,  
so cruel hunger took one more night's toll.

The oldest was Joseph, a strapping young lad  
with the strength of his father implied,  
but Joseph knew well that the status of 'widow'  
presumed to defend his mum's pride.

And always a good son, he toiled like a man,  
and he stood as a husband would stand;  
from daylight to sunset he tended the fields,  
where he harvested gifts from the land.

His only respite was that time every week  
after church, when he'd be just a boy;  
with his mates from the town simple games they would  
play,  
a small hand full of marbles, their joy.

Then Joseph would wander the main street of town,  
with such wonderful sights to behold,  
but he craved more the meat in old Barnaby's Butchers  
than bracelets and rings made of gold.

Then the sun that warmed all the McCreedys became  
overshadowed by clouds on their sill,  
when Joseph returned from the fields that dark day,  
to a mother who'd been taken ill.

It was clear to the boy that she needed the strength  
only good country beef could provide,  
so he sought out old Barnaby's butchery shop,  
and he gingerly walked on inside.

Old Barnaby had the demeanour it seems  
that's exclusive to butchers world wide,  
his ruddy red cheeks rumbled 'round as he smiled,  
"Well, good day to you Joseph," he cried.

The black and white apron strained valiantly  
to defend Mr Barnaby's girth,  
while Joseph just shuffled interminably  
as he wondered how much meat was worth.

"Would you have any scraps, Mr Barnaby sir,  
I could boil in a broth for my Ma?"  
Old Barnaby smeared some more blood on his apron,  
and scratched on his chin and said "Aah...."

...no scraps I'm a-feared, but those chops would be fine,"  
Mister Barnaby said, with a wink.

"But how much are they?" poor  
young Joseph enquired,  
to which Barnaby said, "Let me  
think..."

...Just what do you have in your  
pocket, young man?"  
(and a handful of marbles ap-  
peared.)

"I'd swap you my meat for your  
marbles", he said,  
"but not one of them's red, I'm a-feared..."

...I tell you what Joseph, I'll make you a deal,  
you can take home these chops for your tea,  
and when you get hold of a marble that's red,  
you can give that red marble to me."

Well, Joseph was just about up on cloud nine,  
but he left with a worrying frown,  
a marble that's red wasn't easy to find,  
and he'd never let Barnaby down.

In the fullness of time Joseph ventured again  
into Barnaby's, hesitantly,  
and the dealing proceeded with more bags of meat,  
'til his red marble debt grew to three.

As the years rolled along the McCreedys matured  
into fine men, and young women too;  
they buried their mother, and made their own ways,  
as the wheel of life orders we do.

And over those years Joseph's debt had accrued  
to the weight of six marbles of red,  
and he always enquired where such jewels could be found,  
in each place that his pathway had led.

In a little bush town, mourners gathered around  
in a dimly lit parlour of grace;  
candles flickered farewell to old Barnaby  
lying at peace, in the casket of lace.

His bride kissed his brow in her final farewell,  
then a young man appeared by the chest,  
as they lowered the lid, all the candles lit up  
six red marbles, adorning his vest.



## NORTH PINE CAMP OVEN FESTIVAL

**Old Petrie Town** is the new name for the North Pine Country Markets (20k north of Brisbane CBD), but the old buildings and interesting markets still make the Country Music Hall a lovely venue for North Pine's Camp Oven Festival which will be held from 18th to 20th August.

There will be a Meet and Greet on the Friday evening, along with the Juniors and Novice competitions and the Three Minute Funny Poem Walk-up as time permits. Walk-ups, duos, and the one-minute poem competition will be held over the weekend, as well as the competition in four open categories.

The rural surroundings make this a pleasant spot for campers and caravanners travelling north to escape the southern winter or as a stopover en-route to the Gympie Muster.

The judges and Saturday night performers will be Shirley Friend, Carol Heuchan, Ron Liekefett, Noel Stallard and Sandra Harle.

(page 15)

**GOLD CITY BUSH POETS Inc**  
**Charters Towers Queensland**  
**AUSTRALIAN**  
**CHAMPIONSHIPS**

Open Classical Female.  
 4th Anita Reed;  
 3rd Carol Heuchan  
 2nd Melanie Hall  
 1st Carmel Lloyd

Open Classical Male.  
 4th John Lloyd  
 3rd Milton Taylor  
 2nd Jim Tonkin  
 1st Gregory North

Open Mod/Traditional Female  
 4th Carmel Lloyd  
 3rd Eileen Flynn  
 2nd Carol Heuchan  
 1st Melanie Hall.

Open Mod/Trad Male  
 4th Greg North  
 3rd Milton Taylor  
 2nd Dean Collins  
 1st John Best

Open Original Serious Female  
 4th Kathy Edwards  
 3rd Anita Reed  
 2nd Melanie Hall  
 1st Carol Heuchan

Open Original Serious Male  
 4th John Best  
 3rd Ashley Walmsley  
 2nd Dean Collins  
 1st Milton Taylor

Open Original Humorous Female  
 4th Val Dart  
 3rd Carol Heuchan  
 2nd Melanie Hall  
 1st Jean Lindley

Open Orig. Humorous Male  
 4th Dean Collins  
 3rd Greg North  
 2nd Jim Tonkin  
 1st Milton Taylor

**Ladies Champion**  
**MELANIE HALL**  
**Male Champion**  
**MILTON TAYLOR**



**A LONG JOURNEY:**

A long journey was set in progress when Colin and Mandy Milligan of Benalla, Victoria, started the process of adoption from China with the Department of Human Services (Victoria) in August 2003.

Wading through the endless red tape, attending compulsory education classes, writing their life stories, several medical check-ups (Col's cholesterol was too high and had to come down, yes they check everything), and of course police checks.

A life story is compiled by answering over 100 questions based on the couples past, from their earliest recollection onwards.

Then there were the social worker interviews and because Col has four sons from 17 to 25, they too, had to be interviewed about their upbringing.



**Mandy and Colin Milligan**

With the four boys having an innate sense of humour it was drummed into them that social workers do not - and they should not joke about anything.

A serious question from Ricky, "Does this mean we have to learn to speak Chinese?" No mate dim sim, ah saw, and long wee will do fine.

Obviously all four boys are rapt that they will have a little sister to take fishing and camping.

Finally the green light was given and their file was sent to China in August 2005.

At that stage the wait for allocation of a child was about six months and, eight weeks later, the trip to China to pick up their baby. This made the pick up date in April 2006.

Unfortunately things have slowed down dramatically and now October - November looks to be the likely time frame. Currently the file is sitting in the "matching room", (where children are matched to parents), along with thousands of other files, awaiting allocation of a child.

Adoptions from China are a direct reflection of the one child policy in China which has now been in place for over 20 years. Because of the patrilineal system in China 99% of the children who are abandoned are girls.

Col wrote the poem, "Our Little China Rose" in December 2004, it is based on a little girl who was adopted at two years of age. This same poem will reflect the story of almost every child adopted from China.

In the words of Col and Mandy, "This adoption is not just about saving a little Chinese girl from life in an orphanage, it is about creating a family, this little girl will enrich our lives immensely, as we hope we can enrich hers."

**MEMBERSHIP DRIVE**

Included in this issue is an invitation to join *The Australian Bush Poets Association Inc.* Naturally you are already a member, but we would like to see your friends become financial members as well.

The continually rising costs of administration and producing the newsletter could be well allayed with a greater membership.

Please pass the flyer on and encourage new members.

## OUR LITTLE CHINA ROSE

© Col Milligan Benalla V. 2004

She's out there in the play ground  
with the others, joining in,  
The kids don't see her Asian eyes or  
darker tone of skin.

She's just another 'Kinder' mate her  
name is Emma Jane,  
They love to play together, yet  
they'll never know her pain.

She's lived a hundred life times in  
her first four years on Earth,  
For she was found abandoned just a  
few weeks after birth.



And many ears would hear her cries and many hearts would break,  
Because of this decision that her mother had to make.

An agonising choice was made that simply couldn't wait,  
For she was born the second child and this had sealed her fate.

Her future is an orphanage a place of basic care,  
A place devoid of mothers love, it's bare survival there.

A child is crying in the night, her sobs are filled with pain,  
Of hunger, fear or loneliness, she'll learn they're all in vain.

Now two years old and wizened to the world and all its ways,  
She's learnt to trust in nobody, for no one ever stays.

And now they show her photos of a couple who they say,  
Will be her brand new family, they're taking her away.

We plucked her out of China out of ev'rything she knew,  
And brought her to Australia to start her life anew.

To her we're just another face, she's been passed on again,  
She struggles with her loss and grief we struggle with her pain.

We struggle with our helplessness, we can but love and care,  
And slowly build her trust to know that we'll be always there.

We've watched her grow in confidence throughout the last two years,  
Now here she is a 'Kinder' kid at home with all her peers.

She plays their games, she talks the same, she'll kick up quite a fuss,  
She does the things that we all do, she's simply one of us.

But still her past will haunt her life, those seeds were deeply sown,  
They feed her insecurity of being left alone.

Her bedtime story stays the same it's one she loves to hear,  
About a little Chinese girl now living over here.

She has a special family all of her very own,  
And they'll be there to care for her she'll never be alone.

Her mummy and her daddy love her oh so very much,  
They'll cuddle her forever and they'll melt upon her touch.

And as she sleeps we ponder on her future and her past,  
She's learnt to live our way of life, we hope she's home at last.

She sits in silence now and then we wonder where she goes,  
She'll tell us when her time is right, our little China rose.



© JJ HASSON 2000

The old dog came, and he sat by me  
And he put his head, upon my knee  
With eyes wide open, they seemed to say  
"I'm part of you come what may"  
We have been friends, for many years  
And when we worked, we had no peers  
When first we met, I called him Boy  
Now he's old, and has little joy

Time changes things, as age sets in  
Hair turns to grey, we lose our kin  
And so it is, with Boy and I  
We stroll now, where we used to fly  
Our joints are stiff, and movement pains  
We both know, before it rains  
And take the stride which serves us best  
When we tire, we take a rest

The children come, and make a fuss  
They love and respect, the pair of us  
We still work, around the shearing shed  
And we'll carry on, till we both are dead  
Though our eyes, are getting weak  
There is very little, call to speak  
Things that are needed, will be done  
We'll be there, till the setting Sun

The bond we shared, as a working pair  
Has held its strength, and is still there  
Boy knows well, when the day is done  
He never lies, in the sweltering Sun  
If he could speak, I'm sure he'd say  
"Master we have earned our pay  
Let's fill the pens for early morn  
And look after all, lambs newly born"

I rub Boys ears, and stroke his head  
He has followed me, every where I led  
Never once, did he let me down  
He served me like, I wore a crown  
I will see, to all his needs  
To say thanks, for all his deeds  
Protect him from, the heat and cold  
I value him, far more than gold

## The Heelers Lament

Author Unknown

I am only a back-yard dog,  
I am sure you will agree  
I'm cheaper than a security door  
That's why these folks have me

I never get out for a walk,  
I'm fed on table scraps.  
My water bowl is getting low,  
They'll fill it up-perhaps.

I bark when people come around,  
To frighten them away.  
I know I can't get to the front,  
And so, I'm sure do they.

My parents both were cattle dogs,  
From Queensland way they came,  
They worked the mobs in heat and dust,  
I'd like to do the same.

There is no joy in this back-yard,  
At times it makes me spit.  
To think I'm doing solitude,  
For a crime I didn't commit!

## BUM

Author unknown.

Could have originated  
in America.

**Another tribute to  
man's best friend**



He's a little dog, with a stubby tail, and a  
moth-eaten coat of tan,  
And his legs are short, of the wobbly  
sort; I doubt if they ever ran;  
And he howls at night, while in broad  
daylight he sleeps like a bloomin' log,  
And he likes the food of the gutter breed;  
he's a most irregular dog.

I call him Bum, and in total sum he's all  
that his name implies,  
For he's just a tramp with a highway  
stamp that culture cannot disguise;  
And his friends, I've found, in the streets  
abound, be they urchins or dogs or men;  
Yet he sticks to me with a fiendish glee.  
It is truly beyond my ken.

I talk to him when I'm lonesome-like,  
and I'm sure that he understands  
When he looks at me so attentively and  
gently licks my hands;  
Then he rubs his nose on my tailored  
clothes, but I never say nought thereat,  
For the good Lord knows I can buy more  
clothes, but never a friend like that!

## GOLDFIELDS BUSH POETS COMMONWEALTH GAMES PERFORMANCE

The Central Goldfields Bush Poets (CGBP) staged their first entertainment engagement with a fifty minute performance of bush poetry, music and song on Thursday 23<sup>rd</sup> March on the huge stage in the majestic Civic Gardens as part of the Bendigo Community Cultural Festival with eleven members giving quality performances. CGBP President, Colin Carrington competently compered the concert from a rollicking 'Click Go the Shears' to a 'Waltzing Matilda' finale with music supplied by Jill Meehan, Sheree Lamprell, Herb 'Lummo' Lumis and Brian Clarke with backing provided by fiddler Michelle Meehan, Wayne Blandford on the button accordion and Carol Reffold on the Lagerphone.

The performance poems and songs included classics from Banjo Paterson, George Essex Evans and Edward Harrington with original and contemporary work from Carol Reffold, Ellis Campbell and Judy Small.

CGBP President Colin Carrington said 'The performance was the highlight of the CGBP since the group was formed in October 2002'. Mr. Carrington ac-



COLIN CARRINGTON

knowledged the faith of Cultural Development and Events, of the City of Greater Bendigo, for having confidence in the group by placing them in a star-studded line up of local and international acts.

The CGBP conducts free concerts at the White Horse Hotel in Eaglehawk Road, California Gully (Bendigo) with the next scheduled for Sunday 9<sup>th</sup> April.

Contact Colin Carrington on 03 5441 2425 or go to the groups website [www.cgbp.info](http://www.cgbp.info)

## A TASTE OF COUNTRY HARDEN

For a great taste of country you can't beat the annual festival at Harden-Murrumburrah, NSW on 21st October.

Held in the rejuvenated Mechanics Hall, now one of Hardens' historic features, the competition attracts as much local talent as it does of outsiders to the town. Characters, the likes of Mrs. Eileen Smith who was born just out of Wedlock and the inimitable Lance Parker from Griffith are the life of the party adding to the already great entertainment provided by the competitors in the Open Performance Competition.

Contact Keith Smith on 02 6386 2666 for further information or wait for the August issue of the ABPA News.

## SA BUSH POETS STATE CHAMPIONSHIPS

Entries for the written section of the SA State Championships are now in the hands of the final adjudicator and the winners will be announced as part of the Riverland Programme on Saturday 11th June.

The programme for this year is as follows:-

Tues. 6<sup>th</sup> June - 6.30pm Campfire sing-a-long & poets corner (Cobdogla Caravan Park)

Thurs. 8<sup>th</sup> - 9.00am Poets Showcase (RSL hall)

Fri. 9<sup>th</sup> - 8.00am Poets Breakfast (Cobdogla Museum)

Sat 11<sup>th</sup>. - 10.00am - 4.00pm State Championships (RSL hall).

Plus opportunities for poetry performances at various venues each day & evening.

## VALE: LARRY DULHUNTY THE LAST SHOWMAN



The celebrated bare-knuckle fighter, bush poet, author, recording artist, whip-cracker, ringer, buckjump rider and entertainer, Larry Dulhenty, died in a Charters Towers nursing home aged 84 years in February.

At his funeral this renowned bushman was farewelled by relatives and friends not just as a man, but as a real part of Australia.

Larry was reared on a small cattle property south east of Charters Towers. He served in the armed services during World War II and, on discharge, he went back to his old stamping grounds working as a stockman.

The return to the old life was short lived and Larry took to the road with

a wild-west show. His travels took in every state in the country personally entertaining a paying public by cracking whips, sharp-shooting, tent boxing, rough riding and as a bush storyteller.

'Larry was the last of the fair-dinkum outback showmen' said his old mate, tent show and boxing promoter Fred Brophy.

One trick performed a number of times was to shoot a cigarette from the lips of former TV reporter Michael Beatty who claimed that Larry 'never got the recognition he deserved!'

At 76 years of age he was ordered by the court to hang up his rifle after he shot a volunteer in the hand during a show at the Blue Heeler Hotel at Kynuna Q.

Larry Dulhenty was an icon in the outback, with his show performing for many years on an annual circuit which included Cooktown, the Kimberley, Broome and Kalgoorlie.

He took his show to Sydney in 1968 and performed whip-cracking and vocals on the John Laws Tonight Show, and was a guest artist for Dita Cobb.

He appeared on a number of ABC TV programmes and had his whole show filmed in Western Queensland by 'Big Country', a documentary that was later enlarged into a motion picture called 'Glove Hustler'.

## HOME ALONE

© Neil Carroll - Dubbo

Long years ago, half full of scotch,  
And newly wed desire,  
I thought I'd just relax and watch  
Some footie, by the fire.

My little wife reluctantly  
Had promised to support  
Her best friend Jenny's Avon night,  
Or something of the sort.

She said "I'd rather stay right here!—  
As she kissed me at the gate.  
"So leave the front door open, Dear,  
I'm sure I won't be late."

I slipped upstairs to have a shave,  
A shampoo and a shower,  
And read the evening paper in  
The spa for half an hour

I'd finished my ablutions, and  
Was dozing in the spa,  
When something in my dreamtime  
Sounded awfully like her car.

I woke up with a start and wondered  
Where the time had gone.  
I couldn't find my P.J's so I  
Slipped a bath robe on.

And just as Bobby Fulton hit  
The crossbar with the ball,  
I heard her dainty footsteps, so  
I tip toed down the hall.

The porch light glowed ...  
I dropped the robe,  
and Mate! ... was I a smasher!  
She fainted right into my arms,  
A bloody Bible Basher

Earlier this year the Australian Bush Poetry site ([www.bushpoetry.com.au](http://www.bushpoetry.com.au)) attracted the interest of a group of Italian Students. They were particularly interested in the poetry of Joyce Alchin. After several letters and after contacting Joyce, the students wrote to the ABPA Newsletter.

### ITALIAN STUDENTS' REPORT: Joyce Alchin's poems

We are Italian students living in the province of Varese, in the North-West of Italy, 30 km. far from Milan in Lombardy. We are attending the 5th class of a High School "M. Curie" specialized in social studies in Tradate. We are from 18 - 20 years old.

We started to study the discovery of Australia by J. Cook and we saw some symbols of your culture: an instrument called "didgeridoo" and Aboriginal art.

Then we read an outback experience by a Welsh journalist and we began getting in touch with bush poetry, almost unknown in Italy.

By surfing the Internet we found your site and we read two poems by Joyce Alchin: "A Part of the Outback" and "Living with Dementia".

We commented and tried to analyse them. We think that it is really great the way she describes nature, with a lot of details and through the eyes of memory. We are astonished about the vastness and the beauty of your land.

We compare this poem with two Romantic poems written by the English

poet: W. Wordsworth, "Daffodils" and "The Solitary Reaper". Both of these poets use the device of recollection and we like a lot. We were also interested in her relationship with her sick father and the delicacy expressed in "Living with Dementia". It is a beautiful relationship and we think that the faith helped her not to despair.

We can deepen our knowledge thanks your help and your material and we are really pleased to get in touch with you.

Our best wishes for your life and activities and a big hug to you all and our special regards to Italian people living in Australia.

Class 5FS "Liceo Scientifico M. Curie" Tradate - (Varese - Italy) with our English teacher Maria Carla Zanardi.

# MUM'S DRIVING LESSON

© Keith Lethbridge WA

In the prime of his life, when a man takes a wife,  
And the family fortunes are thriving,  
When he reckons lies set, it's a pretty safe bet  
Shell bring up the subject of driving.  
'It's a bother,' shell say, 'that when you go away,  
I'm stuck with the cooking and mopping.  
When there's bargains in town, I feel badly let down,  
'Cause I can't take the car to go shopping.'

So of course he'll agree. 'Shell be apples,' says he,  
'I'll show you the ropes in the morning.'  
He's still very green and he has'nt foreseen  
That little red beacon of warning.  
So, early next day they're up and away  
Before the old rooster stops crowing.  
A full frontal attack, with the kids in the back,  
And they haven't a clue where they're going.

Dad's patient and calm - 'This'll do us no harm' -  
But the kids are a little bit smarter,  
Bewildered and glum, as they witness their mum I  
Hit the headlights instead of the starter.  
The wipers are next, though it's not in the text,  
Then the horn and the left indicator,  
But at last they're away, lurching into the fray  
Like a moon buggy leaping a crater.

Now Dad's turning pale, as the brakes seem to fail,  
And the steering's gone wild and erratic.  
He's losing his touch, so he yells, 'Hit the clutch!'  
But she thought it was all automatic.  
It's a little too late as they clip the front gate  
And they didn't need Dad to remind them,  
With the rear bumper down, throwing sparks off the ground  
And the letter box trailing behind them.

Dad's doing his block and the kids are in shock,  
As deep in the vinyl they cower,  
But strange to relate, Mums feeling just great.  
With a sense of invincible power.  
Her foot hits the floor, doing ninety or more  
(Miles per hour, not your wimp kilometre),  
But they're heading for town so, 'For God's sake slow down  
And stop fiddling around with that heater.

Now the Reverend Oates is rehearsing his notes  
As he crosses the road for his sermon.  
He's pedantic and tame, but he's lifting his game:  
'Slow down, you detestable vermin!  
When Pharaoh ignored the wrath of the Lord,  
He was cursed to the fourth generation  
With serpents and frogs and incurable wogs,  
On the road to eternal damnation!'

But Mum's in a trance, as she  
dreams of romance,  
And at last she's a woman of action.  
She squeals with delight as she runs  
a red light  
And the cops are an added attrac-  
tion.  
Dad offers a prayer as he tugs at his  
hair  
And his features are frozen in terror.  
Now he dives in the back as Mum threads through the pack  
With a fractional margin for error.



It's a terrible sight as she swerves to the right,  
But she hasn't completed her folly.  
She's itching for more, as she racks up a score  
Of two dogs and a vegetable trolley.  
Now she's letting it rip down the median strip  
As her sanity starts to unravel.  
An unorthodox route, with the cops in pursuit,  
And their motorbikes churning up gravel.

With the dust and the smoke, it's a fair dinkum joke,  
But the law doesn't find it amusing.  
After coffee and cake at their ten o'clock break,  
It was time for some serious snoozing.  
But it's not for the pace that they give up the chase,  
And it's not for the lack of endeavour.  
If someone gets killed, there'll be forms to be filled  
(And you reckoned old plod wasn't clever).

Far away from the town, Mum doesn't slow down,  
Boadicea prepares for the battle,  
With a blood-chilling yell, like a demon from hell,  
As she charges the on-coming cattle.  
And in the back seat Dad's accepted defeat,  
But that isn't the end of our story.  
Now the children as well, coming out of their shell,  
Are goading their mother to glory.

They've left the main track and there's no turning back,  
With the wife and the children gone feral.  
Now they're out of control, in a crocodile roll ...  
It's a pageant of panic and peril.  
Do you know how it feels to skid round on two wheels,  
Just an inch from destruction and ruin?

Then the first words you hear, as the dust starts to clear  
Are: 'Well darlin', how am I doin'?'

\* \* \*

So, young married folk, though you think it's a joke,  
Don't try this at home, I beseech ya.  
Provided, of course, you're not seeking divorce ...  
Bring in a professional teacher!

## LIMERICKS

There once was a feisty young terrier,  
Who liked to bite girls on the derriere,  
He'd yip and he'd yap,  
Then he'd leap up and snap,  
And the fairer the derriere, the merrier.

A diner while dining at Crewe  
Found a very large mouse in his stew.  
Said the waiter, "Don't shout  
And wave it about,  
Or the rest will be wanting one too."

There was an old **adridman** of Madrid  
Who ate sixty-five eggs for a quid.  
When they asked, 'Are you faint?'  
He replied, 'No I ain't,  
But I don't feel as well as I did.'  
Anonymous





When asked who his favourite poet was, Baxter replied "Of the 'dead guys', Australian poet A.B. 'Banjo' Paterson author of 'The Man From Snowy River and Other Verses', is, to my mind the finest poet ever to chisel words in the book of life."

## FIRST DANCE

by Baxter Black

I danced with another woman tonight,  
My wife didn't seem to mind.  
We took to the floor like a pair of swans  
that fate forever entwined.

Leaving our wake through the dancers  
who flowed  
Like notes in search of a song  
We tested our two step, tried out a waltz  
and laughed when something went wrong!

I led and she followed, trusting each step,  
spurred by the beat of the band  
Like birds taking wing the very first time,  
it helps to hold someone's hand.

Although I had known this woman before  
I'd thought of her as a child  
But there on the dance floor, arm  
'round her waist,  
I found my heart was beguiled.

For her a window had opened. I was there,  
I'm eternally glad.  
The rest of my life I'll remember  
the first night  
she danced with her dad.

## Baxter Black

Baxter Black, described by the New York Times as "...probably the nation's most successful living poet," thinks it's an exaggeration.

He can shoe a horse, string a bob wire fence and bang out a Bob Wills classic on his flat top guitar. Cowboy poet, ex-veterinarian and sorry team roper, he has more hair around his lip than on his head. Raised in New Mexico, spent his workin' life in the mountain west tormenting cows, now he travels the country tormenting cowboys.

Since 1982, Baxter Black has been rhyming his way into the national spotlight, and now stands as the best selling cowboy poet in the world. He's written several books (including one rodeo novel and its sequel), recorded over a dozen audio and video tapes, CDs and DVDs, and has achieved notoriety as a syndicated columnist and radio commentator. From the Tonight Show and PBS to NPR and the NFR, Baxter's wacko verse has been seen and heard by millions. His works are prominently displayed in both big city libraries and small town feed stores.

Baxter lives in Benson, Arizona, between the *Gila River* and the *Gila monster*, the *Mexican border* and the *Border Patrol* and between the *horse* and the *cow*---where the action is. Everything about Baxter is cowboy; his cartoonish mustache, his personality and his poetry. He hasn't changed a thing about his subject matter or his delivery. He makes a living shining a spotlight on the flaws and foibles of everyday cowboy life, the day-to-day ups and downs of people who live with livestock and work the land. He demonstrates that it is the truth in his humor that makes it funny. Driven by a left hand sense of humor Black

evokes laughter just by being there. It is said that Baxter Black could make a dead man sit up and laugh!

He still doesn't own a television or a cell phone, and his idea of a modern convenience is Velcro chaps.

This former large animal veterinarian can be followed nationwide through his column, National Public Radio, public appearances, television and also through his books, cd's, videos and website.

So, in a nut shell (where some believe he may have evolved) there is considerably more to Baxter than just an entertainer. He is the real thing. Because, as he says, "*It's hard to be what you aren't.*" Baxter's philosophy is simple enough - in spite of all the computerized, digitized, high-tech innovations now available to mankind, there will always be a need for someone who can "think up stuff".

Baxter can be contacted at:  
Coyote Cowboy Company  
P.O. Box 2190 Benson, AZ 85602  
(800) 654-2550  
Website. [www.baxterblack.com](http://www.baxterblack.com)

## WANTED EXPRESSIONS OF INTEREST

Committees and organizations  
interested in conducting the  
**Australian Bush Poetry  
Championships 2007**  
are asked to  
contact the Secretary,  
Ed Parmenter  
1 Avenue Street  
COFFS HARBOUR NSW 2450  
Ph. 06 6652 3716  
e. [edandmarg@hotmail.net.au](mailto:edandmarg@hotmail.net.au)

### ONE LINERS:

- \* When everything's coming your way, you're in the wrong lane.
- \* What happens if you get scared half to death twice?
- \* We live in a society where pizza gets to your house before the police.
- \* The shortest distance between two points is under construction.
- \* 7/5th of all people do not understand fractions.
- \* A little bit of powder, a little bit of paint,  
makes a girl's complexion seem what it ain't.
- \* A man wrapped up in himself makes a very small package.
- \* A man on a date wonders if he'll get lucky. The woman already knows.
- \* "If we don't succeed, we run the risk of failure." - George W. Bush
- \* A drunk mans' words are a sober mans' thoughts



## HAT BURNING

from ON THE EDGE OF COMMON SENSE

by Baxter Black, DVM week of January 20, 2003

"How did you set yer hat on fire? Snorting gunpowder again?"  
"Well, I didn't do it on purpose." he said, rubbing the spot on his chin.  
His eyebrows were singed off uneven and unsymmetrically skewed  
While the glass was gone from his glasses which rendered him spectaclly nude.

"Dark," he said, "You know methane will burn? Me and Jake were out checkin' the stock.

We were comin' in late and found one that looked like she needed the doc.  
But we were both cow paramedics trained to do more than just ride  
And savvied her dire situation all bloated and laid on her side.

Not having a bloat hose or trocar - first choices for saving her life.  
I blindly palpated the left flank for the place where I'd plunge in my knife.  
I inserted the tip of my dagger, it fit like a key in a latch  
When Jake said, "Here let me help you!" With a flourish the fool struck a match.

A blue flame roared out of the orifice like St. Helens come back from the dead!

The whoosh, like an airbag exploding pinned my ears back on my head!  
I thought I'd been struck by lightning, St. Peter was trimmin' my jibs.  
He was callin' me home with my boots on smellin' like barbecued ribs

Poor Jake took the blast a full frontal though his moustache protected his lips,

When he took his hat off of his bald head, he looked like a partial eclipse.  
What kept us from burning too badly, or at least to me it makes sense,  
Was the fireball of flammable gasses was mixed with the rumen contents.

The flames quickly waned to a flicker. The cow was now lookin' plum flat.

My chest was all greenish and sticky...I could see by the light of my hat.  
But the insult that cut me most deeply was not the burnt hat or the blood,  
But my mouth had been opened in protest, and I found I was chewing her cud!"

## ODE TO AN OLD ROCKER

© Jill Wherry SA, 1996

No-one loves a rocker when he's sixty,  
By then it's far too late to strut your stuff.  
As you sing into the mic,  
folks will holler, 'On your bike,  
Get off the bloody stage, we've had enough.'

No-one is athletic when he's sixty,  
For as you bend your knees to do those dips,

Getting down will be a breeze;  
as you rise your joints will freeze,  
And what turns women off? - arthritic hips!

No-one is a sex god when he's sixty,  
There's wrinkles and there's bulges on display.

You may don trendy attire,  
but won't set the girls on fire,  
And even senior citz will run away.

No-ones voice is at its best at sixty,  
Your hair is gone; there's nothing left to comb.

Though you do your best to croon,  
you're forever out of tune,  
And even worse, you've left your teeth at home.

No-one wants to hear you play at sixty.  
They'll drive you out of every shopping mall.

The grandkids say, 'If you roam,  
we will stick you in a home,  
Or lock you in the nearest Bingo hall.'

No-one wants a rocker on a pension.  
And that's because you'll nod off any time.  
You can't leap, you only stroll,  
there's less rock and much more roll,  
begone, 'cos you're no longer in your prime.'

Rockers lose their memory when there sixty  
And that can mean you end up in a mess.  
You turn up with your guitar  
as a super-duper star,  
But bugger, you are at the wrong address.

But rockers are persistent when they're sixty  
And someone thinks our good mate is a gem.

Although grandkids don't rejoice,  
we can hear their granddad's voice,  
'cause he's a star on SA's Coast FM.

## TAMWORTH ACHIEVERS

Duncan Williams, our Tamworth Representative sends news that there has been some interesting publishing achievements in Tamworth recently.

Both Duncan Williams and Shirley Crawford have been published in the 'Opal Shores' anthology put out by the Poetry Institution of Australia. 'Opal Shores' contains many fine pieces of writings by poets from around the country.

Keith Jones has had some interesting news from the Galaxy poetry competition, his poem received a fourth place in the 2005 competition. His winning poem will be published by Galaxy, along with other entrants of the competition, later this year.

Congratulations to all concerned,

## THE DRUNK

Anon

He grabbed me by my slender neck  
I couldn't yell or scream.

He took me to his dingy room  
Where we could not be seen,  
He stripped me of my flimsy wrap,  
And gazed upon my form.

I was wet and cold and damp,  
And he was nice and warm.  
His feverish lips he pressed to mine,

I gave him every drop.  
He drained me of my very self,  
And I couldn't make him stop.  
He made me what I am today,  
That's why you find me here...  
A broken bottle, tossed away,  
That once was full of beer.

# SINGLETON BUSH POETS & WRITERS ASSOCIATION

## JIM HAYNES WEEKEND WORKSHOP

*Writing and Performance Techniques*

**\$50.00 per Person - Bookings Essential**

**Friday Evening 14<sup>th</sup> - Saturday 15<sup>th</sup> - Sunday Morning 16<sup>th</sup>**

**JULY 2006**

Buffet Lunch (Cost not Included) following Sunday Morning Session

Informal Get-together after Lunch

**A HUGE SUCCESS LAST YEAR - NOT TO BE MISSED!**

**\*\*\* Saturday Night - 3 Course Dinner & Entertainment \*\*\***

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**A GREAT Night of Aussie Bush Humour With ...**

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7/1 Pitt Street  
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Ph: (W) 02 6571 2669 (H) 02 6573 3873 Fax: 02 6571 1037 email:bailey.electrical@hunterlink.net.au

## Waltzing Matilda Bush Poetry Awards Junior Festival

The Waltzing Matilda Bush Poetry Awards – Junior Performance Section, was held in Winton, Qld. on Wednesday 5<sup>th</sup> and Thursday 6<sup>th</sup> April 2006.

This year, the eleventh, was the biggest for some time, even though the beautiful, much needed rain, stopped some schools from attending.

Overall, there were 195 individual nominations and 17 Group nominations from Pre-school to Grade 12 (which totals approx. 450 students competing), making it quite possibly the biggest Junior Festival in Australia.

The participating schools were: Winton State School, St. Patrick's, Winton, Evesham State School, Jundah State School, Longreach School of Distance Education, Longreach State School, Mount Isa School of the Air, Barcardine State School, Stonehenge State School, St Joseph's, Mount Isa, All Soul's St Gabriels, Charters Towers and Windorah State School.

Judges, Carmel Randle (Toowoomba) and Janine Haig (Eulo) commented on the high standard of performances from all the competitors.

Cathy Archer, Clover Nolan's daughter, met guests and presented the trophies for the Clover Nolan Award.

Entries for The Junior Written Competition, the Little Swaggies' Award, closed on the 7<sup>th</sup> April 2006 with 494 entries received from schools across Australia, ranging from Grades 1 - 12.

Winners for the written competition will be announced in June.

## YOUR WURST DAY OUT

In Germany they're somewhat cursed,  
With sausages that are the 'wurst',  
Like Bockwurst, blatwurst, blutwurst,  
Fleiss.

Zungen, liver, mettwurst, weiss;  
Why they're 'wurst' I cannot say,  
But Germans eat them night and day,  
So I'm putting them all to the test,  
To see which 'wurst' is really best.

Biggruss

## ADVERTISING RATES

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Events free. (One line only)

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(Deadlines Apr 30 and Oct 30)

To allay costs, copy regarding a festival or event would be appreciated if accompanied by a paid advertisement.

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The Editor.

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## THE BUSY MAN

William H Hills

If you would get a favour done  
By some obliging friend  
And want a promise safe and sure  
On which you can depend  
Don't go to him who always has  
Much leisure time to plan  
But if you want your favour done  
Just ask the busy man

The man with leisure never has  
A moment he can spare  
He's always putting off until  
His friends are in despair  
But he whose every waking hour  
Is crowded full of work  
Forgets the art of wasting time  
He cannot stop to shirk

So when you want a favour done  
And want it right away  
Go to the man who constantly  
Works thirty hours a day  
He'll find a moment sure somewhere  
That has no other use  
And fix you while the idle man  
Is framing an excuse

## VALE: RICHARD MAGOFFIN

'Waltzing Matilda' expert dies.

Richard Magoffin (69) - Australia's foremost authority on the history of the Waltzing Matilda song died in a Sydney hospital on May 4th.

Magoffin received national recognition in 2000 when he was awarded the Medal of the Order of Australia (OAM) "for services to Australian folklore as an author of ballads and songs and to the preservation of Australian cultural heritage." He ran the Matilda Expo and Heritage Theatre Restaurant at Kynuna, in north-west Queensland, an exhibition which has now been acquired by the National Library.

In true swagman spirit, the genial host extended the offer of a free powered garden site near the Expo theatre to patrons of the live night show and squatter's dinner.

His son, Bill Magoffin, says his father's work has left a great legacy for all Australians. "He was the first person really to nail the history definitively of the writing of the song ... I think it's important for the west that it was one of their sons that did that work and recorded it for posterity and I think that work will live on," he said.

Richard published a number of books about "Waltzing Matilda" and was considered Australia's foremost authority on our national song. The "Australian Geographic Encyclopaedia" states, "The best documented version is that put forward by Richard Magoffin in 'Fair Dinkum Matilda', 1973."

For Richard, "Waltzing Matilda" is a family story. The Magoffins, early pioneers, were friends and neighbours of the Macphersons at Dagworth, Kynuna, where Paterson penned the ballad to Christina Macpherson's music in January 1895.



## 12th BUNDY

# BUSH POETRY MUSTER



**July 7th 8th and 9th 2006**

*Across the Waves Sports Club Inc,  
1 Miller Street Bundaberg*



*Special Guest Poets*

*Marco Gliori - Melanie Hall - Noel Stallard*

Performance Competitions:

**OPEN (Separate Male & Female Categories) -  
Intermediate - Novice - Juniors - Duo Performances  
Yarn Spinning - Dark and Stormy One Minute Cup**

**CASH PRIZES & TROPHIES in all categories**

## BUSH LANTERN AWARD FOR WRITTEN VERSE

**Closing Date: May 26th 2006  
Presentation of Awards Sunday July 9th**

### FREE: Poetry Workshop

In conjunction with Muster Weekend

**Thursday July 6th**

with **NOEL STALLARD** at the  
Bundaberg Library

**BOOKINGS ESSENTIAL**

(Numbers are Limited)

**Children's**

**Story Telling Session**

**Tuesday 4th July**

### Entry forms :

SSAE to

Performance Poetry Co-ordinator  
or The Bush Lantern Co-ordinator

(As applicable)

Bundaberg Poets' Society Inc.,

PO Box 4281

BUNDABERG SOUTH. 4670



*All phone or email enquiries:*

John & Sandy 07 41514631 or

lees@interworx.com.au

Laree 07 41527409 or

kandlchapman@bigpond.com

Dean 07 41591705 or

dino123@dodo.com.au

## CAN YOU HELP WITH

- \*A Donation
- \* Memorabilia
- \*Coordinate a Concert



## The John O'Brien Centre, Narrandera

On Tuesday the 21st March 2006, the Narrandera Shire Council passed a motion giving Noel Stallard the authority to raise funds in order to construct and refurbish a John O'Brien Centre attached to the current Visitors Centre. The purpose of this John O'Brien Centre is:

- to tell the John O'Brien story
- to preserve and present relevant memorabilia
- to educate present and future generations about the literary value of the John O'Brien writings, especially: *Around the Boree Log* and *The Parish of St Mels*

Noel, with a committee will raise these funds through:

- accessing appropriate grants
- general donations
- fund raising concerts

We would appreciate your assistance by:

- making a donation
  - contributing relevant memorabilia to the Centre
  - coordinating in your town or city a Noel Stallard fund-raising-concert.
- To make a donation or for further information contact

**The John O'Brien Centre**  
PO Box 131 Arana Hills Q. 4054  
Ph. Ph 07 3351 3221  
[heritagepoetry@dodo.com.au](mailto:heritagepoetry@dodo.com.au)



St. Mels Narrandera

## ABPA TRIVIA:

Since the first newsletter appeared in February 1994, a total of 1,132 poems have been published, including 25 Traditional works and 11 from the USA.

## MAGGIE MURPHY



Maggie Murphy was born and brought up in the grape growing area around Mildura, the youngest of seven children.

Her love of traditional songs and poetry grew out of informal homely sessions, where family members and friends would gather to perform and entertain each other with song and recitation.

She is well known in folk music

circles around Australia, and in Yorkshire England, where she lived for 10 years in the 1980's. Her renditions of Australian bush verse in the folk clubs there is still talked about today!

Returning to Melbourne in 1996, Maggie recorded her first CD, *'The Tales We Never Hear'*, an eclectic mix of traditional & modern songs. At the recent Man from Snowy River Festival at Corryong Maggie took out the Aussie Song Section with Edward Harrington's *'My Old Black Billy'*.

With her new CD, *'A Little Bit of Land'*, Maggie has brought together three generations of the Murphy family to recite poems they have loved and performed at family gatherings over many years.

Some are family favourites, others recent additions. The concept of a family CD of the spoken word is novel & the variety of voices adds a texture one doesn't expect.

Equally unexpected is the chord these verses touch in everyone who hears them. They will awake memories long forgotten.

Maggie now lives in Heathcote, Central Victoria, and her brothers live either side of the Murray in Sunraysia. The family still loves to sing, recite and to party.

## POETS RALLY AT RALEIGH IN MAY

Owing to inclement weather the Raleigh Poetry Gathering planned for early March had to be cancelled due to flooding of the Bellingen and Kalang rivers.

The venue was re-scheduled for the 6th May, and it was most heartening for the organizers, Ed and Margaret Parmenter of Coffs Harbour, to have such a huge gathering of Bush Poetry supporters in attendance.

This was by far the biggest audience, and the most performers, since the Raleigh gatherings were initiated early in 2005. It has been very pleasing to realise that the Raleigh venue so successfully replaced the previous Bellingen venue which had to be re-located due to the closure of the premises.

Feature poet for the afternoon was Mr. Ray Halliday from Yamba, a very experienced Bush Poet, who had the audience enthralled with his serious

and humorous renditions of the old masters and the 'not so old' masters.

Ed Parmenter was M.C. for the afternoon and was ably supported by Graham Watt (Coffs Harbour's gain - Kyabram's loss).

As always, the home-made, country afternoon tea was a great hit in the mid-afternoon break giving an opportunity for performers and audience to mingle while enjoying a cuppa.

It is always heartening to see junior poets performing at various venues and it was fortunate to have our new junior ABPA member Amber Flick of Coffs Harbour recite during the afternoon. Amber was recently a prize winner at the Wauchope Competition and will certainly be seen a lot more on the Bush Poetry scene in the future.

The next Raleigh Hall gathering is set for the 2nd September starting at 1.00 p.m. The earlier starting time has become necessary to accommodate the growing number of performers. Contact Ed and Margaret Parmenter on 02 6652 3716

## A ROMPUN YARN

© Darryl Cooper

Young Dave has gone with cattle now, across the station border,  
With mates he's gone to battle now, to get those beasts in order.  
He caught his horse that early morn, still in the hours of night,  
And ventured out into the bush, before first rays of light.  
He hadn't had a lot to eat, when at the outer gate,  
He said, "I'm feeling hungry now, it's about time that I ate!"

He reached into his saddle bag, and took a sandwich from it,  
But 'ere he'd gone another mile, he seemed inclined to vomit.  
He thought, "There's something wrong, this bread is really smelly",  
His head began to spin and ache, it burned inside his belly,  
But here we had a hungry man, he'd eaten several slices,  
Before he knew that he had now, got something of a crisis.

He looked into the saddle bag, and saw the bottle broken,  
He held his hands up to his throat, "By God, I think I'm chokin!"  
The sandwich he had grabbed so quick, and hungrily was chompin',  
Was made of cheese and lemon jam, and a double dose of Rompun.  
Now Rompun is a mighty drug, of the tranquillizin' sort,  
One shot will lay a scrub bull out, with nothing but a snort.

He hurried home to his good wife, he staggered through the gate,  
She was distressed to see her man, in such an awful state.  
He slumped himself across the bed, his appearance truly shocked her,  
She grabbed the two-way radio, and called the Flying Doctor.  
"Well, Goodness me," the doctor said, "This really is a strange one,  
If it's bad enough to need a flight I'll certainly arrange one!"

The doctor said, "Keep him awake, that drug sure will affect him.  
If he should start to fall asleep, we'll be out there to collect him."  
"Or better still, on second thoughts, 'twould be a better bet,  
Since this stuff's made to knock a bull, you'd better call the vet!"

But Jenny sat at young Dave's side, as nurses know just how...  
She monitored his vital signs and mopped his fevered brow  
But David is a tough young man, constitution of an ox,  
'twould take more than a shot of this, to put him in a box.  
They say one learns from one's mistakes, well, Dave has learned a lot,  
Henceforth the Rompun's safely packed... inside his old quart-pot.

## NSW STATE TITLES

7th & 8th October 2006

Looking for a weekend of top class poetry? And some fun? The two go hand in hand – and you will find much more than that in Tenterfield this October! Tenterfield's Oracles of the Bush are delighted to be hosting the NSW Bush Poetry State Championships – both in 2006 and 2007.

The best of Classical, Contemporary and Original Poetry - featuring a host of Leading Poets from all over Australia – Written and Performance. And a great Junior Competition! Entries close 7th September – so plenty of time to get your entries in – and book yourselves in for the fun! Prize money in excess of \$1000.00.

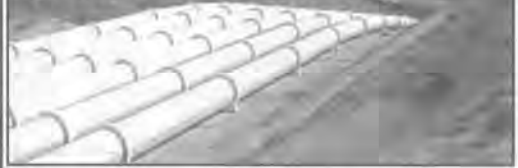
Paul's Barn is an ideal venue for the

Championships – made from timber rescued from some of the oldest community Halls around Tenterfield Shire, the ambience and atmosphere created by this structure lends itself to the telling of stories and yarns from our Australian bush.

This year the Oracles Committee has gone all out to provide some top entertainment - Saturday night's Barn Bash (Dinner & Dance \$25.00) will be a night to remember – again in Paul's Barn – with a Poets Breakfast (\$12.00) on Sunday morning – bookings are essential for these 2 events.

So saddle up, pack your bags and your sense of humor – and come to Tenterfield October 7th & 8th! Phone 0267362900 or go to [oraclesofthebush.com](http://oraclesofthebush.com).

## DON'T SELL OUR SNOWY HYDRO!



They came from countries far and wide  
to build the Snowy Scheme.  
They left behind the 'scars of war'  
to build Australia's dream...

A 'melting pot' of cultures  
all working side by side.  
They toiled through conditions harsh,  
they did it all with pride...

Whole towns were moved to 'higher ground',  
farms buried 'neath the lake.  
The 'Mighty Snowy' lost her flow  
and many a heart did break...

A 'feat of engineering',  
the 'dream to end all dreams'.  
But now it seems its being sold,  
yet no-one heeds the screams...

How can politicians promise?  
That 'all will be O.K.'  
For 'assurances' get broken  
and the people always pay...

Water is a precious resource,  
and one that we must keep,  
For once it's gone, it's gone for good  
and promises are cheap...

DON'T SELL OUR SNOWY HYDRO!  
The people rise and say!  
We gave so much to build her,  
don't throw it all away...

So listen up Australia!  
Before it is too late...  
If were selling off our water  
then 'God help us', what's our fate...

Lee Taylor-Friend © 2006  
Ph/fax: (02)6456-7310

## BUSH VERSE WEBSITE

The Australian Bush Verse website [www.bushverse.com](http://www.bushverse.com) has a register of clubs on its pages. Could representatives of clubs please have a look at the pages and ensure that their information is current.

If your club is not listed, then please email Ric Raftis at [ric@bushverse.com](mailto:ric@bushverse.com) or phone 03 54943404.

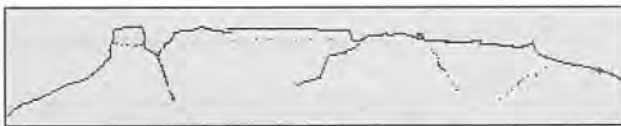


Drifting fog on winter mornings, summer sun on golden grain,  
falling leaves in autumn colours, springtime blossoms after rains -  
these are picture-painted moments that I've hidden in my mind  
stored from distant country childhood which I've carried, so I find,  
into starker city living, and they light a dreary day  
if the mix of tar and traffic somehow interrupts my way.  
Mem'ry tinted with the beauty perhaps only children see -  
young, uncomplicated vision still implanted deep in me.

Perfumed bodies walking past me once again stir latent thoughts  
of a jasmine hanging gently, climbing over rough supports  
holding up a rustic archway mixed with fragrant golden rose,,  
honey suckles' sweet aroma floating where the small creek flows.  
Pow'rful odours of the woolshed, campfire smoke ascending high,  
steamy sweetness of a parched earth when the rain falls from the sky.  
Wafting from a by-gone era so they touch my sense of smell  
forming in my heart a longing when upon these things I dwell.

Wild winds tossing gumtree branches, breezes whisp'ring through the pine,  
tractors droning during harvest - these are sounds that I confine  
to a life lived in the country where through childhood I would stay  
list'ning to the horses' hoof beats as they raced, engrossed in play.  
Noisy fitful drum of raindrops falling on the old tin shed  
or the hooting of a night owl serenading me in bed,  
while a crackling battery wireless in the kitchen told of war  
though to us it seemed so peaceful well away from city shore.

What a wondrous thing the mem'ry and the joys that it can hold  
as the pictures of the past times ev'ry now and then unfold.  
But I live life in the present - in the city where I live  
these are treasures I encounter like a gold mine that can give  
all the richness seen in buildings, all the sounds that fill the air,  
all the smells creating myst'ries that I didn't know were there.  
Yes, I've lived life in the country but my home is city too  
and it's there I'll make more mem'ries from the things I see and do.



**Fourth Annual  
NANDEWAR POETRY  
COMPETITION**

**WRITTEN BUSH POETRY COMPETITION**

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

**First Prize \$150 plus Trophy**  
**Second Prize \$100**  
**Third Prize \$50**

**Closing Date July 31<sup>st</sup> 2006**

**Winners announced and Presentations at a date and venue to be announced.**

**Entry Forms: Send S. S. A. E. to  
The Secretary  
Narrabri & District Historical Society Inc.  
P. O. Box 55  
Narrabri 2390**

**NORTH PINE BUSH POETS  
CAMP OVEN**

**WRITTEN COMPETITION**

**1st \$200 - 2nd \$100 - 3rd \$50**

Poems to be set in Australia or about Australians  
Not to have won a written contest  
No entry form - No line limit - Unlimited no. of entries

**(\$5 per poem)**

Send 2 copies of each poem with Cover Sheet & Payment

**J. Hansen - North Pine Bush Poets Inc.**

**35 Goodfellows Road,  
Kallangur, Qld. 4510**

**CLOSING DATE 30 June 2006**

SSAE for comments from two highly respected bush  
poetry judges

**PERFORMANCE COMPETITION**

**CAMP OVEN FESTIVAL**

**18-20 AUGUST**

(20k north of Brisbane CBD)

Juniors, Novices, Open, Duos, 1 Minute, Meet / Greet, Walk-ups

**SATURDAY NIGHT CONCERT**

**19th August**

**Shirley Friend, Carol Heuchan,**

**Ron Liekefett, Noel Stallard**

**Phone Anita (07) 3343 7392 or**

**Manfred (07) 3399 8343**

## PROFILE: JOHN PEEL

*D'ye ken John Peel with his coat so gay,  
D'ye ken John Peel at the break of day,  
D'ye ken John Peel when he's far away,  
With his hounds and his horn in the morning.*

No! It's not the legendary 17th century huntsman from Greenrigg, Caldbeck UK who inspired the above song, but of a more recent newcomer to the Australian Bush Poetry scene.

Our John Peel was born in Adelong in NSW. He grew up on a farm near Batlow. He attended the local central school where he gained his HSC. After finishing school, he attended Sydney University where he gained his qualifications as an engineer. At the completion of his studies, he moved to Ballarat in Victoria to work as a design engineer for Goldacres, a company that specializes in building agricultural spraying equipment. He has been based in Ballarat for the last six years.

His interest in bush poetry was kindled during his primary school years. This was when his class teachers and his parents first introduced him to the poetry of Paterson and Lawson.

During his high school and univer-



sity years he wrote an occasional poem. It has only been in the last three or four years that he started to get back into writing a little more seriously.

Just over a year ago now, John started performing his works in front of an audience, something that he is hoping to do more regularly in the future. He has made his presence felt at a number of southern festivals and always leaves his listeners in wonderment at the dryness of his humour and his outlook on everyday life.



## can you help?

Enquiries to hand are asking for the words to the following poems.

1. Is the story of a drover who fell from his horse and broke his leg.

He scribbled out a note and summoning the dog to fetch help. The dog, ever mindful of his masters cruelty at times, finally reached the homestead, crawled under the shed, ate the note and went to sleep.

2. 'A Pommy Jackeroo's Letter Home', ending with something like this: 'from all this consignment deep, I've come to the conclusion that the road to hell is sheep.'

3. Can you add to these two lines? 'My lady fair has velvet eyes, like pansies dark and deep.'

If you can help in any way it would be appreciated. Please advise the Editor on 02 6344 1477 or bushpoet@bushpoetry.com.au



## STUCK IN A LINGERIE STORE

© John Peel  
27/7/03

One time when I went down to Melbourne,

I got stuck in a lingerie store.

I'm not really sure how I got there,

I must have walked through a wrong door.

I found myself walking around there,  
Through aisles of panties and bras,  
Through aisles of garters and stockings,  
And underwear worn by the stars.

A sales lady who worked there,  
A pretty young blonde she was too,  
Asked, "Have you seen the stuff that I'm wearing?"

Do you mind if I model for you?"

Now this to me seemed like an offer,  
One that I couldn't refuse,

I thought about next Monday coming,  
When I'd tell my mates this piece of news.

So then without much hesitation,  
To both questions I answered her,  
"No."

She unzipped her dress in the corner,  
And that's when she started the show.  
She was wearing a little black g-string,  
Above them a black brassiere,  
I told her "They're really quite lovely."  
I tried really hard not to stare.

She asked, "Shall I put on a teddy?"  
I answered, "A red one will do."  
While she changed I picked out one more outfit,  
Changed my mind and instead made it two.

And it seemed the sales lady was happy  
To just keep on modelling away.

What at first seemed like a disaster,  
Turned into not such a bad day.  
Then she told me, "I'm sure that your girlfriend,  
Would look really good in this gear."  
And it was right then that I mentioned,  
The words she did not want to hear.

I told her, "You know that it's really a shame,  
I have no girl to buy this stuff for."  
Her smiling face pretty soon turned to a frown,  
She put her clothes on, and showed me the door.

But then I had one last suggestion,  
I pleaded, "Please listen to me,"  
I really liked watching you model,  
I enjoyed what I just had to see."  
I asked her, "Will you be my girlfriend?"

You're a girl I could buy this stuff for."  
She said, "Yes," and I think the shock hit me,  
I stood with a wide-open jaw.

And now the shop lady's my girlfriend,  
She models for me every day.

We're both very happy together -  
She no longer sells lingerie.  
Sometimes it seems that things happen,  
In ways we describe as, 'just chance' -  
Who'd have thought I'd find a girlfriend,

In a shop that sells girl's underpants?





## BARRY LAKE

Narooma (NSW) Bush Poet and Yarn-spinner Barry Lake took out the double at the National Folk Festival in Canberra over the Easter Weekend winning both the Poet of the Year Title and the National Yarn-spinner of the Year for 2006.

Barry was genuinely enthralled with his poetry win decided over the first three days of competition against ninety eight entrants. In accepting his prize Barry gave credit and thanks to those behind the scenes in the ABPA who keep the ball rolling and to the festival organizers.

He was equally surprised with his win against another thirty story-tellers in the National Yarn-spinner of the Year, decided over four days of the festival.

Barry will now return to the National in 2007 where he will be required to adjudicate both the poetry and the yarn-spinning competitions.

The first Poet of the Year was held at the 1984 National Folk Festival and went to Kel Watkins of Western Australia. The Inaugural Yarn-spinner of the Year was Frank Daniel of Canowindra in 2005.

Barry also took out the Tall Tales competition at St. Albans in April adding further to his already impressive list which includes previous wins at St. Albans, Eulo Q. and Corryong Vic.

Barry Lake is a published author of short stories and poetry, many of his

yarns are based on real life experiences, albeit embellished.

A dedicated performer, he endeavours to create a performance piece of fire and emotion appropriate to each poem or yarn. Those that have heard him sing and recite Marian Fitzgerald's "When Grandad Sang", gyrate to Neil Macarthur's "Gay Farmhand" or thunder to Eric Bogle's "Green Fields of France" - know that he's an entertainer.

Born in Sydney in 1932 with Army forebears going back to the Rum Corps, he graduated as an Engineer from the Royal Military College, Duntroon and also from the Royal Military College of Science U.K.

He served in the Middle East, leading Cambridge University expeditions through the Sahara in Libya, and also conflicts in the Trucial States of Oman, Muscat then Aden. He commanded a unit in New Guinea, is a Vietnam Veteran having served with a U.S. Training Team, is a Pilot, a Parachutist and a construction engineer. Barry spent many years in the bush and jungles on military projects including demolition, mines and bomb disposal and was Chief Engineer of the Army's 1st Division.

A father of four, he retired to Narooma NSW in 1982 and served twenty years with both the Rural Fire Service and Rescue Squad. Barry took up poetry after the demise of his wife of forty years from cancer. He now spends his time fishing from his foreshore property and motor homing around the country to folk festivals.

### ' I REMEMBER '

by Barry Lake

*I remember. Oh, how well I do.*

*I remember, as I think of you.*

*I remember our youth and growing,*

*I remember discovery, the awe of knowing.*

*I remember the mirth as life revealed.*

*I remember true worth, and love's feel.*

*I remember the sunshine of living, the rain.*

*I remember the loss, the sorrow, the pain.*

*I remember there is a tomorrow*

*I remember...again and again and again.*

## FOR THE FIRST TIME !!! AT INVERELL'S "CELEBRATION OF THE OUTBACK"

### AUSTRALIAN SONG-WRITING CONTEST

**Must be -**

**Original Work -**

(with statement to this effect)

**An Australian Bush Ballad**

(not Country and Western)

**Submitted on a tape or CD**

(sound quality not a criterion)

Entries close last mail delivery

**31<sup>st</sup> July, 2006**

In lieu of writer being present  
to do so

Permission must be given  
for entry to be performed  
by a visiting artist at the

**Performance Night**

**9<sup>th</sup> September**

**NO ENTRY FEE**

**PRIZE MONEY**

and a

**"Golden Angel Trophy"**

**with Sapphire**

**Mail Entries to:**

**Australian Song-Writing Contest**

**P.O. Box 92**

**INVERELL NSW 2360**

*To Musos Everywhere -  
Get Those Creative Juices  
Working*

**\*ALL PROCEEDS**

**GO TO THE**

**RESCUE HELICOPTER SERVICE**



## BEACONSFIELD MINE DISASTER 2006

Oh! What a miracle. *Oh! What a healing!*

When lucky Miners leave a mine  
behind them walks a ghostly line  
of brave lost souls who'll evermore  
remain below the shifting floor

They rise, these ghosts, like comrades true.  
(The type who'd go back down for you)  
The sort that joins the rescue mob  
and laughs, "it's just another job!"

Until some wife lies dead awake  
and waits for vital news to break,  
then sees the boss and hears him shout  
"We've got him love... he's walking out!"

Marco Gliori  
saddlesaw.com

*(I lost my half brother Geoff in the Moura Mine No.2 Disaster in 1994. He still remains underground with 10 of his mates But when amazing, joyous rescues like this happen, they all walk free.)*

## NATIONAL COUNTRY MUSIC MUSTER/ GYMPIE 2006

Turn left on the Bruce Highway about 20 k's south of Gympie and drive through the forest until you find tens of thousands of hysterical country music fans stomping wild in a specially selected section of the Amamoor State Forest. You have found the Gympie Muster.

As tradition predicts, the first show will be the Poets Breakfasts on Tuesday 22nd August and this year I will have the pleasure of paying out on the biggest collection of Poetry misfits the Muster will have ever seen. No doubt I'll be asking myself the same questions:-

Will Gary Fogarty make good his promise to linedance naked across the stage during the final of the Muster-beenbloodygood Poetry Award, in the sad hope that he might actually win a part of the \$1000.00 on offer???

Will Col Milligan and Neil McArthur really sic their Goannas onto Carol Heuchan and Gabby Colchoun in the Bullshute Bar Bards, Poets Brawl???

Surely Current Australian Bush Poetry Champions Melanie Hall and Milton Taylor cannot produce a sober tale during the Bull Shute Bar Bard's 'Myths or Legends' concert, after gallivanting down the East Coast engaging in wild celebrations of their Charters Tower's wins.



Will Johnny Lloyd really make the Journey by Buffalo? Will Jack Drake accidentally tie up Woody to the Mobile Ice Van again?

Will Dave Proust actually return that poor Lady's false teeth he and Bluey the Chook stole from her mouth during last year's Chook Raffle....like he promised?

Well hey! Don't ask me, ask Shirley Friend and Ray Essery they run the Poets camp, and do all the cooking, when they're not asking Darren Colston to sing them another Lover's Lullaby.

But hey, all these questions AND MORE will be answered during feature concerts, competitions, walkups, and six of the biggest breakies a Poet is

When a marriage fails, all too often, Mums are left "holding the baby". There are really no winners and 'collateral damage' can be deep and destructive. Dads also suffer, frequently that's overlooked. This is only one story, no more, no less.

## BRIDGING DISTANCE

(c) Manfred Vijars - May 2006

I see the distance in your eyes,  
sweet child of mine, they don't disguise  
the ache and hurting so long carried.  
Yes, here we sit uncomfortable  
relationship deletable -  
mountains high from mole-hills harried!

I look at you and swell with pride  
but saddened by our love denied  
NO! Stolen! Bitterly impeded!  
What matter who is more to blame  
there are no winners in this game  
no victors here - all have conceded!

Result of love is what you are  
but both of us will wear the scar  
of your parent's stupid quibblings.  
I was told in my absence  
that you would spring to my defence  
I've heard that often from your siblings.

Your mother also had her pride  
she too was eaten up inside  
and hard times were thus magnified.  
Phone calls often were curtailed.  
Birthday cards with cash had failed  
to reach you - more access denied!

How I've missed you child of mine  
and ache that we slide in decline  
through another's foul agenda.  
I'm tired of fighting phantoms child  
your parents won't be reconciled -  
no chance at all not even slender.

One bloke said that, "Time would heal all ills!" however, I'll reveal  
He'll never work as my physician.  
Now here we are, yes You and I  
close, each-other's tears let's dry.  
Safe place here - no opposition.

We can be straight and talk direct,  
both adults now and with respect.  
Flesh of my flesh we are forever.  
Child and Father reconciled  
in love that's pure and undefiled.  
We'll strengthen bonds so none can sever!

ever likely to see. It's worth the drive to the Gympie Muster.

Cheers  
Marco Gliori (0746614024)

After reading about the mine rescue in Tassie, I know that the whole country is rejoicing, but I think to those of us who have spent some time underground it is really moving as the old saying goes, "There but for the grace of God go I"

## "GECKO"

© Ross Magnay - Alice Springs

A thousand feet of granite, between my helmet and the sun,  
There's dust and heat and dirt and dark, and tainted waters run.  
And here we see no treasure, no copper gold or lead,  
As we work in our granite tomb, are we the living dead?

It's drill and blast and truck the ore,  
then pull it up above,  
We're here to earn a bloody quid,  
we're sure not here for love!  
So pull the skips and shift the ore,  
we've got to get it out,  
We'll show that bloody day shift, what minings all about,

And when the shift is over, we'll roll a box of beer,  
That's when the mining stories are the biggest that you'll hear.  
There's twice as many headings bogged, and skips go up the shaft,  
And faces bored and blasted, "Cock ups? Don't be daft!"

So here we are at "Gecko", toiling for our quids,  
To pay the bills and buy some beers,  
and try to feed the kids,  
And though each of us reckons that we'll snatch it soon for sure,  
After every break is done, we all come back for more!

## POSITION VACANT **TREASURER**

The Position of Treasurer of the Australian Bush Poets Association will become vacant from the end of July 2006.

Interested persons should contact the Secretary, Ed Parmenter on 02 6652 3716 e: edandmarg@hotmail.net.au

## SPOONERISMS

Lyle Larsen

Blunders abound in language and literature. One of the most amusing is called a SPOONERISM. This term refers to the accidental interchange of the initial sounds of two or more words. When you mean to say "well-oiled bicycle" and it comes out "well-boiled icicle," that's a spoonerism. Most people have made such slips at one time or another, but for some people, like the Reverend William Archibald Spooner (1844-1930) of Oxford, it is a chronic speech infirmity known to medical science as metathesis. Spooner, however, committed this type of blunder so often and so spectacularly, that it is now always associated with his name.

One day Spooner told a student, "You hissed my mystery lecture and can leave Oxford by the town drain." Another time he referred to Queen Victoria as "our queer old dean." He once told an audience, "We all know what it is to have a half-warmed fish inside us." He meant to say "a half-formed wish."

Spooner also had other oddities. He once said to a student, "Mr. Coupland,

you read the lesson very badly." Coupland replied, "But, Sir, I didn't read the lesson." Said Spooner after a pause, "Ah, I thought you didn't."

He told a newly arrived member of the college, "Do come to dinner tonight to meet our new Fellow, Casson." "But Warden," replied the young man, "I am Casson." "Never mind," said Spooner, "come all the same."

But Spooner was best known for his spoonerisms, a term that came into general use and entered the Oxford English Dictionary in his own lifetime. To give a few other examples: Spooner went into the dean's office one day and inquired of the secretary, "Is the bean dizzy?" On another occasion he meant to observe that the cat dropped on its paws, but he said, "The cat popped on its drawers."

Just after the First World War, he told someone, "When the boys come back from France, we'll have the hags flung out" (the flags hung out).

(No doubt members of our bush poetry audiences are well acquainted with Rindacella and the Tree Piddle Iggs).



## GREAT LAKES & TAREE DISTRICT POETRY COMPETITION FOR SCHOOL STUDENTS 2006



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

Entry is free and open to all students who reside in the above geographical areas. Closing date is 23rd August, 2006.

Twelve prize winners will be selected, six each from primary and high school students who are geographically eligible.

The presentation of awards, during which the winners will recite their entries, will take place at a Poets Breakfast to be held in the Tuncurry Theatre, Point Rd., Tuncurry on Sunday 17th September 2006, commencing at 8 am. Breakfast will be available for a very reasonable \$6.00 and will be cooked by one of our event sponsors, Tuncurry Mud Crabs Swimming Club.

The mornings entertainment will

commence at 9 am and will include performances by local and visiting poets.

The entertainment will this year again include a One Minute Poets Brawl with prize money as follows: 1st - \$100, 2nd - \$30 and 3rd - \$20. Topic for the Brawl poem will be available by phone, one week prior, on Saturday 9th September between 9 am and 2 pm from Reid Begg, 02 6554 9788. Entry for the Brawl is \$3.00. This years Brawl will be sponsored by local accountancy firm, Harrison, Main and Macarthur of Tuncurry.

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

The organisers wish to express their appreciation to their other event sponsors who are Ware Building Pty. Ltd. of Tuncurry, Country Energy and the Coomba Park Cowgirls.

Submitted by Reid Begg, Tuncurry NSW.



## 'OLD SPORT'

Arthur Green – Warana Q.

Winner: Rhema 2004 Poetry Competition

Now settle back and listen up – I've got a tale to tell,

about a piebald horse whose sire, I swear, came straight  
from hell.

The boys drew straws to break him, and it seems mine came  
up short,

and folks all came from miles around to watch me tame  
'Old Sport'.

'Yeah – funny name,' he said, and grinned – the bloke  
who'd trucked him down.

His laughter caused us some unease, long after he'd left  
town.

'Some pommy bloke from England named him that – well  
can't you guess.

He boasted he could ride him – Gawd, you should've  
seen the mess.'

'Don't let him get the upper hand – you'll never get it back.

Just show him who's the master – you or that flea-bitten  
hack.

They tell me he's unbroken; that he's thrown a dozen men.

The next one's number thirteen – you're not superstitious  
then?'

The price asked should have warned us there was something  
not quite right,

but though the boys can sit a horse, at times they're not  
too bright.

We looked him up, we looked him down, but 'Old Sport'  
didn't care –

just stood there and ignored us, like as if we lot weren't  
there.

The day we chose to break him, more than thirty lined the  
yard.

To those who seemed to doubt my skill, I paid but scant  
regard.

I sauntered over to 'Old Sport' – a hush fell on the crowd.

My confident demeanour would have made my daddy  
proud.

Although he had a blindfold on, he felt me climb aboard –  
then tensed as someone whipped it off, and vision was  
restored.

'Old Sport' just stood and quivered with his eyeballs show-  
ing white.

I quivered too, like one astride a keg of dynamite.

Then off he took, across the yard in wild, cork-screwing  
bounds.

The crowd's excited cheering drowned my wild blas-  
pheming sounds.

My hand was tangled in his mane – the air was turning blue.

I couldn't have dismounted even if I'd wanted to.

He pulled a sharp, right-angled twist – it seemed while in  
mid-air,

and slammed me hard against the fence, as if to say, 'So  
there.'

My screams grew octaves higher still – the crowd cheered  
fit to bust,

'till finally, I lost my grip and wound up eating dust.

I lay and watched 'Old Sport' trot back – the victor once  
again,

and swore if it was up to me, unbroken he'd remain.

They tell me modern doctors can work wonders with a  
break,

though when this plaster cast's removed, I'm sworn off –  
no mistake.

But harking back to where I lay spread-eagled in the dirt,

with busted bones and injured pride – where every muscle  
hurt,

Aware that what I'd have to face, each day, for years to  
come,

would break the hearts of lesser men – I've seen a few  
succumb.

Those constant 'be a Sport' requests I'd hear throughout the  
day,

and 'come on Sport, we're off to town to spend our hard-  
earned pay.'

The 'Sporting News' and every single thing that's linked to  
'sport' –

the endless possibilities invaded every thought.

So, weighing all the pros and cons, I made this solemn vow

'No way I'll climb back on 'Old Sport' – not sober, any-  
how.'

In future I'll cheer with the crowd – at least I've gained  
some sense.

Let others straddle wild-eyed broncs. I'm straddling the  
fence.

## EKKA BUSH POETRY COMPETITION

Brisbane Ekka's official title is now the Royal Queen-  
sland Show, but the Ekka has had several name changes  
over the years.

The Exhibition grew from the formation of the National  
Agricultural and Industrial Association of Queensland in  
1875. This group was formed to organise the first Queen-  
sland Inter-colonial Exhibition. This occurred in 1876 at the  
present site.

This year's Ekka marks 127 years of annual celebration  
of Queensland's progress and prosperity.

Well known Queensland Bush Poet Trisha Anderson  
will once again coordinate the Bush Poetry Competition to  
be held on stage at the Stockman's Rest Bar and Grill on  
Saturday 12th August with a total of \$2,500.00 in prize-  
money on offer.

Included in the programme will be the Bobby Miller  
Memorial Prize for the most humorous poem of the day.

Each of the three best performers in the Established and  
the Original will receive amounts of \$300.00 each, while the  
two best novices will split \$300 and the two best students  
will share \$150.

More details can be found on page 24.



## **BOWRAVILLE THEATRE**

In the early years of its existence, Bowraville was primarily a timber town. It grew to meet the needs of the local timber cutters and so by the 1870s it boasted two hotels, a number of general stores, a blacksmiths shop, a tailor, local post office, a school and a number of churches. By the 1880s, while timber was still dominant the district was also an important dairy and pig raising area.

The Gumbaynggirr people have inhabited the Nambucca valley and the surrounding areas for thousands of years. Their descendants can still be found living in the valley.

The township, originally named Bowra, grew up in the 1850s and 1860s. It was renamed Bowraville in

the 1870s because confusion was occurring with the Southern Highlands township of Bowral. The word Bowra comes from the Gumbaynggirr place name Bawrrung.

The town remained relatively static throughout the 20th century but by the 1980s this area of the New South Wales coast was attracting people looking for a better life style. Today this better lifestyle is apparent in venues like the beautifully restored historical theatre in the main street. The town's main street has been carefully recreated (much of it had been destroyed by a series of bush fires) so that it maintains a certain old world charm.

Bowraville is also the home town of World War II Victoria Cross winner Frank Partridge. The local Museum, named in his honour, opened in 2000, in the old Council Chambers building.

The freshness and energy of Heritage listed Bowraville has never been more vibrant than today, with the emergence of many forms of arts and crafts activity. as a result this wonderfully engaging country village has become the 'Artists Centre of the Nambucca Valley.

Owned by the Arts Council, the refurbished Bowraville Theatre is a hive of activity run by volunteers with many different types of events. A volunteer group is responsible for running theatre which is home to Verandah Post Films, an award winning production company, the Nambucca Valley Writers, Bowraville Theatre Film group, The Bowraville Theatre Singers, the Bowraville Theatre Players, as well as the Bards of Bowra, the local Bush Poetry group started about ten years ago by Maureen Stonham, now under the leadership of Dorothy Evans.

On August 5th, the now annual Bowraville Bush Poets Soiree will be held in the Theatre from 2pm. This is the third year that the Soiree has been included in the calendar. Previous presenters were Bill Kearns of Grafton and 'Arch' Bishop of Kurrajong. Due to many requests Bill has kindly consented to be feature artist again this year.

Many talented local poets including Marg and Ed Parmenter and Marj Trotter will be joined by visiting singer Diane Sanger and poets from Wauchope, Kempsey, Bellingen and Dorrigo.

# GIPPSLAND BUSH POETS

*Inaugural*

**GIPPSLAND WATTLE BUSH POETRY AWARD**

**OPEN WRITTEN COMPETITION**

# **\$1000.00 First Prize**

Minor Prizes:- \$250.00 and \$100.00

Entry cost is \$15.00 for up to 3 poems.

For an entry form send S.S.A.E. to:-

Des Bennett P.O. Box 466 Morwell Victoria 3840.

Phone enquiries:- (03) 5166 1532 after 4.00pm.

Or email:- [bjdraper@netspace.net.au](mailto:bjdraper@netspace.net.au)

**Entries close August 31<sup>st</sup> 2006**

## **BUSH POETS CALENDAR**

Please refer to the enclosed **Bush Poets Calendar Booklet** for the current listing.  
(Help keep this calendar up to date - send your details to the Editor. mailto: [fda70930@bigpond.net.au](mailto:fda70930@bigpond.net.au))

## **DON'T MISS**

**THE BEST WEEKEND OF AUSTRALIAN BUSH POETRY AND MUSIC**

### **INVERELL'S**

## **"CELEBRATION OF THE OUTBACK" 2006 FRIDAY 8<sup>th</sup> to SUNDAY 10<sup>th</sup> SEPTEMBER**

**FEATURING :** Ray Essery, Marco Gliori, Jimmy Brown, Dave De Hugard,  
"Scrubby Gully", The Rabbit-Trappers and more.

**FRIDAY :** *Bush Poets' Pub Crawl (Meet 5.30pm at the P.O. - 9 Pubs)*

**SATURDAY:** *Bush Poets' Breakfast at the beautiful Pioneer Village*

*Competitions with big prize money and trophies*

*Free Bush Band Concert in Campbell Park beside the Macintyre River*

### **Big PERFORMANCE NIGHT at the RSM Club**

**SUNDAY:** *Another Bush Poets' Breakfast with an "Open Mike" session*

*Barbeque lunch with Prime Inverell Beef*

**COMPETITIONS:** Big Prize Money! Original Bush Poetry - Traditional Bush Poetry

Junior Poet - Original Written Work - Bush Balladeers

**AND FOR THE FIRST TIME** - Original Song writing contest (see ad on page 21)

**To receive Program/Entry Forms/Accommodation Details by return mail contact:**

**INVERELL VISITORS' CENTRE (BH) (02) 67 288 161, or**

Burt Candy: e-mail [candyb57@yahoo.com](mailto:candyb57@yahoo.com)

**\*\* ALL PROCEEDS TO THE RESCUE HELICOPTER SERVICE \*\***

## **QUEENSLAND STATE CHAMPIONSHIPS**

The Beaudesert Bush Bards are progressing well and are gearing up to help the Country & Horse Festival Committee with the staging of the Queensland State Titles from June 10th to 12th.

It's all part of the 10th Anniversary of the Beaudesert Country and Horse Festival running from 9th to 18th of June 2006.

The theme for the celebrations will be 'Bushrangers' with a Saturday night

campfire, concerts and poets breakfasts featuring such artists as Marco Gliori, Carol Heuchan, Glenn Palmer, the mad muso Paul Emsbey and others.

All events bar the campfire will be held at the Woodhill Country Hall, on the Mount Lindsay Highway on the road to Jimboomba. The results of the Golden Horseshoe Written Awards will be announced at the finals.

All enquiries should be made to Mrs Nancy Moss on 07 5541 4355 email. [chfest@bigpond.com](mailto:chfest@bigpond.com) PO Box 242 Beaudesert Q 4285

**Mt. Kembla Mining and Heritage Festival** will get a real kick-start with a presentation of the wonderful works of Wendy Richardson OAM & Friends, supported by the Heritage Sub Committee, of which Wendy is a very important part. This should be a fascinating few hours and a great way to spend Sunday afternoon, June 4th at the Kembla Heights Community Hall at 1pm. (Phil Donaldson (02) 4261 9196) email. [phildon2@bigpond.com](mailto:phildon2@bigpond.com)  
Please pass on the information as your assistance in spreading the word will be appreciated.

## **The "new" Gosford Bush**

**Poets** now meet at 7pm on the last Wednesday of the month at the Gosford Hotel, corner of Mann and Erina Streets, Gosford.

Since changing the format and venue, the GBP's has now developed into an extremely popular event with the April function drawing sixty five people and twenty two presenters.

Every second month a special guest poet is featured with this year seeing Carol Heuchan appear in February and Arch Bishop performing in April.

The organizers extend an open invitation to all comers - entry is free - and a warm, friendly, fun filled night is assured.

For further information contact Vic Jeffries on 96394911 or email him at [jeffries@tech2U.com.au](mailto:jeffries@tech2U.com.au).

## **COMPETITION RESULTS**

### **Winton Junior Performance Festival 2006**

(195 Individual performances  
17 Group performances)

#### **PRIMARY**

##### **Year 1.**

First: Lucy Harris, Longreach S.S.  
Second: Breanna Kent, St Patrick's, Winton  
- Third: Megan Gaskin, St Patrick's, Winton

##### **Year 2**

First: Darcy Kersh, Mt Isa School of the Air. Second: Yolande Aay, Barcaldine S.S.  
Third: Gabby Rayment, Darcy Perry, Longreach S.S.

##### **Year 3**

First: Rinalda Aay, Barcaldine S.S.  
Second: Grace Sheehan, Longreach S.S.  
Third: Wade Forster, Winton S.S.  
Fourth: Brittany Cooper, Jundah S.S.

##### **Year 4**

First: Sally Magoffin, L.S.O.D.E.  
Second: Amy Sanders, Winton S.S.  
Third: Libby King, Longreach S.S.

##### **Year 5**

First: Tatum Kersh, Mt Isa School of the Air  
Second: Gemma Cusack, Winton S.S.  
Third: Brendan Denham, Barcaldine S.S.  
Fourth: Maddison Martin, St Joseph's, Mount Isa

Fifth: Kristen Smith, St Joseph's, Mount Isa  
Sixth: Cheyenne Dooley, St Patrick's, Winton. Seventh: Conan Russell, L.S.O.D.E.

##### **Year 6**

First: Casey Flint, St Patrick's, Winton  
Second: Sarah Hain, L.S.O.D.E.  
Third: Jessica Fitzgerald, Jundah S.S.

##### **Year 7**

First: Louise Graham, Longreach S.S.  
Second: Chentele Nelson, Longreach S.S.  
Third: Heidi Sheehan, Longreach S.S.

##### **Year 8**

First: Kate Cusack, Winton S.S.  
Second: Tiffany Lenton, Winton S.S.  
Third: Taylor Lenton, Winton S.S.

##### **Year 9**

First: Anna McCormack, L.S.O.D.E.  
Second: Kate Durack, All Souls St Gabriels, Charters Towers

##### **Year 10**

First: Emily Walsh, Barcaldine S.S.  
Second: Casey Mitchell, Winton S.S.

##### **Year 11**

First: Kelly Carn, Winton S.S.

##### **Year 12**

First: Robert Carn, Winton S.S.

#### **GROUPS**

##### **Group Year 1, 2 and/or 3**

First: Longreach S.S.,  
Second: Barcaldine S.S.  
Third: Winton S.S.  
HC: St Patrick's, Winton  
HC: L.S.O.D.E.  
HC: Windorah S.S.

##### **Group Year 4 and/or 5**

First: St Joseph's, Mount Isa  
Second: Winton S.S.  
Third: Barcaldine S.S.

HC: Windorah S.S.

HC: L.S.O.D.E.

##### **Group Year 6 and/or 7**

First: Winton S.S.  
Second: St Patrick's, Winton  
Third: Windorah S.S.

##### **Group Small School**

First: Jundah S.S.  
Second: Windorah S.S.

##### **Group High School**

First: Year 8, Winton S.S.

#### **Clover Nolan Awards**

##### **Primary**

Winner: Tatum Kersh, Mt Isa School of the Air.

Second: Casey Flint, St Patrick's, Winton

##### **Secondary**

Winner: Kate Cusack, Winton S.S.  
Runner-up: Emily Walsh, Barcaldine S.S.

#### **SPECIAL AWARDS**

##### **The Bob Miller Memorial Encouragement Award for Group Speaking**

Winner: L.S.O.D.E.

##### **Waltzing Matilda Special Medal**

For the best performance by a student from a School of Distance Education

Winner: Conan Russell, L.S.O.D.E.

##### **The Bob Miller Memorial Encouragement Award for Junior Presentation**

Winner: Christina Harwood, Longreach S.S.

##### **The Bob Miller Memorial Encouragement Award for Secondary Presentation**

Winner: Sally-Ann Angus, Winton S.S.

\* \* \* \* \*

## **STOCKMAN'S STATUE WRITTEN COMPETITION**

#### **OPEN WRITTEN COMPETITION**

1st Place: Joyce Alchin Corrimal N.S.W.  
Making Memories

##### **Highly Commended**

Kym Eitel - Thangool Qld Who Were You Ellen Kelly?  
Joyce Alchin - Corrimal N.S.W. Combaning Harvest

Alec Raymer - Plainland Qld The Long Roads

Kym Eitel - Through A Frightened Brumbies Eyes

Alec Raymer - The Station

David Campbell - Beaumaris Vic, Depression Years

Catherine McLernon - Mullaaloo WA. The Long Farewell

##### **Junior Written Competition. 12-17 years**

1st: Michelle Worthington - Birkdale Qld Charlotte Sturt

##### **Junior Written Competition u.12 years**

1st: Branyon Apel - Mt Tom Qld Lovely Lorikeets

##### **Highly Commended**

Dylan Wagner - Jandowie Qld My Talented Dad

Jessica Sells - Jandowie Qld The Ghost in the Wind

\* \* \* \* \*

## **RESULTS - CORRYONG**

#### **WRITTEN SECTION**

Silver Brumby Award - Glenny Palmer 'Six Red Marbles'

Larrikin Award - Kym Eitel 'Rocket and the Flea'

#### **PERFORMANCE SECTIONS.**

Original (Female) - Annette Roberts.

Original (Male) - Greg North

Aussie Poem (Female) - Lynette Molloy

Aussie Poem (Male) - Greg North

Aussie Yarn - Greg North

**Banjo's MFSR Recital** - Tracy Foxcroft

**Junior Performer** (u/18) - Renee Mathews

**Aussie Comedy** - Greg North

**Jack Riley Heritage Award** - Greg North

**Matilda Award** - Betty Walton

Runner up - Annette Roberts

**Clancy's Choice Award** - Greg North

Runner up - Colin Milligan

**One-minute Poem** - Ruth Dailey

Runner-up - Kathy Edwards

**Jan Lewis Encouragement Award** -

Kathy Edwards

**Seniors Encouragement Award** -

Ken Prato

**Original Song** - Michelle Meehan

**Aussie Song** - Maggie Murphy

**Lawrie Sheridan Encouragement Award**

- Jill Meehan

\* \* \* \* \*

DON'T FORGET, JUNE 10th

**COONAMBLE NSW Bush Poets Breakfast**

8am. Liz Markey 02 6824 1550

markey5@bigpond.com

(plus 3 day rodeo)

## **FACTS OF LIFE**

© Vivienne Ledlie

The father smiled to see his child  
Come running to his side.  
"Please tell me, Daddy, what is meant  
By that word 'sex'", she cried.

He looked aghast at this sweet girl -  
She was but eight years old;  
Too young, he thought and innocent  
To break this childhood mould.

She should be playing with her dolls  
Or other toys she had  
Instead of asking questions such  
As this one of her Dad.

With openness and honesty  
An inborn family trait,  
This Dad explained the facts of life  
Quite candidly and straight.

His discourse finished, thankfully,  
He kissed her on the cheek;  
No word she'd uttered all the while,  
But now began to speak:

"I didn't think my question was  
A matter so complex,  
For Mum just said to tell you lunch  
Is ready in two secs."

**FAR NORTH QUEENSLAND  
BUSH POETRY CHAMPIONSHIPS**

**4TH – 6TH AUGUST 2006**

**Mareeba Heritage Centre**

**Workshops, Breakfasts, BBQ  
Open Air Concert**

**Written & Performance  
Competitions**

**Hosts: Chris & The Grey**

Contacts:

The Co-ordinator

Far North Bush Poetry Championships

P.O. Box 8211, Bargara Qld. 4670

Ph. 07 41591868

www.msc.qld.gov.au/content/view/451/2/

The Mareeba Heritage Centre

Ph/Fax (07) 40 925 674

**ORACLES of the BUSH  
NSW STATE  
CHAMPIONSHIPS**

**TENTERFIED**

**October 7th - 8th**

**Written Competition to 48 lines**

**Performance Competition**

**Classical, Traditional**

**Original and Junior**

SSAE for entry forms

**PO Box 372 Tenterfield 2372**

oraclesofthebush.com.

**Further information & program**

**Phone Phil on 0267362900**

**VICTORIAN  
BUSH POETRY  
CHAMPIONSHIPS**

Benalla Bowls Club

**BENALLA**

**21st - 22nd OCTOBER**

**\$2,600 Prize money**

**& Trophies**

Lady's, Men's and Junior

Performance Competition

**Closing Date Oct.6**

Adult and junior Written Competition

**Closing date Sep.22**

Contact: The Secretary

V.B.P.M.A

113 Clarke St Benalla Vic 3672

Email: colmandy@bigpond.net.au

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**The Goondiwindi Grey**

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**Finalist 'Book of the Year'**

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**POETS BREAKFAST  
& ONE MINUTE BRAWL**

**incl. Presentation of Awards  
Great Lakes and Taree District  
Written Bush Poetry Competi-  
tion for School Students**

**8 am Sunday 17th Sept.,**

**Tuncurry Theatre,**

**Point Road, Tuncurry**

Brawl topic available from Reid

Sat 9th for topic 9am - 2 pm.

Brawl Entry \$3

Barbecue hot breakfast \$6.00

Breakfast bookings essential

**Ph. Reid Begg 6554 9788**

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**By Kym Eitel**

**\$15.00 each**

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**Silly, sad and serious poems  
to keep readers interested,  
intrigued or in tears.**

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email. kymeitel@yahoo.com.

**POETRY in this ISSUE**

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*Our Little China Rose*

Colin Milligan 4

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James J Hasson 5

*The Heelers Lament*

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Anonymous 6

*Home Alone*

Neil Carroll 7

*Mum's Driving Lesson*

Keith Lethbridge 8

*Limericks*

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*First Dance*

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*The Drunk*

Anonymous 10

*Hat Burning*

Baxter Black 10

*Ode to an Old Rocker*

Jill Wherry 10

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Jack Sorenson 11

*The Busy Man*

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POSITION VACANT P. 19

**EKKA BUSH POETRY  
COMPETITION**

**Saturday 12th AUGUST 2006**

9.00 am sharp

sponsored by

**'GO CARAVANNING AUSTRALIA'**

Classical Bush Poem

Original Bush Poem

Novice (Classical or Original)

School Students Competition

Bobby Miller Memorial prize

(for most humorous poem of the day)

**\$2,500.00 Prizemoney**

**Closing date 12th July**

SSAE for entry forms

**Trisha Anderson**

**113 Manson Road Hendra 4011 Qld**

trisha.spencer@bigpond.com.au