

The Australian Bush Poets Association Inc.

NEWSLETTER

Volume 14 No. 1 February - March 2007



Australian Bush Laureate Awards

2007 WINNERS



CAROL HEUCHAN

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Winners in the 2007 Australian Bush Laureate Awards were announced before a capacity audience in the Tamworth Town Hall on Tuesday 23rd January.

In Book of the Year, Original Verse, for best original Australian work in book form, the winner was *'The Exodus and Other Verse'* by Bob Magor, a sheep and cattle farmer from Myponga in South Australia. This is Bob's seventh top selling bush verse book.

Album of the Year went to Carmel Dunn and Jennifer Haig for *'I'm Better Than She Is'*. Both are Queenslanders with Jennifer from Eulo in the far South West and Carmel from Brisbane. These young ladies have built a strong reputation over a short period of time for their work and have achieved a great deal of success with this collaborative work.

The Single Recorded Performance of the Year was *'Why?'*, written and recorded by Carol Heuchan of Coorabong NSW. Carol also took out the inaugural Bush Poetry Performer of the Year award which was determined by public vote.

Those aware of the prolific poetry

successes of Carol Heuchan in recent years might imagine that she has been doing it forever. *Not so!* An instant top selling book in 2004 led to her first bush poetry competition and the rest, as they say, is history, with poetry taking over her life, to the point where Carol has won over a hundred awards for her poetry and writing in those few short years including the NSW and the Victorian State Championships.

The winner of the Judith Hosier Heritage Award for outstanding achievement in nurturing Australia's heritage of verse, went to Carmel Randle of Preston in Queensland, a tremendous worker for the cause of bush poetry.

The Australian Bush Laureate Awards were first staged in 1996 to recognise excellence in published and recorded Australian Bush Poetry.

The 13th Australian Bush Laureate Awards will be held in Tamworth on Tuesday 22nd January 2008.

BUSH POETS AGM

The Annual General Meeting and election of office bearers of the Australian Bush Poets Association Inc., was held on Thursday 25th January at St. Edwards Hall, Hillvue Street, Tamworth with forty members in attendance.

Returned for his second term as **President** was Noel Stallard of Arana Hills Brisbane.

Vice President:

Frank Daniel, Canowindra NSW.

Secretary:

Ed Parmenter, Coffs Harbour NSW.

Treasurer:

Margaret Parmenter, Coffs Harbour.

Editor: Frank Daniel

Committee members elected were Melanie Hall of Townsville Q, Cay Fletcher from Taree NSW and Peter Mace from Empire Bay NSW.

State Delegates: Victoria Dennis Carstairs; Queensland, Manfred Vijars; South Australia, Maurie O'Brien; Western Australia, J Bond; New South Wales, Carol Heuchan.

Life Memberships were bestowed on the inaugural secretary Ron Selby of Toowoomba Q., former secretary Olive Shooter, Allora Q., and Frank Daniel, Canowindra



Ed and Margaret Parmenter

NSW, former President, Vice President and editor of the ABPA Newsletter for outstanding services rendered.

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(Established 1994)

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



**THE 2006 PRESIDENT'S REPORT -
PRESENTED TO THE 2007 AGM**

2006 saw the Australian Bush Poets Association Inc. achieve several milestones. The establishment of an independent ABPA website by Andy Schnalle has given the Association a national and international means of communication that can only enhance the promotion of Bush Poetry. I would encourage members to access this website and to contact Andy should you want to advertise festivals or Bush Poetry material.

The membership drive through the use of the new brochure has been very successful and I am hoping that the momentum generated in 2006 will continue through 2007. As President I am most grateful to the poetry groups and individuals that got behind this drive by applying for batches of brochures and distributing them at their festivals and gigs. There are brochures here at the AGM that I would encourage members to take with them and to distribute to interested parties.

We also now have a Register of Quality Writers who have made themselves available to judge the numerous written competitions that are held across the country. Having these qualified writers as judges should ensure that the poems of the winners and place getters are of a high standard and one we can be proud to publish. The Association wishes to publicly acknowledge the generous support these qualified judges have given to ensure quality poetry. I encourage Festival and Competition organizers to use these judges and the Association's Criteria Sheet for Written Competitions. We will always be trying to improve the judging of our competitions but it is very frustrating when (the-best-that-we-have-at-the-time) is not being used. Hopefully the AGM will endorse the suggested amendments to the Criteria Sheet for Written Competition as published in the Oct-Nov Newsletter but this will be wasted if competition organizers do not use it. I would hope in 2007 that improvements in the Criteria Sheet for Performance Competitions are also achieved and a Register of Quality Judges for Performance Competitions is established.

While my motion for the ABPA to provide financial assistance(\$1000) to the organizers of State and National Championships was defeated at the 2006 AGM I will be resubmitting the motion at the 2007 AGM as I am of the strong belief we should be providing some financial support to these generous clubs that take on the responsibility and burden of these prestigious championships.

Finally, on behalf of all the members of the Association, I wish to convey our sincere gratitude to Frank Daniel for his excellent presentation of the Newsletter throughout the year. This is the Bush Poets Flagship and information source for the activities of bush poets throughout the year. Despite his serious health problems of this time last year Frank has continued to give us a Newsletter that is varied, informative and innovative so that you look forward to the first week of alternate months for a good read. Thanks Frank. A special thanks also to Marg Parmenter for picking up the Treasurer's role when Marie Smith was unable to continue. As Secretary Ed Parmenter keeps the fires stoked and makes sure I dot my (i)s and cross my (t)s. To my 2006 Committee thank you for your support and good judgment and for steering me through my first year of Presidency.

With gratitude,

Noel Stallard

**NEW PERFORMANCE COMPETITION
AT THE JOHN O'BRIEN FESTIVAL**

At the John O'Brien Festival on Thursday 16th March commencing at 6pm the John O'Brien Heritage Committee will hold a performance competition in which contestants will recite one John O'Brien poem.

The preferred venue is outdoors near the Presbytery around a campfire.

The prize-money will be 1st \$200 2nd \$100 3rd \$50 —

Entry to the competition is \$5 and this is sent to

Narrandera Tourist Centre PO Box 89 Narrandera 2700



**2007
BLACKENED BILLY
COMPETITION
Record 302 Entries**

The prestigious Blackened Billy Verse Competition was once again a remarkable success; entries came from all over Australia as well as New Zealand.

The organizers, the Tamworth Poetry Reading Group, wish to acknowledge the care and attention to detail taken by competitors which indicates a marked respect for the standard of the competition. The Tamworth Poetry Reading Group has led the way in written competitions since the inauguration of the Blackened Billy Verse Competition in 1990. The Blackened Billy Rates highly with writers of Bush Verse.



This year's winner was David Campbell of Beaumaris in Victoria with his poem 'Hero'. (p.19)

Judges comments: 'This was a narrative which generated deep emotion and a strong bond between a grandfather and a grandson. I was particularly impressed with the opening stanza, which created the necessary theme to direct the poem along its path. The writer uses simple but effective phrasing and steers us into the world of realism, the tough life of a shearer and the added responsibilities of teaching by example. A worthy winner of the 2007 Blackened Billy.

Runner-up this year was Val Wallace from Glendale NSW with her poem 'Killed in Action'.

Third place went to Don Adams of Paraparaumu Beach, New Zealand. Don's poem was entitled 'Be Seen and Heard . . . and Loved'

Those Highly Commended were:

Arthur Green of Warana Queensland with 'Farewell the Light-Horses'



JAN MORRIS

Co-ordinator - Tamworth Poetry Group

Max Merckenschlager, Caloote SA 'Along the Muranji'; Alec Raymer, Plainland Qld. 'Night Walkers'; Carol Heuchan, Cooranbong NSW. 'Fate'; Carol Heuchan, 'Trails'; Ron Stevens, Dubbo NSW 'The Expedition'; Brian Beesley, Cherrybrook, 'My Country'; Glenny Palmer, Kooralby Qld. 'The Blooming'; Ellis Campbell, Dubbo NSW 'A Boy Comes Home'; V.P. Read, Bicton WA, 'A Tribute to Jilly'.

JUDGE'S COMMENTS

We were overwhelmed to receive 302 entries for this year's competition and this amount exceeds the entries for 2006 by approximately thirty. This conveys to us that the Blackened Billy is retaining its popularity. Our thanks are due again to the hard working Jan Morris and her Committee for yet another excellent effort in planning and organisation.

Although there were many fine entries, it was difficult to make a final adjudication, as there were many entries of a similar standard. Determining the winner was once again not easy.

Poems covered a wide variety of topics, and I would like to congratulate every writer for their time and effort in the composition of their individual entries. To produce the final result takes a lot of effort and determination. Congratulations to all who took part in the competition.

Please keep on writing and entering competitions. I believe it is great mental therapy and is also helping to keep free expression alive and well.

In determining the final placegetters I must admit that this took an abundance of time. The effect of reading and re-reading can become quite emotional. However the final decision has to be made.

Keith Jones,

Judge for the Blackened Billy Verse Competition.



**Y O U N G
NSW
CHERRY
FESTIVAL**

Two hundred and forty people attended the 2006 Best and Less Bush Poetry Competition at the Young Golf Club on Saturday night 2nd December. A follow-up cooked breakfast and performance on the Sunday morning saw another 150 in attendance with at least eighty per-cent of these not having been the night before; many were visitors to the Cherry Festival with two bus loads from the Newcastle-Hunter and Central Coast regions.

Overall winner of the competition was Carol Heuchan of Cooranbong followed by Greg Broderick of Young and Ellis Campbell of Dubbo who had just celebrated his eightieth birthday the day before. Highly commended awards were given to Greg North, John Davis, Jim Weatherstone and Don Anderson.

Judges this year were Joyce Cavanagh, Margaret Roles and Chris Cudmore who are to be thanked for their diligent effort.

Young comes alive in late November to early December each year when the cornucopia of the districts stone fruit first cones into harvest. Well known for its abundance of cherries, Young celebrates with the annual Cherry Festival. A traditional country event of great merriment and cheer, which is the highlight of the stone fruit season.

The festival sees all sort of fun and games such as the festival ball, a fun run, bush poets' competition, a busking competition and festival parade, as well as the must-enter National Cherry Festival Cherry Pip Spitting Championship. Come to Young in 2007.

TO THOSE WHO GO UNSUNG

© Suzanne Streeter Tamworth 2006

He clung to his mother's plain cotton skirt
as they stood in the fresh morning chill;
his shoeless feet, cold, buried in dirt.
Mother stood tall, slender and still.

Four horses, two saddled, one with a lead,
the other loaded, pack girthed up tight.
'Who', thought the boy, 'and for what ever deed?'
mused the lad, in the soft morning light.

Two older brothers moved into the scene
'Which way are you going?' Mother asked.
'We're travelling north - other drovers have been;
we're ready and set for the task.'

'The season up north has been hard hit by dry,
cattle runs are desperate for feed,
mobs are dirt poor and bidders won't buy'
said George as he took up the lead.

'Buchanan took stock to the Kimberley west,
now beef's future looks destined to fail.
To save cattle runs it's a plan for the best,
sell what we can and restock from the sale'.

The boys rode off with not a back look,
Mother waved till they rode out of sight;
who knew when they'd come from the track they took
'Lord' she prayed, 'give them strength for the fight.'

The boy grew in years - memories growing unclear;
Mother's prayers never flagging for a day -
Through the heat haze two riders quietly appeared;
family fervently hoped they would stay.

A trek to 'Wave Hill', then the Ord River mouth,
a long ride upon tracks not well set,
to drive a thousand head for sale in the South
was the challenge to be steadfastly met.

The young drovers ignored whatever was said,
tackling the job was what pushed them on.
That they should make history never entered their head
they had brought the mob south and had won.

(Droving cattle from Darwin to NSW in 1906
- Fred and George Streeter)



POETRY in the Paddock

On the Sunday afternoon of 12th November last year, John Davis and friends Frank and Lyn Condello organized what they called some Poetry in the Paddock at the Condello's Yatte Yattah Nursery about five kays along the Princes Highway north of Milton on the NSW South coast.

With the weather being a little 'suss' in the morning, and this being the first attempt at a bush poetry get-together in the area, it is believed that many stayed away pending an inclement change, but the organizers were quite pleased with the initial crowd of over sixty enthusiastic listeners and devotees.

The venue was terrific being set up on a slope with bush land in the background and a few cattle adding to the landscape behind the performers.

Writers, readers and reciters along with ABPA member, Betty White were Lyn Condello, Craig Green, Wallace Burns, Chris Woodland, Bill Powell, Elizabeth Ferguson, Lucy Davidson, John Davis, Dave Bartlett and sixteen year old Kelly Ashby who wrote a poem to honour her dad who was killed in a logging accident.

ABPA Membership forms were distributed so hopefully the association might see some new members from the South Coast.

Stay tuned for further gatherings in the Milton-Ulladulla region.

MILTON-ULLADULLA

The Milton Ulladulla district is on the NSW South Coast, being part of the city of Shoalhaven.

Captain Cook first sighted Aborigines these beaches in 1770. The first white Settler was Rev Thomas Kendall in 1828 who started cedar cutting at Narrawallee Creek near Milton. Ulladulla was known as Nulladulla - meaning safe harbour. Milton is today classified with the National Trust. One can walk around the streets of Milton and see home and buildings dating back to 1870.

Ulladulla is a major tourist area with its beautiful beaches. The harbour today plays host to the largest commercial fishing fleet on the South Coast.

THE NEW PEN

Rhubard 06



When Christmas morn came a knocking,
I found a new pen in my stocking.
The color is fine
And the knib is devine,
But it's speling is just bluddy shocking.

And worse is to come, I should think.
Will this fountain pen drive me to drink?
After eight bluddy lines,
It's action declines
As the bluddy thing runs out of in

LIGHT HORSE WEEKEND - Monto Qld.

The ABPA was well represented at the Central Qld. Australian Light Horse Re-enactment and Reunion at Monto back in November.

This event celebrated the 70th anniversary of the Monto Troop 5th Light Horse with forty horses, riders and ground crews from as far north as Cairns and Rockhampton to the Darling Downs and the Gold Coast in the south who competed for the prestigious trophies on offer.

The Warrah Kimber Walers stud

had two registered foundation Waler Stallions on show, 'Heartbreaker' and 'Poddy Dodger', with bloodlines tracing back to two of the original Remount Stations, Gardens Station in the Northern Territory and Clayton Station on the Birdsville Track in South Australia.

Twelve poets attended the Monto weekend and were worked hard at breakfast, smoko and lunch and were the star entertainers at the Saturday night reunion at the High School.



Letter to the Editor

Dear Frank,

Please allow me space to express my sincere appreciation of all the wonderful people who contributed to the scrapbook compiled by my daughter Carolyn in honour of my 80th birthday, not the least being yourself.

About seventy poets contributed poems - both serious and hilariously funny - letters, photos, haikus, cinquains, tetractys, tankas, O.B.E. certificates and medals, water colour paintings, cartoons, drawings - almost every kind of tribute one can imagine. And some very valued friends with whom I regularly correspond outlined their tributes with postage stamps.

As I had to be kept in the dark about it all, it was a marathon job for Carolyn to tackle in trying to find names and addresses of so many people she did not know. Both her effort and the response from the wonderful

poets were truly remarkable and humbling.

A couple of these came from poets outside Australia, which shows the amount of trouble Carolyn took with this project.

Apparently my family held a meeting and decided that if they gave me a party so few of these wonderful friends would be able to attend because of the enormous distance involved.

They made the decision to keep it to a family party and give my poetic friends the opportunity to join in via the scrapbook.

How enthusiastically they responded!

Thank you all; I am quite overwhelmed by your response. I am sure I do not deserve many of the tributes paid to me - but I suppose it is OK to flatter and old bloke over 80!

Warmest regards,

ELLIS CAMPBELL

BEAUDESERT EVENTS NOT TO BE MISSED

The Beaudesert Bush Bards have events coming up in 2007 which should be marked in your diaries as dates not to be missed. The BBB's are able to conduct these events because of assistance given by Beaudesert Shire Council and Arts Queensland, through the Regional Arts Development Fund.

The first is a Poetry Writing Workshop for Adults with Noel Stallard on Sunday, 15th April. The capacity crowd which attended the previous workshop in February, 2006 asked for another to be arranged. It will be held at the Beaudesert Community Arts & Information Centre commencing at 9.30am. The \$15 fee includes a sausage sizzle lunch. Bookings will be essential. Watch out for further details as the date draws nearer.

A Poetry Writing Workshop for School Students to which Teachers will be invited, will be held the following day on what is a student-free day at school. Monday, the 16th April is at the end of the Easter school holidays. The BBB's aim to promote bush verse is the motivation for this workshop. It will be free of charge for the children. Noel will again be the tutor for this event. Any adult who wishes to teach poetry to school children will be welcome to attend.

The big event of the year will be the staging of the 2007 Queensland Championships on the Queens Birthday weekend - 9/10/11th June. Once again it will be under the umbrella of the Beaudesert Country & Horse Festival Committee. The 2006 event had a great atmosphere so the same little country hall at Woodhill has been booked. Camping will be available. The BBB's will use what they learnt at that competition to make this one even bigger and better.

Grenfell's

50th Henry Lawson Festival of Arts

June 7 - 11 2007

Bush Poetry Performances - Student Recitals

Literature and Busking Competitions

Grenfell Rock Idol

Dinner Dance Awards Night

VERSE & SHORT STORY COMPETITION

\$3,400.00 Prizemoney

Entries close 2nd March

PO Box 77 Grenfell 2810

Guinea Pig Races

Art and Porcelain Exhibition

Festival Queen and Charity Princess

Drama Society Presentation

'Call me Madam'

Patchwork and Quilting Display

Street Parade - Fun Run

Skateboarding and Kids Carnival

Something for Everyone.

Further information:

www.henrylawsonfestival.asn.au

A POET'S DILEMMA

by Pamela Fox - Beaudesert Q.

I think I'll write some poetry before I cook the dinner,
Since I took up this writing game, my old man's getting thinner,
You see I let my mind roam free to times so long ago,
To places of my childhood and the folks I used to know.

And while I'm writing hours pass, no thought of the breadwinner
And soon it's well past nine o'clock with no sign of his dinner.
Now I have tried to cook a meal and write at the same time
but I forgot about the meal while searching for a rhyme.

The meat it was reduced to ash, the veges caught on fire,
The kitchen was engulfed in smoke, was like a funeral pyre.
The firemen who came that day filled me with inspiration
to write about these muscle men who man the fire station.

One day he'll truly thank me, I'll make money with my verse
And I will pay a cook to come, perhaps a sexy nurse.
So they can take good care of him and I'll be free to write
I'll write all through the daylight hours and well into the night.

For now - I'd better feed him 'cos he's looking pale and weak
I'd rather write some poetry and work on my technique.
If someone has the answer, can you please drop me a line?
For I am so frustrated and his health is in decline.

New year Resolutions 07

© Big Russ Jan. 1.07.

I can't keep my resolutions,
No matter how I try,
The reason is; that in the past,
I've set the bar too high.

There is a water shortage
The Dams are dry I hear,
So I'll give up drinking water,
And drink more wines and beer.

I'll exercise more often,
In the past I've been a grub,
So once a day I'll do my walk,
And stride up to the club.

I will avoid all diets,
I will not ride a bike,
I'll satisfy the inner man,
And eat just what I like.

I won't vote for lying rodents,
Like John Howard and his Mob,
I'll support that little Kevin,
And I hope he gets the job.

So there's my resolutions
You might think they're somewhat cheap,
But with many years of failure,
I KNOW THEY'RE ONES I'LL KEEP.

SUPERSTITION?

© Graeme 'Skew-Wiff' Watt

I'm not superstitious by nature,
and I never do things by half,
I always walk under a ladder,
and on Friday the 13th, I laugh!

I've no time for black cats and Gypsies,
I'm not ruled by omens or fears,
as I said, I'm not superstitious,
I don't listen to warnings I hear.

there's only one thing I insist on,
when having a bath Sat'day night,
I always sit at the 'tap' end,
and it's not superstition or spite.

You might think it's odd that I sit there,
you might even think I'm a mug,
but the reason I sit at the 'tap' end,
is because we can't find the plug.



'Skew-Wiff' is now walking again after his hip replacement but he's starting to think old age is catching up fast with signs of arthritis in his joints.

A poem from one of our long lost old masters.

Many people have written about the fabulous alpine region, and others have expressed its majestic beauty through verse. There is one man, who lived in the High Country, wrote about its beauty, mined in its mountainous rivers and camped in many of the huts... "Billy" Wye. William James Wye was a poet of great merit, a man of whom 'The Bulletin' said, in the 1920s, "Mr Wye is probably the greatest of all horse poets, greater than Henry Lawson

MOUNTAIN MEMORIES

by William James 'Billy' Wye (1856-1952)

'Twas while I camped in Weston's Hut upon the Buffalo River;
When rain and hail rang on the roof and snow winds made me shiver.
The mountain creeks were brimming full, the river ran a banker,
So like a Schooner in distress, I was compelled to anchor.

The one and only picture that at once won my affection,
And called to mind the grandest days within my recollection;
Then for the sake of olden time, and memory that entwined it,
I turned the picture on the wall and wrote these lines behind it.

'Twas of a stockman and a horse, a thoroughbred and splendid,
With veins on fire and thighs like wire, when at top speed extended;
A wild steer charging on the flank appeared as though the victor,
So true the artist had portrayed the spirit of the picture.

The headlong gallop down the plain of horse and man's existence,
The cattle sheltered on the rise, the ranges in the distance;
They each and all recalled the days with Drover Andy Farren,
The days of youth and love and hope when droving on the Narren.

I loved the life which freedom gave - the big broad life out yonder,
The memory lingers with me still where'er I chance to wander;
The reckless comrades wild as steers how could a man forget them,
And strange to think in all the years to never since have met them.

Where are those boon companions now, all carefree and light-hearted?
They met as mates and lived as men, and like true bushmen parted.
They rode the track that led outback to conquer flood and fire,
While I the failure of them all, aspired for something higher.

And so I face the break of day, and turn towards the river,
To find it seething on its way, more dangerous than ever;
It well might make the strongest pause, however intrepid,
For when the snow on Selwyn thaws, these mountain streams are rapid.

The track that leads to Webbs' is rough, 'cross many a raging torrent,
And there's a welcome sure enough for man and horse, I warrant;
The rain is simply teeming down, the flood is just the limit,
We surely were not born to drown - Come on old horse, we'll swim it!

Teacher: How old were you on your last birthday?

Kid: Seven.

How old will you be on your next birthday?

Nine.

Impossible!

No it ain't - I'm eight today!

Teacher: Name six wild animals.

Kid: Two lions and four tigers.

**ENCOURAGE
OTHERS
WE NEED MORE
MEMBERS
HELP KEEP OUR
HERITAGE ALIVE**

Mar 29 - April 1 **CORRYONG Vic.**
www.manfromsnowyriverbushfestival.com

THE MAN FROM
SNOWY RIVER
BUSH FESTIVAL
Corryong Australia



MAN FROM SNOWY RIVER BUSH FESTIVAL -
Where Legends Perform!

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

Corryong is a small town in the Upper Murray region of Victoria where 500 volunteers get behind this important annual event.

Banjo's Man From Snowy River poem recital Winner Tracy Foxcroft, Khancoban (centre) with Greg North, Linden (2nd) and Maggie Murphy, Heathcote V. (3rd) at the 2006 Man From Snowy River Bush Festival in Corryong.

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

Look at the website to see who'll be there; we already have Guy McLean, Geoffrey Graham, Frank Daniel and Klancie Keogh. Klancie will judge the 'Aussie Bush Idol'

The Poetry and Music program keeps to the Aussie 'Bush' theme. \$4800 prize-money is offered across 13 sections of written & performed poetry, song, yarn, drama - **entries closing 9th Feb**, but there's walk-ups for poets & musos at Banjo's Block, pubs and cafes as well. If you can't attend - Written Serious and Humourous sections are available.

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

To be added to the festival database, phone or email the Festival Office, 0260761992 mfsrbf@bigpond.com or log on to the website at www.manfromsnowyriverbushfestival.com

MAN FROM SNOWY RIVER BUSH FESTIVAL

- Where Legends perform!

Mar 30 - April 1 - Corryong - NE Victoria

ANZ Poetry and Bush Music Competition - \$5000.00 + Trophies

Closing Date 9th February 2007

A unique Australian Bush Experience featuring

Guests: Guy McLean - Geoffrey Graham - Frank Daniel

NEW!! Aussie Bush Idol Competition guitar prizes (under 30)

Busking Competition - Buskers Welcome - Registration Necessary

All entry forms on website

Featuring:

Re-enactment of AB 'Banjo' Paterson's epic poem

Telstra Country Wide Man from Snowy River Challenge

WAW Art & Photography Exhibition and competition

Bull and Bronc Ride & Gala Bush concert - Craft and Trade Markets - Street Parade

Horsemanship entertainment Guy McLean

* Corryong Hotel Motel Riley's Ride

* Proton Ute Muster

For more information contact:

Festival Coordinator - mfsrbf@bigpond.com

PH: 02 6076 1992

www.manfromsnowyriverbushfestival.com.au

www.manfromsnowyriverbushfestival.com.au

ANZ

Tenterfield:

Oracles of the Bush In Safe Hands 12-15 April 2007

Tenterfield's Oracles of the Bush is a four day cultural event encompassing live performance of Australian Bush poetry, music and art. The timing of the event is set to coincide with Tenterfield's brilliant autumn - April is resplendent in a cloak of orange, gold and yellow providing the perfect backdrop for a truly unique Australian event.

Tenterfield's Oracles of the Bush Committee finds inspiration for the district's premier event in the spirit and character of the region's people, places, history and scenic beauty. Volunteer members keenly embrace fresh ideas from other community organisations who share visions of working together to create an event that is truly unique for both visitors and locals.

Now in its tenth year, the Oracles of the Bush Committee has adopted the practice of using proceeds from the event to finance worthy projects of local non-profit organisations. In return these organisations provide invaluable assistance in facilitating the smooth running of the event and assuring an enjoyable experience for all our patrons.

The Looming Legend Bush Poetry Competition is a significant and very popular component of Oracles of the



Bush - offering cash prizes for both writing and performance of bush poetry. The senior sections are open to all non-professional poets while the written junior sections are restricted to residents of Tenterfield Shire.

As in previous years Tenterfield's Oracles of the Bush will feature five professional performers to entertain their fun loving audiences - "Sex Lies and Bush Poetry" is no exception! Featuring Gary Fogarty, John Major, Neil McArthur, Jack Drake and balladeer Adam Kilpatrick - veterans and champions - artists recognized for their exceptional talents by the people that matter - the audience!

The program is jam packed with activities and performances, many taking place in some of Tenterfield's great old buildings - Paul's Barn, School of Arts, the Shearing Shed, Railway Station Petrie's Cottage and Steinbrook Hall. Art, craft, displays, exhibitions, local wines, produce markets and a mighty bush dance all add to the fun.

The Poetry Competition is a showcase for the many wonderfully talented amateur poets - the senior Looming Legend competition offering prize money of over \$2000.00 for both written and performance. The junior's competition becomes more popular (talent and entertainment of the highest quality) every year - something to look forward to!

Dates: 12-15 April 2007

For more information call 0267 362900 or go to the website www.oraclesofthebush.com



Tenterfield Saddlery

See Them at the John O'Brien Bush Festival



Greg North, Geoffrey W Graham, Garry Lowe, Des Kelly, Graeme Johnson, Vic Jeffries, Noel Stallard and many, many more

BAJARLI

by Big Russ

He said; "My name's Bajarli
I come from Pakistan,
I want to live in Sydney,
And be Australian Man."
Said the bloke from Immigration;
"We're a country that is fair
You must fill in all these papers,
To see how you compare."

So he filled in all the papers,
Every box was crossed and ticked,
His answers were the right ones,
He, to immigrate, was picked.
Then the bloke from Immigration,
Said; "Bajarli take a rest,
And prepare yourself, get ready,
For what is your final test."

"Your final test's an oral one,
Take a little time to think,
Make a sentence with these words in it;
Yellow, green and pink."
Bajarli's written skills were high,
Not so pronunciation,
For he hadn't had much chance to use,
Australian conversation.

"When, 'green, green, green', I hear"
he said,
"I think it is the phone,
I 'pink' it up, say 'yellow',
It's Bajarli, I'm at home."
Now Bajarli is an Aussie,
He's just like you and I,
Follows Rugby and the cricket,
And loves a Big Ben pie.

And if you want to meet him,
And be neighbourly, that's fine.
Just ring your Telstra Help Desk
And Bajarli's, on the line.



The Henry Lawson Society of NSW Inc
and Country Energy present
**The 2007 Country Energy
Leonard Teale Memorial Performance Poetry Award**



First Prize \$1,000



**and the coveted Henry Lawson Statuette sponsored
by the Land Newspaper**

Entrants shall record, on audio cassette, a poem about an Australian subject, by the entrant or a poet of their choice
Finalists will be chosen from taped entries with final judging taking place, by live performance,
before a panel of judges on

Saturday 9th June 2007 at the Prince of Wales Opera House, Gulgong, NSW

**This competition is held in conjunction with Student Poetry/Short Story Awards
(Years 3-6 and Years 7-10)**

Adult Written Short Story Awards and Adult Written Poetry Awards.



For further details please send SSAE to
Henry Lawson Society of NSW Inc.
Literary Awards, PO Box 235, Gulgong NSW 2852
or email henrylawsongulgong@yahoo.com.au

Entries close 14th March 2007



**The John O'Brien
Bush Festival
Narrandera NSW 14 - 18 March**

The five day John O'Brien festival has been dubbed by the media as Narrandera's amazing festival.

It has all the elements that make for a wonderful festival experience: humour, music, talent, tradition and friendly faces; poets breakfasts, busking, dancing, concerts and comedy shows, pub sessions and singalongs.

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

With the growth in popularity of the John O'Brien Bush Festival and the increased workload on the small tourism staff it has been found that some changes must be made with the ticketing and wristband ordering.

This year they're doing things differently. Patrons will need to pre-purchase tickets for individual break-



fasts and luncheons on the programme. These shows have limited seating and must be pre-sold. Don't delay as these functions always sell-out. Regular performers such as Geoffrey W. Graham, Noel Stallard, Frank Daniel, Us Not Them, 'H' and Jane and Gregory North will be joined by Warren Fahey, Graeme Johnson, Garry Lowe, Vic Jefferies and Des Kelly plus numerous musicians and dance groups including the Celtic Larrikins, Oaklands Road, Eileen McPhillips, Will of the Wood, The Fellowship of Strings, Bahntree, Dadscrampy, a huge main street parade, Pipe Bands and the Swag and Billy Band. In all, over forty-eight different shows and performances at more than twenty different venues.

Poets and budding poets can join in the Coles Welcome Walk-up at the Bowling Club on Thursday and Meet the Locals at the Narrandera Park on the Friday morning at 10am. No less than six cooked poets breakfasts will allow for another twelve hours of bush poetry for those new to the craft as well as the more competent.

At the John O'Brien Festival on

Thursday 16th March commencing at 6pm the John O'Brien Heritage Committee will hold a performance competition in which contestants will recite **one** John O'Brien poem. The preferred venue is outdoors near the Presbytery around a campfire. The prize-money will be 1st \$200 2nd \$100 3rd \$50 and entry is set at \$5.00.

The popular \$1,000.00 Country First Credit Union Ltd. bush poetry performance competition will again take place on Friday at 7.00pm in the auditorium at the Narrandera Ex-Servicemen's Club. Entries are invited to both competitions and contact should be made with the Narrandera Tourist Centre.

The annual Anzac Tribute hosted by Frank Daniel in the Memorial Gardens off East Street at 11am on the Saturday is not to be missed. This moving ceremony has become one the festivals biggest attractions featuring poetry and song in memoriam of our servicemen and women.

For information on ticket sales contact Narrandera Visitors Centre 1800 672 392 or go to the website www.johnobrien.com.au.

BORN WITH A PEN IN HER HAND

"My mother always said that I was 'born with a pen in my hand', and it must be true, as I am never happier than when reading, writing, or listening to recitations of bush poetry and yarns"

Val Read is a name synonymous with Australian Bush Poetry and the ABPA through her many contributions to written competitions and her well known long list of achievements. Val has been writing bush poetry for over forty years. Her work has been inspired by her early life spent on Warraweena Station in the Northern Flinders Ranges of South Australia. Warraweena is a sister station to Beltana where Sir Thomas Elder imported the first camels with their Afghan handlers to South Australia. Her mother did the housework and cooking for the station manager and his wife, the shearers and the rouseabouts while her step-father did everything but the shearing.

When they moved to Sliding Rock (Cadnia) near Warraweena Station he maintained the generators that pumped the water from flooded copper mines to the newly developed Leigh Creek coalfields.

During these years young Val was free to ramble over the countryside, mix with the Aboriginal stockmen's families and take part in the station's activities.

She met many wonderful people and remembers with great affection an old man, a Mr. Graham, the father and grandfather of a well-known Beltana family. Too inebriated at times and too scared to go home to his wife, the old man would bunk down in his daughters corrugated and weatherboard humpy

where he told Valerie the many wonderful yarns that still echo in her brain today. She has never forgotten his promise that one day he would strike gold on one of his many forays and make her a rich woman. He never found Lasseters Reef as he so claimed, but he certainly left her with many golden memories of those hours spent together and those times spent tramping through the bush where he instilled in her the deep love she holds for the Outback today. Much of her writing she attributes to the kindness shown by the old man.

She has never forgotten those wonderful years on the stations and in the small towns in the Northern Flinders Ranges. Today Val can close her eyes and still see the vast blue carpets of Salvation Jane spreading over the plains; the red hops and beautiful Sturts desert pea; remember the picnics at Aroona (now a huge dam) and nights spent sleeping under the stars when out with the men on the mustering camps, or accompanying her step-father when he went along the water pipe line checking for leaks and his whistling for foxes for their bounty when night fell.

Sometimes, when a crow carks mournfully over her suburban home she still hears dingoes howling and the dismal dirge of the mopoke and she is certain that the bush is calling her home.

You can share in Val's bush verse, the ups and downs of Outback life, experience the devastation of bushfire and drought, the joys of quietude in the bush or a legendary barbeque with giant blowflies.

'Whistling Foxes', by VP Read available from 108 Harris Road Bicton WA. 6157.

(Now go to page 12)

Beaudesert Country & Horse Festival

presents

THE 2007 QUEENSLAND BUSH POETRY STATE CHAMPIONSHIPS

9th - 10th - 11th June

**Woodhill Hall
Mt. Lindesay Highway
via Beaudesert**

PERFORMANCE COMPETITIONS

MALE & FEMALE

**OPEN - TRADITIONAL & CONTEMPORARY,
ORIGINAL SERIOUS & ORIGINAL HUMOROUS
NOVICE - COMBINED MALE & FEMALE -
TRADITIONAL AND ORIGINAL**

WRITTEN COMPETITIONS

OPEN, HIGH-SCHOOL AND PRIMARY SCHOOL

Trophies for special themed poem

"Horsepower"

and

Alison Lingard Patron's Award

PRIZES TOTALLING

\$3680

PLUS TROPHIES

Entry fee - \$5 per poem - Students free

(Camping available on site).

**Poetry, Poets Brekkies, Concert, great fellowship and
laughter in a beaut little country hall**

*Conducted under the auspices of
the Australian Bush Poets Assn.*

Nominations close:

Written 10th May

Performance 31st May

email chfest@bigpond.com

**Peter Tyler
21 Nichols Street
Jimboomba 4280
for entry forms.**

GOLD CITY FESTIVAL OF AUSTRALIAN BUSH POETRY 2007

THE WORLD THEATRE CHARTERS TOWERS QUEENSLAND

May 1st - 2nd - 3rd — 2007

GOLD CITY BUSH POETS INC

WRITTEN BUSH POETRY COMPETITION

including

THE OPEN GOLD NUGGET AWARD

and

Under 12's - 12 to 15 years - 16 and 17 years

ENTRIES CLOSE FEBRUARY 28th

PERFORMANCE POETRY COMPETITIONS

ENTRIES CLOSE MARCH 31st

- OPEN - Classical * Modern Traditional * Original Serious * Original Humorous * Yarn Spinning
- NOVICE - Classical * Humorous * Original
- Intermediate - Classical * Humorous * Original
- Juniors - Under 12 - Own Choice
Over 12 - Own Choice & Original

Entry Forms: From the Secretary, PO Box 620 CHARTERS TOWERS Qld. 4820

Enquiries: Harry Jackson - Email: harold.jackson8@bigpond.com



Fifth 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 31st 2007

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



John O'Brien Bush Festival

**NARRANDERA
14th - 18th March 2007**

www.johnobrien.com.au

1800 672 392

Absolutely
Positively
Narrandera

New South Wales
Regional Flagship Event



V.P. READ

Val Read is an avid writer of Bush Poetry, and submits many poems to written competitions. She has had remarkable success over the years always finding Ellis Campbell, David Campbell and/or Max Merckenschlager offering the strongest competition.

Back in September last year, after putting the electric kettle in the refrigerator and finding it four hours later, she thought her brain cells had crashed, which could have meant the end of her poetry writing days - but no! Val did really well in September and has every right to feel proud of her efforts.

That month alone saw her racking up a number of successes with three firsts, one second, one third, a highly commended and having one published.

PROFILE V.P. READ

Valerie Patricia Read was born on the fourth of April 1939 in Western Australia.

At twenty years of age she married a city bloke in who's never had any inclinations to see any other state than his own, and even then staying restricted to his beloved Swan River.

The Reads had four sons and one daughter and now have five grandchildren.

Valerie went to live in South Australia when she was about three and a half years of age and lived on Warraweena sheep station and the Sliding Rock (Cadnia) water pumping station until she was about ten years old. She had no childhood companions apart from the Aboriginal children who came with their parents when the shearing season was on. So that she could mix with her peers the Education Department insisted that she went into the nearby town, Beltana, where she stayed with a friend of her mothers and made other friends that she is still in contact with today.

Val received her schooling from radio and correspondence lessons that were sent from Gilles St, in Adelaide.



OUR HERITAGE HOME

© V.P. Read Bicton WA

1st Prize. Ipswich Poetry Feast 2006

The council sent a notice that the old house had to go.
Dad crumpled up the letter and defiantly said "No!"
He'd built that house with his own hands when town was just the bush,
there was no way he'd knock it down to suit men of the push.
Some councillors were sent to plead that Dad see common sense;
He got his gun and scared them off. Our father was incensed.

The gun was never loaded and had not been used for years,
but with Dad yelling angrily, those men were full of fears.
"This house is bloody heritage, you idiots," he screamed.
"and you lot dare to tell me what the bureaucrats have deemed.
My wife and I, with our bare hands, made ev'ry brick you see;
when we had finished daily toil, we laid them, Meg and me.

We cleared the bush in daylight hours, and ploughed the stony ground;
we tended stock and raised our kids upon this little mound.
It took five years to build this house. We hardly slept a wink,
and now you say it's derelict! A puerile way to think!
My heart and soul are in this place, with mem'ries of the past;
you will not touch a precious brick until my time is past.

"So now suburbia's moved in, with rose and fancy lawn,
how many people living here can say that they were born
in their front room, like my kids can? Just Meg and me alone;
not far away two little ones are sleeping 'neath the stone.
It broke our hearts to lose those babes; I will not leave them now.
If you put one step on my land, 'twill be your last, I vow.

"My gentle wife died here last year, I nursed her night and day,
and it will not be too long now before I pass away.
And even then this house will stand. Our kids won't let it go;
this house is part of history', and ev'ryone should know
how people came to start anew from countries far away
to make a new life for themselves, to set down roots and stay.

I understand it's not too flash, not suited to a town,
its home made bricks look out of place; the roof is rusted brown.
It isn't fancy, I'll admit; a rambling sort of home;
we added rooms as each child came, thus it began to roam.
But it has been a haven when the winter days were bleak,
and offered peace and comfort nestled here beside the creek,

"We had six lovely children, not counting Tom and Jess,
who died before they saw a year out in the wilderness.
We buried them beneath the gums that council made us hew.

(VP Read) Her mother and step-father had only a limited education, and Valerie found she had to teach herself something she didn't find too hard, as she was keen and loved to learn.

The family went to live at Leigh

Creek Coal Fields when they opened up, and lived in tents (nicknamed 'Tent Town') until houses were built. Val attended the Leigh Creek School, which was run by one teacher, (Mr Ward) who recognised and encouraged her writing

abilities. She was winning competitions run by children's magazines, and ended up with so many Phantom rings she had a roaring trade swapping them and the comics, more the pity as they are worth a lot of money today.

Too dang'rous in the suburbs was the members' point of view.
We stood and held each other as the logs were hauled away;
the children's swing and cubby house left there in disarray.

"Can you believe that from the porch we looked across the plains,
o'er paddocks dancing in mirage their hopeless plea for rains;
that kangaroos came to our steps. and emus strutted by;
that wedgetailed eagles high above were rulers of the sky?
We used to see shy wombats once, goannas by the score,
but now it's dogs and screeching cats; no wildlife any more.

"We had emaciated sheep that didn't give much wool,
and tried to grow a bit of wheat; the bins were never full.
We lived on rabbit, mutton stew, and damper, every week;
the old cow gave a bit of milk a monumental feat.
Our kelpie paid her board and keep; her pups were worth a bob;
old Jill was known from far and wide as expert at her job.

"There was no food when drought was on, and times were very hard;
small mobs of thirsty brumbies often broke into our yard
so desperate for water from the corrugated tank;
but it was nearly empty then, and ev'ry drop was rank.
It broke our hearts to see them, once so proud and roaming free,
our only help, a bullet that would end their misery.

"And see that cranky windmill that our neighbours moan about;
it was the thing that saved us in the bitter years of drought.
It caught the faintest breezes. "Dear God turned it," Mother said,
the times that water fed us with a mouldy slice of bread.
Enough to keep us going till the rain's most welcome sound;
it was wonderful to smell it as it soaked into the ground.

"We'd wake to kookaburras welcoming a brand new morn;
the trilling songs of magpies, lovely symphonies to dawn.
With cheeky willy wagtails searching in the grass for food,
while cockatoos shrieked warnings as they fed their hungry brood.
Now cats have killed the nestlings, and we rarely hear their song;
they tell me that it's progress, but I reckon they are wrong.

"And then the land was opened and developers came in;
they tore out all the gum trees, putting palms and lilacs in. *cape lilacs.
They bitumised the bush tracks, and they scared off all the birds,
no more we saw the emus, kangaroos and brumby herds.
Then fancy cement boxes started sprawling ev'rywhere,
and noisy cars and buses drove down ev'ry thoroughfare.

"Along the winding creek beds they've put parks for kids to play,
with fountains spouting water. but the wild life's gone away.
There's never any children playing on the council's glade,
bet they'd prefer a rubber tyre beneath a gum tree's shade.
They'd love to catch the yabbies that were wonderful to eat,
or swim in stagnant water, slimy mud beneath their feet.

"As long as there's breath in me, I will stand against you all.
I'll die before I let you turn my homestead to a mall.
You've offered me a fortune, but your money can't erase
the happiness and heartache we've all known upon this place.
Just build your centre round me; I don't care what people say,
this house is their proud heritage, and they'll say 'thanks' one day."

A rather large book came out about the Leigh Creek Coalfields a few years ago, and Valerie was amazed to see a few lines on her literary successes and even more amazed to find that no other child's accomplishments had been mentioned.

Valerie was then fostered by her step Aunt and Uncle, and went to a convent in Adelaide for about four years before leaving home at fourteen and returning to Western Australia where she put her age up to sixteen and held two jobs while attending night school every night. She placed herself under the care of child welfare who kept an eye on her until she was eighteen

V.P Read has been writing bush and general poetry as a hobby ever since her childhood and has had her work published in numerous anthologies including the Bronze Swagman Book of Bush verse since 1976; only missing publication twice during the two years she did not enter the competition, plus various newsletters, community newspapers and magazines.

Valerie has had numerous successes in National Literary competitions with her poetry and short stories. She has received many first places, has been highly commended and commended many times and has been the recipient of many trophies and certificates.

In the last year she placed first and third in the Murrumbidgee Dusty Swag awards, first prize in the Koorda Agricultural Society, the Ipswich Poetry Feast and the Yellow Moon competitions, with highly commended certificates in the Toowoomba Range Writers, The Yellow Moon, Nimbin Agricultural and Industrial Society and the Tamworth Poetry Group. She had two poems published in the Bronze Swagman Book of Bush Verse.

Valerie is very proud of her writing accomplishments mainly because they have taught her children and grandchildren about their wonderful country and their heritage and, hopefully, instilled in them a love of Australian poetry. Valerie believes that it is our Bush Poets who are keeping our Outback way of life and folklore alive, especially considering we have so few outlets to publish our work with most of us having to self publish with little encouragement except from the ABPA and those who run poetry groups, bush poets breakfasts and competitions.

(See page 10)

WHEN SANTA CLAUS WENT MISSING

(c) Kathy Edwards - Merewether NSW



A jolly life-like Santa sat each year on our front verandah and passers-by would stop in their tracks to take a gander. He looked debonair and dashing in his old red suit and hat with a cushion for some padding so he didn't look too flat. He kept a sack beside him and little girls and boys would often sit down near him to play with much loved toys. His belt was black and shiny, his gloves were pearly white and with glasses sitting on his nose he was an awesome sight.

He sat upon an old cane chair well past its use-by date, and Christmas revellers always asked him 'How ya goin' mate?' Then one night he went missing; he had left the front verandah, did he have to check on Rudolph or just go for a meander? It was difficult to fathom - Santa vanished in thin air, but the strangest thing about it was, he even took the chair. Our Santa Claus had disappeared without a single trace, 'cept the fact his two black boots were still left in their place. Should sniffer dogs be called upon to pick up Santa's scent and hopefully would track him down and find out where he went. He always looked so happy in his home away from home; had thieves mistaken Santa for some bearded garden gnome? A search commenced for Santa with friends and some recruits who said he wouldn't walk too far without his Wellington boots. Maybe he'd been kidnapped because he looked so handsome but no-one rang demanding any money for a ransom. Then another strange thing happened; next morning just on dawn a car screeched to a halt out front and tossed him on the lawn. Wow! Santa had come home again, but he was in such a mess just where he'd been for a day and a half was anybody's guess. His clothes were hanging off him; he looked the worse for wear; both his legs and one long arm wrapped tightly round his chair. He looked like a train had hit him while he slept on a railway track, but there was no use in denying it was good to have him back. His belt and a glove were missing, as were his glasses and some hair, they say stranger things have happened, but who knows when or where. Our Santa's looking good again now that his wounds are healed but where he got to is a mystery, and Santa's lips are sealed.

Actual Sports Comments Made On The Air

* "I've never had major knee surgery on any other part of my body." (Winston Bennett)
* "The lead car is absolutely unique, except for the one behind it which is identical." (Murray Walker - F1 racing commentator)
* "I owe a lot to my parents, especially my father and mother." (Greg Norman)

* "Sure, there have been deaths in boxing but none of them serious." (Alan Minter)
* "If history repeats itself, I should think we can expect the same thing again." (Terry Venables)
* "I would not say that David Ginola is the best left winger in the Premiership, but there are none better." (Ron Atkinson)
* "Strangely, in slow motion replay, the ball seems to hang in the air for even longer." (David Acfield)

RETIRED

© Maurie O'Brien SA



Retired they are, their work is done,
They're free at last to follow the sun,
They're Nomads grey on the Queensland run,
Joined with their like from all over.
Slowly they ramble without a care,
They're breathing at last the clean bush air,
Life is good for this wandering pair,
Praised be the life of the rover.

They're living their dreams hatched long ago,
They've downed their tools and gone with the flow,
A brand new car with a van in tow,
Touring the country all over.
An adviser's got their cash flow set,
The kid's inheritance no sure bet,
For they've got a lot of living yet,
Carefree the life of the rover.

Clocks for them no longer rate,
There is no such thing as running late,
No worries now, *they've retired mate*,
And they've made new friends all over.
They've left behind their little block,
And all suburban poppycock,
For happy hours at four o'clock,
Such is the life of the rover.

From the dawning's east to the sunset's west,
From the gibber plains to the mountain's crest,
Their wandering life is richly blessed,
'Cos they're roving free all over.
And they'll keep going 'til time runs out,
You'll find them somewhere *round-a-bout*.

READ THIS . . .

* It is impossible to lick your elbow.
* A crocodile can't stick its tongue out.
* A pregnant goldfish is called a twit
* More than 50% of the people in the world have never made or received a telephone call.
* The "sixth sick sheik's sixth sheep's sick" is said to be the toughest tongue twister in the English language.
* The cigarette lighter was invented before the match.
* A duck's quack doesn't echo, and no one knows why.
* *Over seventy-per cent of the people who read this will try to lick their elbow.*

CARMEL RANDLE

Winner Judith Hosier Heritage Award



Carmel Randle was born and educated in Brisbane and spent most of her life in rural Queensland. Until retirement she taught speech and drama, music and English, but she always found time to devote to her family Jay, Sally, Zita, Rachel, Nora, Eylece and Bill in addition to her other great interest, rhymed poetry.

Carmel has travelled extensively throughout Australia performing Australian Bush Poetry – Traditional, Established and Original. In 1997, 1999 and 2001 she appeared at the Elko Cowboy Poetry Gathering in Nevada USA.

Carmel has won many awards for her writing including the prestigious Bronze Swagman Award in 1996 and in 1999, the 'The 1995 Battered Bugle Award' and the 'Ernie Setterfield Shield'.

At Winton in 1995 Carmel was acknowledged as the Reserve Champion Lady Performer of the Australian Bush Poets Association.

Carmel was a founding member of the Australian Bush Poets Association Inc and worked hard to establish the judging rules and categories for competitions.

In 1996 Carmel put forward and idea to the Winton Tourist Association for an annual Little Swagies Written Award to be presented as part of the Junior Bush Poetry Awards during the Waltzing Matilda Bush Poetry Festival (now part of the Outback Festival

held in September).

Carmel spent a great deal of her time visiting schools in Outback Queensland encouraging the children in their verse writing and has spent the past five years on the judging panel for these awards.

In 2006, 513 entries were received for the written section and 195 individuals and 17 groups performed.

This Competition aims to encourage the writing of Traditional-style Australian Bush Verse, incorporating rhyme and rhythm while the performance section aims at encouraging the oral traditional-style Australian Bush Verse.

From 1995 she worked as a volunteer for VISE (Volunteers for Isolated Children's Education), a group of retired teachers established in 1989 and the Tennant Creek Lions Club to provide educational assistance to families and students in rural Australia

Carmel has edited and produced five Co-operative Books of Verse for Aussie Children with 'Favourite Poems for Aussie Children' containing the combined work of some twelve poets. (still available).

Carmel self-published three books of her own work, 'My Australia', 'Mates' and 'Gone Bush' plus a recorded album.

A must for all budding poets is Carmel's publication "HELP" - a hand book for writers and performers of rhymed verse - still the only practical guide to written poetry for Australian bush poets and still available.

Carmel also worked tirelessly to establish the Australian National Bush Poetry Championships and helped make Winton Q. a centre of excellence for bush verse.

Last year the Judith Hosier Heritage Award went to Winton Tourism.

Contact Carmel Randle
2 Geitz Road Preston Q. 4352
(crandle@powerup.com.au)

PEBBLES in the RAIN

by Quendryth Young

As I sit here by the window with a rug around my knees

I can hear the pitter patter out of doors
Where the rounded pebbles glisten on the path
between the trees

And my thoughts are far from sterile corridors.

For although my head is snowy and my health is very poor,

My old body very often stabbed with pain,
A refreshing shower of memories revives my soul once more

Every time that I see pebbles in the rain

I can feel the flanks beneath me and the reins loose in my hand,

Catch the freshness of the wind upon my face,
Sense relief that none can know who hasn't trekked that thirsty land

With the terror that can haunt the open space.

I am wrapped around with oilskin, dripping diamonds everywhere,

While the quenching water soaks into the plain

Stirring cattle softly lowing as they nose the sweetened air,

And my eyes wash over pebbles in the rain.

There's a gleaming garnet Red Poll, shining silver Murray Grey,

Dappled Friesian steer that sparkles black and white;

Velvet ebony the Angus, pearly cream the Charolais,

And the agate Shorthorn shimmers in the light.

With the Brahman cross there's bronze and golden copper through to bone,

While the Hereford's a ruddy amber stain.

All those rounded rumps glow, lustrous, with a brilliance all their own

Like a mass of burnished pebbles in the rain.

I've been droving up the Top End and along the Birdsville Track

And have weathered drifting dust and sticky flies;

When the splendour of the outback in my heart comes flooding back

It is not of blazing stars in cloudless skies.

But whenever I smell ozone and that green-grey light appears

And the raindrops strum a musical refrain

I look out across the path and work my mob of glistening steers

Though the world sees only pebbles in the rain.



GRACE BROS.

The landmark Grace Bros department store building on Broadway, with the distinctive and iconic clock towers and globes, is now the home of one of Sydney's unique shopping venues - The Broadway Shopping Centre.

Grace Bros had a long and rich history of retailing in Sydney since 1886. Through several different stores at varied locations in the city, the store first came to Bay St in 1904, the existing buildings being completed in 1923.

Grace Bros boasted a store with, among many features, "three and a half acres of furniture"! The Grace auditorium dominated the social life of Sydney with dances, fashion parades, children's events displays and pantomimes held within it. 1954 saw the Royal Visit of Queen Elizabeth II with the Broadway stores extensively decorated.

Due to changing retail patterns in the city, Grace Bros vacated the Broadway store in 1992. The building was resurrected as a multi-million dollar retail and cinema complex in 1998. The new state of the art complex, sensitively restored in compliance within the Heritage Commission guidelines, sees the grand old Grace Bros building now serving 21st century shoppers. One of the known, and loved, focal points of Sydney retailing has once again taken its place in Sydney's retailing story.

LADIES UNDERWEAR DEPARTMENT GRACE BROTHERS

© Max Scott—Turramurra NSW



knickers in black lace
knickers in white
bras in all sizes
to get the fit right

trim plaster figures
with fifteen inch waists
smooth swelling bottoms
uplifted breasts

middle-aged ladies
homespun in fact
selling exotics
with knowledge and tact

who are the ladies
coming to buy?
all shapes and sizes
catching my eye

none - dare I say it
exactly the same
as the chic plaster models
of willowy frame

seductively posed
without heads, arms or feet
at the front of the store
just across from my seat

time for a poem -
well almost, not quite
as my wife tries a bra on
to get the fit right

idly I sit
as time passes by
till a bum in a G-string
catches my eye

what beautiful buttocks!
what pelvis sublime!
what a wonderful way
to be passing the time!

fantasy kindles
would a real girl wear that?
and who'd be the hero
to give her a pat?

would she welcome his touch
or give him a slap?
a dose of cold shoulder -
or sit on his lap?

my wife now emerges
her shopping all done
time to depart
all this lingerie fun

my questions unanswered
but don't tell the boys
our very next stop
is to buy grandkids toys.



LOST POETRY

Can anybody help?

Jean Tebay, a long time member from Goulburn NSW is searching for a poem which contains the words '*when our beards were black*' used as the last line in each stanza. Can you enlighten us.

Shirley Barnes from the Victorian Education Dept. would like to have the words to a poem about a student and his parents waiting for a parent/teacher interview. '*I am waiting in the corridor, me Mum me Dad and Me . . .*' Do you know the rest?

Tanya Wolkenberg is researching horse bazaars for use on a State Library of Victoria Website. In so doing she found reference to a Will Ogilvie poem about Kirk's Bazaar (in the Victorian Turf Cavalcade, Derby Clonard 1936). Clonard simply says: "No survey of the period 1845-1860 would be complete without references to Kirk's Bazaar, which the Scottish poet Will H. Ogilvie, has immortalised in verse." Later in the piece, when talking about the demise of the bazaar in 1925, he quotes the lines:

Remember thee?

*Ay, thou poor ghost, while memory holds a seat
In this distracted globe.*

These lines may be from Ogilvie's poem, however, as the quote is not referenced it may not be from him at all ...

The State Library contains many books of Ogilvie's poems, but from Tanya's brief survey she is unable to locate this particular poem.

If you are familiar with a poem of Ogilvie's which may be about, or contain reference to, Kirk's Horse Bazaar please let the editor know.

Anita Kenny from the Department of Agriculture Fisheries and Forestry wants to know if anybody can shed some light on a book called *Open Air Verse* by AA Williams printed around 1937. Have you ever heard of this person and do you know if he or his family is still alive?

The poems refer to Snuggle Inn near Engadine and Willie Dellitt the leader of the Snuggle Inn boys.

A bloke named Bob Crowe is asking for the rest of the words to this poem about Barbed Wire Bill. Some of the words are as follows . . . '*Twas at a place called Snookers Bend the creature first was seen*

*The biggest codfish ever known the Murray banks between.
The local liars all declared it weighed a ton or more,
And by Ike Walton's ghostly beard, Bill Barbwire promptly swore . . .*

Please reply to the editor if you can help.



MAX SCOTT

Max Scott is 79 years of age. He is a retired civil engineer who worked with the NSW Water Conservation and Irrigation Commission on the planning, design, and construction of many of the large rural water supply dams in inland NSW.

He was born on New Years Eve in 1927, in a little stone cottage in Kent Street, just behind St. Andrews Cathedral in the heart of Sydney. It was about six o'clock in the evening, and he's been told there was much roistering in the streets outside. Max weighed about nine pounds, but doubts his Mum would have been too much in the mood for celebrations.

His first schooling was at Darlinghurst Infants. Later the family moved to Chatswood and he went to school at Chatswood, Artarmon, and ultimately North Sydney Boys High.

"No doubt we studied poetry at some or all of these schools, but I don't think it grabbed me much at the time."

After qualifying as a Civil Engineer, Max joined the then Water Conservation and Irrigation Commission in February 1949, staying with them (and their successors) right through to ultimate retirement in 1995. It was a good choice. After three years on construction of new irrigation works at

Deniliquin and placing concrete at Keepit Dam near Gunnedah, he transferred to Head Office. There he worked on various aspects of the design of most of NSW's large rural water supply dams, including Burrinjuck Dam near Yass, Glenbawn Dam near Scone, Keepit Dam, Burrendong Dam near Wellington, Copeton Dam near Inverell, Split Rock Dam near Manilla, and Windamere Dam near Mudgee, as well as a number of smaller ones. Later he was involved in Planning and Administration. On the whole it was interesting, satisfying work and good fun.

Max married in 1955 and had four daughters in fairly short order. This marriage lasted until 1983 when he and his wife separated and it was about this time that his poetry writing started, "at first I think it was a sort of relief of inner turmoil," recalls Max, "and sometimes it became a bit of a pointer to the way ahead. Often enough it helped me clarify my feelings about something.. Was it a French poet who wrote 'how can I tell you what I think until I read what I have written?'"

Max remarried in 1986, a good match working well, and he and Gwennie live in South Turrumurra in the house in which she raised her three daughters. "I guess it's fairly typical middle class suburbia. We are fairly active and enjoy reasonable health."

And the poetry has continued all this time, perhaps slowing down a little in recent times. Max is active in a Probus club and often manages a poem about his club's events, especially walking holidays and travels. His other interests beside poetry include walking, photography, and playing the piano. But on the whole Max says his poetry tends to be more about feelings, relationships, and the great unknown - God.



GRENFELL'S 50TH HENRY LAWSON FESTIVAL of ARTS

7-11 June 2007

Because of its close proximity to Henry's birthday, the June Long Weekend has been chosen by the local townspeople of Grenfell as the time when they hold the annual Henry Lawson Festival of Arts.

The aim of the Festival is to promote and attain recognition for aspiring Australians in various fields of arts such as verse, short story, song, art, photography and television. Children are especially catered for in their various artistic endeavours.

The first Henry Lawson Festival of Arts was held in 1958 and it has continued ever year since, organised by a committee of volunteers with assistance from local organisations in Grenfell and the Weddin Shire Council.

During the history of the Festival, Grenfell has welcomed many distinguished guests. They have come to officially open the Festival, as judges, performers or recipients of awards. Among the many identities Grenfell has welcomed Henry Lawson's daughter, Bertha in 1967 and his grand nephew Peter Lawson in 1985.

Grenfell's Henry Lawson Festival of Arts has done much to perpetuate the memory of one of Australia's illustrious sons.

Highlights of the 50th Henry Lawson Festival of Arts include the art and porcelain exhibition, guinea pig racing, Grenfell Rock Idol, literature and busking competitions, dinner dance awards night, live bush poetry performances, student recitals, festival queen and charity princess, the drama society performance of *Call me Madam*, patchwork and quilting display, street parade, fun run, skateboarding lessons and kids carnival - there's something for everyone. For further information check out www.henrylawsonfestival.asn.au

There is no better way to celebrate a festival of one of Australia's finest writers than to enjoy a poetry reading or recital. There's poetry in the Memorial Park on Saturday 9th June for anyone wanting to take part in reciting their own poetry or some of the classics.

All are invited to join John Hetherington and Bruce Roberts at the Obelisk at Lawson Park on Sunday for an authentic recitation of Henry Lawson's works. John & Bruce perform some of Lawson's classics, their personal favourites and take requests from the audience. Adding to the unique experience damper and billy tea are made on the campfire and will be served from 10am. Enjoy the early morning campfire, freshly baked damper and billy tea, then sit back, relax and enjoy the yarns and stories of Henry Lawson.

Grenfell, the birth place of Henry Lawson, is situated on the Western Plains 364 kms west of Sydney. It is a quiet rural town with plenty of historic buildings and a past summed up by gold, bushrangers, and poetry.



**The Country Energy
Bush Poetry Competition
GOLDEN DAMPER
AWARDS**

The Tamworth Poetry Reading Group ran another very successful performance competition at the 2007 Country Music Festival, the organizers more than impressed with the number of quality entries and it was great to see so many new faces, new to Tamworth and the competition; such as Graeme Johnson, John Peel, James Norton, Sally Wilmott and Carmel Lloyd.

It was more than evident throughout the heats of the competition that the finals on the Saturday were going to be bigger and better than ever.

Carol Heuchan from Cooranbong NSW took out the Traditional Section with 'Banjo' Paterson's *The Amateur Rider* closely followed by Ellis Campbell (Dubbo) with *'Pale Rider'* and Graeme Johnson from West Ryde who presented *'The Thrasher-gram'*.

Other finalists were James Norton, Sally Wilmott, Jim Brown, Garry Lowe, Cay Fletcher, Gregory North, Carmel Lloyd.

The Original section was won by Peter Mace of Empire Bay with *'Courting Mary'*. Carol Heuchan was runner-up with *'The Pocket-sized Edition'* followed by Jim Brown of Heathmont V. and *'The Anzac on the Wall'*

Other making this final were Garry Lowe, Col Hadwell, Claire Reynolds, Dave Proust, Ellis Campbell, Jimmy Brown, Manfred Vijars and Terry Regan.

An extremely high standard of performance was set by the competitors

who made a huge effort this year to perfect their presentations and the entertainment level was audibly appreciated by the large audience.

The organizers wish to acknowledge the support of those poets who acted as Compere's, adding more professionalism to the show. This year Frank Daniel, Carol Heuchan, Trisha Anderson and Noel Stallard helped to keep the show rolling and the audience engaged with their up-to-date knowledge and information and witticisms.

The four days of the Country Energy Tamworth Bush Poetry Competition has become one of the highlights of the Tamworth Country Music Festival. Held in the 'Backyard' Pavilion at West's Leagues Club, the competition saw capacity crowds at the heats of the competition but found a severe shortage of space for the huge onslaught of poetry followers at the finals.

**MY HEART,
MY LAND,
MY HOME**

(Winner, 2007 Australia Day Patriotic Bush Poetry Competition hosted by Thangool.)

© Arthur Green

This test for 'new Australians' that the bureaucrats have planned, concerns me, though I'm hoping there's one thing they understand, that Aussies, always, somehow, tend to stand out from the throng – the shy, the proud, the often loud, the gentle and the strong.

The born and bred and those who fled in fear from their homeland, attracted by those special traits, for which Australians stand, are modern-day Australians, drawn from many faiths and creeds, united by a code that values Aussies for their deeds.

We've proved our worth in times of war, aware the price we paid was measured by the lives of those who paid it, unafraid. Their selfless acts of courage will live on forevermore, with many of them resting still, upon some foreign shore.

Like Tennyson's brave Light Brigade,

'theirs not to reason why.'
Unquestioning, they fought with pride –
'theirs but to do and die'.
To them we'll always owe a debt, unwritten but implied,
to honour what they gave for us – those gallant ones who died.

To quote an Aussie icon's words, this South Land, 'girt by sea',
of kangaroos and cockatoos, I'm sure you'll all agree,
should offer as a tribute to all those not here today,
the homage of a silent prayer on each Australia Day.

Pay homage to Australia too, beset by years of drought,
for what we had, and what we've lost, and now must do without.
Dry dams and pillaged rivers and the deserts caused by salt
can't simply be dismissed with "Don't blame me. It's not my fault."

Our Great South Land is hurting, and we too must share its plight.
The years it fed and clothed us, we accepted as our right.
But now our land needs our help – not years on, but here, today.
We must not fail to heed its plea. What more do I need say?

What land can match its beauty, from the mountains to the sea,
bequeathed to all our heirs, and theirs, and not just you and me?

And spare a thought for Humpback whales, whose future's under threat.
The fight for their survival isn't nearly over yet.

Consider too, our wildlife – those that run and hop and fly.
They're only ours in stewardship. We must not let them die.
But die they will, when creeks run dry and dams are largely mud.
Where's Noah, when it seems that what we need's another flood?

So let's not simply hope and pray. We owe this land much more.
Let's make a vow to help restore it, like it was before;
to give more than a token thought, to show how much we care
for future generations when we're all no longer there.



ARTHUR GREEN

HERO

© David Campbell, Beaumaris Vic.
(Winner 2007 Blackened Billy)

"I've seen an emu flying, son," he'd say
to me, then smile,
"heard kookaburras crying, son, and
kissed a crocodile.
I've swum the Simpson Desert, son,
and hurdled Uluru."
He'd wink and laugh: "It's your turn,
son, the rest is up to you."
He died last year, this proud old man,
his last words whispered low:
"I've done the very best I can, and now
it's time to go."

They say a hero's born, not made, and
that may well be true,
but courage needn't be displayed for all
the world to view.
For heroism has a form beyond the public
eye,
in quiet deeds outside the norm that,
much as we might try,
cannot be seen in simple terms, or understood
at all,
but what he did for me confirms the
strength of kinship's call.

We never know until they're gone how
much it is we owe
to those that we depend upon, whose
love has helped us grow.
But as I stood beside his grave the
thoughts came flooding back,
reminding me of all he gave to keep my
life on track.
My parents died when I was eight, and
they were all I'd known;
I might have been a ward of state and
spent my days alone.

For he had led a nomad's life, out
shearing in the west,

endured his share of stress and strife,
which left him not the best
to raise a newly orphaned child, at least
that's what they said:

"This shearer bloke is far too wild,
we'll find a home instead!"
But Grandpa Jack went off to court to
prove he'd care for me,
and though the case was strongly
fought, he won...and set me free.

I could have had another fate, a troubled
city kid;
instead I found a loyal mate, and
learned from all he did.
A shearer's life is bloody tough, the
hours are hard and long,
and often we were living rough, but that
just made me strong.
He'd work the sheds from dawn till
dark with me beside his feet,
while as the 'gun' he made his mark; he
was the man to beat.

He'd drag a sheep out on the board and
strike that first blind blow,
a sweeping cut, clean, long and broad;
his arm just seemed to flow
like water in a mountain stream, the
deftly-wielded comb
cascading wool, with skill supreme, like
floating drifts of foam.
And then I'd grab the cast-off fleece
and head the classer's way,
that mass of knots and burrs and grease,
for which we earned our pay.

For shearing is a dirty job of pain and
heat and sweat:
a never-ending, bleating mob that left
him soaking wet,
with cramping legs and bloody hands
from all the nicks and cuts;
that's part of life in shearing stands and
run-down station huts.

But when he'd set the comb aside and
eased his aching back,
he'd nod his head with quiet pride:
"We're quite a team, young Jack!"

And late at night when other men
would stumble off to bed
he'd take a book, then stretch again,
and read to me instead.
He'd tell me stories of his life, the
places he had been,
the tragedy that took his wife, the wonders
he had seen.
He taught me dignity and truth, to do
the best you can;
that's how a callow city youth became a
decent man.

Of course, he made me go to school in
townships here and there,
from Wyalong to Warrnambool, whenever
he could spare
a month or two to take a break and settle
for a while,
but resting just for resting's sake was
never quite his style.
And so we'd hit the road once more,
and that I didn't mind,
for schooling was a total bore I gladly
left behind.

The lessons that I valued most were
learned from Grandpa Jack;
he wasn't loud, he didn't boast, he simply
had the knack
of showing me, in word and deed, just
how I should behave.
And so I learned his simple creed and,
standing by his grave,
I hoped my children, as they grew,
would maybe think of me
as something of a hero, too...that's all
I'd ask to be.

KIDS!

A first grade teacher collected well known proverbs. She gave each child in her class the first half of a proverb and asked them to come up with the remainder of the proverb. Their insight may surprise you.

Better to be safe than.....Punch a kid bigger than you.
Strike while theBug is close
Never underestimate the power of.....Termites
You can lead a horse to water but.....how?
Don't bite the hand that..... looks dirty
No news is.....impossible
A miss is as good as a.....Mr.
You can't teach an old dog new.....maths
If you lie down with dogs, you'll.....stink in the morning
Love all, trust.....me
The pen is mightier than the.....pigs

An idle mind is.....The best way to relax
Where there's smoke there's.....pollution
Happy the bride who.....gets all the presents
A penny saved is.....not much
Two's company, three's.....The Musketeers
Don't put off till tomorrow what.....
.....you put on to go to bed
Laugh and the whole world laughs with you, cry and.....
.....you have to blow your nose
None are so blind as.....Stevie Wonder
Children should be seen and not.....spanked or grounded
If at first you don't succeed.....get new batteries
You get out of something what you.....
.....see pictured on the box
When the blind lead the blind.....get out of the way
And the favourite...
Better late than.....pregnant

AT WINGHAM SHOW 1927

© Henry 'Hawkeye' Edwards

The fetes were all our hearts could wish
In spite of grim forecasting
And every motor cut a dash
Through dust clouds everlasting.

From East and West the people came
To join our yearly meeting
Friend hailing friend again by name
With kindly words of greeting.

Men put the tape and pen away
The mallet and the hammer
The spade and shovel and the dray
The pickaxe and the rammer.

One day at least in all the year
Sees friend to friend united
Old folks forget their troubles here
And children are delighted.

For shibboleths are put away
And party names forgotten
The gown of silk must brush today
Against the gown of cotton.

The stalwart farmer and his wife
The shopman and the splitter
Must all allow that human life
Is sweet as well as bitter.

The fairest lady in the town
(Now, who shall dare to name her?)
The public preacher and the clown
The clever brumby trainer.

The dealer and the oyster man
The stockman and the digger
Come, drest as neatly as they can
To shine and cut a figure.

Young ladies too, with lily hands
Who work - well, hardly ever,
As if life had no keen demands
No call for wise endeavour.

Fair daughters of our Saxon line
All conscious of their beauty
And proud policemen who combine
The fun of life with duty.

And some who are the light of life,
The guardians of a nation,
As daughter, mother, sister, wife,
From every rank and station.

The self-sufficient man must show,
A prize he should have taken;
While winners wink and let you know
That they were not mistaken.

The horsey man that smokes a clay
Knows all about the jumping;
And yonder pug steps up to say
He'll give or take a thumping.

Old Bulga loves to tell again
About their pioneering,
When he and happy Betsy Jane
First faced life on a clearing.

Their home was in a cedar brush,
Beside a lovely river;
Where mountain breezes sob and rush,
And tall trees bend and quiver.

The lyre bird beyond the hill,
White cockatoos and wonga
Re-echo to his fancy still,
While shades are growing longer.

The youth who drives a grocer's cart
Loves freedom in all trading,
When ships can come from every part,
With plimsols line of lading.

But yonder youth who reads the "sun"
Knows more about protection,
The bushman's loss means city fun
Beyond all contradiction.

When all will work, and food gets
cheap,
We must be in our glory,
And town and valley, plain and steep,
Shall tell a fiscal story.

But high above the showground set
And strife of Whig and Tory
Two loving souls have surely met
To tell the old, old story.

For aye, with accent kind and true,
They leave the noise and clamour,
And rise to take a grandstand view
Of this big panorama.

With eyes aflash with heaven's light,
Their thought in union ranges,
O'er joys they're sure to have - in spite
Of all the fiscal changes.

A joy that knoweth no decay
In spite of care and sorrow,
With plenty on the board today,
And hope for each tomorrow.

Oh! Tell me, ye who know about
The stars in all their courses,
How can such sweet scenes finish out
In court work and divorces?

Below, stand folks or every set,
From those who lead our fashions
To humble souls, that serve and get,
A pound a week and rations.

Some folks have drest to do the show
And make the ground larks wonder,
Like nought in heaven or earth below
Or in the waters under.

Some dress regardless of the storms
Of critical ambition,
And some display their lovely forms,
A venus-like transition.

Some work to win the bread of life,
Domestic helpers rather;
And some abhor the vulgar strife,
And leave it all to Father.

But I must stop, and men will say
My taste is not aesthetic,
And ladies bid me straight away
Right words apologetic.

The whirligig of time races on so
swiftly that May 5th - Wingham's main
Show Day - is in the dim past.

But the sunshine, and the cheerful spirit
in evidence, will ever be there. Many
parts of Manning River voted it a cold
day, but the natural rampart of hills and
native trees to the south-west made
Wingham Showground a parade for
Princes and Princesses.

They told me last time that I missed
the pigs, the upper Manning specializes
in pigs. Well I studied them well this
time, and they were good, and varied.

There is no doubt a vast stride has been
made in the evolution of swine since
Paddy Connelly declared he had some
pigs up his way that had such long
snouts they could stand one side of the
creek and root potatoes out on the other
side. Good old Father McGough used to
like a bit of duck shooting when he trav-
elled up Connelly's way, and would
stride swiftly along through ferns and
rubbish, giving Paddy a race to keep up.
One day our hero suddenly grasped the
priest's arm. "Stand back you Reverend,
there's a bloody sows nest," he said. And
there was - a sow and litter that would
have been dangerous to any man armed
or not. Those were the days of immense
pigs. At the first show at Tinonee in
1886, Mr. F. Longworth of Ghinni
Ghinni exhibited a pig that weighed
over 700 pounds and was carried to Ti-
nonee by ocean boat 'Fireking'.

Hawkeye 3-6-1927

WINGHAM (and Tinonee)

Attractive township on the upper
reaches of the Manning River 331 km
north of Sydney. Wingham is a charm-
ing and peaceful 'old world' country
town which has remained largely un-
changed by the tourism. In fact Wing-
ham is the oldest town in the Manning
Valley. It is situated 20 m above sea-
level on the Manning River and cur-
rently boasts a citizenry of some 4600.



STAR STORY

© Tom Stonham 2003

Billion, trillion, zillion stars,
Planets, Pluto, Neptune, Mars.
Jupiter of mighty girth,
Mercury, Uranus, Earth.
Saturn, Venus, Moon and Sun
shining down on everyone.

Twinkle, Pisces, pair of fish,
Libra, balanced double-dish.
Crab of Cancer, high and dry,
mirror twins of Gemini.
Awesome Taurus, mighty bull,
avè Virgo, beautiful.

Twinkle Lion King, Leo,
beware, scary Scorpio.

Centaur Sagittarius,
waterboy, Aquarius.
Aries ram, hard nut to crack,
Horoscope, Cusp, Zodiac.

Twinkled once upon a time,
perfect Star on Palestine.
Three wise men came from afar,
Caspar, Melchior, Balthasar.
Twinkle proudly, Capricorn...
Christmas Day and Christ is Born!

Mr. Daniel

My son, Gregory Edwards, passed your email address on to me last night. It had come to him via a woman at the school where he is a teacher, who said that you were asking about my grandfather, Henry Edwards. I am always looking for opportunities to skite about him!

Henry Edwards was born at Cundletown, on the Manning River, in 1860, the second son of William Manuel Edwards and Sarah (nee Peters, an Irish orphan girl). He lived his whole life in Cundletown, dying in the middle thirties. By trade he was a bootmaker, as was his father and his two brothers. In his youth he lost the sight of one eye owing to an accident. How he acquired the penname of 'Hawkeye' is a mystery, but he was better known by it than by his baptismal name in the Manning District. He was a prolific writer of prose and poetry, which was published in the Manning River Times, the Wingham Chronicle, the Port Macquarie News and the Northern Champion. My father, Silas Edwards, began to collect 'Hawkeye's' writing, a collection which

RETREAT

A Star for Jonathan|

© Linden Baxter

Autumn winds blew soft and gentle.
The old black horse rolled along.
And the breeders called their babies.
Just a simple country song.
Just a simple Queensland song.

Lucky country, laughed the jackass.
Watch the point, the blue dogs go.
See the shine on milky noses.
Babies, breeders, things I know.
Country, freedom, things I know.

In my mind I asked a question
As I passed the Homestead by.
If I had to walk in his shoes
Would I find the strength to try?
Could I find the strength to try?

In the garden stood a young man,
Waved and watched the cattle pass.
Dare I look beyond his window?
Broken, framed by shards of glass.
A life framed by shards of glass.

With his hands deep in the rich soil.
Warm sun on his strong young frame.
See him talk as to a stranger.
Does his stranger have a name?
Does the stranger know his name?

Introduce him. Son of Israel
And a farm boy, you could see.
Sure, his is a different culture,
But I guess he's much like me.
Yes, Jon loves the land, like me.

His home country, near Beersheba.
Did he wonder at my smile?
As the image of old horses
Thundered on that burning mile.
Conflict still upon that mile.

Just a farm boy, decorated,
Army service, nerves of steel.
But the 'farm boy' taken from him.
Long the way he'd ceased to feel.
But he knew a heart must feel.

I have attempted to complete. So far I have more than 300 examples of his writings.

In addition to his bootmaking and writing, 'Hawkeye' was a lay preacher in the Church of Christ, travelling a regular circuit between Cundletown, Wingham, Dingo Creek and Burrill Creek.

For some twenty years, 'Hawkeye' was President of the Cundletown Football Club, during their 'glory years' when they triumphed over all the other

Darkness came past battle reason.
Brought a stranger to his mind.
And as battle blood ran freely
Asked a question of mankind.
Asked a question of mankind.

Now Jon walks beyond those borders
With this darkness in his mind.
And always the past, his jailer
Like a black dog, there, behind.
In his shadows, there, behind.

Just a wanderer he'd been drifting
And he found this place, "Retreat".
Beneath ironbark and apple
Seems he found our waters sweet.
Different waters, cool and sweet.

A hard worker and he's handy.
Still, his private world he guards.
But the sadness almost leaves him
In the dusty cattle yards.
Working cattle in the yards.

And the heelers get him smiling.
Fetch and throw for hours on end.
Of the horses he knew little
But their softness was his friend.
Nature's way could be his friend.

Could his faded "Star of David"
Find it's way in southern skies?
Could the magic of our bushland
Take the sadness from his eyes?
Show the maze through wiser eyes?

I'll not look beyond his window
And I will not cast a stone.
For I dare not just imagine
What he dreams at night alone.
With his darkness, all alone.

Lucky country, laughed the jackass.
See Jon coming down the track.
And I wonder 'bout his journey
And I hope he makes it back.
Hope the stranger leads him back.

Autumn winds blew soft and gentle.
The old black horse works the tail.
Watch that old girl in the cooler.
Damn! She's taken on the rail.
"C'mon Jon, let's fix that rail!"

manning district teams. Many of his poems were dedicated to his love of the sport.

If you would like to know more about him, I would be only too pleased to pass on some of the information that I have collected.

Allan Edwards

[This note was received some years ago when Mr. Edwards was kind enough to send me all the poems of his father, Harold 'Hawkeye' Edwards. Editor.]

BUSH POETS CALENDAR OF EVENTS (Please advise editor of any errors, changes or new inclusions)

FEBRUARY

- 1 CHINCHILLA Melon Festival Bush Poetry Competition, Ph Ena Brown 07 4662 7088
3-4 BUNGENDORE NSW Poets Gathering, Poets Brekkie 8am Saturday and Sunday - Bowling Club.
Contact Frank Daniel 02 6344 1477 fda70930@bigpond.net.au
26 BENDIGO Poets Concert Ph Colin Carrington 03 5441 2425 colincarrington@mydesk.net.au
27 Midlands Literary Written Competition SSAE PO Box 1563 Ballarat V 3354

MARCH

- 1-4 DUNEDOO - AUSTRALIAN BUSH POETRY CHAMPIONSHIPS -
Performance competition. Closing dates: Written 19th Jan - Performance 9th February
SSAE Sue Stoddart PO Box 1 Dunedoo - 2844 - dddgroup@bigpond.com Ph. 02 63751 975
3 BUSH POETS RALLY at RALEIGH Ed & Marg Parmenter 02 6652 3716 edandmarg@hotmail.net.au
10 Henry Kendall Written Awards Central Coast Poets PO Box 276 Gosford NSW 2230
16-20 NARRANDERA NSW John O'Brien Bush Festival & Competition - www.johnobrien.com.au Ph. 1800 672 392
10 GRENFELL Henry Lawson Festival. Written competition. Closing date 10th March. SSAE PO Box 77 Grenfell NSW 2810
14 GULGONG Closing date, Henry Lawson Festival Performance and Written Poetry Competition,
SSAE PO Box 235 Gulgong NSW 2852 henrylawsongulgong@yahoo.com.au
30 Closing Date. BRONZE SWAGMAN AWARD - PO Box 120 Winton Q, 4753 Winner announced 30/9/07 at the Outback Festival.
29-1 April CORRYONG V. Man From Snowy River Festival -

APRIL

- DUSTY SWAG (Written) Adults - Students - SSAE MHR 7 Vickery St. Alexandra 3714 www.dustyswag.zoomshare.com/
29 Mar 1 April CORRYONG The Man From Snowy River Festival (March 29-April 1)
Contact Jan Lewis 02 6076 1992 mfsrbf@bigpond.com Closing date 9th February (\$7.00 per section)
1 KATHERINE NT - CM Muster. Written comp. Closing date - SSAE PO Box 8211 Bargara Q.
3-4 WINTON Q Waltzing Matilda Junior Bush Poetry Festival - Wednesday and Thursday 3-4 April.
SSAE PO Box 120 Winton Qld 4735
6-9 ROMA Easter In the Country, Chris & The Grey's Bush Poetry, Ballads and Yarns Show,
Email thegrey@tpg.com.au or <http://www.users.tpg.com.au/thegrey>
12-15 TENTERFIELD Oracles of the Bush SSAE PO Box 372 TENTERFIELD 2372 - 02 6736 2900 (See page 8)
20-22 CASINO VILLAGE - The Bushmen's Heritage - A celebration of Bush Poetry -
Phone Anne Noble 0408 269 075 www.casinovillage.com.au
SSAE Sue Stoddart PO Box 1 Dunedoo - 2844 - dddgroup@bigpond.com Ph. 02 63751 975
20-22 BOONDOOMA HOMESTEAD Spirit of the Bush Heritage Weekend & Balladeers Muster
includes bush poet's breakfasts <http://www.durongonline.com/penday.html>
22-27 St. ALBANS Folk Festival NSW - Cec Bucello festival@ccbDMA.org 02 4325 7369
30 Closing date. BRONZE SWAGMAN AWARDS Winners announced at Outback Festival 30.9.07 SSAE PO Box 120 Winton Qld 4735

DON'T FORGET: Remember to double check dates with organizers.

CHANGES to CALENDAR of EVENTS

S.A. BUSH POETS. Meet 3rd Thursday of month - Glandor Community Centre - Naldona Street Glandor ph. 08 8528 6338
KEMPSEY 2nd Sat. Hastings-Macleay Bush Poets. Sam 02 6562 6861 or Bessie 02 6584 5425
TENTERFIELD 12-15 April (see page 8)
MONTO Cream Can Awards - May 2008 - (Bi-annually)

The WALTZING MATILDA BUSH POETRY FESTIVAL

is now part of the Outback Festival held in September at Winton in Queensland.

The Little Swaggies Awards are a feature of this festival and growing in status every year. The written section aims to encourage writing of traditional-style Australian Bush Verse, incorporating rhyme and rhythm. Last year 513 entries were received in this section.

The 2006 Junior Performance Competition attracted 195 individual entries and 17 performance groups from all over western Queensland.

The Bronze Swagman award is recognized as one of the most prestigious awards in Australia for written Bush Verse, and is now in its 36th year. An anthology of verse from the Competition is published by Winton Business & Tourism Association each year.

The Outback Festival was an initia-

tive of the fledgling Winton Tourist Promotion Association. In November 1971 a community meeting was held, supported by the Winton Shire Council, to discuss a proposal for a week of activities and entertainment.

The idea behind the proposal was to give support to the local economy which was struggling, due to the previous years of drought conditions in the late sixties, and to draw tourists and past residents back to town.

The aim of the festival is to provide a holiday destination for families and all people from the very young to the elderly. The festival assists in attracting tourists to the region in conjunction with the Waltzing Matilda Centre - the home of our legend 'Banjo' Paterson who wrote Australia's unofficial anthem 'Waltzing Matilda' which was first performed publicly at the North Gregory Hotel in Winton on the 6th April 1895.

ADVERTISING RATES

1/3 Column	\$10.00
2/3 Column	\$15.00
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Poet's Calendar and Regular Events free. (One line only)

Poets Calendar Booklet free.

(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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(Invoiced with Receipt)

Send all details in plain text along with payment

The Editor.

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ASHES 2006

©Peter Mace

In the year of our lord two thousand and five the Poms won the ashes to keep cricket alive. These ashes are heavy or so I've been told, either that or their slippery, 'cause there damn hard to hold.

Freddie Flintoff came out to captain a side, that a few months before had regained English pride. The press there in England were quick to declare, these Aussies are gone and they cannot compare.

With the bowling attack or the batsmen sublime, that the grand MCC has sent out this time. But alas from the Captain right through to the Keeper, as the matches went on, in the mire they got deeper.

Its hard to believe in the Adelaide Test, the game where the pommies batted their best. With a score of five hundred and fifty or more, and a first innings lead they were shown the door.

They have an excuse, why they failed to survive. They just had no experience playing day five !

Then the folder containing their tactics got lost, they were now down four nil, so they probably got tossed.

But the Aussies then said to keep it all fair, our tactics with you we are happy to share.

But when Freddie read them he started to cry. For all that they said was - "spin., then hang out to dry".

WINTON Qld. BUSH POETRY EVENTS 2007

Junior Bush Poetry Awards
Junior Written Competition
Junior Performance Competition

The 36th BRONZE SWAGMAN AWARD

For Written Bush Verse
Entries close 30th April

WALTZING MATILDA BUSH POETRY FESTIVAL (Part of the Outback Festival) 26th - 30th September

Wednesday 26th. 8pm Walkup Concert
Thurs. 27th 7.30am Poets Breakfast
9.00am Competition Original Section
Saturday 29th 7.30am Poets Breakfast
9.00am Competition 'Banjo' Paterson Section
Sunday 30th Presentation Ceremony

Announcement of Bronze Swagman Award

P.O. Box 120
Winton. Qld. 4735
Ph: (07) 4657 1296
Fx: (07) 4657 1541

COMPETITION RESULTS . .

The Blackened Billy

1st David Campbell,
Beaumaris V. 'Hero'.
2nd Val Wallace, Glendale NSW,
'Killed in Action'.

3rd Don Adams, NZ, 'Be Seen
and Heard . . . and Loved'

Highly Commended:

Arthur Green, Qld.
'Farewell the Light-Horses'

Max Merckenschlager, SA
'Along the Muranji';

Alec Raymer, Qld.
'Night Walkers';

Carol Heuchan, NSW. 'Fate';
Carol Heuchan, 'Trails';

Ron Stevens, NSW
'The Expedition';

Brian Beesley, NSW,
'My Country';

Glenny Palmer, Qld.
'The Blooming';

Ellis Campbell, NSW,
'A Boy Comes Home';

V.P. Read, WA,
'A Tribute to Jilly'.

Country Energy

Golden Dampier

Performance Competition

Traditional

1st Carol Heuchan, Cooranbong
NSW 'The Amateur Rider'

2nd Ellis Campbell, Dubbo
'Pale Rider'

3rd Graeme Johnson, West Ryde
'The Thrasher-gram'

Original

1st Peter Mace, Empire Bay
NSW

'Courting Mary'
2nd Carol Heuchan, Cooranbong,

'Pocket-sized Edition'

3rd Jim Brown, Heathmont V

'The Anzac on the Wall'

Australia Day

Competition Thangool Q.

Open Section

1st. Arthur Green, 'My Heart, My
Land, My Home'

Highly Commended:

Ellis Campbell, 'Where Else?'

Highly Commended

Ellis Campbell, 'An Australian
Bushland Morn'

Carol Heuchan, 'My View'

Commended:

Irene Conner, 'The Beauty Of A
Saddle For A Throne'

Irene Conner, 'Where The Golden
Wheatheads Grow'

Zondrae King, 'My Magpie
Friend'

Zondrae King, 'Soul Connection'

Manfred Vijars, '100 Per Cent'

Manfred Vijars, 'Reflection -
Australia Day 2007'

Banana Shire Open Section

1st Marie Cherry, 'My Australia'

Highly Commended

Linda Newman, 'Time To Cele-
brate'

Junior Section

1st Monique Simms, 'Aussie
Poem'

Banana Shire Junior Section

1st Maggie Simms, 'Dry Austra-
lia'

YOUNG NSW

Performance Competition

1st Carol Heuchan

2nd Greg Broderick

3rd Ellis Campbell

HC. John Davis

Don Anderson

Greg North

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BUNDABERG BUSH POETRY MUSTER 2007

JULY 13th, 14th & 15th

Performance Competitions:

- * Open (Male & Female)
- * Intermediate
- * Novice
- * Under 15's
- * Yarn Spinning
- * Duo Competition
- * One Minute Cup

Closing date 23rd June 2007

Competition Enquiries:

SSAE to:

Bundaberg Poets' Society Inc.
PO Box 4281
BUNDABERG SOUTH 4670



BUSH LANTERN AWARD FOR WRITTEN VERSE

Closing date: June 1st 2007

(Results announced July 15th
on the Muster Weekend)

Entry Forms:

Bush Lantern Coordinator
Bundaberg Poets' Society Inc.
PO Box 4281
BUNDABERG SOUTH. 4670

All phone or e.mail enquiries:

*John & Sandy Lees
(Muster Co-ordinators)
07 41514631
lees@interworx.com.au*

*Dean Collins
(Bush Lantern Co-ordinator)
07 41591705
dino123@dodo.com.au*

*Laree Chapman (Vice President)
07 41527409
kandlchapman@bigpond.com*

Question:

What do Bush Poets like Jack Drake, Marco Gliori, Milton Taylor, Ray Essery, Gary Fogarty, Carol Heuchan, John Major, Carmel Randle, Bill Scott, Max Jarrott and Stuart Nivison have in common?

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NEW PERFORMANCE COMPETITION THE JOHN O'BRIEN FESTIVAL

At the John O'Brien Festival on Thursday 16th March commencing at 6pm the John O'Brien Heritage Committee will hold a performance competition in which contestants will recite one John O'Brien poem. The preferred venue is outdoors near the Presbytery around a campfire. The prize-money will be 1st \$200 2nd \$100 3rd \$50 —
Entry to the competition is \$5 and this is sent to
Narrandera Tourist Centre PO Box 89
Narrandera 2700



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COMPETITION
John O'Brien Bush Festival
NARRANDERA NSW
Friday 16th March**
(Entries close 9th March)

Entry Fee \$10.00

Entry forms from:
Narrandera Tourist Centre
PO Box 89 Narrandera 2700
Ph. 1800 672 392

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Monday
16th April 2007**
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For information -
contact Pamela Fox
Phone 07 5541 2662
email: pamelafox@bigpond.com
or Betty on 5541 2664

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