

# ARPA

The Australian Bush Poets Association Inc.

## NEWSLETTER

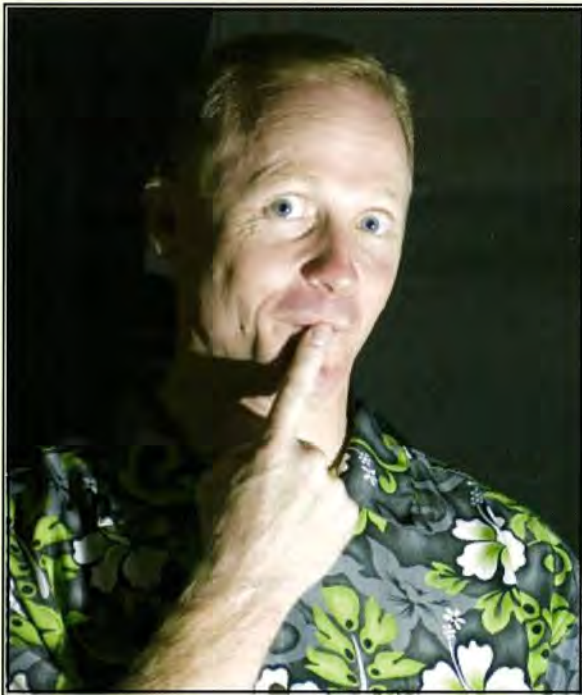


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Multi-talented and consistent award winner, Greg North who took out the Yarn Spinning competition at Canberra National over the Easter Weekend.

### National Folk Festival Yarn Spinning Contest

This year's winner of the National Folk Festival's Yarn Spinning contest was well-known Bush poet Gregory North from the Blue Mountains town of Linden. Greg presented three yarns during the competition which was held over the Easter long weekend in Canberra. During the heats, Greg's use of a variety of characters, accents and hats painted a picture of what the locals get up to in the small Victorian town of Corryong, and a gay orderly from St Sanctimonious Hospital introduced the audience to a list of characters with somewhat unusual, although relevant names during the competition heats. But it was the character, police commissioner Krupt and his announcement regarding bio-terrorist ticks being responsible for the current drought, that saw Greg win the contest.

Runner-up, by the narrowest of margins was Peter Capp of Western Australia and third place went to Vivienne Sawyer of Albion Park NSW.

Last year's winner Barry Lake, of Narooma NSW, compered and ran the contest which saw 33 contestants take the stage in three heats and the final.

Yarns are stories – serious or humourous, often with an unexpected twist at the end. They aren't just a series of jokes, nor are they a poem, but rather a tale that entertains the audience in the style of our forefathers. Yarns have a long tradition in Australia and that tradition, although under pressure from electronic entertainment, is still thriving at the National and many other festivals around the country. Come along to the National Folk Festival next Easter to share your own yarn or just be part of the audience and enjoy some great Aussie entertainment.

### National Folk Festival Reciter of the Year

Canberra based bush poet Laurie McDonald won the 'Reciter of the Year' award at the National Folk Festival (Canberra) over the Easter week-end.

The trophy is awarded annually to the best performance of a poem over the first three of four breakfasts during the festival.

Laurie was selected from eighty five performances which included a wonderful array of poetry. Highly commended were John Best, Greg North, Frank Daniel, Vic Jefferies and Peter Mace.

Laurie is a foundation member of the Queanbeyan Bush Poets. He performed all original poems, including, 'Wind in my Hair', contrasting the fabulous old model cars

with the 'wussy' latest models; 'The Legend of Merkyl Crud', a hilarious yarn about a modern day hero of the sea who 'won' the Sydney Hobart Yacht Race and; 'The North Wind', a very moving piece dealing with grief by getting away from it all to Uluru and the Red Centre.

One of the benefits of his win was the opportunity to perform his winning poem at the Festival 'Poetry Debate' to an audience of at least two thousand people.

Laurie, born in Allora Qld., spent the first 25 years of his life in Queensland. Because his father was a primary school teacher, the family including his mother, five brothers and a sister moved regularly with each of his dad's transfers.

(cont'd page 3)





Kym Eitel

## A FEW WORDS FROM KYM

At any given stage of our life, all we really have is the past, the present and the future. What we do with each of those stages is up to us.

We all think we have the rest of our lives to do whatever we want, but I think one of the most important things I realised when I was diagnosed with cancer, is that we won't always have next year, next month or tomorrow, so if there's something you want to do, do it today.

My CT scan last month showed that both of my cancers had disappeared, so I guess I'm all clear. I still don't have a lot of hair and wear a scarf so I don't

scare people, but otherwise I'm OK. Thank you to those concerned people who contacted me, but all is well!

When I first realised - we're all gonna die one day my first thought was, I don't have time to die, there's so much stuff I haven't done yet ... and my second thought was, who's going to look after my children? I actually said to the doctor, "I don't have time for cancer. I'll come back in a couple weeks and deal with it then". I guess my point is - we don't know how much we have.

I started working as a teacher aide at a primary school last week, and the

the material) because he couldn't wait to see what my hair looked like.

A little girl asked me why I wore the scarf and I told her because I didn't have much hair, and she shrugged her shoulders and said "Just don't cut it so short!". Simple, isn't it?

So, don't be scared of people who have cancer. We still want to be talked to like normal people and don't want to be avoided. We know people are uncomfortable because they just don't know what to say or do, but just treat us like normal!

## YESTERDAY, TODAY and TOMORROW

by Kym Eitel - Thangool Q.

Our lives are a scrapbook of Yesterdays, a necklace of pearls stretched through time. Each day is a small shining bubble filled with memories, both sad and sublime.

Each Yesterday though, will escape us and run, like sand runs through hands spread apart. Remember and treasure each Yesterday well, and keep them tucked safe in your heart.

Today is your chance now to make a new start - to open a shining new door.

You can walk the same path that you walked Yesterday, or follow your heart and find more.

Grab on to Today and take hold of this chance, to be who you want most to be. Reach higher, try harder and live life some more, dream bigger and set your soul free.

Enjoy life Today and the lessons you learn - be it joy or success, rage or sorrow. The lessons you're learning will give you the strength and the knowledge you need for Tomorrow.

Tomorrow's a riddle without any clues. It's a gift we unwrap each sun's rise - an exciting adventure we wake to each morn. Every day brings a brand new surprise.

It's a secret that life enjoys keeping from us 'til the moment we most need to know. Tomorrow's a dream that we hold in our heart, and we pray that we'll bask in its glow.

Yes, Tomorrow's elusive - won't always be there. So you see, it's not ours - we just borrow. We hope there's another great day still ahead, so look forward to every Tomorrow!

The memories of Yesterday - keep in your heart. Love the miracle we call Today. Keep hope for Tomorrow - the mystery it brings, and cherish your three special days.

## The Bush Poet Speaks

by Tom Collins (Joseph Furphy)

Tell me not in future numbers  
That our thought becomes inane,  
That our metre halts and lumbers,  
When the Wattle blooms again.

Time may change this loyal jernal  
From religious to profane;  
But a rhythmic law eternal  
Makes the Wattle bloom again.

Trust no Flossie, howe'er pleasant:  
Sweeps are treacherous; totes are vain;  
Banks and scrip are evanescent --  
But the Wattle blooms again.

Cultivate no fair ideal;  
Own no country seat in Spain;  
All these things must go to Sheol,  
Whilst the Wattle blooms again.

This, you see, austere and lonely,  
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,  
One great fact is certain only --  
That the Wattle blooms again.

*First published in The Bulletin,  
27 August 1898*



### Joseph Furphy

wrote under the pseudonym 'Tom Collins'. He was born on 26th September 1843 at Yerang Station in Victoria.

He was the author of 'Such is Life' first published in 1903.



## PRESIDENT'S REPORT JUNE-JULY

G'day Members,  
Thank you for your continuing promotion of the ABPA membership. Those application flyers you are handing out at your various gigs are having the desired effect. Should you need more Application Membership Forms please contact me through email.

Our ABPA website continues to grow and provide additional services for our members. A huge vote of thanks must go to Andy Schnalle whose latest innovation, *The Forum* will allow members, once they register, to post their own

*poems as well as interact with other members. I know this has taken Andy many hours to set up and we are most grateful for both his expertise and the time he has and will spend to ensure it operates smoothly. I found it very easy to register and if I can do it then anyone can do it.*

Sadly members we have lost another significant poet in the person of June Hansen. June, a member of the North Pine Bush Poets had been winning a battle with one form of cancer when leukemia, which had not been detected, appeared suddenly and took her life. To Gordon and the family we express our sincere condolences. Shirley Friend also asked me to convey the following to the members.

Shirley & Family would like to sincerely thank you for your kind expressions of sympathy, flowers, letters and cards following the recent passing of Shirley's Beloved Husband & our Father Grandfather, and Great-Grandfather, Cedric Gerard Friend. The colour contained in this Newsletter is the trial run that was agreed to at the AGM. We need to know as to what you see as advantages and disadvantages of this trial and whether or not such a presentation should continue. Again I extend to Frank our gratitude for the work he does in presenting an excellent medium of communication and for the extra effort he put into this coloured edition.

Members I am disappointed with the lack of response to the proposed amendments to the Criteria Sheet for Performance Poetry that appeared in the April-May Newsletter. I had one response. We, your elected committee, need your approval or disapproval for such innovations and the email process that over 80% of our members use should make this type of response cheap and effective. Many of you are involved in performance competitions and have a vested interest in ensuring that we get *the-best-possible-criteria* on which you will be judged. If you fully endorse the amendments let me know; if you can see better criteria then share it *before* it becomes operational.

With gratitude,

Noel Stallard

## NEW EMAIL ADDRESS

The associations Treasurer and Secretary, Margaret and Ed Parmenter have a new and novel email address. The idea stems from the duos former amateur theatrical days when as members of the local theatre group and Margaret's involvement with the Coffs Harbour Musical Company combined forces to produce a joint production known far and wide as the *Coffs Mixture*.

Please note their new address: Email: [coffsmixture@hotmail.net.au](mailto:coffsmixture@hotmail.net.au)

Members with internet access are asked to please forward their latest contact details to the Editor for private record. email to: [editor@abpa.org.au](mailto:editor@abpa.org.au)

## LAURIE McDONALD (from p.1)



During that time, Laurie lived on the Darling Downs, in Emerald, Maryborough, Brisbane and Mt. Isa.

After completing a Surveying Degree at the University of Queensland, he moved to Wollongong for five years and then to Canberra, which has been home since 1972.

Poetry came into Laurie's life in 1992 when he wrote a poem for a family function and the muse has continued to the present day. A regular performer at festivals and functions in Canberra and South Eastern New South Wales, he writes of quirky observations of life from the humorous to the serious and his poems feature a range of larger than life, fictitious characters such as Merkyll Crud, Thommo and Mick, Candy Devine and Jimbo.

Laurie works as a surveyor in Canberra and is married to Denise Burton, herself an accomplished and entertaining free verse poet. One of Laurie's other loves over the years has been sailing, hence the 'Legend of Merkyll Crud'. During the 1970s he won several national and state championships in Catamarans. From 1984 he raced windsurfers, albeit less successfully and during the 2000 Olympics officiated at the Sydney Olympic Sailing Venue as a boat measurer and in the race results room.

These days Laurie's spare time is taken up with another of his loves, gardening with a preference for Australian natives. He also enjoys quality time with family and friends. Somewhere in amongst all that he always finds time to pen a few more great poems.

Laurie, the quietly spoken, likeable bloke of the bush poetry scene was a deserved winner of this year's award.

Australian writer and poet, Henry Lawson, was born on the Grenfell goldfields in New South Wales on 17 June, 1867.



Henry is one of the most famous and most popular of all Australian writers.

Each year Henry Lawson Festivals are held in Grenfell, the place of his birth, and Gulgong, where he spent his youth. Both celebrations are held on the June Long Weekend.

## CHINCHILLA MELON FESTIVAL

Late news to hand, but hopefully of interest to our readers.

In his letter to the editor, Ray Wright of the Miles Bush Poets Group enclosed a clipping from the Chinchilla News covering the Poets Breakfasts held at the 2007 Chinchilla Melon Festival, which coincided with the birthday of AB 'Banjo' Paterson (17th February 1864).

Members of the Chinchilla branch of the Queensland Cancer Council provided a full breakfast each day for the record crowd which exceeded 300 people each morning.

Some of the best of Australia's bush poetry was put on display by Gary Fogarty of Milmerrin, Bill Kearns of Grafton, and John Major of Mapleton with the trio adjudicating the very tough bush poetry competition.

The first three placegetters were Dion Cross (Chinchilla), Brian Weier (Dalby) and 'Condamine Jack' from Miles. The genre of poetry ranged from the classical traditional works to more original pieces of poetry portraying life experiences and humorous stories of the performers pulling on the heart-strings of the audience creating tears of joy and laughter.

## NEW GROUPS!

The latest group to join our ranks is the Eureka Bush Balladeers (Poetry and Song) of Ballarat Vic. Meetings are held from 2pm to 5pm on the last Sunday of every month at the Black Hill Hotel, Peel St, Black Hill - Contacts: John Peel (0428) 312 287 or Ken Prato (0417) 386 778

The **Bush Poet's Deniliquin** is another new group helping to spread the word.

This group meets on the third Sundays of the month at 2pm. and to date have had Bob Magor, Noel Stallard and Merv Webster as guests.

Office bearers are as follows. President, Alex Allit. Vice President, Bill Rice. Secretary, Freda Allitt. Publicity, Wendy Beck and Fay Paterson.



## LOST POETRY

1. A new member, Jacqui Warnock of Narrabri, has written asking for help with the following poems. The first is 'Thank a Soldier' written along the lines of all the freedom we enjoy. The other two have been handed down from her mother but unfortunately the words are now mostly forgotten - 'Packing' and 'Teaching a Girl to Swim'.

2. Another new member, taking advantage of our services is asking for a poetry version of 'The Exodus - The Gospel 'cordin' to Uncle Jack'. It starts 'The Gypos knew the Israelites were good at makin' the knuckle.....'

3. The tourists best friend, the lovely eighty years old Mary Frawley from the Barrington Hotel between Bourke and Cunnamulla asked members, Tom and Desma O'Connor, who were passing through, if they had heard of a poem called 'Kissing Cups'.

4. Marcia Emmett from the central coast is searching for a long lost poem possibly entitled 'Little Nell'.

*Harry Bates from Darkies Flat, his wife and little Nell were travelling in a covered dray from Hay to Inverell.*

If you can help with any of these would you please let the editor know (contact details now on page 22).



**GIPPSLAND:** Following the success of their inaugural competition, the Gippsland Bush Poets club has again decided to run the Gippsland Wattle Bush Poetry written competition along similar lines to last year.

With a grand prize of \$1,000.00 going to the winner, plus minor prizes and awards, it is expected that entries will be equal to, or better, than last year.

**CHARTERS TOWERS:** The Festival of Australian Bush Poetry in Charters Towers, though down in the number of competitors, was a very keen and enjoyable event with some 180 audience members. Judges for the competition were Milton Taylor, John Best, Gary Fogarty and Melanie Hall.

The Over-all champion was John Lloyd

**NARRABRI:** The Poets' Breakfast held at the Annual Narrabri Show in April was again a smooth running success with over twenty-four poets attending. Thirty-six poems in all were recited at the 'brekkie' to a packed full house. According to the head steward it was one of the largest and, judging by the feedback, one of the best.

Rain may have dampened the enthusiasm of those who would normally attend the show, but not so with the stalwarts who came for the poetry.

**NEW CAMP:** Dean and Suez Tre-

vaskis and their two littlies, Mollie (3½) and Jimmy (1½) have moved camp to Ocean Shores, in the Mullumbimby - Brunswick area in northern NSW.

They are hoping that their long list of friends will feel welcome to stay at their new home and will visit regularly. You'll find them at 11 Narooma Drive, Ocean Shores, NSW 2483.

The 'ode-cologne' will work if you dial 02 6680 4976 and you can still reach them at their email address [deanandsuez@optusnet.com.au](mailto:deanandsuez@optusnet.com.au)

**DURRAS to DOOKIE:** We're a weird mob, no doubt! Who ever heard of moving South for the winter?

NSW might have gained from Queensland with the Trevaskis family, but lost out when George and Pat Donnelly moved from Durras to Dookie in Victoria. And just where is Dookie? It's not too far from Benalla and just a little closer to Shepparton in the Goulburn Valley. The Dookie publican boasts one character, 'Jack Harper', has been drinking there almost daily for the past fifty years.

**D**ue to inherit a fortune when his sickly, widower father died, Charles decided he needed a woman to enjoy it with. Going to a singles' bar, he spotted a woman whose beauty took his breath away. "I'm just an ordinary man," he said, walking up to her, "but in just a week or two, my father will die and I'll inherit 20 million dollars." The woman went home with Charles, and the next day she became his step-mother.

# GIPPSLAND BUSH POETS

2<sup>nd</sup> Annual

## GIPPSLAND WATTLE BUSH POETRY AWARD OPEN WRITTEN COMPETITION

# \$1,000.00 First Prize

Minor prizes:- \$250.00 and \$100.00

(Also Highly Commended and Commended awards)

Entry cost is \$10.00 per poem or \$20.00 for up to 3 poems.

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

Gippsland Bush Poets written competition,

C/o P.O. Box 453

MAFFRA Victoria 3860.

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

**Entries close on October 31<sup>st</sup> 2007**

Gippsland Bush Poets members are ineligible to enter.



One of our (Aussie) Country Music Sheilas put out a song with the line:  
"... and Ah lahk men in TRERKS!" ... well I couldn't let that go ...

### UTES ARE OUT

© Manfred Vijars - January 2007

An Aussie blonde, sweet looking girl - and singer of renown seems to think 'home-grown' is bad in spite of her 'Aussie' crown.

Produces records overseas; with foreign labour too - our local talent's overlooked. (Her records feign True Blue).

So take our cash, that's quite alright but here's what really irks - Aussie 'Blokes in Utes' are out what's in, is "Men in Treks"!

(sorry Melinda, not a fan anymore)

Why don't we ever see the headlines "PSYCHIC WINS LOTTERY"?

### KITTY'S BROOM

by 'Breaker' Morant

When Kitty glides into the room  
There I contrive to stay  
And watch her while she with her broom

Sweeps all the dust away.

For bright-faced, slender Kitty's such

A comely sight to see,

She grasps that broom with magic touch

And waves it willingly.

And with her white and shapely arms,

Where dimples love to play,  
She wields that magic wand and charms

Dull care-and dust-away.

All this life's care and sad concerns

No longer darkly loom,

All shadow into sunlight turns

When Kitty does the room.

Along life's thorny path of gloom

I'd wend a cheerful way

Did Heaven send Kitty with her broom

To brush the briars away

### A Dogs Soul

Author unknown

Every dog must have a soul  
Somewhere deep inside  
Where all his hurts and grievances  
Are buried with his pride.

Where he decides the good and bad,  
The wrong way from the right,  
And where his judgement carefully  
Is hidden from our sight.

A dog must have a secret place  
Where every thought abides,  
A sort of close acquaintance that  
He trusts in and confides.

And when accused unjustly for  
Himself, He cannot speak,  
Rebuked, He finds within his soul  
The comfort he must seek.

He'll love, tho' he is unloved,  
And he'll serve tho' badly used,  
And one kind word will wipe away  
The times when he's abused.

Altho' his heart may break in two  
His love will still be whole,  
Because God gave to every dog  
An understanding Soul!

## OLD FORT RAINWORTH



Take a giant step back in history at the poet's breakfast on the 9<sup>th</sup> September at **Old Rainworth Fort**, a historical complex located 10kays from Springsure in Queensland's Central Highlands.

Here, you will see the original fort building, the relocated Cairdbeign (pron. Carbeen) homestead and school building plus a fascinating collection of historical artefacts.

The superb seven roomed slab homestead dates from the 1870's and along with the school building, was transferred from Archibald Buchanan's Cairdbeign property which lies to the south of Rainworth.

Rainworth Fort was built in 1862 after the Wills family were massacred in the country north of the Minerva Hills in 1861.

At Cullin-la-ringo (north-west of Springsure) a group of Kairi warriors killed nineteen people in the largest recorded massacre of whites in Australian history. It is likely that the massacre was prompted by a combination of frustration at the loss of land and as an act of revenge for the atrocities which were being committed with monotonous regularity by both the whites (who were eager to rid themselves of the Aborigines) and the dreaded native police who had stolen tribal women.

The Aboriginal resistance to the encroachment of Europeans was both courageous and violent.

The massacre at Cullin-la-ringo occurred before any kind of permanent building could be constructed. All buildings on the site post-date the killings.

The diary of Jesse Gregson, part-owner and manager of the station, states that the building was designed as a store house. The name 'fort' has grown as a legend.

It is ironic that the massacre at Cullin-la-Ringo was probably as a result of an attack made on the local Aborigines by Jesse Gregson who was manager of Rainworth Station. The local Aborigines had 'stolen' 300 sheep (they probably thought they had a right to them as

when Gregson arrived at their camp they invited him to share their meal) and Gregson responded by shooting a number of them.

A visit to Old Rainworth Station is well worth while. The owners are a mine of local history.

The area around Springsure was first explored by Ludwig Leichhardt during his 1844-45 journey through central Queensland. Leichhardt eventually reached Port Essington in the Northern Territory and, upon his return to Sydney in 1846, his glowing reports of the area around the Comet River prompted graziers to move into the area.

Some kind of town sprang up at Springsure as early as 1859 although it wasn't surveyed and gazetted until 1863.

Springsure (including Rolleston and Carnarvon National Park) is an attractive country town with good access to the beautiful Carnarvon National Park.

It is nestled below the Capricorn Highlands with the local landmark Mount Zamia, of which Virgin Rock is the most prominent feature, looming above the town. It is located 66 km south of Emerald and 975 km from Brisbane (via Rockhampton).

In talking to seventy eight year old Colleen McLaughlin, the editor found that it took the wagons one hundred and twenty days for a round trip to Rockhampton for supplies, hence the building of the 'fort' as it is now called, for the safe storage of supplies.

## SILVER & GOLD

by Colleen McLaughlin - Springsure Q

The grass is long on the training track,  
and the hay has gone from the well filled stack,  
there are empty stalls in the stables red,  
and the pasture fair where the stallions fed.  
When the dark comes down and the curlews cry,  
and the Cross is bright in the southern sky,  
and the world is hushed. If you have the ears  
you can bridge the gap of the bygone years.  
You can hear the ring of the plated hoofs  
when the moonbeams run on the rusted roofs,  
you can see the gleam of the bridle bars  
in the silver light of the watching stars.  
And a horse goes by with a coat of gold,  
and his rider's wrapped from the morning cold.  
The dawn light breaks and the rails shine white  
the darkness fades and the world is light.

*The stables stand with their roofs of red  
as they did way back where the cold was brea.  
The track is ringed with the Queensland plains,  
but his forbears walked in the English lanes  
where the banks are starred with the primrose gay,  
and the skies are soft on a summer's day.*

The colt was the pride of the old man's heart,  
and this was the trial for his first big start.  
He shook his head and he mouthed the bit,  
and he played, to show he was feeling fit.  
He saw the track as a band of green,  
and he gathered speed like a gold machine.  
When the clock ticked off, we knew that day  
that a colt of the best had come our way.  
He carried the silks of the old brown boss  
for many a win, or a well planned loss.  
And he and the place were the district's pride,  
but the heart went down when the old man died.

The colt was sold, and the money spent,  
but no one followed the boss's bent.  
The grass grew long and the paint peeled back,  
and the rails fell down on the training track.  
But sometimes now, if you have the ears,  
you can hear the calls, and the claps and cheers  
that began way back on a frosty morn,  
when a gold colt ran in the silver dawn.

Ownership of the property passed on to Colleen McLaughlin and her sister Mrs. Lorna Smith when they purchased Old Rainworth from their cousin in 1973.

Colleen's poem above is from her book 'Tracks of Yesteryear' which was a finalist in the 2007 Australian Bush Laureate Awards.

## The Bloody Fields of Wheego

The moon rides high in a starry sky,  
And, through the midnight gloom,  
A faery scene of woodland green  
Her silver rays illumine.  
Dark mountains show a ridge of snow  
Against the deep blue sky,  
And a winding stream with sparkling gleam  
Flows merrily murmuring by.  
Not a sound is heard, save a bough when stirred  
By the night-wind's moaning sigh,  
Or, piercing and shrill, echoed back by the hill,  
A curlew's mournful cry.  
And twinkling bright in the shadowy night  
A lonely taper shines,  
And seated there is a wanton fair  
Who in amorous sadness pines.  
For her lord is gone, and she sits alone,  
Alone in her mountain home!  
But 'twas not her lord that she deplored,  
For she liked to see him roam.  
The joy in her heart is a bushranger smart  
Who, lion-like, prowls in the night;  
And with supper all spread, and a four-post bed,  
She waits by the flickering light.  
Equipped for fight, in trappings bright,  
Came a band of warriors there,  
By gallant Sir Fred right gallantly led,  
The 'ranger to seize in a snare,  
They spread all around, and the house they surround,  
Nine men with revolver and gun;  
"A reward's on his head!" cried the gallant Sir Fred,  
"And we're nine to the bushranger's one!"  
Still gleamed the light in the shades of the night,  
And still the pale moon shone;  
But no 'ranger came to cheer the dame  
As she sat by the window alone.  
The warriors bold were freezing with cold,  
And wished they were in their beds,  
When the echoing beat of a horse's feet  
Sent the blood in a rush to their heads!  
At gentle speed on a snow-white steed  
And singing a joyous song  
To the beckoning light in the shadowy night  
The bushranger rides along.

A stalwart man was he to scan  
And flushed with ruffian pride;  
In many a fray he had won the day  
And the "New Police" defied.  
Up started then Sir Fred and his men  
With cocked carbines in hand  
And called aloud to the 'ranger proud  
On pain of death to "stand".  
But the 'ranger proud, he laughed aloud,  
And bounding rode away,  
While Sir Frederick Pott shut his eyes for a shot  
And missed - in his usual way.  
His troopers then like valiant men  
With their carbines blazed away.  
The whistling lead on its mission sped,  
But whither, none can say.  
The snow-white steed at a gentle speed  
Bore the 'ranger from their view  
And left Sir Fred to return to bed -  
There was nothing else to do.  
But Sir Frederick Pott with rage was hot  
As he looked at his warriors eight.  
They were nine to one, with revolver and gun!  
He cursed his luckless fate.  
He shuddered to think how his glory would sink  
When the country heard of the mess  
And the tale was told of his exploits bold  
In the columns of the press.  
In fury then he marched his men  
To the home of the wanton fair  
With warlike din they entered in  
To search and ransack there.  
In slumber sound a boy they found,  
And brave Sir Frederick said:  
"By a flash in the pan we missed the man,  
So we'll take the boy instead!"

*Note: The woman in this ballad is Kitty Brown, Frank Gardiner's mistress. The boy arrested was Kitty's 17 year old brother, Johnny 'warrigal' Walsh. As the ballad indicates - Gardiner escaped the police cordon.*



## BANANA by Laurie McDonald

I'm a big fat banana growing high in a tree  
I'm the wonderfulest fruit that you'll ever see  
When you pick me on high from the big yellow bunch  
And mash me on bread I'm your favourite lunch  
Chop me up on your Weet Bix in sugar and milk  
Whip me up in a smoothie all softer than silk  
Ah roll me in chocolate and dip me in cream  
Of battered and frittered and custard I dream  
I might look a bit bent when I lie on your plate  
But I go bananas when you have me straight.

## Gregory North DVD Concert

Be part of the audience for the recording of Greg's DVD!

### Saturday 4th August

in the beautiful Blue Mountains  
make a weekend of it and enjoy

### Yulefest in the Mountains

as well as some great Bush Poetry

Bookings essential. Contact Greg on 02 4753 1197

[greg@gregorynorth.com.au](mailto:greg@gregorynorth.com.au)

Details soon at [www.gregorynorth.com.au](http://www.gregorynorth.com.au)

Never be afraid to do something new. Remember, amateurs  
built the Ark. Professionals built the Titanic.  
Love is grand - Divorce is several hundred grand.  
In just two days, tomorrow will be yesterday.  
I plan on living forever - so far so good.

From Skew Whiff



## THE LAST OF THE DARLING DREADNOUGHTS

By Francis Humphris Brown

Her journeying done, 'neath a sheltering gum,  
 Where the mud lark builds her nest,  
 With her keel sunk deep in a silting hole  
 Where the cod fish move on a night patrol,  
 By a couch grass bank where the wood ducks stroll,  
 Lies the S.S. Nile at rest.

The last of the liners to stem the stream  
 With the currents running swift,  
 In the turbulent days, when the captains bold,  
 To humour the crew when the nights were cold,  
 Would sample a cask in the after hold  
 At the end of the second shift.

And merry it was in the dawn to hear,  
 As the wild ducks flew ahead,  
 The splash, splash, splash of the dreadnought's wheel,  
 As out from a timbered bend she'd steal  
 To straighten her barge on an even keel,  
 With a load from the Dunlop shed.

With a couple of feet on the Jemison's rocks,  
 And a drought upon the land,  
 There wasn't much peace for a dreadnought's crew,  
 When the guts of the Darling had fallen through,  
 But there's always a chance in a heavy dew  
 To float her across the sand.

And a terrible night was the night of a flood,  
 For the Captain who stood aghast,  
 When he met with the worst of catastrophes;  
 As tossed by the rapids against the trees,  
 His craft at an angle of filthy degrees  
 Was listed, and sinking fast.

And a pitiful sight was his face forsooth.  
 As, after the tragedy,  
 He gazed at his craft from the bank next morn,  
 With her deckings smashed in and her combings torn,  
 Her paddle box stripped, and the galley borne  
 Away on an inland sea.

But never again shall we hear at the dawn,  
 As the wild-ducks fly ahead,  
 The splash, splash, splash of the paddle-wheel,  
 As out from a timbered bend she'd keel,  
 With a load from the Dunlop shed.

\* \* \* \* \*

Francis Humphris Brown was born in Echuca, Victoria in 1884 the thirteenth child of John Humphris Brown and his wife Elizabeth whose trading steamers plied the Murray and Darling rivers. Francis died in Bourke in 1933.

## BOURKE POETS

Bourke's literary connections have included many of the legends of Australian poetry & prose. One of the greatest and possibly the most well-known, being **HENRY LAWSON** who lived in Bourke in 1892-3 and wrote some of his best stories on the subject of Bourke and the lives of those who lived and worked there.

### WILL OGILVIE

1869 - 1963 Will Ogilvie, the fine Scottish ballad poet who lived and worked at "Belalie" in the 1890's and who either coined or made pithy use of the phrase "Back O' Bourke". He later returned to Scotland but much of his best work revolves around Australia and the country lifestyle.

### FRANCIS BROWN

1884 - 1933 One of the best of the genuine local poets was Francis H Brown, a member of one of the riverboat trading families who later committed suicide in 1933 at Mt Gundabooka.

He wrote a moving piece called "The last of the Darling Dreadnoughts" in memory of the family paddle steamer PS Nile, after it was destroyed by fire in 1926.

### HARRY 'BREAKER' MORANT

1864 - 1902 Harry "Breaker" Morant who wrote prose and poetry around the Barrington area and was well-known due to his regular publishing's in the 'Bulletin' magazine. He enlisted in the South Australian Mounted Rifles to fight in the Boer War and was famously court-martialled and executed in South Africa in 1902. He is buried with P.J. Handcock (his co-accused) in Pretoria.

## Winton's Junior Bush Poetry Festival



On Tuesday 3<sup>rd</sup> and Wednesday 4<sup>th</sup> April 2007, 14 schools from across Outback Queensland participated in the 12<sup>th</sup> Annual Junior Bush Poetry Festival in Winton.

There were 213 Individual performances from Year 1 - 10, and 25 Group performances from across all the schools, which is an enormous achievement.

The schools that participated were: All Souls St Gabriels School, Charters Towers - Barcardine State School - Cameron Downs State School - Jundah State School - Longreach School of Distance Education - Longreach State School - Mount Isa School of the Air - Prairie State School - Stamford State School - Stonehenge State School - St Patrick's School, Winton - Toowoomba Preparatory School - Windorah State School - Winton State School.

The 2007 Little Swaggies Award (the Junior written competition) has attracted 405 entries from across Australia. Entries are being judged now and the winners will be announced in June 2007.

Winton, 1500kays north-west of Brisbane, is the legendary home of Waltzing Matilda and is famous for dinosaurs, fossils and opals. The shire is the home of the largest dinosaur skeleton ever found in Australia, while Lark Quarry, 110kays south-west of the town contains the only record of a dinosaur stampede in the world.



## QUEANBEYAN BUSH POETS - A PROFILE

The Queanbeyan Bush Poets group was formed in 1995 by its founder, long time Queanbeyan resident, Elaine Delaney. It was her wish to encourage local poets and poetry lovers to meet on a regular basis to enjoy Australian poetry especially and to have a yarn over a cup of tea or coffee and a piece of cake. The group meets at the "Country Heir" Cafe in Queanbeyan at 7pm on the fourth Thursday each month.

While the membership only numbers about 40, most members are very active in the poetry scene in Canberra and Queanbeyan and are regularly called upon to perform at functions.



**DAVID MEYERS**

Bush Poet, singer and musician, David Meyers has been the 'convener' of the Queanbeyan Bush Poets for the past nine years. The group has no formal structure, no membership fees and no committee and has been that way since its inception. The group of poets and friends has a hard core membership of about 20 and can attract another 20 poets when needed. Like Laurie McDonald, the Queanbeyan Bush Poets group is the Quiet Achiever of the Bush Poetry scene.

They even have a street in Queanbeyan named in their honour called 'Poets Lane' - not many groups can claim that. As a representative of the Queanbeyan Bush Poets, David has sat on the Queanbeyan Cultural Advisory Committee also for nine years, assisting the Queanbeyan Council with decisions on the Arts in the region and providing small grants to arts bodies.

## Echoes from the Past:

### THE AUSTRALIAN SLANGUAGE

by W.T. Goodge

'Tis the everyday Australian  
Has a language of his own,  
Has a language, or a slanguage,  
Which can simply stand alone.  
And a "dickon pitch to kid us"  
Is a synonym for "lie",  
And to "nark it" means to stop it,  
And to "nit it" means to fly.  
And a bosom friend's a "cobber",  
And a horse a "prad" or "moke",  
While a casual acquaintance  
Is a "joker" or a "bloke."  
And his lady-love's his "donah"  
Or his "clinah" or his "tart"  
Or his "little bit o' muslin",  
As it used to be his "bart."  
And his naming of the coinage  
Is a mystery to some,  
With his "quid" and "half-a-caser"  
And his "deener" and his "scrum",  
And a "tin-back" is a party  
Who's remarkable for luck,  
And his food is called his "tucker"  
Or his "panem" or his "chuck".  
A policeman is a "johnny"  
Or a "copman" or a "trap",  
And a thing obtained on credit  
Is invariably "strap".  
A conviction's known as "trouble",  
And a gaol is called a "jug",  
And a sharper is a "spieler"  
And a simpleton's a "tug".

If he hits a man in fighting  
That is what he calls a "plug",  
If he borrows money from you  
He will say he "bit your lug."  
And to "shake it" is to steal it,  
And to "strike it" is to beg;  
And a jest is "poking borac",  
And a jester "pulls your leg".

Things are "cronk" when they go  
wrongly  
In the language of the "push",  
But when things go as he wants 'em  
He declares it is "all cush".  
When he's bright he's got a "napper",  
And he's "ratty" when he's daft,  
And when looking for employment  
He is "out o' blooming graft".

And his clothes he calls his "clobber"  
Or his "togs", but what of that  
When a "castor" or a "kady"  
Is the name he gives his hat!  
And our undiluted English  
Is a fad to which we cling,  
But the great Australian language  
Is a truly awful thing!

From *The Bulletin*, 4 June 1898.

William Thomas (W.T.) Goodge was born in London in 1862 and arrived in Sydney in 1882. He roamed around outback New South Wales for twelve years before settling on life as a journalist. For a time he was editor of the *Orange Leader* while contributing to the *Bulletin*. He died in 1909.

The group has hosted Poets' Breakfasts at the National Folk Festival and has provided breakfasts for the annual poetry gathering at "Elmslie Homestead", Bungendore for thirteen years until the property was sold.

Members have also read on various radio programs, including the ABC and entertain regularly at folk festivals in the Southern region. Three of the group perform at several nursing homes around the region.

More recently, the group has provided entertainment for ACT's Historic Places at "Mugga Mugga" homestead and organised a concert for the National Sheepdog Trials at Hall in the ACT.

A book entitled "*Queanbeyan Selections*" has been produced by nerrigundah Publishing which includes the poetry of the Queanbeyan Bush Poets together with historic photographs and snippets of Queanbeyan's history.

This publication is available from publishers or from David Meyers (pictured left) on Ph 02-6286-1891.

David Meyers departed Canberra on 16th May for a short tour of southern UK with the Canberra based '*Shiny Bum Singers*'.

It's always a low-key night and a very enjoyable social occasion at the 'Country Heir' Café in Poets Lane so if you are in the area and would like to be a part of the gathering, give David a call on 02 6286 1891 or Laurie McDonald on 6253 9856.

## FURTHER SUCCESS



Max Merckenschlager of Caloote SA has received notice that his 2006 National winning Bush Verse poem and 2006 Grenfell-Henry Lawson Festival statuette winner "Men Of Skins" has been selected by the Board of The Multicultural Writers Association of Australia Inc. for inclusion in its forthcoming National Anthology 'Culture is [Australian Experiences Across Cultures]'.

Twenty-two pieces of prose and twenty-one poems across all genres were chosen for the book.

Max is more than pleased that his poem of traditional verse will be included, firstly because it lifts the profile/legitimacy of bush poetry as a genre and secondly because it tells yet another truth-based story of Colonist-Indigenous interactions from our past and (in that way, hopefully) promotes greater understanding, empathy, healing and reconciliation.

'Men of Skins' was published in the April/May issue of this magazine. Congratulations to Max on behalf of the ABPA executive and its members.



## The Heelers Lament

Author Unknown.

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

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

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

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

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

## I LOVE GOLF

© Col Milligan Benalla V. 2002



Now golfers are a special breed of hardy little souls,  
And all of them preoccupied with hitting balls in holes.

It seemed to me a pointless game until I got to hear,  
That at the end of every round they hit the bar, and beer.

I had to get my handicap to give the game a go,  
And so I got some lessons from a very special pro.  
"Now First", he said, "we'll teach you how to best address the ball."  
Well lesson one I always thought you hit the flamin' ball.

"It really is important that our posture never slips,  
No slouching now you'll stand up tall while bending from the hips.  
Your toes of course are pointing out at sixty four degrees,  
Whilst making sure you must maintain a flexion of the knees.

Now, feet at shoulder width apart retain a solid base,  
From which you will achieve a swing of elegance and grace.  
And now we must rotate the hips together both as one,  
You rotated individually, you're very special son.

By now you're feeling quite relaxed no tension there at all,  
Now move the club head backward, rotate shoulders, watch the ball.  
Now swing the club head upward 'till it's way above your head,  
Then swing her down and through the ball - you've hit the ground instead."

I almost saw a tear appear, his forehead deeply grooved,  
See, after forty rabid swats the ball still hadn't moved.  
And when I missed the forty first the rotten mongrel laughed,  
But then he tore his hair out when I bent another shaft.

He told me I was lacking class, he told me bold as brass.  
That I should take my ball and shove, a picture on the back,  
And I should keep my eye on that and give the thing a wack.

Well now I'm on the fairway I can see where I go wrong,  
That flamin' rotten ball goes further way across than long.  
That rotten pro was hopeless don't know why he's being paid,  
The only thing I learned is how to hook and slice and fade.

I bet he's out there laughin' thinkin' he won after all,  
But he doesn't know, I've got his picture on my ball.  
So now I simply belt the thing regardless of my score,  
You see the ball's my Voodoo doll and strewth I hope he's sore.

My partners gaze in wonderment for I'm so highly skilled,  
While others hide behind the trees in fear they may be killed.  
The playin' group in front are never fearful of their fate,  
They're in the safest place of all, I'll never hit it straight.

And when I belt that little ball, well, jeeze the feelin's grand,  
To watch it sailin' skyward, God knows where it's gonna land.  
I hit the lady captain in a most exotic place,  
I almost rubbed it better 'till I saw her scowlin' face.

I got her on the left side of a very tender bit,  
See, she was bendin' over when that little missile hit.  
Ah, now I've sort of given up on ever bein' good,  
I'll just enjoy the exercise like all good golfers should.

I'll relish all that pure air so healthy, fresh and clear,  
And later on I'll hit the bar and relish all that beer.  
And when a stranger asks me what my handicap may be,  
Then I can say with honesty, my handicap is me.



## MAXI-TAXI No. 9

The Bundaberg Poet's Society is fortunate in having one, Jayson Russell, as a club member.

Jayson is the proud owner of a Maxi-taxi and as a keen member, has offered the free use of his vehicles back window to promote, not only the Bundy Poets, but Bush Poetry in general.

With this advertising the club is hopeful that it will generate more interest in poetry in Bundaberg and surrounding districts and, hopefully, might discover a future Australian or State Champion hiding out there in this great country!

Jayson and his relief driver always carry the society's advertising flyers for distribution to their passengers. They've even been known to slip some of these flyers into grocery bags when delivering shoppers home. Jason says "never let an opportunity pass you by".

If you're visiting Bundaberg look for Maxi Taxi No. 9 and give Jayson a wave.

## GREAT LAKES & TAREE DISTRICT POETRY COMPETITION FOR PRIMARY SCHOOL STUDENTS 2007

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

Entry is free and open to all students who reside in the above geographical areas. Closing date is 16th August, 2007.

Fourteen prize winners will be selected, each to receive \$35.00.

The presentation of awards, during which the winners will recite or read their entries, will take place at a Poets Breakfast to be held in the Tuncurry Memorial Hall, (old theatre), Point Rd., Tuncurry on Sunday 23rd September 2007, commencing at 8 am.

Breakfast will be available for a very reasonable \$6.00 and will be cooked by one of our event sponsors, Tuncurry Mud Crabs Swimming Club.

The mornings entertainment will commence at 9 am and will include

performances by local and visiting poets.

The entertainment will this year again include a One Minute Poets Brawl with prize money to be announced in the next issue of this newsletter. Topic for the Brawl poem will be available by phone, one week prior, on Saturday 16th September between 9 am and 2 pm from Reid Begg, phone 02 6554 9788. Entry for the Brawl is \$3.00. This years Brawl will be sponsored by local accountancy firm, Harrison, Main and Macarthur of Tuncurry.

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

The organisers wish to express their appreciation to their other event sponsors who are Ware Building Pty. Ltd. of Tuncurry and Country Energy. They also wish to acknowledge the valued ongoing support of the Coomba Park Cowgirls.

*Submitted by Reid Begg, Tuncurry NSW.*

July  
13th - 14th - 15th  
2007

Milton Taylor

Presentation of 2007  
Bush Lantern Award  
for Written Verse  
Sunday July 15th



### FREE POETRY WORKSHOP

In conjunction Milton Taylor will conduct a free poetry workshop in the Bundaberg Library on Thursday 12th from 10am - Noon.  
Limited numbers - Bookings essential

## 13th BUNDY BUSH POETRY MUSTER

Across the Waves Sports Club Inc.  
1 Miller Street

BUNDABERG Qld

Melanie Hall

Special Guest Poets

Performance Competition:

Open (men & women separate categories)  
Intermediate, Novice, Juniors (Under 15) Duo  
Performances,

Bush Lantern Award 2007

Written Competition for Bush Verse  
Closing Date - June 1st 2007

All phone or email enquiries:

John & Sandy - 07 41514631

lees@interworx.com.au

Laree Chapman - 07 4152 7409

Kevin.chapman2@bigpond.com

Dean - 07 415 1705 dino123@dodo.com.au



Gregory North



Entry Forms:

SSAE to

Performance Poetry Co-ordinator  
or Bush Lantern Co-ordinator  
(as applicable)  
Bundaberg Poet's Society Inc.  
PO Box 4281  
BUNDABERG Q. 4670

## THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH



By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

Under a spreading chestnut tree  
The village smithy stands;  
The smith, a mighty man is he,  
With large and sinewy hands;  
And the muscles of his brawny arms  
Are strong as iron bands.

His hair is crisp, and black, and long,  
His face is like the tan;  
His brow is wet with honest sweat,  
He earns whate'er he can,  
And looks the whole world in the face,  
For he owes not any man.

Week in, week out, from morn till night,  
You can hear his bellows blow;  
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,  
With measured beat and slow,  
Like a sexton ringing the village bell,  
When the evening sun is low.

And children coming home from school  
Look in at the open door;  
They love to see the flaming forge,  
And hear the bellows roar,  
And catch the burning sparks that fly  
Like chaff from a threshing floor.

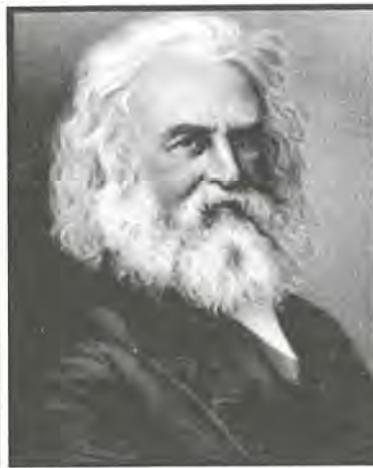
He goes on Sunday to the church,  
And sits among his boys;  
He hear the parson pray and preach,  
He hears his daughter's voice,  
Singing in the village choir,  
And it makes his heart rejoice.

It sounds to him like her mother's voice,  
Singing in Paradise!  
He needs must think of her once more,  
How in the grave she lies;  
And with his hard, rough hand he wipes  
A tear out of his eyes.

Toiling,--rejoicing,--sorrowing,  
Onwards through life he goes;  
Each morning sees some task begin,  
Each evening sees it close;  
Something attempted, something done,  
Has earned a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,  
For the lesson thou hast taught!  
Thus at the flaming forge of life  
Our fortunes must be wrought;  
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped  
Each burning deed and thought!

Australian Poet Adam Lindsay Gordon is commemorated with a bust in Westminster Abbey along with such poets as Shakespeare, Chaucer, Longfellow, Dickens, Browning, Kipling - and others.



## HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW 1807 - 1882

No American poet ever filled out the part quite like Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. He was certainly a grand poet, and in the public mind the grandest of his day and age. No American poet of any era has been both as awesomely prolific and prodigiously popular.

Probably the best loved of American poets the world over, many of his lines are as familiar to us as rhymes from Mother Goose or the words of nursery songs learned in early childhood. Like these rhymes and melodies, they remain in the memory and accompany us through life.

Longfellow had the gift of easy rhyme; he wrote as a bird sings, with natural grace and melody. His rhyme and meters cling to the mind long after the sense may be forgotten.

Longfellow wrote on obvious themes which appeal to all kinds of people. His poems are easily understood; they sing their way into the consciousness of those who read them. Above all, there is a joyousness in them, a spirit of optimism and faith in the goodness of life which evokes immediate response in the emotions of his readers.

Longfellow's works ranged from sentimental pieces such as *'The Village Blacksmith'* to translations of Dante. Among his most interesting works is *'The Song of Hiawatha'* (1855), especially noted for its sing-song meter and shamanistic rhythm. Longfellow is considered the first professional American poet. A number of his phrases, such as "*ships that pass in the night*", "*the patter of little feet*", and "*I shot an arrow into the air*", have become a common property.

The stately cadence of his name alone reverberates with gravitas: a name that all but demands to be chiseled on the base of a bust or high on the portico of a classical-revival library. And so it has been, time and again, even as his once-monumental repute has gradually eroded since his death in 1882.

His poetry created an audience in America and contributed to creating American mythology.

In 1884 he was the first American poet for whom a commemorative sculptured bust was placed in Poets Corner of Westminster Abbey in London. (Pictured below)



## AT TALLANGATTA

© Maurie Foun

It's nice to get away sometimes with a bunch of friendly mates to set up camp for a weekend and use enamel plates.

Oh, it's bliss to escape the stress and strain of daily modern life and forget about the lawns and bills and all the worldly strife.

I like to watch the evening breeze making ripples on the lake and see the widening circles from a big fish on the take. and it's nice to relax awhile by a roaring hot log fire and stare at the embers glowing as eyelids start to tire.

And it's nice to sit and drink a beer and chat till the hours are small about things you thought you'd near forgot, but remembered after all. It's nice to see the stars aglow when crickets make their sounds. Yeah, it's beaut to get away from it all where TV's out of bounds.

And at day's end as you lie to rest 'neath that canopy of stars and scan the twinkling heavens for the Southern Cross and Mars, it's comforting to feel the cool night breeze upon your face. That's a pleasure technology never can replace.

And it's nice to wake up early to a plover's haunting cry; to peer out at the morning mist as sunlight streaks the sky. It's nice to watch the gentle wavelets lapping at the shore. It's great up at Tallangatta; I'm going back for more.

## MAURIE FOUN



Maurie Foun has lived in the upper reaches of the Murray River, just outside Corryong, Victoria, since 2003.

Before that he was a Melbourne-ite and for the first forty years of his life, as he says, the closest he ever came to poetry was at primary school where he learnt '*Under a spreading chestnut tree the village smithy stands . . .*' from the Henry Wadsworth Longfellow poem '*The Village Blacksmith*' with a couple of Paterson and Lawson poems for good measure.

At age fifty-one, a higher level of creativity revealed itself within him when, on a fishing trip to Geehi in the NSW Snowy Mountains, he sat gazing from the gloom of Keeble's Hut to the snow-capped mountains and forested valleys outside. Having been involved in outdoor pursuits all his life, his affinity for the mountains and things natural was already deeply ingrained and it was on his journey home that his first serious poem was created.

Two short courses at Box Hill College of TAFE (Victoria) gave him a completely different slant on what poetry was all about. While rhyming verse was definitely not encouraged, it was tolerated, and here he discovered he enjoyed writing prose as well.

He joined the Aardvarkers Poetry Group as well as the Melbourne Poets where the opportunity to present work publicly was available.

Maurie also joined the Victorian Folk Music Club and spent many, many happy hours sharing his poetry and music-making with fellow members.

In 1998 he secured a reading at the Tawonga Hotel, (Mt Beauty) where he met up with a fellow ABPA member Jan Lewis. Jan has been a guiding light for Maurie since his relocation to Corryong and he is much indebted to her and her partner Linton Vogel.

While many of the chapters of his life have concluded he likes to think that perhaps in a hundred years from now some of his great-great-grandchildren having shared one or all of his poems will look back and proudly proclaim '*My great-great grand-pop wrote this*'.

## ESCAPE ARTFEST

The Escape Artfest is a festival that runs over two weeks during September and October each year showcasing many of the region's visual and literary arts in the NSW South Coast district of Milton-Ulladulla.

Retired bushman, poet and author John Davis approached the Artfest committee suggesting a bush poetry segment be installed as part of the festival programme; an idea so enthusiastically received that it has now come to fruition with a bush poetry competition focussing on children as well as adults.

Three written sections have been included for youngsters 12 and under, 13 to 15 years and 16 to 18 years in an endeavour to encourage and promote interest in Australian bush poetry.

The schools section will be conducted at 2pm on Saturday 22nd September at the Anglican School at Milton and will include a prize-giving for the written classes as well as reading by written winners if time permits. Workshops are planned in the near future at various local schools.



John created a lot local interest recently when he formed the Milton-Ulladulla Bush Poets Rhyme and Yarn-spinners Group. Members now meet on the first Sunday of each month at Yatte Yattah nursery with attendance figures gradually on the increase.

The local business community has been very supportive sponsoring some \$1,700.00 towards prizes and costs.

An open adult competition will see entrants competing for a thousand dollar purse by performing any two poems of their choices, as long as one is classical and the other, or both, is humorous.

Entry forms can be obtained from John Davis by sending an SSAE to him at 37 George Avenue Kings Point, NSW 2539.

## No More

### Boomerang

© Oodgeroo Noonuckle

No more boomerang  
No more spear;  
Now all civilised --  
Colour bar and beer.

No more corroboree,  
Gay dance and din.  
Now we got movies,  
And pay to go in.

No more sharing  
What the hunter brings.  
Now we work for money,  
Then pay it back for things.

Now we track bosses  
To catch a few bob,  
Now we go walkabout  
On bus to the job.

One time naked,  
Who never knew shame;  
Now we put clothes on  
To hide what's name.  
No more gunya,  
Now bungalow,  
Paid by hire purchase  
In twenty year or so.

Lay down the stone axe,  
Take up the steel,  
And work like a nigger  
For a white man meal.

No more firesticks  
That made the whites scoff.  
Now all electric,  
And no better off.

Bunyip he finish,  
Now got instead  
White fella Bunyip,  
Call him Red.

Abstract picture now --  
What they coming at?  
Cripes, in our caves we  
Did better than that.

Black hunted wallaby,  
White hunt dollar;  
White fella witchdoctor  
Wear dog-collar.

No more message-stick;  
Lubras and lads.  
Got television now,  
Mostly ads.

Lay down the woomera,  
Lay down the waddy.  
Now we got atom-bomb,  
End everybody.

## OODGEROO NOONUCKLE

KATH WALKER 1920 - 1993

Kathleen Jean Mary Ruska Torres Strait Islanders was born on November 3rd 1920 in the country of the Noonuckle tribe on North Stradbroke Island, Queensland.

She went to Dulwich Primary School after which she became a domestic in Brisbane at the age of 13 years. For an aboriginal person there wasn't the slightest possibility of getting a 'a better job' even if she stayed on at school.

Oodgeroo served in the Australian Women's Army Service from 1942 to 1944.

Oodgeroo was also the first Indigenous Australian to have a book of poetry published, going on to become a trailblazer in published Aboriginal writing in Australia, and travelled around the world to create international awareness of the plight of Aboriginal Australia.

Her first book of poetry, 'We Are Going' in 1964, sold out in three days, rivalling the previous record for a publication of Australian verse set in 1916 by CJ Dennis and his 'Moods of Ginger Mick'.

Oodgeroo was one of the founding members of the Federal Council for the Advancement of Aborigines and

Oodgeroo was Queensland State Secretary of FCAATSI for ten years in the 1960s and from 1972 after returning to

her tribal land of Moongalba, she set up and was managing director of the Noonuccal-Nughie Education Cultural Centre on Stradbroke Island. She invited others to come and share her land and learn about the Aboriginal way of life. By the time she died in 1993, more than 30,000 people had been to visit her there.

Throughout her life, she was a renowned and admired campaigner for Aboriginal rights, promoter of Aboriginal cultural survival, educator and environmentalist. Oodgeroo's work has been recognised by numerous awards, including the Mary Gilmore Medal (1970), the Jessie Litchfield Award (1975), the International Acting Award and the Fellowship of Australian Writers' Award. She also held an honorary doctor-



ate of letters (Macquarie University) and was awarded the degree of Doctor of the University from Griffith University.

In 1970, Oodgeroo (under the name Kathleen Walker) was appointed as a Member of the Order of the British Empire (Civil) for services to the community. Oodgeroo originally accepted the nomination as MBE after discussing the honour with members of the Brisbane Aboriginal community who felt that acceptance of the honour could 'open doors that were still closed to the Aborigines'. She returned it in 1987 in protest against the forthcoming Australian Bicentenary celebrations (1988). However, Oodgeroo came to reconsider her acceptance.

## A TASTE OF COUNTRY HARDEN NSW

For a great taste of country you can't beat the annual festival at Harden-Murrumburrah, on the south west slopes of NSW adjacent to the Canberra and Riverina Regions, which will open with an Art Exhibition on the 19th October. Some of the features of the Harden festival will be the Harden-Murrumburrah Kite Festival, Exhibitions by the Stitches Group, a Children's Photography Competition, Hot Air Balloon flights and more.

A bush poets dinner and performance competition with \$1,500 in prize-money will get under way at 6pm on Saturday 27th October sponsored by the Kruger Trust.

The competition will be an open poetry challenge for male and female poets com-

bined in two sections;

1. Traditional or Classical works
2. Contemporary Humorous paying four places in each section:  
1st. \$200 - 2nd \$150 - 3rd \$100 - 4th \$50.

Entries will close on 1st October. Nominations should include full name and address, a short bio, a choice of three poems in non-original sections (first in first served) accompanied by full payment of the entry fee of \$10.00 which will include a free meal. Send you details to Rob Provan c/- Harden Arts Council, PO Box 205 Harden NSW 2587. Phone 02 6386 5092

A Bush Poets Breakfast will be held on Sunday morning 28th October. More next issue.

## That Avocado

© Gertrude Skinner

I brought an Avocado,  
And had it for a snack,  
But no one ever told me,  
It was an aphrodisiac.  
I soon became exited,  
In a sexy kind of way,  
I hung around the fellas,  
Enticing words I'd say  
People were surprised at me,  
And said this can't be true,  
They thought I'd gone  
right off my head  
or else I'd had a few.  
It really was exciting,  
And good it was for me,  
I'd never felt so loosened up,  
I say this truthfully,  
I'd been so shy and bashful,  
In all my life before,  
But now with Avocados,  
I won't be anymore.

**Gertrude Davy** married Clarence James Skinner in 1934 and went to live at Mungindi on the New South Wales/Queensland border where husband was a shearer, and did all kinds of bush work.

Two children, Jill and Ross were born before the family moved to 'Camilaroy' fifteen miles downstream

## GERTRUDE MAUDE SKINNER

Born Glen Innes NSW—2nd January 1913



from Mungindi in 1939. In 1944 a second daughter, Lynette was born with a subsequent move in 1945 to another property.

Gertrude educated the children by correspondence before sending them into Mungindi to attend the Public School there to board at the B.C.A. Bush Hostel. This prepared them for boarding in Tamworth where they attended Tamworth High School and Farrer Memorial Agricultural School.

Clarence retired in 1969 and he and Gertrude moved to Tamworth to live closer to their daughters who, by this time, had married and settled in that area. Ross took over from his father as manager of 'Yarrawa'.

In 1973 Clarence died and Gertrude started thinking back on her past hard life recalling her experiences in the bush, especially the more humorous. As a member of the Mormon Church, Gertrude wrote Gospel and, in keeping with their preaching, that everyone has a special talent, Gertrude had the gift of words.

In 1983 she joined the Tamworth Songwriters Association and at seventy-

two years of age (1985) Gertrude entered the Entertainer of the Year Quest conducted by the Tamworth RSL Club. She had moderates success in that first year



but as a follow-up reached the Grand Finals the next year. Gertrude went on the record cassettes and write books of her own work; 'That Avocado' being the most popular.

One of her latest achievements was to be immortalized in the Bush Poets Wall of Renown at the Longyard Hotel in Tamworth in June 1993.

Another crowning glory was her inclusion in 'Beneath the Brim' a photographic history of the Tamworth Country Music Festival produced and published by John Nichol 'Shot By Jake'

Another crowning glory was the inclusion of her photograph in 'Beneath the Brim', a fine collection of photos of stars and fans in their favourite hats taken by John Lindsay of 'Shot by Jake', at the Tamworth Country Music Festival in 1997.

For the past ten years Gertrude Maude Skinner has been a resident of Nazareth House Aged Care in Tamworth.

## NORTH PINE BUSH POETS GROUP

North Pine Country Park  
Dayboro Road, Petrie,  
Queensland

Camp Oven  
Written Verse  
Competition  
Closing Date  
9th July 2007



## Camp Oven

## Bush Poetry Festival

17th, 18th & 19th August 2007

PERFORMANCE  
COMPETITION

Closing Date

FRIDAY 3rd AUGUST 2007

Send SSAE to:  
The Secretary  
North Pine Bush Poets Group  
PO Box 701 Morningside Qld 4170

## CAMP OVEN CONCERT

Saturday 7.30pm

Featuring Janine Haig - Melanie Hall

Col Milligan - Neil McArthur

Entry Forms can be downloaded from the APBA Website  
[http://www.abpa.org.au/Bush\\_Poetry/entry.html](http://www.abpa.org.au/Bush_Poetry/entry.html)  
Australian Bush Poetry Verse & Music Forum  
<http://www.bushverse.com/smf/index.php/board.5.0.html>

CAMPING AVAILABLE  
Campsites are situated next to the venue.

## Profile: KEN PRATO

Ballarat born Ken Prato, poet, performer, author and Australian/Celtic folksinger, took up shearing in Western Australia as a twenty-four year old in 1965.

He shored full-time for the next ten years before taking up carpentry as a trade. With a downturn in the building industry he turned his hand again to shearing, working part time in the sheds and part time as a builder in what he describes as 'the best years of his life with six months of one and six months of the other. It was a beautiful balance'.

These days he only shears occasionally to keep his hand in. One shed in which he shored for twenty years is that of Peter Cushing's at Lake Goldsmith near Beaufort. When he first started there in 1965 Mr. Cushing said he had doubts about Ken lasting more than a few years because of his age (late forties) and stature. Ken is no giant of a man, but at nine-stone ringing wet he describes himself as a good weight-for-age performer, and after twenty years at Lake Goldsmith Mr. Cushing said that

he was "still shearing and shearing well. He's always been a very reliable man; a good clean shearer who has shorn good tallies."

Ken Prato's book, *'Sheepshit on the Brain'* has one major advantage over most other books on shearing: it is written by a shearer. Not wanting to detract from other first-class books on shearing, Ken's book gives a different insight into shearing from one who knows the mind of a shearer.

The idea of this book was born when a friend asked him why he wanted to be a shearer. Ken decided the best attack would be to put his explanation in story form. The book evolved from there and has fifty pages of short stories and poems with a glossary of shearing terms.

Two most pleasing comments received from old shearers who have read the anthology stated that they were pleased 'that he got *our* story right'; others suggested it was a '*real good read (from Ulverstone Tas.)*'; - *thanks for stirring up the memories' (from and 83 year old living in Rye Vic.) and, 'extremely well worded and truthfully explained' (from a 93 years old retired sheep farmer in Cobram V.)*



*'Sheepshit on the Brain, the Trials and Tribulations of a Would-be Gun Shearer'* is available from Ken Prato at 84 Marie Crescent, Wendourie V. 3355. Send him ten dollars and he will post you a copy in return. (to P23.)

## INVERELL'S "CELEBRATION OF THE OUTBACK" FRIDAY 31ST AUGUST - SUNDAY 1ST SEPTEMBER

{In the Big Marquee at Pioneer Village}

### FRIDAY EVENING - Poets' Pub Crawl

**SATURDAY AFTERNOON** — Barbecue lunch and full afternoon's entertainment in the grounds of the Pioneer Village

### SATURDAY NIGHT - ENTERTAINMENT NIGHT UNDER THE MARQUEE - UNTIL LATE

- \* 2 Course Country Roast Dinner/Bar Service
- \* Emceed by Top Aussie Poet Gary Fogarty
- \* Bush Balladeer Alex Beckett
- \* Balladeer 'Fat' Hardy
- \* The Rabbit Trappers Bush Band
- \* Bush Poet Jimmy Brown
- \* Final of the Battle of the Bush Bards for the "Golden Angel" Trophy

### SUNDAY MORNING -

Bush Poets' Breakfast with "Open Mic" session, followed by a barbecue lunch

### COMPETITIONS -

- \* Original Written Poetry
- \* Original Bush Ballad

For details and entry forms please contact Jimmy Brown PH: (02)6723 1439

For Information, Programs and Bookings contact the Inverell Visitors' Centre Ph: (02) 6728 8161



*Festival Host -  
Gary Fogarty*



## THE MEN WE LEFT BEHIND

© David Campbell Beaumaris Vic 2004

*I hear them all the time, lad,  
the men we left behind...  
battalion on battalion  
go marching through my mind.  
The throb of muffled drumming,  
the sound of tramping feet,  
and then the awful silence  
that signals our defeat.*

*His voice falls still a moment,  
an old man in his chair  
just rocks and dreams his vision  
of torment and despair.  
Beyond the wide veranda  
the light begins to fade...  
the last rays gild the mountains,  
the valley lies in shade.*

*We went from Innamincka...  
Big Charlie, Jack and me...  
to fight for King and country,  
to keep our people free.  
But when we marched to war, lad,  
we just found fear and death.  
I lived, but Jack and Charlie  
both drew their final breath.*

*It's hard to tell the story  
of all the men who died,  
for on the field of battle  
there's nowhere you can hide.  
Those days are best forgotten,  
mere words can never tell  
of heroes, fools and cowards  
before the guns of hell.*

*He paused again... I waited  
to hear what he would say,  
he shook his head quite slowly  
and said, to my dismay:  
You don't know what you ask, lad,  
there's nothing brave or grand,  
forget those silly movies...  
you'll never understand.*

*Just know that any moment  
can bring the horror back...  
it's always in the shadows,  
still waiting to attack.  
A dark and brooding menace  
that tracks me through the years,  
that taunts me when I'm happy  
and multiplies my fears.*

*I hear the sound of thunder...  
the rolling boom and crash  
become the crack of gunfire,  
and then the lightning flash  
is like a shell exploding  
to split the dark of night  
and carry death before it  
in brilliant, blinding light.*

*Then as the storm clouds gather  
the rain begins to fall,  
the red earth churns and shudders...  
and once again I crawl  
through dank and muddy trenches  
where men cry out in pain  
and blood runs like a river...  
a scarlet, spreading stain.*

*And as the water tumbles,  
a life-force from the sky,  
I can but sit and wonder  
just why they had to die.  
For all the rain that's falling  
won't help the many dead,  
or save their wives and sweethearts  
from all the tears they've shed.*

*Again his voice falls silent,  
his thoughts so far away,  
and I am left to wonder  
how he survives each day.  
For I have learned a lesson...  
though conflict disappears  
those wars are never over,  
they echo down the years.*



### NEW BOOK: DAVID CAMPBELL

Melbourne writer, David Campbell of Beaumaris Victoria has released his first collection of bush poetry. 'Skycatcher' contains thirty-two poems in one hundred glossy pages, all major award winning poems with twenty winners, ten second and two third places gained since 2003.

David's book dedicated to his family and is in memory of CJ Dennis who first prompted his interest in Australian bush poetry.

His first serious venture into the world of writing came in the early 1990's when he was one of the authors of a series of senior maths textbooks for Victorian schools, but his main interest has always been poetry, prose, and the teaching of English.

In 2001 he sent some topical verses in the style of CJ Dennis to the opinion page of The Age newspaper. To his surprise, they were published and attracted a very positive response.

That led to more articles (which continue to appear) and submissions to the many short story and poetry (in all its forms) competitions around the country. David's first bush poetry breakthrough came with the 2002 Eastwood/Hills FAW Boree Log Award and his love of this traditional style of verse has resulted in success in a number of other competitions since then.

David is an ABPA registered judge for written competitions, is married to Ellinor and they have three adult children.

(to page 20)

### CORRYONG SAYS THANK YOU

The Top of the Murray Poets & Storytellers group which organizes the Poetry and Bush Music events at the Man from Snowy River Bush Festival at Corryong, appreciate the locals and friends from far away who volunteered their time and energy making the 2007 festival another great success and one to be proud of.

Special thanks to the many judges, competitors, poets and musicians, other

guests and all the sponsors and volunteers who worked so hard to make it an enjoyable weekend.

The drawing power of this festival is so great that everyone wants to be a part of it, with many of the workers coming from as far away as Narrandera, Holbrook, Albury, Benalla and even Melbourne.

The driving force behind it all with a most unenviable task is Jan Lewis of Cudgewa, ably assisted by her 'silent' partner Linton Vogel.

The date for the 2008 Corryong Festival is set for 3rd to 6th April 2008.

Ross Magnay



## GIDGEE JACK'S LAST BEER

© Ross Magnay - Alice  
Springs

Gidgee Jack was quite a drinking man, he had been all his life.

It cost him all his money, his station and his wife.  
So Jack moved to the city, and commenced on council pay,  
But what he earned in one whole week, he drank in just one day!

Now Jack was not a spirits man, he mostly fancied ale,  
But the pace that he consumed it would turn Ernie Dingo pale!

A dozen pints at knock off time, twelve longnecks for the track,  
Yes he was quite a drinking man, was our mate Gidgee Jack.

But mowing grass and raking leaves, would not support his thirst,

And Jack was suicidal, (or something even worse!)  
Then an idea struck him, just like lightning from the blue,  
"I'll get myself a flamin' kit, and make me own home-brew!"

So next day in his lunch break, Jack found a brewing shop,  
"I need a flamin' home brew kit, the biggest one you got!"  
"I've saved a stack of longnecks, all cleaned and like brand new."  
"Just waitin' home for me to fill, with this here flamin' brew."

That night Jack started brewing, with diligence and care,  
With brewing kits and Coopers tins, scattered everywhere.  
But it finally got together, and the brew began to work,  
Jack sat down with a longneck, and a much contented smirk.

Then it came the time to bottle, and Jack could wait no more,  
So with measuring things, and capping things and bottle tops galore,  
He pored through the instructions, till he found the bit that said,  
Six grams of brewing sugar, will ensure it holds it's head.

But Jack was not a metric man, he never found the need,  
To measure things too accurate, mostly "miles" or "tons of feed."  
And converting grams to ounces, (well he got on top of that.)  
So he started priming bottles till he nearly filled his flat.

He filled them up and capped them off, the way the booklet said,

Then happy and contented, Jack stumbled off to bed.  
He dreamed about the finished brew, and two weeks down the track,  
When he would crack some longnecks, and knock a couple back.

A week had passed since bottling day, five days of mowing lawn,  
And Jack thought "I feel buggered" as he stretched and gave a yawn.  
I think I'll have an hours camp, before I cook some tea,  
I 'spose a bloke is not as young, as what I used to be.

But as Jack drifted off to sleep, there came a frightening bang,  
Like gelnite exploding, or a car just had a prang.  
And then another followed, a bang and then a crack,  
Jack thought "Well I'll be buggered, it's a terrorist attack!

Jack's three o three was underneath the bed that he was in,  
He hit the floor and grabbed the gun, and shoved the "maggy" in.  
"I'll show you bloody ragheads, a thing or two," he said,  
as he fired two shots out through the door, taking cover by the bed.

But the firing it intensified, and then a rattling run,  
Jack thought, "The bloody bastards, must have a gattling gun!"  
And the bangs and loud explosions, shook the block of flats complete,  
As a crowd began to gather, outside in the street.

Jack fired three shots blindly, they went through the Gyprock wall,  
"Give up you raghead bastards," the crowd heard Gidgee call.  
But Jack was out of ammo, and trapped behind his bed,  
To contemplate his future, he well could wind up dead!

Gidgee Jack was not a coward, a tough old station man,  
He kept down low behind his bed, to formulate a plan.  
Though the firing still persisted, it was getting less and less,  
And Jack could sense an ending to this terrorizing mess.

He thought, "patience is a virtue, I'll sit and wait it out."  
"They must be low on ammo, I'll wait till they run out."  
And then at last the firing stopped, and Jack rushed to the door,  
And near reduced to tears, with his homebrew on the floor.

That really got Jack's dander up, brought scarlet to his face,  
"I never knew that terrorist, were such a lowly race.  
Smash a fella's beer supply, and then just wreck the joint,  
And disappear without a trace, I just don't see the point.

So spirit still unbroken, but a different view on life,  
Jack rolled his swag, and packed a bag, swore off the grog for life.  
He set himself to trampin', back out amongst the bush,  
Away from crazy terrorists, and the crazy city push.

## A Message to Pete

© Graham Dean

Wookatook Winton Qld. 2007

Go ahead and take the high ground,  
You have done so all along,  
You'll ignore all our submissions,  
Saying this, or that, is wrong.

We have noticed you've been saying  
We can't tell you what to do –  
You will do things in your own way,  
And you'll push your changes through.

You've already demonstrated  
We are worthless in your eyes,  
You took our right to referendum –  
What an absolute surprise!

You had started consultation,  
And had a "Blueprint for the Bush",  
Like a spoilt child in a tantrum  
You then gave the thing a push.

You had the Councils working with you,  
And of a sudden on "that" day,  
You wasted all the progress,  
And threw the whole damn thing away.

Then you call for our submissions  
And you gave so little time,  
Why do you think it strange we feel  
You're acting out a crime.

Go ahead and take the high ground,  
And show the world what we all know –  
You're the government of the SMART  
State,  
And we won't get a fair go!

So thanks for nothing Peter!  
For not listening to us all –  
You have shown you will be happy  
To watch all our Councils fall!!

## PERFORMANCE POETRY SCONE NSW

The Scone Public School again hosted the School's Performance Poetry Competition with over 100 students taking part. Carol Heuchan and Pam Saunderson-McClay judged the 4 hours of performances on Tuesday 15th May. The winners of the School's Competition were then invited to perform at the beginning of the Yarns Night held that evening. It is fantastic to see the students from Scone and the surrounding area embrace bush poetry with such enthusiasm. The event was first hosted by the Hunter Bush Poets in 2001 when Bobby Miller was our special guest poet. We cannot thank the staff and teachers from Schools in the Scone area for their ongoing support and interest. *RonB*

## SNOWY RIVER FESTIVAL - 2007

Nestled on the banks of the Snowy River lies the peaceful town of Dalgety.

This year the Dalgety community is proud to announce a celebration from 16th to 18th November, when they will play proud hosts to the 3rd Snowy River Festival; a celebration of Australian culture; true Snowy River heritage and the Snowy River Rehabilitation program.

The Snowy River is one of the most recognized icons in the country and communities along the River boast some of the most interesting history and heritage in Australia.

The Festival celebrates a common heritage all Australians can identify with, and gives visitors and locals the chance to relive Banjo Paterson's era and hear the stories that our forefathers experienced.

Our Snowy River Heritage came from here, from the people who used to ride and drove cattle and perform miracles in extreme hardship, in extreme environments. It is really important to make it a living tradition, and one way to do that is to join in the celebrations.

The new Bush Poetry format this year offers cash and prizes to the value of \$1000!!

Writers are invited to enter the Snowy River Festival 'Snowprint' Poetry Competition. Poets will be required to perform their work at Dalgety Saturday the 17th November with a winners circle on Sunday 18th November.

A Yarn-Spinning competition will be judged on the day by day crowd response and will feature many of the old timers from the region.

The 2007 Australian Champion Yarnspinner, Frank Daniel of Canowindra, will host the three days of the festival, with Friday devoted to the school kids from the region. There will be a meet and greet pub session on Friday night with lots of room for walk-up poets.

The competition will get under way on Saturday morning with a good mix of poetry and stories as told by some of the older locals, their stories as they really happened.

There will be activities for everyone plus a regional food fair on Sunday 18th.

For more information and bookings, please contact Lee Taylor-Friend on 02 6456 7310

## DALGETY

is located on the Snowy River 19 km from Berridale and 50 km from Cooma and is 768 metres above sea level.

It was originally known as Buckley's Crossing after Edward Buckley who had moved into the area in 1832.

The name of the town was changed to Barnes Crossing in 1848. It was, at the time, the only safe crossing of the Snowy River.

Dalgety is a friendly place for visitors and locals alike with a unique Café and Nursery, which is also the local Community Postal Agency - open 7 days.

Buckley's Crossing Hotel is classic country pub, which provides evening meals on Friday and Saturday nights. Snowy River Holiday Park is just the spot to relax and take some time out. Located on the banks of the Snowy River, the park features self-contained cabins, caravans and camping areas in



BUCKLEY'S CROSSING HOTEL

a picturesque setting.

The Snowy River is a lovely place to cool off with a swim or to picnic on the river bank. There is an easy Town and River Walk, which is of interest to visitors with maps available at the local Café.

The Snowy Mountains Hydro-Electric Scheme made a huge impact on this once thriving town and it is hoped that in time, with the release of more water into the Snowy River that this National icon will again resemble the great river that it once was. There is an information board at the river, which details the effects of the loss of water flow to the river and the progress that is being made to revegetate in readiness for the release of more water in the near future.

# Skycatcher

A collection of award-winning  
bush poetry

by

**David Campbell**

## Skycatcher

is a collection of 32 original,  
award-winning poems in a  
96-page A5 perfect bound  
paperback with a  
four-colour gloss cover.  
ISBN: 9780646473147

## Skycatcher.

**Selected Readings,**  
a one-hour CD of 15 poems  
from the anthology, read by the  
author, is also available.

Ordering details:

Book only: **\$22 (inc. P&H)**

CD only: **\$22 (inc. P&H)**

Book and CD: **\$32 (inc. P&H)**  
(Discounts for multiple orders.)

David Campbell  
1 Spicer Street  
Beaumaris  
Vic. 3193

Email: [camwriter@hotmail.com](mailto:camwriter@hotmail.com)  
Tel: 0400 468 500

David Campbell is a Melbourne  
writer whose successes include the  
2002 FAW Eastwood/Hills Boree  
Log Award, the 2003 and 2005  
Bundaberg Poets Muster Bush Lan-  
tern Awards, the 2005 and 2006  
Victorian Bush Poetry Champions-  
ships (written), and the 2007 Tam-  
worth Poetry Reading Group's  
Blackened Billy Verse Competi-  
tion.

He is an ABPA registered judge for  
written competitions.

This is his first collection of bush  
poetry. (see p. 17)

## VICTORIAN OPEN BUSH POETRY CHAMPIONSHIPS

Benalla Bowls Club  
**BENALLA**

**20th - 21st OCTOBER**

**\$3000 Prize money + trophies**

Lady's, Men's and Junior  
Performance Competition  
Inc. novice & intermediate

**Closing Date October 12th**

**Adult and Junior**

**Written Competition**

**Closing date September 22nd**

Contact: The Secretary

V.B.P.M.A

113 Clarke St Benalla Vic 3672

Email: [colmandy@people.net.au](mailto:colmandy@people.net.au)



## TASTE OF COUNTRY HARDEN NSW

**27th 28th October**

Competition and Sunday brekkie

Rob Provan - Harden Arts Council  
PO Box 205

Harden NSW 2587

Phone 02 6386 5092

See page 15

## OLD RAINWORTH FORT SPRINGSURE Qld.

**The 4th Annual  
BUSHPOETS BREAKFAST  
Sunday 9th September**

Featuring:

**Geoff Sharpe - Noel Stallard  
Gary Fogarty - Tom Oliver**

Contact: Colleen McLaughlin

Ph. 07 4984 1274

Fax: 07 4984 1853

## NEW ANNUAL EVENT

Inaugural

**\$2,500.00**

**Upper Lachlan  
WOOLWAGON  
AWARDS**

**CROOKWELL NSW**

**Friday 7th to Sunday 9th  
September**

**Friday 7th September**

**Poets Meet and Greet**

**Town Gathering & BBQ Tea**

**Saturday 8th September**

**Crookwell Services Club  
Performance Competition  
& Night Concert**

## OPEN COMPETITION

**Entry fee: \$10.00**

(Limited to first 15 entries)

**Closing date 26th August**

**Traditional - Original Serious -**

**Original Humorous**

(\$150 - \$100 - \$60 - \$40)

**Plus: Junior Competition (\$100)**

**Sunday 9th September**

**Poets Walk-up Breakfast**

**Contemporary Competition**

(\$150 - \$100 - \$60 - \$40)

**Winners Presentations**

**\$400.00 Overall Champion**

**Wool Wagon Award**

**Perpetual Trophy**

(Archibald Nixon - Dame Mary Gilmore  
Nellie 'The Gipsy' Evans Awards)

**Open Written Competition**

(\$400.00 plus 5 x \$40.00)

**Entry Fees \$10 No forms**

(Please use cover note)

**Closing date 8th August**

**Entry Forms and other details from**

Paul Anderson

189 Goulburn Street

Crookwell NSW 2583

Mob: 0427 110637

Each of the named poets in the  
Awards Section were local identities -  
Crookwell is very proud of them.

Major Sponsor - Crookwell Services Club

**POETS  
BREAKFAST  
& ONE MINUTE  
BRAWL**

incl. Awards Presentation  
**Great Lakes  
and  
Taree District  
Written Bush Poetry  
Competition for  
Primary School Students**

8 am Sunday 23rd September  
Tuncurry Memorial Hall,  
Point Road, Tuncurry  
Brawl topic available from  
Reid Begg  
on Saturday 16th September  
from 9 am - 2 pm.  
Brawl Entry \$3

Barbecue hot breakfast \$6.00  
Breakfast bookings essential

Ph. Reid Begg 6554 9788

**Inaugural  
BUSH POETRY  
COMPETITION**

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

**Milton - Ulladulla NSW  
Sunday 30th September  
2pm - 6pm**

Format. Any mix, but one Clas-  
sical and one Humorous

**\$1000.00**

**PRIZEMONEY**

1st. \$500.00 2nd \$300.00  
3rd \$200.00

Poetry not to contain strong or  
course language

Contact: John Davis

37 George Avenue

KINGS POINT NSW 2539

Ph. 02 4455 2013

email:

[jda76436@bigpond.net.au](mailto:jda76436@bigpond.net.au)

SSAE for Entry Forms

ENTRIES CLOSE 15th Sep-  
tember

Entry Fee \$5.00

Audience admission Gold Coin  
or Cash Donation

A NSW Regional Flagship  
Event

**COUNTRY LIFE**

by Heather Corfield

Out there where all the bush birds fly  
The wallabies are hopping by  
Stock camping under mulga trees  
Branches sway in the summer breeze.

The grazier on his young horse  
Checks the well known watercourse  
Crossing his piece of rural land  
Natural grasses, soil and sand.

Mustering time has come again  
Time to bring cattle from the plain.  
Time to draft, then brand the young stock  
To graze there on the homestead block.

A fence to build, fences to mend  
Across the flat, around the bend,  
There's plenty of work to be done  
Before the setting of the sun.

The seasons are more often dry  
The grass is so sparse you could cry  
Wild birds swoop down on the weak stock  
Struggling to survive on the block.

We know the good rains must soon come  
Storm clouds gather and block the sun  
Rain pours down on sunbaked land  
Little streams running overland.

This is their special way of life  
For the grazier and his wife  
It is truly their choice to be  
Living out there on their country.

**THANGOOL WRITERS**

The Thangool Writers and Reciters  
Group, under the umbrella of Thangool  
Amateur Players and Singers Inc (TAPS),  
will once again host the presentations of  
the Charlee Marshall Golden Cockatoo  
and Silver Budgie Awards at the Than-  
gool Recreation Reserve on Sunday 24th  
June from 10am.

These two competitions are held on  
behalf of the Banana Shire Council who  
sponsors the event.

Poets wishing to know more or to par-  
take in the competition should contact  
Trevor Shaw either on the ode-cologne at  
07 4995 8108 or via email to  
[trevshaw@twg.com.au](mailto:trevshaw@twg.com.au)

\* Things are not always what they seem -  
a stopped clock is right twice a day!

\* People who think they know every  
thing are a great annoyance to those of  
us who do.

\* Give your husband an inch and he'll  
think he's a ruler.

Life as it is  
away from the city lights

Take a stroll through the pages  
and meet the country  
characters anywhere  
in Australia

**\$18.50** including postage

**Country  
Characters**

Heather Corfield

MS 53 Taroom Qld. 4420

**NEW BOOK**

Queensland country woman and  
writer Heather Corfield of Taroom has  
released her sixth publication of Austra-  
lian bush verse since 1993.

Depicting the many characters and  
places she has come across or seen in  
her travels this book can take you from  
the pioneering days to life as a modern  
Gran; through drought or plenty; rain  
and hail, floods; droving trips and cattle  
sales. Tales of cattlemen and their wives  
come to life in her honest portrayals.

Heather and husband Denis have five  
adult daughters and live on their prop-  
erty 'Windrush' at Taroom in the Cen-  
tral Queensland Highlands. The Taroom  
Shire is renowned for high quality beef  
cattle, prime hard wheat, other grain  
crops and forestry products. Living in  
such an environment has given Heather  
the scope and inspiration to write first  
hand of the characters real and not so  
real in her book.

'Country Characters' contains seventy-  
two pages plus numerous photographs  
associated with her poems.

**LATE NOTICE!!**

**\$1,500 Poetry Competition  
BURRINJUCK WATERS**

(via Yass NSW)

For updates Phone

**Frank Daniel**

**02 6344 1477**

**e. [editor@abpa.org.au](mailto:editor@abpa.org.au)**

# The Australian Bush Poets Association Inc.

(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.

## COMPETITION RESULTS

### SCONE NSW - Yarns Night

**Traditional** 1st Tim McLoughlin, 2nd  
Carol Heuchan, 3rd Bob Wellard

**Contemporary** 1st Carol Heuchan, 2nd  
Greg Scott, 3rd Bob Wellard & Tim  
McLoughlin

**Original** 1st Carol Heuchan, 2nd Bob  
Skelton, 3rd Greg Scott

**Yarnspinning** 1st Ken Jones, 2nd Tim  
McLoughlin, 3rd Bob Skelton  
Hunter Bush Poets Junior Performance  
Poet of the Year.

Karista Clout (Scone High School)  
Laughlin White (Public School).

### CORRYONG Vic

#### Written Competition.

##### Silver Brumby Award -

**Winner** - Melanie Hall, Townsville Q.

**Runner-up** Ed Walker, Narre Warren Vic

##### Written Humorous

**Winner** - Brian Beesley, Cherrybrook NSW

**Runner-up** Ed Walker, Narre Warren Vic

### PERFORMANCE COMPETITIONS

#### Original (female)

1. Annette Roberts, Bellbridge NSW

2. Betty Walton, Tintalra Vic

3. Judy Brindley, Albury NSW

#### Original (male)

1. Gregory North, Linden NSW

2. Jim Brown, Heathcote Vic

3. Colin Milligan, Benalla Vic

#### Aussie Performance Poem (female)

1. Lynette Molloy, Corryong Vic

2. Betty Walton 3. Annette Roberts

#### Aussie Performance Poem (male)

1. Jim Brown

2. Colin Milligan 3. Gregory North

#### Aussie Yarn Competition

1. Gregory North

2. Colin Milligan

3. Colin Carrington, Heathmont Vic

#### 'Banjo' Paterson MFSR Recital

1. Gregory North

2. Alex Allitt, Deniliquin NSW

3. Don Anderson, Leeton NSW

#### Original Australian Bush Ballad

1. Peter Klein, Tallangatta Vic

2. Sue Ellen White 3. Jim Brown

#### Non Original Australian Bush Ballad

1. Peter Klein

2. John Anderson, Corryong Vic

3. Gavin Heycox

#### Aussie Comedy Performance

1. Gregory North

2. Graeme Johnson, Ryde NSW

3. Alex Allitt

#### Jack Riley Heritage Award

1. Peter Klein 2. Jill Meehan

2. Maurie Foun, Corryong Vic

#### MATILDA AWARD (Best overall lady)

1. Betty Walton

2. Annette Roberts

#### Clancy's Choice (Best over all male)

1. Gregory North

2. Jim Brown

### One Minute Poem

1. Colin Milligan

2. Frank Daniel, Canowindra NSW

### Lawrie Sheridan Encouragement Award

1. Peter Klein

### Country Inn Encouragement Award

1. John Peel, Ballarat Vic

### Seniors Encouragement Award

1. Jack O'Connor, Shepparton Vic

### Jan Lewis Encouragement Award

1. John McKenzie, Canada

### Junior Bush Poetry Award

1. Beau Bureher-Kemp, Cairns Qld.

2. Araluen Heycox, Corryong Vic

3. Annabel Burgess, Corryong Vic

### POETS' BREAKFAST

#### NARRABRI SHOW 28/4/2007

#### PRIMARY SCHOOL TRADITIONAL

1<sup>ST</sup>. Clare Johnson 'Isobel, Isobel.'

2<sup>nd</sup>. Gemma Ferguson

'My Parents Are Driving Me Crazy.'

#### HIGH SCHOOL TRADITIONAL

1<sup>st</sup> Hannah Johnson 'Mulga Bill's Bicycle.'

2<sup>nd</sup> Katie Brooks 'I Don't Have Nits.'

3<sup>rd</sup> Emily Tomlinson

'The Australian Lamington.'

By Dame Edna Everage

H.C. Millisa Elliott 'Mulga Bill's Bicycle.'

#### HIGH SCHOOL ORIGINAL

1<sup>ST</sup> Millisa Elliott 'That Special Place.'

2<sup>nd</sup> Katie Brooks 'My Embarrassing Family.'

#### OPEN TRADITIONAL

1<sup>st</sup> Malcolm Macleo 'The Prince.'

2<sup>nd</sup> Ellis Campbell 'The Pale Rider.'

3<sup>rd</sup>. Mark 'Bushie' Thompson

'The Gentle Hint.'

H.C. Loraine Palmer

'Children's Bill of Rights.'

#### OPEN ORIGINAL

1<sup>st</sup> Mark 'Bushie' Thompson

'Where Else Would A man Want To Be.'

2<sup>nd</sup> Ellis Campbell

'Beach House Honeymoon.'

3<sup>rd</sup> Max Pringle 'The Santa Photo.'

H.C. Jacqui Warnock 'The Bridge'

#### LOCAL ORIGINAL OPEN

1<sup>ST</sup>. Jacqui Warnock 'The Poets Of The Bri.'

(A poem about Narrabri)

3<sup>rd</sup> Max pringle 'Terry Hogan.'

H.C. Stan Holland 'The Seafood Van.'

H.C. Helen Nipperess

'Col O'Neil, A Friend Too Many.'

### CHARTERS TOWERS

#### OPEN CLASSICAL

Female. Jennifer Haig.

Male. John Lloyd

Intermediate. Kathie Priestly

#### OPEN CONTEMPORARY

Jennifer Haig and Barry Ellem

Intermediate Humorous. Kathie Priestley

Open Original Serious.

Jennifer Haig and John Lloyd

Open Original Humorous.

Jennifer Haig and John Lloyd

Yarn-spinning. John Lloyd

#### GOLD NUGGET AWARD

for Written Verse. Alec Raymer.



Shearer Ken Prato makes a toast with a pewter mug presented to him by Peter Cushing of Lake Goldsmith for notching up twenty years shearing at the property.

Picture: Ray Frawley - The Courier - Ballarat.  
(to p. 16)

### As Mum used to say:

- 'If you fall out of that tree and break your leg, don't come running to me for sympathy'.
- 'Look at that dirt on the back of your neck'.
- 'God'll get ya!
- 'I'll give it to you young fulla!'
- 'Just wait till your father gets home!'
- 'Just wait til you get to school, them Nuns'll straighten you out'
- 'Do I look like I'm made of money'.
- 'Break a mirror and you will have seven years bad luck'
- Bright eyed and bushy tailed
- Cat got your tongue

- Cleanliness is next to Godliness
- Half a loaf is better than none
- Look what the cat dragged in
- Never bite the hand that feeds you
- Once in a blue moon
- As sure as night follows day
- Raining cats and dogs
- It's a real hum dinger
- Like two peas in a pod
- Pipe down - Piping hot
- Play with matches and you'll get burned
- Raining cats and dogs
- When the cats away the mice will play
- Your eyes are bigger than your belly
- Stop acting like a child



seeks perfection in practice, so much so that when his school put on an Arts Extravaganza inviting kids to perform on stage after gaining approval from the Principal, the Drama and music teachers, he wanted to be part of it.

He made his debut as a performance poet on the night glued to his saddle which he used as a prop whilst dressed appropriately complete with an Akubra Hat.

He received an overwhelming response and a sell deserved standing ovation. After that it was Corryong.

Beau has very strong auditory skills and prefers to learn poetry from listening only at this stage. He has started writing his own poetry and loves playing around with rhyme.

His other interests include playing the piano (he has weekly lessons) which will no doubt help a lot with his rhythm in poetry.

One of his best mates at home is his miniature horse 'Moses'.

Climbing trees and helping on the property takes up a lot of his time too! He does very well at school and is in Grade 3. He got the Dux of Grade 1, and academic excellence certificates in Grade 2 for English, Mathematics, Science and Japanese.

At seven, he also participates in fasting for World Vision (eight hours) and excels in chopping all the veges for the family's salads! Beau likes to participate in activities that require fun and brain power!

'He is a very polite wee man!' according to proud mother, Helena.

Seven years old Beau Burcher-Kemp took the 'Man from Snowy River' poem to the Man from Snowy River Bush Festival at Corryong in April this year and took the vast audience by storm.

He was a real hit with the assembled poets and impressed the judges so much that he took out the Junior Bush Poetry Award for 2007.

Like his idol, Beau is no stranger to the wild bush country, traversing a dangerous mountain road twice daily on his journey to and from school with his mother Helena at the wheel whilst he listens to bush poetry on the CD player.

Beau and his family, live at Speewah which is in the tropical rain forest near Kuranda, Cairns in far north Queensland.

Beaus is a master of retention for his age, and it didn't occur to his parents that whilst he was listening he was putting all the poem together in his mind until such time as they began to hear it in its entirety, their jaws just dropped!

Beau enjoys his new found skill and

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The Editor,

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Maxi-cab owner and Bundy Bush Poets member, Jayson Russell, offered the use of his back window as a promotional tool for the Bundaberg Bush Poets. The Bundy mob quickly drew up an ad. and are so impressed with the idea that they wanted to share it with our readers, suggesting other clubs might adopt the same idea.



Gertrude Skinner (p. 15)

## POETRY in this ISSUE

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 Kym Eitel 2  
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 Ross Magnay 18  
*A Message to Pete* Graham Dean 19  
*Country Life* Heather Corfield 21



He comes from Speewah!  
 Another stripling on a small and weedy beast!  
 Read about Beau and Moses on page 23.

### Gippsland Wattle Written Competition - p. 5



Go to the ABPA website and join in the activities.

Join in the discussions on the forum, leave your ideas, your poems and stories. Download the ABPA Inc rules and regulations, find copies of entry forms, a calendar of events and more.

[www.abpa.org.au](http://www.abpa.org.au)



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