

ABPA

The Australian Bush Poets Association Inc.



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Magazine - (since 1994)



CHARLEE MARSHALL

BRONZED SWAGGIE to Glenny Palmer

If you don't want anyone to know anything, tell Louise Dean of Winton Q. She's good at keeping people in the dark, especially when it happened to be Glenny Palmer who spent two weeks leading up to the Waltzing Matilda Festival conducting workshops at both the State School and St. Patrick's schools at Winton and, who had also been engaged to judge and perform at the festival. . .
Glenny won the 2007 Bronze Swagie Award with a poem entitled 'Waltz. . . in the Courtroom' (p2) Among numerous wins, Glenny was the Inaugural Australian Ladies Champion Bush Poet at the was the 1995 Centenary of Waltzing Matilda in 1995.

MARCO wins BUSH POETRY PRIZE

The results of the Australian Women's Weekly / Meat and Livestock Australia's bush poetry competition arrived just a little too late for the last issue of the ABPA Magazine. The \$5,000.00 first prize went to Marco Gliori of Warwick Qld for his poem 'The Hard Yards'. (page 23); runner up at \$3,000.00 was Julie Hall of Bilambil NSW with 'Joe's Barn Dancing Lessons' (p14) and the \$2,000.00 third prize went to Frank Daniel of Canowindra for 'Anthrax'. (p16). (Read more on page 14)

Charles William Marshall was one of the leading poets in the resurgence of bush poetry in the late 1980's and '90's. He was a keen follower of the nations Folk Scene attending festivals Australia-wide. His character sketches in verse and story published in three volumes were popular in literary circles and adopted as performance pieces by many Bush Poets. (Go to page 5).



MERRY CHRISTMAS & HAPPY NEW YEAR

To all our valued members and friends

From The Executive and Committee

of

The Australian Bush Poets Association Inc



Help the ABPA grow - Give a subscription to a friend for Christmas

'Waltz....In The Courtroom'

© 2007 Glenny Palmer

(Winner 2007 Bronze Swagman Award)

'Here!...' cried the silk with a digit high
and a fearsome look in his learned eye,
'stands a man accused of a heinous deed...'
(and his pin striped girth with a lurch agreed)
that, '...a finer man never could be found.'
(while the magistrate in a sleep so sound
gave a grunt and a gurgle and yelled 'sustained!')
And the courtroom quivered and necks were craned...
and the bloke in the dock said, 'Eh?'

'This!...' cried opposer in flowing robe,
with a measured tug on his left ear lobe,
'...is exhibit A.' There a flyblown sheep
(with a smell to make any glass eye weep),
cast a furtive glance at the exit door,
and the magistrate, with a swing, yelled 'Fore!'
And the Clerk Of The Court muttered, 'mmm, aha.',
and the sheep shot through with a parting 'baa'...
and the bloke in the dock said, 'Eh?'

'Well!...' the defence, quite offended, cried
(with a tone affronted and amplified),
'...what's a sheep or two in a thousand mob?'
And the plaintiff yelled, 'He could get a job!'
And the justice bellowed out, 'Order!' BANG!
while elastic knickers throughout went 'twang!'
So The Clerk Of The Court made a cup of tea,
and the court adjourned until half-past three...
and the bloke in the dock said, 'Eh?'

'This!...' cried the wig, re-establishing,
'...is exhibit B.' and he threw the thing
with a flourished hand, on the polished floor,
and that hessian sack harboured spuds no more.
So the cleaning woman, whose name was Ruth,
said, 'I'll have that rag.' and the silk said, 'Strewth...'
and he yelled, 'go to buggery!'... 'Over-ruled!'
(then the beak dozed off while the fight refuelled)
and the bloke in the dock said, 'Eh?'

'I...' said the trooper when called to speak,
(though the judge's snore made him hard to tweak)
'...was astride my mount in my garb festooned...'
(whereupon Miss Monk in the front row swooned)
'...when I spied that bloke...' and he pointed, 'there.'
and the magistrate, in a trance said, 'Where?'
so the Clerk Of The Court made a cup of tea,
and the silk said, 'Oi, is there one for me?'...
and the bloke in the dock said, 'Wot?'

'Right...' said the beak to the reprobate,
'...can you show some cause that would mitigate?'
(and the courtroom clock chimed the hour of day
indicating tea wasn't far away)
and the bloke said, 'Wot?' as he chewed his thumb,
so they all conferred on the best outcome.
He was sentenced to drown in a billabong,
and they'd hide their tracks with a silly song.
and the bloke in the dock said,...
'once a jolly swagman...'

Glenny Palmer

was born in 1949 in Clermont, central Queensland to a typical Aussie battler family. The larrikin inherent in the people of post-war outback communities flourished in this freckle faced carrot topped young kid. Her father, a transient plant operator moved his family to Brisbane to gain a stable education for Glenny, her sister and brother.

As a young woman Glenny was in little theatre, dancing and singing and studied at art school. In 1995 she won the inaugural Australian ladies bush poetry championships, repeating the same in 1996 and as a result was rewarded with a trip to the Cowboy Poetry



Gathering in Elko Nevada USA the next year.

She received the Australia Day Cultural Award in 1997 for services to Bush Poetry and the Promotion of the Australian Identity. She has received a number of literary awards over the years including the Henry Lawson Society Award, the Blackened Billy in 2001.

VALE: Gertrude Skinner 1913-2007

The First Lady of Bush Poetry, Gertrude Maude Skinner, late of Nazareth House, Tamworth, was laid to rest in the Linton Memorial Gardens, Tamworth on 8th November 2007. She was predeceased by her husband Clarence, in 1973.

Gerty is survived by her son Ross and daughters Jill and Lynne.

She will long be remembered for her quirky and sometimes naughty little poems, her best known being 'The Avocado'. She thrilled her audiences and loved entertaining. Gertrude was featured in the June issue of the ABPA Magazine.



GERTRUDE SKINNER

© Duncan Williams

Gertrude Skinner was a writer of larrikin verse and pun. As a bushman's wife she battled, before her poet days begun, on properties in the outback, through depression years and wars, with loneliness and hardship and long daily household chores.

Without essential modern comforts, she learnt to sew and mend, cooked for gangs of shearers, a highly respected friend. She was made a full life member for supporting Mungindi show, for her fine displays, and the produce that she'd grow.

Moving from 'Yarrowa' Station, on the Gilgil Creek out west, Gertrude decided on retirement to enjoy a well-earned rest. With her talented gift for writing in the old traditional ways, her poems were true experiences from early bygone days.

Past eighty years she entertained, performed her works of art, recorded on Kookaburra Label, in some films she took part, 'The Avocado' lady in our hearts will stay endeared. The First Lady of the Longyard, by one and all revered.



THE PRESIDENT'S REPORT

G'day Members,

Another year and another chapter of stories goes in our own personal books of life.

I congratulate you members for the contribution you have made to the growth of the Bush Poetry movement in 2007. You writers, performers and members of our audiences are the reason why this significant literary genre, Bush Poetry is growing in popularity throughout our country. Through your insightful writing, entertaining performances, audience attendance and distribution of Application for Membership flyers, you have been responsible for this increase.

I appeal to each member to make sure that he or she renews their membership for 2008 and if relevant the Public Liability Insurance. Frank has designed a new Application for Membership Brochure that you will get with this Newsletter. Copies of these are available and I urge you to get multiple brochures and distribute them at your various festivals and gigs so that our membership will continue to grow. As you know membership fees are our only real source of income and if we want to continue to present a professional, coloured Newsletter then we need these increasing membership fees in order to operate.

Could I also appeal to those of you who will be in Tamworth in January to make the effort to attend the AGM in St. Edwards Hall at 1.30pm on Thursday 24th. Your Office Bearers need your input as to how the organisation can operate even more successfully in 2008. Please be there- to show your care.

At the 2007 AGM we, the committee were given various targets for the year. One of those was to trial a coloured version of our Newsletter. What Frank has presented in the past three

editions has been outstanding and has guaranteed that this format will continue. I can't emphasise too strongly the significance of this Newsletter and the excellent work Frank does in its presentation.

Another target was to propose amendments to the Criteria Sheet for Performance Competitions and establish a register of competent judges that festival organisers could confidently call upon to do their judging. Two Drafts of these amendments have been published in the Newsletter this year for comments from the members. Thank you to those who responded. I had hoped that the Final Sheet would have been available for this Newsletter but some committee members want further discussion so it is being held over to the AGM. With regards to the Register of Judges for Performance Competitions I believed it unfair to approach relevant candidates without having the Final Criteria Sheet that they would be asked to judge from in competitions.

Andy Schnalle continues to provide an excellent ABPA website. The Forum that he introduced this year has enabled members to interact about a variety of issues and the availability of members to share their poems with others is another innovation. Many members would not appreciate the hours Andy has given to make this service available for them.

To Ed and Marg Parmenter I express my sincere thanks and gratitude for the behind-the-scenes work that they do to ensure that we operate legally and financially. If they collapse, we collapse.

Whether I am your President for 2008 will depend on the AGM but I am grateful for the support I have been given and the opportunity to make a positive difference.

May the Peace and Joy that is the hallmark of Christmas be experienced by you all.

With gratitude,

Noel Stallard



Editors letterbox:

I received a letter from 'Skew Wiff' last week.

Watty told me that his wife Janice was well and truly on the mend following her eye operation in Sydney, and, health-wise, he was getting younger every day. (I think that means he's becoming 'more childish!')

After complimenting the ABPA on its new look magazine, he made one suggestion. 'We need a 'page 3 girl'.

Well, Graeme, until such time as Paris Hilton and some of those celebrated big-bosomed ladies start writing bush poetry and become members of the ABPA, we'll stick with Noel's photograph. Regards, Joe

And more from Skew Wiff;

Two T.V. Antennas got married, after years on a roof made of slate. They didn't have much of a wedding, but they say the reception was great

THE OLD WOODSTOVE IN THE KITCHEN.

© Gertrude Skinner

I loved that stove in the kitchen,
In those happy days of yore,
When the fire was burning brightly,
And my babies roamed the floor.

I did not know the pressure,
That I feel in life today,
Though I was a good deal poorer,
I was happy then that way.

For I lived out in the back blocks,
With my husband on the land,
He worked for a north west grazier,
And I was his helping hand.

I remember all the biscuits,
And the bread I use to bake,
While the kettle boiled so briskly,
For the smoko I would make.

We were warm on winter nights,
With the burning coals of red,
As we sipped our mugs of milo,
Just before we went to bed.

I was never out of fire wood,
For my man cut up a stack,
And kept the inside wood-box full,
From the door right at its back.

I loved that stove in the kitchen,
In those happy days of yore,
It was the centre of my life,
I didn't ask for anything more.

PUBLIC LIABILITY INSURANCE

As part of insurance requirements, venues and festivals are asking all performers to carry public liability insurance.

The Australian Bush Poets Association Inc. is able to offer Public Liability cover to its financial members for the low price of \$70.00 pa which compares more than favourably with other premiums.

The Association has come to an arrangement with its insurers who provide a Social Clubs Broadform Liability Policy with a cover of \$10m.

The association's brokers are Elders Insurance Brokers, represented by Mytime Pty Ltd 23 Prince Street Grafton NSW.

The ABPA Inc. insurance company is QBE Insurance (Australia) Limited of 85 Harrington Street, Sydney 2000

This insurance can only be offered to paid up financial members of the ABPA who are poets in the true sense of the word. *(Not a musician or singer who might join the ABPA just to gain insurance).*

CHARTERS TOWERS

will host the 2008 Queensland Championships at the magnificent 'The World Theatre' next year. Plan now and make it a part of your next trip to the north.

On Monday morning of 28th April there will be a Poets Breakfast at Wheeler House and that night, a meet and greet 'Around the Boree Log' with walk-up poetry for the opening of the championships.

From April 29th the competition will get under way with the presentations to be held on Thursday May 1st. There will be yarn-spinning, poets brawls, duos etc all part of the annual 'Ten Days in the Towers' festival.

Contact details can be found on page 19.

Don't forget the deadlines for entries.

Christmas is coming quickly and you're looking for gifts to buy???

How about these ... Kym Eitel has three books of Australian Bush Poetry for sale -



Wild Horse Rain and Wild Brumby Heaven

\$15 each

(plus \$3 postage each)

You've Gotta

Be Kidding

\$12 plus \$3 postage

'Wild Horse Rain' (Finalist - Australian Bush Laureate Awards - Book of the Year 2007)

100 pages of emotional roller-coaster poems and stories about horses and life in the bush as seen by a country girl. Many readers have complained that they couldn't put this book down until they had read the whole thing cover to cover!



'Wild Brumby Heaven'

(More Award Winning Bush Poetry)

Has even more historical, hysterical or heart-breaking stories put to verse to keep you learning, laughing or crying.

Another 'just couldn't put it down' book.

Or ... buy the whole set \$45.00 Postage Free

'You've Gotta Be Kidding!!!'

(Poems for Kids) is chock full of crazy, funny, silly poems for kids to enjoy, whether they are performing in public or just reading in bed.

A very 'colourful' book, to say the least.

You've Gotta Be Kidding!!!



Poems for Kids
BY KYM EITEL

Kym Eitel

24 Sneddon Road,
Limestone Creek. Q. 4701.
or call (07) 4936 1598

VALE: EDNA JESSOP 1927-2007

(nee Ziegenbine)

From John Lloyd.

September 20th saw the passing of yet another great outback bush person in the likes of Edna Jessop, one of a rare breed of women, who against all odds gave herself a place in history. Being a Boss Drover is one thing for a man, but for a woman to take on the role is an incredible feat.

When her father took ill after a fall from a horse near Halls Creek in 1950, Edna, aged 23 took over his plant and 1550 bullocks and walked the mob 2,240 kilometres across the Barkly Tableland to Dajarra near Mt. Isa.

I knew Edna back in the fifties and sixties and the last time I saw her was on

the Diamantina headed for Quilpie with a mob of Fats. (Meatworks cattle).

Nearly fifty years were to pass before I saw her again at the Mt. Isa Rodeo's 40th year reunion in '98. I saw her a number of times after - during my treks back into the Territory - in 'the Isa' at Woolworth's Shopping Centre, sitting there to get out of the heat.

We had long talks about the days that just seem to have slipped away - and now she's done just that!

But I'm sure if there's a bit of droving to be done, some cows and calves to be mothered up, wherever she has gone, she'll handle it! Goodona Edna.



Charles William Marshall was born in the days of the great depression, in 1932. He was educated at Upper Ulam, south of Rockhampton, Queensland, and later by correspondence and then the State High School.

Charlee, the name he went by, trained as a teacher and taught at various schools around Central Queensland and the Callide Valley. His last school was Yaparaba, near Biloela in the Banana Shire where he taught until 1963 when scholarships were removed from the primary schools system.



CHARLES WILLIAM MARSHALL 1932-1995

VANILLA SUNDAY

by Charlee Marshall

The day old Job Martin died
Was cold beyond belief
The grey gums on the mountainside
Were stricken dumb with grief
The she-oaks by the swamps again
Dispelled a dismal tune
And dingoes in their dusky den
Bewailed the fading moon.

The hearse drove out from Gungadoo
The eulogy was fine
The preacher said, as best he knew,
Old Job was ninety-nine
The widow brushed her staggering locks
And said she didn't know...
They had no calendars or clocks
T.V. or radio.

We kept no count of month or year
He didn't drink or smoke...
A stranger, who was standing near,
Walked up to her and spoke:
Perhaps you think it wise he said
A precept here to see
The hard, abstentious life he led
Caused his longevity

The widow made her genuflects
And sadly did she state
Alas, he always looked for sex
On Sundays, right on eight
Hold hard! the stranger cried in shock.
If things were as you claim,
How did you know when eight o'clock
Or even Sunday, came

That little church just down the track
Has bells that proudly chime...
These were his aphrodisiac
He tried to keep time;
In fact, I'm sure this claim is true
I'd still be with my man
But for that bloke from Gungadoo
And his Mr Whippy van.

He resigned as he felt there was nothing left to work towards.

Charlee and his wife Beryl then bought a small farm with a shed which they used as a house, and with their toddler daughter and a new baby girl they started into farm life.

Charlee worked several jobs in Biloela as they built up the farm while in the mean time the family increased with a son and another daughter.

During this time one of the schools at which he taught closed down so he bought the building, moved it to the farm, and turned it into a decent home for his family. About the same time he purchased another farm a few miles distant.

Once a farmer and always a dreamer Charlee settled in to raising Shetland ponies, Charolais cattle and his four children as well as flooding the nation with his hilariously funny short stories. His cricketing exploits were well known in country areas; he was a fast bowler and his record for the most Bowling Aggregate wins in Brisbane's Country Week still stand.

For many years as the children got older he started writing and performing bush poetry.

Since his first novel *'I Couldn't Bowl for Laughin'*, published in 1988, he became well-known as a performance poet at Folk Festivals around Australia, was a life member of Network magazine, and was a successful entrant in many literary contests. He was renowned for his wins in story and verse competitions, and his recitations on stage at festivals, including the National Folk Festival, Karunda and Adelaide.

His second book *'Bowlin' Laughin' and Dreamin'* (1991) contained much

of his poetry work to that stage and was quickly forced into reprint.

Health problems persuaded him to publish his third volume *'One Last Shot'* (1993) as a tribute to the cares and tributes of his many artistic friends.

In 1990 Charlee began a five year battle with cancer. He was admired for his exceptional skill in writing and performing bush poetry, and his courage in refusing to let the big 'C' dominate his life.

Charlee was inducted into the Wall of Fame at the Fireside Festival in Tamworth in 1993 and a further appreciation of his work was afforded in a Testimonial at the Maleny Folk Festival in 1994.

Charlee made a number of appearances at the Longyard Hotel in Tamworth during Country Music Week and at the Fireside Festival in June.

Besting him in competition was a rare and much treasured event. Sharing the same stage at various folk festivals, poetry recitals and competition finals was even more so.

Charlee captained the Queensland side in the uproariously funny State of Origin poetry slanging matches held at Tamworth's Longyard Hotel where his team defied the NSW 'Blues' in front of overflowing houses.

In his final year Charlee released a cassette of his poems *'Charlee After All'* and, with Beryl, did a 'good-bye' trip to NSW so he could say farewell to all his bush poet mates. He spent the last six months of his life in Rockhampton Hospital

Charlee passed away on 1st September 1995. His poetry touched and enriched many lives, all of whom still mourn his passing. He was a great poet and a great mate of many, many people. One lasting tribute to Charlee is the number of poets, many of whom had never met the man, who continue to recite many of his poems.

The Banana Shire Council in coordination with the Banana Shire Library sponsors an annual competition to the memory of Charlee Marshall, *The Golden Cockatoo Awards* for adults and the *Silver Budgie Award* for juniors.

I place no pride in a silver belt
or the glory of games gone by;
For a gambler plays
with the cards he's dealt
and lives till the time to die.

CM

RODERICK AND JESSIE'S SCHOOL'S TOUR

Literacy and numeracy week is the purpose of our journey and what better way to be a part of it, than to be invited and travel some of the most beautiful country and perform at schools.

From Bobin (west of Wingham) via Nambucca Heads, Bellingen, Dorrigo, (heading for Glen Innes) during the night of the eclipse - and sleep at Ebor Falls in zero temperature. Face 15 below wind chill in Guyra, when the day before it had been 23 degrees (Ahh, spring in the New England) but have a fantastic time in each school, then head from Armidale to Grafton and stop for the night at Goolang Creek and have a cut-out party, where Jessie "The Bonza Blue Dog" had two huge chicken thighs (scorched over the flames for bush flavour) and I had a couple of bottles of red wine!

We went to Iluka for four days (to thaw out) and caught three beautiful bream, a beaut meal for each of the three remaining days.

Returning, we said hello to the Parkers in Coffs Harbour and stayed the night with Maureen and Tom Stonham at Nambucca Heads..

Then Gary Williams, a dear old friend and tribal elder, joined us for lunch and Jess and I headed home to Bobin.

This trip was a follow on from some shows that we did at Gunnedah and Tamworth at the end of May.

We performed two shows at a local

school (St Joseph's Primary Wingham) then headed up to Glen Innes.

You should have seen the beautiful display that Cath Adams (under Sister Sally's supervision) had arranged in the library, where we performed.

They had taken the drawings from my book 'Frogs and Dogs and Kids', blown them up and made an arrangement on one of the walls with photos of "The Bonza Blue Dog" and me, in the centre.

In the only twenty minute break between the three shows, Jessie and I tried to have a quiet rest under some shrubs at the end of the oval, but about thirty kids insisted on guarding us from the plovers that were in attack mode.

After a wonderful and exhausting day, we certainly didn't take any rocking.

My sister Shirley saw one of the shows at St Joseph's and It was beaut to see her. My friend Col Newsome was coming also, but was not feeling well - I spent some time with Sybil and Col the next day!

I left the caravan at Guyra and went down to Murrurundi and stayed the weekend with an old friend and lifetime Drover, Viv Walsh. Viv is now 86 and in his twilight years. It was also lovely to see my dear 18 year old friend Jeanette Simpson.

Monday took us down to St James Primary School in Muswellbrook. We did two long shows (150 kids each show) that were received with fantastic enthusiasm and joy.

The first show, after already having done one and a quarter hours, went on

into the lunch hour. This was done at the kids own insistence! Similar requests were also made a number of times on the trip.

It's amazing what can happen when a teacher or teachers, really care.

I thank Kim Wilson for her fine job and for the 26 copies of "Frogs and Dogs and Kids" that those children brought money to the school to purchase. Also, teachers and two children bought 8 copies of my new book "Forest of Dreams".

To top it all off, I saw friends that I'd not seen since I left Murrurundi six and a half years ago. Margo Millard and her two young children (new family members) who are now attending St James - and it was such a thrill to see her father Lem Rose.

Back in 2000 Margo had commissioned me to write a poem about Lem and Nancy's life together for their 50th wedding anniversary. I attended the gathering as a special guest of the family. Entertained, ate and drank at the family table and delivered the poem, as a surprise, just prior to cutting the cake. All done to tears, huge laughter and applause. Not the only time I've done this, but that night was very special.

We re-lived it all at the school and it was as fresh as the morning dew.

Sadly though, lovely Nancy has passed on, but I have two homes to visit and stay at whenever I am in the area.

Back on the road again that afternoon and we said goodbye to Viv at Murrurundi and up to a freezing, star-sparkling Guyra night. Thank goodness it wasn't an early Start at "St Mary of the Angel's" school. Only 42 kids so we did one very long show to much fun and laughter and dog chaos. I had to repeat the song "Flash Jack from Gundagai" and the poem I finish with (which has become a song) - "My Blue Mate Jessie".

My cousin Diana came in from Black Mountain with her husband Ian and I also had to do a request for her (with permission of the children, of course) 'Parrot Pie'.

Coats and woolly caps and scarves were the main items in Guyra for literacy and numeracy week, (springtime special) but Jessie had her Muswellbrook bred blue heeler coat on and she was laughing!!

Despite the 15/20 below wind chill northerly that sliced through Guyra for two days, we all had the warmest of hearts!



JESSIE and ROD during a break at St. Joseph's School Library Glen Innes



HARDEN NSW Hard to Beat!

Pictured at the Poets Breakfast at Stocks Nursery Harden NSW in October are from left to right Terry Regan, Jacqui Warnock, Frank Daniel, Lance Parker, Greg North and Garry Lowe.

Forty-five guests enjoyed the sumptuous 'taste of country' at the Sunday morning breakfast along with the non-stop yarns, poems and humour that have become a standard item at Harden.

Formerly known as the 'Hardened Liars' back in the early nineties, the 'Taste of Country' festival has never lost its popularity with festival goers, with over 130 guests coming from as far as Griffith, the Blue Mountains, the Central Coast, Narrabri, Forbes and Parkes for the bush poetry competition-cum-concert on the Saturday

night; some staying over for the Sunday morning breakfast.

Still exhibiting the healthy happy outlook that has been part of him for many years was Lance Parker who first appeared at Harden in 1994. He took the audience by storm then and hasn't lost his flair for entertaining and storytelling. Lacey took out the Traditional section and came fourth in the humorous.

The Classical section was well received by the seasoned poetry fanatics and the laugh a minute humorous section (won by Garry Lowe) was such a side splitting event with many new poems.

New member, John Smith from Forbes NSW was featured with Lance Parker after the competition, each relating a better than average tall tale, both 'absolutely' the truth of course!

Frozen hands wound the hoses up and we said goodbye to Tim and Rhiannon at The Summit Caravan Park and headed to Armidale.

The three shows at St Mary's primary school, the next day, wound up our little journey and it was magic. We were treated like Kings and Queens and we got rid of every single bit of energy and enthusiasm that we had stored away.

It was a huge day with attentive, creative, respectful, appreciative, wonderful children.

I went to a beautiful Pub/Wine bar (which I'd visited the evening before) while Jessie slept on the front seat of the car, exhausted.

Saying farewell to new found friends, it was back to the Pembroke

Caravan Park and Jess and her dad snored till departure time!!

You know the rest, it's there at the beginning of the story. A very special little trip!

Jess and I will be busy with some free local school shows before the end of the year and also releasing our long awaited CD 'Frogs and Dogs and Kids'. Peace to everyone - Rod and Jess!!

[Rod is on the State Education Dept's "Performers for Schools" list - Web Address} www.schools.nsw.edu.au/pfs Personal Web Address } www.rodwilliamsbushpoet.com.au]

LANCE PARKER

Lance was born in the CWA Maternity Hospital, Hillston NSW on 27th May 1927, and it was a drought year so he recalls.

In 1933 he enrolled at Hillston Central School where nothing dramatic happened apart from a good hiding for pinching carrots from the Headmasters garden.

He went to Yanco High School from 1940 to 1944 where he was threatened with expulsion for something that 'was not his own fault'.



He won a scholarship to Armidale Teachers College where he was again threatened with expulsion for something that 'was his own fault'.

Lance was appointed to teach at Roto in '47-'48 and was transferred to Goolgowi in November 1948.

At Goolgowi he found lodging at the 'one and only' hotel but, having neglected to bring his 'one and only' towel, found he had to go to the 'one and only' shop in town to make a purchase.

'I want to buy a towel please, Miss,' he said to the 'one and only' young lady behind the counter.

'We're fresh out of towels' she replied, 'but I'll marry you if you like and then you can use mine.'

'Good idea,' he said, and so it was agreed.

Lance and Josie are still going strong and after a lifetime of school teaching and farming, are living in retirement at Griffith NSW, and still, when the opportunity arises they motor off to one of the many Bush Poetry gatherings in the Riverina, Northern Victoria and adjacent parts of NSW. Life is never dull! Ask Josie!

At the time of writing Lance was busy preparing his Fifth Lance Parker Bullsheet for publication.

He wasn't going to write another book but public demand insisted he come up with at least one more.

Readers can chase him up on 02 6964 5691

VICTORIAN STATE CHAMPIONSHIPS

Once again the Victorian Open Bush Poetry Championships were a great success with a roll up of 25 entrants, including some new performers, competing for more than \$3000 in prizes and trophies.

In the new faces were Zita Heywood and Rosie Bennett who maintained a high standard in the novice sections, along with Noel Bull, who gave an outstanding rendition of Murray Hartin's 'Fishing for Cod', Stan Gray, a keen follower of bush poetry for many years, and Tommy Bone, a Scotsman who loved every minute of the competition.

Successful writer David Campbell of Beaumaris in his first ever performance

competition took out the Novice Section and the Open Original as well.

John Peel of Ballarat, a man of very few words off stage, was runner-up in the Novice.

The impact of the first timers at Benalla was amazing, hopefully they will carry on in the future and give our seasoned competitors a good push along.

The intermediate section was taken out by Maurie Foun from Corryong, closely followed by Colin Carrington.

Annette Roberts, Betty Walton and Jan Lewis fought out the women's title while Ed walker, Jim Brown and Dennis Carstairs took up the challenge for the men.

Jill Meehan was the overall winner in the musical section followed by Jim Brown, Les James, Jan Lewis, Reg Phillips and Ken Prato.

EDNA

© John Lloyd

I walked away from a grave today
From a story left untold.
Of a woman and a legend,
Of someone very bold.

She drove the Western stock routes
As a girl of just fourteen,
When old Harry was boss drover
He was hard and tough and mean.

She got her education
She learnt how it would be
Riding night watch on a cattle c a-nip
With bullocks from V.R.D

In a land of disappointments
A land of no mistakes
Where a moments indecision
Could see the cattle break.

She drove from Hidden Valley
Down the Barkly Downs stock route
She was then boss drover
She'd coped what life dished out.

When cows and calves were mustered
They'd call on Edna's crew.
She'd mother them up
and keep 'em safe
She was the one to see them through.

Night out on the Murrinji
The dry wind seems to rattle
Sending twisting little dust clouds
Amongst the sleeping cattle,

The night watch rides round slowly
Her voice is soft and long
Edna's singing to them
It's the drover's night time song.

Hidden Valley bullocks
A mob from Bedford Downs
Across the Barkly distance
To a lonely border town.

And in my mind I see her
With the big mob spreading wide
She's riding in the lead a'ways
Riding there with pride.

There's a stillness in the bush tonight
The Billabongs gone quiet.
A plod of ghostly hoof beats
Echo in the night.

A chill wind flares the camp fire
As another night creeps by
The stars seem cold and distant
In the blackness of the sky.

The horse bells have stopped ringing
And the big herds drift on past
Edna's riding with them
To their night camp-"Home at last".

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NB. CAROL HEUCHAN and GREG NORTH will not be competing at this festival.

tommy's girl
lee taylor-friend



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Stories of my Life

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GIVE THE GIFT OF VERSE THIS CHRISTMAS

New from the pen of

LEE TAYLOR-FRIEND 'TOMMY'S GIRL'

When Lee Taylor-Friend and husband John escaped from the rat-race of Sydney and moved to the beautiful Snowy Mountains back in 2000 their lives were transformed in so many ways. A new home, new business, new friends and eventually, new babies!

It took Lee on a journey she could never have imagined and led her down a new life path indeed. . . that path for her was poetry and story taking.

She was mesmerized by the tales of hardship and high country heroics that were second nature to those remarkable and resilient men and women in the High Country.

It was a million miles away from her upbringing in Redfern, yet just the images she had firmly fixed in mind from the Banjo Paterson poetry her Father read to her as a small child.

Lee's love of poetry began there,

never knowing that she could write it until much later in life.

Lee's first poem 'That Dam(n) Wall' was published in the Snowy River Echo encouraging her to write even more. Her second poem 'To Feel the Pinch' ran second in the inaugural Snowy River Festival bush poetry competition, starting a long association with the Festival and an introduction to many of the men and women she has gone on to write about.

Lee writes about a wide variety of topics, including motherhood (that's another book) and since the beginning of 2007 has been writing a monthly column for the Snowy River Echo aptly titled 'Motherhood and other matters -'

Lee Taylor-Friend writes what she feels is right, and hopes her readers will enjoy her poetry as much as she enjoyed writing it.

THE SNOWY RIVER FESTIVAL

The iconic men and women from the 'Snowy River of yesteryear' were renowned for their indomitable spirit and 'Never-say-die' attitude. That spirit is still alive and kicking in the High Country today. That's why it took more than a bout of Equine Influenza to keep a good show down!!!

Have no fear, the festival organizers didn't get 'Cold' to the feet, they just 'flu' out the gate and re-scheduled their programme into an event which was not to be 'sneezed' at!

Whilst the horse-ing around may have been cut back a little, there was still plenty of action with a lot of something for everyone.

The non-stop programme over three days, never faltered, not even during the storms on Saturday and Sunday afternoons, the sheep dog trials, the stockmen's races, horse handling

demonstrations by Guy McLean on borrowed horses, the dog high-jump, black-smithing and farrier

demonstrations all kept rolling on. Those who got wet were dry ten minutes later in the beautiful summery afternoons. No-one complained.

The men and women of the Snowy region represent some of the most resilient in Australia when it comes to preserving their heritage, from the bush poetry of 'Banjo' Paterson to the original and contemporary verse seen in the written and performance competitions.

Story-telling was prominent on the Friday when Primary School students from Dalgety welcomed their mates from Jindabyne, Delegate, Cooma and Berridale schools to listen to tales of the high country by some of the 'old timers' about their days at school (if any) and their rugged bush upbringing.

Question time flourished with enquiring youngsters wanting to know more of 'how they did it' in the old days.

It could take forever to tell you all about it, so come along next year and find out for yourself from the 15th to the 17th of November.



LEE TAYLOR-FRIEND

THANGOOL SCORES A DOUBLE

Thangool, a “two pub, don’t blink” town on Australia’s Country Way, is situated just south of Biloela, in Central Queensland. One of its earliest champions was Freddy Shean, who rode Catalogue to win the 1938 Melbourne Cup. Lex McLennan and Charlee Marshall, both accomplished bush poets, claimed Thangool as their home, and laid the foundations for the current, emerging group of writers and reciters in Trevor Shaw, Kym Eitel and Scott McGuigan. Also emerging, with two CDs to his name, is balladeer, Ashley Cook, and not far behind is Ashley’s daughter, Kimberley.

Recently, on the last day it rained, Trevor and Kym co-jointly launched their latest books of bush poetry. Coincidentally, each book has followed a previous publication being in the top five selected in the Book of Original Verse at Tamworth: Trevor’s ‘Thank You ... Too’, 2003, and Kym’s ‘Wild Horse Rain’, 2006.

Trevor’s third book, ‘Big Bird Dancer’, contains thirty-four poems which continue to record details of the lives of those with whom he has interacted, often in a humorous, light-hearted way. Included are: ‘Rev Head Butch’, winner of the 2005 Tenterfield Oracles of the Bush Humorous Award, 2005, and ‘Big Bird Dancer’, runner up in that section, 2006.

‘Wild Brumby Heaven’, by Kym, also has thirty-four poems, and contains a number of her award winners, including the classical: ‘Who Were You, Ellen Kelly?’, ‘Remember the Horses, Too’, and ‘Jelly Melons’. Kym’s is a very busy, entertaining anthology.

As a reciter, Trevor continues to fly the ABPA flag with performances on a Cosmos Tour bus in France; the Indian Pacific somewhere across the Nullarbor; and in the Passengers’ Concert, on P& O’s Pacific Sun, somewhere between New Caledonia and Sydney. Recently, he has teamed up with Scott McGuigan to host poets’ breakfasts at the National Heritage Machinery Rally, Biloela; Goldfest at Clermont; and the State School Centenary at Bluff, all in CQ.

He has also run Writers and Reciters workshops, the most recent at the Rockhampton Art Gallery, and was contracted to write the poem of welcome for the Emirates Melbourne Cup to Banana Shire, October 15



Scott McGuigan, Bush Poet, Trevor Shaw, author and Ashley Cook, balladeer at the launch of Trevor’s new book Big Bird Dancer

BIG BIRD DANCER

© Trevor Shaw Thangool Qld

Well, the ostrich boom was over, and we’d done our pile of dough.
No need to keep them safely penned. ‘Twas time to let them go.
We’d incubated chicks from eggs, and got them to mature
but no-one was a buyer, and that became our cure.
So a flock of free range ostriches was hunted down the back,
with, at the lead, a demon: an African-bloody-Black.

In stance, he was magnificence that weighed two hundred pound -
a kamikaze operative, so fearsome when unwound.
Protective of his territ’ry; protective of his flock,
he seemed to grow to twice his size, when he heard the gate unlock.
He took offence to anything that seemed outside his square,
and left you nearly hypnotised, with cold and deadly stare.

Now, Gommo owns the property on which these big birds graze.
Whilst they never breached the boundary fence, they disappeared for days.
The female birds still laid their eggs that never got collected,
and the big male had the knack of turning up, when least expected.
The sound of Gommo’s farm bike rendered him a frenzied wreck,
and Gommo often bit the dust, him breathing down his neck.

A sturdy length of polythene became a useful tool
to ward off many a challenge, from this feather-duster fool.
There’s no room to manoeuvre and you can’t negotiate
with an ostrich out to get your blood ... to satiate his hate.
And so evolved a tense respect - a mutuality,
but careless breaking of a rule caused one fatality.

See, Gommo went on holidays, deciding that he oughta
enlist the help of Gazza, to daily check the water,
for the season was a poor one. They were in the grip of drought.
His breeding stock would perish, if the tank and trough ran out.
So Gazza learned the processes of what he had to do.
“Take care,” was Gommo’s last advice. “The ostrich drinks here, too.”

“Familiarity breeds contempt” – that’s how the proverb goes -
and this one gels with Gazza, for he’s a man who knows.
For, having got the pump to work, on every other day,
the caution Gommo gave him had eroded, clean away,
until, when halfway to the tank, he heard the strangest hiss
from the ostrich who had lined him up; from there he could not miss.

NSW STATE CHAMPIONSHIPS

The 2007 NSW State Championships were conducted in Tenterfield on 6th and 7th October.

While visitor numbers were disappointing the poetry was of a tremendously high standard, emotions ran the full gamut - expertly and professionally delivered by the contending poets giving

the adjudicators Bill Kearns and Jack Drake, an unenviable task.

Dinner at the Golf Club on Saturday night saw an hilarious night of entertainment from the three judges which also drew a lot of attention from a large number of diners and visiting bowlers, some from as far as Adelaide, who con-

tributed to the fun with a number of poems. Aspiring bush poets were coming out of the woodwork.

Fifteen poets competed in the one-minute brawl, part of the presentations and poets brekkie at Jubilee Park on the Sunday morning. Congratulations to the winners and to all competitors for such a high standard of competition, and thanks to the Oracles of the Bush committee who enjoyed the challenge of organising the event.

(Results page 21)

Now, there's something in adrenalin that gives one extra power.
Thus Gazza got his legs to move, at a hundred clicks an hour.
Over thirty-something metres, and on new ploughed cultivation,
he won the photo finish and that's no exaggeration!
Then, in and 'round the tank stand and 'round and 'round the pump,
'til he found a piece of poly and he gave that bird a thump.

In awe, it seemed, the bird gave up and went into retreat.
Gazza thought his heart would burst, on every pounding beat.
So near to tears and trembling, from the very worst of shocks,
he wasn't game to check the fluid filling up his socks.
"Perspiration, please, Dear Lord," he said in silent prayer.
"I'm still alive, and thanks for that. I guess I shouldn't care."

He slowly gained composure, so he checked the waters out,
then scanned the four horizons, but the bird seemed not about.
Armed with light-weight polythene, he'd set off to his ute,
when terror gripped his heart again. There rose that murderous brute!
Too far to make it to the car and too far from the tank,
the words that uttered from his mouth, were bordering on rank.

He stood his ground and swung the poly pipe with all his strength,
but it just wrapped around the big bird's neck, and shortened length,
within the range of its big toe that targeted his belly.
The fluid filled his socks again; his two legs went to jelly.
"Grab him by the neck and get yourself close to its body.
You'll need to throw the ostrich, as you know to throw a poddy."

Who said that? Was it from on high, or was it in his head?
(Later on, he realised it was something Gommo said.)
He threw himself to sideways, as the toe ripped through his shirt,
and wrapped his arms around that neck, not caring he was hurt.
For this was life or death stuff now. That bird was out to kill.
Gazza's life was on the line, so he held on with a will.

No orchestra could play the tune, for the dance steps taking place,
as the two coordinated in one very strange embrace.
They did a Gypsy Tap to left, the Foxtrot and the Swing;
an Oxford Waltz, Maxina and a kind of Highland Fling.
An off-beat Pride of Erin was abandoned for the Twist.
While Gazza yelled and cursed and swore, the ostrich kicked and hissed.

Then slowly, very slowly, the pair sank to the ground.
Gazza found himself atop a lifeless, feather mound.
The dancing was all over; his aggressive partner, dead.
"Get out of here and far away!" was running through his head.
This was an act of terror, and the terrorist had died.
And Gazza sat there crying. He was truly terrified.

As is the case with legends, this tale has grown a bit,
and Gazza has recovered, and now is "full of it".
While the bird was quite expensive, there was no demand to pay.
Gazza's often in denial of the fear he felt, that day,
yet, if you want the details, with all the guts and glory,
just fill him up with Fourex Gold. Sit back. Enjoy the story.

Another Song

by Charlee Marshall

I had fashioned a song of the bushland -
A mirage of rhythm and rhyme;
Every word held the sob of the southwind
Blown sad o'er the abyss of time.
I had caught the soft purl of the waters
Caressing the curve of the creek,
And I wrote of the morn's pearly dewdrops,
Clinging still to the night's swarthy cheek.
Sure I thought as I read through the lyrics
No finer song ever was planned,
Then a butcher bird sang in the gully,
And I crumpled the page in my hand.

THE SPIRIT OF THE BUSH

Submitted by David Meyers

The National Gallery of Australia in Canberra together with the Queanbeyan Bush Poets recently hosted a concert entitled 'The Spirit of the Bush' to celebrate the George Lambert: Heroes and Icons exhibition.

George Lambert, a wonderful Australian artist, spent his early days as a jackeroo on the land before heading overseas to pursue his ambition. The exhibition, predominately one of Australian scenes and iconic portraits included a canvas of A.B. Paterson and a larger than life bronze statue of Henry Lawson.

The concert was held at 2pm on Sunday 9th September and included classical music by Australian composers and poetry by well known local poets Jim Weatherstone from Canberra and Ted Webber from Young. Ted and Jim, introduced by Dave Meyers, delighted the audience with a great selection of Lawson and Paterson poems all well rehearsed and professionally presented.

The concert received enthusiastic applause from a packed theatre audience and Gallery staff alike and augers well for similar presentations at the National Gallery in the future.

One small step for the Queanbeyan Bush Poets and a giant stride for Bush Poetry.



DENI UTE MUSTER

Utes - utes - more utes and Bush Poetry

A minor side-show at a country fair in 1999 funded by a \$2,000 donation from the local chamber of commerce saw the evolution of the Deni Ute Muster. Today the Muster injects \$6million into the local economy and regional development of the Deniliquin Shire.

When 20,000 Aussies get together to celebrate an Outback love affair for one of our national icons, a uniquely Australian form of transport, the humble ute, and a whole town gets behind the celebration; when Dick Smith turns up to open the show; when travellers come from overseas, when they've only had one reasonable year of rain in the past nine; and the Guinness Book of Records announces the biggest ute gathering in the world with 6235 vehicles; then you have the annual ritual of Deniliquin.

Events at the Deni Ute Muster include country staples like the tractor pull, bull riding and whip cracking competitions. Other events centre on the automotive star of the show, like the Ute Show 'n' Shine and the dusty circle work competitions, the best work ute, the best chick's ute and the ute with the most stickers (the winner had over 3000) to help make up a total of fifteen categories.

And . . . ! in 2007 at the instigation of accomplished local performance poet and farmer, Alex Allitt, the Ute Muster had its first annual bush poets breakfast hosted by Frank Daniel. With fifteen members of the Deniliquin Bush Poets group rallying to make the muster another exciting avenue of exposure for bush poetry, the local poets acquitted themselves quite well considering that many of them had not ventured outside their own region as performers.



SOUTH COAST POETRY

Former bushman, stockman, overseer and property owner now retired to the NSW south coast, John Davis of Ulladulla, is to be congratulated on his first attempt at introducing bush poetry to his region and to the students of the south coast.

On 22nd of September he conducted a junior performance poetry competition at the Shoalhaven Anglican School with twenty-six kids lining up in front of an audience exceeding 130. The standard of performance was exceptionally high with Mr. Davis overwhelmed by the comments and accolades received during the afternoon. The teachers from Shoalhaven Anglican, Milton Public, St. Mary's and Ulladulla primary schools are held in high esteem by John Davis for their encouragement and support of the students.

The winners were evenly distributed between the schools with the top honour going to Alison Maher of Ulladulla Primary. Second prize went to a duo performance by Lily Richardson and Natalie Turner of Milton Public, followed by Caitlin Bonser (Ulladulla), Elleisha Walsh of St. Mary's and Taylor Brousek of Milton.

Angus and Robertson donated a voucher as a team prize which went to Ulladulla Primary.

Costumes and props appropriate to the poems were the order of the day with biscuits baked by the kids and afternoon tea served by the SAS finished off a very successful introduction to bush poetry on the coast.

OPEN BUSH POETRY

Again with the generous help of the local community and in conjunction with Escape Artfest, John Davis can stick another feather in his old bush hat for the inaugural Milton-Ulladulla Bush Poetry Performance competition held at the Milton-Ulladulla Bowling Club on Sunday 30th September.

Careful planning and generous local sponsorship coupled with the support of some of our better known performers and a number of locals gave this event the boost that it needed and the encouragement to carry on next year.

Support came from distant places with bush poetry stalwarts and fanatics Harold and Margaret Cunningham of Parkes in the Central West making sure they didn't miss out. Apart from the locals, support came from Canberra, the Blue Mountains, Canowindra, the Central Coast and Sydney.

In the two-go-round open competition, Dave Bartlett of Mollymook, and Dave Bartlett of Canberra (no mistake) gave credible performances while Meg Thomas from Ulladulla displayed a very convincing attitude.

Terry Regan of Blaxland won the event followed by Garry Lowe of Berkeley Vale and third place went to Eddie Sampson of Georges Hall.

5th ANNUAL RUSTY NAIL COMPETITION

The Bendigo based Central Goldfields Bush Poets held their 5th Annual Rusty Nail Bush Verse Festival competition for primary school students at Marong on Sunday 16th September.

The Marong Community Hall was aglow with hundreds of children's poems on display, many including artwork. The stage setting included; gum leaves; wattle branches; horse saddles and tack; bales of hay; swag and billycan; a rusty roll of ringlock netting; and last but not least the Australian National Flag.

The days entertainment commenced with a poetry and song breakfast from 9am to 11am, during which the audi-

ence were entertained by reigning Victorian Champion Ed Walker of Narre Warren, Carol Reffold from Riddell's Creek, the legendary Richard 'Skreitch' Leitch from Maldon and numerous other CGBP members.

Over 300 poems were received in the written sections and a total of \$900 prize money was awarded to children and schools.

The CGBP gained a grant from the City of Greater Bendigo, and the festival which was opened by Cr Trudi McClure. In speaking, Cr. McClure said 'Many children have benefited from learning to write another type of literature, rhyming poetry. And have also increased their knowledge of early Australian life, our heritage and culture when searching for poems to read or perform'.

PSEUDONYMS - Nom de Plumes - nom de guerre - pen names

- or just a plain old Aussie nicknames, which ever it may be, once bestowed on you, is usually deemed to last for life. Rarely does it change, but when 'Balmain Bob' migrated from Club Street Balmain to the Gold Coast in Queensland, it didn't take long for this talkative warbler of words to inherit a new title, the 'Mungeribar Budgerigar'.

Bob and Carlene Dever consider themselves fortunate in discovering bush poetry in '95 and were immediately welcomed with open arms into the bush poets fraternity. The transformation had begun, he was hooked . . . and began writing.

Born and bred in the Balmain he lived there all his life until the traumas of redundancy saw him purchase a motor home in '96 and set off travelling around Oz for the next two years, living on the road. In '98 they retired, settling in the hinterland behind the Gold Coast on a few acres in a lovely bush setting where they found paradise with a capital 'P' and immediately set about lowering their golf handicaps.

He belongs to the Poets in Paradise, a Gold Coast Poetry group that meets on the third Sunday of each month at the old Teahouse Gallery on Springbrook Road just out of Mudgeeraba Qld. Here he pushes the ideals of the ABPA, preserving our heritage at every chance.

Each month they are given a word for homework and have to present a poem on that subject at the next meeting, certainly one way of keeping the old grey matter ticking over. To date Bob has published two books 'Urban Blokes' and 'From the Bush to the Beach'.

To him, bush poetry is just an enjoyable hobby, which coupled with his golf and gardening keeps him busy. He has regular fortnightly gigs for Probus Clubs who seem to appreciate his warped sense of humour and didgeridoo playing. He also keeps busy with private and charity functions - sometimes he gets paid, sometimes he doesn't, it doesn't really matter to him as long as the audience has a good time.



SUNDAY MORNING, WINDING DOWN

© Bob Dever

As I grew up I lived near the water,
so for me the ocean's always calling.
I'd like to share a piece of my life
so here's what I did last Sunday morning.

I got to the beach as the sun was dawning,
just enough light and the tide was right.
I threw my line in for a flutter in the gutter,
caught enough whiting to appease my appetite.

The sheer enjoyment of walking on golden
sands;
breeze in your hair, sand in your toes,
crystal clear water lapping at your feet
you think paradise; that's the way it goes.

I go for a swim, crack onto a wave
gives you a thrill to know you've still got it
There's famous hi-risers as far as you can see,
their uniqueness is quite exquisite.

There, like the fingers of wealthy women,
poking up, reaching for the sky
encrusted in sparkling gemstones
reflected sunbeams, catching you eye.

Then I retire to te surf club
for a cleansing ale and bloody good feed.
I see the nippers are still in very good hands
as the bevy of beauties satisfy my needs.

Gee it's beaut, just to be alive.
I toast my good fortune not once, but twice,
to be living here on the coast with the most,
another Sunday morning, here in paradise.

A record number of schools participated from Sydenham Hillside in Melbourne to Wedderburn, Maldon, Drummond, Lockwood and Strathfieldsaye to mention a few.

Former TV celebrity Jim Brown compered the children's sections. Grade one student, Thomas Wigney, set a very high standard when he confidently performed, his own composition 'Animals of Australia' and a C. J. Dennis' poem 'Growing Up'. (See p. 24)

Thomas also wrote the winning poem in his grade, winning for his school a selection of Australiana books and poetry CD's.

Thomas, along with Seth Dyett, who performed the all time favourite 'Mulga Bill's Bicycle' flawlessly, were the 'golden finds' amongst the Preps to Grade 4's, Amy Martin won the Grade 5/6 written section with her poem 'Ned Kelly' and won \$200 for her school to use in the purchase of Australian poetry resources for their library; as too, did Grade 3 student, Riley Bullock of Eaglehawk North.

CGBP Secretary Colin Carrington

said: "There was a huge increase in the number of boys entering poems this year. Though none were received from a 'Henry', 'Andrew' or 'Banjo', there was enormous talent and potential displayed by both boys and girls".

"St Francis of the Fields Catholic Primary School at Strathfieldsaye, one of the few schools to take advantage of CGBP's offer to have poets visit their school, recite poetry and give tips to students on writing of rhyming verse, submitted a large number of excellent entries" judge Carol Reffold said. Four of their students were placed in the written section and several others received encouragement awards.

The prestigious 'Cambo' performance Encouragement Award, in memory of the late Mr Campbell Higgs, a noted bush poet of the goldfields region, was awarded to Zoe Rovers of Lockwood.



Thomas Wigney

VALE:

JOHN CONCANNON

John Concannon passed away in Brisbane on Wednesday 14 November 2007.

John has been a huge supporter of the Bronze Swagman Award since the early 1980's, winning the Bronze Swagman Award in 1986. He was Runner-up in 2005.

Our sympathy and wishes have been passed onto the family on behalf of the Bronze Swagman Award Committee.

AUTUMN LEAVES

© Lee Taylor-Friend - Jindabyne

The autumn leaves are falling,
Gently floating to the ground,
Evoking strong, sweet memories,
Of sight, and smell, and sound.

A menagerie of colour, light,
And energy on high,
I watch them dancing on the breeze,
So joyously they fly . . .

Such rich and vibrant imagery,
Against azure skies,
Orange, red and aubergine,
They capture heart and eye.

A glistening graceful canopy,
Of amber, yellow, gold
So many autumns come and gone,
Such stories to be told . . .

A time now for reflection,
Strength and beauty's all I see,
As winter snow approaches,
And the autumns slowly leaves . . .



ABOUT JULIE HALL

It's amazing what you can come up with when you do a little research. Julie was virtually an unknown as far as bush poetry is concerned until she took out the \$3,000.00 second place behind Marco Gliori in the Women's Weekly/Meat and Livestock search for another Banjo Paterson.

Julie was born Sydney in 1955 and grew up at Long Jetty on the NSW Central Coast. She learned to play both classical violin and guitar as a child and was Dux and School Captain.

She worked as a fashion model in

JOE'S BARN DANCING LESSONS

Julie Hall. Bilambil NSW

2nd. Place. Women's Weekly/MLA Competition 2007

The station had a restless air.
The farm hands were all shavin'.
Their good gear hanging on the lines;
And no one misbehavin'.

Old Manny had his clippers out.
A tenna for a haircut.
The girls were comin' in, he said,
From out as far as Blackbutt.

The lads were cleaning up the barn.
The dance would bring romancin'.
But what had really caused a stir;
The boss had took up dancin'.

See Joe was not a sissy man;
His face was nothin' pretty.
His hat was stained,

with years of sweat.

His hands were hard and gritty.

His gold front tooth had lost its shine.
His face was lined and haggard.
The stubble on his chin had turned
To white. His hair was ragged.

He had no time for women folk.
It was a steadfast rule.
Now . . . every Tuesday night, Joe drove
To Johnson's Dancing School.

They spoke of it in whispers low,
Behind the cattle herd.
But when Big Joe was on his horse;
They never said a word.

The night soon came, the barn was lit.
It shone to Coolangatta.
The tables crammed with pies and stew
And ham, and corn in batter.

The station hands were polished up;
A struttin' and a prancin'.
The girls were there,
all primped and fine;
But nope, no-one was dancin'.

The music it was fun and loud,
And ev'ry boot was beatin'.
The lads were gathered 'round the bar,
Pretendin' to be eatin'.

Then in strode Joe, alone and tall.
He scanned the room not movin'.
His gaze fell on the cutest girl;
Then Joe, he started groovin'.

His arms came up,
his hips swayed left;
Old Joe was really cookin'.
He moved his feet in expert steps,
and ev'ry eye was lookin'.

He danced with ev'ry girl that night;
He didn't rest or dally.
He spun and twirled and
dipped and lunged;
He tolled up quite a tally.

So now, at night in old Joe's barn,
The music plays in sessions;
And station hands meet after tea,
for Joe's Barn Dancing Lessons.

Sydney, acted in some TV shows eg Young Doctors, Thank God Its Friday and the Have a Go Show.

Julie was a Spokesperson for Women with Breast Implant Injuries, was interviewed on 60 Minutes, Ray Martin, Good Morning Australia, Today Tonight, Don Lane, Couchman and others. She moved to village of Bilambil (between Murwillumbah and Gold Coast) 30 years ago; has five unbelievable children aged 31, 24, 21, 19 and 8 years. For the past seven years she has taught art to children at a Community Art Group.

Julie has always loved to write and has written many poems and a couple of novels, however with family coming first and as a stay at home mum, writing and art were put on the back burner.

Her wonderful second husband, David introduced her to the country

over twelve years ago. Now, they spend all their spare time helping David's Uncle Ron dip and tag cattle etc.

Julie would love to live in a more isolated area than she now does, as her love for, and appreciation of the Australian bush has grown enormously. 'Joe's Barn Dancing Lessons' was here first attempt at Bush Poetry and was inspired by Ron Dawney, her husband's uncle, who is a third generation farmer at Piggabeen. She has written quite a few bush poems since 'Joe' and find the bush style easy and enjoyable.

She loves cooking, collects antiques, writes and paints.

'Family and humour are both paramount in my life', says Julie, 'I am blessed with an incredible family and cursed with a wicked sense of humour'. Welcome to the ABPA Julie!

CORRYONG V. MAN FROM SNOWY RIVER BUSH FESTIVAL -

Where Legends Perform!

Since 1995 'Banjo' Paterson's famous poem has been celebrated at Corryong in Victoria, with the real scenery and dinky-di bush folk holding a unique show.

Corryong is a small town where 500 volunteers get behind this important annual event and yes, despite Equine Influenza, the festival is still on, from 3rd to 6th of April 2008.

Jack Riley is central to the festival and most of it revolves around him, his memory or his alleged feats; some believe he was the 'man' in Paterson's poem and there are plenty of poems and songs about him and the area.

The large Poetry and Music program keeps to the Aussie 'Bush' theme with \$5,000 in prize-money offered across 14 sections of written & performed poetry, song, yarn, and drama. The closing date for entries is February 8th.

As well there will be competitions for the 'Aussie Bush Idol', Buskers, Gumleaf playing and walk-ups for poets & musos at Banjo's Block and in the pubs and cafes. Look for a few surprises and great combinations in 2008!

For those who can't attend, written Humorous and Serious sections are available, with writers being able to upload their limericks and parodies directly onto the website.

Half-price weekend wristbands are available to volunteers and will need to be paid for in advance of the festival.

Entry forms will be posted to past entrants but, to be included in the database, poets and performers must contact the Festival Office on 0260761992 or via email mfsrbf@bigpond.com or go to the website for further information and to see who'll be there:

The flu took its toll - now gastric
abounds,
to tie all our knickers in knots,
with horses unstable, there's probably
grounds
to pray that they don't get the trots!

They say penicillin was well overdue
when Florey exploited its sources.
Now we have many a miracle brew -
they even have ... courses for horses.
Brian Bell © 2007

BUNDABERG BUSH POETRY MUSTER 2008 JULY 11th - 12th - 13th

Performance Competitions

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

Bundy Rum One Minute Cup



BUSH LANTERN AWARD for WRITTEN VERSE

WRITTEN COMPETITION

Closing date: 30th May 2008
Results announced
Muster Weekend

All enquiries:

John & Sandy (Muster Co-ordinators)
07 41514631 or lees@interworx.com.au
Dean (Bush Lantern Co-ordinator)
07 41591705 or dino123@dodo.com.au
Jayson 07 41550778 or blanata@bigpond.net.au

Competition Enquiries

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

Closing Date: 20th June

The **14th BUNDY MUSTER**

ENTRY FORMS:

SSAE to:
Bush Lantern Coordinator
Bundaberg Poets Society Inc.
PO Box 4281
BUNDABERG SOUTH 4670



Letter from Bob Magor

I would like to explain to all ABPA members why I entered a published poem in the recent Women's Weekly competition. I was in the NT when my wife found the competition in her magazine. She mentioned that I should enter. I wasn't interested. All my spare time over the last eighteen months has been spent researching, writing and rewriting a rather large manuscript in the form of a biography of one of the NT's most notorious characters. I had only written one poem which was not good enough for a competition.

We discussed whether they wanted a poem unpublished or not, and as the magazine never mentioned the fact I rang the 1800 number and listened to the rather long list of rules. I never heard anything on the matter so I rang the number again to make sure. I still heard nothing. I thought this was strange, but as the Women's Weekly isn't part of the bush poetry scene I

assumed that they just didn't care.

I was notified that I had won second prize in Darwin and they took my photo as I was about to board a plane to fly overseas. When I returned home to my farm I thought no more about it until Nov 2nd when I received a call from WW inquiring if my poem had been published. I naturally said that it had. They told me that I would be disqualified for entering a published poem. This came as a shock and I apologized to them for breaking the rules but emphasized that I hadn't heard anything to the contrary.

I rang the number again to have another listen but it had been taken off the air.

I congratulate Marco for his very deserving win and importantly I also congratulate the second and third place-getters who have now moved forward into their rightful places.

I hope this clears up the mystery. Perhaps I should get my ears checked!

Regards *Bob Magor*

ANTHRAX © Frank Daniel Canowindra NSW
3rd Place Women's Weekly/MLA Competition 2007

Missus Molly Mulligan baked bread late on Sunday night,
then, feeling tired, went to bed, to cleanup up at daylight.
She climbed in next to snoring Sam, elbowed him in the ribs,
prayed for all the lonely souls, asked a blessing for his nibs;
she spared a thought for allies in battle with Bin Laden;
thanked Joe Ryan the bookie for her big win in the maiden.

Sleeping soundly, mind at rest, till the early light of dawn,
she rose as fresh as ever; old Sam crawled out with a yawn.
The fire was stoked; the kettle boiled,
a cuppa swiftly poured,
then, seeing the mess she'd left behind,

Molly cried 'Dear Lord!
*There's ANT-TRACKS in the flour –
where I baked bread last night.
Ant-tracks! Right across the bench! –
o' what an awful sight!*

As she made her exclamations, old Sam, with deadened ears,
thought Molly mentioned ANTHRAX adding fire to his fears.
He'd polished off near half a loaf of
Molly's fresh baked bread;
and now his days were numbered –

he'd be listed 'mongst the dead.
He felt pain throughout his body; saw rashes on his skin;
his wheezing indicated that his lungs 'were caving in'.

He found lumps and bumps, scabs and scars
that he'd forgot about
and reckoned that the time had come for him to peter out.
'Damned Terrorists!' he cried aloud,

*go fetch me flamin' gun!
Ring the Vet! And S.E.S! Get them out here on the run!
I'll take the dogs and do a scout along the lower gully;
The Taliban has hit the bush! Ring up Sandra Sully!' **

'Ring all the cockies round about; have them all alerted.
Tell Smithy 'take the back road' -- in case he gets diverted!
Sam had really lost the plot,

his thirst for blood not slacking;
he barricaded farm machines to hinder those attacking.
Molly, less her hearing aid, caught only half the story;
rang up Bessie Wilson, said 'things could get rather gory!'

*'We're over-run by foreigners;
Sam's found some fresh TANK TRACKS
no thanks to Bush in Washington we're subject to attacks.
So get your boys and spread the news
and scour the hills around,
flush out the blinkin' enemy before they gun us down.'*

Like Coo-ees in Gilgandra, hundreds gathered to the fray;
taking up positions to keep Afghanistan at bay.
They formed a big wide circle right around old Sam's estate,
converging with great caution in a bid to save their mate.
There were men and boys, dogs and guns,
lots of ammunition,
each heart set to fight as one accomplishing the mission.

A 'roo dog from McArthurs flushed out a startled rabbit
and bolted headlong after him as was his normal habit.
Fifty dogs took up the chase; the Shell Garage mechanic
started shooting wildly, bringing on a full scale panic.
Shots went high;

they crossed the farm into the rear offensive -
bullets sallied back and forth till each was in defensive.

Sam was in the cross-fire, underneath his Bedford truck,
as bullets whistled overhead he cursed his flaming luck;
alone he faced the onslaught no help he saw forthcoming.
everyone had let him down, his heart was fairly drumming.
He fired left – he fired right - sent a volley far behind,
and riddled half the washing Moll left hanging on the line.

And when the barrage ended, the wild firing had ceased;
Sam turned up his hearing aid to listen to the peace.
He saw a white flag waving – assumed they meant surrender;
proud he was he'd saved the farm, a single sole defender.
And in the calm that followed,

from the back-door Molly cried,
'Would you like another cuppa dear? . . . Billy's on inside'.

Sam and Molly now are heroes,
never knew they were at fault
and are famous in the district for their Taliban assault.
And when Molly bakes on Sundays

she cleans the mess away
avoiding ant-tracks in her kitchen to keep the enemy at bay.
And on Anzac Day Sam marches with the RSL from town
and drinks his share of Toohey's as he puts Osama down.

* Network TEN News Presenter.



The Man From Snowy River Bush Festival

April 3 – 6 2008
Corryong NE Victoria
closing date for entries
9th February

Poetry & Music Coordinator
Jan Lewis

(more details next page)



ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Carol Heuchan lives in the Hunter Valley, New South Wales.

Her life has been devoted to horses - teaching riding, competing intensively in the fiercely competitive world of show horses with thirty four Sydney Royal Easter Shows to her credit.

As a qualified judge for the Equestrian Federation of Australia and the Show Horse Council of Australasia and many Breed Associations, she has judged extensively throughout Australia and Internationally.

In 2003, her first book was published and following its success, she 'fell' in to the world of Bush Poetry, literally taking it by storm and in just a few short years has won a multitude of prestigious performance and writing awards nationally.

Carol is the 2007 Australian Ladies Champion and is a three times Australian Bush Laureate Award winner.

Poetry has involved her in many and varied aspects of performance and literary circles and she is considered foremost in her craft.

Needless to say, she is much sought after and the horses watch contentedly as Carol travels Australia with her hilarious and heart-warming tales from the City to the Scrub.

'Touching Tales' covers so many aspects of her life, and will surely give those many horsey folk an extra 'kick' out of the humorous parts but there heart rending stories, particularly the ones set in the past - the stories of those brave horses who deserve to have their story told.

Carol's poetry has been written with care and deliberation but much 'poetic license' has been used in the ABC poems that were written - or scribbled - virtually on the spot as she listened to the Weekly Forum on radio ABC Newcastle, concocting ditties on whatever topic was being discussed and broadcast live.

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MAN FROM SNOWY RIVER BUSH FESTIVAL

Where Legends perform!

Local legend - Irishman Jack Riley is the 'Man From Snowy River' in Banjo's poem. Unique 'Challenge' horse competition to find the modern 'Man' (\$40,000 prizes)

ANZ Poetry & Music competition (\$5,000 total prize-money (13 sections)

ENTRIES CLOSE 9th FEBRUARY 2008

Top poets, yarn-spinners and musicians (Frank Daniel, Geoffrey Graham)

Poets' Breakfasts - Walk-ups and Concerts and 'join in' campfire sessions

Banjo's Block next to Lions' Youth Hall & camping area opposite

'Salute the Anzacs' & 'In Memory of Absent Friends' concerts

Art & Photography Exhibition & sale

Ute Muster, Bush Idol and Busking Competitions

Junior Bush Poetry Performance Competition - Sunday (enter by 9am)

Re-enactment of Banjo's 'Man From Snowy River' poem

Experience real bush friendliness and flavour.

Email mfsrbf@bigpond.com or phone Festival office 0260761992

www.manfromsnowyriverbushfestival.com.au - for volunteer info & entry forms

A XMAS ODYSSEY

© Harold Meston - Beachmere Q. 2004

Santa had loaded the toys in his bag,
then went to the sleigh with this ruddy great swag;
"Hi Donner and Blitzen you're ready to go,
so we'll get underway with Santa's roadshow,
there's much to be done before we can stop,
so let's get away from this noisy workshop".

Santa had worked all his elves to the ground,
and he wanted to get far away from the sound
of hammer and nailing and sewing and sawing -
all he wanted to hear was the sound of folk snoring -
so the reindeer all strained to make the sleigh go,
while Santa was practising his Yo Ho Ho.

So onward and upward did Santa's sleigh fly,
and the miles and the countries swiftly went by;
as Santa flew the elves fell asleep,
so down in the workshop there wasn't a peep,
then Mrs Claus went and tucked them in tight,
for she knew that they'd earned this one peaceful night

Santa had put on his best Xmas suit
with all of the trimmings - and shiny black boots -
his hair had been waved, his beard had a trim,
while to get himself fit he'd gone to the gym;
Mrs Claus had proudly waved him goodbye,
as he'd loaded his sleigh then flew through the sky.

Over the ice and the tundra and snow,
the reindeers had sped - they couldn't go slow -
as Santa had told them it wouldn't be right
for him not to visit each child on this night -
and they'd seen all the bags of mail he'd received,
from all of those children who really believed.

So into each home where a child lay asleep,
Santa would scamper, run, jump or leap -
then into a stocking or under a tree,
he'd leave a small gift for each child to see
when they awoke on a new Xmas morn,
to give them great joy on the day Christ was born.

All through the night he went without stopping,
then when he got home Mrs Claus was out shopping;
all of the elves were still fast asleep,
"Ruddy hell" Santa cried, as he fell in a heap.
Mrs Claus returned home and pranced down the hall,
gave Santa a hug and said, "Merry Xmas to all".

LATE NEWS: That amazing travelling 'Irish Trio', Paddy and Glori O'Brien of Murwillumbah NSW have left a note saying that their two-week stay in Hobart mid-November has been nothing short of successful with age-groups no barrier.

On this trip they have purposely promoted bush poetry gauging audience appeal and finding an overwhelming response.

With several shows to follow finishing up at Georgetown on the 18th December, they hope to make it home in time for Santa.

Paddy and Glori send their regards to all.



Man of Many Hats on Video

In early August an excited crowd gathered in the upper Blue Mountains town of Medlow Bath for a marathon concert. The cold weather was held at bay with fancy canapés and drinks while award-winning singer, songwriter Pat Drummond warmed everyone up in his inimitable, crowd-pleasing style. The occasion was the recording of Gregory North's DVD - "Man of Many Hats". Over the ensuing three hours or so Greg performed his original poems and yarns (with only a few second takes) with Frank Daniel and Pat Drummond entertaining the enthusiastic audience between costume changes.

Following the show, the real work began in editing the video and agonising over what to cut out. After hours of great work by local videographer Brad Bridger, the DVD - "Man of Many Hats" was finalised and produced.

The DVD was launched at two concerts at the Wentworth Falls School of Arts on Friday 21st and Saturday 22nd September where Greg was again assisted by the talented Frank Daniel.

With a mixture of traditional and original poems and yarns the two shows were very well re-

ceived.

Well known for his performance of Banjo Paterson's "The Man From Snowy River" in 14 different accents, Greg is often asked if it is available on video. Well now it is! Much of Greg's performances are a visual extravaganza and now they have been captured on video to give the full experience.

Queensland poet Kym Eitel says "As Greg acts out each poem, he literally 'lives' each character. He really does become the little boy at the footy match, or Grandma complaining about her aches and pains, or the city dude with his doof-doof music and 'fully sick' ute."

There's over two hours and 25 hats worth of mayhem on the DVD as well as the moving, award-winning poem "Gundungurra Man" along with interviews and out-takes.

The "Man of Many Hats" DVD is sure to hit your funny bone and is available now for just \$27 including postage and packaging. Send a cheque of money order to:

Gregory North 5 Dryandra Place
Linden NSW 2778

More details are available on Greg's website

www.gregorynorth.com.au

EIDSVOLD Q. MUSTER

The Annual Eidsvold Musicians Muster will get together from 21st to the 24th of March 2008. Included will be sections for poets.

The weekend starts on the Friday with a meet and greet social with music and poetry in the Showground Hall from 5.30pm.

Saturday 22nd will kick off with a breakfast of music and verse before moving to the Apex Park for the Lions Easter Fair where will be featured stalls, music, dance, poetry and competitions for the kids.

More dinner and entertain-

ment will follow at the Bowls Club and local hotel.

The old time dance in the Shire Hall is another highlight of the weekend. Entry is free to all, except for the ball, where a gold coin will be requested.

Sunday starts with the poets breakfast from 8.am to 11.00am.

At 2.00pm the Talent Quest will get underway with prizes and trophies for the winners. A Big Variety Concert and Finals will follow with top artists scheduled to appear.

Camping is free for the weekend at the showgrounds with ample amenities. For further information contact Terry Haupt on (07) 41650868

or tub@datawave.net.au



Gregory North Man of Many Hats

Live

Poetry & Yarns including *The Man From Snowy River*

One of Greg's live performances including his amazing rendition of Banjo Paterson's *The Man From Snowy River* in 14 different accents plus original rhyming verse, yarns, interviews and out-takes all captured on video.

As Greg acts out each poem, he literally "lives" each character. He really does become the little boy at the footy match, or Grandma complaining about her aches and pains, or the city dude with his doof-doof music and "fully sick" ute.

Over 2 hours & 25 hats worth of fun plus the award-winning Gundungurra Man as well as performances from special guests Pat Drummond and Frank Daniel.

DVD *Man of Many Hats* now available. Send cheque or money order for \$27 (includes postage and packaging) to:

Gregory North, 5 Dryandra Place, Linden NSW 2778
www.gregorynorth.com.au

**BUNGENDORE
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MUSTER**
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Walk-up

**PERFORMANCE
BUSH POETRY**

(Cooked Breakfast 7am)

**8am Saturday and Sunday
2nd & 3rd February 2008**

**BUNGENDORE
BOWLING CLUB**

All welcome

Enquiries: 02 6344 1477
6238 1367

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AUSTRALIAN BUSH POETTES

an afternoon of great fun and entertainment -
Featuring all the lady poets in Tamworth
including

Australian Ladies Champion
CAROL HEUCHAN

The great MARION FITZGERALD
Tamworth's PHILIPPA POWELL

Queensland's
MELANIE HALL, GLENNIE PALMER
TRISHA ANDERSON
and many others

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2008 QUEENSLAND CHAMPIONSHIPS

April 28th

'Around the Boree Log' Meet and Greet

April 29th - May 1st

Competition and Presentations

CLASSICAL - MODERN TRADITIONAL
ORIGINAL HUMOROUS - ORIGINAL SERIOUS
THE WORLD THEATRE

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Contact:

Harold Jackson 07 4787 3211 041 130 700
PO Box 620 CHARTERS TOWERS Q. 4820

Gold Nugget written competition

Entries close 28th February

Performance competition closes 31st March 2008.

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13-16 March 2008

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(Established 1994)

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



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Frank Daniel 02 6344 1477

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(Page 10)

WALK UP POETS WELCOME

SHOWCASE CONCERT

An opportunity exists to perform at Tamworth's Country Music Week 2008

MONDAY 21st & WEDNESDAY 23rd JANUARY

1.30pm St. Edwards Hall

Hillvue Road Tamworth

Organized by Ed Parmenter -

Emcees Noel Stallard & Frank Daniel

**Interested poets are invited to contact Ed Parmenter
phone/fax 0266523716 or email coffsmixture@hotmail.net.au
for inclusion in the programmes**



COMPETITION RESULTS

2007 BRONZED SWAGMAN AWARD

Judge, Kelly Dixon.
Winner -

Glenny Palmer
Kooralbyn Qld.
Waltz... in the Courtroom

Runner-up
Elizabeth Ward
Her Bit of Number 8

Highly Commended.
Dean Trevaskis Bris
The Power of Kokoda
Frank Cardiff Gosford,
Write the Wrongs
Allen Christiansen
Proston, Qld
The Ploughman & The Twenty-fifth day
Arthur Green - Warana
Shadows in the Mist

GILGANDRA

Coo-ee March
1st Ellis Campbell
The Echoes Fade
2nd Ron Stevens
The Stranger
3rd. Don Adams
The Cooe that Sounded a Long, Long Way

HC George Cropper
If You're Passing Through Gilgandra

Outback Section

1st Ellis Campbell
The Native Dream
2nd Joyce Alchin
Combaning Harvest
3rd Ron Stevens
Heroic Shifts

HC Ellis Campbell
Mary's Billabong & A Champion Bloke
Helen Harvey
The Days of Living Thunder

Humorous Section

1st Carolyn Alfonzetti
The Librarian
2nd Ron Stevens
Where Were You When?
3rd Ellis Campbell
The Best Laid Plans

HC Carol Heuchan
The Council Cleanup
Ellis Campbell
A Home Among the Fig Trees & Passing Through Dumedoo

Open Section

1st. Ellis Campbell
A Sacrifice Supreme
2nd Ron Stevens
Of War and Peace and Mates

3rd Ellis Campbell
Storm
HC Don Adams
The Takeover
Ellis Campbell
Return to Boyhood

Carolyn Alfonzetti
Today I Took a Book Down From its Place

John Egan
Great Rainbow, Dad
Commended
Carolyn Alfonzetti
On The Overland Track

Daphne Hargreaves
Band Concert

Best Overall Poem
Ellis Campbell -
A Sacrifice Supreme

NANDEWAR Written Comp.
Narrabri & District Historical Society Inc
First. Ellis Campbell
'Locating Lucy Anne'

2nd. Ellis Campbell
'My Future Bleak Monique'

3rd. Kym Eitel
'The Little Wooden Rocking Horse'
HC. Graeme Johnson
That's Australia

Neil Carroll
Slowly Dying
Kym Eitel
A Pocketful of Kisses

Shirley Everingham
Clydesdales
Kym Eitel
A Bell in the Mist

Grahame Watt
When Horses Ruled

Best Local Poem
Jacqui Warnock
The School Reunion

MILTON-ULLADULLA Performance Competition

Juniors
1st Alison Maher -
Ulladulla Primary
2nd Lily Richardson
and Natalie Turner
Milton Public,
3rd Caitlin Bonser
(Ulladulla),

4th Elleisha Walsh
5th Taylor Brousek
Open Section
1st Terry Regan
2nd Garry Lowe
3rd Eddie Sampson

NSW STATE CHAMPIONSHIPS
Centerfield

Ladies Champion -
Susan Carcary

Mens Champion -
Max Strong

Women's Sections
Classical

1st. Susan Carcary
2nd. Claire Reynolds

Original
1st. Susan Carcary
2nd. Kathy Edwards

Contemporary

1st. Susan Carcary
2nd. Kathy Edwards
Men's Sections

Classical
1st. Max Strong
2nd. Graeme Johnson
Contemporary

1st. Paddy O'Brien
2nd. Lionel Euston
Original

1st. Max Strong
2nd. Graeme Johnson
Written Section
1st. Zondrae King
Soul Connection

2nd. Carol Heuchan
What Price Survival
VICTORIAN STATE TITLES

Benalla Vic Champion Female
Annette Roberts
2nd. Betty Walton
Champion Male

Ed Walker
2nd. Jim Brown
Men's Open Sections
Original

David Campbell
Traditional
Jim Brown
Contemporary

Ed Walker
Women's Open
Original
Betty Walton

Traditional
Annette Roberts
Contemporary
Annette Roberts

Novice section
David Campbell
Intermediate
Maurie Foun

Junior Section
Thomas Wigney
Open Written
David Campbell

Junior Written
Sarah Draper
WALLA WALLA WRITTEN

1st Carol Heuchan
2nd Joyce Alchin
3rd Ellis Campbell
4th Carol Heuchan
5th Donald Crane

HARDEN NSW Taste of Country
Open Traditional
1. Lance Parker
2. Greg North
3. Ted Webber

4. Jacqui Warnock
5. Garry Lowe
Open Humorous
1. Garry Lowe
2. Ted Webber
3. Terry Regan

4. Lance Parker
5. Jacqui Warnock
WOMEN'S WEEKLY/AML Competition
1st. Marco Gliori
'The Hard Yards' 2nd. Julie Hall
'Joe's Barn Dancing Lesson' 3rd. Frank Daniel
'Anthrax'

School-childrens Section
Regan-Kate Joyce
'A Visit from the Queen'

2nd. Ronan O'Neill
The Mossie Massacre'
3rd. Rachel O'Halloran
and Arnaka Laffan
'Dirt Everywhere'.

DALGETY WRITTEN
Open Humorous
1st Lynne Hoyle - *I'm drinking the wild turkey no more'*

2nd Denis Carstairs
The Drinkers Curse
3rd 'Bidge' - *The Economic Plan*

Open Serious
1st & 2nd Kym Eitel
Wild Brumby Heaven & The Ghost of Crackenback

3rd Maureen Clifford
Heading them Home
Primary: 1st Michaela Ripper
A Joey and ten burly blokes

2nd Lillie Siegenthaler
Bush Poetry
3rd Millie Kacsof
My Dad and Life on the Farm

3rd Maddy Page
Wild Dogs and Dingoes
Family Biography
Sally Mack

Sunday Walk-up Competition
Spin-a-yarn 'H' from 'Makin' Tracks'
MFSR Recital
Guy McLean

Serious Poetry
Lee Taylor-Friend
Humorous
Guy McLean

Aussie SongJen Brewis
CENTRAL GOLDFIELDS
Junior

Written Section
Grade 1-2 Thomas Wigney
Gr. 3-4 Riley Bullock
Gr. 5-6 Amy Martin

Performance
Most Outstanding Originals
Gr.1-2 Thomas Wigney
Gr. 3-4 Milly Wicks

Gr. 5-6 Laura Powell
Other poem
Gr. 3-4 Seth Dyett
Gr.5-6 Bonnie Baird

KYABRAM Best Poet
Don McQueen
Best Primary School Award

Haslem St. Primary
Best Junior Poet
Aleisha Boak
'Skew-Wiff' Award

Neil McArthur
Yarn-spinners Award
Colin Carrington.

Are you, or anyone you know, interested in entering the **2008 Henry Lawson Society of NSW Inc. Annual Literary Awards?**



Sections include:

Adult Short Story

Australian theme, not exceeding 1,000 words

Adult Written Poetry

Australian theme, must be in ballad form, having good rhyme & metre
No word or line limit.

Performance Poetry & Student Literary Awards

Secondary & Primary Schools

Entries Close 12th March, 2008
Adult Sections & Performance Poetry
5th April, 2008 ~ Student Awards

Entry forms available mid-December

SSAE (business size)
PO Box 235,

Gulgong NSW 2852 or email
henrylawsongulgong@yahoo.com.au

Entry form/s will be forwarded as soon as available

A SACRIFICE SUPREME

© Ellis Campbell Dubbo.

Best Overall Poem Coocoo-March Gilgandra 2007

I still see my mother staring at the letter in her hand,
that conveyed the message all could only dread.
"Killed in action" - blunt and glaring -
words so cruel to understand;
but I knew my gallant father now was dead.

As I watched her - unbelieving -
tears were streaming down her cheek,
and I knew a sorrow none might comprehend.
Oh, the darkest days of grieving,
with their vacant hours bleak,
seemed a vivid nightmare surely soon to end.

While the hordes of neighbours calling
shared our sorrow as they could -
and their kindness consoled us in a way -
our despair was ever galling;
and so much misunderstood,
and we sorrowed for desires gone astray.

When his medals came one morning,
in the post at ten o'clock,
it renewed the pangs of sorrow once again.
For that sense of loss - e'er dawning -
flaunted with a poignant shock
that a hero's life was forfeited in vain.

Just a soldier killed in action,
blown away among the rest,
they declared his effort gallant on the scroll.
Wherein lies the satisfaction
that he died and did his best
and his name's enshrined upon an honour role?

We've no grave to place a flower -
or to visit, far away -
as our father lies in barren land unknown.
Just a tolling in the tower,
on a dreary winter's day,
and a service droned in senseless monotone.

He had served his king and nation,
and believed he fought for right,
in a foreign land against a reign despised.
Though we revel in laudation
have we really seen the light?
Do we cherish what their efforts realised?

I can see my mother ageing-
grief and worry wrack her soul.
What I'd give to relive childhood - pre-war years -
and to find a peace assuaging,
as we played another role,
where we never knew the gall of bitter tears.

I would forfeit all the glory
that was heaped upon his name-
and deny the king and country any share-
just to hear a bed time story,
that would set my heart aflame,
and see Daddy by the fire in his chair.

THE BUNGENDORE MUSTER

BUSH POETS and BUSH BALLADEERS

THE STAN COSTER MEMORIAL AUSTRALIAN

BUSH BALLAD AWARDS 2008 - POET'S BREAKFAST

Widely known and ever successful, the 23rd Bungendore Muster will be held from 31st January to 3rd February 2008 when the historic township of Bungendore, on the Southern Tablelands adjacent to Canberra, comes to life with Australian Bush Ballads and Australian Bush Poetry.

On Saturday 2nd February 2008 the Festival of Australian Country Music will host the 11th Stan Coster Memorial Australian Bush Ballad Awards.

The growth and popularity of the Australian Bush Ballad and the importance of these awards is well demonstrated in the number and diversity of the 180 nominations received for 2007.

The 2008 event has once again attracted nominations from the very best "Australian country artists".

These awards are the only true celebration of the Bush Balladeer and the music of Australia. The combination of the music and the Bungendore setting, both of them pure Australian, is an experience never to be forgotten.

Likewise the Australian Bush Poets Breakfasts held on the Saturday and Sunday mornings owe their longevity and success to the large audiences who come long distances just for the spoken word, and to the enthusiasm and hard work put in by the organizers.

The first poetry performances were held in the Light Horse Cottage in 1994 and 1995, then moved to 'Elmslea' Homestead until 2005 before settling in at the Bungendore Bowling Club.

The cooked breakfasts from 7am are a good way to start the day with plenty of tea and coffee leading up to the performance poets at 8am.

Hope to see you all at Bungendore February 2008 for another great muster.

Poet's phone 02 6344 1477 or contact editor@abpa.org.au

SEND TO BUNGENDORE MIRROR

NORTH PINE

2008 AUSTRALIAN CHAMPIONSHIPS

North Pine Bush Poets have organised a change of venue for the 2008 Australian Championships to be held on 22-24 August prior to the Gympie Muster.

The Championships will be held at the award-winning Pine Rivers Memorial Bowls Club, only a few minutes' drive from the usual venue. Substantial prize money will be offered to the major prizewinners and a children's competition will be held on the Friday.

For those planning a trip in 2008 incorporating south-east Queensland, there will be caravan and camping sites available at the Pine Rivers Showground at Lawnton. The Showground is

not only close to the Bowls Club, but is less than ten minutes' walk to the local station where trains can be caught to Brisbane.

There are many other attractions in the area such as Australia Zoo and whale-watching in Moreton Bay.

Make this a festival a must - it's not to be missed.

For more information phone John Best on (07) 3285 2845 or Ron Liekefett (07) 3285 2180.





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Beaudesert Q

Bookings essential

telephone Pamela 07 5541 2662 or email

pamelafox@bigpond.com

or Betty 5541 2664



Beaudesert Shire

A region of many colours

THE HARD YARDS

© Marco Gliori. Warwick Q

Winner Women's Weekly/MLA Competition 2007



*'Success cannot be measured
Never judge another's call
It's a hard and fickle life, by God!
And the best of men can fall'*

Through the long and wasted paddock, pushing cattle, with his kids
Edging closer to the saleyards and those cheap and nasty bids
Rides a father, chewing grass-blades, mulling over in his mind
All the urgent jobs (and loving), he had left so far behind.
He'll be done with it tomorrow, squatting there upon a rail
Listening to some struggling Cocky quoting, 'twenty bucks a bale'.
But they'll share a joke regardless, shout a beer, and force a smile;
Just another thirsty gully down another country mile...

How the lush feed once had beckoned to his cattle plump and prime,
How he tried to measure graciously the fortunes of the climb,
Knuckling down to do the hard yards, placing faith in 'what may come'
And, most years it was the summer rains that beat that lucky drum.

But today his vision staggers, as to what the future holds.
On each hilltop, 'round each corner, one more obstacle unfolds,
As the cracks keep growing wider, and the remnants of each crop
Like a billboard on the highway, scream out at him, 'close up shop!'
While the Banker, stalking closely, rings him every second day,
For his credit ran a torrent that eroded hope away;
So, his Missus got a job in town to keep each day afloat
Til, just recently this wide brown land had swallowed up their boat...

Oh! The memories that flooded in, their children in the creek
Splashing 'round those crowded yabby pots, when nothing was so bleak,
When the neighbours came for tennis or a Picnic at the Races
And the hard yards were made bearable by mateship's many faces...

Cheerful faces! Welcome faces! And next week, come one! Come all!
They will gather for the clearance sale, with backs against the wall,
Where the buyers strike a bargain and their life goes for a steal,
(Yet they'll muster up a bar there, and put on a decent meal).
Generations of tradition, twelve long years of going bust,
With the slamming of a gavel, local legends bite the dust,
As their spirits, like the ochre sun that sets upon their plain,
Simmer quietly in the trenches, beaten back by lack of rain...

But, give them half a chance and they will rise to see it through
With a character as vibrant as a squawking Cockatoo,
Volunteering for the hard yards, breeding livestock, tending crops,
To supply that hungry mob who graze relentless through our shops,

Who, together with the empathetic tourists passing by,
Search for glimpses of the romance that the poets glorify;
For the swagger of the Bushie, or the charming drawl they speak,
For that Aussie bloody Icon, with his wild and woolly streak,
Who tonight around his campfire will, regardless, grin a while
As he tells each saddle-weary kid to brighten up their dial,
'Cause those dreamers in the cities where the stars are choked and veiled,
Paid a fortune to go riding down the tracks their souls have sailed...

Here!...Where the silence skips a heart beat, and the heavens play a tune
And, the hard yards close around him as he strolls beneath the moon,
Blinded briefly by the Road Trains, (how those healthy engines roar),
While his cattle, like their owner, scrounge around for something more.

THOMAS WIGNEY

An 11th hour entry in the Rusty Nail Poetry and Verse competition has paid dividends for seven-years old Thomas Wigney of Maiden Gully Primary school, now the most celebrated Victorian youngster in the fast growing rhyme of junior poets.

In his first ever attempt at competition, Thomas took home three trophies from the Rusty Nail competition for Primary Students, winning the original and non-original sections as well as the written. (Over 300 entries were received).

Thomas just stumbled into bush poetry, when his mother accidentally found an ad in The Bendigo Miner for the Rusty Nail Bush Festival, and, when asked if he would like to take part, his immediate reply was 'how much do I win?' Potentially the incentive for his age group was \$75 for three sections plus \$100.00 for his school and, for him to walk away with the lot plus certificates and trophies was a

mind blowing experience, especially for his proud mother.

A special presentation was made at his school of all the books and DVD's he had won for the school, each clearly labelled in his honour.

The experience didn't end there. He was invited to take part in the junior section of the Victorian Championships at Benalla and, with a keen eye on the winnings, and armed with his own poems 'Animals of Australia' and 'Growing Up' by CJ Dennis, he took out the 2007 Victorian Junior Bush Poetry Championship.

Thomas is the son of Sally and Simon Wigney of Maiden Gully and brother to five years old Jack and fifteen months old Charlotte. The Wigney's only ask that their children 'have a go' and are justifiably proud of Tom and his unruffled first-time appearances in front of large crowds.

Thomas is saving up to buy a Peewee-50 motor bike, so look out Tamworth when he gets his wheels.



POETRY PAGES

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Winners and Judges! State Championships -Tenterfield NSW
Kathy Edwards - Lionel Euston - Bill Kearns - Max Strong
Marion Fitzgerald - Paddy O'Brien - Graeme Johnson

Front: Claire Reynolds - Susi Carcary (see p. 11)

AROUND the CAMPFIRE at KY

Who said Poetry wouldn't last? The Annual Campfire Evening at Kyabram V. in October saw another great get-together of bush poets and story-tellers with no end of Junior talent.

The Best Bush Poet award went to Don McQueen of Strath Creek. The Junior Poets were adjudged at the local Fauna Park with the Haslem Street Primary taking out the honours while Aliesha Boak from St. Augustines was the best junior poet.

The 'Skew Wiff' award went to Neil McArthur of Ballarat while the Yarn-spinners title went to Colin Carrington of Heathcote.

This is the Second time that Colin has taken out the prestigious Johnny Johanson perpetual trophy for yarn-spinning, the only person ever to make it a double.

President Les Parkinson said, "It was fantastic to have so many people come along and enjoy the night".

Kyabram's next meeting and Christmas Party will be Wednesday the 5th December at the Kyvalley Hall at 7pm.

Wishing all 'Bush Poets' a very healthy and happy festive season. Yours in friendship, Molly Sparks.

Pictured left: Colin Carrington.

