

ARPA



Volume 15
No. 4

August - September
2008

The Australian Bush Poets Association Inc.

Magazine - (since 1994)

Vale: Cate Stevenson



Cate Stevenson was a worthy crusader, even in her final moments she was busy organizing. All those who knew her marvelled at Cate's courage and determination to carry on despite the ravages of the bone marrow cancer which had cast a shadow over the past seven years of her remarkable life. She lost that battle last on 2nd April, aged 57.

Catherine Mary Stevenson was born in Bathurst on June 14, 1950. She pursued a career in banking and later the building industry, but it was in the high-end of the car market where she broke new ground. In 1985, she became the first woman in Australia to sell prestige brands Mercedes-Benz and Saab and was sales manager at Illawarra Star Motors for many years.

She once said "As one of four girls it never occurred to me that I couldn't sell cars, which then was still considered a male domain, so I just went out and did it."

But it was her commitment to go out and do it for community and charity groups where she really made her mark.

Since her diagnosis, Mrs Stevenson worked tirelessly to raise almost \$500,000 for cancer research and Vision Australia.

She was named Wollongong Rotary Citizen of the Year in 2005, and a year later was acclaimed in the Queen's Birthday Honours List, receiving the Order of Australia Medal for her charity work. P.22.

JOHN DENGATE 1938 -

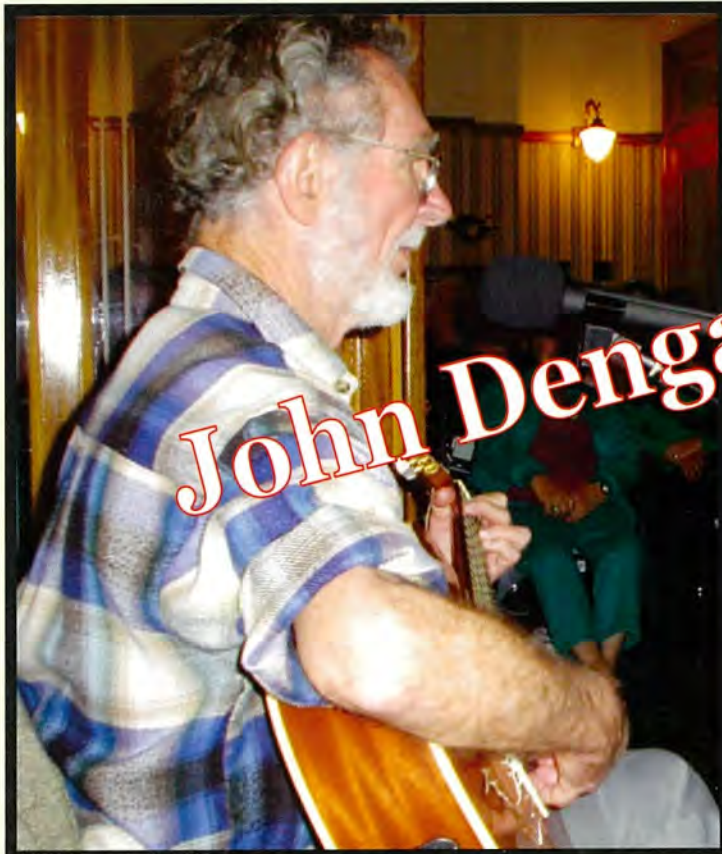
John Dengate is one of Australia's best known folk revivalists. His songs have travelled further than most poets would ever dream.

John Dengate has been singing, reciting, yarning & busking for over 40 years, has a love of Australian history and is a master of satire and parody. Poems and songs drop from his pen in reaction to the doings and sayings of our political leaders and would-be leaders.

He talks frankly about his family history, inspiration as a writer, frustrations as a humanist and also of his life as a busker on the streets of Sydney. He is fiercely proud of his working-class battler origins reflected proudly in his many political satirical songs where the dividing line between satire and libel becomes perilously thin.

John Dengate is a deadly opponent in the debating arena and never pulls his punches when it comes to bagging politicians. By any reasonable standard, John Dengate is both an organisational shambles and a living national treasure.

Steeped in the Irish-Australian tradition this retired primary school teacher finds fulfilment these days as a busker in the busy streets of Sydney. He has a deep loathing of pretence and cant, he has for over forty years been writing songs and poems to give vent to his feelings about politics and history.



SOMEBODY'S DARLING

© Milton Taylor

Winner Bush Lantern Award 2008

With foam flying forth from her nostrils whilst escaping her serpentine course,
The monster disguised as a river had exploded with breathtaking force.
And she visited vengeful destruction on those who would harness her might,
Puny mortals who'd ponded and dammed her, fled her fury in terrified flight.

And the buildings that stood within flood reach, each one cradling an optimist's dream

Soon yielded in hopeless submission to the brown serpent's onrushing stream.
All the symbols of Man's domination like mere matchsticks were carried away
As the playthings of Nature's rebellion and were scattered like toys on the clay.

With the dawn, when her rage had subsided and her damage was clear to assess,
Stood the gold miners, settlers and families in grim postures of hollow distress,
All surveying the shards of ambitions and hopes now encrusted with silt.
Some sorrowed, some shrugged off their turmoil with plans for an empire rebuilt.

And my family responded with sureness which reflected the creed of their roots.
Dour Scots folk observing the chaos, flexed their muscles and laced up their boots
To tackle the muck-laden debris and digested the curse of the rain
With stoic acceptance; determined to chase after rainbows again.

In the process of wreckage inspection, as we searched for a possible use
For flotsam deposits aplenty, (and for kids, a delightful excuse
To live out imagined adventures as a trail-blazing, fear-nothing band)
We found Granddad, crouched over a body face down in alluvial sand.

A young man, no older than twenty, with the brand of an immigrant's face,
Blonde haired and fair skinned, such a pity to be drowned in this desolate place
Far away from the land of his birthing, and Granddad cried, "What has he done?
He must have been somebody's darlin'. He must have been somebody's son."

At the urging of detailed instructions we then carried that beautiful lad
To a spot where he might rest untroubled, where Grandfather whispered, "'tis bad.
So bad that you're here, bonny laddie, and 'tis sad that your family's in pain,
But you're safe with me, Somebody's Darlin'; the water won't get you again."

So we laid him to slumber in reverence with those words often used in the kirk,
Then the family resumed reconstruction; rolled their sleeves up and went back to work,

For survival came first in their thinking and the future belonged to the bold,
Not an unknown, unfortunate digger who had perished in searching for gold.

But the old fellow, secretive, silent, had focused the strength of his toil
On a timber slab salvaged he'd crafted and posted down into the soil
At the head of the grave of his foundling, and in language we all understood
Were the simple words, "Somebody's Darling" carved deep in the grain of the wood.

And he tended his little shrine daily, often asking the question of God,
Why the surrogate son he'd adopted should lie closeted under the sod.
Came the day we found him, just sleeping, so it seemed, lying down at the side
Of the bed of his precious companion; at his sacred spot, Granddad had died.

When the boom times of gold heard their death knell and where little remained
there to find.

Like others, we sought greener pastures and we left our failed venture behind.
And the worst thing of all in my leaving were two graves overlooking the glen,
With their poignancy etched in my psyche that years after, still come again.

And when wild tempests waken the serpent and she slithers in search of her prey,
While paying scant heed to men's protests and exacting the price they must pay,
Out of reach, quite secure from the monster as its flanks gouge the sides of the hill,

Is where Somebody's Darling lies sleeping, and old Grandfather tends to him still.



Milton Taylor of Hartley NSW was successful in taking out the 2008 Bush Lantern Award at the Bundaberg Bush Poetry Muster with the accompanying poem 'Somebody's Darling'.

The Twins

Henry Sambrooke Leigh (1837 - 1883) was an English writer of light verse.

He wrote this piece in 1869.

In form and feature, face and limb
I grew so like my brother
That folks got taking me for him
And each for one another
It puzzled all our kith and kin
It reached a fearful pitch
For one of us was born a twin,
Yet not a soul knew which

One day, to make the matter worse
Before our names were fixed
As we were being washed by nurse,
We got completely mixed
And thus, you see, by fate's decree
Or rather nurse's whim
My brother John got christened me
And I got christened him

This fatal likeness even dogged
My footsteps when at school
And I was always getting flogged
For John turned out a fool
I put this question, fruitlessly
To everyone I knew
"What would you do, if you were me,
To prove that you were you?"

Our close resemblance turned the tide
Of my domestic life
For somehow, my intended bride
Became my brother's wife
In fact, year after year the same
Absurd mistakes went on
And when I died, the neighbours came
And buried brother John

From The Old Bulletin Book of Verse.
The best verses from the Bulletin 1880-1901.

THE SHOE

Battered and worn on the wayside lay
A shoe, unseen by the busy throng
Of passers who, through the dusty way,
From morn to eve had hurried along.

The sight of that shoe to me has brought
A host of fancies, merry and sad,
Of a heart that struggled and toiled and wrought,
With never an hour of its life made glad.

Of a joyous and happy and winsome maid,
With mind all free from thought of guile:
Of a soul with sin's black sorrows lade,
Of a face that ne'er was lit by a smile.

Had the shoe been worn by any of these?
Was the wearer of it young and fair?
The answer is one, I hope, will please —
It was torn from the hoof of old Brown's mare.

J.M.L.

2008 BUNDY

MUSTER

On the week-end of July 11th, 12th & 13th the Bundaberg Poets' Society Inc. held their 14th Bundy Bush Poetry Muster. This was well attended with over 40 poets reciting poetry in the performance competition on the Friday & Saturday.

The walk-up poetry concert on the Friday night was attended by close to 200 people with poets competing in two teams in a State of Origin poetry contest. The Queensland team finished ahead of the New South Wales team by 4 points. Marco Gliori, Melanie Hall & Gregory North kept the audience entertained with their limerick introduction of each contestant.

The Saturday night concert was a 'night that should not have been missed' and it wasn't by over 330 people who were walking out saying "what a wonderful night of entertainment - we will be back next year." Marco, Melanie & Gregory kept the audience spell-bound and in stitches with their very professional performances.

Sunday morning started with an open mic session followed by the duo performances, yarn spinning and the Bundy Rum One Minute Cup.

Members of a local bush band had the crowd tapping their feet and singing

BUSH POETRY AT BEAUDESERT

A "loaves and fishes" effort was required from the cooks at the Poets Brekky. Double the number expected arrived at the start of a great day of poetry and laughter on Sunday, 8th June.

Shirley Friend, Glenny Palmer, Ron Selby and Ron Liekefett provided side-splitting entertainment while brilliant poetry performances made the judging difficult during the competition.

Max Merckenschlager of South Australia and Ron Stevens of Dubbo took out the major written poetry awards.

One feature of the performance competition was the number of novices who took part, proving that that bush poetry is becoming increasingly popular. Poets and supporters started arriving late Friday and stayed for the whole week-end.

The performance competition

Champion prize went to Cay Ellem of Murrumba Downs who was only one point ahead of Kevin Dean of Strathpine.

Canungra teenager, Shannon ledema was presented with the Jan Hackett award for the "Bush Poet-In-Training".

Kym Eitel of Rockhampton won the Alison Lingard "Themed Poem" prize for adults and Blaire Robinson of Rathdowney won the student prize.

Caroline Heather won the limerick competition which ran in the local newspaper leading up to the event. It proved to be a great way to draw attention to the event.

On Monday, prizes were presented to the winners of the student competition which was restricted to schools of this region. Over thirty entries were received.

Pamela Fox, Beaudesert Bush Bards



along during the concert.

Carmel Wooding (nee Dunn) from Nerang on the Gold Coast was the overall champion poet for the week-end and the first lady in 14 years to be named overall champion. Milton Taylor from Hartley, NSW won the Bush Lantern

Award for Written Verse 2008 for his poem "Somebody's Darling".

Pictured:

Carmel, Adam and nine months old James Wooding of Nerang Q.

Australian \$10 note

The \$10 note features Andrew Barton Paterson C.B.E. (Commander of the Order of the British Empire) on the obverse, and Dame Mary Gilmore on the reverse.

A.B. ('Banjo') Paterson, was born near Orange in New South Wales on 17th. February 1864, and was the author of such Australian classic verses as the fiercely adventurous, 'The Man from Snowy River', and the reflective, 'Clancy of the Overflow', and 'The Man from Ironbark'.

Paterson is also credited with being the author of the accepted words to the famous song, 'Waltzing Matilda', which has been heard around the world and is regarded as being as Australian as the kangaroo and koalas. To some people, it is considered to be Australia's true National Anthem.

He first worked as a lawyer's clerk and then as a solicitor and finally a journalist and editor of the Sydney 'Evening News', the 'Town and Country Journal' and the 'Sportsman'. He served as a war correspondent in the Boer War and the Boxer Rebellion.

He had a love and understanding for the bush and its people, which helped him create the images that many of us who have read his works will never forget!

Paterson was awarded his C.B.E. in 1939, and even though his verses had sold hundreds of thousands of copies and probably made his publishers rich, when he died two years later on 5th. February 1941, in Sydney, all he left his wife was his total fortune of 215 pounds.



The Man From Snowy River on the Ten Dollar Note

Recently, in a discussion with fellow poets the subject came up of Banjo Paterson's "The Man From Snowy River" poem being on the ten dollar note. I was assured by one of our party that the entire poem was on the note. I disagreed, saying that only part of it was there. My opinion was met with strong disagreement. In the interests of curiosity, the pursuit of trivia and a desire to prove my theory correct, I have made a thorough investigation and it seems neither of us were entirely correct.

In the centre of the ten dollar note is an etching of Paterson wearing his hat. The rectangular background to this etching contains words from "The Man From Snowy River" poem, but only on

the left side of the rectangle. The right side contains only cross-hatching.

The poem has been modified a little in that all the words are in upper case (i.e. capitals), all the punctuation has been removed, each line runs into the next and the words "TEN DOLLARS" have been repeated in all the spaces between stanzas.

All of the poem would be there, if it were not covered up by Paterson's hat and head.

In fact, the poem begins three times – once at the very top left of the rectangle, a second time on the left edge about one third of the way up from the tip of Paterson's nose, and a third time on the left edge just below where his collar meets his jacket. However, most of the words are hidden behind Paterson. Probably less than one quarter of the words are visible. Furthermore, very few of the words that are hidden in the first instance are visible in the next two instances. The third instance only goes as far as the beginning of the third stanza.

So, for anyone with a big magnifying glass hoping to read the whole of the poem to an enthralled audience gathered around a ten dollar bill, I'm afraid your reading will be rather disjointed. Similarly, any reciter hoping for a prompt from the contents of their wallet will likely be disappointed, unless the part of the line they are searching for happens to be visible. They'll still need the big magnifying glass too!

Gregory North

Dame Mary Gilmore

began writing at the age of 18 and was still putting pen to paper in her 90's and was recognised as a leading poet of her time.

Born Mary Jean Cameron at Cotta Walla near Goulburn, NSW. on 16th. August 1865, she often played with children of the local Waradgery aboriginal tribe, and she never forgot the squalor and the ill-treatment that she saw as a child.

She left Australia in 1896 for the ill-fated New Australia Colony of Cosme (in Paraguay), where she met and married an ex-Victorian shearer William Gilmore, but after four years of hardship and disenchantment they returned to Australia, with their son, and settled on a farm in Victoria.

During the next few years her radical

poetry started to appear in the 'Bulletin' and, by 1908, she was editing the women's page of the 'Sydney Worker', a newspaper that devoted itself to socialism and its aims of equality.

Her talents in fighting for women's rights, aboriginal welfare, treatment of prisoners, health, pensions etc., plus her encouragement to young writers, her poetry and other writings, were recognised by the Australian Government of the day and, in 1937, she was awarded the title of Dame of the British Empire.

Dame Mary Gilmore died in Sydney on 3rd. December 1962, at the age of 97, and was given a State funeral attended by all members of the N.S.W. Cabinet. As a final honour she was selected to take her place on our currency.

The TALE OF AN OLD GUM-TREE

by Jim Grahame (J W Gordon)

I've waited and watched for a hundred years,
And my limbs are twisted and bent:
There's a wound in my trunk that the bushfires made,
And a scar that the lightning rent.
There is many a hole in branch and bole
Where wood-ducks find a rest
As they halt at night on a southern flight
From the dried-out spaces west.

There's a foam-stained rim on my knotted trunk,
Flood-height of an olden year,
And a nipples knob that has overgrown
The head of a broken spear.
There are lines rough-cut on my naked butt
That tell of a mate that died
And a crumbling mound on the broken ground
With a fallen cross beside.

The river is one of my oldest friends;
The drought is my oldest foe;
And I watch and wait when the rains are late
As the seasons come and go.
I've a word to say to the Milky Way
In the calm of the summer night.
The Southern Cross is a friend of mine,
And I bow to the Southern Light.

I have seen the wild tribes trooping in
From the country further out,
Where the creeks had dried and the game had died
'Neath the test of the heat and drought;
here the woman slept where my shadows crept,
while the children danced in glee,
or the hour was bright in the camp-fire's light
with a gay corroboree.

I have watched the black man spear the fish
When the flooded creeks were deep;
And my seedlings grew when the flood withdrew
Ere the white man came with sheep.
I have sheltered birds and beasts of the bush
From the rays of the summer's sun;
But they've disappeared since the bush was cleared
With axe and fire and gun.

There came the bearded, mounted men
With the cattle and sheep and gear,
And I said to the wind as it wandered past
I felt that the end was near.
The sun sank red as the cattle fed
And the emus ran in fright;
The camp dogs growled while the dingo howled
In the dead hours of the night.

I've waited and watched for a hundred years,
And I'm good for many a score –
The white men come and the white men go,
But the black men come no more.
And my seedlings grow on the overflow
Till they're eaten down by the sheep;
And the sun sinks red where the cattle tread
And the black man's children sleep.



JIM GRAHAME 1874-1949.

"Jim Grahame" was the pen-name of James William Gordon, one of Henry Lawson's mates. He met Lawson at Bourke in 1892 and remained friends with him throughout his life. He contributed bush verse to the Bulletin under his pseudonym, which he claimed was given to him by Lawson.

Lawson, one of Australia's best known poets, was invited to Leeton in 1915 to be given two guineas a week and a house in return for articles and poems publicising the MIA. He accepted and lived at Leeton from January 1916 to September 1917, publishing a number of articles, which were not always favourable. He spent much of his time there revising early work for publication in *Selected Poems* (1918).

While there he met J.W. Gordon (aka 'Jim Grahame') who is thought to be the model for one of Lawson's central fictional characters, 'Mitchell'. The two had first met during Lawson's celebrated outback trek in 1892-93.

At that time there were 'drunks' express' trains taking the likes of Lawson to watering holes at Whitton and Narrandera.

Said Hamlet to Ophelia,
I'll draw a sketch of thee,
What kind of pencil shall I use?
2B or not 2B? - Spike Milligan

"Health is merely the slowest possible rate at which one can die." Anonymous.

"Marriages are made in heaven. But so again, are thunder and lightning." Anonymous.

I'm not offended by all the dumb-blonde jokes because I know that I'm not dumb. I also know I'm not blonde - Dolly Parton

"In America anyone can become president. That's the problem"

Kellogg's Australia

Dr Dan O'Donnell, 2003

I was panning for gold way back-o'beyond
 in a makeshift old tent close by a big pond
 where I fossicked each day right around the clock
 till I woke one morning to a terrible shock.
 I could hardly believe it! My larder was bare
 of my scrumptious, delicious breakfast fare!
 In the night some villains had inflicted big troubles
 by stealing my stock of Kellogg's Rice Bubbles!
 I sprang to the stirrup with single intent:
 I would race to the market and bring to my tent
 - across swollen creeks and dangerous bogs -
 a fresh supply of nutritious Kellogg's.
 Good fortune was with me: they had not run out
 of the priceless product! I gave a loud shout:
 "O thank you, Kind Grocer, for solving my troubles!
 I'll take very pack of your Kellogg's Rice Bubbles!"
 They crackled and popped as I poured on the milk!
 I felt like a king clad in robes made of silk!
 I'll savour that taste till the day I expire!
 I was King of the Castle in my little empire!
 O what did it matter if I struck no pay dirt?
 To be out of my Kellogg's was a far greater hurt!
 Today I am wiser, though I am now quite old
 and I know that my Kellogg's rates higher than gold



PETER MACE



VIC JEFFERIES

GOSFORD BUSH POETS

June 2008, marked the third anniversary of Vic Jefferies and Peter Mace being invited to coordinate the Gosford Bush Poets and since that time the informal poetry group has become a major monthly Gosford community event that has introduced many enthusiastic newcomers to the art and appreciation of the spoken word and "bush poetry."

From a humble beginning of eight bush poets and supporters meeting in a small corner of the Gosford Hotel, the evenings now regularly attract audiences of between sixty to one hundred people and the groups most pressing problem is one of providing sufficient space for all of those wanting to attend!

The GBPs marked their third birthday by presenting one of Australia's best known folk artists, John Dengate, as their featured guest.

John who is (amongst many other talents) a noted singer, songwriter, poet, musician, raconteur, satirist and folklorist, absolutely enthralled the audience of more than sixty with a masterful performance of traditional and original poetry, song and music and received an enthusiastic standing ovation at the completion of his hour long performance.

However, not only were the crowd treated to John's wonderful talents but one of Australia's foremost exponents of the spoken word, Murray Hartin, paid an unexpected visit to the GBPs and

was "persuaded" to perform his classic poems "Rain" and "Turbulence."

Both John and Murray were ably supported by twenty of the very talented poets, yarn spinners and versifiers who regularly attend the Gosford Bush Poets evenings which are held from 7pm on the last Wednesday of each month (with the exception of April and December) at the Gosford Hotel, corner of Mann and Erina Streets, Gosford.

A featured artist appears every second month and over the last three years many of this country's best "bush" poets have played to very appreciative audiences at the GBPs.

In keeping with this tradition August will see Australia's most often quoted and most popular contemporary poet, "Blue the Shearer" return as the GBPs very special guest artist.

On his previous appearance at the Gosford Bush Poets, Blue drew a record crowd of one hundred and one people, with many others being turned away due to lack of space.

Entrance is absolutely free and everyone is invited to come along and present their own or their favourite poetry, verse or yarn and to enjoy the wonderful talents of some of Australia's best poets and a grand night of fun and friendship.

For further information contact Vic Jeffries at jeffries@tech2u.com.au or 0296394911 or Peter Mace at 43693561.

AFL or ANL?

YOU WILL LOVE THIS!

- 36 have been accused of spousal abuse
- 7 have been arrested for fraud
- 19 have been accused of writing bad cheques
- 117 have directly or indirectly bankrupted
at least 2 businesses
- 3 have done time for assault
- 71 cannot get a credit card due to bad credit
- 14 have been arrested on drug-related charges
- 8 have been arrested for shoplifting
- 21 currently are defendants in lawsuits and
- 84 have been arrested for drunk driving in
the last year

Can you guess which organization this is?

AFL? NRL?

Neither,

It's the 535 members of the
AUSTRALIAN PARLIAMENT IN CANBERRA
 The same group of Idiots that crank out hundreds of new laws each year, designed to keep the rest of us in line.

Convict poem by George Barrington

From distant climes, o'er wide-spread seas we come,
 Though not with much eclat, or beat of drum,
 True patriots all, for it be understood,
 We left our country for our country's good:
 No private views disgraced our generous zeal,
 What urged our travels was our country's weal:
 And none will doubt that our emigration
 Had prov'd most useful to the British Nation.



NEW STATE REPS

Filling vacancies left open in Victoria and Western Australia since the AGM in January will be Irene Connor and John Peel.

Irene Connor has taken over from Brian Langley as State Delegate for Western Australia. Contact details:

Irene Conner PO Box 584
JURIEN BAY WA 6516
0429 652 155 iconner21@wn.com.au

John Peel of Ballarat will be the State Delegate for Victoria.

His details are:

John Peel 613 Havelock St
BALLARAT Vic 3350 03 5342 6305
johnp@goldacres.com.au

State delegates are appointed to keep the ABPA head office informed of details and changes in their state.

The results of the Winton Q. Junior Little Swaggies written awards have

been posted on page 19.

The Awards for 2009 will be held in conjunction with the 14th Annual Junior Performance Awards on Tuesday 7th and Wednesday 8th April 2009

For further information please contact Louise Dean, Waltzing Matilda Bush Poetry Awards P.O. Box 120 WINTON. QLD.

4735 Phone: (07) 4657 1296

Fax: (07) 4657 1541

E-mail: wooka2@bigpond.net.au

Congratulations to Narrabri's very own **Max Pringle** who was awarded an OAM for services to Agriculture and Aged Care amongst other things in the Queen's Birthday honours. It's great news when a real contributor like Max is recognised.

POETS CALENDER

How many readers noticed the absence of the **Poets Calendar of Events** supplement from their June issue?

Obviously none, as there were no complaints.

In the 'good old days' secretaries and committees were ever keen to have their event listed but, I'm afraid, as the years rolled by the powers that be in

each organization, bar a few, decided to leave their 'event dates' as a matter of guesswork for the Editor.

In compiling the calendar of events over the last three years I have virtually had to beg for information from almost 90% of the committees, and even then without a lot of success. So far this year only seven committees have informed me of their correct event dates.

Both the Secretary and myself are constantly asked by non members for copies of the poets calendar, which we supply gratis, and sometimes in return gain a few new members and hopefully new visitors to numerous bush poetry events throughout the country.

In this issue I have included a partial calendar on page 21 and would like to see a big response for with updates etc for the December-January issue keeping in mind that the closing date will be November 20th.

Regards, Editor, Frank Daniel.

Congratulations and best wishes to **John and Ruth Davis** of Ulladulla NSW who will be celebrating their Golden Wedding Anniversary on the 18th October.

2008 UPPER LACHLAN BUSH POETS WOOL WAGON AWARDS

Crookwell Services Club

Goulburn st Crookwell

FRI 14 TH & SAT 15TH NOVEMBER

5PM-10PM 8.30AM-10PM

OVER \$4,000

IN PRIZES & TROPHIES

PERFORMANCE COMPETITION

MALE & FEMALE

TRADITIONAL SECTION & JUNIOR COMPETITION

ORIGINAL SERIOUS & ORIGINAL HUMOROUS

ENTRY fee \$10 per poem

UNDER 7-12 year old \$1 per poem

13 - 18 year old \$ 2 per poem

Nomination close

WRITTEN 10th OCT

Performance 31 th OCT

CONDUCTED UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE AUSTRALIAN BUSH POETS ASSN.

email hallbw@bigpond.net.au

Barry Murphy

02]48321004



SPUD MURPHY'S INN BUSH POETS WELCOME



THIS INN
HAS BEEN
OFFERING
COUNTRY
HOSPITALITY
TO
TRAVELLERS
SINCE 1873

12 GOULBURN STREET
CROOKWELL NSW 2583
TELEPHONE: 02-48321004

WE CATER FOR CLUBS AND FAMILY RE-UNIONS
DISCOUNTS FOR BOOKINGS OF TWO DAYS OR MORE
RELAX IN THE SPRING WATER SPA
SLEEP IN A KING FOUR POSTER BED
MEALS AVAILABLE

EXPERIENCE A COUNTRY WEEKEND

www.spudmurphysinn.com



Chasing Your Dreams

© 2003 Veronica Weal

There's a weary young boy swimming lap after lap
On a cold windy day after school;
But the grandstand is empty, there's no one to clap
When he finally climbs from the pool.
But his mind remains focused, he blocks out the cold,
And he thinks of a future that gleams
With a brightness reflected by medals of gold -
He's a boy who is chasing his dreams.

There's a waitress who works in a run-down cafe
In the town that she always called home,
And she dreams, as she's clearing the dishes away,
About London, and Paris and Rome.
In the evenings she works in the pub, serving beer,
With no time to herself, so it seems;
But she cheerfully strives for a goal that is dear -
She's intent upon chasing her dreams.

On a street in the suburbs a young couple stare
At the house they are hoping to buy.
It is old and neglected, but what so they care?
They are young, and their hopes are set high.
Though the mortgage and bills wont be easy to pay,
And misfortune may wreck all their schemes,
They are planning extensions, and children one day -
And together they're chasing their dreams.

There's a man who lies still in a hospital bed,
And his body is blackened and burned.
He's a volunteer firefighter, left there for dead
When the wind unexpectedly turned.
And his wife prays to Heaven to keep him alive,
As her world falls apart at the seams;
But the staff are amazed at his will to survive -
Single-minded, he's chasing his dreams.

On a drought-stricken property out in the west
Starving sheep dig for roots in the dirt.
And the owners push scrub - they are doing their best -
But they're beaten, they can't stand the hurt.
Then the rain tumbles down, and their weak new-born lambs
Are submerged by the fast-rising streams;
But the rain keeps on falling, it's filling their dams -
So they'll stay, and rebuild all their dreams.

You need strength when misfortune must be overturned.
You need courage when put to the test.
When the things that you want are not easily earned,
That's the time for producing your best.
And the bravest are those who will never give in,
For tenacity often redeems;
So they fight to the end, and quite often they win -
For they never give up on their dreams.

There are times when those dreams will be hard to achieve,
There are times when you'll stagger and fall;
But you'll pick yourself up, if you truly believe
You can triumph in spite of it all.
For the goals that you reach for can only be won
If you carry the fight to extremes,
So refuse to give in; Never say that you're done -
And don't ever stop chasing your dreams.



Veronica Weal has been writing bush poetry for over twenty years. During this time she has won many awards, including the Australian and NSW Championships, two prestigious Bronze Swagman Awards, the Blackened Billy Award, the Bush Lantern Award, Henry Lawson Diamond Shears, and the Camp Oven Award. Her first book, "The Crack Of The Whip" was a finalist in the Australian Bush Laureate Award Book Of The Year 2002. Horses played a large part in Veronica's early life, and her love for them is apparent in many of her poems. In recent years her traditional bush verse has been used regularly by other poets, for both competitions and performances. In Veronica's poems - some humorous, some serious - the outback and its characters, both two and four legged, come vividly to life.

HORSES

by Veronica Weal

There's a love that is more like a passion!
It can flow like a fire in your veins.
And it lifts up your heart in a fashion
That's unmatched by the fizz of champagnes.

It's the love of the horse! They enslave you
With their strength and their beauty combined.
It's the love you were born with. God gave you
This emotion which captures your mind

There is nothing to equal the feeling
When you're cantering over the plains,
And you know that your steed will go wheeling
Left or right at a touch of the reins.

And the world of the horse is entralling,
From the sweet satin smell of its hide,
To the crack of the whip as it's falling,
And the galloping beat as you ride.

To the addict a horse brings elation
Hoofbeats sound like a sweet lullaby.
And your joy in this lovely creation
Will remain in your heart till you die!



PHILLIP DURHAM LORIMER (1843-1897)

border into Queensland, and with about a dozen overlanders took 5000 sheep and 1000 cattle from Warwick to the gulf country. There he caught 'Gulf fever' early in 1866, moved to Port Denison, to Cloncurry and to Burketown, where he saw two-thirds of the inhabitants die of fever.

In mid-1867 on Bowen Downs he finally abandoned all hope of prospering in north Queensland and decided to return to New South Wales. There he composed the half-comic, half-satiric poem which begins:

*Queensland: thou art a land of pest:
From flies and fleas we ne'er can rest.*

It was frequently reprinted as a leaflet and sold for a few pence. Despite his decision he remained in Queensland for another three years, part of them on the Darling Downs.

In Sydney he wrote some poems addressed to real or imagined loves, was a vice-chairman of the 'Excelsior' Loyal Orange Lodge in 1872 and wrote a poem for recitation at its meeting on 29 August, lost in unfortunate business dealings some money remitted from England, and then set out in the early 1880s on his travels up and down the east coast, across the ranges, to diggings, stations, homesteads and townships.

He was apparently welcomed by settlers, diggers, and even editors, and repaid the hospitality with verses that he could produce with no great difficulty. Sometimes he took odd jobs and occasionally may have settled for short periods. His life must have been most uncertain and much hardship slowed him down. Ill health attended his last years: he was occasionally in hospital, and at the end he probably became a little deranged.

Unmarried and intestate, he died of paraplegia in Rookwood Asylum on 5 November 1897. He was known to thousands as '*Old Phil the Poet*'; and perhaps he was, from some points of view, the only *true bush poet* of them all.

In 1859 Lorimer's sister Charlotte married (Sir) Peter Nicol Russell, a benefactor of the University of Sydney. She commissioned E.A. Petherick to edit a volume of Lorimer's poems and to provide a biographical introduction. This was privately printed as Philip Durham Lorimer, *Songs and Verses* (London, 1901), with a biographical sketch by E.A. Petherick.

Upon this volume any writer on Lorimer is heavily dependent.

Finding poems by Lorimer has proven difficult.

Any reader with knowledge of his work is asked to please contact the editor@abpa.org.au



The Petherick Collection: some 16,500 titles from the collection of Edward Augustus Petherick (1847-1917), pictured left,

formed the nucleus of the National Library's collection of Australiana when it was acquired by the Commonwealth of Australia through the Petherick Collection Act of 1911.

Petherick was a book-seller, book collector and bibliographer who began to assemble a collection relating to Australia, New Zealand and the Pacific some thirty years before Federation in 1901 in the hope that it would become part of an Australian national library.

WHY BUSH POETRY?

© Frank Daniel

I have often been asked 'Why Bush Poetry? With the emphasis always placed on 'Bush'?

My answer has always been the same, because it is poetry written about Australia, Australians and the Australian way of life, having good rhyme and meter, and bush poetry has been part of our culture and history virtually since the first settlers.

Bush Poetry stems from the traditional and though much of our modern poetry is of a contemporary nature, the old tried and true examples are still the best, because they rhyme.

Many people have argued that the terminology Bush Poetry only came to life in the 1980's. Had they bothered to study our heritage they would have found the answers many times over with no need to question the authenticity of either the Bush Poet or Bush Poetry.

Australia has a proud tradition of bush poetry. Poems can be happy, funny, sad and drawn from everyday life, the city or the bush. In earlier days poems by Banjo Paterson, Henry Lawson and Dorothea Mackellar provided entertainment and education. Today the tradition of bush poetry is alive and well and is performed in schools, poetry festivals, local shows and even country pubs.

Examples of Bush Poetry existed well over a hundred years ago and were found in many newspapers including

The following is a notice published in the Daily Telegraph dated 15.11.1897

DEATH OF A BUSH POET:

Mr Phillip D Lorimer, whose death was advertised in the "Daily Telegraph" on Friday, was known right through the country and Queensland and Victoria as "the Australian bush poet."

"Old Phil," as he was called, was known to pretty well in every country newspaper office in New South Wales. And his poetry published in nearly all the provincial papers secured him an audience that more ambitious versifiers might envy. He led a romantic, roaming life.

When he was tired of hawking his poetic wares from one country town to another, he betook himself to an exclusive cave near Bowenfels (Lithgow) NSW and rested there for weeks. The deceased was a son of Dr. Lorimer of the East India Company's service, and was educated at Edinburgh University. One of his brothers-in-law left 50 thousand pound to a colonial university, and his sister owns one of the wealthiest Glasgow papers.

The old man went with M'Intyre's expedition to look for Leichardt, and when M'Intyre and then Slowman, died on the journey, Lorimer was appointed leader, and brought the expedition back to Port Denison.

He had many strange experiences of the bushranging days, in his walks from the seaboard of New South Wales to the seaboard of Queensland, and he related a pathetic incident in the life of Kendall and Adam Lindsay Gordon. Kendall and Lorimer met Gordon one day in Melbourne, and after sharing their fortunes they parted, Gordon going out to Brighton, and Kendall and Lorimer passing the night in the Dandenong Cemetery. That night Kendall wrote "Voices through the Oakes."

Next morning they were surprised to hear the newsboys calling out, "Death of Gordon, the poet."

A day or two after a letter came for Gordon, stating that he had been left 20 thousand pounds. These are experiences which Lorimer himself furnished before his death.

the Bulletin. One prime example being published in newspapers like the the headlines of The Daily Telegraph of 1897, 'Death of a Bush Poet' announcing the passing of Phillip Lorimer. (See article above)

William Anderson ('Alexander') Forbes (1839-1879), bush balladist, was born on 13 August 1839 has been recorded often as a Bush Balladist and poet. [ballad: A narrative poem of popular origin]

Further information about him was found in Voices from the Bush (Rockhampton, 1869) where he was known locally as 'Alick the Poet'.

He wrote no 'galloping rhymes' but he deserves his place alongside the likes of Adam Lindsay Gordon, who wrote 'Bush Ballads and Galloping Rhymes'.

This extract from the racist verse 'The Alien' is taken from *Jarrahlant Jingles* (1908) by E.G. 'Dryblower' Murphy, the first book of poetry published in Western Australia by a local poet. His poems were often comical, sometimes lyrical, and always accessible to ordinary people, being regularly

published in newspapers like the *Coolgardie Miner*, the *West Australian*, and the *Sunday Times* and enjoyed by thousands of readers.

'Dryblower' wrote about the experiences of ordinary people from all around the State, reflecting their interests and concerns, and was described as writing **in the manner of a bush poet** entertaining his mates around a campfire at night.

Tom Collins (Joseph Furphy) wrote 'The Bush Poet Speaks' in 1898 (ABPA Magazine June 2008).

The heyday of the popularity of Bush Poetry in Australia was in the second half of the 19th Century when everyone 'knew poetry'. It was at this time that Australia began creating a national identity, more colonial than sterling.

made heroes out of horsemen, tough shearers, determined gold diggers and even 'bold bushrangers'. C.J. Dennis, Will Ogilvie, W.T. Goodge, J.W. Gordon and that great poet,

According to the article on the previous page, this poem was supposedly written by Phillip Lorimer, but so far I have only found two examples of it, both attributed to Anonymous. It was recorded as a song in 1973 by Folklorist Jack Pobar of Toowoomba Q. Jack said the following curse was written by an immigrant on the Bowendown Station.

THE BUSHMAN'S FAREWELL TO QUEENSLAND

Queensland, thou art but a land of pests;
For flies and fleas on never rests.
E'en now mosquitoes round me revel —
In fact they are the very devil.
Sandflies and hornets just as bad —
They nearly drive a fellow mad;
With scorpion and centipede
And stinging ants of every breed;
Fever and ague, with the shakes,
Tarantulas and poisonous snakes;
Iguanas, lizards, cockatoos,
Bushrangers and jackeroos;
Bandicoots and swarms of rats,
Bulldog ants and native cats;
Stunted timber, thirsty plains,
Parched-up deserts, scanty rains;
There's rivers here you can't sail ships on,
There's native women without shifts on;
There's humpies, huts, and wooden houses,
And native men who don't wear trousers;
There's barcoo rot and sandy-blight,
There's dingoes howling all the night;
There's curlews wail, and croaking frogs,
There's savage blacks and native dogs;
There's scentless flowers and stinging trees,
There's poisonous grass and Darling peas
Which drive the cattle raving mad,
Make sheep and horses just as bad;
And then it never rains in reason —
There's drought one year and floods next season,
Which sweep the squatter's sheep away
And then there is the devil to pay.

To stay in thee, O land of mutton,
I would not give a single button,
But bid thee now a long farewell,
Thou scorching, sunburnt land of hell!

A popular rhyme of the later 19th century; also known as "The New Chum's Farewell to Queensland"

one 'Anonymous', provided us with a catalogue of poetry best described as classic tough bush verse.

Bush Poetry has gone through a great resurgence and is definitely not something new or incorrectly titled as some prefer to think..

THE WALL of RENOWN - LONGYARD LEGENDS

After a lapse of ten years the once popular Poets Wall of Renown has been re-established at the Longyard Hotel.

Annually at the Fireside Festival held in June each year, bush poets were inducted acknowledging their contribution to bush poetry with eighteen poets added to the list up until 1998.

The ABL Awards were introduced in January 1996 at the Longyard, but because of crowd numbers, that ceremony eventually found a new home at the Tamworth Town Hall.

After 1998 the photographic display was discontinued and eventually removed from the Goonoo Goonoo (pron. Gunny Ganoo) room into storage.

The Gallery will be replaced during renovations in 2008 and will include Photographs of the 2008 inductees Ellis Campbell and the Naked Poets as well as those to come in ensuing years..

The April-May issue of the ABPA Magazine saw the start of a long list of inductees since 1992.

Each short bio is relevant to the inductee as at the time of election.



The 2008 Victorian Bush Poetry Championships will be held in Benalla from the 10th to the 12th October 2008 at the Benalla Bowls Club, Arundel St Benalla.

Noel Stallard will hold a show on Friday the 10th at 8pm, as a lead up to the main competition on Saturday.

Poets' Breakfasts will be held on the Saturday and Sunday from 8am. with the competition proper commencing at 10am.

These breakfasts will be a great opportunity to see the poets in ac-

tion prior to the competition and for those not competing to get up and present a poem.

Spectators are likely to see the poems run the full spectrum from the riotously funny to tear-jerkingly serious with everything else in between. All levels of experience will be catered for, from novice through to open. A separate junior competition will be held on the Sunday.

In addition a bush music competition will also be held with sections for both original and other Australian song to be contested. Competitors will need to be members of a recognised bush poetry club. In previous years, the music competition has proved to be a great addition to the weekend.

On Saturday the 11th at 7:30pm, a concert will be held. It is bound to a great night's entertainment with bush poetry, yarns and bush music. The cost of entry will be \$10. Not to be missed!

For further information go to page 17 or the ABPA website at www.abpa.org.au and look up 'Entry Forms'

ABOUT 'BLUEY'

For those readers who know Merv 'Bluey' Bostock, the founding President of the ABPA, we are sad to say that this great bush larrikin, bush poet, former welter weight boxer, raconteur, rodeo clown, personal friend of the late RM Williams, and all-round great bloke is suffering from the aftermath of a stroke as well as battling throat cancer and prostate cancer.

Bluey would love to hear from poets on his mobile 0427 328 282.



1996

Our second recipient of the Bush Poets Wall of Renown for 1996 grew up on dairy farms around the Lismore area in Northern NSW. He left school at fourteen and worked in the sugar mill until he joined the navy in 1960. After ten years service and some time as a cellarman in a Sydney pub he moved back north and bought his own dairy farm. His vivid childhood memories of North Coast life, together with his unique style and sense of humour have made him a great favourite with audiences since he began writing and reciting his verse in 1991. He produced his first book in 1993 and his album was a finalist in the Bush Laureate Awards of 1996. He was Champion Poet at the National Country Music Muster in 1995. Elected June 1996. He is THE MULLUMBIMBY BLOKE -Ray Essery



1997

Grahame Watt was born in the small Victorian town of Kyabram, has lived and worked there all his life and has been presenting monologues and singing at local functions for a good part of it. He began writing verse around 1980 and won many prestigious competitions with classic poems such as "Skew Wiff Kelly", "Patches" and "Gladys". He became Australian Limerick Champion in 1991, produced a very successful book and an album of his verse and was first president and co-founder of the Kyabram Bush Verse Group. Grahame has spent many years preserving our heritage and promoting bush verse in Victoria. Elected June 1997.



1997

Frank Daniel was born and raised at Bungendore on the NSW Southern Tablelands. A fifth generation Aussie he was educated by the Sisters of St Joseph and made very aware of his Irish heritage by his mother.

Frank worked at many jobs such as drover, rough-rider and farming contractor before establishing his own trucking business.

Although he had written verse since the 1970s it wasn't until 1993 that a meeting with Col Wilson and Jim Haynes launched his career as a performer. Frank is also known as one of Australia's best story-tellers and has promoted Bush Verse as President of the Bush Poets' Association. Elected June 1997.



1998

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

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

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

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

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



1998

Shirley Friend: This very funny award-winning humourist was spotted by Judith Durham of the Seekers in 1986 whilst performing comedy in the Noosa area north of Brisbane.

Shirley, already a 1985 winner of the Noosa National Play Competition,

became a popular performing stand up poet at every major festival across the nation.

Her confidence and experience has taken her to great heights in the Bush Poetry movement having performed throughout the three eastern states from the Gulf of Carpentaria to the southern most points in Victoria.

She is cheeky, she is charming, and presents a collection of the most outlandish poems imaginable. Always the brunt of her own jokes and poetic situations.

Shirley is not backward in coming forward with many of the sometimes-embarrassing predicaments in her life.

Her enthusiasm for the lighter side of life reminds us that 'laughter is the best medicine' and followers of her performances and readers of her books are immediately addicted to her work.

In 1996 Shirley won the coveted 'Pat Glover Story Telling Award' at the premier Port Fairy Festival in Victoria.

In 1998 Shirley was inducted to the Wall of Renown at the Fireside Festival at the Longyard Hotel in Tamworth.

NSW Open Bush Poetry Championships



Excitement is building up in the town of Morisset in the Lower Hunter Valley. The Hunter Bush Poets (an affiliate of the Hunter Valley Folk Club) will be conducting the 2008 NSW Open Bush Poetry Championships at the Morisset Country Club over the weekend of 17th, 18th and 19th October and organisers, competitors, media and locals are abuzz!

Already entries are flooding in so if you want to be in it, get your entries in pronto, as time restrictions may mean a cut off of entry numbers in the performance section. Beautiful trophies and cash prizes are up for grabs as well as the honour of being the NSW State Champion Male, Female and/or the State Champion in the Written section.

THE NSW Bush Poetry State Championships is being sponsored by Morisset Country Club and Eraring Energy and will be conducted under the auspices of the A.B.P.A.

Performance entries close on 30th September with Carol Heuchan and written entries with Robin Franks 18th September.

Don't forget the Poets Breakfast and Brawl on Sunday 19th.

Bookings are also being taken for the dinner on the Saturday night which is shaping up to be the social highlight of the weekend.

Visit the Hunter Bush Poets website www.hunterbushpoets.org.au/ dnn for map and accommodation details or go direct to the Australian Bush Poets Association Inc. website www.abpa.org.au or, if you're not into computerspeak, phone Robyn Franks 02 49 945926 rfra0155@bigpond.net.au - or Carol Heuchan 02 49 773210 (email carrobity@hotmail.com)



TED SIMPSON -1986

In the Longyard Legends in the June-July issue I asked if anyone could supply a photograph of Ted Simpson.

Mr. Pat Browne of Port Macquarie rang to say that he knew Simpson and that Ted conducted a bush band known as the Bush Bandicoots Bush Band who worked out of Wagga Wagga.

Pat Browne's son Jeff was a fiddler in the band, a teacher at South Wagga school and for some time the School of the Air at Broken Hill. Pat also supplied the photograph.

In a promo the Bush Bandicoots were described as Wagga's premier bush band who provided the entertainment, sing-a-longs and toe-tapping, foot-stomping music for the dances.

Highlights of the evenings was the recitations by the master of bush verse and humorous Aussie Poetry, Ted Simpson. His 'Resuscitations' as he called them included such favourites as

TE Spencer, Will Ogilvie, Blue the Shearer, Anthony Jack, AK Harvie, Duke Tritton, Richard Magoffin, Claude Morris and of course, Anonymous.

The Bush Bandicoots were experts at providing an all round night of good old Aussie entertainment and dancing.

The band performed at such places as Tamworth, Port Fairy, the Sydney Opera House as well as their usual rounds of bush dances in the Riverina.

Later the group became better known at festivals far and wide as The Tin Shed Rattlers.



Port Stephens Country Music Festival

The third Port Stephens Country Music Festival was held over the June long weekend.

Bush poetry featured prominently over four days of the festival, with venues from Raymond Terrace to Tea Gardens and all points in between, some standing room only.

A fine and varied array of poets performed at clubs, pubs, on ferries and out in the open, they included Greg North, Arch Bishop, Sally Mitchell, Susie Carcary, Kathy Edwards, Graeme Johnson, Bob Skelton, Dylan Cartledge, Ken Jones,

Gabby Colquhoun, Dave Proust, Carol Heuchan, John Dengate and Peter Mace.

Nick Lock, a member of the Gosford Bush Poets performed at four venues, enthraling audiences by singing some of Henry Lawson's most beautiful poems (When your on the same stage as Greg North and Dave Proust and the crowd want more, you must be doing something right)

With many of the poets staying at the One Mile Beach Caravan Park we all seemed to manage to entertain ourselves.

The highlights were Arch's spaghetti boll that would have fed half the park and listening to John Dengates seemingly endless repertoire of songs and poetry about this great country.

As one fellow poet said, he really is a keeper of the flame.

Peter Mace

BEEF WEEK CASINO Another successful roundup of bush poetry at the Country Energy Beef Week in Casino at the end of May saw four days of packed houses and six shows at the Cecil Hotel with John Major, Murray Hartin and Ray Essery performing.

Guest poets included Jan McDonald of Unanderra NSW and Paddy O'Brien of Murwillumbah NSW with a large number of walk-up poets. The winner of the competition on Sunday 1st June was Paddy O'Brien with Susan Carcary the runner-up.

BUSH POETRY AT DENILIQVIN

Deniliquin is a small country town on the Edward River, a branch of the Murray River, in south-western New South Wales. Deniliquin lies at the centre of the largest area under irrigation in Australia and produces a variety of yields including rice, wool, dairy products, mutton, barley, wheat, vegetables and fruit, cattle and timber.

'Deni' is relatively new as a Country Music Festival but organisers have already included Bush Poetry as a major feature. In July this year, Carol Heuchan performed, compered and judged the walk-ups at the Sunday morning Brekkie before a great crowd in the Deniliquin R.S. L. Club. Many had never been to Bush Poetry before and it was a terrific response from new devotees and well as the died-in-the-wool followers.

Competition was tight in the walk-up, comp. with many hilarious performances but Alex Allett mesmerised the audience with one of the best ever renditions of Banjo's *"In the Droving Days"* to get Carol's nod for the award which carried a great gift voucher from the local Bookstore. Alex is from Deniliquin and has been on the land all his life so his heart was truly in the poem. Congratulations to Alex and also to the contenders from the poetry group down there who well and truly kept him on his toes. A top festival and one to put on the calendar for next year.



DISTANT DIALOGUE

(on The Bulletin's death, Jan 2008)

© Ron Stephens Dubbo

1st Prize, Banjo Paterson writing awards Orange NSW 2008

'Good morning Henry, have you heard the news from down below?

I can't believe what's just occurred.

It's quite a body blow

for those of us who spend our time

on Aussie Poets' cloud

recalling rhythmic patterns, rhyme

in verse that did us proud.'

'I've heard! I've heard! It pains me, Bart and were I back on earth

I'd make my way quick-bloody-smart

to buy ten dollars worth

of solace from the nearest inn

to mark this tragic day

the once rumbustious Bulletin

has sadly passed away.'

'Yes, "passed" is weakly apposite:

no protest banners showed;

no angered poets set alight

the publisher's abode;

no week of mourning was declared;

no weeping in the street;

the city pulse was unimpaired

and never missed a beat.'

'Well, in the past we've disagreed

on city versus bush,

a topic editors decreed

would give their sales a push.

I'm hoping now some country town

where verse retains appeal

will have a poet jotting down

the misery we feel.'

'The city publishers are now

all stubbornly obsessed

with finance news, pop-stars at play

and snaps of them undressed.

Your Faces in the Street wear frowns

but no-one paints their fates

as you did, Henry; much less crowns

your derelicts as mates.'

'It's obvious few writers now

concern themselves with verse,

yet editors will stoop and bow

to smutty tales and worse.

I note your Snowy River strikes

a chord through suburbs still,

while lads are bucked from motorbikes

up-dating Mulga Bill.'

'And one or two true gentlemen

like Dunn of Nevertire

(great portrait from your tribute pen)

are rising from the mire

of knavery and greed below.



GIPPSLAND BUSH POETS

3rd Annual

AUSTRALIA POST

GIPPSLAND WATTLE BUSH POETRY

OPEN WRITTEN COMPETITION

\$1,000.00 First Prize

Minor prizes:- \$250.00 and \$100.00

(Also Highly Commended and Commended awards)

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

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

Gippsland Bush Poets written competition,

C/o P.O. Box 453

MAFFRA Victoria 3860.

Or email:- bjdraper@netspace.net.au

Entries close on October 31st 2008



Ellis Campbell has agreed to be this year's sole judge.

Who'll laud the lives they've led?
Our voices faded years ago;
The Bulletin is dead!

'It's masthead motto was withdrawn,
as jingoism lapsed.
Then - damnable! - true verse forsworn.
Small wonder it collapsed.
Here, floating on these boring clouds,
there's little we can do
but wipe the teardrops from our shrouds,
recite a verse or two.'

I could recite my latest -Chill
Despatches from Irak
but we've already had our fill
of news that's edged in black.
I'd rather hear your Undermined,
equating politics
with Sydney tunnels serpentine
by engineers and tricks.'

Well, thank you 'Banjo' but we've got
an urgent job to do.
While indignation's surging hot
we have to say adieu
with fiery pen or subtle spin.
Tomorrow we'll compare
our tributes to The Bulletin,
whose loss is hard to bear.'

NEW VENUE: 2008 PRIMARY SCHOOL STUDENTS BUSH POETRY COMPETITION

For the ninth consecutive year the attend.

Midcoast Sundowners Bush Poets Group will conduct the Great Lakes and Taree District Written Bush Poetry Competition for School Students.

Entry is free and open to all Primary School students who reside in the above districts. Closing date is 16th August, 2008.

Cash prizes of \$35.00 will be awarded to the fifteen highest scoring poems and all entrants will receive a certificate.

This year's presentation of awards and Poets Breakfast will be held on Sunday, 21st September at a new venue, now known as The Loop Building, (formerly the Girl Guides Hall), located at the junction of South and Pell Streets, Tuncurry, NSW.

A barbecue breakfast will be available at 8 am at a cost of \$7.00 and bookings are essential.

At 9 am the successful entrants will recite or read their poems on stage and will be joined by local and visiting poets who are cordially invited to

The morning's program will also include a One Minute Poets Brawl with prize money to be announced on the day. Entry fee for the Brawl is \$3.00.

Topic for the Brawl poem will be available by phone from Reid Begg, one week prior, on Saturday 13th September between 9 am and 2 pm.

Bookings for the One Minute Brawl, Breakfast, and other enquiries should be directed to Reid, phone 02 6554 9788.

Once again the organisers wish to express their appreciation to their event sponsors who to date are Country Energy and local accountancy firm Harrison, Main and Macarthur of Forster who sponsor the Poets Brawl.

The Midcoast Sundowners Bush Poets group are also excitedly looking forward to next year's event which will celebrate the tenth anniversary of this important local School Children's Bush Poetry Competition.

Submitted by Reid Begg,



Adam Lindsay Gordon was Australia's first national poet, paving the way for Paterson and Lawson etc. He was a troubled soul and took his own life at Brighton Beach Victoria in 1870 when he was only 37 years of age. He was a brilliant writer, and acclaimed horseman. Shunning too much contact with people he would climb a wattle tree with a

natural armchair of branches, where he would smoke like a factory chimney and write...and write, often forgetting to eat. His grave is in the Brighton Cemetery and his infant daughter Annie, is interred with him there. The tall bluestone Doric pillar that graces his grave is in need of restoration. To this end a dedicated band of ALG supporters have formed an association to preserve his legacy, and are fund raising to restore his grave to its rightful state. They have an Oz website that is well worth a visit.

One of his most remembered verses says, in part...

*'Life is mostly froth and bubble
two things stand like stone
kindness in another's trouble
courage in your own.'*

Below is Glenny Palmer's poem 'Kindred Spirits' that won the 2008 Adam Lindsay Gordon Poetry Prize. The presentation was made in Melbourne on June 14th, and was a wonderful event.

KINDRED SPIRITS © 2008 Glenny Palmer

Away! Away! the venturer is forging through the throng;
beware the passion looming, set no foot or hoof a-wrong,
for man nor beast will conquer haunted genius in flight
as onward, on to victory, emblazoned ere the night
awaits, with hushed foreboding of discordant symphony
from Mistress Melancholia beguiling sanity.

Escape! Escape the madness coursing through the master-mind,
and flee to scale the arch-ed limbs of Wattle there inclined,
and rest...oh rest the torment, with the pen and pipe alight,
in wanton wonder weave your whimsied words with wan delight;
there craft for me your rhapsody in posthumous decree,
and shed for me compassion's tear for common agony.

Begone! Begone vile spectres, sail the blessed dawning light
that ushers fond deliverance from demons of the night,
and stroll with me in empathy through lyricism's land,
and grant to me a moment's comprehension of the hand
and heart and soul you offered us; forgive our faculty
embezzling all discernment of your solemn legacy.

Redemption! Oh Redemption, sweet the kiss upon my brow,
I kneel in supplication at the sight before me now;
the battered bluestone pillar guarding history's bequest,
the infant's clay and thine entwined, eternally at rest.
This earth-bound kindred spirit bids, beholden, your release,
now ride your foaming thoroughbreds of Brighton, back to peace.

Judge's comments:

You have been selected by our Judge, "PHILTON" to be the winner of the open section of our poetry competition for 2008 for your poem "Kindred Spirits"

Philton said that your poem was excellent and by far the best and covered all the facets of Adam Lindsay Gordon, even to the style of his poetry.



GLENNY - A WINNER

Congratulations to Glenny Palmer of Kooralbyn Qld. who won the 2008 Adam Lindsay Gordon competition and travelled to Melbourne for the awards presentation. Glenny's win was announced during the Adam Lindsay Gordon Froth and Bubble Festival on Saturday 14 June in conjunction with The Fellowship of Australian Writers, World Poetry and Federation Square.

The prize for the Open Section was a cold cast bronze statue of an Arabian horse donated by Susan Pender. Glenny's winning poem 'Kindred Spirits' can be found adjacent.



Can anybody help with the words to the following poems? Please advise the editor@abpa.org.au. or phone 02 6344 1477

You must not throw upon the ground
The food you do not want
For wilful waste brings
Ills for want
And you may live to say
Oh how I wish I had that food
That I once threw away.

Does any reader have the words to the poems
Daffodils and Lace
and
Kissing Cup (possibly by Campbell Rae Brown)

The VICTORIAN BUSH POETRY STATE CHAMPIONSHIPS

October 10th - 12th 2008

8 pm FRIDAY –

NOEL STALLARD IN CONCERT

DON'T MISS THIS SEEING THIS AUSTRALIAN CHAMPION POET

Admission - \$10

Written Section - Entries close 10th September

10 am SATURDAY & SUNDAY

PERFORMANCE COMPETITION

Conducted under the auspices of the ABPA Inc

SEE AUSTRALIAS FINEST BUSH POETS

Entries close 26.9.2008

(Admission: gold coin donation)

7.30 pm SATURDAY NIGHT CONCERT

A GREAT NIGHTS ENTERTAINMENT

POETRY, YARNS, MUSIC, FUN AND LAUGHTER

Admission - \$10

CONTACT:

Victorian Bush Poetry And Music Assoc. Inc.

Secretary, John Peel 0428 312 287

email peel_jg@hotmail.com

or send DL sized SSAE to:

The Secretary V.B.P.M.A.

613 Havelock St Ballarat Vic 3350

COO-EE MARCH FESTIVAL



The Cooe-ee Festival commemorates the famous 1915 Cooe-ee March. After the Gallipoli disaster and the first casualty lists were published the number of Australian men enlisting to go to war dwindled.

In an attempt to change this trend, thirty-five men set out on a recruitment drive from Gilgandra to help in the WWI effort, calling out "Coo-ee" to encourage men along the way to come and enlist also.

On the 12th December the Cooe-ees reached Sydney with 277 men. The Cooe-ee March was the first of many recruiting marches in this country, with recruiting marches playing a vital role in Australia's World War I effort.

The Cooe-ee Festival showcases, preserves and celebrates Australian history in a unique and special way.

To celebrate this proud and unique event in Australia's history, Gilgandra comes alive with a jam-packed schedule of events over the course of the days. You'll enjoy days of entertainment with a street parade, roving entertainment, bands, bush poetry, golf, jumping castles, face painting and markets. There is plenty of food and full bar service available. The Bush Poetry Night will be on Friday 26th September Phone 02 6847 2105 for more.

The Hunter Bush Poets

(an affiliate of Hunter Valley Folk Club) Present

The NSW BUSH POETRY OPEN STATE CHAMPIONSHIPS

Sponsored by

Morisset Country Club and Eraring Energy

October 17th - 19th 2008

Morisset Country Club

Dora Street Morisset

Conducted under the auspices of the ABPA Inc

Closing dates. Written comp. 8th September

Performance competition 30th September

Friday pm: Meet and Greet & Poets Brawl Topics

Saturday: Competition - Dinner and Presentations

Sunday: Poets Breakfast and Brawl

Prizemoney

\$300 to first three place-getters in each category

CHAMPIONSHIP TROPHIES male and female

Dinner in Club Restaurant Saturday night

Contact Written: Secretary, Robin Franks

28 Erin Street, Stroud. NSW 2425

02 49 945926 rfra0155@bigpond.net.au

Enquiries Performance only:

Carol Heuchan 02 4977 3210 carrobity@hotmail.com

website. hunterbushpoets.org.au/dnn

Date Claimed for next year OCT 17 2009

ANSWERS TO EXAM QUESTIONS by Fifteen and Sixteen Year Olds

Ancient Egypt was inhabited by mummies and they all wrote in hydraulics. They lived in the Sarah Dessert and travelled by Camelot. The climate of the Sarah is such that the inhabitants have to live elsewhere.

The Greeks were a highly sculptured people, and without them we wouldn't have history. The Greeks also had myths. A myth is a female moth

Actually, Homer was not written by Homer, but by another man of that name.

Socrates was a famous Greek teacher who went around giving people advice. They killed him. Socrates died from an overdose of wedlock. After his death, his career suffered a dramatic decline.

Joan of Arc was burn to a steak and was canonised by Bernard Shaw. Finally, Magna Carta provided that no man should be hanged twice for the same offence.

In midevil times most people were alliterate. The greatest writer of the futile ages was Chaucer, who wrote many poems and verses and also wrote literature.

The sun never set on the British Empire because the British Empire is in the East and the sun sets in the West.

MELROSE PLAINS

To a spot in the west,
not too far off,
My roving heart has run,
For it is lonely sitting idle here,
When I know that there's the fun,
My spirits sail on the Fifield roads,
And down by the sheltered lanes,
And there sits down to the welcome cheer,
From the friends at Melrose Plains.

That old home stands on a sloping hill,
With a view that is grand and free.
Where tho' a stranger first I came,
They would always welcome me,
But now when my heart is crushed and sad,
And the world seems full of pain,
My Ford would turn to the Fifield road,
That leads to Melrose Plains.

I wish them well those loyal friends,
So genuine, bright and kind,
I've rambled the world over twice,
But they are the best I find,
Their hospitality and kindly giving,
It's pinnacle attains,
Oh! but I've never met the best of them,
That live at Melrose Plains.

The Winter and Spring will quickly pass,
Then Trundle I must leave.
It scarcely matters where I go,
But for those friends I'll grieve,
I must go beck in my motor car,
For too far away from trains,
To a well known home, that cheers my heart,
With the name of Melrose Plains.

I hope that God will prosper well,
And give them all good joys,
And bless the dear kind Mum and Dad,
And all the girls and boys.
May many seasons come to them,
To give them worldly gains,
May every light that lightens life,
Light down on Melrose Plains.

By Rev. W. Gallagher

This was given to me by Barry & Bev Ward of Glenbrook NSW. Barry said a relative had typed it from a handwritten original inside a copy of "Around the Boree Log".

He also said that Father Hartigan, Father Gallagher and Jack Moses often travelled together in the area and loved to sing around the family piano.

Melrose Plains was Barry's father's property - Wards of Trundle/Tullamore/Condobolin.

Greg North 2008



COMPETITION RESULTS

Waltzing Matilda Bush Poetry Awards:

Winton, Qld.

Results of the 13th Annual (2008)
Little Swaggies Bush Poetry written Award

OVERALL PRIMARY

First: Coralie Charles, Cambooya State School, Qld Second: Macabe Daley, Eve-sham State School, Qld

Third: Rebecca Iselin, Christian Outreach College, Brisbane, Qld

OVERALL SECONDARY

First: Robert Berryman, Year 8, All Souls St Gabriels School, Charters Towers, Qld Second: Jenna-Lee Charles, Year 8, St Saviour's College, Toowoomba, Qld

Third: Liam Davison, Year 8, All Souls St Gabriels School, Charters Towers, Qld Paige Guldbransen, Year 8, All Souls St Gabriels School, Charters Towers, Qld

2008 BUNDY MUSTER

Novice Traditional

1st Trent Jenkinson 2nd Jayson Russell
3rd Lis Brown

Novice Modern

1st Trent Jenkinson 2nd Jayson Russell
3rd Dawn Jackson

Novice Original

1st Arthur Green 2nd Ken Thorne

Intermediate Traditional

1st Dot Schwenke 2nd Jayson Russell
3rd Julie Jenkinson

Intermediate Original

1st Dot Schwenke 2nd Julie Jenkinson

3rd Arthur Green

Bundy Rum One Minute Cup

1st Susan Carcary 2nd Laura Collins 3rd Dean Collins

Duo Performance Winners

Lynden Baxter & Susan Carcary

Yarn Spinning

1st Ron Selby 2nd Susan Carcary

3rd Dean Collins

OPEN SECTIONS

Traditional - Men

1st Terry Regan 2nd Dean Collins

3rd Ron Selby

Traditional - Women

1st Carmel Wooding 2nd Jennifer Haig

3rd Jan Facey

Modern - Men

1st Ellis Campbell 2nd Terry Regan 3rd Kevin Dean

Modern - Women

1st Molly Sparks 2nd Cay Ellem

3rd Carmel Wooding

Original - Men

1st Dean Collins 2nd Ellis Campbell 3rd Terry Regan

Original - Women

1st Jennifer Haig 2nd Susan Carcary 3rd Jan Facey

Traditional - Women

1st Jennifer Haig 2nd Susan Carcary 3rd Jan Facey

OVERALL CHAMPION POET

Carmel Wooding

BUSH LANTERN AWARD

for Bush Verse

1st. Milton Taylor

2nd David Campbell 3rd Kym Eitel

HC Max Merckenschlager

HC Ellis Campbell

HC Catherine Clarke

A TASTE OF COUNTRY

There's plenty to see and do in the twin towns of Harden-Murrumburrah and the beautiful, neighbouring Hilltops region of the South West Slopes



HARDEN LIGHT HORSE MUSEUM

of New South Wales. Visitors are always welcome to the glorious Harden Shire, one of the most picturesque areas within the State.

The region is notable for its scenic beauty - particularly during the spring when a wide variety of grain crops are

in bloom. Combined with the green pastures and rolling hills, they provide a magnificent kaleidoscope of colour

One annual event that has been running for the past fourteen years is the Taste of Country. Originally known as the Harden-ed Liars, this function is one of the most popular in the south with its proximity to Canberra and the Riverina.



Open Poetry Competition
Write a poem about this hat and win
\$200 Prize Money
Entries close 26th September, 2008
Winner announced at
June Show 25th October

No Entry Fee
Cover note required
with permission to display poem

Send to Megan Callow
2 Knight St June 2663
or

email to wollac_63@hotmail.com
Come and see poetry entries and the
unique, hand crafted millinery display
at the June Show

Want to know more?
Contact Megan Callow on
0407411735 wollac_63@hotmail.com

'Hey Pollie'

(the week that was #20)
 © Harry Donnelly 30th May 2008

Hey Pollie – don't insult me, how you know about feeling my pain,
 from your chauffeured tax funded limmo - as petrol goes up - again.
 Don't begin to talk of the hardship, each interest rate robbery brings,
 from your taxpayer funded apartment - and allowance – for everything.

Don't insult the millions of people trying daily to make ends meet,
 as decent and hard working Aussies find themselves and their kids on
 the street.

Don't send footage of school fights in Parliament, as you attempt your
 own self to amuse,
 'tis not a good look for those struggling - each night on the six o'clock
 news.

Do you feel for the sick and discarded, waiting months for a hospital
 bed?

or each family left picking up pieces long after their loved ones are
 dead.

Did you fob it all off on the doctor, or each overworked, underpaid
 nurse?

as you shrugged off the treasury billions - which you lost from the tax-
 payer's purse.

Do you care of the plight of the farmer, as he wrestles with family
 pride?

sinking further in debt and depression – and an option of suicide.

Don't talk about feeling the suffering and humiliation that old age can
 bring,

as you cushion your gifted retirement, with your self given 'gold
 cardie' thing!

So – in Government – you talk in your rhetoric, using party lines
 through to the core,

then - when sacked into Opposition – you become what you wouldn't –
 before.

And you ask that I trust what you're saying from your lurk and perk
 laden perch,

sorry but – this week – I'm hurting, and words really aren't going to
 work.

Hey Pollie – I'm sick of your rhetoric, and tired of your 'self giving'
 stuff,

start earning your lurks with some action, 'cos quite frankly – enough
 is enough.

Oh yeh – one word on your 'fuel watch' debacle, and that three cents
 you'll save me – ho ho,

I've had to let go of my internet – so how will I bloodywell know???

An Open Bush Poetry Competition (male and female combined) and Dinner sponsored by the Kruger Trust, will be conducted at 6pm on Saturday night 25th October and a cooked Poets Breakfast the next morning. Charges for the dinner will be \$30 per head and \$10 for the breakfast. Bookings are essential, it's a popular venue.

The competition will be conducted in two sections either Original or not: 1. Traditional or Classical works, and 2. Contemporary Humorous paying five

places in each section. (1st \$300 – 2nd \$250 – 3rd \$150 – 4th \$100 – 5th \$50) plus three prizes of \$100 each judged by an audience vote at the Sunday Breakfast; a total of \$2,000.

Entries, with a fee of \$10.00 includes dinner for competing poets, and will be limited closing on 1st October.

There are no entry forms so nominations should be made in writing and include the titles of the selected poems, the performers full name, address and contact details (phone or email) along

with a choice of three poems for non-original works. Entries will be accepted on a first-in first served basis with refunds of entry fees to non successful late entries.

Bookings can be made with Lorraine Brown 6386 2555 (B.H.) or Connie McFadyen 6386 2575 e-mail

conniemcfadyen7@bigpond.com
 (see ad page 20).

The Australian Bush Poets Association Inc.

(Established 1994)

Abn: INC 9877413

Arbn 104 032 126

Website: abpa.org.au

President: Noel Stallard

11 Cestrum St, Arana Hills Qld. 4054

Ph 07 3351 3221

heritagepoetry@dodo.com.au

Vice President: Frank Daniel

PO Box 16 Canowindra NSW 2804

Ph. 02 6344 1477

fda70930@bigpond.net.au

Secretary: Ed Parmenter

1 Avenue St Coff's Harbour 2450

Ph/fax. 02 6652 3716

Email: coffsmixture@hotmail.net.au

Treasurer: Margaret Parmenter

1 Avenue St Coff's Harbour 2450

Ph/fax. 02 6652 3716

Email: coffsmixture@hotmail.net.au

Editor: Frank Daniel

PO Box 16 Canowindra NSW 2804

Ph 02 6344 1477

editor@abpa.org.au

Webmaster: Andy Schnalle

Ph. 07 4934 1335

web@abpa.org.au

Printer: Central Commercial Printers

43-47 Keppel Street, Bathurst NSW 2795

Tel: (02) 6331 4822

Membership: Annual subscriptions \$30.00 1st January to 31st December payable to the Treasurer.

© Copyright belongs to Short Street Productions (Publisher) and the Australian Bush Poets Association Inc. unless otherwise stated. All rights reserved. Reproduction in whole or part by any manner or method whatsoever without written permission is prohibited.

Poems and/or articles (Inc. photographs) appearing in this newsletter are the sole copyright of the publisher and the authors themselves.

Copying, performing or using such poems otherwise without the express permission of the authors is not permitted.

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

Deadline for copy—20th of month preceding the month of issue.

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

TUNCURRY BREAKFAST 'n' BRAWL

incl. Awards Presentation
Great Lakes & Taree District

Written Bush Poetry

Competition for

Primary School Students

8 am Sunday 21st September

The Loop Building

(old Girl Guides Hall) Cmr. South & Pell St.

Tuncurry NSW

Poets Brawl topic available from
Reid Begg on Saturday 16th September
from 9 am - 2 pm. Brawl Entry \$3

Barbecue hot breakfast \$6.00

Breakfast bookings essential

Ph. Reid Begg 6554 9788

ST. EDWARDS SHOWCASE CONCERT 2009

Edward Parmenter
will once again present the
Showcase Concert - St Edwards Hall
Hillvue Road, Tamworth
Monday 19th & Wednesday 21st
January 2009

Concerts will feature M.C.'s
Noel Stallard and Frank Daniel
Poets wishing to perform at the venue
should contact Ed so that details can
be published by Rural Press in the
Official Tamworth Programme
Ph. 6652 3716
email: secretary@abpa.org.au

ADVERTISING RATES

1/3 Column	\$10.00
2/3 Column	\$15.00
Full Column	\$20.00
Half Page	\$40.00
Book Shelf	\$ 5.00

Full page ads not available

Poet's Calendar and Regular Events
free. (One line only)

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

Terms strictly C.O.D. with ad.
(Invoiced with Receipt)

Send all details in plain text along
with payment to The Editor.
PO Box 16 Canowindra NSW 2804
email. editor@abpa.org.au
Ph. 02 6344 1477

Walla Walla Wagon Wheel Award for Written Bush Poetry \$5 per poem 3 for \$10

Entries close Oct. 17 2008
Send two copies of each poem
with cover sheets
and full payment to

Erica Nadebaum
11/33 Mardross Crt
ALBURY NSW 2640
(02) 60405337
email den53@austarnet.com.au
Further enquiries welcome

The annual National Cherry Festival Bush Poetry Performance Competition Young Golf Club Saturday 6th December

An open competition (Male and Female combined)
with limited entries

Section 1. Serious - Section 2. Light-hearted
(Traditional, Contemporary or Original)

Giving entrants the opportunity to recite two poems each.

Poets Breakfast 8am Sunday 7th Anderson Park

Entries will **not** be accepted before
15th of September

and should be made with Greg Broderick -
Phone 02 6382 2506 email. gbroderi@bigpond.net.au



AUGUST

- 11 Closing date **NORTH PINE AUSTRALIAN CHAMPIONSHIPS** Manfred Vijars email manfred@rocketfrog.com.au
- 11 **BRISBANE**, Ekka Bush Poetry Competition, 8.30am Trisha Anderson Ph. 07 3268 3624 trisha.spencer@bigpond.com
- 15-17 Bushmans Heritage Weekend Casino Village NSW Ph. Dawn Thomas 02 6662 7804
- 22-24 **NORTH PINE Q. AUSTRALIAN CHAMPIONSHIPS** Pine Rivers Memorial Bowls Club
- 26-31 **GYMPIE MUSTER BUSH POETS** - Marco Gliori - PO Box 999 Warwick Q. 4370 - 07 4661 4024 gliori@in.com.au

SEPTEMBER

- 1 **BLACKENED BILLY Verse Competition** - Opens for entries - janmorris@northnet.com.au PO Box 3001 West Tamworth NSW 2340
- 1-2 **INVERELL NSW** Outback Celebrations Ph Burt Candy 02 6721 1127 Candyb57@yahoo.com
- 7 **SPRINGSURE Q.** Poets Breakfast, Old Fort Rainworth. Ph Colleen McLaughlin 07 4984 1274
- 17-21 **GUNDAGAI** Turning Wave Festival Ph. 02 6944 2200 www.turningwave.org.au
- 14 **RUSTY NAIL BUSH Verse Festival** (Marong V.) Ken Jones 03 5441 5121 k-jones@bigpond.net.au www.cgbp.info for details.
- 16 Closing date. **JUNEE NSW** Poetry Writing Competition - See page 18
- 21 **TUNCURRY NSW** 8am Poets Breakfast 'n' Brawl & Presentations Enquiries Reid Begg 02 6554 9788 (see page 20)
- 26-30 **2009 WINTON Q.** Waltzing Matilda Bush Poetry Championships
- 26 **GILGANDRA** Coo-ee March Festival Poetry Night Elaine Gibson PO Box 171 Gilgandra NSW 2827 Ph. 02 6847 2105
- 28 **Greenslopes** (Brisbane) Bush Poets Breakfast Anita Reid 07 3343 7392
- 29 **Winton - Announcement of Bronze Swagman Award** SSAE PO Box 120 Winton Q. 4735
- 28-30 **MILDURA Festival** - Daily Brekkies Neil McArthur 0400131852 macpoet@iprimus.com.au

OCTOBER

- 1 Entry forms **Country Energy Tamworth Bush Poetry Competition**. SSAE Jan Morris PO Box 3001 West Tamworth NSW 2340
- 6 **Nandewar Bush Poetry Awards** Presentations. Max Pringle [maxpringle@bigpond.com]
- 10 **St. ARNAUD Vic.** Contact Kath & Ross Vallance (03) 5495 1992
- 10-12 **BENALLA - VICTORIAN STATE CHAMPIONSHIPS** Written closes 10th September Performance closes 26th September
Secretary John Peel 613 Havelock St Ballarat 3350 Ph 03 5342 6305 johnp@goldacres.com.au
- 17 Closing Date **Walla Walla Wagon Wheel Written Awards** 11/33 Mardross Crt. Albury 2640 Ph. Erica 02 60405337 den53@austarnet.com.au
- 17-19 **NSW STATE CHAMPIONSHIPS** Morisset NSW - K Franks www.hunterbushpoets.org.au Carol Heuchan 02 4977 3210 carrobity@hotmail.com
- 19 **Jamberoo Valley Lodge** - One-day Festival - illawarrafolkclub.org.au Ph 1300 887 034
- 19 **2008 Rolf Boldrewood Literary Awards**. Prose and Verse. Macquarie Regional Library. PO Box 1042 Dubbo NSW 2830 or www.mrl.nsw.gov.au
- 23-26 **WIDGEE Q.** Balladeers Muster - Poets Breakfast - Lex 07 4129 3145 Merv 07 4159 1868
- 25-26 **HARDEN NSW - A Taste of Country** Performance Poetry Competition Poets Breakfast Sunday Morning 8am Page 1.& 21
- 31 Closing date. **GIPPLAND WATTLE \$1000** Written Comp. PO Box 453 Maffra V. 3860 Page 15

NOVEMBER

- 7-9 **Beechworth Celtic Festival** Vic. www.beechworthcelticfestival.com.au Poetry and Music.
- 8-10 **MAJORS CREEK NSW.** Folk Festival Alison Smith 02 4842 2889 asmith@braidwood.net.au
- 11 **GLEN INNES NSW** - Neville Campbell 02 6732 2417 nevillecampbell1@hotmail.com
- 14-15 **CROOKWELL NSW WOOL WAGON AWARDS** (page 8)
- 14-16 **DALGETY NSW** Snowy River Festival—\$1,000.00 Poets Competition - Yarnspinning - (page 21-22)
- 30 Closing date **BLACKENED BILLY Verse Competition** Jan Morris PO Box 3001 West Tamworth NSW 2340 janmorris@northnet.com.au
- 30 Closing date. **WA STATE CHAMPIONSHIPS** Brian Langley www.wabushpoets.com

DECEMBER

- 6-7 **YOUNG NSW** Competition & Breakfast. Greg Broderick 02 6382 2506 gre.jan@bigpond.com

Due to lack of support and the time involved in preparing the Calendar of Events plus the fact that no-one seemed to notice the supplement was missing from the June issue, I have included this calendar, updated to the best of my knowledge. The next full calendar will be included in the December issue, provided updates are received from event organizers by November 20th.

TASTE of COUNTRY HARDEN NSW

25th 26th October
Bush Poets Dinner
Performance Competition
& Sunday Brekkie

\$2000.00 Prize-money

Limited Entries
Close 1st October

Lorraine Brown 02 6386 2555 (B/hrs)

or

Connie McFadyen 02 6386 2575

e-mail: conniemcfadyen7@bigpond.com

HARDEN ARTS COUNCIL

PO Box 205

Harden NSW 2587

(See page 19)

Banjo made it famous, now we make it fun, on the Banks of the Snowy River



The SNOWY RIVER FESTIVAL

14-16 November, 2008

Dalgety NSW

Please e-mail info@snowyriverfestival.com for enquiries

(see p. 22)

OBIT: CATHERINE MARY (CATE) STEVENSON O.A.M. - 1950-2008



The Bush Poets lost a great friend and supporter when Cate Stevenson from Mount Kembla passed away on 2nd April 2008. Though not a poet herself

Cate was the driving force and organizer of one of the best festivals on the South Coast of NSW- The Mount Kembla Mining Heritage Festival. Cate and a small band of enthusiasts initiated the first festival in 2002 to commemorate the 100th anniversary of the worst land disaster in Australian history- The Mount Kembla Mine Disaster.

Ironically when she was planning the first festival in 2001 she was diagnosed with cancer and told she had less than a year to live. She was still plan-

ning this year's festival, the eighth, from her hospital bed in the last week of her life.

Cate had a great love of Australian poetry and Poets- A Henry Lawson Poem was read at her funeral, so it was only natural that any festival she was involved with would have a strong Poetry component. The 'King/Queen' of the mountain was an annual award (among many others) that were synonymous with Mount Kembla and was awarded for the best poem about mining or Mt Kembla. Such poetic luminaries as Greg North, Vic Jefferies, Viv Sawyer, Zondrae King were among the many who made the Mt Kembla Breakfast such notable events.

Cate's legacy will live on however and from her hospital bed she passed the baton on to local artists and poets Wendi Leigh and Dave Berry who have put together the 2008 poets Breakfast and awards. The poetry has been renamed the Cate Stevenson Memorial

Poets' Breakfast in her honour.

Nobody ever said no to Cate and she was a great fund raiser. The Festival always had great sponsorship and Cate also raised over half a million dollars in her role as secretary of the Illawarra Chapter of Vision Australia.

Her funeral was one of the biggest seen in Wollongong for years with many of the regions civic leaders in attendance. Her talents will be sorely missed. Cate who was 57, is survived by her husband, Andrew and a lot of grateful festival goers and poets. *(Russell Hannah)*

On Monday April 7, 2008, Cheryl Commazetto wrote: 'I thank God for the Gift of Cate, a truly beautiful soul who has touched the lives of so many. You will never be forgotten and will continue to live on in all of us. Love always, Cheryl'

Snowy River Festival - Dalgety NSW

The historic village of Dalgety on the banks of the Snowy River is the only town left on the Snowy River in New South Wales, after the flooding of Jindabyne and Adaminaby townships during construction of the Snowy River Scheme.

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

The Dalgety community, situated on the banks of the "Snowy" is proud to announce a celebration of Australian culture and true Snowy River heritage. Read all about it on the Snowy River Festival website.

Previously known as Buckley's Crossing, the township was surveyed in 1874. It was once a major stock crossing at a time when bullock trains were an important mode of transport. There was a punt across the river before the bridge was built in 1888. Dalgety is located on the Snowy River 19 km from Berridale and 50 km from Cooma and is 768 metres above sea level.

In 1902 Dalgety was one of the proposed sites for the nation's capital city.

The Snowy Mountains Hydro-

Electric Scheme made a huge impact on this once thriving town and it is hoped that in time, with the release of more water into the Snowy River that this National icon will again resemble the great river that it once was.

The Snowy River Festival is a three day celebration of this unique Australian way of life. It captures the history, heritage and culture of the 'High Country' with a few modern twists! Imagine flint-stones flying, perspiration flowing, every muscle working to breaking point as horse and rider work as one to utilize every ounce of skill they can muster. The weekend boasts a wide variety of Bush Festival Entertainment, so there is something for everyone.

Wander through the High Country Art Exhibition and see a fabulous display of works from a variety of talented artists. Listen to Bush Poets... 'He hails from Snowy River, up by Kosciuszko's side'... When Banjo Paterson's epic poem 'The Man from Snowy River' was first published, it captured the imagination of men and women both here and abroad, Dalgety will keep that legacy alive with the 'Bush Poetry



Competition' and story telling from yesteryear with Frank Daniel at the helm as the chase is on for a thousand dollars in prize-money.

On Sunday the Snowy Mountains Regional Food Fair will offer a delicious range of culinary delights to showcase our regions finest produce and restaurants.

Visitors will enjoy the Heritage Display, the \$1,000 Bush Poetry Recital, Stockman's Relay, Market and Trade Stalls, Working Clydesdales, Whipcrack Competition, Horse Shoeing, Dog High Jump, Brumby Catch, Snowy River Recovery, Traditional Aussie Bushdance (Saturday Night) and a variety of other entertainment for the kids.

(p. 21)

COUNTRY WOMEN

© Max Merckenschlager

Winning Poem - 2008 Golden Horseshoe Competition

We're delivered by dogs to her generous grin
as she opens the screen door to welcome us in.
There's a kettle on simmer for callers or kin
and we're sure of a seat at her table.

By the sink in a bucket with Steelo and Jex
is her morning's collection of dirtied and flecks
and a sweep of her forearm is clearing the decks
as she asks us to lunch, if we're able.

On her sideboard, a sepia image of gran
stares a book-end away from the pioneer man
who received all the credit for taming this land
and she's hiding their secret of sharing.

For she worked in the wings, copping hardship and pain
not a seeker of praises, nor one to complain
and if time was recycled, she'd choose to again
in their country of heartache and daring

making home between hessian on wattle and mud
where she once nursed an accident covered in blood
either bagging a fire, or bagging a flood
and "recruitments of labour" delivered

making do for her family when prices all fell
standing firm, when the bank was determined they'd sell
and the pandemic missed her - she had to stay well
as her sickened community shivered

where she learned how to handle an axe and a rake
either splitting a mountain or clearing a break
and dispatching in segments a home-sharing snake
with the air and aplomb of a bushie

where she buried the past of a city-bred bride
like she buried her face in a pillow and cried
on the evening he swept up and took her inside
at a hut that made hovels seem cushy

where the scrub was still beating a path to her door
and the meat-ants mined hillocks all over her floor
and a season could pass between trips to the store
there was seldom a nag or a grumble

where the trimmings of lace from the gown she had worn
for a feminine touch to the windows were torn
and the sunshine of laughter that greeted each dawn
filled her eyes and her cottage so humble

where the drought-stricken country, once toasted and
parched
saw her youngest to oldest all lined up and marched
into weekly-bathwater their clothes could have starched
saved for mother, and then for her garden

where the orphans in dozens were reared on a teat
all her surrogate-shadows of twitching and bleat
every cutlet-conversion she chose not to eat
because parts of her never could harden

where she battled depression, both mental and real
when her man was off droving with dogs on his heel
and the Nineties conspired to rob their next meal
though they feasted on love at her table

where she faced every element throwing its worst
suing peace with her Maker to bury their first
for the life which He gave her was bless-ed, not cursed
she was queen, and the scrub was her sable.

But the musings are popped, for our hostess-ignored
has returned from her kitchen with black-coffee poured.
She is wearing both hats of the labour and Board
and her rationale's simply survival.

She is often the farm-hand and always the cook
and she downloads their data and balances book.
All her roles are essential, while farming is crook
and the pundits don't fancy revival.

For her kids are in Uni and planning careers
that will keep them in cities with most of their peers
and she handles the logic, while swallowing tears
for the land and its people are wearing.

And those legendary yardings of heavenly hosts
mobs of drovers and ringers and glamourised ghosts
look below from 'The Muster' on all at their posts
and salute country women for caring.



2008 ABPA AUSTRALIAN BUSH POETRY CHAMPIONSHIPS

hosted by

The North Pine Bush Poets Group Queensland

22nd, 23rd & 24th August 2008

\$7,000.00 TOTAL PRIZEMONEY \$7,000.00

New Venue - CLUB PINE RIVERS cnr Sparkes & Francis Roads BRAY PARK

Phone Club Pine Rivers 07 3205 2677

Friday night: Poets Brawl - - Saturday night: Gala Concert (Bookings essential)

Junior - Novice - Open Male and Female - Performance Competitions

Billy Hay Memorial Yarn Spinning - Novelty events

Go to the ABPA Website for further information www.abpa.org.au

Contact the Secretary Manfred Vijars PO Box 701 Morningside Q 4170 or manfred@rocketfrog.com.au



