

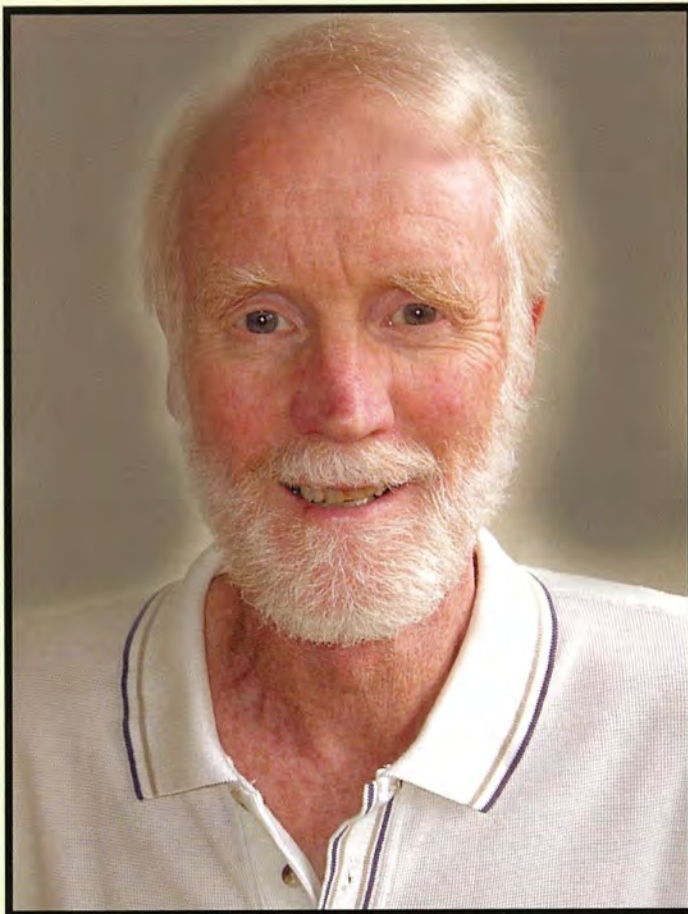
ABPA

The Australian Bush Poets Association Inc.



Volume 15
No. 6.
December 2008
January 2009

Magazine - (since 1994)



DAVID CAMPBELL



STEPHEN WHITESIDE

CJ Dennis (1876-1938) was all the talk during October 2008 with the centenary of his taking up residence at Toulangi, east of Melbourne in 1908.

Celebrations and competitions were the order of the weekend with poetry events held at "The Singing Gardens", a tea-room sited on the grounds of Dennis' old home, "Arden". (p. 8)

Two of our Victorian members, David Campbell of Beaumaris and Stephen Whiteside of Glen Iris featured prominently on this occasion and in the written section. The winning poems and special features are presented in this issue.



IN THIS ISSUE:

Featured articles on Bruce Forbes Simpson and the new 18 track CD of some of his works by Noel Stallard.

Tributes to CJ Dennis and the Toulangi Centenary celebrations.

Review of NSW and Victorian State Titles. Festivals and events scheduled for early in the New Year.

New CD release from *Fine Poets* with Jack Thompson reading the works of Banjo Paterson. Special offer to members of the Australian Bush Poets Association.

New Calendar of Events.

Annual Membership is now due
Give an annual subscription for Xmas

Ask a friend to become a member
Help keep our Heritage Alive

Bruce Forbes-Simpson is without doubt one of Australia's living legends. A former bushman, packhorse drover, explorer, saddler, one-time insurance salesman, long time devoted husband and father and foremost one of the nations better known writers, a story-teller and bush poet. Here us a selection of Bruce's poems as told by Noel Stallard with introductions by Bruce Simpson. (see ad. next page)



BRUCE SIMPSON

This CD has been produced so that many more Australians can enjoy the unique verse of Bruce Simpson. For those of you who have not read Bruce's latest book, *Where the Outback Drovers Ride* I urge you to get a copy and read what it contains. It really is compulsory reading for all Aus-

tralian who want to know how the pioneering drovers of Australia operated. It is one of those books that once you start you do not want to put down.

While there have been many drovers who had first hand experience of what was involved in droving there is no drover like Bruce Simpson who can capture so vividly in both prose and verse the lifestyle of these Australians. Bruce lived the life and his empathy with the life style is tangible. For most of us city dwellers this life of the drover is an aspect of our heritage that we would have no perception of, if it were not for the writings of Bruce Simpson.

He shares the smell of dust that the cattle raise, the mournful sounds of bellowing when they lack water, the adrenalin rush the night-watch has when a rush occurs and the courage and skill that are required to quell the rush and settle the cattle. We see the drover in the stark outback, we see the drover in the unfamiliar city. The characters and stories that Bruce shares with us are uniquely Australian.

His poems flow like casual conversations the writer might have with his reader. The metre and rhyme he uses are great examples to aspiring writers of consistent, accurate bush poetry where the reader is unconscious of the structure and focuses only on the action and thr emotions being expressed. It is no surprise that Bruce has won, on two occasions (1972 and 1975), the most prestigious and converted Bush Poetry Writing Award, namely The Bronze Swagman. In 1972 he won with, *Gold Star* and in 1975, *Vale Rusty Reagan*. His two books, *Packhorse Drover* and *Songs of the Droving Season* were awarded Golden Gumleaf Awards and I am sure the only reason his latest book, *Where the Outback Drovers Ride* did not get a Golden Gumleaf is because it contained extracts from his previous award winning books.

Too often we wait till significant people are dead before we acknowledge their outstanding contribution to our culture but Novetel, Brisbane in 2007 are to be congratulated for bestowed the honour of naming their Boardroom, The Bruce Simpson Room in honour of this Australian drover. Hopefully they have set a precedent that other significant business concerns will follow.

Bruce was born in 1923 and raised on a small cattle and sugar property off Old Pinnacle Station, west of Mackay. Born at a time when everything was done with horses he learnt to ride at an early age and rode to school double bank and bareback with his elder brother Keith. Bruce had a basic education but the depression put paid to his mother's plans of secondary schooling at a boarding school. Due to his love of horses and the influence of his father, himself a top horseman, it seemed inevitable Bruce would follow horse work. But no one tells his story like he does so get a copy of, *Where the Outback Drovers Ride* and learn as I did of the harsh, exciting and rewarding life of a packhorse drover.

Because Bruce's eyesight does not allow him to read his works I have been given the honour of presenting a selection of his poems in this CD. No doubt many will listen to these poems as they drive the same Australian outback that Bruce experienced as a packhorse drover.

Noel Stallard
President
Australian Bush Poets Association
2008

THE PACKHORSE DROVER

© Bruce Simpson

Oh the droving life is a life that's free,
On the unfenced routes of the back country,
And a packhorse camp is the place to be,
When they're bringing the store mob's over;
Oh life is happy with not a care,
With the bush smells strong on the balmy air,
For a whiff of the cook would curl your hair,
In the camp of the packhorse drover.

Now the drover's bed is a couch to please,
On the stony ground mid the Bogan fleas,
Or in mud that is up to a horse's knees,
When the wintry rains drift over;
But life is happy and life is sweet,
Tho' there's never enough for a man to eat,
And losing weight is a simple feat,
In the camp of the packhorse drover.

The sky is grey with a hint of rain,
While the wind blows chill o'er the Rankine plain,
And a ringer swears that he'll drove again,
When the ceiling of Hell frosts over;
But life is happy and life is good,
'Round a cow-dung fire when there is no wood,
When the damper tastes as it never should,
In the camp of a packhorse drover.

We watch the mob and we sing the blues,
And we'd sell our souls for a nip of booze,
As the hours drag by on their leaden shoes,
And the Southern Cross turns over;
It's a rugged life but we never whine,
For the mate-ship found in the bush is fine,
Tho' the boss of course is a hungry swine,
And a typical packhorse drover.

PRESIDENTS REPORT



G'day Members,

On behalf on the Association I wish to congratulate all those writers and performers who have done so much in 2008 to wave the banner for bush poetry. Certainly from a President's perspective I have had nothing but praise from the public for the entertainment you have provided throughout the year. I particularly want to thank the organisers of festivals. More than most, your dedicated efforts make it possible for the public to experience the best of our members' writing and performance skills. Thank you.

To people like Ed and Marg Parmenter for their roles as Secretary and Treasurer and Frank Daniel as editor of the ever popular Newsletter and my committee I am most grateful. Andy Schnalle has created further innovations as the Webmaster. Members should browse our website frequently to read the information and Forum involvement that Andy has provided. This year he has researched from their origins the winners of our major writing and performance competitions as well as conducting for the first time a very success-

ful "students email writing competition" (and thank you Janine Haig for being one of the judges). The time and skills that both Frank, Andy and the committee generously give for our membership can not be overstated.

I am happy to report that the John O'Brien Centre Project for Narrandera is back on track. After a frustrating twelve months of battles with the previous Council the new Narrandera Council, in a matter of two hours, made the location decision we needed that

allowed our architect to start designing an appropriate building. Hopefully these plans for the building and the displays inside will become available to the Council and the public by late February.

Once these are approved we can then get a Prospectus printed and go to Government Agencies and big business for the necessary funds. As President of this project I wish to thank the poets for their generous support.

By the time you read this we will (hopefully) have paid tribute to Bruce Simpson. We had intended doing this at the Australian Championships in August but Bruce had a Drovers' Reunion commitment so we postponed it till the 30th November. I am keen to celebrate significant people while they can appreciate our gratitude and not have to wait for some funeral oration. Bruce's eyesight does not allow him to read his own poetry and while it is my voice presenting the poems on the CD, Bruce Simpson it is Bruce who provides the interesting introductions to at least eleven of the eighteen tracks. As well as the launch of the CD on November 30th, there will be a Tribute Concert in which six poets will present various poems by this legend.

Members I hope you and your families have a joy-filled Christmas and that 2009 showers you with success, good health and happiness. With gratitude,

Noel Stallard

Visit the ABPA Inc website
Check out the Forum
go to:
www.abpa.org.au



VALE RUSTY REAGAN

© Bruce Forbes Simpson

Old Rusty Reagan's cashed his chips
No more he'll go on droving trips
And no more grog will pass the lips
Of drunken Rusty Reagan.
He died of drink, or so they say,
Or pure neglect, but anyway
The sands of time have slipped away
For luckless Rusty Reagan.

Although he camped upon the flat,
The bar was his true habitat,
And home was underneath the hat
of drifter Rusty Reagan.
There's none to say from whence he
came,
Not sure, in fact, if that's his name,
To Rusty, though, it's all the same,
Dead finish Rusty Reagan.

No relatives with reddened eyes
Will weep at Rusty's sad demise,
No lowered flag at half-mast flies
To honour Rusty Reagan.
We'll miss perhaps his ugly dial,
His raucous voice and toothy smile,
We'll miss him for a little while
Then forget Rusty Regan.

Perhaps somewhere someone will wait,
A mother, sister, brother, mate,
Who'll wonder as they vainly wait
For absent Rusty Reagan.
I'd like to think some tears might fall
For Rusty's ilk, no-hopers all,
Who answer that last trumpet call
Unmourned like Rusty Reagan.



Bruce Simpson

Bush Poetry

Presented by Noel Stallard

CD - 18 Tracks

From 'ThePackhorse Drover'
to 'And Yet Sometimes'

Introductions by Bruce Simpson

\$ 22.00 Posted

from

Noel Stallard

PO Box 131

ARANA HILLS Qld. 4054

TOMORROW

© Tom Stonham 2.4.05



We've all seen those scenarios
of tomorrow's gloom and doom.

Will Earth avoid that asteroid
or will Earth be Mankind's tomb?
Dark and dire, frost or fire?

Will we freeze, fry, starve to death?
Will smoke and fog combine as smog
and pollute our ev 'ry breath?

The human race attacked from space
bug-eyed monsters, ten feet high!

The oceans grow and over flow,
drown great cities, millions die.

Plagues, predators, Godzilla, Jaws,
rot, ridiculous, naive.

We love to dwell on scenes from Hell,
science fiction... make-believe.

Huge tsunamis, foreign armies,
terrorists, atomic war.

Ev 'rybody knows about them
but there's one threat most ignore.

Consumer debt that can't be met,
money, stocks, bonds, shares, all fold.

The world just stops, it shuts its shops
crammed with goods that can't be sold.

A million or a billion bucks,
(credit ref'rences, not cash).

Split second hurled around the world.
Zap! Digested in a flash.

Short-term rebates, high int' rest rates,
future-trading, broker's tips.

Computer crime in real time,
frauds, nerds, hackers, dot com blips!.

In days of old pure gold was sold,
at a fixed price per fine ounce.

But now gold floats on paper notes
in deep meaningless amounts.

Gold loses weight as notes inflate.
(Don't laugh! That's far from funny!)

When banks go bust there's not a crust
where once flowed milk and honey.

We're spending what we haven't got,
buying gadgets we don't need.

Cards stand in rows like dominos
in a grand parade of greed.

One's bound to fall and knock them all.
(You've all heard of Murphy's Law!)

We'll surely crack the camel's back
by adding that last straw!

Take overs, deals, wheels inside wheels,
no-one knows just who owns what.

Wild bulls and bears in Wall Street lairs
think that they control the plot.

Rah-Rah! Ding-dong! We roll along,
wax fat on what we borrow.

Forget the crunch... sham-pagne for lunch...
The real pain starts... tomorrow!!

NSW STATE CHAMPIONSHIPS

The NSW Open State Championships have been a source of concern for some time and at one stage it looked like there wouldn't even be a NSW competition at all. Even when they were awarded to Morisset, there was unease. Little help in the form of experienced organisers and virtually nil funds put enormous pressure on Hunter Bush Poets. But it happened and was a great success.

With the prime focus being on the poets, the aim was to run a competition on a fair and level playing field with reasonable remuneration - satisfying participants, organisers, sponsors and audience alike.

With a core of diehard workers, a handful of generous supporters, some innovative ideas and a heap of 'paddling under water' by the coordinator, the event, it would seem, passed with flying colours.

Friday night's 'Team Brawl' themed as 'The School Elocution Contest' brought out some hilarious frivolity on stage as compere Carol Heuchan, in graduation gown and with excessive use of the cane, tried to control the out-of-control poets who threw themselves into the roles (in costume) of unruly school kids. Great judges (Lenny Knight, Trisha Anderson, Alison Newman, Carol Heuchan) and careful planning meant the day went off like clockwork..

The event was well supported by poets and patrons - the latter just awed by the entertainment.

A sit-down dinner for over eighty was booked out months before and the town was well and truly able to cater to and accommodate others.

Carol diverted attention from a minor plumbing hitch during the day, by reciting Milton Taylor's "The Saga of Cecil".

Final event and presentation on the Saturday night was well attended and diligent scrutineers ensured a precision ceremony with certificates, cash prizes, Poet's Corner wine, and three superb Championship Trophies. Club member Ted Wallace's hand-crafted, dovetailed, rosewood stationery boxes (and matching pens) were just the envy of all and carved with the emblem or the Hunter Bush Poets on top.

The awards were fairly well distributed, with Sally Mitchell, Susan Carcary, Gabby Colquhoun and Kath Edwards in the running but the Championship went to Susy.

The men put up a great show with Greg North and Terry Regan neck and neck until a couple of hiccups from Greg sent the nod to Terry.

The Written section offered a critique on every poem

a. to give fair value for money;
b. to try to encourage a higher overall standard of Bush Poetry for the future and c. (in the words of Judge, Carol Heuchan) to share the love and help that she has been given.

Carol realised that many people do not really want a critique but expect



Winners are grinners at Morisset for the NSW State Championships
L to R. Terry Regan, Blaxland NSW - Greg North, Linden NSW -
Susie Carcary, Canberra - Sally Mitchell, Ellerstone NSW -
Robert Markwell, Wangi Wangi NSW.

VICTORIAN STATE CHAMPIONSHIPS

The 2008 Victorian Open Bush Poetry Championships were held at the Benalla Bowls Club over the weekend of October 10-12, opening with a concert by Noel Stallard on the Friday night. The audience was treated to a great variety of material, ranging from Noel's own original poetry; contemporary poems from authors such as Bobby Miller; and traditional poems by PJ Hartigan (John O'Brien) performed in character. Perhaps the highlight of the show was Noel's performance of the 'Waltzing Matilda' parody, 'Waltzing a Ninja'.

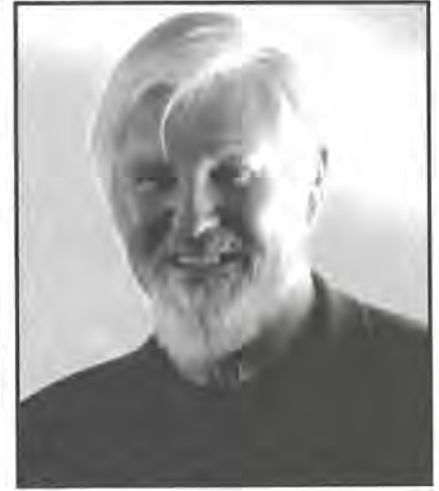
The competition began on the Saturday morning with the Traditional Poetry section. The men's award was picked up by Jim Brown of Heathmont V. with his performance of Henry Lawson's, 'Song of the Old Bullock Driver'. Tom O'Connor from Swan Hill, finished only a point behind with his performance of 'The Coachman's Yarn' by EJ Brady – it was this performance that later earned him the men's novice award.

Jan Lewis of Cudgewa NSW won the women's section with 'Honeymooning in the Country' by PJ Hartigan – just a few points ahead of Carol Reffold with her performance of Hal Percy's 'Aussies'.

The original song section was taken out by Jim Brown with 'The Message on the Wall' with second place going to Herb 'Lunmo' Lummis with 'Rabbit on a Shovel' and Mark Henderson third with, 'Give Me Water'.

In the men's Original Poetry, Jack O'Connor received his first win in an open competition with the 'Tasmanian

Tiger', just ahead of John Peel's, 'An Autumn Night in the Mountains'. Another first time winner in the women's section was Lynne Frederick, with 'A Cow of a Tale', this performance also earned her the female novice's award in her first ever competition. Jan Lewis came second with, 'Scones'.



2008 Victorian State Champions. Jan Lewis and Jim Brown

The Saturday night Australian concert featured performances from the competition judges – a great opportunity for the competitors and patrons alike to see that all of the judges knew their stuff when it comes to performing. A number of poets from the competition also took part alongside traditional singers Maggie Murphy and Eileen McPhillips making the evening a very enjoyable show.

The 'other song' part of the music competition was contested during the concert with Jim Brown emerging victorious and Mark Henderson and Norm Deumer filling in the ranks.

The Junior competition on Sunday was taken out by Naomi Frederick, the daughter of Lynne, with 'Banjo' Pater-son's classic, 'Mulga Bill's Bicycle'.

Kyle Sparks, the grandson of Molly, was the runner-up with 'The Man from Ironbark'.

The women's traditional section saw a close tussle between the eventual winner, Jean Lindley of Charters Towers Q. and Victorian, Carol Reffold.

Jim Brown won the Traditional section against Tom O'Connor who is making his mark lately as a competitor after many years as a very keen observer.

The topic for the one minute poem, 'He Thundered Past', was chosen at random from a book which turned out to be a great topic for some of the poets. In the end this was taken out by 'the Kiwi from Corryong', Nadia Insall.

In terms of the championships, which were decided on the points aggregate across the three sections contested, Jan Lewis was the women's champion with Annette Roberts runner up. Jim Brown was the men's champion with John Peel the runner up.

Colin Carrington took out the intermediate section and Norm Deumer well deserved the encouragement award for his efforts.

(go to p. 6 for report on the written section)

to be told that they are 'The New Lawson' and she waited for the shrapnel but was delighted to receive dozens of emails and letters of thanks.

The top twenty poems were outstanding and two of the best writers in the country showed their expertise with Veronica Weal (Qld.) winning the Humorous and David Campbell (Vic.) the Serious and subsequently the Championship. Highest placed NSW writer was Ron Stevens.

Parties and singalongs followed every night (thanks to the great Lenny Knight) and Sunday had forty two turn up to the Brekky One Minute Brawl and laugh themselves silly.

Benalla is now officially the Bush Poetry Capital of Victoria.

From 2009 all future state championships will be held at the Benalla Bowls Club over the third weekend of October.

The aim of the VBPM is to work with the Benalla Agricultural Show committee to cross promote their championships and the annual show to encourage people from Melbourne to visit and experience a genuine 'taste of the country'.

The retiring executive of the VBPM were re-elected at the AGM and planning is well advanced for next years championships.

"The message is finally getting through that bush poetry is genuine live Australian entertainment with the emphasis on 'performance' and humour being very much to the fore."

President of the VBPM Colin Carrington said, "he was delighted with the number of first time competitors in both poetry and song genres."

HONEYMOON HOTEL

© Col Wilson 'Blue the Shearer'

I once had a mate, a drover by trade,
who was head over heels in love with a maid.
Her feelings for him were equally clear,
and she said she'd wed him, if he gave up beer.
"Of course I will darling." He said with a smile,
as he drank in her beauty, and elegant style.
And just to impress her, he meant to do well,
he booked them a suite in a temperance hotel.

And so on the night of the day they were wed,
they reached the hotel, and went straight up to bed.
A little while later, with wondering look,
she said to him: "Darling, I'm sure the earth shook."
Then right at that moment, they both heard the sound,
and felt the vibration of a train, underground.
It seemed that the room, that they now occupied,
had an underground railway station, outside.
But being new married, they did not complain,
and neither one cared when the earth shook again.

Many hours later, to slumber they went,
completely exhausted, by love's labour, spent.
The groom dreamed of droving, away on the plains,
a long way removed from those rumbling trains.
The cattle were restless. A cough, or a word,
could turn a quiet mob to a thundering herd.
A bright fork of lightning flashed in the sky.
At that stage of his dream, a train rumbled by..

Now to men who were born to the true droving breed,
a rumble at night could mean only STAMPEDE.

Up leapt the groom, with a terrible roar.
"Stampede". He yelled, as his feet hit the floor.
His terrified bride saw him leap on his horse,
to head off the leaders. (He was dreaming, of course.)
But alas. 'Twas no horse from some far western stable.
He had mounted, in dream, an oak dressing table.

An oak dressing table's no place for a groom,
but they tell me it galloped, three times round the room.
The crashing and banging, a scream from the bride,
woke up the drover and stopped his mad ride.
Throughout the hotel came cries of complaint,
like: "Quiet." "Get knotted." and "Show some restraint."
And our honeymoon couple deemed it as well,
to quietly depart from that temperance hotel.

Some years have gone by since that rumbling train,
triggered the dream of the herd on the plain.
The honeymoon's over, as well you may think,
and my mate, the ex drover, he does take a drink.
Marriage has made him a far nicer person,
he no longer gets into bed with his spurs on.
The hotel's still there, with its temperance paddle,
with an old dressing table, that's broke to the saddle.

COL WILSON

'Blue the Shearer' is a writer, a performer, a satirist and a retired bureaucrat. He's now 80 years young and has been writing poetry for ABC radio programs for 20 years.

His real name is Col Wilson and no, he's not a shearer! Never was! He was born at Merrylands in western Sydney, was educated at Parramatta and played Rugby Union on Saturdays under the name of William Collins and League on Sundays as Colin Wilson.

He moved to Wellington in NSW where he worked in Youth and Community Services for twenty-five years and was Regional Director for Western NSW covering an area from Lithgow to Broken Hill.

He says he's become a journeyman poet. "I can fashion a product that's pretty much like a carpenter making a bookshelf each week. Sometimes his material could be better and sometimes his finish could be better, but it is an acceptable type of offering at the end of his endeavours."

He was born on 26th January 1928 and is the only living poet that has a national public holiday to commemorate the occasion.



BUNGENDORE BUSH POETRY

Bush Poets and Balladeers welcome visitors to the Bungendore Country Muster, the festival celebrating Australian Bush Ballads.

When Jim Snow opened the first Bungendore Country Muster in 1986 he predicted a great future for the festival and he got it right. The Bungendore Country Muster has continued and in 2006 celebrated its 21st birthday and each year it continues to go from strength to strength.

Set on the Southern Tablelands adjacent to Canberra, the Muster is unique in that it is the only 'all Australian' country music festival in Australia and has a core policy of existing for the betterment and benefit of the Bungendore community and Australian country music.

Bush Poetry became a part of the annual festival in 1994 when Frank Daniel led the charge for the first poets breakfast; the first two years at the Light Horse Cottage and then at Elmslea Homestead until three years ago when it moved to the Bungendore Bowling Club. Two cooked poets brekkies are available from 7am each day with walk-up poets coming from all states of Australia.

All money raised during the festival goes to the local community and on improving the facilities for patrons.

The Festival is held on the first weekend in February each year with the next being

2009 – 31st January – 1st February. p.20.

VICTORIAN CHAMPIONSHIPS

(From p. 5)

David Campbell was once again successful in snaring the written championship for the fourth year running with his poem, "Jumping the Rattler".

David attended the presentations on the Sunday and read the winning poem for the audience. He also managed to snare the runner up prize for the second year running with, "A Letter Home...September 1946".

Highly commended awards were received by Neil Carroll, Val Wallace, Jim Brown, Ellis Campbell and Kym Eitel (for two of her poems).



VALE: JAMES HASSAN 1925-2008

The passing of James Hasson of Beaudesert is yet another blow to the members of the Bush Poetry fraternity. The late James Hassan was born in Ireland in 1925, moved to England in 1942 and married Edith from Manchester in 1943. During WWII he served in the Royal Navy Fleet Air Arm.

James came to Australia in 1951 and worked with earth moving machinery and then with power stations and oil refineries. He started his own engineering business 1967 and became well established.

Advised to take things easy by his doctor James bought a house with 500 acres to get away from it all and so became a sheep farmer, it was a new life and he missed it when he settled in Beaudesert.

On Saturday 29th January 2005 with a good number of poets, he attended a workshop conducted by Glenny Palmer.

"We got more than an education from Glenny," James once said, "we got inspiration, I wasn't feeling too well that morning but came away knowing I had met some wonderful people and feeling a lot better."

He first tried writing poetry when he was a teenager and was always a willing student.

Jim was a foundation member of the Beaudesert Bush Bards and had been battling ill health for over a year.

Jim was an avid user of the internet and used this media to contact and maintain his connection with bush poets all over the country.

He was a gentle man, a good poet and a



great friend to everyone he met. James was proud to become an Australian Citizen over thirty years ago. He passed away on 7th October.

DUNEDOO BUSH POETRY

Dunedoo Bush Poetry Festival committee is preparing for another great event to coincide with the first weekend in March 2009.

The festival starts on Thursday 5th with an improved Meet and Greet at the Caravan Park. A BBQ will be available along with free entertainment by the local Sing Australia group plus other entertainment. Free site accommodation is always available this night and at the showground after the caravan Park is full.

Friday's bus tour of the local area is always popular going to different areas each year with die hard locals as commentators. Bookings are essential with morning tea provided but, bring your own lunch. This is a good opportunity to see the bush as it really is.

The junior Primary and Secondary poetry competition will be held on Friday followed by the Friday night yarn-spinning at the Golf club with \$250.00 for the best yarn not told at Dunedoo before. Colonial music will follow for a great night's entertainment. Prize-money of over \$3000 for Poetry and Yarn Spinning will be offered along with a junior performance and junior written competitions plus an open Written Competition with a bonus for best Humorous written poem.

Saturday's competition will be Nov-

James Hassan's response to my first phone call to him. Editor.

'Hello Frank that was a nice surprise talking to you I enjoyed it I looked Canowindra up on the map I must have been very close to it a few times The following are some of the poems I mentioned I think it is a great way to get things out the good and the not so good. Here goes Jim.

Needless to say Jim's punctuation improved as time went by.

Boy

© JJ Hassan 2000

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

Time changes things, as age sets in
Hair turns to grey, we lose our kin
And so it is, with Boy and I
We stroll now, where we used to fly

Our joints are stiff, and movement pains
We both know, before it rains
And take the stride which serves us best
When we tire, we take a rest

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

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

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

ice, Classical, Original and Contemporary sections with \$200 bonus each for champion male and female poet.

Saturday night Milton Taylor and Lennie Knight will be guest artists along with a medley of poets; a great time is assured. Admission \$20 includes supper. Bookings preferred.

Sunday morning from 8am in Lions Milling Park, enjoy a Poet's Breakfast and a One-minute Brawl winner takes all.

See ad. page 19.



Toolangi Festival

THE TRIANGULAR CANTALOUPE

(not to be confused with "The Triantiwontigongolope",
a poem by CJ Dennis) © Stephen Whiteside 22.05.08 Glen Iris, Vic. 3146

POETRY, crafts and kids activities dominated the inaugural Toolangi Festival held on the weekend of 18 - 19 October to celebrate the centenary of the arrival of CJ Dennis in 1908. Toolangi is a small town surrounded by mountain ash forest in the hills about 70km east of Melbourne.

Dennis lived in a Mill cottage, was a member of the cricket club and later on, the progress association.

In 1915 he bought the cottage for twenty-two pounds and commuted between Toolangi and the Melbourne when he was working for the Herald and the Argus.

The poetry events were held at "The Singing Gardens", a tea-room sited on the grounds of Dennis' old home, "Arden". They have been owned and managed by Jan and Vic Williams since 1969.

Dennis built a small lake near the bottom of his gardens, beside the Yea River. In 1934 the English poet laureate, John Masefield, a great fan of Dennis, visited him at his home for the day. The two were famously photographed sitting by the banks of the lake. After the visit, an English copper beech tree was planted beside the lake to mark the occasion. It is now a magnificent, mature tree.

A written poetry competition was held in the lead-up to the festival. A ceremony to announce the winners and present the prizes took place in front of the copper beech on Saturday afternoon.

The Mayor of Murrindindee was in attendance, as was a representative from the State Minister for Regional and Rural Development. There were two junior categories, as well as an Open Section. All winners were invited to read their poems. The Open winners were David Campbell, Stephen Whiteside and Daan Spijjer. Several children also read.

A larger and more ambitious poetry show took place the following afternoon with Steven Whiteside acting as MC. Poets came from all over Victoria to take part, and pay tribute to the legacy of CJ Dennis. Among those to perform were Phil Ilton, David Campbell, Daan Spijjer, Carol Reffold, Eddie Dalton, Jim Brown, Peter Rowland and Bob Crowther. Several audience members also participated.

There's a very funny piece of fruit that one day you should taste,
For if you left it on the ground it would be such a waste.
It isn't long. It isn't thin. It isn't round or square.
It's not a juicy orange and it's nothing like a pear.
Its skin is quite a tough one, but I know you still will cope,
So try,
Try eating a...
Try eating a triangular cantaloupe!

Rock melons, as you know, are nothing like a rock.
They're much more like a bowling ball, and so it's quite a shock
To find one sharp and pointy, like a stone upon the ground.
In fact, you'd be most fortunate if such a fruit you found,
Because they are extremely rare. Yet still you will, I hope,
Then try,
Try eating a...
Try eating a triangular cantaloupe!

There isn't any hurry, though. It cannot roll away,
Because its base is flat, you see. It simply has to stay.
Leaves that fall upon its peak will tumble down its sides,
And if you tap it with your foot, you'll find it simply slides.
You'll also see it stays quite well, even on a slope,
So try,
Try eating a...
Try eating a triangular cantaloupe!

I told you they were very rare. In fact, I told a lie.
They don't exist at all, you see. (Oh, please don't start to cry!)
They could have, though, if grapes were square, and plums dodecahedral
(Perhaps I should confess my sin inside an old cathedral),
And if they did exist they'd likely taste like mouldy rope,
So it's probably just as well you can't try,
Try eating a...
Try eating a triangular cantaloupe!

Eileen McPhillips of Mt. Macedon delivered a number of Celtic songs followed in turn by poets reciting the works of CJ Dennis.

Runner-up in the written competition, Stehen Whiteside, quite proficiently held the reins as MC and performed Dennis' 'The Ant Explorer'.

In the second round poets performed works of their own choice, original or otherwise and featured Ross Noble with the fractured 'tairy fale' Rindercella. Other poets were Phil Ilton, David Campbell, Daan Spijjer, Carol Reffold, Eddie Dalton, Jim Brown, Peter Rowland and Bob Crowther

David Campbell took out the written section with his 'One Day in Little Lon' (p. 10).

CJ Dennis



HARDEN NSW

The Mechanics Institute in Harden came alive on Saturday night 25th October for the Taste of Country Festival's Poets Dinner and Performance Competition. A great line-up of top notch poets made their way to town for the Annual event now in its fifteenth year since inauguration.

The Harden Festival is a small but a major highlight on the Bush Poets Calendar.

Comper for the night, accomplished poet and author Frank Daniel did wonders transforming the stage with a beautifully painted rural scene which was the backdrop for the nights performances.

Following an introduction by Connie McFadyen and Frank, a beautiful

STEPHEN WHITESIDE

Stephen Whiteside has been an avid lover of Paterson and Lawson from a very early age. First introduced to them by his father he has been writing rhyming verse since then.

As a young adult he stumbled on CJ Dennis around the centenary of his birth amidst a mini Dennis publishing boom. Thirty years later CJ Dennis remains his favourite.

After a crack at full-time performing in the early 80's it became quite clear to Stephen in the early stages that he was never going to earn a living at it! He continued with his writing and performing and since then has written 800 - 900 poems.

In the early 90's he started writing rhyming verse for children, some of his best stuff has been written for kids.

The NSW School Magazine has published many of them, as have some other educational publishers. The ABC published a few on an audio-cassette of Australian poems and stories for children. A couple of them have also been published in the US and NZ. One poem, "Dad Meets The Martians", was turned into a song, and recorded on CD in NZ. Stephen presented poetry workshops for children performing his own poems as well as some C. J. Dennis favourites

In recent years he began writing for adults again noting with interest how the

landscape has changed since the eighties. "I don't think we really talked about bush verse back then, It was all just 'poetry', or 'spoken word' ".

Rhyming verse, according to Stephen, was always regarded as a bit second rate back then.

"It's great", he says, "to see that it now has its own legitimacy. The ABPA seems to have achieved an enormous amount in this regard."

Stephen works full time as a doctor (GP) in Melbourne, so doesn't get as many opportunities to perform as he would like. He finds written competitions are a good outlet and so has been concentrating on them in recent years. Quite a few of his poems have received awards in the Grenfell Henry Lawson competition, and his poem "One Hundred Years From Now" won the Nimbin Poetry comp last year. His poem "Clancy of the Undertow", was Highly Commended in the Bronze Swagman comp in 1986, and published in the anthology of that year.

His poems are mostly humorous, with a strong emphasis on rhyme and metre, although some of them are more reflective.

For the past five years, Stephen has been attending the Maldon Folk Festival in November where a strong commitment exists for the spoken word.

His first book, "Poems of 2007", was published in February 2008 and has done extremely well while his second book "Early Poems and Songs (including "Omeo")" is now also available.



Stephen Whiteside 'The stor 'at Coot' ??

*I took a derry on this stor 'at
coot*

*First time I seen 'im dodgin'
round Doree n. CJD.*

Stephen plans to publish a book every six months for the next few years.

Each February he will publish "Poems of (whatever year the last one was)", and every August will publish a retrospective collection of some sort. He already has enough stuff for at least 6 books.

At some stage, he plans on publishing some of his books of poems for children. "Poems of 2007" and "Early Poems and Songs (including "Omeo")" are available from the author: Price: \$17.85

Stephen Whiteside
15 Hilltop Avenue Glen Iris V. 3146
e. swhiteside@netspace.net.au

meal was served by chefs Rob and Kerry Provan and the Harden Rotarians.

The evening got under way with the Traditional Section for poetry by any author, and was led by former Harden-ite Neil Smith with a heartfelt poem about the devastating fires at Junee on New Years Day 2006.

The major standout performance and winner in this section was Robyn Sykes, editor of the Yass Tribune, from Binalong. Robyn's poem about the problem's facing farming families and, especially, the big issue of who the family farm be handed on to, struck a familiar chord with the rural audience.

Other place-getters in the traditional section were Susan Carcary (ACT), Garry Lowe (Berkley Vale) and Greg Broderick (Young).

The comfortable pace of the first half of the evening was enlivened for the humorous section by deleting the need

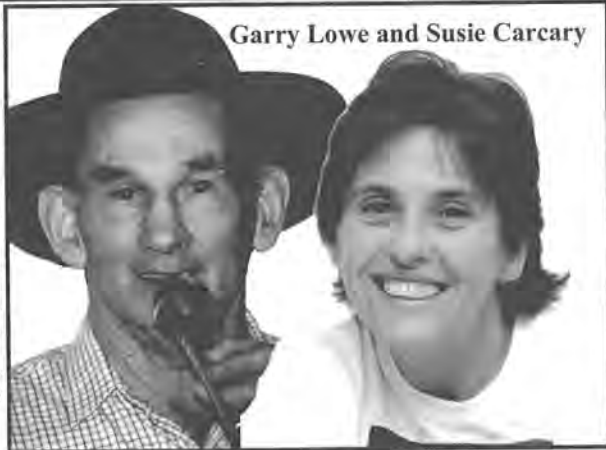
for a preamble; it was a lively, fast and furious round of entertainment.

The audience loved it, the pace was set and the judges enjoyed the atmosphere and were kept well and truly on their toes.

The evening conclude with an all-in Poets Brawl. Poets had to write an entry there and then on the night, on any subject, and the results were terrific.

New-comer to the poetry scene, Terry Moriarty of Carcoar NSW, was overall winner judged by the resounding audience response. Twelve poets and audience members took part in the brawl

Sunday morning saw a full house at Stocks Native Nursery's Coonderabi Café for more than a hearty breakfast.



Garry Lowe and Susie Carcary

The calibre of the performances over the weekend was truly remarkable.

Always a winner, the popular Harden festival and competition is taking bookings for 2009 already.

Results can be found on page 20. (HM Express)

ONE DAY IN LITTLE LON

© 2008 David Campbell Beaumarice Vic

I met a man the other day, up there in Little Lon,
"Ere, mate," he said, "I'd like ter know where Spadger's
Lane 'as gone!"
He looked a rough and ready type, I feared I'd come to harm,
and yet, somehow, at second glance, he had a certain charm.
"I'm sorry, sir," I said to him, "the name's unknown to me,
you'd better check a Melways map to see where it might be."
"A Melways map? Cor, luv a duck! Now wot the 'ell is that?
I ain't no dill! 'Oo needs a map ter find where things is at?
I know these streets, I spent me youth jist walkin' in these
parts,
I met 'em all, I stousted the Johns, an' barracked all the
tarts!"
"Well, that may be, I have no doubt" (I tried to stay polite),
"but Spadger's Lane, as you can see, is plainly not in sight."
He heaved a sigh and scratched his head and really looked
quite down.
"I dunno wot we're comin' to in dear ole Melb'n town.
The place 'as changed, it ain't the same wiv all these cars an'
smoke,
I miss the stalls an' barrer boys an' other workin' folk.
'Cause now it's all them swishy skirts, in 'igh-'eeled shoes
an' boots,
an' toffy blokes, like you, me lad, dressed up in fancy soots.

The sky 'as gone, the world is grey, an ev'rythin's so tall,
the only thing the eye can see is one more great big wall!
Nobody stops ter say G'day, they all jist 'urry past,
the 'ole shebang 'as gone quite mad, it's all too bloody fast!
I takes me life right in me 'ands each time I cross the street,
an' strewth, them flamin' burger things is 'orrible to eat!

The paper says we're gunna die 'cause global warmin's 'ere,
unless we pulls our finger out an' cleans the at-mos-phere.
This carbon tradin's all the go, but I got none ter sell;
I don't suppose yer'd slip me some...I promise I won't tell.
I dunno wot the 'ole thing means, but it don't sound too great.
I 'opes they fix the bloody mess before it's all too late!

But I dunno, don't 'old yer breath...tho' maybe we all
should...
the mucky stuff we're suckin' in ain't doin' us no good!
'Owever, wot I mean ter say is we 'ave done our dash,
'cause dodgy banks 'ave sold us out, they've stolen all our
cash.
An' we've been left quite stony broke, there's nowhere left ter
turn,
while all them pollies blather on an' watch the 'ole joint
burn."

I made to go, but as I did he grabbed me by the sleeve,
and said "'Ere, mate, don't 'urry off, I'd really like ter leave,
if you can spare a bob or two ter get me on a train...
I've 'ad me fill uv city life an' won't be back again.
I'm 'eadin' up Toolangi way, back where the air is sweet,
an' folks'll pass the time o' day when meetin' in the street.

I've got a bonzer place up there, all open space an' trees,
the only smell is flow'rs an' sich, jist floatin' on the breeze.
There's sparrers chirpin' all day long, the garden's in full
bloom,

the breeze is like a swig o' beer ter chase away the gloom.
I call it Arden . . . truth ter tell, I dunno wot it's worth,
it's jist a bit uv 'eaven, see, me paradise on earth.

I do a bit uv scribblin' there, a poit's wot I be,
I makes up verses, songs an' sich, an' most up there agree
I've got the gift of writin' stuff with rhythm an' good rhyme,
but 'oo's ter tell, I only knows it 'elps ter pass the time!
Now jist fer you I've got a book, it's somethin' wot I writ. . .
The Singing Garden is its name, please take good care of it!"

I took the book and looked at him, his worn-out clothes and
shoes,
and said: "Okay, but promise me it won't be spent on booze!"
Then as I took my wallet out a voice behind me cried:
"Excuse me there, are you all right? You'll have to shift aside.
You're blocking up the footpath here, and if there's nothing
wrong,
I'd ask you to pick up your case and kindly move along."

I turned my head and saw a young policeman standing there,
who said: "It seems to me, good sir, you're talking to mid-
air!"

I stared at him, then spun around and got an awful fright. . .
the man from up Toolangi way had disappeared from sight.
Embarrassed now, I grabbed my case, I didn't understand,
and then I saw. . .it froze my blood. . .the book still in my
hand!

LITTLE LON UNDERWORLD SURRENDERS ITS RICHES

It was once known as the city's notorious red-light district; a 19th-century enclave filled with brothels, opium dens and working-class homes.

But beneath the Little Lonsdale Street site, where prostitutes and drug dealers once walked, a new facet of Melbourne's history was discovered during a twelve-week excavation in 2002.

Archaeologists found more than 100,000 artefacts, including coins dating back to the 1790s, as part of an excavation of Casselden Place - a half-block site bounded by Lonsdale, Little Lonsdale, Spring and Exhibition Streets. Gun flints, jewellery, seal teeth - even historic female contraceptives - were unearthed.

The dig, the largest in the state, was run by Heritage Victoria in partnership with La Trobe University and consultancy firms Godden Mackay Logan and Austral Archaeology.

Heritage Victoria archaeologists said some of the relics provided new insights into Melbourne life in the late 19th century and early 1900s.

The Dig, referred to as "Little Lon" after the street, had been known historically as a working-class slum with no sewerage or lighting.

Cottages were small and narrow, cramped together off dark laneways and fitted with backyard cesspits where waste and rubbish were dumped.

While residents might have led simple lives, artefacts such as Chinese coins, imported English ceramics, cosmetic cases and champagne bottles suggested a more "material" and diverse community than previously thought.

Living conditions were primitive, unsanitary and basic, yet

DAVID CAMPBELL

The Beaumaris (V.) resident has won four state bush poet titles and came second and third in a recent national poetry competition.

The former maths and English teacher started out as a serious poet six years ago, submitting his views to newspapers, which were then published. Encouraged by this, he entered various competitions and now stands as one of Australia's better writers.

Campbell said bush poetry did not always have to refer to rural and outback situations.

"It is traditional poetry, with rhythm and rhyme, that contains some aspect of Australian life," he said.

"I try to use the traditional medium of

bush poetry to present more contemporary issues."

His third-placed poem at the Australian Unity Bryan Kelleher Awards last month was *The End of Midnight*.

It is a piece written from a child's point of view, about his farmer father battling depression due to the drought.

The second-placed poem was a more larrikin, humorous piece entitled *The Ballad of Mulligan's Pub*, about a country pub that floated away.

"*End of Midnight* looks at the terrible times many rural families are going through," Campbell said.

"I used the bush poetry style in this work because it is very effective."

Campbell also writes free-verse, short stories and newspaper articles, saying different styles of writing demanded different disciplines to achieve success.



Awards chairman Alan Castleman said Campbell's work epitomised Australian bush poetry and it was of a standard and style that could be enjoyed by future generations. '*One Day in Little Lon*' was the winning poem in the inaugural Toolangi Festival in October.

LIVING IN LITTLE LON

'This area used to have a bad name. Some of these streets were not pleasant, but everyone has always been kind to us. No one has ever molested us, or even made us afraid. When you have lived so long in the heart of the city, you want to stay here always.' Reminiscences of Tess 1950

'**Little Lon**' was the name covering the streets running through the 'notorious' north-east corner of Melbourne during the 1860s. Gradually the area began to be seen as a 'world apart', known for its 'crime and debauchery.' In reality, the area was a patchwork of different communities and activities. The

cultures of "the underworld" and "the respectable" sometimes overlapped, but they more often remained separate and distinct.

'In **Exhibition Street**...there was a special place where you could go on a Sunday and take your roast leg of lamb or beef, and your potatoes, and they'd cook it for you. You cooked your own vegetables [at home].

Working People were employed in unskilled jobs, in factories, as cleaners, as street vendors and hawkers.

Indians living around the area sold 'Turkey Lollie', a type of coarse fairy floss spun onto a stick at the Victoria Market. Crisp Melos, a Yugoslav who lived at Cumberland Place in the early 1930s, had a handcart from which he

sold roast chestnuts during the winter and Bracchi's ice cream in the summer.

The Haddads lived above their fruit shop in Lonsdale Street.

Syrians, Joe and Sadie Malouf and their eight children lived above their boot-making business.

Mrs Lew ran a brothel on the corner of Little Lonsdale Street and Burton Street, and her husband worked as a waiter in the Golden Dragon restaurant in Bourke Street.

Old Mrs Honor Madras sold lollies from a table in her front room. George Fares, a watchmaker and jeweller in Cumberland Place, kept a small display of watches in his front window.

Mr Joseph, from Syria, owned a taxi, and the Kwongs were Chinese cabinet makers, manufacturing cheap furniture.

the material culture discovered is quite rich. All these ingredients have contributed to the growth of this city in a largely unique way.

Some of the most interesting items found included a commemorative coin, a wedding ring and a set of clay smoking pipes with figurines of semi-clad women lifting their skirts.

Other discoveries include two bone pessaries - ring-shaped contraceptive devices similar to a diaphragm. The pessaries, which would originally have had leather sheaths attached to them, have been traced to United States mail-order catalogues that were circulating at the time.

It is very interesting to find that women in these 19th-century slum communities were actually ordering contraceptives from American catalogues.

The artefacts were analysed at La Trobe University and then taken to Heritage Victoria's conservation laboratory. Some of the items have been displayed at the Melbourne Museum.



THE CLOCKHOLIC

© Veronica Weal 2008



VERONICA WEAL

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.

'The Clockoholic', the winning poem from the 2008 NSW State Titles is another example of Veronica incorporating a family member into her work, this time, Kenneth, her husband.

In 2005, after 27 years in Mount Isa, the hills of Herberton, on the Atherton Tablelands in North Queensland, became home for Veronica and Ken Weal. Their daughter has kindly described them as the "Herberton Hillbillies", and certainly they're settling happily into a laid-back, semi-retired lifestyle.

So far they've found the occasional cold and rainy weather a real novelty after the heat and drought of The Isa, though Mad Max the dog, and Ally the Traumatized Cat, seem to miss the sunshine more than their owners. They're finding Herberton a delightful place to live, a heritage "village in the hills" with friendly locals, and lovely scenery and wildlife.

Some people in Australia

collect all kinds of stuff,
and never seem to notice

when enough is... well, enough.

They keep right on collecting china dolls, or garden gnomes,
and then to store their booty, build extensions on their homes.

Some blokes will gather bottles, fishing rods, or old machines,
while some go in for power tools, or girlie magazines.

A friend of mine despairs about her husband's fad for socks,
but my man is addicted to collecting chiming clocks.

It started quite some time ago, as far as I can see.

He'd purchased half-a-dozen clocks before he married me.

But ever since I met him, he's extended his display
by looking out for bargains when we go on holiday.

Now other women spend their leave enjoying surf and sand,
or lazing round at flash resorts, with cocktails close at hand.
Some couples go on cruises, watching dolphins, seals, and whales.
Instead, I'm dragged to see antiques, or off to garage sales!

My husband can't resist a shop where junk is piled up high.
Those 'Op' and second-hand shops are enough to make me cry!
He'll sort through books and figurines, and vases, chandeliers,
to find an old chronometer that hasn't worked for years.

At home six clocks from Queensland,

plus three more from New South Wales,
three wall clocks from Victoria, (all bought at garage sales)
two carriage clocks from Adelaide, five mantle clocks as well,
plus two revolting cuckoo clocks, are making my life hell!

My husband gets them all repaired. They tick and tock, and keep
me wide awake for half the night, depriving me of sleep.
And how I hate the mongrel things whose inner workings chime
at fifteen minute intervals, to help to pass the time!

It wouldn't be so noisy if they synchronized, but no!

For some of them keep gaining time. The rest of them are slow.
We've nineteen chiming clocks whose innards ding and dong and
whiz,
and yet I have to check my watch to tell what time it is!

Last holidays I laid it to my husband, on the line.

We flew to see Tasmania. I told him, rain or shine,
we wouldn't go near any shops with loads of bric-a-brac.
He promised me this time a clock would not be coming back.

At first this scheme worked really well. We hired a little car
and drove around the highlands, where the lakes and mountains are.
No sign of second-hand shops, or that dreaded sign "Antiques".
I only wish we'd lingered there among the mountain peaks.

Instead we drove to Devonport one cold and rainy day.

I went to do some shopping, and my husband slipped away
and found a small antique shop, where he bought a mantle clock.
I yelled at him, "You promised!" He replied, "You bought a frock!

"You must have fifty frocks at home, and yet you bought one more!"
I realized his logic wasn't easy to ignore,
and anyway, I didn't want him checking what it cost
to buy that chic designer dress! I knew the cause was lost.

That's why, at Hobart Airport, in the airline's endless queue,
we stood with other tourists, and we didn't have a clue
our flight back home to Brisbane was about to be delayed
because my husband's luggage held that purchase he had made.

He'd packed that clock up earlier, while I was in the loo,
and kept it close beside him. Why? I only wish I knew!
His cabin bag went bumping down the rollers, and the clock –
that hadn't worked for ages – came to life, and said, "Tick, tock!"

It kept on ticking loudly, in an ominous refrain.
Too late I sensed the danger, and attempted to explain.
The woman on security had lost her bored aplomb,
and shouted to the guards nearby, "Look out! They've got a bomb!"

Now sadly, threats from terrorists have changed our way of life,
but never did I dream that we would instigate such strife!
Yet suddenly, as screaming tourists ran from all the fuss,
a group of armed police appeared. Their guns were aimed at us!

We stood there, pale and shaking, with our hands up in the air,
and though I dye it carefully, I reckon that my hair
defied the laws of chemistry, and turned to gray once more,
but little did I know that something worse was still in store.

The bomb squad got the bag unpacked. There, wrapped around the clock,
to pad it and protect it, was my new designer frock,
along with frilly underwear, all satiny and soft –
I cringed in shame as someone held my padded bra aloft!

The War on Terror's lively, but my husband would agree
it isn't quite as volatile as what he faced from me!
But there's a happy ending, which perhaps is due to shock.
From that day on, he's never tried to buy another clock.

Snowy River Festival Dalgety

'Where the best and boldest riders
take their place'... 'Banjo' Paterson
made it famous, now the tiny Snowy
Mountains town of Dalgety has made it
fun.

Banjo was inspired by not one par-
ticular man, but all Australian horsemen
in their rawest forms. The 'Man from
Snowy River' was penned to celebrate
this unique battler and harness the heri-
tage that all Australians can identify
with. The Snowy River Festival is a vi-
sion of Banjo's poem, a weekend full of
true Australian Horsemanship, action
packed bush festival events, heritage
displays and stories, all showcased on
the iconic Snowy River.

From the 14-16 November, the 3rd
annual Snowy River Festival brought the
tiny riverside town of Dalgety to life. It
is amazing that a town of 50 inhabitants
can bring the Snowy Mountains commu-
nity together to put on a festival with
such diversity, competition, entertain-
ment and fun. With horse riding events
and demonstrations, sheep shearing, dog
trials, a talent quest, a ute muster, whip
cracking, a circus, an art show, heritage
displays, country music, great food and

of course, bush poetry, it had some-
thing for everyone.

Heath Harris, horse trainer for
'The Man From Snowy River' movie
and one of the world's elite liberty
horse trainers, demonstrated his forty
years experience in all disciplines of
the horse industry to give a knowl-
edge and an insight into to his train-
ing techniques that create equine
stars.

Greg North stepped in for an inca-
pacitated Frank Daniel to provide
bush poetry shows, host a poets
breakfast and two competitions during
the festival. Sharon and Bill Ellis from
Snowprint Bookshop of Jindabyne were
generous sponsors of a written competi-
tion for primary as well as secondary
school students plus an open section.

Local poet Lee Taylor-Friend took out
top honours in the open written contest.
Snowprint also put up \$1,000 in prize
money for the open poetry/yarn spinning
competition.

John Peel from Ballarat took the \$500
first prize with his original poem "The
Ballad of Joan and Jack". Three of the
six place-getters were children showing

HOME COMING

© Ron Stevens 2008
(First prize Open section
Gilgandra Coo-ee festival 2008)

The crowd's increasing year by year
while medalled ranks are in retreat,
till dawn invests this atmosphere
with soft-approaching phantom feet.
They've risen from the Dardanelles,
Sandakan's evil torture-track,
from meadowed soil in far Fromelles,
the local lads come drifting back

All young again and stout of heart,
they take their place in this review:
from rusted wreckage near Stuttgart
a pilot's left the bomber's crew;
a missing Nasho youth escapes
from Vietnam's malignant loam;
the ranks are filled with spectral shapes
as local boys come floating home.

Look, there's a smart bell-bottomed lad
whose ship lies shelled and deeply holed.
And see, a digger winter-clad,
defrosted from Korea's cold.
From Libyan sand and Borneo,
El Alamein and Singapore,
they knew how they were needed,
so the local boys are here once more.

The crowd's projecting through the air
the images they've long held dear:
light-horseman Granddad, framed with care
and blest by Granny year by year;
an uncle, cousin, childhood mate,
from shallow graves in foreign ground.
They've reappeared to congregate
in ghostly lines, without a sound.

No movement; we are fused as one
by local pride, thanksgiving for
the phantoms bathed in dawning sun
as bugle notes descend and soar,
to hang a moment, fade; as do
the spectral boys, more duty done.
We face the cenotaph to view
more humbly now our rising sun.

that the youth of the Snowies are a real
force to be reckoned with.

Saturday's poets breakfast saw per-
formances from John Davis of Ulladulla,
Jill Winnett from Lankeys Creek, Fran
Bush of Budgewoi, "Ellsworth" from
Albury, Jindabyne's Bill Ellis, John Peel,
and Ken Connolly from Omeo.

Excellent crowds came to immerse
themselves in verse during the whole
festival with Greg's *Man of Many Hats*
proving a big hit. Festival organisers are
planning for an even bigger and better
festival next year, so put it on your cal-
endar now!

IN THE MUTED LIGHT OF . . .

by Cas Van Loon - Greystanes NSW.
<http://www.aussiebushpoet.blogspot.com/>

In the muted light of daybreak, barely the horizon one could see small bats capturing final mouthfuls, then disappearing into hollow tree fluted pipings of pied butcherbirds, drifting on still, cool, morning air an almost sacred atmosphere, not being disturbed by humans being here

Perfect backdrop to the dawn chorus, wispy mist rising from billabong as dawn light slowly increases, more birds join the chorus with song changing colour of morning light is playing tricks before one's eye turning sandstone cliffs, all around, into myriad colours, as sun rises in sky

This is Mt. Mulligan, formidable monolith, bigger than Ayers Rock, no less swelling in size, light increases, rearing out of plain, appearing like fortress pock-marked by eons of wind, rain, ochre coloured sheer cliffs, cloudy sky ideal nesting place of peregrine falcons, protected, bird's eye view of prey

Here and there stands of skeleton trees, warming 'bones' in midday sun tiny leaves protruding from bleached branches, fully grown, not just begun struggling up the last steep stony incline, savouring the view to be had westerly Great Dividing Range, bluey green, easterly Featherbed Ranges, khaki-clad

Permanent waterhole, beginning of creek, in deep gorge of red rock disappearing a ravine with reflective rock pools, lush ferns, shapes of kangaroos in clearing in recess of caves, very easy to miss, beautiful faded paintings of animals wasp nests, ghost bats, termites, soot from long ago campfires of Aborigines

Presence of Aboriginal artists of times past, in almost sacred silence, one could feel whose hands, twig brushes, made these images on ancient stone canvas, surreal Mt. Mulligan's landscape remarkably diverse in flora, fauna, craggy cliff faces in overall history, environment of Australia, one of those truly fascinating places.

CAS VAN LOON

Cas Van Loon migrated to Australia in the early 1950's with his parents and four siblings.

He was born in Holland in a place called HALFWEG - halfway - between Amsterdam, capital of the province Noord Holland, - North Holland - and Haarlem.

Cas lived and worked in W.A. for twenty years and then moved with his family to N.S.W. in 1970. Having been trained in the printing industry as a compositor in Holland Cas worked at a newspaper in Sydney until his retirement in 1994. Holidays in those years were spent travelling Australia.

Cas took up bush poetry about sixteen years ago mainly following Bush Poets Breakfasts along the east coast at Folk and Country Music Festivals. He has performed at Festivals and Events such as The Man from Snowy River Festival (Corryong V.), the National Folk Festival, Canberra, The Australian Folk Festival at Bulli, and has been a regular at the Bun-



gendore Country Muster, always performing original poetry.

Cas's poetry is about Australia, the places and sites where he and his wife, Helen have travelled over the years.

All his Poems are carefully researched and based on fact with some poetic license.

You can visit his site at www.aussiebushpoet.blogspot.com/ for more of his poetry and history.



CAROL STRIKES GOLD

The current Australian champion female bush poet, Carol Heuchan of Cooranbong, NSW, swept all before her at the Upper Lachlan Wool-wagon Awards at Crookwell NSW on November 17th., taking out the magnificent Overall Wool-wagon Trophy, hand-made by local craftsman Ron Evans.

The event was held at the Crookwell Services Club with Carol winning all four Bush Poetry Performance Sections and scooping the huge money pool of \$1,100, from a total prize-money of over \$4,000.

In the closely contested Adult Written Section, 111 entries were received from all states and New Zealand with Arthur Green from Warana, Queensland the dominant entry. Local entrant, Elizabeth Eagan received a highly commended award.

There were three age groups in the Children's Section and over 150 written entries were received from every State in Australia. (see p. 20) There were 22 adult competitors who hailed the competition equal to any other major championship they had attended. And congratulations should go to the organising committee for putting together such an entertaining weekend.

Melanie Hall, three times Australian Ladies Champion was a surprise guest and freely assisted with the judging and entertainment.

Graeme Johnson, the 'Rhymer from Ryde', as emcee, capably ensured the competition ran smoothly and to schedule.

Last year's Perpetual Trophy winner, Jim Brown from Melbourne, said he was honoured to be performing at the weekend and is looking forward to next year's awards at which, it has been suggested, could include yarn spinning, a poet's brawl and a song writing competition.

MY MOBILE PHONE

© Frank Daniel Canowindra NSW 17.10.2008



My mobile phone had chucked it in; I couldn't make a call.
No matter what I tried to do, nothing worked at all.
The AC charger wouldn't charge, this gadget let me down,
it had to be the battery so off I went to town.

En route I talked to Macca straining up his roadside fence,
he was *wise* to mobile phones - to me they made no sense.
He told me that my problem was 'that *Sim-card thing* inside'.
'It's stuffed!' he next advised me and, 'Er, yair!' I then replied.

Mac talked about the pros and cons of mobiles on the market,
'none's better than the other for each one's bound to cark it.
You'll never get your money's worth no matter how you try,
if you didn't need the *bastards*' he saw no real need to buy.

An hour swiftly passed us by, his knowledge had me blind,
then onwards to the Telstra Shop with Sim card on my mind.
A younger man approached me and I thought *I'll handle him*,
but in less than half a minute he had Macca sounding dim.

'It doesn't work' I pleaded 'and it's only twelve months old;
Sim-card's bugged' I inferred, but he left me standing cold
when he profoundly stated that 'this model was no good';
though, when purchased, it was the best, or so I understood.

Like Mandrake the magician he produced a brand new phone.
'Your old one's *only* rubbish - it's this Samsung you should own'.
He then removed the Sim card from my old Telstra New G;
transferred it to my Samsung which seemed rather odd to me.

He installed a brand new battery and Sam's wonders he unfurled.
With dextrous skill and slight of hand he exposed me to the world
of modern technology - things I'd never seen before
like menu functions, texting, email, and a whole lot more.

'*But I only want a telephone . . .*'; my words he never heard;
he kept pitching with his sales talk - non-stop - word for word.
He packed it in a cardboard box, said thank you kindly sir,
then hit me up for ninety bucks and all I said was 'Er!'

Subject: **How it's done** **SOME CALL IT**

A SPIN JOB . . .

Judy Wallman, a professional genealogical researcher, discovered that Hillary Clinton's great-great uncle, Remus Rodham, was hanged for horse stealing and train robbery in Montana in 1889.

The only known photograph of Remus shows him standing on the gallows. On the back of the picture is this inscription: 'Remus Rodham; horse thief, sent to Montana Territorial Prison 1885, escaped 1887, robbed the Montana Flyer six times. Caught by Pinkerton detectives, convicted and hanged in 1889.'

Judy e-mailed Hillary Clinton for comments. Hillary's staff of professional image adjusters sent

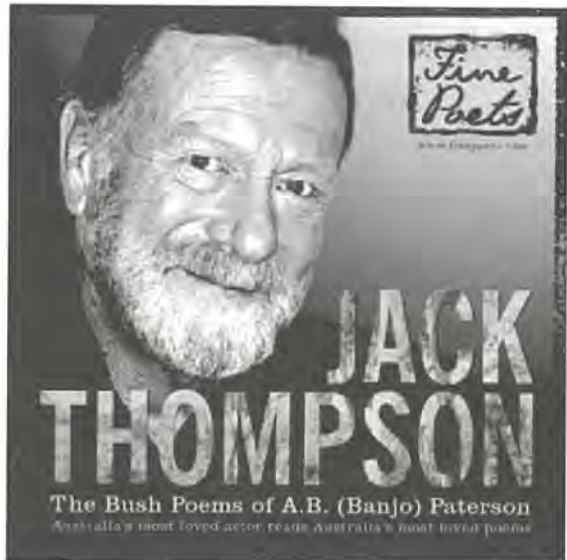
back the following biographical sketch:

'Remus Rodham was a famous cowboy in the Montana Territory.

His business empire grew to include acquisition of valuable equestrian assets and intimate dealings with the Montana railroad.

Beginning in 1883, he devoted several years of his life to service at a government facility, finally taking leave to resume his dealings with the railroad.

In 1887, he was a key player in a vital investigation run by the renowned Pinkerton Detective Agency. In 1889, Remus passed away during an important civic function held in his honour when the platform upon which he was standing collapsed.' And THAT is how it's done folks!



THE IDEAL CHRISTMAS PRESENT!

Jack Thompson

reads

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A WOMAN'S POEM

He didn't like the casserole
And he didn't like my cake.
He said my biscuits were too hard...
Not like his mother used to make.

I didn't perk the coffee right
He didn't like the stew,
I didn't mend his socks
The way his mother used to do.

I pondered for an answer,
I was looking for a clue.
Then I turned around and smacked him.
Like his mother used to do.

The Brumbies Are About

By Lily O'Brien. Aged: 10

I saw a horse all dressed in tack
He ran along that dusty track
With his rider clinging on for dear life
He dashed through the bush,
was he running from strife?

He was only little but Gee he was fast
You should have seen him
he would never be last
And you could see it, in his fiery eye
He needed to run
but I didn't know why

Then I saw something
I never wished to see
A huge bushfire
on the plains around me
And suddenly I knew why the horse was
running
It was because of the bushfire that
quickly was coming

Then I saw a mob of brumbies
up on the hill
I need to save them for no one else will
The brumbies were afraid
I saw fear in their eyes
If somebody doesn't help them
they'll pay with their lives

There was one gap through the fence
where the brumbies could flee
If I can get them through there
they'll be safe and free
I uncoiled the rope
that was hanging off of me
Of immense value I'm sure it will be

I will lasso the lead mare
and take her out through the gap
Hoping the others will follow
and I'll save them like that
I ran from where I was hiding,
swung the rope around my head
I must catch this mare
or they all will be dead

I let the lasso go
it went flying through the air
What great shot I caught
the neck of the mare
Pull, pull right to the gap, 'Come on girl,
I'm trying to save you
If you escape through this opening
you'll save your mob too'

As she rushed through the opening
I gave a wild shout
The others are following
there will be brumbies about

MIDCOAST SUNDOWNERS

2008 Primary School Students Bush Poetry Competition

The Midcoast Sundowners Bush Poets Group began running this competition nine years ago with their prime objective being to encourage local students to write Bush Poetry.

This year over one hundred and twenty entries were received from seven schools and according to the competition judge, the quality and variety of entries had never been better.

The Sundowners were delighted and excited by the strong response and would like to offer a special thank you to the teachers and school administrators who took the time from their busy schedules to encourage students to enter and assist with their endeavours.

Fifteen cash prizes of \$35.00 and certificates were presented to the highest scoring poems by students who came from Bungwahl, Tuncurry, Wingham and Cundletown public schools.

All other entrants received a certificate of participation and as usual the certificates were beautifully crafted and printed by group member Phil Maiden who now resides in the Blue Mountains. Thanks, Phil!!

This years presentation of awards and Poets Breakfast held on Sunday,

21st September at
The Loop Building,
Tuncurry, was attended by about fifty people and was ably compered by Frank Atchison.

Twelve of the successful students entertained the audience reciting or reading their winning entries and were later joined by on stage by Tuncurry locals Jean Atchison and Reid Begg.

The Sundowners wish to express their appreciation to: their event sponsors Country Energy and local accountancy firm Harrison, Main and Macarthur of Forster: to Eric Griffiths who did a fine job cooking the barbecue breakfast; and the many hands who made light work of all that is entailed in running such an event. Thank you, everyone!!

Next year will be the tenth anniversary of this unique competition and the Sundowners have begun to plan for what they hope will be a fitting celebration of this great event, not just for local students but for the future of Bush Poetry on the Mid North Coast. Keep an eye out for the date in September 2009 and don't forget to write it in your diary.

We'll see you there!!
Submitted by Reid Begg, Tuncurry NSW.



JACK DOES BANJO

JACK THOMPSON is one of Australia's most loved and respected actors, he has appeared in numerous Australian and American feature films.

The quintessentially Australian actor, Jack Thompson has made a CD of the Bush Poems of Banjo Paterson which will be in the shops for Christmas.

His warm and engaging voice brings the much loved bush poems of A.B. (Banjo) Paterson to life in a fresh interpretation that will become an Australian classic.

Jack has chosen all the well known favourites to record: Clancy of the Overflow, The Man From Snowy River, The Man From Ironbark, The Geebung Polo Club plus a couple of special extras.

It's the perfect Christmas gift, available from major retail outlets from

December or online at
www.finepoets.com.

It sells for \$19.95.

It's great for sending overseas to friends. It's about as Australian as you can get and such a perfect fit! Why hasn't someone thought of it before?

A percentage of all the profits will go to the Jack Thompson Foundation. The Foundation provides funds for building projects by Indigenous Australians in remote areas.

Like Banjo Paterson before him, Jack is no stranger to the bush. He was a stockman at the age of 14 on a cattle station in the Northern Territory and it was there that he came to truly understand the poems that he had first learned as a schoolboy. Jack Thompson's father, John Thompson was a poet too.

The Banjo Paterson CD was recorded at Philmsound in Lindfield in Sydney by Phil Judd, Australia's most experienced film mixer. He's worked with all the top directors, like Peter Weir, Chris Noonan and Phil Noyce.

MANNING: EMILY MATILDA

(1845-1890), Emily Manning was in her lifetime accorded much praise as a poet. It was not until after her death that her great contribution as one of the first women in journalism in Australia was recognised.

Best known as 'Australie', she was born into a well-to-do upper class family in Sydney on the 12th May 1845, a daughter of Sir William Manning, the famous lawyer and politician, and his first wife formerly Emily Wise who died the year after Emily's birth. Educated at a private school in Sydney, she was encouraged to take an interest in literature by Professor Woolley.

From 1860 Emily lived in the family home, 'Wallaroy', the mansion her father, at the time a very wealthy man, had built at Edgecliff. Her friends included the children of Sir Alfred Stephen's second marriage; balls, picnics, croquet matches, music and amateur theatricals at Government House were part of her busy and happy social life. In 1864 an exchange of light-hearted poems with D. S. Mitchell suggests a romance between him and Emily, but she soon went to England and contributed to such periodicals as Miss C. F. Yonge's Monthly Packet, which provided 'attractive reading of a high and refined type' for teenage girls. After return to Australia she wrote for the Town and Country Journal, Sydney Morning Herald and Sydney Mail, either anonymously or using the pen-name 'Australie'.

The Bronze Swagman Award

Recognized as one of the most prestigious awards in Australia for written Bush Verse, the Bronze Swagman is now entering its 38th year.

An anthology of verse from the Competition is published by Winton Business & Tourism Association each year. Entries close: 30 April 2009. The winner will be announced at the famous Outback Festival 22 - 26 September 2009. Please contact Louise Dean for further information - 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

She later joined the staff of the Illustrated Sydney News. On 22 December 1873 at St John's, Darlinghurst, she married the solicitor Henry Heron (Hiron); they had six sons and a daughter.

Emily published *The Balance of Pain and Other Poems* (London, 1877). It included eight hymns and over twenty-five poems, one of which 'The Emigrants' was set to music and produced as a dramatic cantata in October 1880 by the Petersham Musical Society. Reviewers acclaimed her poems as 'characterised by great purity of tone and loftiness of purpose', with many pieces breathing sympathy for the suffering and trials of humanity. Able and thoughtful, she wrote on art and taste as well as questions of the day, ranging from problems of sanitation, prison discipline and forestry to the domestic matters 'which might be expected to come within a woman's province'. She read widely, wrote a book review column for the Sydney Mail in 1880 and was noted for 'incisiveness and earnestness'. Interested in the higher education of women, she started a class for studying French language and literature. Survived by her husband (d.1912) and six children, she died of pneumonia on 25 August 1890 at Blandville; she was buried in the Anglican section of Waverley cemetery.

The Muster

by "Australie" (Mrs. Heron) (Emily Manning)

Come, mount ye your horses, away let us ride,
For we've many a mile ere the eventide;
The cattle have strayed to the distant plain,
And we must drive them in ere we draw the rein.
So we're off, we're off, we're off,
With the stockwhip in our hand,
And oh, for the fun of a cattle-hunt
With a rollicking bushman band!

Across the gully and over the range,
With a plunge through a creek for a cooling change;
Now over a log or a rock we leap,
O'er hill and on level our pace we keep.
With a gallop, a gallop, a gallop
And a jolly song on our lips,
To the tune of the hoofs and the crashing boughs,
And the ringing crack of the whips.

See the wild young scrubbers come tearing in,
Then away they head, but the tail-mob win;
The horses swerve, and there's many a spill,
But the muster goes on with a shout and a will.
With a yeh, hallo, ya-eh!
And danger full in the face,
And a rageful charge of a snorting bull
But giving zest to the chase.

NOTICE OF ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

The A.G.M. of the Australian Bush Poets Association Inc. will be held at St Edwards Hall, Hillvue Road, Tamworth at 2.00 p.m. on Thursday 24th January 2008.

NOTICE OF SPECIAL MEETING

A special meeting will be held prior to the A.G.M. Agenda item to be approved "Constitution Amendment.- Model Rules for Incorporated Associations 1984.- Rule 8 to be amended so that 1st July be replaced with 1st Jan where necessary.

In accordance with rule 15 for incorporated Associations, nominations are requested for the election of Office Bearers of the Association, and ordinary members of the committee. A representative from each State is required.

(a) Nominations must be in writing, signed by two members of the association and accompanied by the written consent of the candidate.

(b) Nominations must be delivered to the Secretary of the Association at least 7 days before the date fixed for the holding of the Annual General Meeting at which the election is to take place.

(c) Nomination and proxy forms are available on request. The following Office Bearers positions are required to be filled.

President, Vice-President, Secretary, Treasurer, Three Committee members, and a delegate for each State.

HELP STOP JUNK MAIL



Internet users please read this and take notice.

Help eliminate Spam, Viruses and Junk mail.
This message applies to all of us who send emails.
Do you REALLY know how to forward e-mails?
50% of us do; 50% **DO NOT**.

Do you wonder why you get viruses or junk mail?

Every time you forward an e-mail there is information left over from the people who got the message before you, namely their e-mail addresses and names. As the messages are forwarded along, the list of addresses continues to build, and all it takes is for an innocent user to get a virus, and his or her computer can send that virus to every E-mail address that has come across his computer.

Or, someone can take all of those addresses and sell them or send junk mail to them.

There are several easy ways to stop this.

(1) When you forward an e-mail, **DELETE** all of the other addresses that appear in the body of the message (at the top).

Highlight them and delete them. It only takes a second.

You **MUST** click the 'Forward' button first and then you will have full editing capabilities against the body and headers of the message.

(2) Whenever you send an e-mail to more than one person, **do NOT** use the **To:** or **Cc** fields for adding e-mail addresses.

Always use the BCC: (blind carbon copy) field for listing the e-mail addresses.

This is the way the people you send to will only see their own e-mail address. If you don't see your **BCC:** option click on where it says **To:** and your address list will appear.

Highlight the address and choose **BCC:** and that's it, it's that easy.

When you send to **BCC:** your message will automatically say '**Undisclosed Recipients**' in the 'TO:' field of the people who receive it.

(3) Remove any '**FW:**' in the subject line. You can re-name the subject if you wish.

(4) **ALWAYS hit your Forward button from the actual e-mail you are reading.**

When you receive an e-mail that you have to open 10 pages to read the one page with the information on it? Forget it!

By Forwarding from the **actual page**, you wish someone to view; you stop them from having to open many e-mails just to see what you sent.

(5) **Have you ever received an email that is a petition?**

It states a position and asks you to add your name and address and to forward it to 10 or 15 people or your entire address book. The email can be forwarded on and on and can collect thousands of names and email addresses. A **FACT:** The completed petition is often actually worth a couple of bucks to a professional spammer because of the wealth of valid names and email addresses contained therein. If you want to support the petition, send it as your own personal letter to the intended recipient. Your position may carry more weight as a personal letter than a laundry list of names and email address on a petition.

And don't believe the ones that say that the email is being traced.

It can't happen! Totally impossible!

(6) Don't send emails with a blank subject line.

(7) Don't forget to wipe the anti virus messages and lines at the end of any emails received.

(8) Don't be fooled with such as '**Send this email to 10 people and you'll see something great run across your screen.**' **It won't happen!**

(9) Don't let the bad luck ones scare you either. Delete them.

(10) Before you forward a '**Virus Alert**', check them out before you forward them. Most of them are junk mail that's been circling the net for **YEARS!** Just about everything you receive in an email that is in question can be checked out at Snopes. Just go to www.snopes.com.

It's really easy to find out if it's real or not.

If it's not, please don't pass it on.

So please, in the future, let's stop the junk mail and the viruses.

HELP STOP JUNK MAIL

Do you use the Internet? Does it send a shiver up your spine every time you see a request for personal information? Well, don't worry!

As Editor of the ABPA Inc magazine I receive hundreds of emails from users who quite innocently and inadvertently transmit **Spam, Viruses and Junk mail**, and I now find it necessary to take up some of your valued reading space, hopefully, with a helping hand.

Please read the accompanying articles and help curtail the flow of unwanted material. It won't take long and is easy to understand.

To avoid receiving spam in the first place or, to prevent the amount of spam you receive from increasing:

Don't enter your email address on any website you don't trust and avoid posting your details to online bulletin boards or newsgroups.

Get a free web based account such as yahoo or gmail, and give this address to any site that you are not sure about. Check the account occasionally, and if it gets too much **SPAM** close it and create another one.

NEVER reply to spam. Unless you asked to be on a particular list in the first place, asking to be taken off will only make matters worse, because it confirms that you are actually reading mail at that address.

This includes following 'unsubscribe' links.

THE PASTA DIET

The Pasta Diet and Your Health
ITALIAN PASTA DIET --

IT REALLY WORKS!!

- 1.. You walka pasta da bakery.
 - 2...You walka pasta da candy store.
 - 3.. You walka pasta da Ice Cream shop.
 - 4.. You walka pasta da table and fridge.
- You will lose weight!

AND . . .

For those of you who watch what you eat, here's the final word on nutrition and health.

1. The Japanese eat very little fat and suffer fewer heart attacks than the English.
2. The Mexicans eat a lot of fat and suffer fewer heart attacks than the English.
3. The Chinese drink very little red wine and suffer fewer heart attacks than the English.
4. The Italians drink a lot of red wine and suffer fewer heart attacks than the English.
5. The Germans drink a lot of beers and eat lots of sausages and fats and suffer fewer heart attacks than the English.

CONCLUSION

Eat and drink what you like.

Speaking English is apparently what kills you.

Advance Notice...sharpen your pencils!!! The Henry Lawson Society of NSW Inc.

present their 2009 Literary Awards

in honour of the well known Australian bush poet and short story
writer who grew up in the Gulgong area.



- **Open Sections:** Entries Close 18th March, 2009
- Short Story: 1,000 words maximum, Australian theme 1st prize \$500
- Written Poetry: Ballad form, good rhyme & rhythm, no word or line limit, Australian theme 1st Prize \$500
- Performance Poetry 1st Prize \$1,000
- **National Student Literary Awards:** Entries close 9th April, 2009
- Primary School section (years 3-6*) and Secondary School section (years 7-10*) Poem or Short Story, maximum of 1,000 words, Australian theme. (*or other state equivalent)

Prize winners in all sections receive our individually
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SATURDAY - Improved Markets - Demonstrations - Music - Food .

Competitions DCS Hall - ENTERTAINMENT

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Bookings Bus \$15 and Sat night \$20 pp. Supper.

Entry forms www.abpa.org.au

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Tel: (02) 6331 4822

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

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

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

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

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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.

Send details in plain text along with payment to: The Editor.

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BUNGENDORE NSW

Bush Poets Gathering

Bungendore Bowling Club

Cooked Breakfasts

Walk-up Poetry

Saturday and Sunday

**January 31 & February 1st
2009**

All Welcome

Contact

Frank Daniel 02 6344 1477

editor@abpa.org.au

Di Marquet 6238 0620

marquet.di@laminex.com.au

(Page 6)

ABPA Inc MEMBERSHIP RENEWALS NOW DUE

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\$30 Per annum

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1. Open: Any Subject

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bush poetry
by

David Campbell

2008 winner of Vic. and NSW
Championships (written), Henry
Lawson Society of NSW Award,
Boree Log, C.J.Dennis Toolangi
Festival, Ipswich Poetry Feast.

Book only: \$15 (inc. P&H)

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ABPA ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

St Edwards Hall

Hillvue Street

Tamworth

2pm

Thursday

22nd January

Edward Parmenter Secretary

ph. 02 6652 3716

COMPETITION RESULTS



Gilgandra Cooe Festival

Written Verse - Open

1st. Ron Stevens Dubbo

Homecoming

Humorous Section

1st Ron Stevens

Of Men and Rats

Coo-ee March Section

2nd. Ron Stevens

Coo-ee Generations

Outback Section

1st Ron Stevens *Departures*

Nandewar Poetry Festival

1st. Ron Stevens - Dubbo

The Stranger

2nd Ellis Campbell -

'Just Walking In The Rain'

3rd Don Adams -

'The Takeover'

Highly Commended

Ellis Campbell -

'Ne'er The Twain Shall meet'

Joyce Alchin -

'Behind the Clouds of Dust'

Carol Heuchan -

'What Price Survival'

Arthur Green -

'Dreams of Flights and Shared Delights'

Best Local Entry

Jacqui Warnock - *'SSS Snake'*

BENALLA Victorian State Championships

Women's Champion -

Jan Lewis, Cudgewa Vic.

Women's Runner-up -

Annette Roberts, Bellbridge V.

Women's Original -

Lynne Frederick, Lockwood V.

Women's Traditional - Jan

Lewis, Cudgewa Vic

Women's Contemporary - Jean

Lindley, Charter's Towers Qld.

Women's Novice - Lynne Fre-

derick, Lockwood Vic

Men's Champion -

Jim Brown, Heathmont, V.

Men's Runner-up -

John Peel, Ballarat, V.

Men's Original -

Jack O'Connor, Shepparton V.

Men's Traditional -

Jim Brown, Heathmont V.

Men's Contemporary -

Jim Brown, Heathmont V.

Men's Novice -

Tom O'Connor Swan Hill V.

Women's Novice -

Lynne Frederick, Lockwood V.

Intermediate -

Colin Carrington Heathcote V.

Encouragement Award -

Norm Deumer, Harcourt V.

One Minute Poem -

Nadia Insall, Corryong V.

Junior Champion -

Naomi Frederick, Lockwood V.

Junior Runner-up -

Kyle Sparks, Winton V.

Open Written Champion -

David Campbell, Beaumaris

Vic. *'Jumping the Rattler'*

Open Written Runner-up

David Campbell -

'A Letter Home'

Highly Commended

Neil Carroll Dubbo NSW

'Slowly Dying'.

Val Wallace Glendale NSW -

'My Australia, From a Digger'.

Ellis Campbell Dubbo NSW -

'Cash and Compassion'.

Kym Eitel Limestone Creek Q.

'Flash Flood'

Jim Brown Heathmont Vic

'Fromelles'

Kym Eitel *'Jelly Melons'*

Junior Written Champion -

'Too Cruel For School' -

Naomi Frederick, Lockwood V.

Junior Written Runner-up

Antonella Marijanovic

Sydenham Hills School Vic.

'Australia Day'.

Song/Music Champion -

Jim Brown, Heathmont V.

MORISSET NSW State Championships

Written Champion.

David Campbell - *'A Letter*

Home September 4th - 1946'

Female Champion

Susan Carcary

Male Champion

Terry Regan.

Novice non-original

1. Robert Markwell

2. Ken Tough

3. Jan Lock

Women's Classical

1. Sally Mitchell

2. Susan Carcary

3. Gabby Colquhoun

Men's Classical

1. Gregory North

2. Tim McLoughlin

3. Terry Regan

Women's Modern

1. Susan Carcary

2. Gabby Colquhoun

3. Sally Mitchell

Men's Modern

1. Terry Regan

2. Peter Mace

3. Bernie Kelcher

Women's Original Serious

1. Susan Carcary

2. Gabby Colquhoun

3. Kathy Edwards

Men's Original Serious

1. Terry Regan

2. Peter Mace

3. Gregory North

Women's Original Humorous

1. Susan Carcary

2. Kathy Edwards

3. Gabby Colquhoun

Men's Original Humorous

1. Gregory North

2. Peter Mace

3. Terry Regan

Written Humorous

1. Veronica Weal

2. Veronica Weal

3. Kim Eytel

Written Serious

1. David Campbell

2. Ron Stevens

3. Catherine Clarke

Hunter Bush Poets Club

Championships

1. Gabby Colquhoun

2. Jeanette Markwell

3. Christopher Kessey

HARDEN NSW

Taste of Country

25-26 October

Open Serious. (Any author)

1. Robin Sykes - Binalong NSW

2. Neil Smith - Junee NSW

3. Susie Carcary - Lyneham ACT

4. Gary Lowe - Berkeley Vale.

5. Greg Broderick - Young NSW

Open Humorous

1. Neil Smith

2. Peter Mace - Empire Bay

3. Greg Broderick

4. Susie Carcary

5. Robin Sykes

Poets Brawl

Terry Moriarity - Carcoar NSW

Poets Breakfast -

Susie Carcary and Gary Lowe.

CROOKWELL NSW

Wool Wagon Awards

Overall Champion

Carol Heuchan - Cooranbong

Written Section

1st. Arthur Green - Warana Q.

HC. Arthur Green

HC. (3 poems) Ellis Campbell

HC. Elizabeth Egan - Crookwell

Junior Written

Under 8 Keira Warren

'My Goats'

8-12 Yrs Kate Knudson, Qld.

'The Weet-bix Girl'

13-18 yrs Gemma Hammond,

Crookwell High.

'Life Under the Southern Cross'

DALGETY NSW

Snowy River Festival

Open Written Section

1st Lee Taylor-Friend

'Mother Snowy . . . Live or Die'

2nd Lee Taylor-Friend

'The Day the Fires Came . 2003'

3rd. Tony Levett

'Bushmans Serenade'

Open Poem/yarn

1st John Peel Ballarat.

2nd Lee Taylor-Friend

Jindabyne.

3rd Christopher Brennan (10yrs)

Canberra

Highly Commended Sarah

Sanderson (another junior)

Highly Commended

John Davis Ulladulla

Commended

Siaan Williams (a junior with

her own yarn).

Walla Walla Wagon Wheel

Award - Written Comp.

1st. Arthur Green - *Firestone,*

Flynn and Sarah-Jane

2nd. Ellis Campbell - *Truganini*

3rd. Colleen McLoughlin -

Silver and Gold

'Surfin the Verse'

Harrington NSW
30th, 31st January &
1st February

TOP DRAW
PROFESSIONAL
ENTERTAINMENT



SAM SMYTH



MELANIE HALL



BILL KEARNS



GARY LOWE



PETER PRATT
(Balladeer)



SUSIE CARCARY

\$2000
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Bruce Simpson

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to *'And Yet Sometimes'*

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RON STEVENS

Ron Stevens was born at Richmond NSW in 1926 and joined the RAAF on his 18th birthday in 1944, subsequently transferring to the

RAN in 1946, where he remained until 1974. His RAN service began on the lower deck, working his way through the ranks to chief petty officer, before gaining a commission. He was promoted to Commander four years before his retirement.

Deciding to broaden his education, Ron undertook studies at Macquarie University, where he gained a BA in 1979, majoring in English Literature. He also indulged his interest in Australian History. Such interests led to his joining writing groups such as The Fellowship of Australian Writers and the Youngstreet Poets in Sydney. He became a Life Member of Youngstreet. In the FAW he was awarded a Writing Fellowship and Hon. Life Membership of the NSW State Council, after years of conducting writing workshops for members and other groups. During this time Ron competed (almost compulsively) in a wide range of literary competitions, winning many prose and poetry awards. In 1988 he won eight first prizes in bicentennial competitions throughout all states. Among these he particularly treasured the Botany Bay Bicentennial Award, which was judged by A.D.Hope.

This was one of a group of poems on Australian history which in manuscript form won equal first prize in The Jessie Litchfield Award for Literature and was subsequently published as Ron's first collection *A Touch of History* in 1991. He has since published three more collections. Over the years Ron has collected many poetry first prizes including a Bronze Swagman, two NT Government Red Earth Open Poetry, three Gilgandra Cooee March, two Tamworth Blackened Billy, a Grenfell Henry Lawson trophy, Clarissa Stein Multicultural Award, two Longreach Henry Lawson, two Banjo Paterson (Orange), a Max Harris Award, five Gulgong Henry Lawson written and three Gulgong Leonard Teale Performance Awards. He treasures these and many other minor awards.

Most recently Ron was successful in winning the open written verse section at the Gilgandra Cooee Festival with *'Homecoming'* (p. 23). At the same festival he was awarded first place in the humorous section with *'Of Men and Rats'* and in the Coo-ee March section gained a second place with *'Coo-ee Generations'* (p. 22) and first place for *'Departures'* in the Outback Section. Ron was the winner of the 2008 Nandewar Poetry Festivals written section with *'The Stranger'*.

Ron is a formation member of The Australian Bush Poets Association. Although he has written in many styles of verse, he gains most satisfaction from completing a traditionally rhymed poem. Although Bush Poetry is too often dismissed by academics, he feels its increasing popularity and the high standards reached by many current practitioners is testament

COO-EE GENERATIONS

© Ron Stevens 2008

(Second prize Coo-ee March Section
Gilgandra Coo-ee Festival 2008)

My pilgrimage to Gil' was decades overdue.
I hoped the festival inspired a clearer view
of Granddad with his comrades marching off to war.
An enterprise for which but few could guess the score.
For most were yet unseasoned by the cannons' breath
and only knew the farmyard rituals of death.
Yet mateship, king and country, God sustained them all
as Gil' responded to the urgent Coo-ee call.

John Meredith's account* explains the *who* and when
they marched, were spelled along the route and how the men
were cheered and coo-ee'd, feted, watched their number grow
till Sydney, where they trained to meet the German foe.
The why requires a nineteen-fifteen backwards sight
to attitudes that God was Anglo-Saxon, white
and upper-upper-class, Britannia ruled the waves,
assuring us that 'Britons never... shall be slaves'.

Those listed on Gil's monument considered ties
with Britain barely stretched by Federation's prize.
John McNamara might have puzzled had he heard
of multicultural, a politicians' word
young migrant Leslie Greenleaf would have classed as 'bull'.
Today the cynics might dismiss as pitiful
the remnant tug of Mother England's apron strings,
while Europeans bled as pawns for cousin kings.

Another war, another call for Aussie troops
of outback calibre to counter Junkers, Krupps.
North Africa, wide oceans, breaching hostile air,
to emulate the Coo-ees, thousands rallied there.
All volunteers, until invading Japs
were held by conscripts in New Guinea; halted then repelled.
Another war, with draftees sent to Vietnam,
because of covert coo-ees sent by Uncle Sam.

I'm driving back to Sydney, close enough today
but far beyond belief when Granddad marched that way.
A hero of his time, a patriot true-blue,
I've come to understand that man I never knew.
His god has dropped to lower-case, his Union Jack
is cornered, loyalties have wandered off the track.
Though mateship still has force, I doubt Granddad would heed
a coo-ee call for help to rescue oil and greed.

*The Coo-ee March, Gilgandra - Sydney 1915.

to its value as a recorder of present-day concerns and attitudes; also to maintain the pioneer tradition of the old masters.

One of two vice-presidents of the Outback Writers' Centre Dubbo (Ellis Cambell, the other) Ron is pleased to be able to pass on his knowledge and experience to novice writers and those isolated by distance. He is often called upon as a judge and to conduct workshops.

Ron and his wife Clo moved from Sydney to Dubbo in 1994.



A LETTER HOME ... SEPTEMBER 14, 1946

© 2008 David Campbell

I am writing, dearest mother, of a land that's like no other, and a lifestyle that's so far from

all I've known.

But despite my homesick yearning there is so much I am learning that there simply isn't time to feel alone.

Though I miss the village chatter, it no longer seems to matter that I've left the lanes and hedgerows well behind, for this country is beguiling in a sense that has me smiling at the sheltered way my life was once defined.

You have heard, I know, of sorrow, of a place with no tomorrow, of a landscape that is stark and dry and bare, where the wildlife is quite feral and each day is fraught with peril, while the people, by and large, just couldn't care.

But the tales of any nation are, in truth, exaggeration, and one needs to pause and try to understand how the past has been translated to the present now created, for Australia is an ancient, timeless land.

As I write, the heat is fading, and a gum tree's leaves are shading me from daylight's final blaze of blood-red sun. While the distant hills still shimmer and I wait for starlight's glimmer I can ponder on the life I've now begun.

I remember you beseeching me to stay at home while teaching, and I'm sorry that I caused you so much pain, but I followed other voices, and, in taking up my choices, I can truly say I've found so much to gain.

There is harshness in the weather, but it brings us all together... we unite as one to face a common foe... and the harmony of sharing brings a strength, a bond of caring, that assists us all to prosper and to grow.

In the turning of the season I can find another reason to renew my strength and keep my vow to stay, for the drought has just been broken and each patch of green's a token of a future that at first seemed far away.

With the dams all overflowing and a breeze at twilight blowing, it is possible to see some hope again. In the people I am meeting there is joy, a friendly greeting, for the lifeblood of the town flows with the rain.

But enough procrastinating, for, you see, I'm hesitating to explain the major reason that I write.

All I ask is understanding, with a plea you'll not be branding me in haste with hurtful names, as well you might.

I have met a man, dear mother, and he's unlike any other, with a lifestyle that's so very far from yours. He is strong, yet kind and gentle, and there's something elemental in his knowledge of the land and nature's laws.

He was wounded in the fighting in New Guinea, and that's blighting quite a lot of lives as men return back here. There is little comprehension of the horror that they went through, and the fear.

But it seems as though he's coping, and I very much am hoping that the two of us can overcome the past, for I love him very dearly

and would ask that you, sincerely, will support us both and make our union last.

Now I have one last confession, lest you get the wrong impression, and I hesitate once more to set this down, for I really need your blessing... your dismay would be distressing... so I pray you'll grant a smile and not a frown.

I have searched for words quite vainly, yet must state this very plainly, for the man I love has skin as black as coal. You may think I've lost my senses, but I've banished all pretences, and I need him so, with all my heart and soul.

We will face discrimination with a joint determination that we'll do our best to prove the doubters wrong, for his colour has no bearing on the life that we'll be sharing, but we know the road ahead is hard and long.

On our path lie many dangers, and the necessary changes to this culture still lie decades down the track. We're just part of the beginning, in a battle well worth winning... the acceptance for all time of white and black.

The Executive of the Australian Bush Poets Association Inc
would like to extend their best wishes for a

Merry Christmas

And a Happy and Poetic New Year
to all our members and readers



NSW STATE CHAMPIONS 2008

Terry Regan and Susan Carcary

In comment to the editor Terry Regan said he would like to mention the overall high standard of the performances at Morisset.

"It was a pleasure to see Sally Mitchell and Tim McLoughlin do such an excellent job after so long away from the competition scene," he said.

"There were a number of performances which did not place but could have won in some competitions and it was great to have a win in this company. The certificates are some of the nicest I have received and the hand-made rosewood writing case is a work of art."

"The Morisset Country Club was a good venue, stage decoration was excellent and I am sure I speak for all the poets in saying a big thankyou to the Hunter Bush Poets and Carol, in particular, for doing a top job."

Wool-Wagon Awards

Continued effort by Carol Heuchan has led to success after success, not only as a performer and writer but also as an organiser. Carol, along with the Hunter Bush Poets Group, convened one of the most success-

ful state championships at Morisset in October. The non-tiring Carol then took on the best at Crookwell in November to take out four major awards in the Upper Lachlan Wool-Wagon awards.

Carol, pictured below, with more than a pocketful of trophies at the Crookwell Services club.



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