

# A.B.P.A.

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The Australian Bush Poets Association Inc.

*Magazine* - (since 1994)

## on the banks of the Snowy River

Dalgety NSW

NOVEMBER 15 - 18

'Whilst we are disappointed well loved poet and yarn-spinner Frank Daniels is unable to attend our event we are thrilled to announce that the multi-talented, multi-award-winning Carol Heuchan (pictured) will be the M.C and headline poet at the 2009 Snowy River Festival. There will be many opportunities to enjoy performances by Carol, visiting and local poets, a walk-up open mic, spin-a-yarn/serious/humorous performances with cash prizes on both Saturday and Sunday. Carol will also be introducing written and performance workshops to our poetry format and will pass on some of her amazing skills to us mere mortals! For an entry fee of just \$15.00 for adults and \$35.00 for a family (2adults/3 children) this surly make the Snowy River Festival one of the best value for money celebrations of all things Aussie going. Not to be missed!!!!' (President, Snowy River Festival Committee).



# In Praise of the Shearing Shed



By Don Adams - Winner Bundaberg Bush Lantern Award 2009

My father was a shearer and, when just a lad, I'd go to watch him when he shored on stations close to town and so I've seen the sheds in action.

Gosh! The dogs! The dust! The din!

I've heard the shedhands curse and shout,  
I've seen the collie's slobbered snout,  
the milling mobs of thousands strong,  
which, pushed inside, a bleating throng,  
were penned at last to lose their wool

from top-knot down to shin.

The handpiece, called the 'lizard',  
is where comb and cutter buzz  
the wool off leaving - if done well - a pink white coat of fuzz.  
No second cuts, if possible, or needs to call for tar.

The ringer sets a lively pace,  
for shearers all just love to race.

But he's the quickest, he's the 'gun',  
and so his pen is number one.  
Unless a 'bolter' joins the gang, his tally lifts the bar.

While shearers shear,  
the 'rousies' sweep the board to keep it clean..

No bits can taint the snowy fleece, it has to be pristine.  
They'll pick it up and throw it on the table where we'll see  
the classer frown as he inspects  
each one for faults. If he detects  
a stain, a burr, or fragile thread,  
he'll throw it some place else instead  
of in the bins reserved for fleece of top grade quality.

A poet wrote, 'the village blacksmith, mighty man is he'.  
But what about the pressers?

They're the blokes he ought to see.

Beneath their sodden singlets  
muscles writhe as down they pull

the lever, clanking on its chain.  
They ratchet up and down again  
until the bale is pressed at last,  
the clips pinned down to hold it fast.  
Then off it goes to join the stack of station branded wool.  
But that's just the mechanics; it's the spirit, I would tout.

It grabs you when you walk inside and see that scene laid out..  
The frenzy of activity, the sounds that fill your head.  
The engine thumping through the day,  
the calls of 'Sheep-o!' 'Wool away!'.  
The whirr of wheels along the drive,  
the buzz that's like a swarming hive.  
That mixture makes the happy din that is the shearing shed.

In years gone by, so says my dad, it could be quite a size.  
A board with over forty shearers came as no surprise.  
At shearing time a village seemed to spring up overnight.  
Around the varied huts you'd see  
all sorts of cars, a truck or three.  
Before that, in the early days,  
the shearers travelled many ways.  
A horse and sulky, even bikes were quite a common sight.

The giant runs are gone now. Ones like, say, Illilliwa.  
You won't find sixty miles of fence around here any more  
There was a time when blades were used and Jackie Howe  
was king.

They're mostly gone. Another skill  
that's being lost. I wonder, will  
it go, just like the blacksmith's art  
that's gone out with the horse and cart?  
The town-sized stations, blades, the smithies.

Time takes everything!

It also gives, for progress, most times, brings its own reward.  
Provided what it brings you is a thing you can afford!  
But let the shearing shed remain,

it's Aussie through and through.

The race to beat the last run bell,  
those busy sounds, the woolly smell,  
the taste of scones at smoke-o time,  
an outback tapestry sublime.  
I treasure all of that so much. Don't let it vanish too.



Pictured left is multi-award winning poet, Don Adams and his wife Thelma of Paraparumu Beach New Zealand.

Don was born at Hay in the Riverina district of NSW.

His father was a shearer of note and reared Don as a true believer in the Australian bush and the outback way of life.

Don was a school teacher and a Headmaster, served in this capacity for a number of years in the Solomon Islands. (Continued page 12)

## A good chess player

A man went to visit a friend and was amazed to find him playing chess with his dog. He watched the game in astonishment for a while. "I can hardly believe my eyes!" he exclaimed. "That's the smartest dog I've ever seen."

"Nah, he's not so smart," the friend replied. "I've beaten him three games out of five."

## PRESIDENTS REPORT



OCT-NOV 2009

G'day Members,

Congratulations to the North Pine Bush Poets group for their organisation of the 2009 Australian Bush Poetry Championships. Only those who have been involved in this type of venture would appreciate the time, effort and expertise that is needed to produce as successful an event as that which occurred on the 21, 22 and 23rd of August at The Pine Rivers Bowls Club. We are most grateful to the Moreton Bay Council and the Gaming Fund who were the major sponsors of this event for without these such an event would not be possible. The students who performed on the Friday morning presented a high standard of Bush Poetry and were a credit to their parents and schools. This high standard continued with the Open Sections throughout the weekend. Congratulations to our 2009 Open Performance Champions Susan Carcary and Gregory North and our Junior Champion Sebastien Golenko. In the 2009 Written Championship Max Merckenschlager was the Open winner and the Junior Champion Kirily Greenbank. More detailed results can be read on a separate page in this Newsletter.

Members, I will be advocating at our AGM in January that the recommended method of determining places in Performance Competition be that of **Rank Order** of judges scores rather than the **Raw Scores** themselves. You will recall that at the AGM this year and in a subsequent newsletter I provided examples that demonstrated that **raw scores** are not necessarily the fairest way of determining places and that the **rank order** of the scores the judges give is seen to be fairer. We had the situation, at the recent Australian Championships, where Greg North having gained a First and Second in the Four Sections was awarded the overall champion despite Terry Regan gaining a First, two Sec-

onds and a Third. This apparent anomaly is the result of the **total of raw scores** being used over the four sections. This is not a criticism of Greg being the winner. He has nothing to do with how the results are calculated. What I am pointing out is that when a contestant is more successful in **three out of four sections** than another contestant then it is difficult for audiences, and I would suggest even the contestants, to understand why the former person is not the overall winner. You will have a chance in January to retain or change this current system of calculation. There has been a suggestion made to me that a Novice section should exist in Written Competitions. The writer's proposal is aimed at the "budding" writer who finds it difficult to compete against the top writers and can become easily discouraged.

I see some value in this proposal as we have a Novice Section in Performance Competitions. But what I would be more excited about would be that the "budding" writer gets back some constructive assistance from the judges of written competitions. It is rare for an entrant in written competitions to get back their poem with, "how it can be approved" comments by the judge. Perhaps a Novice Section that was limited to the first 50 entrants would be the answer. There is no way that judges can write meaningful comments when there are 180, 230 or (as there was this year) 548 entrants in a written competition. But if the Novice entrant was required, as part of the entry, to include a stamp addressed envelope and the numbers were no more than 50 a judge might well be able to provide suggested help. You also have to appreciate that Competition Organisers would have to get additional funding to go with the Open Section they already fund.

With gratitude,

### POSITIONS VACANT: ABPA

*After continuous faithful service to the ABPA over the past few years, the current President, Secretary and Treasurer have announced they will not be seeking re-election in 2010.*

*Persons interested in filling these positions should contact the Secretary, Ed Parmenter on 02 6652 3716*

*email: coffsmixture@hotmail.net.au*

## Walk-up Showcase Concert St Edwards Hall Hillvue Road Tamworth

Presented by  
Edward and Margaret Parmenter  
Phone 66523716  
email- [coffsmixture@hotmail.net.au](mailto:coffsmixture@hotmail.net.au)

Monday 18th January  
1.30pm to 4.30pm.  
Compere Noel Stallard.  
Wednesday 20th January  
1.30pm to 4.30p.m.  
Compere Frank Daniel  
Interested performers please  
contact Ed Parmenter

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PERSONS  
INTERESTED  
IN FILLING PROPOSED  
COMMITTEE POSITIONS  
SHOULD CONTACT  
THE SECRETARY  
EDWARD PARMENTER  
FOR  
APPLICATION FORMS  
WHICH WILL BE  
SUBMITTED TO THE  
ANNUAL GENERAL  
MEETING  
At St. Edwards Hall  
Thursday 21st  
JANUARY  
2010

# Cutting Back

© Ron Stevens - Dubbo  
 Runner-up 2009 Bush Lantern Awards

Here, have another beer, Old Mate,  
 you look to be quite wrecked.  
 A beer or two helps insulate  
 against this drought's effect.  
 I'm sorry I can't offer you  
 a Scotch but I've cut back  
 on costs and had a full review  
 on spending I can hack.  
 That's why I'm only drinking beer  
 until we get some rain.  
 I've warned my children loud and clear  
 we're heading down the drain.

We've only got one telly set;  
 I've sold the other two  
 to pay that greedy blasted vet  
 whose bills were overdue.  
 So when the kids have finished all  
 their farmyard jobs, they're free  
 to watch the league or basketball  
 I've picked that night for me.  
 To all of them, I've emphasized  
 the nature of our plight:  
 economies must be devised  
 and belts drawn ever tight.  
 I brushed aside their woeful bleats  
 when I explained that Coke  
 and such expensive faddish treats

had helped to send us broke;  
 that henceforth they would each partake  
 of wholesome home-grown food  
 and water from the creek, to make  
 a healthy happy brood.  
 We'd also rid the place of cats  
 and guinea-pigs, galahs  
 those unproductive pets my brats  
 have spoiled like movie-stars.

I'd better raid the fridge again;  
 your stubby's empty, Mate.  
 The kids switch off when I explain  
 we all must pull our weight.  
 My motives are unselfish,  
 based on saving Woeful Creek  
 from greedy banks and hurdles placed by  
 Nature, harsh and bleak.  
 I'll keep my working dogs, of course;  
 they don't cost much to feed.  
 I doubt if I need keep the horse;  
 my ute' is all I need.

The hardest choice I've had to make,  
 is what to do with Kate.  
 I don't suppose you'd like to take  
 her as a favour, Mate?  
 You often go away for weeks,  
 so having her on site  
 might put those mongrel thieving sneaks

you've suffered from, to flight.  
 She's pretty slow to move,  
 these days - arthritis, due to age.  
 But put her somewhere, there she stays  
 no need for pen or cage.

She'd sleep okay out in your shed;  
 is used to eating scraps  
 and as a treat some crusts of bread  
 or sour milk, perhaps.  
 Her breeding days have long since gone;  
 no problems there at all.  
 Yet since my tractor struck her scone,  
 she's useless, off the ball.  
 This euthanasia caper might  
 be worth exploring, Mate.  
 But what if conscience were to bite  
 and cause regret, too late?

I'll tell you what, if you'll take her,  
 you'll get two cartons too.  
 Agree'd? Okay, would you prefer  
 Four-ex- or Carlton brew?  
 Tomorrow then, let's drink to that.  
 I'm glad you've eased my mind.  
 No sentiment, just cutting fat;  
 I'm cruel being kind.  
 My kids will holler at the gate  
 and I might shed some tears  
 to see your van drive off with Kate,  
 my wife of thirty years.

G'day at Hal Leonard Publishing  
 I recently purchased (sight unseen) your  
 "Pocket Rhyming Dictionary" by Jana  
 Ranson.  
 Being a rhyming poet, I thought that hav-  
 ing a "pocket" rhyming dictionary which  
 I could cart around with me would be a  
 good idea, BUT having received it I find  
 it is the most useless literary tool I have  
 ever encountered  
 Rhyming???? what sort of dialect does  
 the author speak - I can tolerate the  
 American "ah" sound for our "o"  
 sound (as in cot) and the fact that all "o"  
 words are sequentially in with other "a"  
 sounds but I cannot use a dictionary  
 which has the following supposed  
 rhymes (I have included only a small  
 number - I've not bothered to look exten-  
 sively )

Page 13 -aant ant and aunt  
 Page 14 -aas ass and brass  
 Page 15 -aav calve and have  
 Page 16 -ahk Bach and clock  
 Page 17 -ahm bomb and Madame  
 Page 22 -ahz vase and was  
 Page 23 -awl ethanol and basket-  
 ball  
 Page 24 -awntaunt and gaunt and  
 want  
 Page 143 -ehr-uhl barrel and feral and  
 sterile  
 also there seems to be some missing pho-  
 netic groups - where is -inj eg  
 cringe fringe, hinge, if it's there, it's  
 certainly not in order  
 Perhaps in Australia you should issue a  
 warning with this book saying that it is in  
 a foreign language and **IS NOT SUIT-  
 ABLE FOR AUSTRALIAN WORD-  
 SMITHS**  
 Regards  
 Brian Langley - President, WA Bush  
 Poets & Yarn Spinners.

## TASTE of COUNTRY HARDEN NSW

**31st October  
 1st November  
 Bush Poets Dinner  
 Performance  
 Competition & Brawl  
 Plus Sunday Brekkie**

**\$2,000.00  
 Prize-money**

**Contacts:  
 Connie McFadyen 02 6386 2575  
 conniemcfadyen7@bigpond.com**

**HARDEN ARTS COUNCIL  
 PO Box 205  
 Harden NSW 2587**



## Letters to the Editor

### "Heart and Soul"

Dear Frank,

All too often poems displaying poor quality discipline win competitions.

One such winning poem, published in the August issue, contained so many errors of discipline that it became almost impossible to read.

This entry may have been about living and working in the Australian bush but little more of any value could be said to recommend it.

The poem had a varying number of lines in each verse, extremely irregular metre, poor cadence and syntax. These serious flaws would stop most readers after the first verse or two.

Additionally, the poem was almost devoid of punctuation and some commas used were unnecessary and seriously impeded the topic flow.

Added to this the reader was sub-

jected to a "sentence of capital punishment", where the writer insisted on using

a capital letter to commence every line, even though most were not grammatically required.

This practice may be *traditional* and was used by many of our noted bush poets of yesteryear but its use results in seriously impeding the topic flow for the reader and importantly, defies the rules of good grammar.

Thankfully, many of our awarded writers no longer employ this archaic custom and our modern writers should be encouraged to emulate them.

Obviously the judge who was appointed for this competition was not suitably qualified to do so. Thankfully, we now have our list of recommended judges who can be approached and if we encourage our hardworking competition organisers to use them then this situation will improve in the future.

Also, when inferior quality poems win and are published they seriously

endanger the perception of novice writers of the necessary benchmarks required for competition and publication submissions.

Ellis Campbell, one of our most awarded writers, uses the metaphor "Heart and Soul" to describe the essential elements of *rhyme and metre* which **must** be embedded in this style of poetry. Without this exacting discipline the reader or listener, who is expecting or read or hear fluid, lyrical balladry, is often subjected to little more than raw doggerel.

We would therefore like to heartily endorse Noel Stallard's sentiments expressed in his President's Report, (Aug. '09), that *we must adhere to the current balanced judging criteria for written competition* or we risk losing the respect of discerning members who are the "Heart and Soul" of our Association.

Maureen and Tom Stonham,  
Nambucca Heads NSW

## 'Bundy' AGM

The Bundaberg Poets' Society Inc. held their Annual General Meeting on Saturday, September 12th and the following are the office bearers for the next twelve months:

President - Sandy Lees;  
vice-President - Jayson Russell;  
Secretary - Dean Collins;  
Assistant Secretary - May Avis;  
Treasurer - Reg Outen;  
Publicity Officer - Sandy Lees;  
committee members - John Lees,  
Maureen Outen and Jan Facey.

## THE FIVE 'C' FORMULA

© Tom Stonham, 1999

'Content' means subject matter,  
perfect 'Clarity' comes next.  
Then 'Cadence', phrases, syllables  
that balance through the text ...  
'Compression'; don't use twenty words  
when ten or less would do.  
Take great 'Care' writing poetry ...  
Your every word is you!

### Dear Editor,

As one who has won a fair few competitions and also took my turn at judging, I have had the chance to see both sides of this picture. I am slightly disturbed that it has become fashionable with many judges to remark "Repetition of old themes, such as drought, bushfires, droving, etc was evident."

Australian poets have, since day one, written about current affairs. Many parts of Australia have been in drought for up to ten years. Landholders have been forced to sell up for less than enough to meet their commitments. Many have committed suicide. Is this less important than the drought Lawson and Paterson wrote about. Of course people are disturbed about the effects of the drought and are moved to write about it.

Were not the horrific Victorian bushfires last year, with such enormous loss of life, stock and property,, more devastating than Lawson's *The Fire at Ross's Farm*, still popular today? Again this affected so many people and it is only natural that many are moved to write of such experiences.

Admittedly droving is almost a thing of the past, but some very good poems are still being written about old drovers dreaming and lamenting a past now gone.

I know if a judge gets ten drought poems in one competition, particjaarily if many of the same phrases are used. It is hard to maintain interest and for this reason I rarely write on popular subjects, unless I can find a new approach.

But I believe judges should look for the poem with the best rhyme, metre, stress order, free flowing rhythm, skilful uses of enjambment, alliteration, assonance, vivid imagery and one that avoids phrase inversions, ambiguity, etc, rather than discard a poem because they think it is "old hat."

It is easy to underestimate the value of the "also rans" in a literary competition. It is the huge horde of losers, rather than the winner, that makes a competition great. Every poem deserves to be read and valued on the writer's skill, rather than be abandoned because of the content.

*E. J. Campbell*



## THE RAINFOREST

by Caitlyn Cameron||  
Wingham Public School|  
1st Prize, 9-10 Years section Hunter  
Bush Poets 2008  
Junior Rhyming Verse  
Written Poetry Competition

The rainforest is a place of calm,  
With many trees including palms.  
Different plants that love the shade,  
A lush green forest the rain has made.

The canopy filters beams of sunlight.  
It almost seems like a starry night.  
Turkeys busy on the ground,  
Building nests shaped in a mound.

Birds of every colour and size,  
Magic moments for your eyes  
Possums play when it gets dark,  
Clinging tightly to the bark.

# Ravenswood

Around 130 kilometres south-west of Townsville lies the unique heritage-listed gold-mining town of Ravenswood. The old gold mining settlement, tucked away amongst the rolling hills, is a living tribute to the history and heritage of western Queensland. Mullock heaps, tall chimneys, poppet heads and discarded mine machinery pepper the countryside, reminiscent of the town's glory days of more than a century ago. Beautifully restored hotels and public buildings from the days of gold will give you a glimpses of what the town was once like. The late 1800's was a booming era for the town, with 48 hotels and shanties quenching the thirst

of the early gold miners. Today two hotels, both more than 100 years old, remain as magnificent reminders of the town's prosperous beginnings. It is said that both are haunted. As mining declined, the tiny town survived by relying on the surrounding cattle properties. A new lease of life came about in 1995 when the population of 100 locals was boosted by the arrival of some 300 miners to once again reap the rewards gold mining has to offer.

Today it is almost a ghost town with a population of around 100 who service the surrounding area and cater for the growing tourism. It is hard to imagine that this town once boasted over 50 pubs (many of them were nothing more than tents for selling booze) or that it once had a population of over 4000.

# The EKKA

## ROYAL BRISBANE SHOW BUSH POETRY 2009

The "Ekka" as it is affectionately known to Queenslanders is so named for the "Exhibition Grounds" on which the annual RNA Royal Brisbane Show is held. Every year (except 2) for the last 134 years the Bowen Hill site has been the showcase for the promotion and development of the agricultural, pastoral, horticultural, industrial, manufacturing & cultural resources of the state of Queensland.

The first show in 1876 was created to help fulfill this charter and has continued to grow in stature since its inception. Today it continues to lead the way in the judging of produce & livestock and the show's cattle competitions are one of the most prestigious in the country. For approximately a decade now the Cattleman's Rest Bar at the site has played host to the annual Bush Poetry Competition that has attracted versifiers from all over the land.

Unfortunately (due to the hard economic times) sponsorship of the event (with regards to prize-money) had been severely reduced bringing with it a reduction in overall competitors involved. This being said it was good to see that

the high quality of the presentations viewed on the day had not suffered the same fate & the small but hardy crowd were treated to some sterling performances.

Of course the emphasis is on comedy presentation (as per the sponsor's wishes) and there were laughs aplenty on the day that's for sure. Quite apart from the competition Bush Poetry featured very prominently on the "Ekka" programme. Six shows per day



were held on various stages 'around the grounds' with 3-4 different poets per day for the whole 10 days of the show.

This contingent of the show's programme has been organised now for many years by Trisha Anderson from the Palma Rosa Poets in Brisbane.

Pictured: Trisha Anderson from Brisbane and Graeme 'The Rhymer' Johnson.

# Ravin' at Ravenswood

## Old Bush Poetry Championships



Winners - Original Section: Kathie Priestly - Jan Facey - Barry Grahame with Neil McArthur

Friday July 31st to Sunday August 2nd saw the wonderful Nth Queensland mining town of Ravenswood change from a quite tourist drive and peaceful community into a Bush Poet's Woodstock!! It was hard to judge numbers, as entry was free but from meals sold, etc. the numbers seemed to be somewhere around 300 people or more for the Saturday Night Concert.

With only a short time to get the event up and running, the wonderful Publicans at the Ravenswood Imperial Hotel, Martin & Tracey Josslyn, in conjunction with Neil and Colleen McArthur, managed to put together an unforgettable weekend of Poetry, Comedy and Music, in the magnificent and sprawling beer gardens of the famous Hotel.

A weekend free from Formalities, which provided a relaxed and very friendly atmosphere as Bush Poetry should. The proof was in the pudding by the attendance and overall feedback from Poets, locals and the hundreds who traveled to Ravenswood especially for the Bush Poetry weekend.

The Friday night 'Meet & Greet' had the Hotel packed to it's rustic rafters and even the Ghost from Room 12A came down and joined in!! Thus a couple of

sore heads by the time the walk-up poet's breakfast started on the Saturday morning. Neil, along with Ray Essery and John Lloyd, kept the morning well and truly rolling along as the crowd just continued to grow into a great crowd for the Heats of the Queensland Championship.

Judges, Ray Essery, John Lloyd and local English Teacher and Poetry enthusiast, Vilma, had a job on their hands as the contestants continued to rip out one great performance after another. The Women's sections of Traditional and Original were filled to the limit with competitors, although entries were a bit thin in the Male sections, which was a little disappointing.

So by the time the names of Sunday's Finalists were posted, to the cheering and disappointed groans (mind you, the scoring was indeed tight) then it was on to the Saturday Night Concert.

Ray Essery, John Lloyd, local muso Ron Odgers, Charter's Bush Band 'The Flying Sheep' and Neil McArthur entertained the crowd from 7.30 through till the wee hours, as the Campfires flickered, the drinks flowed and the delicious food was consumed in a wonderful setting seemingly built for the Spirit of Bush Poetry.

The Sunday morning rolled on quickly and over 20 poets were lined up eagerly to participate in the One-minute 'Burdekin Brawl'. The display of spontaneous writing was mind boggling and the poor Time Keeper, Ray 'Red' Essery, was unable to gong anybody out for exceeding time (except McArthur!!!!). The judges were unanimous in their selection of the winner, being Dot Church from Magnetic Island.

Then it was on to the finals and yet another challenge for the judges, as contestants repeatedly produced outstanding performances, perhaps none better than a young girl, Brook Jurss, who really kept the older poets on their toes with a wonderful performance of a Veronica Weal poem.

By the time the dust had settled and scores were added, the spoils were widely divided with the overall Queensland 2009 Champion Bush Poet title being awarded on aggregate score, to Jan Facey from Bundaberg. It was a close competition all around, with so many in the race for the title, but first class performances and all round consistency saw Jan walk away proudly, and deservedly, with the Queensland Title. Other winners included Townsville's Kathie Priestly, Geraldine King, Tom Oliver, Barry Graham, Brook Jurss and the award for outstanding Novice performance going to Townsville's Del Luke.

In all it was wonderful weekend despite the short notice and the cast and crew have been booked again for the next 'Ravin' At Ravenswood' in 2010; another great event being added to the Bush Poets Calendar and another giant leap for Bush Poetry.

Coordinators  
Neil & Colleen McArthur.



Left. Neil McArthur and Jan Facey

## You'll Win If You Can Grin

© Noel Stallard

My dad was never one for talk he lived by what he did,  
"if you can't do the bloody job, then you're not worth a quid."  
He never borrowed from a bank nor spent more than he had.  
Had no time for the latest fad, computers drove him mad.  
What things we had he earned through sweat by working day and night,  
and made sure that we told the truth, owned up when wrong or right.

On only one occasion did my dad give me advice,  
it was an evening in the Spring as he sipped coke and ice.  
"You've gotta keep on smiling boy, if you're to be a man,  
don't let the other fella think, you haven't got a plan.  
You know you've got the guts, no matter what the scrap you're in,  
You've got to keep on smiling boy, you'll win if you can grin."

Bill Bailey was the bully back in Primary days at school,  
and picked on smaller kids like me whom he could ridicule.  
So when this bully bailed me up behind the school yard shed,  
my thoughts went back to that Spring night and what my dad had said.  
"You've gotta keep on smiling boy, if you're to be a man,  
don't let the other fella think, you haven't got a plan."

My frantic fists were futile up against his strength and height,  
but through his punches, kicks, abuse my smile stayed clear and bright.  
And I could see frustration grow across that bully's dial,  
despite his unprovoked attack he'd not remove my smile.  
And while I copped a hiding from that Bailey knucklehead  
I knew I'd scored a victory thanks to what my dad had said.

So Smiley was the nickname kids gave me from that day on,  
for on my face I'd wear a smile when I was set upon.  
And Boardrooms weren't that different from the school yard brawls we had,  
where loyalty and service were dismissed as some old fad.  
But when you were a victim of injustice, wronged or cheated,  
the smile told your oppressors that no way were you defeated.

For strength is more than cheque book size or forays with the fist,  
and those who use just these to win will struggle to exist.  
And I learnt in that school yard what my dad had said to me,  
that spirit of your inner self is what will set you free  
from all sorts of aggression or those conflicts you get in,  
"You've got to keep on smiling boy, you'll win if you can grin."

## MILTON-LLADULLA JUNIOR AUSTRALIAN BUSH POETRY

On Sat 19<sup>th</sup> Sept the junior Milton Ulladulla Australian Bush Poetry comp was held at Shoalhaven Anglican School with the four primary schools in the area sending competitors (Milton Public, Ulladulla Public, Shoalhaven Anglican School & St Mary's Star Of The Sea). A total of thirty five competitors competed for prizes to six places plus a trophy for best showman performance and school prize to the school whose top four performers had the highest aggregate score.

Winners were

1<sup>st</sup> Sarah Harding & Annabelle Carter (Milton)  
2<sup>nd</sup> Tom Rutherford (Milton Public)  
3<sup>rd</sup> Caitlin Bonser (Ulladulla Public)  
4<sup>th</sup> Sophie Unsworth & Jessie Barklay (Shoal Haven Anglican School).

5<sup>th</sup> Alice Gates (Shoalhaven Anglican School)  
6<sup>th</sup> Ben Chee (Shoalhaven Anglican School)

The Showmanship Award went to Ben Chee for his performance of 'The Ally Cat'.

There were several stand outs for this award but Ben dressed in a cat costume acted out his rendition with real energy and imagination and capturing the audience with his animation.

School High Point Prize went to Shoalhaven Anglican School

The written comp winners were announced at the end of the day and all winners read their poem to the audience. A total of 78 entries were received. For this section of the competition the Winners were

1<sup>st</sup> Suzie Harris Shoalhaven Anglican School  
2<sup>nd</sup> Kate Eichorn Ulladulla Public  
3<sup>rd</sup> Eden Wray St Mary's Star Of The Sea  
4<sup>th</sup> Abbey Salmon St Mary's Star Of The Sea  
5<sup>th</sup> Chelsy Hemsworth Shoalhaven Anglican School  
6<sup>th</sup> Jamii Brooks St Mary's Star Of The Sea

## PARAMOOR FARM FAYRE 2009

The Paramoor Farm Fayre near Carlsruhe (in central Victoria) was held again on Fathers' Day, September 6<sup>th</sup>, and once again, "Poets' Corner" was a great success. This was the third year of the "Poets' Corner", and the second year that Stephen Whiteside acted as MC at this event.

Many excellent poets and reciters were in attendance, including Jim Brown (current Victorian Bush Poetry Performance Champion), Colin Carrington (Secretary of the Victorian Branch of the Australian Bush Poets' Association), Eddie Dalton, Peter Rowan, Jo Williams

and Saus Shiel. Eileen McPhillips also presented her beautiful songs, crafted from the lyrics of the masters.

Bill Reisenberg and Patsy Perrot from the Henry Lawson Society also recited, as did a couple of members of the audience, and whistle maker Bill Payton. The superlative Maria Forde concluded proceedings with two beautiful songs, ably accompanied by Jim Brown on guitar. (Jim also accompanied Eileen.)

Musicians and poets provided a very solid day's entertainment, performing for over an hour in the morning, and close to three hours in the afternoon. Audience members came and went during the shows, but for much of the time there was quite a respectable crowd. Victoria's

bush poets generally feel like the poorer cousins of their northern neighbours, but gave a very strong impression this year that they were making some headway.

Organisers also reported a record crowd at the Fayre this year, which is a very encouraging trend.

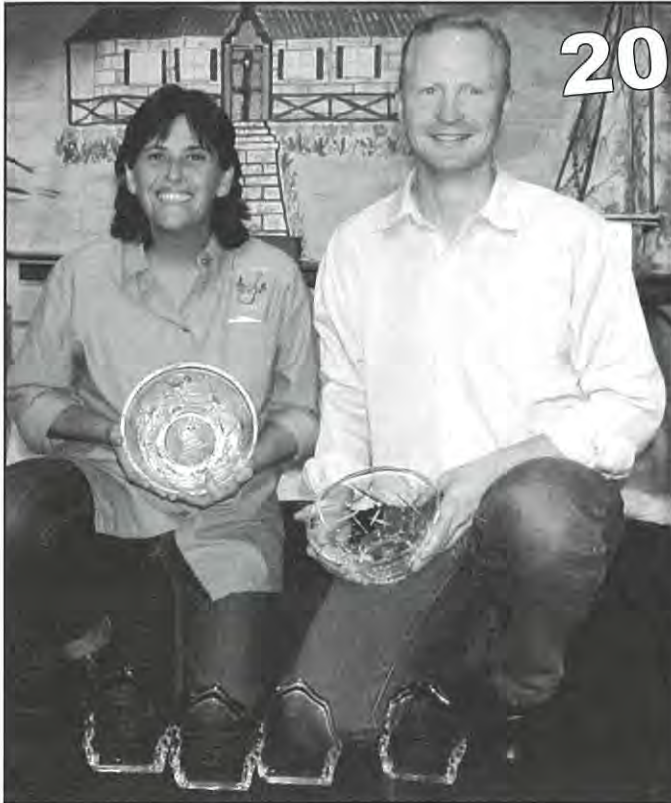
There is talk that the Fayre may be held on a different day next year, to avoid the clash with Fathers' Day. Many families who might otherwise attend are doubtless having more formal lunches with their fathers. Further information can be found at the following link: <http://www.visitvictoria.com/displayobject.cfm/objectid.0F3683-14F9-49FF-9260F2890849198F/>

I hope to see you there next year!

© Stephen Whiteside 08.09.09



# 2009 Australian Champions



What do you get when you put thirty poets together with an audience and a microphone in a function room at Club Pine Rivers in Brisbane's northern suburbs? An Australian Champion bush poet or two, that's what. Maintaining his familiar rhythm from last year, Gregory North made back-to-back victories to become the Australian Bush Poets Association male champion for 2009. The female champion was Susan Carcary from Maclean, making another double for New South Wales. Greg also gained a second place in the classical category and won the original humorous section with his poem 'Stick It' about the problems and dangers of sticky tape around Christmas time. Although I made a stumble in two poems, my overall score through the four performance categories saw me retain the Australian male champion title. Having just returned from the National Music Muster near Gympie, Greg's 'Man From Snowy River' rendition and 'What's in a Name' (his Hospital yarn) went over very well. Greg also won the poets brawl one-minute poem contest.



A school-teacher asked one of her primary school pupils, "What is capital of the USA?" The reply was, "Washington DC." On being asked what the 'DC' stood for, the pupil answered, "Dot com!"

A clean desk is a sign of a cluttered desk drawer.  
 A clear conscience is usually the sign of a bad memory.  
 A closed mouth gathers no foot.  
 A conclusion is the place where you got tired of thinking.  
 A day without sunshine is like, night.  
 A flashlight is a case for holding dead batteries.  
 All generalizations are false, including this one.

## NATIONAL MUSTER GYMPIE 2009

The 2009 National Music Muster fell in love with the Bush Poets again during six amazing Poet's Breakfasts featuring fifteen Performers camped in the 'fire free' zone of Amamoor Forest near Gympie.

Marco Gliori and Neil McArthur were the comperes and had much pleasure in welcoming new faces Bill Gordon (WA) and Maggie Swain Daley to the stage as well as last year's Muster-*beenbloodygood* Poetry Award Winner Carmel Lloyd, who had to compete for fans with her very popular husband Johnny Lloyd, the Buffalo Farmer from Calen.

Marion Fitzgerald returned to the Muster this year to much

acclaim along with John Best (who looked very attractive in his Leotards). 'Besty' and Gary Lowe ran the Breakfasts at Banjo's over the main weekend.

John Major presented with the Gympie East State School on Thursday to a very appreciative crowd, selecting 'My Country' and 'We Are Australian' as their performance pieces.

Also on Thursday a Taswegian by the name of Lyn Lawry won The Camper's Poets Brawl and a Ticket to next year's Muster. Greg North won the Poet's Brawl on the Saturday just edging out MacArthur, who failed to locate any sympathy in the

audience during a rousing protest and count back.

The *Musterbeenbloodygood* Poetry Award this year was won by Irish Joe, with his stirring and patriotic pieces that won the crowd over and made him a clear cut winner of the trophy, souvenirs and \$750 cash.

The Naked Poets did their Muster farewell concert to a packed house, featuring the whole crew, Shirley, Muzza, Ray, Pat and Marco who had a heap of fun.

The week was highlighted by huge audience numbers, *limerickathons*, campfire crooning (without the fire), mostly warm weather, and a ton of fun.

Muzza, MacArthur and Marco also joined forces in the Downunder Debate featuring Poet's, singer Dobe Newton, and Win/Nine television celebrities Suzie Elleman and Paul Taylor along with Sunshine Coast mayor Bob Abbott. Hartin won the debate almost single handedly, with his stirring attack for the Negative Side on the subject, Male Country Music Singers break more hearts than Female C.M.S.

Anyone wanting to apply to the Muster next year can forward an application to me at [www.gliori@in.com.au](mailto:www.gliori@in.com.au). Successful applicants will be notified late February/early march 2010.

Cheers Marco Gliori

# DUKE TRITTON

TRITTON, HAROLD PERCY

'Duke' Tritton was a shearer, folk singer and poet. He was born on October 3rd 1886 at Five Dock in Sydney, the second son of Edgar and Frances (nee Lane) and was educated at Waterloo and Lakemba public schools. At thirteen years he found work as a fisherman, then as a newsboy, a factory worker and as a builder's labourer.



With his mate 'Dutchy' Holland, Tritton, aged twenty-one, tried his hand at shearing. They went 'on the track' for the next four years, carrying their swags, employed as shearers and, between seasons, working as a fencer, timber cutter, coach driver, road worker, fossicker, rabbit and as a boxer with a travelling troupe. During one boxing match he was given the nickname 'Duke'. In country towns 'Duke' and 'Dutchy' earned extra money by singing in the streets.

Tritton married Caroline Goodman with Anglican rites at Buckaroo, near Mudgee in December 1909. They spent some time in Sydney during 1910 before returning to Mudgee where Tritton took on various station jobs. He was rejected by the army in 1914 because of his flat feet - despite his years 'on the wallaby', but was finally accepted by the army in 1918, only to see the war end before he was posted.

Moving to Sydney in 1919, he built a house at Punchbowl and worked delivering timber for McKenzies until the big timber strike in 1927 when he returned to Mudgee, prospecting at Mount Knowles.

In 1933 with his wife and ten children he moved to his 38-acre selection at Cullenbone where he fattened lambs and took on casual work. In 1936 he became a powder monkey on the Sandy Hollow-Maryvale railway line.

A loyal union man, he was the Australian Workers' Union delegate for Jackson's gang.

In 1938 'Duke' sold his selection. He shifted with his family to Sydney, resumed work at McKenzie's and tried unsuccessfully to enlist. After the war he formed a syndicate to mine Mount Knowles, then moved back on to the selection which his son had repurchased; in 1957 he retired to Sydney.

Encouraged by Nancy Keesing, Tritton wrote an account of his early outback experiences, 'Time Means Tucker' (1959), which was published by the Bulletin. In Sydney, at Bush Music Club workshops, he became a popular performer of bush songs, both the traditional and those of his own composition. Tritton later toured Australian capital cities with a group of folk-singers.

'Tall and tough as ironbark', with intense blue eyes and a mop of snowy hair, he had presence and a strong, clear voice. ('You should always put a bit of venom into it', he used to say.) Sincere and strong-minded, he was sardonic, unpretentious and believed in mateship.

'Duke' Tritton died in Sydney, at the peak of his singing career, on 17 May 1965 and was cremated. His wife and nine of their children survived him. The National Library of Australia holds recordings of his folk-songs.

## Shearing in the Bar

A Song by Duke Tritton (of six verses)

*'My shearing days are over, though I never was a gun  
I could always count my twenty at the end of every run  
I used the old Trade Union shears, the blades were always full  
As I drove 'em to the knockers, and I clipped away the wool  
I shore at Goorianawa and didn't get the sack  
From Breeza out to Compadore, I always could go back  
And though I am a truthful man, I find when in a bar  
My tallies seem to double, but I never call for tar . . . .'*

## Song: 'The Sandy Hollow Line'

by Duke Tritton (1937).

Set to music and sung by John Dengate.

The sun was blazing in the sky and waves of shimmering heat,  
Glared down on the railway cutting, we were half dead on our feet,  
And the ganger stood on the bank of the cut and he snarled at the men below,  
"You'd better keep those shovels full or all you cows'll go."

Linda McLean, Duke Tritton's daughter, wrote.

Men were expendable I suppose, you could say. There was always somebody else waiting for relief work for this job. But we thought when we went out on the Sandy Hollow Line, that this was going to be the greatest thing that ever happened to us because we were going to be paid wages, which of course we were. After having dole coupons for years for food, it was thought to be a big thing, but it didn't turn out of course to be anything like we expected. If people ask me what do I really remember about it, I suppose I could say, "the dirt, the smells, the flies, the broken men, broken women too, the women suffered terribly there." Really dad's poem really covers it all. It says the lot about the feelings of people in those days and conditions we all lived under.

And so we plodded to our camps and it seemed to our weary brains,  
We were no better than convicts, though we didn't wear the chains,  
And in those drear depression days, we were unwanted men,  
But we knew that when a war broke out, we'd all be heroes then.  
And we'd be handed a rifle and forced to fight for the swine,  
Who tortured us and starved us, on the Sandy Hollow Line.

Harold, or 'Duke', Tritton was 'discovered' by Nancy Keesing when she and Douglas Stewart were searching for material for the Old Bush Songs anthology. Stewart has suggested that Tritton may have learned his style, in part, from Henry Lawson, with whom he once had a day-long 'quiet session' in the Miner's Arms at Mudgee, New South Wales. Tritton was a bushman (shearer, miner, fencer, farmer) and later a timber carter in Sydney.

## THE SANDY HOLLOW LINE

A poem by Duke Tritton (1937)

The sun was blazing in the sky and waves of shimmering heat,  
Glared down on the railway cutting, we were half dead on our feet,  
And the ganger stood on the bank of the cut and he snarled at the men below,  
"You'd better keep them shovels full or all you cows 'll go."

I never saw such a useless mob, you'd make a feller sick,  
As shovel men you're hopeless, and you're no good with the pick."  
There were men in the gang who could belt him with a hand tied at the back  
But he had power behind him and we dare not risk the sack.

So we took it all in silence, for this was the period when  
We lived in the great depression and nothing was cheaper than men.  
And we drove the shovels and swung the picks and cursed the choking dust;  
We'd wives and hungry kids to feed so toil in the heat we must.

And as the sun rose higher the heat grew more intense,  
The flies were in their millions, the air was thick and dense,  
We found it very hard to breathe, our lungs were hot and tight  
With the stink of sweating horses and the fumes of gelignite.

But still the ganger drove us on, we couldn't take much more;  
We prayed for the day we'd get the chance to even up the score.  
A man collapsed in the heat and dust, he was carried away to the side,  
It didn't seem to matter if the poor chap lived or died.

"He's only a loafer," the ganger said. "A lazy, useless cow.  
I was going to sack him anyway, he's saved me the trouble now."  
He had no thoughts of the hungry kids, no thought of a woman's tears,  
As she struggled and fought to feed her brood all down the weary years.

But one of the government horses fell and died there in the dray,  
They hitched two horses to him and they dragged the corpse away.  
The ganger was a worried man and he said with a heavy sigh:  
"It is a bloody terrible thing to see a good horse die."

"You chaps get back now to your work, don't stand loafing there,  
Get in and trim the batter down, I'll get the Engineer."  
The Engineer came and looked around and he said as he scratched his head,  
"No horse could work in this dreadful heat or all of them will be dead."

"There much too valuable to lose, they cost us quite a lot  
And I think it is a wicked shame to work them while it's hot.  
So we will take them to the creek and spell them in the shade,  
You men must all knock off at once. Of course you won't be paid."

And so we plodded to our camps and it seemed to our weary brains,  
We were no better than convicts, though we didn't wear the chains,  
And in those drear depression days, we were unwanted men,  
But we knew that when a war broke out, we'd all be heroes then.

And we'd be handed a rifle and forced to fight for the swine,  
Who tortured us and starved us, on the Sandy Hollow Line.

### BUNGENDORE NSW

Bush Poets Gathering

Bungendore Bowling Club

7am Cooked Breakfasts - 8am Walk-up Poetry  
Saturday and Sunday - 6th - 7th February 2010

All Welcome Contact

Di Marquet 6238 0620

marquet.di@laminex.com.au

## John Peel wins "Tuckerbox" Reciter of the Year Award



At this year's Turning Wave Festival in Gundagai the poets who presented their work at the two Poets Breakfasts on Saturday and Sunday mornings were in the running for the inaugural "Tuckerbox" reciter of the year award.

The rules were fairly simple, the poem had to be recited not read, be less than eight minutes, be suitable for a general family audience and the featured poets at the festival were not eligible.

This year's judge was Vic Jeffries, who had the task of choosing a winner out of the sixty or so poems presented.

The winner was John Peel for his humorous poem entitled "When Elvis Came Back From The Dead"

As the winner John has his name engraved on the perpetual "Tuckerbox" trophy, which was made from a leg off the billiard table from Kiley's Run, the property made famous by Banjo Patterson and not that far from Gundagai, near Tumut.

John also received a small replica of the trophy, a certificate, a festival pass for next year's "Turning Wave" and the dubious honour of choosing next year's winner.

As a sidelight, just as the trophy was to be presented to John by one of the festival poets, Peter Mace, a fierce thunderstorm hit Gundagai, blacking out the whole town. Maybe Elvis's ghost at work.

Stay tuned for details of next year's festival and, until then, take care.





## Dawn

by Dorothea Mackellar (pictured)

At the dawning of the day,  
 On the road to Gunnedah,  
 When the sky is pink and grey  
 As the wings of a wild galah,  
 And the last night-shadow ebbs  
 From the trees like a falling tide,  
 And the dew-hung spiderwebs  
 On the grass-blades spread far and wide  
 Each sharp spike loaded well,  
 Bent down low with the heavy dew -  
 Wait the daily miracle  
 When the world is all made anew:  
 When the sun's rim lifts beyond  
 The horizon turned crystal-white,  
 And a sea of diamond  
 Is the plain to the dazzled sight.

At the dawning of the day,  
 To my happiness thus it fell:  
 That I went the common way,  
 And I witnessed a miracle.

## DON ADAMS

By Arthur Green

I first met Don Adams seventeen years ago after he had come all the way from Paraparaumu, New Zealand, to participate in the celebrations at the 1992 Henry Lawson Literary Awards in Gulgong, in which Charlee Marshall, Ron Stevens and Bill Glasson also featured. Since that time, Don's name has consistently appeared in the lists of Winners, Runners-up, Placings and Highly Commendeds in almost every major Bush Poetry competition around Australia.

This year, besides his well-deserved win in the Bundaberg Bush Lantern Competition with his 'In Praise of the Shearing Shed', he also received a Highly Commended for 'A Swaggie's Tale' in the Bronze Swagman. The list of his many successes includes wins in the 'Golden Wattle' in Victoria, the NSW Open, the Bush Lantern, the Camp Oven, John O'Brien, the Australia Day comp run by the Banana Shire, Central Queensland, and some for the FAW in traditional verse. Besides being Runner-

## FENCIN' IN THE DARK

David Meyers © 1996

A man gets lonely in the bush  
 when the sun it disappears;  
 and Bill had worked the land alone,  
 for six or seven years.

So the news, it bucked him up a bit,  
 and his blood began to race;  
 when he heard a girl from up the country,  
 had bought old Jackson's place.

Now, Bill kept mostly to himself;  
 but they chanced to meet one day;  
 he was grubbin' up by Jackson's fence,  
 when she waved across the way.

Her smile it stopped him in his tracks,  
 his heart it stopped a beat;  
 he'd hadn't felt that way before,  
 it must have been the heat.

Her eyes, they fairly took him in,  
 he was haunted by their hue;  
 one it seems was pastel green  
 while the other one was blue.

'Listen Bill', she said at last,  
 'would you come for tea tonight?  
 after that we'll check the fences,  
 while the moon is fresh and bright'.

Bill, he blushed as he nodded 'Yes',  
 and his eyes, they seemed to spark;  
 but he pondered on the eerie thought  
 of fencin' in the dark.

She fixed him quite a feast that night,  
 then they walked out on the land;  
 the moonlight touched her freckled face,  
 as she said 'Bill, take my hand'.

He took her hand, as a sort of gift,  
 said it'd be handy on the farm;  
 but he wondered at its usefulness,  
 while connected to her arm.

up (twice) in the Bronze Swagman, there are also numerous Highly Commendeds as well as a third at Charters Towers.

As a further indication of their merit, his poems have also been chosen for recital in performance competitions by some of our top-ranking performance poets.

Despite currently residing in New Zealand, Don always insists that "I AM AN AUSSIE and al-

She led him like a blinkered nag,  
 through scrub so thick and dense;  
 till they came upon a lonely spot,  
 beside old Jackson's fence.

She put her hand on the second strand,  
 said 'you probably think we're fools;  
 He said 'I don't know what to think,  
 we haven't brought the tools'.

She said 'just stand here by my side,  
 and watch me with your eyes';  
 then she grabbed him and she kissed him  
 and took him by surprise.

Well, his knees they knocked beyond  
 control, and his muscles got the shakes;  
 as her arms, they slid around his neck  
 like a pair of python snakes.

She kissed him like a thing possessed,  
 he thought for sure he'd choke;  
 but dying seemed a hefty price  
 for being a friendly bloke.

He finally balked and backed away,  
 it was a matter of life and death;  
 he staggered up against the fence  
 still gasping for his breath.

'Bill', she said, 'I think I love you',  
 as she watched his heaving chest;  
 He said, 'I'm glad you told me  
 'cause I never would have guessed'.

The married in the spring that year,  
 and their love just grows and grows;  
 Bill has learnt the art of kissing  
 while breathing through his nose.

And every now and then he chuckles,  
 and his eyes they seem to spark;  
 when he remembers  
 how he came to dinner,  
 and fencin' in the dark.

## BUSH POETRY

Brian Bell. (c) 2009

Do other bards identify with mix-ups on the scene -  
 enthusiastic punters, who are just a little green?  
 People make some huge mistakes - this is a human trait,  
 but poet fans are older. Could the eyes have had it, Mate?

We'll stretch it to encompass someone, taking Gregory North  
 for Johnny Peel, whose avant garde vibrations parry forth.  
 His bold interpretations on the art of self-defence  
 are nothing like a hatbox, or the poems Greg invents.

So, who am I to comment on this recognition plight?  
 I reckon I'm unique, and most identify me right,  
 yet I've been taken many times for poets come and gone.  
 Yes, when the punters leave, they often say "See you, Anon."

When I wrote this, I had just had a stent put in my heart. They forgot to give me the sedation until half way through the angeogram. I tried to write it in the style used by CJ Dennis. The poem has done well in both performance and in written comps. It took out the humorous section of 'The Oracles of The Bush' Tenterfield 2009;HC in 'The Blackened Billy' 2009 and HC in The Boree Log 2008.

## Strike Me Pink (in the style of CJ Dennis)

© Zondrae King (Corrimal) 09/07

They dragged me t tha city. Told me "otherwise you'll die a slow and painful death" they sez. "Well save me then." sez I. See it's me art wot's playin up n givin me the stick. They put me in the ospital, to fix it up real quick. It's globs a fat wot's bunchin up and cloggin all me veins. They fix it with a wire, just like cleanin out ya drains.

The Doc comes in. Well strike me pink, e looks just 12 year old, an nursie says "Now you lie back and do wot you are told". This Doctor kid's Chinese I think or maybe e's Malay. I wish e wouldn't grin at me and rub is ands that way like e's preparing dinner, or to carve the Sundee roast. If I cud see a mirror I'd be whiter n a ghost.

At least e talks Austra'n good. I ear each word e sed. "Don't worry now." e says to me and pats me on the ed. The operatin room is next, the wardsman wheels me in. There's lights and screens and dials n Doc is gowned up to is chin. They ooks me up to their machine and things start going 'ping'. It's scary, like a UFO, and me ooked to the thing.

They ad me in this dressin gown wot opened down the rear and paper knickers, what a laugh, around me weddin gear. Next thing I know e's pokin' in a tube right thru me vein then squirtin in some magic dye n pulls it out again. E points a finger at a screen n slowly rubs is chin. Examines all the wiggley lines n sez, "We can begin."

"Ah There's the spot!" e tells the nurse o wears a gown and mask. But wot e tries to show er I don't ave tha nerve to ask. "Aah, some sedation ere I think" e says to er. Well gee, if e needs some sedation, I ask, wot about poor me? "A stent 'll do the trick" e sez. Well what's a flamin' stent? It helps tha blood flow to yer art. It's like a wire tent.

A wire tent - stuck in me veins. "Well strike me roan," sez me. "Oh don't you worry now." E sez n pats me on tha knee. They place the stent n press it out and I don't feel the best. It's like a flamin elephant is standin on me chest. They use a scale from one t ten t elp describe tha pain. Well blow their numbers. I doh wanna feel that crook again.

They tell me this ere doctor kid wots lookin after me is ed Professa of the eart at Uni-vers-atee. This stent e put inside me is like some macramé thing except that it is made of special wire 'stead a string. E knows is job and es the best so I need ave no fears cause after e is done I'll last another 20 years.

I'm feelin much more like meself n back in me own digs. I'm glad I didn't need them valves they're transplantin from pigs. Instructions are: I exercise to elp improve me mood, at least a alf an our a day, n av ta watch me food. Rememberin ta take me pills'll be an up ill battle. But if it happens I should fall - well strike me pink, I'll rattle.

## EULOGY for JOHN BIRD

John was born in Harle St. Weston, a small town in the coal fields of Newcastle on 23rd April 1930; the only son of five children born to Janet and John Bird.

John's father originated from England and was known as a Gerodie; as part of Geordie culture John was always referred to as 'our Jack' by his family. John loved his mother dearly, sharing a connection with her that has never faltered with time, distance or death.

John had strong religious beliefs and at age 16, in the Mission Hall, delivered two sermons as a lay preacher, something he was ever proud of. John passed his religious foundation onto his children ensuring they attended the Lismore Baptist Church from an early age.

When his family relocated to Kurri Kurri John became an apprentice boilermaker at age fifteen with the West Maitland Railway. He moved on to working in the coal mines and then to the Morpeth Butter Factory from whence his wages went to supporting his mother and nine extended family members during the 13 weeks miners strike in 1949.

John achieved sporting awards at school for athletics (broad jump and discus), was a State School Boy representative in Rugby League going on to play football with Kurri Kurri.

He was asked to play first grade with South Lismore Rugby League Club, the first imported player in the club. Playing for Lismore at age 20 he worked as a boilermaker for Foley Bros (now Norco).

He married June in 1954 and they began their family in 1956 with John, then Jenny and James. He was involved with the 3rd Lismore Scout Group and, being a traditionalist was a member of the Masonic Lodge.

After selling his business interests and divorcing in 1974 he had many varied business ventures over several years and lived a full life with Audrey and her family Dianne, Raymond and Kathleen.

John and Audrey's respective families have grand children, great grand children and extended families. They have all shared the bond of a man who loved life and who had a heart as big as the man himself.

John began writing poems on paper while at the fish shop or wherever he may have been when so inclined. His passion for writing rhymes resulted in publishing three books and entering bush ballads in competitions. He won first prize in all sections in the Tenterfield Oracles of the Bush achieving the highest accolade know as the Bush Bard for his poetry. He won prizes at various levels at Stanthorpe, Tamworth and Casino and looked forward to reciting Bush Poems on Sunday afternoons at the Station Hotel.

He took up painting in the over 50's resulting in many beautiful paintings.

He cherished and loved his friends, his immediate extended families, was an honest man who gave respect and expected it from people in his life.

John's measure of a man was in their work ethic and family connection.

John had an amazing stubborn determined spirit that was witnessed during the last five years of his life.

He fought to stay with his family til the very end; his passion for life was to live with and for the people he loved.

John passed away on August 22nd this year . . .

May he rest in peace!

(to page 15)

## CASINO VILLAGE RV RESORT

The Casino village held its third Bushmans Heritage Festival on 14<sup>th</sup> to 16 August, 2009 at the resort in Casino NSW.

The event was held in perfect winter weather and featured well known bush poets Gary Fogarty, who was also the MC, Ray Essery, Terry Regan, Noel Stallard and Robyn Tesch.

Other events over the weekend included a Bushcraft and Camping Workshop and Poetry Performance and Publication workshop.

Saturday evening entertainment included a camp oven dinner and Bush Balladeer, Jeff Gibson, and Happy Hour entertainment was by Hal Perkins.

Sunday morning the Casino Lions Club catered for a Poets Breakfast which was followed by the

**Amateur Poetry Competition** and the winners were:

1<sup>st</sup> Brendon Doyle

2<sup>nd</sup> Paul Hillary

3<sup>rd</sup> Ray Halliday

This was followed by a very entertaining **One Minute Poets Brawl** which was judged by audience applause and the winner was Bill Palmer.

The Resort is looking forward to hosting the 4<sup>th</sup> Bushman's Heritage Festival in 2010 – please keep an eye on their website [www.casinovillage.com.au](http://www.casinovillage.com.au) for details.

## TOOLANGI FESTIVAL UPDATE

Jan Williams from "The Singing Gardens" has recently received the exciting news that Ernie Dingo and his wife Sally will be on hand on Saturday, 24th October, to present the prizes to the winners of the Toolangi Festival Poetry Competition. (Ernie released a CD this year, "Under the Black Hat", which contained poems by CJ Dennis, Banjo Paterson, Henry Lawson. It will be available for purchase throughout the festival weekend).

In addition to an engraved trophy made of bushfire wood, prize winners this year will also receive a copy of Ernie's CD, a copy of CJ Dennis' "Book for Kids" (kindly donated by publisher, Black Dog Books), and a bottle of wine.

On Sunday, 25th October, the show will commence at 1.30 pm, with recitations and readings of the works of CJ Dennis. This will run for approximately 90 minutes, after which there will be an inter-

val. (Afternoon tea will be provided for performers in the tea room.) Then, at approximately 3.30 pm, the Babirra Music Theatre Company will present songs from the musical "The Sentimental Bloke" "The Sentimental Bloke" was written by Arlen Arlen, and first staged in March 1961, at the Albert Hall in Canberra. To quote from Wikipedia:

"The show had a one-week run in Canberra, which was so popular that extra seating in the aisles had to be arranged.. C. Williamson's directors Sir Frank Tait, John McCallum the final performance and decided to sponsor it for a further six-week season at the Comedy Theatre in (from 4 November 1961), directed by John Young. This was later extended to five months."

There will then be a few more poems/songs to finish up what should be a truly marvelous day.

A ten dollar entry fee exists, but reciters and other performers will be admitted free of charge.

## MARION LEE

by: Bernard Espinasse

To 'The Wanderer's Rest' at the foot of the Rise  
Where the ranges grow purple when evening dies  
Came troopers, hard riding, all dusty and brown,  
On the trail of a bushranger, hunting him down.  
And they carelessly talked as they went in to sup  
About riding again when the moon should be up;  
And they spoke of their errand whilst sipping their tea  
To the inn-keeper's daughter, to Marion Lee.  
With lips that grew white she pretended to smile,  
Yet she stilled the wild beat of her heart all the while,  
Then she stole from the room and she stole from the house,  
With the speed of a bird and the tread of a mouse.  
For the man whom they sought with a price on his head  
In days that were gone she had promised to wed,  
And criminal though now, alas! he might be,  
Still true to her lover was Marion Lee.  
She knew where he lay, not a mile from them then,  
In a cave in the hills, like a fox in his den,  
And to warn him of danger while yet there was time,  
The spur of the ranges she started to climb.  
Through the black bush she hurried, a phantom in white,  
Till the cave-mouth was reached were it yawned to the night.  
There in fever's delirium tossing was he,  
And he babbled a name - it was Marion Lee!  
'They will take him!' she cried, as she trembled with fear,  
'If they find him unarmed and insensible here.'  
And she thought of their words, as they went in to sup,  
About riding again when the moon should be up.  
But with danger Love's ready resources awoke,  
She wrapped herself round in the bushrangers cloak!  
Put his hat on her head, loosed his horse from a tree,  
And away to the ranges rode Marion Lee!  
When the bush in the moonlight grew ghostly and grey,  
The troopers rode out on the trail of their prey,  
In silence their road at a gallop they took,  
And never drew rein till their leader cried, 'Look!'  
On the crest of the rise where the she-oaks are bare,  
Was the bushranger riding his coaly-black mare;  
By the star on her forehead they knew it was she,  
But they guessed not the rider was Marion Lee!  
Ere a shot could be fired the figure was gone,  
And the echo of hoofs on the night-wind was borne.  
With a shout of dismay and a volley to boot,  
Up the slope went the troopers in angry pursuit.  
And there was the bushranger, riding full speed,  
In his cloak and slouch hat, on his coaly-black steed;  
But the mare had a start and once galloping free.  
'Let him catch us who can!' whispered Marion Lee.  
Not a shot did they fire, that resolute five,  
For 'twas double reward if they took him alive;  
So they rode with set teeth and they spurred with a will,  
And the mare and her rider ahead of them still!  
Through the tanglefoot scrub, by the misty lagoon,  
Through the shadowy bush in the light of the moon.  
On, on, to the hills that look out to the sea,  
Her work all but ended, sped Marion Lee.  
For at length, when the dawn broke across the divide,  
And the horses ran lame with that terrible ride,  
When decoyed by a woman, true-hearted and brave,  
The troopers were miles from the bushranger's cave,

## THE PRICE OF A KISS

Elise Espinasse

Where the ranges dip down to the plain at their base,  
In the lap of the gully lies Tressider's place,  
And the dancers are footing it merry and bright  
For the honour of Kitty, his daughter, tonight.

With a clatter of hoofs and a jingle of belts  
The troopers ride up, and the merriment melts,  
And men stand aghast, who were laughing before,  
At the glitter of steel as they crowd to the door.

Tom Govan, long hunted, is captured at last  
And the days of his riding and raiding are past;  
They bring him a prisoner, half-ended their task,  
And to rest there the night is the favour they ask.

In the stable they lash him to post and to ring,  
For the strength of his arm is a marvellous thing;  
Then they join in the dance and the night wanes apace,  
And there's laughter and loving at Tressider's place.

But Kitty creeps out and stands weeping apart,  
For the love of Tom Govan that lies at her heart;  
For in good and in evil, through sin and through shame,  
The love of a woman alone is the same.

But a form is beside her, a voice at her ear,  
The voice that of all she least wishes to hear -  
'Tis the trooper who first ran her lover to earth,  
And whose love she has treated with scorning and mirth.

'Kate,' he whispers, 'tonight bid your lover good-bye;  
If he leaves here tomorrow Tom Govan will die;  
But just smile on me kindly and give me one kiss,  
And to prove how I love you I'll give you - see this !'

He holds up his hand and he shows her a key -  
One turn in the lock and Tom Govan is free -  
He would barter his honour, with traitors claim kin,  
For one smile from the woman he never can win.

She falters a moment, then raises her face,  
Puts her hand in his own - 'You may kiss me,' she says...  
'When you're both far away,' and he toys with her hair,  
You might give me a thought - if you've any to spare.' ...

There is saddling and mounting at Tressider's place,  
For of Tom and his sweetheart no man finds a trace -  
But One lies on the grass, a revolver he grips:  
'Tis the smile he bought, maybe, that's still on his lips!

(Marion Lee)

One, cursing, drew trigger - alas! he aimed well,  
For she reeled in her saddle an instant, then fell.  
When they sprang from their horses their prisoner to see -  
They looked on the dead face of Marion Lee!  
So the story is told of that terrible ride;  
How a bushranger's sweetheart, in saving him, died.  
And they say that he vanished, like mist from the ground,  
And that never again was a trace of him found.  
But the bushmen who live in the ranges declare  
That a figure is seen on a coal-black mare  
Of a night, when the moon is up, galloping free,  
And they say 'tis the ghost of poor Marion Lee.

## THE LAST CHARGE

by John Bird - Lismore 1998

"What am I bid for the old tin trunk," the auctioneer sang out.  
Then pointed to a beat up box, "Suit someone, I've no doubt."  
"There's a pair of spats, an old slouch hat, some emu feathers too.  
Will someone give a price to me, cause I wouldn't have a clue."

"Who will start with fifty cents?" Then he lifted the feathers high  
"Ten dollars I will bid for it," I heard my own voice cry.  
Then right before by very eyes there seemed a different scene.  
There were twenty thousand horsemen  
where the auction crowd had been.

The horses' flanks were quivering.  
The flared nostrils blowing moist,  
And on the forward bearer, our Australian flag was hoist.  
It was October 31st, 1917.  
This was the last great cavalry charge  
and the best the world had seen.

The "Whalers" they were prancing, impatient in their tread.  
Expectant young light horsemen ready,  
plumed hats upon their head.  
The notes of bugle sounding, charge vibrating to the sky,  
Beersheba, Beersheba, Beersheba became the battle cry.

The horses galloped fiercely to echo Beersheba from their feet  
And the feathers on the riders hats waved wildly to the beat,  
They never faltered in their run, ever charging to the foe.  
Beersheba was the battle cry as onward they did go.

They cared not for the shrapnel that through their ranks did blast,  
Not the whistle of the screeching shells that overhead flew past,  
They broke the siege for 'Johnny Turk'. Beersheba they did take,  
They made the last great cavalry charge and history they did make.

"Ten dollars, I've got for the old tin trunk.  
Is there any further bid?"  
No more bids, so I got the box, beat up without its lid.  
With its old slouch hat, its pair of spats  
and crumpled feathers there,  
The sight did fill my heart with pride as I took them in my care.

Now as each Anzac Day comes round, I polish up each spat,  
I take the emu feathers out, to adorn the old slouch hat,  
I watch the thinning ranks of light-horsemen on parade,  
In mind I see the last great charge  
in history they made.



(to page 13)

DAD AND DAVE'S HISTORIC  
**RUDDS PUB**



Steele Rudd's Birthday Weekend  
Rudd's Pub Nobby  
November 14th and 15th

- \***Bush Poetry Competition (from noon Saturday)**
- \*Junior Section (under 16)
- \*Open section, original, Modern and traditional
- \*Steele Rudd section - recite a verse or two from one of Steele Rudd's Books
- \***Trophies for each section**
- \***Cash money for overall**
- \***Register on the day from 10 am**
- \***Pre register on 0746963211**
- \***Dance in barn from 6 to 10 pm Saturday**

- \*Honky Tonk piano player Saturday and Sunday  
Dining room of pub starts 12 noon each day.
- \*Sheep dog demonstrations Saturday and Sunday  
11.30-12.30, 1.30 -2.30
- \*Light horse display from 12 noon Saturday
- \*Bush poets Breakfast Sunday from 8.30am  
(open mic.) Rudds Pub Barn

Bookings essential phone 46963211 (Pub)  
\*Free camping available across from the pub  
\*Rooms available at the pub.  
**Fax 0746963105 Phone 0746963211**  
Email srlittle2007@yahoo.com.au

Rudd's Pub is located off the New England Highway  
35 minutes south of Toowoomba



- Junior.
- Novice
- Classical
- Original Serious or Humorous
- Contemporary

Yarns - One prize \$250 Friday night. Closing date 25 Feb.

Written Competition Open & Junior. Closing Date 23 Jan.

- Thursday night 4th. Meet & Greet Caravan Park. BBQ available.  
*Free site accommodation this night. C'van Park.*
- Friday Bus Tour 9am. *Bring own lunch.*
- Friday night. Yarns \$250 One prize only. *Yarns previously told in Dunedoo, not permitted.*
- SATURDAY—Competitions DCS Hall.
- SATURDAY night—*Medley of poetry from competition—Awards—Entertainment.*  
Sunday Breakfast with the Poets, 8am. *OL Milling Park.*

**Milton Taylor** will be in attendance.

You will need to book for Bus (\$15) and Sat. night (\$25) Supper included.

- Entry Forms [www.abpa.org.au](http://www.abpa.org.au)
- Bookings—Sue Stoddart 02 63 751975  
[dddgroup@bigpond.com](mailto:dddgroup@bigpond.com)
- PO Box 1 DUNEDOO NSW 2844

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BUSH POETS  
CALENDAR of  
EVENTS 2010

Deadline for next  
magazine

20th November 2009

Contact Editor

# SORENSEN, EDWARD SYLVESTER



## EDWARD SORENSON

(1869-1939), writer, was born on 24 September 1869 at Dyraaba, New South Wales, third of eight children of Jacob Sorenson, a Norwegian labourer and miner, and his native-born wife Mary Ann, née Keleher. His early life was an education in itself: from the age of 9 he intermittently attended Casino South (Greenridge) Public School while working at anything from stock-riding, bullock-driving and droving to farming, fencing, dairying and gardening. At 14 he was apprenticed to a carpenter at Casino for two years; at 20 he was a pioneer selector at Myrtle Creek.

He then carried a swag throughout Queensland; he prospected for gold and worked on sheep-stations in north-western New South Wales where he added shearing, woolclassing, engine driving and book-keeping to his skills. By 1900 Sorenson was a teetotaling publican at Tibooburra and secretary of the local jockey club; next year he travelled throughout South Australia, Victoria and New South Wales. Deciding to make writing his profession, he settled in Sydney where he studied at a commercial college as an evening student. On 31 December 1910 he married a widow Alice Newlyn, née Gibbs, at the Congregational Church, Waterloo.

From 1885, as a lonely young farmer, he had contributed to the Bulletin, Lone Hand, Sydney Morning

Herald and Catholic Press; he was encouraged by J. F. Archibald.

Sorenson's *Life in the Australian Backblocks* (London, 1911) is a classic account of bush life by a man with first-hand knowledge. In his fiction he remained firmly in the nationalist tradition, although his early novel, *The Squatter's Ward* (London, 1908), displays incongruous Gothic elements. His collections, *Quinton's Rouseabout and Other Stories* (Melbourne, 1908), *Chips and Splinters* (1919) and *Murty Brown* (1925), suggest that his talents were more successfully employed in shorter, notably humorous forms. He also wrote accomplished and witty verse.

Expert descriptions of wildlife are a feature of Sorenson's work. His somewhat anthropomorphized sketches of the lives of native animals, first collected in *Friends and Foes in the Australian Bush* (London, 1914), distinguish him among his contemporaries. He was a member of the Royal Australasian Ornithologists' Union and the Royal Zoological Society of New South Wales.

A member of the Fellowship of Australian Writers, Sorenson was both a popular and prolific writer. He led a quiet literary life and was no Bohemian. Norman Lindsay once ungenerously remarked that Sorenson resembled 'a native bear', an image used by David Low in a caricature. Photographs reveal the gentle, amiable personality behind Sorenson's writing, and something of his Scandinavian inheritance; he had a full moustache, a strong nose and a glint of humour in his eyes.

In the 1930s Sorenson experienced poor health and was granted a Commonwealth Literary Fund pension of £1 a week from 1 December 1934.

Survived by a son and daughter, he died of coronary disease at his Marrickville home on 19 December 1939 and was buried in the Anglican section of Rookwood cemetery.



## BILL BROWN

Edward (Ted) S Sorenson

I met Bill Brown on the Prospect Track  
Astride of a camel cow;  
An' I said, "I heard you had got the sack,  
An' where are you makin' now?"

"Well, mate," said William, "I thought it out,  
An' I sez to myself, sez I:  
There's not much hope for the rouseabout,  
As the rousy can testify.

"So I'll drink the honey of Freedom's Cup,  
An' do as it pleases Brown;  
I'll roll me swag when the sun gets up,  
An' I'll camp when the sun goes down.

"I'm makin' out where the diggers go,  
Where the reefs run deep an' wide;  
I'll wet my whistle at Tally-ho,  
An' I'll yard me a Western bride.

"She'll make me rugs with the skins I get  
When I'm off o' the veins of gold;  
She'll strip an' thatch when the days are wet,  
An' she'll stoke when the nights are cold.

"With only a fire in the trackless zone,  
She'll cook like a chef, bet you;  
Whatever she needs she will find alone  
For her salmagundi too.

"If the tracks are barren this moke I've got  
Will do with a mulga-tree,  
An' the hobble-chains an' the old quart-pot  
Still jingle a tune to me."

He filled his pipe ere he said, "So long!"  
An' he rode where the sun grows red;  
Where the bold are lured with a golden song  
At times to a dead man's bed.  
Though many ask, 'tis a nut to crack,  
Where old Bill Brown is now;  
He was heard of last on the Prospect Track  
Astride of a camel cow.

## TASTE of COUNTRY HARDEN NSW

**31st October  
1st November  
Bush Poets Dinner  
Performance  
Competition & Brawl  
Plus Sunday Brekkie**

**\$2,000.00  
Prize-money  
(see page 23)**

## DEGREES OF COOKS

© Jack Drakle -

Inspect any station across this great Nation.  
The cook will be somebody's wife.  
Since the ladies took over, a stockman or drover  
need no longer fear for his life.

But it wasn't that way in the battling old days  
when cooks were a species apart.  
They were rated by five if they kept you alive.  
A COOK was the one at the start.

Next came the COOKOO who could make a fair stew  
but damper replaced home made bread.  
The roasts and the rest would be average at best  
but at least everybody got fed.

Number three was a slayer they called a BAITLAYER -  
an unclean and scurrilous lout.  
His curries and stews were a glutinous ooze.  
His roasts had the blood seeping out.

If Baitlayers were bad, TUCKER MUCKERS were mad.  
Their dampers were lumps of raw dough.  
And the word I've called "mucker" also rhymes with "Tucker".  
I can't say it - the children you know.

But on top of the heap, that detestable creep,  
that evil unsavoury cur  
shouldn't cook for a dog. Soaked in vice, dirt and grog  
they knew as WILFUL MURDERER.

He smelled like a skunk, was perpetually drunk.  
Men lived on raw meat and burnt flour.  
They would run at each end and their workday expend  
squatting out on the flat by the hour.

For the worker today, a fine breakfast is laid.  
At smoko there's biscuits and scones.  
And the lunches and teas send old hands to their knees  
to thank God the good old days are gone.

Published in *The Cattle Dog's Revenge*  
(Central Queensland University Press, 2003)



## TALENT IN THE GORGE

Hosted by the Cania Gorge Caravan and Tourist Park, a member of the BIG4 GROUP of Holiday Parks, situated in the middle of the beautiful Cania Gorge only five minutes from Cania Dam.

## Lifemarks

*the poetry of Max Merckenschlager*

*national written bush poetry champion 2006, 2007 and 2009 published by Ginninderra Press, Port Adelaide*

Max's first published book is a balance of bush and freeform poems, many of which have won awards during a decade plus of competition. A spoken word mp3 data disk recording of all the poems in Max's book is included with the book, to support his written works.

For those who struggle with or are dismissive of all non-rhyming poetry, Max has teased apart two of his freeforms on the CD recording to help with their understanding and appreciation. His bush poem *Country Women* (winner of Beaudesert's written awards in 2008) is dissected in a discussion of things worth looking at when writing traditional rhyming verse. Max's 2006 national championship winning bush poem *Men Of Skins* is included.

A few lyrical poems that Max has set to music are presented on the CD as songs, including *Farewell My Heart* (the bronze statuette poetry winner at Grenfell in 2005 and winner of Inverell's song-writing competition in 2006), *King Of The Land* (winning poem at Dunedoo, 2008 and placed third as a song at Inverell in 2006), and *Sorry Day Song* (bronze statuette poetry winner at Grenfell in 2008).

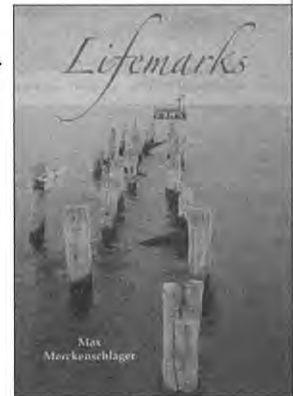
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(see p.24)



The event will be held yearly, commencing the last weekend in November to and including the first weekend in December.

Performing artists, poets, singers, story tellers, bush-cooks and so on are invited to compete for the \$6,000.00 prize-money .

On the final Saturday the organisers will hold a polling day, where those who have stayed to enjoy the event will vote for their favourite artists and cooks. This will take the form of a normal political election day and the entrants will be able to heckle the voters with "how to vote cards" and so on. Awards will be presented after wine tasting on Saturday night followed by a camp oven dinner.

The Caravan Park holds up to fifteen hundred guests and boasts a three large enclosures suitable for performances as well as an outdoor area that has a natural stage from which one could address the whole assembly.

Sale of MS, Books and other material by performing artists is permitted; the event is open to our Caravan Park Guests and otherwise by invitation only. See page 15.

web site: [www.cania gorge.com.au](http://www.cania gorge.com.au)

# Bob Campbell

Bob Campbell, a veteran of the Australian folk music scene, is a singer, musician, writer, poet, teacher and storyteller who has performed in many parts of the world and throughout Australia. He was a foundation member of the Maitland Bush Band until it folded in 1979 when he left for a fourteen month stint in Europe and Ireland.

On his return he formed Ironbark with two ex Maitland Bush Band members and played with them until he went bush in 1983 when, with Sharon Frost, he formed 'Home Rule' which has made around ten CDs and continues performing.

The musical background to Bob Campbell stretches to his maternal grandmother, Magdeline McHugh, whose family came from County Fermanagh, Ireland, and all played the fiddle. This musical tradition passed on to Magdeline's children who became the Harmony Boys Old Time Band. They played throughout the Great Depression in the Sandy Hollow Hall, built by Bob's paternal grandfather, George Ham, to cater for the hundreds of families working on the Sandy Hollow Railway line. Bob's father, Bull Campbell, as well as being a renowned boxer and rugby league player, entertained at parties playing the gum leaf. Bob's uncle, Jim Ham, now in his nineties, has played in dance bands his entire life and still plays the piano and banjo at home near Brisbane.

Bob's first public performance was at the age of four when his father stood him on the bar of the Windsor Castle Hotel, East Maitland where he recited the Ten

Commandments to the gathered company. His first instrument was the button accordion and when in his teens he learned the guitar, and for one year studied under jazz guitarist Jimmy Charles. Tiring of playing the guitar and singing in the usual pub rock and roll bands, Bob and friends formed the Maitland Bush band in 1968, and he took up the five string banjo and fiddle. When legendary box player, the late Jacko Kevans, joined the band in the early seventies, he encouraged Bob to concentrate on Irish traditional music. That began a love affair with the music that took him to Ireland and many other parts of the world in pursuit of the musical spirit, but his music has continued to be distinctively and essentially Australian. He has lived and played music for long periods of time in Germany and Ireland but in recent years has lived on his small property near Gulgong where he has worked in his profession of teacher as the principal at the Red Hill Environmental Education Centre.

He spent much of the nineties based in Berlin from where he toured solo as well as with Australian and German musicians until 1998 when he returned to Gulgong.

He has long been known as a fiddler and singer but in recent years he has concentrated on guitar, which he has played since childhood, and on song writing and solo performing as well as regular performances with Home Rule and with concertina player Sharon Frost.

As well as recording with Home Rule in the past decade he has made a number of solo recordings. 'View From Red Hill', has an environmental theme, 'Freedom On The Wallaby' is a collection of

Henry Lawson material spoken and sung by Bob with most of the musical arrangements and accompaniment by himself. His most recent recording is of contemporary songs by himself and others with virtuoso musicians, Matt Gaudry and Rob Long. This CD was launched early in 2009. He has recently written and performed a radio and stage play on the theme of Aboriginal bushranger, Jimmy Governor who actually killed the owner of Bob's current home 'Sportsman's Hollow' near Ulan. This show had its stage debut at the Prince Of Wales Opera House for the Henry Lawson Festival in June 2008. The show is currently being recorded for radio.

In 2008, Bob played regularly for kids and tourists in his own area as well as playing at concerts, dances and festivals as far apart as Newcastle, Grafton, Nimbin, Bourke, Lightning Ridge as well as Gulgong and the John O'Brien festival at Narrandera.



**BOB CAMPBELL**

## **VALE: ANNE FOX**

Anne Fox died on Friday 31st July aged 86 years. She was a founding member of the Illawarra Folk Club and along with Kevin and Beth Baker, Joe Brown, John Spillane and Alan Musgrove was instrumental in establishing the Club back in 1979. The first concert was held at the Conistan Pub.

Anne subsequently became Club president in the latter part of the 1980s and became our first life member. Many people would remember her sitting on the door collecting the money at the old Junior Tennis Club house. She was also on the committee that established the Folk Festival in 1986 at Jamberoo. She was greatly supportive of

some of our younger members and gave them encouragement to continue playing.

There was never an unkind word said about Anne and despite suffering from severe arthritis she carried out all her duties as president diligently and more importantly cheerfully.

Anne was born in Cootamundra and spent her working life as a nurse. The latter part of her life was dogged by ill health and the last five years were spent in a nursing home at Sussex inlet. Her funeral was held at the Shoalhaven Memorial Gardens Worrigeer Road Nowra. We extend our sympathy to her sons Michael and Chris and their families. (Russell Hannah).

## **JOGGING YOUR MEMORY ..**

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31st OCTOBER 2009**

**DALGETY BUSH POETRY  
13-15 November 2009**

**MEMBERSHIP RENEWALS  
Due December 31st 2009**

**ABPA AGM -  
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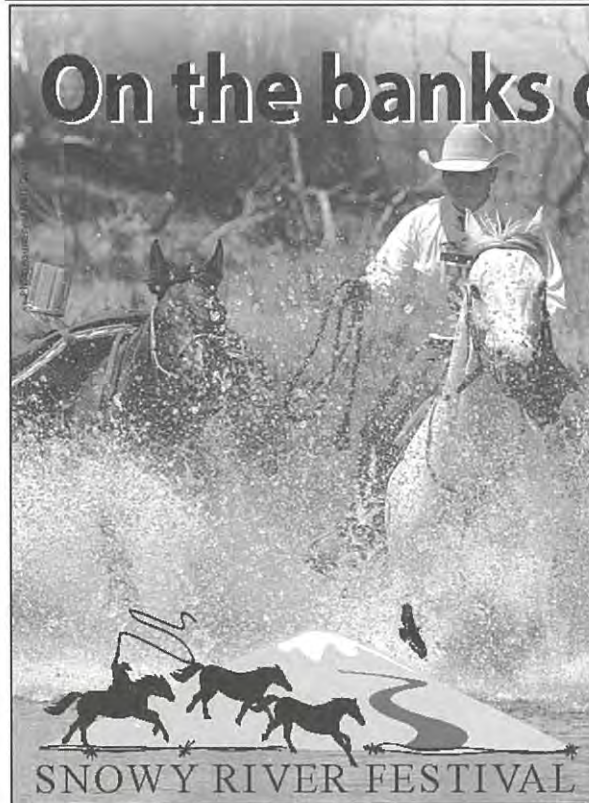
**On the banks of the Snowy River...**

'Where the best and boldest riders take their place', Dalgety NSW

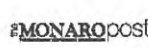
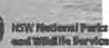
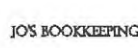
**13-15 November 2009**

**Come and be part of a good 'ol fashioned Aussie celebration not to be missed.**

Bush Poetry Comp and Breakfast, Yarn Spinning Comp, Heath Harris Movie Magic, Aust Lighthorse & Waler Display, NSW Tent Pegging Comp, Working Clydesdales, Stockman's Challenge, Brumby Catch, Bush Poetry, Gilmore Family Circus, Whipcracking, Stockman's Relay, High Country Art Exhibition, Country Music & Busking, Quick Shear Comp, Yard Dog Trials, Working Dog & Quality Horse Auction, Stockman's Relay and much more!



[www.snowyriverfestival.com](http://www.snowyriverfestival.com) or call 0427 080 500



ALL POETS WELCOME - Phone Cecilia 0427 080 500 - Ah. 6456 5066 - [info@snowyriverfestival.com](mailto:info@snowyriverfestival.com)

# The Australian Bush Poets Association Inc.

(Established 1994)

Abn: INC 9877413 Arbn I04 032 I26

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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.

## ADVERTISING RATES

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

Poet's Calendar and Regular Events free.  
(One line only) - Poets Calendar Booklet free. (Deadlines Apr 30 and Oct 30)  
To allay costs, copy regarding a festival or event would be appreciated if accompanied by a paid advertisement.

**Terms strictly C.O.D. with ad.**

Send details in plain text along with payment to: The Editor.  
4 Short Street Canowindra NSW 2804  
email. [editor@abpa.org.au](mailto:editor@abpa.org.au)  
Ph. 02 6344 1477

## The Paterson Parodies

### Stephen Whiteside

#### Clancy of the Undertow? The Geebung Chess Club?

What has Stephen Whiteside done to Banjo Paterson's classic verses?

To find out, send a cheque for \$10.00 (including packing and postage) to  
**Stephen Whiteside**  
15 Hilltop Avenue GLEN IRIS  
Victoria 3146

(You might discover the TRUE story of the Man from Snowy River!)

### Walk-up Showcase Concert St Edwards Hall Hillvue Road, Tamworth

Presented by  
Edward and Margaret Parmenter  
Monday 18th January  
1.30pm to 4.30pm.  
Compere Noel Stallard

Wednesday 20th January  
1.30pm to 4.30p.m.  
Compere Frank Daniel  
Performers to register with  
Ed Parmenter  
Phone 66523716  
email- [coffsmixture@hotmail.net.au](mailto:coffsmixture@hotmail.net.au)

## THE 2009 BLACKENED BILLY VERSE COMPETITION

for written works

**Prize-money \$900**  
plus the famous  
**Blackened Billy Trophy**

**CLOSING DATE:**  
**30th November 2009**

Winners announced at the  
**Country Energy  
Tamworth  
Bush Poetry Competition**  
**January 22nd 2010**

Entry forms from  
[janmorris@northnet.com.au](mailto:janmorris@northnet.com.au)  
or send a SSAE to  
PO Box 3001  
West Tamworth 2340

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## THE 2010 TAMWORTH COUNTRY ENERGY BUSH POETRY COMPETITION

**Performance Competition**  
In Blazes Auditorium  
**West Tamworth  
Leagues Club**

Heats: Tues 19th  
Thurs 21st & Fri 22nd Jan  
**Finals: 24 January 2010**  
**Golden Damper  
Awards**

to winners of  
**Original & Traditional  
Sections**  
plus Cash Prizes for all  
**Finalists**

Entry forms available  
**October 1st**  
Send SSAE to  
**Jan Morris, PO Box 3001  
West Tamworth 2340**

## COMPETITION RESULTS

### QUEENSLAND CHAMPIONSHIPS

Male Traditional  
1st Tom Oliver  
2nd Barry Graham  
Female Traditional  
1st Geraldine King  
2nd Shannon McDermott  
Male Original  
1st Barry Graham  
2nd Bill Moline  
Female Original  
1st Kathie Priestly  
2nd Wendy Oss  
Best Novice Performance  
Del Luke  
Best Junior Performance  
Brook Jurss  
The 1 Minute 'Burdekin' Brawl\*  
Award  
Dot Church  
**Overall 2009 Queensland  
Champion Bush Poet  
Jan Facey from Bundaberg**

### ROYAL BRISBANE SHOW 2009

#### Bush Poetry Competition Results

Original Comedy:  
First: Graeme Johnson  
Second: Paddy O'Brien  
Third: Dot Schwenke  
Non-Original Comedy  
First: Barry Ellem  
Second: Graeme Johnson  
Third: Denis Scanlon  
Bobby Miller Memorial Trophy  
for Most Humorous Poem  
First: Graeme Johnson

### ABPA 2009 AUSTRALIAN BUSH POETRY PERFORMANCE CHAMPIONSHIPS

#### Hosted by the North Pine Bush Poets at Club Pine Rivers

Category 1a - Junior under 7  
1st Felicity Swan Nundah Qld  
Cat.1b- Junior 7 to under 13  
1st Sebastien Golenko  
Upper Coomera Qld  
2nd Emily Bradfield  
Warwick Qld  
3rd Dominic Swan  
Nundah Qld  
4th Ashleigh Ross  
Scarborough Qld  
Category 1c- Junior 13 to 19  
1st Zuzanna Kamusinski Southern Cross College  
2nd Amy Bradfield  
Warwick Qld  
3rd Trent Jenkinson  
Ubobo Qld

4th Caitlin Fanton  
Southern Cross College  
**ABPA 2009 Australian  
Junior Champion  
Sebastien Golenko**  
Upper Coomera Qld  
Category 2, NOVICE  
1st Christopher Cape  
Christchurch NZ  
2nd Barbara Clark  
Rosedale South Qld  
3rd Brian Weier Dalby Qld  
Category 3 Classical (Male)  
1st Terry Regan  
Blaxland NSW  
2nd Gregory North  
Linden NSW  
3rd Maurie Foun  
Corryong Vic  
Category 4 Classical (Female)  
1st Susan Carcary  
Maclean NSW  
2nd Brenda Joy  
Charters Towers Qld  
3rd Betty Walton  
Tindalra Vic  
Category 5 Modern (Male)  
1st Ellis Campbell  
Dubbo NSW  
2nd Terry Regan  
Blaxland NSW  
3rd Kevin Dean  
Strathpine Qld  
Category 6 Modern (Female)  
1st Claire Reynolds  
Gloucester NSW  
2nd Susan Carcary  
Maclean NSW  
3rd Maxine Ireland  
Tweed Heads NSW  
Cat.7 Humorous Orig. (Male)  
1st Gregory North  
Linden NSW  
2nd Geoff Mann  
Edmonton Qld  
3rd Terry Regan  
Blaxland NSW  
Cat.8 Serious Original (Fem.)  
1st Susan Carcary  
Maclean NSW  
2nd Heather Searles  
Branxton NSW  
3rd Claire Reynolds  
Cloucester NSW  
Cat. 9 Serious Original (Male)  
1st Geoff Mann  
Edmonton Qld  
2nd Terry Regan  
Blaxland Qld  
3rd Lionel Euston  
Hervey Bay Qld  
Cat.10 Humorous Orig. (Fem. 1st  
Susan Carcary  
Maclean NSW  
2nd Heather Searles  
Branxton NSW  
3rd Claire Reynolds  
Cloucester NSW

Category 11  
Billy Hay Yarn-spinning  
1st Terry Regan  
Blaxland NSW

**ABPA 2009 Champions  
Susan Carcary - Maclean  
Gregory North -Linden**  
Open Written  
1st Max Merckenschlager -  
The Magnificent Seven  
2nd Ellis Campbell -  
Beechley Calling  
3rd Ron Stevens -  
Coo-ee Generation  
HC Catherine Clarke -  
Fallen Majesty  
HC Max Merckenschlager  
Fury's Feast  
Junior Written - Secondary  
1st Kirily Greenbank,  
Creswick Vic -  
The Hanging  
2nd Zuzanna Kamusinski  
Southern Cross College -  
The Very Last  
3rd Emily McKenna,  
Southern Cross College -  
Annoying Remote  
Junior Written - Primary  
1st Amy Auld  
Southern Cross College -  
Framed Dreams  
2nd Lauren Wylie  
North Lakes Qld -  
Anything I want to Be  
3rd Nama Small,  
Murwillimbah NSW -  
Australian

## TASTE of COUNTRY HARDEN NSW

**31st October  
1st November  
Bush Poets Dinner  
Performance  
Competition & Brawl  
Plus Sunday Brekkie**

**\$2,000.00  
Prize-money**

#### Contacts:

Connie McFadyen 02 6386 2575  
conniemcfadyen7@bigpond.com

**HARDEN ARTS COUNCIL  
PO Box 205  
Harden NSW 2587**

## ABPA POSITIONS VACANT AGM 2010

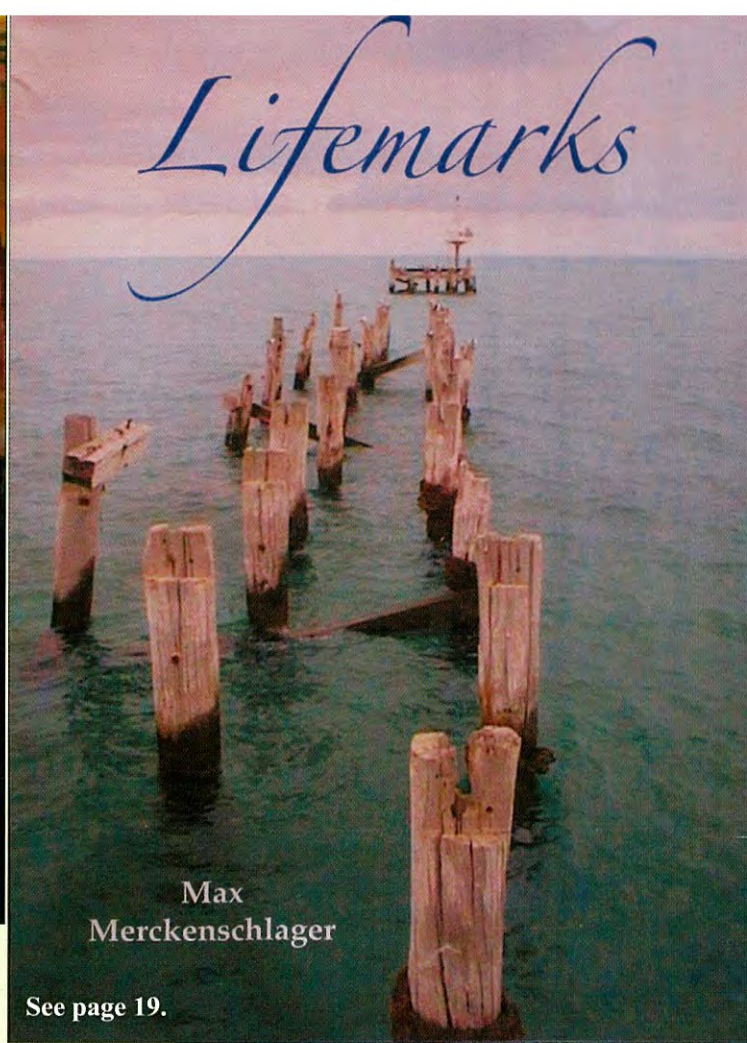
(See page 3)





Ninety Years old Maxine Ireland with Felicity Swan (5) at the 2009 Australian Championships - Pine Rivers, Qld.

Leading Australian Bush Poet, Graeme Johnson 'The Rhymer from Ryde' armed with two of his many trophies taken over the past year.



Max Merckenschlager

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