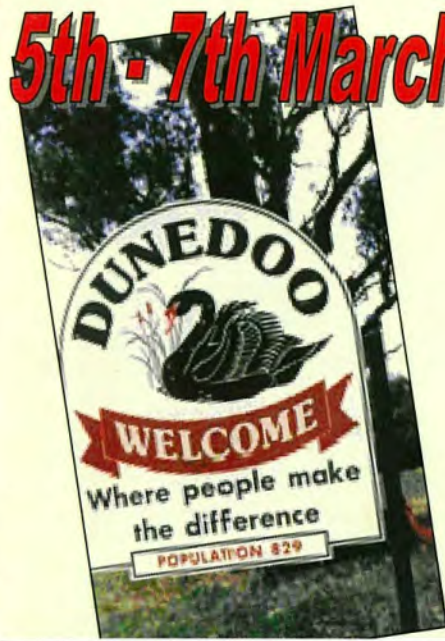


5th - 7th March



Volume 17
No. 1.

February/March
2010

A.B.P.A.

The Australian Bush Poets
Association Inc.

Magazine - (since 1994)



Australian Bush Laureate Award Recipients

Noel Stallard Megan Bartlett-Horne

Graeme Watt Joy McKean

Col Wilson Louise Dean

(Missing - Val Read - Jim Brown)



**The John O'Brien
Festival**

18 - 21 March



Corryong V.

8th - 11th April

THE ARSONIST

by Ellis Campbell

His trembling fingers clasp a match,
against the box in eager hands –
sadistic madness gleams in light grey eyes.
A moment's pause before the scratch
and sudden flare that soon expands
to tiny flames in tinder where it lies.

A curl of smoke – a licking flame
that creeps to fuel upon the ground,
discarded twigs and leaves of native trees.
It halts and leaps – devoid of aim –
its smoking spirals twist around
and waver in the hot air's sluggish breeze.

It springs to catch a higher bush –
emitting puffs of blackened smoke –
and crackles as the flicking flames expand.
A change of wind – a sudden swoosh
that flings the blaze into an oak,
where it becomes a raging firebrand.

The fascinated arsonist –
entranced by magic of the flames –
retreats but cannot bear to leave the sight.
A lover in a secret tryst –
enchanted by his deadly games
that darkness will enhance to his delight.

It crawls and climbs, reducing shrubs
to billowed smoke and piles of ash –
spreads wider as the tangled timbers fall.
The arsonist retreats through scrubs –
enchanted by the timber's crash –
engrossed in frenzied craze, he's loving all.

A blaze of red against the sky
is visible for miles around –
a pall of smoke hangs heavy in the air.
The fire engines screaming by
emit their doleful, warning sound –
confusion reigns with fighters everywhere.

A fierce inferno's crimson blaze
roars fuming up the canyon's wall –
its fury knows no bounds nor fears restraint.
The fighters blunder through the haze –
aware they have no chance at all –
and pray for rain – although the chance seems faint.

A howling wind through gorges steep
drives fire in a frenzied rage –
exploding eucalypts creating gas.
The maddened flames, in swirling sweep –
that rain alone might now assuage –
force gallant fighters to retreat en masse.

The news is grim but still confused,
and loss of life is certain now –
one hundred homes are gone and more embraced.
Plus livestock, cars – the laws misused
must bear some blame. They disallow
essential clearing of the forest's waste.

Another day and weary men
still fight against horrific odds –

Eighty-three years old, Ellis Campbell of Dubbo NSW, receiving his second 'Blackened Billy' from Sandy McIntosh of AM Printing at the Awards Presentation in the Outback Bar at West's Leagues Club courtesy of the Tamworth Poetry Reading Group.

Fourteen years have passed since Ellis won his first Blackened Billy.

AM Printing of Tamworth is the sole supporter of the Blackened Billy competition.



four thousand hectares burnt to cinder's mash.
The fury drives them back again –
fuelled by the wrath of weather gods –
they blunder through a maze of smoke and ash.

Now volunteers are surging forth,
and helicopters drone above –
another town is ravaged in its path.
More smoke appears a few miles north,
alarming those whose every love
is cloistered somewhere in its aftermath.

Oh, blessed rain that gently falls
brings dampness that deflates the glow –
makes ashen residue quagmire's slush.
Intensity of fire stalls –
the sluggish flames are burning slow
to splutter out amidst the bottlebrush.

Who can assess the awful cost
of life and homes the fire's beat –
the perished livestock, fences, sheds and cars?
No one can know how much is lost –
and nothing can in truth delete
the anguish and the lasting mental scars.

The arsonist is skulking where
he hopes no one might realise
the evilness that wracks his worthless soul.
His very presence fouls the air –
a grim assassin in disguise,
inflicting torture none could e'er condole.

Police report a suspect near –
perhaps arrest is imminent?
What kind of sentence fits this ghastly crime?
Who understands a mind so queer?
We know police will hound the scent –
but will some drowsy judge reduce his time?





ABPA PRESIDENT'S REPORT FOR THE 2009 AGM

2009 saw our bush poetry continue its advance in popularity both for live audiences for our performing poets and to our reading audiences for our writing poets. The increasing involvement of school students in both the performance and the writing of bush poetry is particularly satisfying.

Credit for these advances goes to the numerous Festival Organisers throughout Australia who volunteer their time and talents to give adults and children the opportunities to write and recite this particular genre of bush poetry. These Festival Organisers are the unsung heroes of the ABPA. They apply for grants, chase up sponsorship, provide generous prize money, hire venues, organise judges, arrange programmes, advertise events and invite the Australian public to experience the humour and pathos of our Australian way of life through bush poetry. If we are enjoying a resurgence of bush poetry and are looking for an explanation as to why, then we need look no further than to the contribution of these Festival Organisers. On behalf of the membership, Thank you!

The high standard of our writers and performers is the best recommendation we can give to the general public to enjoy this form of entertainment and I would like to acknowledge the excellent standard that has been demonstrated in 2009. Another

major contributor to our continuing success is the Magazine. This publication is our principal means of communication with ABPA members. Despite several operations and a year of ill health our editor, Frank Daniel has professionally produced the six magazines for 2009. These magazines inform members of upcoming events, results of past events, articles on significant poets both past and present, opportunities to have members' poems published and advertise product that members may have for sale. A suggestion was made to me by Ray Essery that the standard of this magazine is so high that the ABPA should consider making it available for sale in Newsagencies. I take this opportunity to thank Frank on behalf of all the members for these excellent productions that keep the members so well informed.

Two other unsung heroes of the ABPA are Marg and Ed Parmenter. Their roles of Treasurer and Secretary for four and eight years respectively have ensured that the financial and clerical details that all associations have to manage have been performed meticulously, and with due care and diligence. The daily processing of correspondence and emails, of membership and insurance, of income and expenditures go unheeded by most of the membership but without these the membership could not exist. We know at the moment Marg and Ed are battling ill health but we hope and pray that they win this battle and can continue to enjoy the camaraderie of our membership. We thank them for their years of service and wish them well in the future.

My gratitude and members gratitude should also go to the State Reps that make up our committee. The nature of our organisation does not allow us to meet face-to-face on a regular basis and our general communication is by email but I do appreciate the cooperation we have received from committee members when they have been asked to respond to motions or queries. In particular I wish to single out Andy Schnalle whose work in keeping the website relevant and updated is nothing short of heroic. The hours that this man puts into this significant and ever increasing form of communication with members and non members is huge. I would recommend to the new executive and committee for 2010 that they consider providing some small "retainer fee" to help the expenses that Andy incurs in this role of web administrator. We can't afford to lose this man!

It has been pleasing to hear of the positive experience that many of our performance judges have had using the new criteria assessment sheets that were introduced this year.

They have expressed that the criteria listed is relevant to performances and can be used to give performers specific areas where improvements can be made. Some performers have expressed that they would still enjoy more written comments by the judges.

I know that the North Pine Bush Poets intend to use the suggestion of a Writing Competition for Novices at their Camp Oven Festival in 2010. Limiting the number of entries will allow those who judge such a competition to write suggestions of how the authors can improve their skills. Hopefully other festivals will also offer this Novice Competition for writers.

A query that surfaced in 2009 in written competitions was that when a poem is entered in **more than one competition** and is successful in one should that poem still be eligible to win the other competitions when the regulations for those competitions state that a poem that has previously won is not eligible? Certainly by making the conditions for having won a previous competition the closing date of the written competitions would reduce this occurrence but I would like to think that part of our unwritten "code of ethics" would see successful writers, on being notified of a win, inform other competitions in which they have entered the successful poem that it is no longer eligible. Our code of ethics sees us request permission from writers to use their work in performance competitions and when we are performing to acknowledge the author of the poem so I see the above suggestion of the author notifying organisers as another aspect of our unwritten bush poetry code of ethics.

Finally from a personal view point I am grateful to have had four years as your President as this has provided me with the opportunity to share some innovations that I felt could benefit writers, performers and general members of our association. I leave this position in order to achieve another bush poetry project that I have been working towards for the past four years, that being the construction of a John O'Brien Centre in Narrandera. Here through modern multi-media techniques of sight and sound, present and future generations will be able to appreciate the poetry and life of this significant pioneer poet. This will be another venture that will enhance the educational and entertainment values of our Australian poetry. Finally I wish the new executive every success in their endeavours for 2010.

Noel Stallard

Noel Stallard, retiring President 2009

Longyard Roundup



Manfred Vijars

Manfred Vijars of Morningside Qld. was elected unopposed to the position of President at the Annual general Meeting of the ABPA in Tamworth in January.

Not having time to prepare a report for this edition of the magazine he would just like to acknowledge the confidence of the meeting in electing him.

"We have a dynamic and enthusiastic committee, keen to build on that which Noel and the team has already accomplished", he said.

"A few upcoming items for the agenda will be:

- Funding for the ABPA
- Membership building
- Raising the ABPA profile in schools

"Doubtless there will be other issues raised pertinent to the ABPA by the members and they will be addressed."

THE AGM AND ELECTION of OFFICE BEARERS

President Manfred Vijars
 Vice President Frank Daniel
 Secretary Gregory North
 Treasurer Kym Eitel
 Editor Frank Daniel
 Committee Members
 Peter Mace, Cay Ellem, John Peel
 State Representatives
 Queensland - Ron Liekefett
 NSW - Carol Heuchan
 Victoria - Jan Lewis
 South Australia - Maurie O'Brien
 Western Australia - Irene Connor
 Tasmania - Phillip Rush
 See page 20 for contact details.

Longyard Hotel performance coordinators Neil and Colleen McArthur report another Tamworth Country Music Festival 'done and dusted'; and another magnificent year as far as patrons went, with a couple of sell out crowds (over 400) and other mornings also near capacity. Thus proving the old adage, give the crowds the best Poet/Entertainers at the best value and they will just keep coming back. Whilst a lot of shows in Tamworth raised their prices, the Longyard kept prices as they have been for the previous five years.

Some first time poets slayed the audiences, in particular Col Driscoll from Victoria and Susie Carcary from McLean, Terry Reagan who returned this year, Dan Thompson and Manfred Vijars; all should hold their heads very high indeed and have cemented their places in the Longyard lineup for next year.

The introduction of Dave Prior, South Australia's resident ratbag, was a huge success and exactly the type of singer/entertainer the McArthurs had been looking for, receiving amazing audience feedback. The return of Brad Maclean was another definite highlight. The usual suspect in Marco Giori, Melanie Hall, Ray Essery and Gary Lowe proved a dynamic team, and to have Gary Fogarty on board after a serious back operation was an absolute plus.

The Tamworth Poetry Group's Golden Damper winner, Peter Crawford, from Fitzroy Crossing N.T. also performed his winning poem for the Sunday Crowd.

There is a lot of conjecture over Bush Poet's breakfasts but intending performers must realise that when it comes to major festivals that the venues work with the organisers and promoters, months in advance, to present the very best entertainment they can muster, and the 'Brekki's' are not walk-ups; unlike Mildura for example where anybody can turn up, put their name down and have a go at any or all of the twelve breakfasts.

The Longyard is already booked with preparations already under way.

This year the daily raffle winners were asked to suggest a 'Poem of the Day' as a topic for the next day which meant Neil had to write it and present it the next morning. The eight poems will be added to his home page www.neilmcarthur.com.au very soon.

Further changes will be made to the programme in 2011 securing a more interactive rapport with the audience.

Neil and Colleen wish to extend their sincerest gratitude to all the poets who performed so professionally as a team.

They also wish to convey their thanks to Chris and Mike Vee at the Longyard Hotel for continuing to house the best Bush Poet's Breakfasts in Australia.



Neil McArthur

National Cherry Festival

The National Cherry Festival Bush Poets Competition was held in Young on Sat. 5th. December at the Young Golf Club. The National Cherry Festival weekend is alive with activity, including Farmer's Markets, busking, antique machinery, tractors and cars, orchard/vineyard tours, Pipe Bands, a huge street parade, many more activities and the crowning of the Cherry Queen.

The Bush Poets Competition had a quality field of competitors, while the hall was near capacity. The judges were three locals who have nothing to do with bush poetry. There are two rounds, a serious and a light hearted section and the crowd certainly appreciated the performances of

those participating.

The Big Breakfast, on Sunday morning and supplied by the local IGA store, was held in conjunction with the Poets in the Park. This was a walk up performance and included a junior competition. A large crowd was in attendance to enjoy the many humorous jokes and poems. All in all, a very successful weekend, with many thanks to the poets who attended.

Results: Page 20



BURKE AND WILLS COMPETITIONS



BURKE

2010 marks the 150th anniversary of the Burke and Wills expedition departing Melbourne.

Adult open bush poetry and prose competitions are being conducted by the Central Goldfields

Bush Poets as part of the expeditions Camp 6 celebrations at Mia Mia, Victoria.

Mia Mia is a locality near Redesdale, where the Heathcote - Kyneton road crosses the famous Campaspe River.

Full details of the competitions will appear in the March April newsletter. For those who wish to make a start, short stories can be up to 3,000 words and need not be entirely factual. Portions of the expedition can be covered, rather than the whole.

Poems are limited to 120 lines.

Some reference to Camp 6 being at Mia Mia is encouraged, though entries without will not be 'marked down'.

Entries placed 1st, 2nd and 3rd in both genres will be published in a book to be launched at Mia Mia, on Saturday 28th August during part of the huge

sesquicentenary celebrations. This is an excellent opportunity for writers to perhaps achieve publication for the first time.

The CGBP are delighted that celebration organisers have invited their group and other poets, singers and musicians to perform Australian items on the day.

For competition details; email Colin Carrington col@mulgabill.net.au or send a SSAE to, CGBP PO Box 1152 Bendigo 3552. (See advertisement page 20).



WILLS



In a moving presentation, Joy McKean was made patron of the Australian Bush Laureate Awards with the special presentation of a Golden Gumleaf. Joy is recognised as one of Australia's leading songwriters with a strong link to many of Australia's bush verse writers.

Jack Thompson Patron Burke & Wills 150th Anniversary



Since playing the part of the great Robert O'Hara Burke in the 1980s film, 'Burke and Wills', Jack Thompson has been inspired

by the grandeur of the landscape through which these brave explorers traversed and has harboured a yearning to help preserve this important tract for future generations. Having started his working life as a jackaroo outback, he learned a lot about our beautiful but fragile interior during his film-making career and also worked alongside environmentalists and Indigenous Australians. He is a committed conservationist.

The Royal Society of Victoria's 150th anniversary of history's first heroic crossing of the continent thus provides us with a marvellous opportunity to draw popular attention to the environmental damage wrought to this tired track in the intervening 150 years and also gives us all a timely chance to fix up some of

the many problems along the original route.

As patron of the 150th anniversary Burke and Wills Environmental Expedition he looks forward to re-connecting with the spirit of our precious land and guided by Indigenous rangers and conservationists already working along the track, doing what he can to publicize the most pressing issues. There may be a wide range of environmental problems stretching all the way from Victoria to the Gulf of Carpentaria - but if we use the iconic status of the historic Burke and Wills expedition to galvanize government, corporate and grassroots action, we could go a long way towards stitching it all together.



UPPER LACHLAN WOOL WAGON AWARDS

The Third Annual Bush Poetry Awards were hosted by the Crookwell Services Club at the end of November 2009.

Mine hosts of the event were Denielle and Barry Murphy of 'Spud Murphy's Inn' who employed the services of 'The Rhymers from Ryde', Mr. Graeme Johnson as master of ceremonies.

The competition incorporated written and performance poetry for all ages from children to adults, commencing with a 'Meet and Greet' on the Friday night at the club where patrons and poets alike were able to have a chat over dinner and renew acquaintances and join in an 'Open Mic' session where all were free to have a go without the pressures of competition.

The adult sections saw poets vying for over \$4,000.00 in cash and prizes in Novice, Traditional, Contemporary and Original poetry.

The Wool Wagon Awards are hand carved by Ron Evans.

Full results can be found on page 21.

CROOKWELL is a picturesque town which functions as a service centre to a rich agricultural and pastoral district. With a population of 2100 it is situated at the confluence of the Crookwell River and Kiamma Creek, 48 kays north of Goulburn.

The district is one of the state's major producers of seed potatoes, while wool, fat lambs, beef cattle, oats, hay, dairy produce and cold-climate fruits are also produced.

Prior to white settlement the area was inhabited by the Gundungura Aborigines. The first Europeans known to be in the area were the exploratory party of surveyor James Meehan which camped 1 km south of present-day Grabben Gullen (12 km south-west of Crookwell). John Oxley passed to the north and east later that same year.

By 1828 settlers were in the district and the Crookwell River had been named (it is thought to be a corruption of Crookhall, the family home of early English settler William Stephen-son. Crookwell was originally known as 'Kiama', was surveyed in 1860 and renamed after the river. The Royal Hotel was built in 1862 and the first school opened in 1864, by which time the population was 130.

The first grid-connected wind farm in Australia, capable of supplying electricity to 3500 homes, was opened at Crookwell in 1998.

The poet Dame Mary Gilmore was born at Roslyn, 16 km south-east of Crookwell, in 1865. The settlement was, at that time, known as Cotta Walla. Her father, a property manager and building contractor, is said, by his daughter, to have translated the legends and songs of the Wiradjuri people into Gaelic and English.

Two of the world's longest cattle treks departed from Crookwell in the 19th century - From Thylungra station Michael Durack organized the droving of 7250 head of breeding cattle and 200 horses on a 3000-mile (4828 km) trek, the longest undertaken by Australian drovers up to that time. They reached the Ord River in two years and four months with a loss of half the cattle and several men; the venture cost some £72,000. In 1886 Durack's two elder sons set up Argyle station on the Behn River.

RAIN

Zondrae King 1st Prize Crookwell 2009 Written Serious Section

First there starts a little smatter, just a gentle pitter patter only soft, a tiny "titter" as it taps on your back door.

This, at first, you try ignoring 'til it's positively pouring it restores and keeps refreshing every living thing around.

Then it trickles down the timber of the trees with branches limber and the leaves surrender dust as, drinking lustily, they sup.

Where the droplets make a sprinkle, there the drainpipe starts a tinkle or it tickles through the tendrils 'til it soaks into the ground.

In the gutter there's a puddle, just a little middle muddle then it grows into a gusher as it gurgles past the curb.

This torrent tumbles to the tar, ten times as fast and twice as far as the tortured teachers tug at both their tunics and their sleeve.

And again, it makes a bubble and creates a little trouble for the wetness of the water causes weeping from the wise.

There's a flooding of the fields as the water waves and wheels and the mourning Mormons on their bikes are crying to the skies.

While the raindrops run round ridges and they ripple down the bridges then they join the joyful journey at the junction with a jog.

Once they gather in the gutter there's a gurgling, gleeful splutter with a spattering and utterance, they're singing as they leave

There's a stutter and a rattle as the gusher fights a battle with the gravity of planet as it joins the chanting throng.

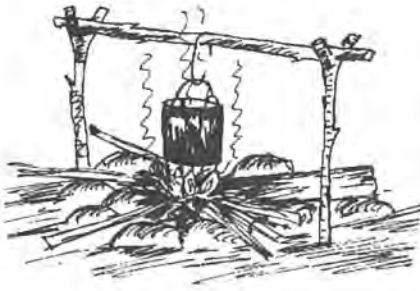
But its nature is persistent and ignores every resistant trend of barriers as wilfully it wends its way again.

Now it seeks the final slaughter and it dives into the water of the ocean at the entrance of the place we call the bay.

There's a glad "hurrah" of praising to the Lord who has been gazing down on all his children, named or not, who sought His blessed 'Rain'.



ZONDRAE KING



THE BLACKENED BILLY VERSE COMPETITION 2010

Judge's Comments

This is my seventh year of adjudicating the Blackened Billy Awards, and I have to say the task does not become easier. I am constantly amazed by the high standard of the written entries received and I continue to achieve great personal delight in reading and assessing the quality of the entries.

And, of course, the 2010 entries were once again of exceptionally high standard. Jan rang me about a week before entries were due to close and told me that my job would be much easier this year, having received only 170 entries, and naturally she was a little concerned at the response. She needn't have worried because there were a further 100 entries received in the last week. And so my job was to become just that little bit more difficult.

Suffice to say, a flood of quality entries were there for adjudication. I was amazed by the standard, the selection of topics, and the diligence and creative effort by most writers. This year, my emotions were affected by beautiful imagery, balanced meter and rhythm, alternate rhyme, free verse, and of course that wonderful imagination by many writers.

Once again, it was very difficult to eliminate entries for the final 13 place getters. I felt emotionally drained when having to discard first class work from the final selection of 45. A lot of soul searching was done beforehand, I can assure you.

My congratulations again to Jan for her tireless efforts in the administration of the Blackened Billy Verse Competition; to all of the entrants, thank you for your great writing and please continue to submit your talented and creative work.

FIRST PLACE: THE ARSONIST

by **ELLIS CAMPBELL, Dubbo NSW**

This is a very cleverly constructed entry, in which the writer illustrates a major tragedy in this country, the terrible and grief-filled destruction and aftermath of bushfires. It is indeed a continuing and despicable problem with many lives and property destroyed by a frightening terrorist, the Arsonist. This entry moved me to a point where I could virtually smell the smoke, experience the flames, the terror and the tragedy. The writer has used an alternative rhyming pattern to achieve the necessary stress and sound effects in each of the six line stanzas. The writer has created a vivid and dramatic insight into one of our most disturbing problems. This is the work of a gifted writer and worthy winner of the Blackened Billy for 2010.

SECOND PLACE: GOD'S WAITING ROOM

by **VAL WALLACE, Glendale NSW**

This was another extremely sensitive entry, depicting the sadness and emotion within the walls of most nursing homes. The writer has captured the mental and deep-seated personal tragedies experienced by most inhabitants, especially losing loved ones to the horror of war. The writer may have experienced the trauma and deep emotions in a personal family attachment.

I was greatly impressed with the clever balance of dialogue, the construction and timing of the narrative, and the message outlined in thought provoking detail. The introductory verse by Lawson was appropriate.

THIRD PLACE: UNSPOKEN WORDS

by **DAVID CAMPBELL,
Beaumaris, Vic.**

This entry is the work of a wonderful writer. I experienced deep and meaningful emotion in reading this descriptive message. I was overwhelmed by the passion and the sorrow in the narrative. The writer has delivered a deep seated and poignant message involving a loved one, victimized by nature's cruel hand. The writer has woven a brilliant narrative with clever word power and flowing sentiment.

HIGHLY COMMENDED Carolyn Eldridge Alfonzetti

The City Bride of Boorang
Ellis Campbell

Another Digger Passed Away

Jim Brown

Fromelles

Jill Wherry

The Day I Became an Australian

Max Merckenschlager

Making Murrundi

Dick Lewerw

Wot's Missing!

Ron Stevens

A Dinkum View of Peace

Jim Kent

A Racing Tale

Sally Perry

The Long Road North

Will Moody

Have a Chat

Keith Jones - Adjudicator

Newstead Live

The Newstead Live Festival held in Victoria over the weekend of 22nd to 25th of January and conducted by Keith McKenry and Andrew Pattison of Troubadour fame was, after a frightening attack from a mini tornado, hailed as the best thing that could have happened to the spoken word in Victoria.

The age-old veteran Jim Smith hosted the 'Players and Poets Breakfast' which was more than successful with both singers and poets joining forces.

Stephen Whiteside, writer and performer, conducted his own show for children as did Keith McKenry, Blue the Shearer and Roger Montgomery with 'Three Bloody Poets' at the Anglican Church, with the help of the masters themselves, Martin Pearson and Jim Smith.

The 'Poetry and Song Concert' on the main stage saw a large number of acts with fifteen minute segments which included Margaret Roadnight, Danny Spooner, Stephen Whiteside, Enda Kenny Geoffrey Graham and Jenny Fitzgibbon.

Pictured right:
Keith McKenry



The White Ribbon

© David Campbell, Beaumaris Vic.
 Winning poem, Australian Unity Bryan Kelleher Award 2009

"It's quiet now...so still, my dear; the dogs are restless, though.
 I think a storm is very near, they somehow always know.
 He knocks his pipe against the hearth and rubs his aching head.
 "I think I'll have a nice hot bath before I go to bed."

He hears a sound outside the door, a whimper in the night,
 and limps across the old stone floor towards the fading light.
 The dog is there, sprawled on its side;
 he hears its laboured breath
 and knows his mate, so long his pride, is very close to death.

"G'day old friend." He settles back
 against the hand-sawn logs,
 and says a prayer for One-Eyed Jack, the king of all his dogs.
 He reaches out and runs his hand along Jack's heaving flanks.
 "The pain will go, please understand ...
 for that I must give thanks."

Beyond the red gums by the creek a blaze of red on high
 becomes a pink and orange streak as sunset lights the sky.
 He smiles. "It's one of ours, my love, remember how we sat
 that night when sunset flamed above,
 and talked of this and that.

I saw you at the local dance, the Town and Country Ball,
 and didn't give myself a chance of meeting you at all.
 And yet you came and said hello, I felt I walked on air;
 you held my hand and seemed to know
 the things that we could share.

You smelled of musk, I can't forget;
 that perfume haunts me still,
 and though it's decades since we met, I know it always will."
 He feels the dog stir at his feet and senses in its pain
 the final moments of retreat, a battle fought in vain.

"Don't wait around, please go, old friend,
 you should be on your way;
 it comes to all of us, the end...and you have had your day.
 I'd like to help to set you free, to do what I should do,
 but I'm a coward, don't you see, it must be up to you."

Despite himself, the word is there, the source of all his shame;
 it hovers in the still night air with memories of blame.
 For now it all comes flooding back, the years just fall away,
 and she is standing on the track, like it was yesterday.

She's in that dress, as white as milk, and nestling in her hair
 the matching ribbon, purest silk, he'd given her to wear.
 But something's wrong, her eyes so blue
 now shine with angry tears:
 "You don't mean that...say it's not true.
 I can't believe my ears!"

He gasps in shock and reaches out; she knocks away his hand,
 and then he pleads, now sick with doubt:
 "Please try to understand...
 I simply don't believe in war, I've really thought it through,
 and killing men, whatever for, is something I can't do."

But as he speaks he knows he's lost,
 and yet his voice goes on,
 refusing to accept the cost,
 to say that hope has gone.
 "I've bought some land... for you and I...
 out there past Ten Mile Creek;
 it's where we always said we'd buy,
 the future we would seek.

I want to build a home for us,
 the timber's fine out there.
 I never thought you'd make a fuss...it's more than I can bear!"
 He hears her voice, as cold as ice, a tone he's never heard,
 and now he has to pay the price,
 struck down by each harsh word.

"I see the truth, it's very clear...
 I don't care what you thought...
 you're just a coward, full of fear, and not the man I sought.
 I thought I loved you; I was wrong. If you won't go and fight
 then you and I just don't belong...it simply isn't right!"

She stares a moment, then she turns, a gesture of disgust;
 the fury in her eyes still burns, and down there in the dust
 he sees the ribbon, white as snow, contemptuously tossed.
 While he just stands to watch her go
 and mourn for all he's lost.

And now he sits, as dreams unfold, outside the house he built,
 and feels again that hurt of old, the agony of guilt.
 "You didn't stop, or turn around, or give me any chance;
 you walked away without a sound, without a backward glance.

How could you simply leave behind
 the love that we had shared?
 And how could I have been so blind, completely unprepared?
 I thought you knew and understood the way I looked at life,
 would welcome that, and think it good,
 and say you'd be my wife.

But I was wrong, to my regret, it seems the die was cast,
 and fate decreed the night we met our love could never last."
 He wipes away a silent tear, then feels a sudden chill;
 beneath his hand, so very near, old Jack is lying still.

"Well done, my friend, you knew the way,
 you sensed your time was nigh;
 you called me here to sit and pray, to say my last goodbye.
 I only wish we all could choose when it was time to go,
 that very moment when we lose the hopes we cherish so.

I guess we're all of afraid of death;
 we cling to what might be...
 the dream that drives each daily breath, a future we can see."
 As sunset casts a final gleam he sighs and slowly stands,
 then from his pocket takes the dream and holds it in his hands.
 The band of silk is soft to touch, it soothes his fingertips.
 He says "I miss you dear, so much," and lifts it to his lips.
 Her smiling face is all he sees as twilight turns to dusk,
 and from afar, borne on the breeze, there's just a hint of musk.





ARTHUR HOEY DAVIS [Steele Rudd] (1868-1935), writer, was born on 14 November 1868 at Drayton, Queensland, fifth son and eighth of thirteen children of Thomas Davis, a Welsh blacksmith and selector, and his Irish wife Mary, née Green. Leaving the Emu Creek school at 12, Davis began work on local properties and developed his love of horses.

He became a clerk in the office of the curator of intestate estates in Brisbane in 1885, and in 1889 was transferred to the sheriff's office in the Supreme Court. On 26 December 1894 Davis married Violet Christina Brodie at Greenmount; they had three sons and a daughter.

His first rural sketch, 'Starting the selection', based on his father's experience, appeared in the *Bulletin* on 14 December 1895. Davis became a regular and popular contributor and in 1899 the *Bulletin* published an illustrated collection of the sketches under the title *On Our Selection*. This was followed by *Our New Selection* in 1903. Their success was partly due to the suggestion of A.G. Stephens that the sketches, written originally about different families, be reconstructed as the experiences of the Rudd family.

In 1909 Davis bought a farm at Nobby on the Darling Downs.

The sketches contained in his books provide a humorous account of life on a plot of land 'selected' in the late 1800s. Dad and Dave, two of the main characters, became household names in Australia following adaptation of the stories for radio.

NOBBY SHINES WITH TALENT



Ron Selby

The small and historic town of Nobby on Queensland's Darling Downs hosted a great competition on the 14th and 15th of November 2009 of talented poets vying for the honours in five sections of poetry entertainment.

Fourteen poets performed in Junior, Traditional, Modern and Original verse as well as The Steele Rudd Reading section.

Saturday got off to a flying start with Brisbane's Manfred Vijars compering the hotly contested Junior and Traditional Sections which was followed by an afternoon's entertainment in Modern and Original Poetry and the Steele Rudd sections compered by Ron Selby of Drayton.

The highlight of the evening was the Steele Rudd Readings. Poets were allotted six minutes to present a short story written by Steele Rudd. They presented a varying selection of stories and truly did them justice. Similar to

poems, these stories were much better heard than read.

The three judges were local dignitaries who judged on entertainment value more so than political, or rather than, poetry correctness. In their opinion each poet deserved to win. They thoroughly enjoyed the experience.

The competition was completed by five-thirty giving time for a quick cleanup and a great meal before the nights entertainment began with the Whisky Jack Band in the Barn and some really old time songs on the Honky Tonk piano in the dining room.

Sunday morning saw poets lining up for a huge breakfast and to face the judges once more in front of an audience of over 110 people.

The Breakfast was compered by Danny Thompson of Toowoomba who kept the poets rolling. As in most competitions the poets were more relaxed in the mornings and presented a great variety of entertainment. A big thank you to the owners of Rudd's Pub, Sam and Robyn Little, and their hard-working staff who were delighted with the response and hope to hold an even bigger and better event next year to celebrate the birth of Steele Rudd on 15th of November.

Mark your calendars.



MAX JARROTT of Stanthorpe Qld.
Overall winner at Nobby.

CORRYONG:

Deep in Snowy Mountains country near the source of the mighty Murray River, Corryong can lay claim to an integral part of Australian folklore through one of its finest sons in Jack Riley.

Riley, who was buried in the local

cemetery after his death in 1914, was the fearless stockman on whose daring deeds in the saddle Banjo Paterson is said to have based his most famous poem, *The Man from Snowy River*. To give credence to the link, the local dignitaries named the town's museum in the original shire council offices after the poem.

Corryong is set in a spectacular landscape dominated by towering peaks, granite outcrops and ridges which nature has decorated with Murray pines.

Don't miss **The Man from Snowy River festival from the 8th to 11th April 2010.**

DUNEDOO



Set amongst the rolling hills and valleys striding the Talbragar River, Dunedoo is the perfect place for a relaxing stopover. Enjoy a picnic beneath the mature trees in the lovely landscaped recreation area of OL Milling Park, which runs almost the entire length of the main street. The Park features a safe playground, sheltered BBQ's and amenities.

Dunedoo is located at the junction of the Golden and Castlereagh Highways and is the southern gateway to Warrumbungle National Park. The town's close proximity to the wine

growing region of Mudgee and the regional centre of Dubbo, make it the ideal place to stretch your legs, wander the main street or enjoy a meal in one of the classic country pubs, takeaway stores or cute cafés.

There are also plenty of sporting activities to undertake during your stop in Dunedoo. The town also has a 9 hole golf course, bowling club, tennis court, swimming pool and squash centre. It also has polocrosse and motocross events during the year. Pronounced Dunny-doo, the town is often recognised for its unique colloquial name. The name is said to derive from the local Wiradjuri Aboriginal name for swans which once frequented the nearby lagoons, although some suggest it has Scottish origins.

The Dunedoo Development Group has elected to hold the NSW State Championships in March this year. See ad. on next page.

Boyup Brook Country Music Festival

Boyup Brook is much more than the biggest Country Music Festival in WA, it is also home to the Western Australian Country Music Awards and has proved to be the launching pad for many up and coming performers who have gone to become firmly established in the Country Music industry. Former winners returning to join in the Festival's 25th Anniversary celebrations - 18th to 21st February - include the Sunny Cowgirls, Ronni Rae Rivers, Rose Carleo, Debbie Beckett, Terry Bennetts, Cyclone Jason and Connie Kis Andersen. And future 'stars', young talent, Craig Sinclair and Codee-lee are also performing over the 4 day Festival together with Toyota Star Maker Grand Finalist Amber Joy Poulton who is sure to delight the crowd with her Loretta Lynn tribute show.

Local favourites Brian Letton, Frisco, Girls with Guitars and Country Horizon (who share their 25th year anniversary with the Festival), will be joined by Tania Kernaghan, Carter & Carter, Pixie Jenkins, Graham Rodger, Tony Wagner and a host of others, with everyone's favourite, Ernie Dingo, acting as MC on the Saturday evening.

Bush Poets Brekkie

With the line-up at this year's Boyup Brook Country Music Festival including Tania Kernaghan, Sunny Cowgirls, Carter & Carter and many, many more, you can be assured that the Bush Poet's Brekkie on the Sunday morning will again be a huge success and retain its title of being the biggest Bush Poet's Breakfast in WA.

Poets reciting their tales of everyday and not so everyday folk and events at the Festival's 25th Anniversary include the current Australian Champion Female poet, Susan Carcary, her predecessor Melanie Hall and the "bloody funny" Dave Proust from NSW.

With many campers arriving earlier each year there is even more for Bush Poetry lovers at this year's Festival with Bush Poetry on every day at different venues, a free Poetry in the Park outside the Tourist Centre, as well the huge Brekky on the Sunday, so there will be ample opportunity for all poets, whether beginners or seasoned campaigners, to have a go. And for those wanting to improve their writing and presentation techniques Melanie and Susie will be conducting Workshops.



SPRINGSURE REPORT

A brief report on the Poet's Breakfast held at Old Rainworth Fort, Springsure, Queensland.

Held in conjunction with Queensland's 150 years Celebrations, it was a great success with about three hundred and fifty people attending.

Gary Fogarty was the compere, with Ray Essery, Jean Lindley, Tom Oliver, Norma Brown and John Best along with local performers John Watkins, John Lowth, Norm McLaughlin and Hugo Spooner providing entertainment from 7.30 am till 3.30 in the afternoon.

The competition for local writers, for a poem entitled "Springsure 1859 - 2009" was won by Hugo Spooner.

Hugo came to Springsure from Zimbabwe forty years ago and his great poem was a heartfelt 'Thank You' to the town and district that gave him freedom and a future.

John Watkins launched his collection of poems and stories 'Shadows in the Mist'.



Gary Fogarty

NANDEWAR POETRY SESQUICENTENARY COMPETITION

CONDUCTED BY
NARRABRI & DISTRICT HISTORICAL SOCIETY INC.

FIRST PRIZE: \$150 AND TROPHY
SECOND PRIZE: \$100
THIRD PRIZE: \$50

Closing Date: July 30th.

ENTRY FORM
Available from The Narrabri
Tourist Information Office 67996760
Or
Narrabri & District Historical Society
Inc.
P. O. Box 55
Narrabri 2390

Entries to be returned to above address

Henry Lawson Society of NSW Inc Literary Awards 2010



MUDGEEREGION

sensory perfection

countryenergy

THE LAND

Two new sections available in 2010:

The Visit Mudgee Region **Emerging Poets Competition** and
the Visit Mudgee Region **Emerging Writers Competition**

in addition to

The Country Energy Leonard Teale Memorial
Performance Poetry Competition,

THE LAND Short Story Competition,

THE LAND Written Poetry Competition, and

Secondary and Primary Student Sections

School sections close 1st April 2010

Other sections close 24th March 2010

Entry forms required in all sections

Please email all enquiries to

henrylawsongulgong@yahoo.com.au

or SSAE to PO Box 235 Gulgong NSW 2852

www.henrylawsongulgong.org.au



Bush Poetry NSW State Championships DUNEDOO 4, 5, 6, 7 March 2010

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

Festival prize money totals \$3000.

Bookings—Sue Stoddart 02 63 751975

dddgroup@bigpond.com

PO Box 1 DUNEDOO NSW 2844



Free admission
to daytime
competition.
\$25 Sat Night.

Proudly sponsored by

Personal Wealth Management Pty Ltd

Corporate Authorised Rep No. 253412
ABN 24 104 412 400

Blazes ablaze with talent

Bush Poetry that is

The 2010 Country Energy Tamworth Bush Poetry Competition celebrated its pride in its claim of introducing new and very talented performers with two outstanding performances this year, which claimed 1st and 2nd places in the Original Section. Peter Crawford from Fitzroy Crossing presented his poem "Billy" last year, but needed to travel 4000 kilometres again this year to prove to us, and to himself, that his was a very special and important poem, and his strong and sincere performance placed him in first place.

Another newcomer, Heather Searles of Branxton NSW, reached the hearts of all those who attend committee meetings where all the work is done by a few. "The Meeting of Truth" was a very cleverly written poem given a polished performance. It was a worthy 2nd placegetter and followed closely by Gabby Colquhoun's "The Hypochondriac". Gabby combines an impeccable sense of timing and facial and body expressions with words that defy description; a breathtaking litany of complaints to delight any hypochondriac. How she can remember the words is hard to imagine.

In the traditional or Established Works Section, Peter Mace won with the very poignant poem about man's inhumanity to man, "The Sandy Hollow Line" by Duke Tritton. Second was Terry Regan with the haunting Veronica Weal poem "Where the Eagle's Shadow Falls", and Lisa Quast gave a very touching and humorous performance of Sandy Thorne's poem "Jillarooing" for third place.

The Blazes Auditorium at Tamworth's West League Club provided an excellent venue for the performers to present their works under ideal conditions and sponsors, Country Energy, gave lots of back up support, even providing two beautiful young ladies, Tamworth's Country Music Queen and runner-up, to hand out the awards (and give kisses) to all the finalists and winners.

Jan Morris, Organiser.
(pictured)



'What A Night'

© 2009 Glenny Palmer Winner
Upper Lachlan Wool Wagon Awards humorous section

Into the back of our rusty Dodge ute
off we go to the Saturday dance,
with our Dad at the wheel and Mum fixing her hair
and she's laddered her stocking and cries in despair
while us kids are both yelling, 'Are we nearly there?'
(with our dog stowed away under Granny's cane chair)
and the 'roo on the road takes his chance.

Over the jump-up, she's bowling along
as the dust and the gibber stones fly,
when the cattle grid launches the ute through the gate
all the scones that Mum baked topple out of the crate
and Dad screws up his face as he cops the berate
(then she fusses and frets that 'Your tie isn't straight.')

and the moon laughs aloud in the sky.
Into the hall and straight out to the back
where the other kids chase off a snake,
and my brother says 'Damn!' 'cause he missed all that fun
if Mum heard him he'd have to learn quick how to run
so he heads for the hall and a freshly cooked bun
where the Belle Of The Ball competition is won
yet again, by 'that awful Miss Drake.'

Floorboards and hall are a century old
but still spring to the wild Gypsy Tap,
then a waltz gives relief as the dancers with pride
and their chins held aloft almost silently glide
over talcum topped floor (what a glorious slide
on his backside - my brother upends a new bride)
and lands square in the President's lap!

Momentum is stalled but not stopped, forward ho!
on he rolls heading straight for the band,
and his head like a missile shoots straight through the drum
and the overturned drummer in Rugby like scrum
knocks the old spinster pianist striking her dumb
when her dentures go flying, exposing her gum
and the President's struggling to stand.

The shame and the horror on poor Mother's face
and the new words that Daddy sings out,
are quite quickly surpassed by the mayhem that rose
when our dog heard the din and apparently chose
to get into the act with a few of his foes
while the dancers disperse in defence of their toes
from this unscheduled welterweight bout.

Dog fights at best are confined to the street
but tradition's surrendered with glee,
on the slippery boards there's a dozen or more
as a riot of legs that won't grip to the floor



Drawing by Alan McClure from 'Chuckin' Rocks' by Frank Daniel



Illawarra Folk Festival –
A 'Go For Zero',

Waste Wise Event
14th to 17th January 2010

saw the silver anniversary of
the Illawarra Folk Festival.

While the festival began at Jamberoo it was successfully transplanted to Bulli in 2005. One outstanding and innovative feature of this years festival was the Music Train. This transmogrified into eight carriages over three trains and two days carrying passengers and musicians from Sydney Central to Bulli. Entertainment was provided during the journey and passengers and musicians were then transported from the station to the festival by the Festival bus. This was a very 'green' way to get to the venue.

The two days prior to the festival saw the 7th annual music school held in the nearby Uniting Church hall with various tutorials covering Bodhran, Piano Vamping & French Canadian Foot Tapping, Digital effects on Electric Violin, Celtic Vocal Harmonies, Folk Songwriting, Story Telling, the Theremin and other courses.

The Festival was opened with a 'Welcome To Country' by an Aboriginal Elder and a concert on Thursday evening featuring Glenn Cardier, Jan Preston, Pat Drummond, Stiff Gins, Enda Kenny Band, Nathan (Canada) and Funkier Than Alice.

Poets Breakfasts were held on Friday, Saturday and Sunday and each day the MC was presented with the problem of too many poets and too little time. Some of the better known performers were Geoffrey Graham, Barry Lake, John Dengate, Arch Bishop, Russell Hanna, Viv Sawyer, Brien Bell,

David Myers, Zondrae King and Lorraine McCrimmon (pictured). The poets were also joined by Pat Drummond and Nick Rheinberger who both popped in to recite an original poem or two. This year the spoken word component of the festival was expanded. As well as a Limerick comp, a one minute brawl, and a Yarn spinning comp there were also several concerts featuring Roger Montgomery (Dingo's Breakfast Duo WA), David Myers, Geoffrey W Graham, John Dengate, The Poetesses (Viv, Lorraine, & Zondrae), Neil Morrison, and Jonathon Bob Lyn (Canadian Storyteller).

With just a little sprinkle in the evening on Saturday, there was no interruption to the outdoor activities on the Global Green where all types of displays from Irish Set Dancing to The World's Largest Penny Whistle Band (Guinness Book of Records Attempt) and from Shimmy & Sheik Belly Dance Group to Black Oak Morris. There were Choirs and Childrens entertainment and music, music, music which was spread over 11 stages and four days. It goes without saying that next years Illawarra Folk Festival, their 26th will be bigger and better again.



Zondrae King



Lorraine McCrimmon

slip and slide in a tangle of skin fur and gore
and the supper cakes splatter the dancers and door
while a Poodle has pikelets for tea.

Fate can be kind for old Myrtle McGraw
has contrived to attend with her cat,
to her lace covered bosom she thrusts it in fear
when a bloody great Doberman leaps for its ear
and it shoots up her skirt like a truck in top gear
where its safety's assured, penetrating her rear
with its needle like claws in the fat.

Myrtle's assailed by the vapours and faints
and the cat wriggles out from its trap,
an assortment of hounds turn attention therefore
to a far better option for raising the score
(an electrified cat shooting straight for the door...)
with allegiance decreed and a unified roar
all the canines depart for the scrap.

The hall's like a wreck from an air bombing raid
Miss McGraw's still out cold on the floor,
the poor President's walking with difficulty
and the upended bride says she wants to be free
while my brother is hiding way up in a tree
so my Dad's taking out his frustration on me
and our dog's got no tail anymore.

I'm sat in the ute and we're heading for home
though my brother is standing upright,
he's hoping tomorrow his backside will heal
and he's grounded for life because that is the deal
that our Daddy laid down when he said 'It's for real!'
but between you and me I quite honestly feel
it's the best dance we've had...what a night!

There once was an old man who was about to die. He told his wife to put a bag of money in the attic "When I die I'll get it on my way up." chuckled the old man.
When the old man died the wife went up to the attic and found that the bag of money was still there. "I knew I should have put that money in the cellar!" said the old woman.



9 - 10 - 11 July 2010
2010 NATIONAL AUSTRALIAN
BUSH POETRY PERFORMANCE CHAMPIONSHIPS



Hosted by
Bundaberg Poets' Society Inc. Queensland
BROTHERS SPORTS CLUB Inc. Takalvan Street Bundaberg

Performance Competition

- Under 8 - Recite favourite poem
- 8 years to under 16 years
- OPEN - Traditional - Modern and Original
- Billy Hay Memorial Yarn-spinning competition
- One Minute Cup

PERFORMANCE

ENQUIRIES
 SSAE TO
 The coordinator
 Bundaberg Poets' Society Inc PO Box 4281
 BUNDABERG SOUTH 4670

Closing date
June 18th 2010

*** No Intermediate Category due to National Championships ***

BUSH LANTERN AWARD - WRITTEN COMPETITION FOR BUSH VERSE
 also *** BUSH LANTERN AWARD - JUNIOR CATEGORY ***

(Primary & Secondary School Students)

Closing date for written competitions
May 21st, 2010. Results announced
 on July 11th at National Australian Bush
 Poetry Championship week-end.
 Winners contacted prior to week-end.

Entry forms : SSAE to
 Bush Lantern Co-ordinator
 Bundaberg Poets' Society Inc.
 PO Box 4281
 BUNDABERG SOUTH. 4670

All phone or email enquiries:
 Sandy Lees (*Muster Co-ordinator*)
 07 41514631 - lees@fastel.com.au
 Dean Collins (*Bush Lantern Coordinator*)
 07 41591705 - nutbutts@gmail.com
 Jayson Russell . 0411 360 922 or
 blanata@bigpond.net.au
Entry Forms also available on ABPA website:
abpa.org.au/bushpoetry/entry.htm



Poetry at 100th
Birthday Celebration

Belle Sinclair was born Isabel Watson Lyndsay near Edin burgh on 14th November 1909. Her father was killed in World War 1 on the Western Front. Following his death the family home burnt to the ground and his widow, with Belle and her five siblings, decided to make a fresh start. They traded the heather for the wattle and migrated to Australia in 1919 settling in Balmain, Sydney.

This matriarch's centenary was celebrated by her many friends and relatives at the Canada Bay Club in Five Dock, Sydney, on 14th November 2010. On her arrival, the grand old lady was escorted in by a kilted piper playing *Scotland the Brave* and *Waltzing Matilda*. (This was the first of many displays of hankies and moist eyes for the evening!)

As is usual at such events people recounted interesting facets of her long life. Her grandson Scot sang a song and three poems were recited and read. ABPA member, Chris Woodland, recited Dorothea Mackellar's *My Country*. Then, in turn, Belle's nephew Ken read *Ode to the Rabbit*, followed by his tartan-sporting brother Mark, who read a Robbie Burns' poem lauding the wonderful attributes of whisky. *Ode to the Rabbit* compared the eating of haggis by the Scots to their Australian descendants' preference

of a diet of wild rabbit. (Unfortunately the words of *Ode to the Rabbit* could not be located for this article. If any ABPA members can supply the words of the poem, the editor would be pleased to hear from them.)

It was very pleasing to see that poetry was warmly received by the crowd of about 80 family and friends, and it certainly added to a very memorable and historic occasion.

Chris Woodland, 12 January 2010.





2010 FINALISTS AND WINNERS

Listed in alphabetical order by poet or performer:-

BOOK OF THE YEAR finalists

Aussie Country Comedy No 2 by Neil Hulm (Lavington, NSW)
Time Is A Traveller by Kevin Pye (Mudgee, NSW)
I Likes A Laugh by Grahame Watt (Toormina, NSW)
Poems Of 2008 by Stephen Whiteside (Glen Iris, Vic)
The Bronze Swagman Book Of Bush Verse 2008
from the Winton Business & Tourism Association Inc (Winton, Qld)
**And equal first place went to 'I likes a Laugh' (Grahame Watt) and
The Bronze Swagman Book of Bush Verse 2008 (The Winton
Business & Tourism Association Inc.)**

BUSH POEM OF THE YEAR finalists

The Pride Of The Hills by Neil Hulm (Lavington, NSW)
Requiem For A Pioneer by Max Merckenschlager (Caloote, SA)
Brolga Dreaming by Val Read (Bicton, WA)
The Goomalibee Dance by Grahame Watt (Toormina, NSW)
Rebecca And Molly by Veronica Weal (Herberton, Qld)
And the winner . . . Brolga Dreaming (Val Read - WA)

ALBUM OF THE YEAR finalists

Marco Gliori Live At The Warwick Town Hall
by Marco Gliori (Warwick, Qld)
Jim & Grant Present Australian Comic Rhymed Verse
by Jim Haynes & Grant Luhrs (Sydney and Wagga Wagga, NSW)
I Say! by Carol Heuchan (Cooranbong, NSW)
Bruce Simpson Bush Poetry by Noel Stallard (Arana Hills, Qld)
Jack Thompson: The Bush Poems of AB (Banjo) Paterson
by Jack Thompson (Sydney, NSW)
And the winner . . . Bruce Simpson Bush Poetry - (Noel Stallard)

SINGLE RECORDED PERFORMANCE OF THE YEAR finalists

The Anzac On The Wall by Jim Brown (Heathmont, Vic)
The Last Pit Pony by Carol Heuchan (Cooranbong, NSW)
Lost Youth by Noel Stallard (poem by Bruce Simpson)
(Arana Hills, Qld)
The Man From Snowy River (poem by A B (Banjo) Paterson)
by Jack Thompson (Sydney, NSW)
Strum by Manfred Vijars (Morningside, Qld)
The Wayward Pup by Carmel Wooding (poem by Marco Gliori)
(Warwick, Qld)
And the winner . . . The Anzac on the Wall (Jim Brown Vic)

CHILDREN'S POEM OF THE YEAR finalists

The Aussie Outback School by Megan Bartlett-Horne
(Sanctuary Cove, Qld)
See What I See In The Sea by Noel Stallard (Arana Hills, Qld)
Country Childhood by Stephanie McLaughlin (Bribie Island, Qld)
Mum Rides The Dodgems by Marco Gliori (Warwick, Qld)
Apple And The Mandarin by Stephen Whiteside (Glen Iris, Vic)
The winner ... The Aussie Outback School (Megan Bartlett-Horne)

THE JUDITH HOSIER AWARD . . Col 'Blue the Shearer' Wilson.

Winners in the 2010 Australian Bush Laureate awards were announced in Tamworth on Tuesday January 19th.

In Book of the Year, Original Verse, two awards were presented... to Grahame Watt for "I Likes A Laugh" and the Winton Business & Tourism Association for "The Bronze Swagman Book of Bush Verse 2008".

In Album of the Year, Original Verse, the Golden Gumleaf went to Noel Stallard for his "Bruce Simpson Bush Poetry" – a tribute to the poetry of Bruce Simpson.

In Bush Poem of the Year, the winner was "Brolga Dreaming" by Val Read.

The Single Recorded Performance of the Year went to "The Anzac On The Wall" by Jim Brown.

Children's Poem of the Year, was won by Megan Bartlett-Horne (pictured) with "The Aussie Outback School".

The Judith Hosier Heritage Award – for outstanding achievement in nurturing Australia's heritage of verse – was presented to "Blue The Shearer". Real name Col Wilson, "Blue" is a writer, performer, satirist and retired bureaucrat who is legendary in Australia for his work as "resident poet" on ABC radio for many years.

And in a moving presentation, Joy McKean was made patron of the Australian Bush Laureate Awards with the special presentation of a Golden Gumleaf. Joy is recognised as one of Australia's leading songwriters with a strong link to many of Australia's bush verse writers.

This year was the 15th year for the Bush Laureate Awards which were established in 1997 to recognise excellence in published and recorded Australian bush poetry.

The Australian Bush Laureate Awards will be held in Tamworth again next January, with nominations scheduled to open in August.



Dame Mary Gilmore (1865-1962)

Author, journalist, poet, patriot and tireless campaigner against injustice and deprivation.

Dame Mary Gilmore was born on 16 August 1865 at Cotta Walla (near Goulburn) New South Wales, the eldest child of Donald and Mary Ann (nee Beattie) Cameron. Educated mainly at small country schools in the Wagga Wagga district, in January 1883 Mary became a pupil teacher at the Superior Public School, Wagga Wagga. Between 1886 and 1895 Mary served as a school teacher at Beaconsfield, Illabo, Silverton, Neutral Bay and Stanmore.

Mary's passionate desire for social reform gained political momentum in the radical and nationalist ferment of the 1890s. Sensitive to the conventions of the day, Mary guarded her teaching career during this time by writing under noms de plume, including Em Jaycey, Sister Jaycey and Rudione Calvert.

Inspired by William Lane's ideal of utopian socialism, Mary joined the New Australia Movement, contributing regularly to its journal before departing for Cosme, Paraguay in November 1895. While there she edited the daily journal, *Cosme Evening Notes*. On 25 May 1897 she married William Alexander Gilmore and the following year, on 21 August 1898, gave birth to their only child William Dysart Cameron Gilmore. Disillusioned with the breakdown of the Cosme community and the departure of William Lane in 1899, the Gilmores left Paraguay returning to Australia in 1902 and lived at Casterton, Victoria.

In 1912 Mary moved to Sydney with her son Billy, while William Gilmore established the first of the family properties at Cloncurry in North Queensland.

In 1908 Henry Lammond, editor of the *Australian Worker*, responded to Mary's request for a special page for women by inviting her to write it herself. The popularity of the column was unprecedented, with Mary remaining editor of the Women's page until 1931. Through the column Mary campaigned for a wide range of social and economic reforms, such as the women's vote, old age and invalid pensions, child endowment, the relief of the poor and the just treatment of Aborigines.

In the ensuing years Mary published numerous volumes of prose and poetry including, *Marri'd and Other Verses* (1910), *The Tilted Cart* (1925), *The Wild Swan* (1930), *Under the Wilgas* (1932), *Battlefields* (1939), and *Fourteen Men* (1954). In her prose works, *The Hound of the Road* (1922), *Old Days, Old Ways* (1934) and *More Recollections* (1935), Mary looked back to a tradition of a frontier society, satisfying her life-long ambition to weave the memories of her youth into a legendary and epic past.

A highly popular and nationally known writer, in 1937 she became the first person to be appointed Dame Commander of the British Empire for contributions to literature. Thereafter she was a celebrated public figure. Sydney's literati gathered annually to celebrate her birthday; awards and scholarships were given in her name; radio broadcasts and public appearances commanded her time.

During World War II Mary captured the hearts of Australians with a stirring call to patriotism in the poems '*No Foe Shall Gather Our Harvest*' and '*Singapore*', earning her the unexpected praise of General Douglas MacArthur.

An inveterate letter writer, through her correspondence Mary Gilmore



maintained lifelong friendships with generations of Australian artists, writers and politicians. She was a founding member of the Fellowship of Australian Writers and Sydney's Lyceum Club; active in organisations as diverse as the New South Wales Institute of Journalists and the Aboriginal Australian Fellowship.

In 1952 Mary commenced a regular column for the *Tribune*. Mary Gilmore's '*Arrows*', venting her egalitarian and democratic views, appeared in the newspaper until shortly before her death in 1962.

In 1961 Australian Trade Unions honoured Mary's contribution to the labour movement, crowning her May Queen for the May Day procession.

Dame Mary Gilmore died on Monday, 3 December 1962. Three days later on Thursday, 6 December 1962 Sydney witnessed the first State funeral accorded to an Australian writer since the death of Henry Lawson forty years earlier.



Over a remote Scottish island a helicopter lost power and was forced to make an emergency landing. Luckily there was a small cottage nearby. The pilot walked over to it and knocked on the door. "Is there a mechanic in the area?" he asked the woman who answered the door. She scratched her head and thought for a few seconds. "No," she finally said, pointing down the road, "but we do have a McArdle and a McKay."

It was in 1940 that Mary composed her most famous patriotic poem, 'No Foe Shall Gather Our Harvest'. Her diary of June 16th contains the first draft of a poem which she proposed to call 'The Men from Riverina'.

Two days of revision led to a change in title to 'Song of the Cattle Men' and substantial variations to the first verse. She took it to Leslie Haylen of the Australian Women's Weekly who declared immediately that he would feature it, that is, give it a dramatic and full presentation. Haylen was as good as his word. On a full page of the Weekly (dated 29th June 1940, but on the streets on 25th June), bordered by pictures of Australian rural life and a scene from the landing at Gallipoli, was Mary's poem, now titled 'No Foe Shall Gather Our Harvest'. It has become part of Australian legend.

NO FOE SHALL GATHER OUR HARVEST

Mary Gilmore 1940.

Sons of the mountains of Scotland,
Clansmen from corral and kyle,
Breed of the moors of England,
Children of Erin's green isle.
We stand four-square to the tempest
Whatever the battering hail –
No foe shall gather our harvest,
Or sit on our stockyard rail.

Our women shall walk in honor,
Our children shall know no chain,
This land that is ours forever
The invader shall strike at in vain,
Anzac! ...Bapaume!...and the Marne!...
Could ever the old blood fail?
No foe shall gather our harvest,
Or sit on our stockyard rail.

So hail-fellow-met we muster,
And hail-fellow-met fall in,
Wherever the guns may thunder,
Or the rocketing 'air mail' spin!
Born of the soil and the whirlwind
Though death itself be the gale –
No foe shall gather our harvest,
Or sit on our stockyard rail.

We are the sons of Australia,
Of the men who fashioned the land,
We are the sons of the women
Who walked with them, hand in hand;
And we swear by the dead who bore us,
By the heroes who blazed the trail,
No foe shall gather our harvest,
Or sit on our stockyard rail.

The Weekly's boards announced as the leading feature of that week's edition, 'Dame Mary Gilmore's War Poem'. The Weekly's wide appeal as a family magazine meant that Mary's poem went into a great many homes, there to be read and discussed by the whole family group.

Many, especially the children, came to know it by heart. Always ready to depreciate her own talent she considered 'No Foe' 'not great verse but it just hit the moment'. That it certainly caught, after the trauma of Dunkirk, the national mood of defiance, can be gauged by the intense public reaction to it. It was displayed in shop windows in cities and towns and was read at regular intervals, during the days that followed, over 2GB.

Mary, and the Women's Weekly, received scores of appreciative letters.

Marri'd

Mary Gilmore

It's singing in and out,
And feeling full of grace;
Here and there, up and down,
And round about the place.
It's rolling up your sleeves,
And whitening up the hearth,
And scrubbing out the floors,
And sweeping down the path;
It's baking tarts and pies,
And shining up the knives;
And feeling like some days
Was worth a thousand lives.
It's watching out the door,
And watching by the gate;
And watching down the road,
And wondering why he's late;
And feeling anxious-like,
For fear there's something wrong;
And wondering why he's kept,
And why he takes so long.
It's coming back inside
And sitting down a spell,
To sort o' make believe
You're thinking things is well.
It's getting up again
And wandering in and out;
And feeling wistful-like,
Not knowing what about;
And flushing all at once
And smiling just so sweet,
And feeling real proud
The place is fresh and neat.
And feeling awful glad,
Like them that watched Siloam;
And everything because --
A man is coming Home!

Old Botany Bay

By Mary Gilmore.

I'm old
Botany Bay;
Stiff in the joints,
Little to say.
I am he
Who paved the way,
That you might walk
At your ease to-day.
I was the conscript
Sent to hell
To make in the desert
The living well;
I bore the heat,
I blazed the track --
Furrowed and bloody
Upon my back.
I split the rock;
I felled the tree:
The nation was --
Because of me!
Old Botany Bay
Taking the sun
From day to day . . .
Shame on the mouth
That would deny
The knotted hands
That set us high!



"Ed and Margaret Parmenter would like to thank the members who sent their best wishes for a speedy recovery from recent health problems.

They are happy to report that the situation has improved, and are hoping that this trend will continue on to a full recovery.

Life Membership was appointed to Edward and Margaret at the 2010 Annual General Meeting of the Australian Bush Poets Association in Tamworth in recognition of their long and untiring services to the association.



The WA Bush Poets and Yarn-spinners

Sometimes, when people think of Australian bush poetry, they think of the great bush bards from the early days such as Adam Lindsay Gordon or the likes of Banjo Paterson and Henry Lawson. But in fact, the bush poetry movement has been quietly growing in Australia for the past two hundred years. Today, we are blessed with a myriad of talent from youngsters through to old timers, all hell bent on recording our everyday events and our unique bush history for future generations to enjoy. While plenty of locals have been writing bush poetry for years, the Western Australian club itself is relatively new.



Back in 1995, Perth resident Rusty Christensen (1) decided to set about forming a club. He had been hearing stories about how bush poetry was gaining in popularity in the Eastern States and inspired by a book of poetry by Col Wilson (*Blue the Shearer*), he decided that WA should join the trend.

With the assistance of fellow Rotarian Trevor Cooksley, the pair approached their local council, the City of Melville, and received enthusiastic support from Anne Farrin, the Council's Art Officer at the time. Anne agreed to take on the administrative role and Rusty set about bringing together all of the people he knew who were out there, telling tall tales and quirky yarns, and writing poetry and spruiking it to anyone who would listen.

The group's first official concert was held in the picturesque bush setting of Wireless Hill Park in Ardress, a southern suburb of Perth on Sunday, 15 September 1995. Wireless Hill Park, a unique piece of bushland in the middle of suburbia, was Perth's original Wireless Communication Station and was set up in 1912. Much of the original infrastructure can still be seen today and in spring, the park boasts some of the best examples of Western Australian wildflowers, making it an ideal setting for bush poetry.

The first concert turned out to be a moderate success with 60 people

attending. The group was encouraged enough to organise another event to coincide with the following year's Australia Day celebrations at the park and this time, 200 people attended.

Early the following year, a group of bush poetry enthusiasts met at the Tivoli Hall at Canning Bridge in Applecross to form the now infamous WA Bush Poets & Yarn Spinners Association Incorporated. A Constitution was duly drawn up and office bearers were elected, and the nearby watering hole, better known as the Raffles Hotel, became the venue for the monthly meetings that followed.

During 1996, the club decided to hold a series of selection heats to provide competitors for the following year's Australia Day Bush Poetry Competition at Wireless Hill Park.

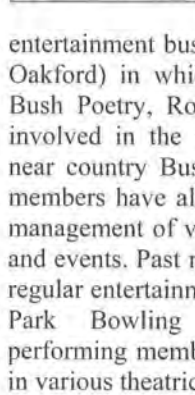


The winner of that competition was Keith Lethbridge, (2) who took out the prestigious prize of a trip to Winton in Queensland for the Waltzing Matilda Bush Poetry Competition. Even today, Keith Lethbridge is still considered to be the benchmark for all Western Australian bush poets.

The Association currently has around 150 members, about a hundred of whom live in the greater Perth Metro Area, the remainder are scattered throughout the state. While a significant number of members are either writer or performers (or both), many simply join for the enjoyment of being part of the Bush Poetry scene. In Albany, member Peter Blyth organises a monthly get-together on the 4th Thursday of each month. (poetblyth@bigpond.com).

Some members, namely Wayne Pantall (ABC Gt Southern), Corin Linch (ABC Midwest) and Catherine McLernan (MAMA Geraldton) have regular Radio Programs on Regional Radio. Other Members often appear in guest spots on various radio stations throughout the State.

Association members are involved in the management of many Bush Poetry Events throughout the State. In particular, the Bush Poetry events that



accompany the WA Country Music Festival at Boyup Brook each February. (This was originally set up by Brian Gale (3) in 1991. Later, Ron Evans took over the reins which have now been passed on to Bill Gordon (4). In Albany, Peter Blyth gets a group of Poets together to perform at the Albany Show. Corin Linch in Jurien has been the Bush Poetry co-ordinator for the Waddi Festival at Badgingarra and for

some other events in the region. Catherine McLernon in Geraldton gets involved in a number of local events, while the current President, Brian Langley is involved in organising Bush poetry events at Pingrup and some other country locations.

In the past, prior to running a touring and entertainment business (Diggers Camp in Oakford) in which a significant part is Bush Poetry, Rod and Kerry Lee were involved in the management of several near country Bush Poetry events. Other members have also been involved in the management of various regional festivals and events. Past member Peter Capp runs regular entertainment events at the Hilton Park Bowling Club, while other performing members also use their skills in various theatrical endeavours.

On the non performing scene, a considerable number of West Australian members have won prizes in writing Bush Poetry in various written Verse competitions both within the State and Nationally. Foremost among these are V.P. Read (6), and Irene Conner. (7)

In 2009, Sylvia and Harold Rowell were awarded

THE THINGS OLD MEN COLLECT

Jim Grahame

My shelf is crammed with broken pipes
And old tobacco tins;
The lapel of my vest is bright
With shining rows of pins;
I fear that I am growing old
By signs that I detect,
For I am hoarding odds and ends—
The things old men collect.

I seem to have a shabby coat,
With elbows frayed and torn;
I have a dozen styles in hats
That someone else has worn;
And hanging round are shirts and pants
That all show some defect;
And here and there a walking-stick—
The kind old men collect.

I've tins of nails and bolts and screws,
And little coils of twine;
A score of keys for lock and latch
That fit no door of mine;
My shaving mirror lacks a frame,
It's dim and can't reflect
Those lines and wrinkles on my face
That all old men collect.

I keep two old and faithful dogs,
And some domestic pets;
One likes to see these things about
The older that one gets.
I'd have them all inside with me,
But someone might object;
They do not know the joy there's in
The friends old men collect.

Though time is quickly flying on,
Its haste does not annoy.
There's lots of good things in the world—
The things old men enjoy.
And life is passing fair to me:
I still can walk erect,
And have no hankering to rest
Where old men's bones collect.

7



life membership. This pair of lovely folk joined the WA Bush poets shortly after its inception and have quietly, in the background provided support for the Association and its members. The Monthly

Muster venue has changed over the years. For a time it was at the Tivoli Theatre, then the Raffles Hotel, When the Raffles was knocked down for re-development, the group moved to the South Perth Bowling Club followed later by the Mt. Pleasant Bowling club. In June 2008, they moved to their current

"UNDER WIDE SKIES"

LIMITED EDITION REPRINT COLLECTED VERSE OF

JIM GRAHAME



Limited edition reprint of the collected verse of Jim Grahame, one of Australia's great but almost forgotten poets is being organized by his descendants. The print will be limited to the number of people who would like to obtain a copy and will be approx 300 pages and priced under \$20 plus postage and handling

Interested persons are invited to contact
PHILLIPA HOLLENKAMP Ph/fax. 02 44557999.
mob 0409 564 100 Email: getwet@shoalhaven.net.au
OR
JOHN DAVIS Ph 02 44552013 mob 0425 299 829
Email: jda76436@bigpond.net.au

JIM GRAHAME

Mr. James William Gordon

Jim Gordon was born in 1874, under the flap of a tilted cart, at a mining camp in Bloody Gully, Creswick Victoria.

At eighteen years of age he set out on horseback making his way to Bourke, NSW. There, in 1892 he met with 25 years old Henry Lawson, and after a stint at working in the shearing sheds they humped their bluey's to Hungerford on the Queensland border and then back again to Bourke. He is thought to be the model for one of Lawson's central fictional characters, 'Mitchell'.

It was Henry Lawson who gave him the pen name Jim Grahame.

His first published verse was in the Sydney "Worker" in 1902, and the first of his Bulletin verse appeared at Christmas in 1903 and was entitled "Boundary Riding."

In 1947 his book "Under Wide Skies" was published by the citizens of Leeton. National recognition of Jim Grahame's contribution to Australian Literature was granted by the Prime Minister in 1947

venue, the Auditorium at Bentley Park Retirement Village (Previously Swan Cottages) , which is located at 26 Plantation Dve, South Bentley 6102 commencing at 7.30pm, typically around 70 people, members and friends, come along each month to enjoy the poetry and stories and also the camaraderie of being with people who share a common interest. New visitors are very welcome to come along and join in the Association's fun and activities.



Phillippa Hollenkamp

Great-granddaughter of James William Gordon.

on the occasion of his 73rd birthday, when he was awarded a literary pension.

It is this rare book that his descendants have planned a reprint in 2010.

An original autographed edition of 'Under Wide Skies' Published in 1947.



The Australian Bush Poets Association Inc.

(Established 1994)

Abn: INC 9877413 Arbn I04 032 126

Website: abpa.org.au

Patron: Tony Windsor MP, Federal Member for New England in the Parliament of Australia.

President: Manfred Vijars

P.O Box 701 Morningside Q. 4170

Ph. 0411 160 510

Email: manfred@rocketfrog.com.au

Vice President: Frank Daniel

16 Canowindra St. Canowindra NSW 2804

Ph. 02 6344 1477

Email: fda70930@bigpond.net.au

Secretary: Gregory North

5 Dryandra Place Linden NSW 2778

Ph. 02 4753 1197 0425 210 083

Email: greg@gregorynorth.com.au

Treasurer: Kym Eitel

24 Sneddon Road

Limestone Creek Q.4701

07 4936 1598 0428 965 342

Email: kymeitel@yahoo.com

Editor: Frank Daniel

16 Canowindra St. Canowindra NSW 2804

Ph 02 6344 1477

Email: editor@abpa.org.au

Webmaster: Andy Schnalle

Ph. 07 4934 1335 web@abpa.org.au

Printer: Central Commercial Printers

43-47 Keppel Street, Bathurst NSW 2795

Tel: (02) 6331 4822

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Ph. 02 6344 1477



150th Anniversary Adult Open Poetry and Short Story Competitions

1st, 2nd & 3rd all sections published in special book. Copies to be part of prizes.

Other prize money TBA

Conducted by Central Goldfields Bush Poets.
Info: PO Box 1152, Bendigo 3552 email col@mulgabill.net.au

See stories page 5

Bushmans Heritage & Camp Oven Festival 13 - 15 August 2010

Recitations
Poets Breakfast
Workshop
Amateur Poets Competition
Poets Brawl and more.

Check out our website for more details
www.casinovillage.com.au

Casino Village RV Resort,
69 Light Street, Casino 2470
Ph: 02 6662 1069

MURRINDINDI

Dusty Swag Awards

Free entry for schools
Prizes for Environmental Projects
Personal Entries for cash prizes
(Sponsorships available)

www.dustyswag.zoomshare.com

Open 1st April to 30th June

DATES TO REMEMBER .

Dunedoo State Titles 5-7 March
02 6375 1975 dddgroup@bigpond.com

John O'Brien Festival
Narrandera 18-21 March
Ph. 1800 672 975

Snowy River Bush Festival
Corryong 8-11 April
02 6076 1992
info@bushfestival.com.au

15th Waltzing Matilda Awards
Winton Qld. 30-31 March
wooka2@bigpond.net.au

For more go to www.abpa.org.au

COMPETITION RESULTS



CROOKWELL WOOL WAGON AWARDS 2009

Performance - Contemporary
1st Gregory North 2nd Garry Lowe
3rd Kathy Edwards
Traditional
1st Terry Regan 2nd Peter Mace
3rd Gregory North
Original Serious
1st Terry Regan 2nd Peter Mace
3rd Garry Lowe
Original Comedy
1st Ellis Campbell 2nd Terry Regan
3rd Gregory North
Novice
1st Lorraine McCrimmon
2nd John Brennan 3rd Janet Moppet
The Bangtail Muster
Children's awards
(Sponsored by Barbara Groves and Garry Cullen)
1st Katie Brennan 'Leaders of the Earth'

2nd Brooke George 'Bushfire'
Brian Doyle awards
Under 9 Alicia Lyons 'My Country'
10-13 James Rivera 'Cow Pats'

WRITTEN AWARDS

Serious Section
1st Zondrae King Corrimal NSW
'Rain'
Highly Commended
Ellis Campbell 'Eulogy of Crows'
Ellis Campbell 'Moonlight Muster'
Will Moody 'The Galloping Ghost of Michael Malone'

Commended
Valerie Read 'Teamsters Life'
Arthur Green 'Old Crazy Sam'
Ellis Campbell 'Beating the Camphor Flood'
Carolyn Alfonzetti 'All for Sweet Lucinda Bell'
Valerie Read 'The Annual Comalya'

Comedy Section
1st Glenn Palmer 'What a Night'
Highly Commended
David Campbell 'What a Bunch UV Bankers'

Ron Stevens 'Where were you Then'
Commended
Carolyn Alfonzetti 'The Farmers Choice'

Ian McFaul 'Chanticleer'
Greg North 'Stick It'
Valerie Read 'Grievances of a Babbling Brook'
Arthur Green 'Just a Whiff of that Laughing Gas Nurse'

Local Original Serious
1st Ian McFaul 'Whinge not Likely'
Commended

Commended
Pauline Taylor 'Grandfather Grant'
Local Original Comedy

1st Ian McFaul 'Chanticeer'
Commended
Gerald Norman 'Ned V Sue'

NOBBY Qld.

Junior. 1st Amy Bradfield
2nd. Jake Armstrong 3rd. Christina Armstrong.
Traditional. 1st Max Jarrett
2nd. Amy Bradfield 3rd. Brian Weier
Modern. 1st Brian Weier
2nd Max Jarrott 3rd Manfred Vijars
Original 1st Manfred Vijars
2nd Kevin Dean 3rd Alex Carmichael
Steele Rudd Reading.
1st Bernie Kelleher
2nd Amy Bradfield 3rd Max Jarrott

Overall Poet Max Jarrott YOUNG NATIONAL CHERRY FESTIVAL 2009

Serious Section
1st Robyn Sykes Binalong 'Rainbow Letter' - Original
2nd Alex Allitt 'In the Droving Days' - Paterson

Light Hearted Section
1st Lance Parker 'My Brother Eddy' - Original
2nd Greg North 'Stick It' - Original
Overall winner. Robyn Sykes,
Alex Allitt and Lance Parker
HC. Garry Lowe, Arch Bishop, Terry Regan and Greg North.

THE BLACKENED BILLY VERSE COMPETITION 2010

1st Prize: The Arsonist
Ellis Campbell Dubbo NSW
2nd Prize: God's Waiting Room
Val Wallace Glendale NSW
3rd Prize: Unspoken Words
David Campbell Beaumaris Vic
HIGHLY COMMENDED
The City Bride of Boorang
Carolyn Eldridge-Alfonzetti
North Epping NSW
Another Digger Passed Away
Ellis Campbell Dubbo NSW
Fromelles

Jim Brown Heathmont Vic
The Day I Became an Australian
Jill Wherry Windsor Gardens SA
Making Murrundi

Max Merckenschlager Caloote SA
Wot's Missing!
Dick Lewers Blaxland NSW
A Dinkum View of Peace
Ron Stevens Dubbo NSW
A Racing Tale
Jim Kent Port Fairy Vic
The Long Road North
Sally Perry Port Lincoln SA
Have A Chat

Will Moody Bellingen NSW
THE GOLDEN DAMPER PERFORMANCE COMPETITION ORIGINAL
Peter Campbell Fitzroy Crossing NT,
Heather Searles Braxton NSW
Gabby Colquhoun Gloucester NSW

TRADITIONAL
Peter Mace Empire Bay
Terry Regan Blaxland NSW
Lisa Quast Armidale NSW

Poetry Meets Country Music at the Hog's Breath Cafe, Tamworth 2010

For the third year in succession, Bush Poetry and Country Music came together and showed what a wonderful combination it makes, as Adam Kilpatrick once again presented the 'Hog's Breath Country Comedy Show, where he and fellow singer/comedian and yodeller, the irrepressible Laura Downing, joined with comic poets Dave Proust and Neil McArthur to present two hours each day of non-stop Aussie comedy, and the popularity of the show is evident by the increasing size of the crowds each year, as well as some of the well known faces of the music industry who pop in for a look at the show during the festival and leave in hysterics.

It has been a great concept and shows how well the Poetry is accepted into the Country Music field and congratulations to Adam and Liam at Hog's Breath for continuing with the concept that many said would not work.

It will be a continuing mix, as shown at the Longyard this year with a one off show featuring Neil McArthur, Ray Essery, Laura Downing and Dave Prior. The promoters at the Longyard want to embrace a similar recipe for next year as well, which goes to show that Poets, are now making serious inroads into the Country Music Scene, as well it should be.

Congratulations to Adam, Prousty, Neil and Laura for another wonderful and side-splitting year. It's all aboard next year for the Hoggies Breaky already.

Ray Essery

Laura Downing

Dave Proust



How come Americans choose from just two people to run for President and fifty for Miss America?

Mary signed up for an exercise class and was told to wear loose-fitting clothing.

"If I HAD any loose-fitting clothing", she said, "I wouldn't have signed up in the first place!"

Don't argue with an idiot; people watching may not be able to tell the difference.

Wouldn't it be nice if whenever we messed up our life we could simply press 'Ctrl Alt Delete' and start all over?

"Doctor, I keep thinking I'm a goat." "How long have you had this feeling?"

"Ever since I was a kid."

Two confirmed bachelors sat talking, their conversation drifted from politics to cooking. "I got a cookbook once," said one, "but I could never do anything with it." "Too much fancy work in it, eh?" asked the other. "You said it. Every one of the recipes began the same way - Take a clean dish."



HARRY MORANT

Harry Morant

by William Henry Ogilvie

Harry Morant was a friend I had
In the years long passed away,
A chivalrous, wild and reckless lad,
A knight born out of his day.

Full of romance and void of fears,
With a love of the world's applause,
He should have been one of the cavaliers
Who fought in King Charles's cause.



WILL OGILVIE

WILL and the BREAKER

Australian Poets Will H Ogilvie and Harry 'Breaker' Morant became good mates whilst working on adjoining properties in the Enngonia-Barrington area north of Bourke NSW on the Queensland border.

Will was born near Kelso, Scotland and came to Australia as a twenty year old in 1889 and returned to Scotland twelve years later.

Will was first employed by the Grant family on 'Belalie' at Enngonia which, like Barrington was a centre of activity in the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries when the properties in the area were labour intensive and when transport was by horse or bullock or Cobb and Co.

In 1901 Ogilvie returned to Scotland where he settled back for the rest of his life into a countryman's life, riding and hunting but continuing to write. He sent back verses to the *Bulletin* certainly until 1905. Further collections of his Australian poems were published in Sydney.

He loved a girl, and he loved a horse,
And he never let down a friend,
And reckless he was, but he rode his course
With courage up to the end.

"Breaker Morant" was the name he earned,
For no bucking horse could throw
This Englishman who had lived and learned
As much as the bushmen know.

Many a mile have we crossed together,
Out where the great plains lie,
To the clink of bit and the creak of leather -
Harry Morant and I.

Time and again we would challenge Fate
With some wild and reckless "dare",
Shoving some green colt over a gate
As though with a neck to spare.

At times in a wilder mood than most
We would face them at naked wire,
Trusting the sight of a gidyea post
Would lift them a half-foot higher.

And once we galloped a steeplechase
For a bet - 'twas a short half-mile
While one jump only, the stiffest place
In a fence of the old bush style.

A barrier built of blue-gum rails
As thick as a big man's thigh,
And mortised into the posts - no nails -
Unbreakable, four foot high.

Since both our horses were young and green
And had never jumped or raced,
Were we men who had tired of this earthly scene
We could scarce have been better placed.

"Off" cried "The Breaker", and off we went
And he stole a length of lead,
Over the neck of the grey I bent
And we charged the fence full speed.

The brown horse slowed and tried to swerve,
But his rider with master hand
And flaming courage and iron nerve
Made him lift and leap and land.

He rapped it hard with every foot
And was nearly down on his nose;
Then I spurred the grey and followed suit
And, praise to the gods - he rose!

He carried a splinter with both his knees
And a hind-leg left some skin,
But we caught them up at the wilga trees
Sitting down for the short run-in.

They grey was game and he carried on
But the brown had a bit to spare;
The post was passed, my pound was gone,
And a laugh was all my share.

"The Breaker" is sleeping in some far place
Where the Boer War heroes lie,
And we'll meet no more in a steeplechase -
Harry Morant and I.



Gippsland Wattle Written Competition

Judge's Report

It was a pleasure, and much hard work, to judge the 133 entries in this year's Gippsland competition. I felt the overall standard may not have been quite as strong as last year, but at least 40% of the poems were well written. When judging I like a few poems to leap out at me and lead the field from go to woe, but that did not happen in this competition. There were many well-written poems with few errors. I had 35 poems under consideration on my first short list. It called for considerable

deliberation to get these down to my final list. In the end it came down to preference, induced on some occasions by unusual subjects. One very good poem had to be eliminated because it exceeded the line limit. I implore all contestants to read the rules and obey them. My No. 1 rule is, "don't handicap yourself". Understanding correct metre is still a problem to many and poor rhyming also spoilt a few. These are the main ingredients of Bush Verse (though there are many more) and must be mastered if writers wish to be competitive. I hope all these beginners keep on writing and suggest they try to study the work of those

consistently making the winner's lists, also seek assistance whenever opportunity arises. Writing and performing Bush Verse is a wonderful hobby and worth making an effort to master. As I explained last year many of the poems are far too short for a competition such as this, though many of these were also lacking poetical expertise. One only had seven lines. This is an eighty-line limit competition. There is no need to write eighty lines, but the good poems are usually between forty and eighty lines. This allows the writer to set his/her story out well and elaborate sufficiently to complete the poem. A shorter poem can win, but it must be outstanding. I can only

FLY!

By Carol Heuchan -
Winner Gippsland Wattle
Written Competition. (C)

*By tradition, on a mission, as if etched within a tome.
Bruised and battered, nothing mattered
but the fervent call to home.*

Was he following a duty?
Or some deep primeval urge?
Did a voice beneath his beauty
cause his loyal heart to surge?

Down below him, trapped and dying
on the bloodied fields of France,
comrades banking on his trying,
his return their only chance.

*Flying, crying, ever buying time for one more vital thrust.
Dying, dying, yet still trying
then to validate their trust.*

Caught in crossfire, off location,
with the battlelines gone mad,
out of hope, without salvation,
homing pigeons all they had.

Half their number gone or dying,
lost in raid on brutal raid,
prayed a bird would keep on flying
with their vital call for aid.

*Nothing fazing, bullets blazing - fire from foe and friend as well.
Never daunted, courage flaunted
as he braved the fires of hell.*

They had sent one skyward, fairly
and their hopes were given birth,
but a sniper caught him squarely
and they watched him plunge to earth.

Then their hopes again were thirsting
as a second bird flew high —
and he met a shell just bursting,
bird and hope once more to die.

*So bereft, this one chance left, this last inconsequential bird.
Message rendered, well intended,
though the likelihood absurd*

Rationale beneath their needing,
doomed men made one final try —
sent a last impassioned pleading,
'Dear God, let this creature fly.'

With precious kiss, they sent him, saying
"Cher Ami, dear friend, God speed."
As a man, they lay there praying,
for they knew their hour of need.

*Bullets blasting everlasting, shrapnel shattering and stark,
shells exploding in foreboding,
till they found their vital mark*

In a puff of down and feather,
hopes were dashed for evermore.
In a freefall, hell for leather,
silence overwhelmed in awe.

And the stillness held them spellbound,
not believing what they knew,
for the end would surely follow —
not a thing that they could do.

*Then a sputter. Then a flutter! And he rose again from rest.
Hearts were roaring! He was soaring
on his dire, determined quest.*

Oh, two hundred hearts then reached him
and two hundred prayers went high.
So they willed him and beseeched him,
urging "Fly, Cher Ami. Fly!"

How their calling would inspire
and their wishes work a charm,
as his flight path took him higher
till at last was free from harm.

*Little minion on a pinion, never from his path would roam;
kept on flying, ever trying,
till he came at last to home.*

Partly blinded, one eye taken
and a bullet through his breast.
Shattered leg and plight forsaken,
yet he passed the highest test.

For the message that he carried,
clipped to just one single thread,
was so vital, had he tarried,
that two hundred men were dead.

*They were rescued that November
for their prayers at last were heard
and the world should e'er remember
one courageous little bird . . .*

True story of homing pigeon, Cher Ami, decorated with the
Croix de Guerre in WWI.

Cher Ami (French for "dear friend", in the masculine) was a registered Black Check Cock homing pigeon which had been donated by the pigeon fanciers of Britain for use by the U.S. Army Signal Corps in France during World War I and had been trained by American pigeoners. He helped save the Lost Battalion of the 77th Division in the battle of the Argonne, October 1918.



repeat my advice of last year, find other competitions for your short poems and concentrate on writing longer ones for competitions such as Gippsland.

The influence of the Victorian bushfires was evident and some good poems were written on this subject. Over all an interesting range of subjects were chosen. As is usual in many competitions these days,

some good poems were left behind—some may be good enough to win elsewhere. Although I found and considered all those poems, my job is to select what I honestly believe is best, and that is what I have done. Anyone judging a competition such as this will understand why it is so hard to win these days—the standard reached by the top writers is wonderful. I congratulate the

winner—also the losers. The battling writers are very essential to the competitions. I say to them, "Keep at it—the more you learn the more enjoyable Bush Verse becomes."

I thank all competitors and congratulate Gippsland once again on conducting a first class competition.

Ellis Campbell



Country Energy sponsors best of the best at Blazes

Original Performance winner, Peter Crawford of Fitzroy Crossing NT flanked by placegetters Gabby Colquhoun and Heather Searles; the Country Music Princess and Queen and Matt Paterson of Country Eneagy, Tamworth.

Below left: Winners of the Traditional Performance section Peter Mace centre, Lisa Quast and Terry Regan.

Below, Cathy Edwards with her winning trophies from the 2010 Elvis Festival at Parkes NSW. (See page 22.)



ELVIS FESTIVAL

Cathy Edwards of Merewether NSW and husband John took the time in January to visit Parkes for the annual Elvis Festival. Bush Poetry was introduced last year and this year a bush poetry contest was held.

The competition is judged on both the poem's written & performance merits (the poem does not necessarily have to be memorized; it can be read on the morning of judging). Sections are Original Serious & Original Comedy and must contain

lyrics relating to Elvis, Priscilla, The Parkes Elvis Festival or any event held at the Festival, remembering this year's theme is "Viva Las Vegas".

Cathy, pictured page 24, took out both poetry awards.

Graeme Johnson, 'The Rhymer from Ryde' was the poetry compere for the festival and held fort at a number of locations which included two full poets breakfasts at the Bowling Club and at the Parkes Leagues Club, The Services Club and at Cooke Park.



POETRY PAGES

<i>The Arsonist</i>	Ellis Campbell	2
<i>Rain</i>	Zondrae King	6
<i>The White Ribbon</i>	David Campbell	8
<i>What a Night</i>	Glenny Palmer	12
<i>No Foe Shall Gather our Harvest - Marri'd - Old Botany Bay</i>	Mary Gilmore	17
<i>The Things Old Men Collect</i>	Jim Grahame	19
<i>Harry Morant</i>	Will Ogilvie	22
<i>Fly</i>	Carol Heuchan	23