



Volume 17
No. 5.

October - November
2010

A.B.P.A.

The Australian Bush Poets
Association Inc.

Magazine - (since 1994)

Early morning - COOPERS CREEK
Innaminka
by Chris Woodland

A 150th Anniversary Tribute
**Burke
& Wills**

Foreword by Jack Thompson
Edited by Colin Carrington

Winning Burke and Wills poem by David Campbell

Legends

The legends have been handed on through generations down the years, of well-known places, men long gone, of triumph, tragedy and tears. They blazed a trail across our land, to conquer desert, scrub and hills, with few so famous or so grand as Robert Burke and William Wills.

Their names are linked for evermore... in history they have their page, a saga that we can't ignore, a drama on a brutal stage. That crossing made, from south to north, established them by deed and name, yet none could tell, when setting forth, that death would be the price of fame.

The Dig Tree now is known to all, the subject still of fierce debate, a sign that man is held in thrall to nature's whim, capricious fate. But when we read the story now, with hindsight guiding what was done, we cannot help but wonder how their journey ever was begun.

The expedition was ill-planned, its leaders poorly qualified; quite clearly they were undermanned... and seven of the party died. Yet stories merely tell a tale, they cannot show us fear and pain, reveal what it might mean to fail, and lose when there's so much to gain.

For Burke and Wills, what state of mind tormented them when, frail and weak, they staggered back to camp to find that all had gone from Cooper's Creek? And then the heartbreak when they found the depot party left that day; the camel box, there in the ground, that transformed hope to grim dismay.

They'd come so far, achieved their goal, had battled on when all seemed lost, but time and chance now took their toll, and two brave men soon paid the cost. Within mere weeks they both were dead, with only King alive to tell what happened there, and what was said, before they bid their last farewell.

We have their notes, the words they penned, that tell of hunger, heat and cold, yet we can't fully comprehend the stark and savage story told of men who fought a hostile land, through searing heat and flooding rain, from mountain range to desert sand... there's much that words cannot explain.

We need our stories, but the years distort the real world, gild the lie, for many of our pioneers were so much more than meets the eye. Some were scoundrels, thieves and knaves, with others noble, brave and true, while many went to early graves and failed what they set out to do.

Yet through it all a spirit shines, and that's what we must recognise... those times when strength of mind combines with bravery to claim the prize. Of Burke and Wills it can be said they made mistakes, for much went wrong, but to the end they forged ahead... and that's what made our country strong.

REMEMBRANCE DAY

AND THE POPPIES DANCE

©Heather Knight 15 August 2010

The click of shears and a golden fleece;
A soldier's gun and the wish for peace.
A young man's pride and a father's fears;
A lover's plea and a mother's tears.

A call to arms and a Nation's sons;
The stench of death and the German guns.
The endless mud and the duck board path;
The shells that rain and the aftermath.

A photograph with a silver frame;
A gentle kiss and a whispered name.
A farmhouse gate where a small dog waits;
A shearing shed where they drink to mates.

A young man's screams and the blood congealed;
A future lost on a Flander's field.
The sons that sleep in the soil of France;
A cold wind blows and the poppies dance.

A young man's life and a father's fears;
A lover's cries and a mother's tears.
The rows of graves and a foreign land;
The marching men and a marching band.

A photograph with a silver frame;
A silent tear and a whispered name.

President's Report



G'day ...

Well, the elections have been and gone and half the Nation are disappointed while the other half are hopeful. But for seventeen days we had NO Government, with NO bloodshed AND business as usual - not sure if that was a World's first, but I try not to take these things for granted. I was talking with a former Somali refugee (and Australian citizen) who said, "Living under 'rule of Law' is bliss!" Then went on to compare life in his former home. Sufficient to say (without boring you with details), this Country's GREAT!

Already the interesting happenings of these elections have become bait and fodder for many poet's pens - as they should.

On the theme of Elections, I couldn't help but do a little reading on the Eureka Stockade and it's subsequent fallout. Here are some interesting little snippets: Although Victoria was the first Australian state to introduce the vote for every man, it was the last to grant votes to women. In 1894, the women of South Australia were the first in the world to win the right to vote. The secret ballot (another Aussie first) was pioneered in Victoria in 1857. Eventually it spread to Europe and the U.S.A. For nearly 100 years it was known as 'the Australian ballot'. Further, Judge Barry, who sat in judgement over the Eureka trial, would sentence Ned Kelly to death in 1880; Robert Rede the gold commissioner, would call Kelly to his execution.

It's great to see the growth and improvement of many persistent writers and performers at our various competitions. Honing and refining our craft is an ongoing process. Bush Poetry is a real adventure taking us on many diverse paths in our quest for writing and performing.

Some of our members have been in and out of hospital - some still remain. I'm sure our collective thoughts and good wishes are extended to all who suffer the vagaries of our 'bits' wearing out or failing us. Hopefully we can hold it all together so we can catch up in Tamworth this January (4 months).

Cheers,
Manfred.

THANK YOU!



We would like to thank all our wonderful Bush Poet friends for their cards, best wishes and prayers during Dulcie's current illness.

It has given us comfort and strength during this very stressful time.

God bless you all,
Terry and Dulcie Regan

DIAMONDS IN THE DUST

Yes, it's but another morning, just another day;
More hardship, sweat and failure - I don't know why I stay.
As my weary limbs accept the dawn and problems I must face,
The question comes once more, what can hold me to this place?

There's fencing that just must be done before the heat can grow;
Blistered hands and broken back are all I seem to know.
I curse my lot and stumble on without a hope of rest
And I take the time to ponder if a city life is best.

But then, I'll pause a moment and glimpse back at what I've made -
I'll see what two hands can achieve and my doubts are overlaid;
Then I hear the breezes whisper and the birds replying call,
That's when I find the peace that others rarely know at all.

Despair wells in my heart as the land grows harsh and dry,
The water melts before my eyes and the trees begin to die
Thirsty ribs protrude from hides that long for sweet reprieve -
The cruelty a drought can bring is difficult to believe.

But then, after a heated day, sudden stillness will descend
And a howling dust storm will declare the drought is at an end
With a smell so sweet it fills the lungs to tell you it is there;
Dew-scented droplets, worth more than gold, quickly fill the air.

Yet still I sigh with a weary mind to muster up the sheep;
Their burr-bound wool and mutton sales must earn my needed keep,
But the market's down and the country where I search is rough;
I'm sick of working such long hours with a heart that's had enough.

But then I reach the yards just as the sun descends for night,
Over woolly hides the dust does rise - red against the white;
The floating, blood-red flecks turn gold and shimmer all around,
Then I think, if I left, could a more beautiful sight be found?

It's the sudden wrenching pride I find in the land I own;
The hidden diamonds in the dust that makes this land my home.
Yes, it's but another evening; the end of another day,
But I recall those fleeting moments - and I know just why I stay.

Burke and Wills – Camp 6 Mia Mia 150th Anniversary

The best attended of many Burke and Wills anniversary celebrations in Victoria was held at Mia Mia, a locality between Kyneton and Heathcote.

A significant part of the entertainment was bush poetry performed and read by adults and school children. Most were poems, with a Burke and Wills theme, written for competitions held by the Bendigo Goldfields Bush Poets.

As successful adult entrants in the poetry competition were largely from outside Victoria, or still enjoying the warm Queensland winter. Appropriately, David Campbell of Beaumaris, had the honour of commencing the poetry sessions by reading his winning poem, *Legends*. (see page 23)

Of the six adults who were placed or received commended awards, the only other poet present was veteran Jack O'Connor, from Shepparton. Jack gave a sterling recital of his emotional poem, 'DIG'. The poem was cleverly crafted, beginning and ending at Mia Mia on the very day of the celebrations. The first and last verses are:

*By the old Campaspe River we gather in these hills
to remember all those years ago the feat
of Burke and Wills.*

Buoyed by lofty aspirations they camped here at Mia Mia.

Let me tell you of their ride with Fate and courage under fire.

So those of you who've gathered here to honour Burke

and Wills and King

let us all give them three hearty cheers

to

make the ranges ring.

Whether you be young and fancy free or wrinkled,

old and grey

Show them your appreciation with a big

HIP, HIP! HOORAY!

The adult open original performance competition was won by south eastern Queensland rover, Bernie Keleher, with a flawless recital of his epic *Old Man Gum*.

Bernie won further applause with one of the best renditions of a Henry Lawson poem, *Trooper Campbell*, ever performed in Victoria.

Ken Jones of Bendigo took out the Novice performance competition. It was a popular result, as Ken had been one of the many novice poets entering competitions in Victoria for several years without luck.

The BGBP were pleased with the number of school students present to

receive their awards and copy of the Burke and Wills book. A good number also read or performed their poem. Winners were:

Grades 1/2 Jack Wigney, Grades 3/4 Thomas Wigney, both of Maiden Gully Bendigo, and Grade 5/6 Crispin Smythe of Maldon.

In addition to poetry, Maggie Murphy sang several songs accompanied by a friend on keyboard. Dick Gibbs added to the musical side, playing a mix of old favourite tunes on his piano accordion inspiring sing-a-longs.

The book of poems and short stories was launched and lauded by Craig Wright, Community Grants and Events Officer, City of Greater Bendigo.

While it may have been 'just another bush poetry event' The Bendigo Bush Poets are proud of their involvement in Burke and Wills commemorative celebrations and having impressed Jack Thompson with their unique book that he wrote the foreword. (To obtain a copy of the book, follow details this page - see photo front cover.



Jack O'Connor of Shepparton Vic.

The best collection of Burke and Wills poetry and stories:



Burke and Wills: A 150th Anniversary Tribute Foreword by Jack Thompson !



Poems by: David Campbell, Max Merckenschlager, Ellis Campbell, Colin Driscoll, Jack O'Connor, Zondrae King, Geoffrey W. Graham, Brenda Joy, Don Adams, Carol Reffold, Val Wallace, Grahame Watt, & Edel Wignell.

13 great children's poems.

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8 fantastic blended stories by adults – some little known information revealed.

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Bendigo Goldfields Bush Poets Inc. PO Box 1152, Bendigo 3552

JOGGING YOUR MEMORY

ABL Awards close 15th Oct. p.5
MORISSET 15-17 Oct p.23
WEDDERBURN 15-17 Oct p.21
HARDEN 23 Oct. p.20
URALLA 30 Oct
DALGETY BUSH POETRY
6th November 2010 p.5
RUDD'S PUB 13th Nov p.17

BUSH POETRY MUSIC HERITAGE DISPLAY DELICIOUS TUCKER FROM THE DALGETY P & C
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Get writin' and recitin'
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Three sections:
Pee Wee (Primary school)
125cc (Secondary school)
500cc (Open adults)
TROPHIES and PRIZES
in each section

email entries to leetaylorfriend@hotmail.com
don't forget your name/ph/email and or school
attached to the poem as a word doc.

Just stick to the "horsepower" theme Heaps of prizes and give-aways
SATURDAY 6th NOVEMBER 2010

Proud sponsors: Dalgety P & C, Cooma Trophy & Gift Centre, Caltex Berridale, High Country Press, Snowy River Echo,
www.snowyriverholidaypark.com.au and many more. . . **ENTRIES CLOSE 16TH October 2010**

DALGETY NSW

The Dalgety Snowy River Celebration proposed for the 30-31st October has been postponed due to unforeseen circumstances. Instead, Lee Taylor-Friend will be conducting a Bush Poetry event on the 6th November to co-incide with The Snowy Ride...

The Snowy Ride is a motorcycle event run annually in the Snowy Mountains region of NSW which raises money for childhood cancer research.

The first ride was launched in 2001 at the request of Steven Walter - a young man who lost his fight against cancer.

There will be over 3,500 riders taking part and rather than just providing food, Lee and the organizers would like to give them something extra...



Lee (pictured) would love to hear from some of our generous bush poets who may consider donating their time to come and perform for this great cause. As well as donating her own time, Lee can provide accommodation (for up to five) petrol vouchers and lunch

This is a great opportunity to take Bush Poetry to a wider audience and give something back to the riders who are doing their bit to raise funds for cancer research.

Lee would also like to ask all bush poets with books and/or C.D.'s to consider donating one or two to be given away as prizes on the day. These can be sent to her at:

**P.O. Box 946,
JINDABYNE NSW 2627**



Australian Bush Laureate Awards nominations open

Nominations have opened for the next Australian Bush Laureate Awards to be presented in Tamworth in January.

"This will be the 15th staging of what

has become an icon of Australian bush poetry and the annual Tamworth Country Music Festival," according to a spokesman for the organisers.

"It has become a tradition for Australian bush poets to gather for the annual awards presentation and concert which is often described as one of the best events of the entire festival."

Awards are presented in six categories... Book of the Year, Bush Poem of the Year, Album of the Year, Single of the Year and Children's Poem of the Year plus a special award for outstanding achievement in nurturing Australia's unique heritage of rhymed verse (named after the Awards' founder Judith Hosier).

Nomination forms can be

downloaded from the Awards website - www.bushlaureate.com.au. They can also be obtained by telephoning 0267 622 993 or by emailing info@bushlaureate.com.au or by writing to PO Box 73, Tamworth, 2340.

Nominations close on Friday, October 15.

The Australian Bush Laureate Awards will be staged in the famous Tamworth Town Hall on Tuesday, January 18, 2011.

Tickets will go on sale firstly via the Internet on October 1 at www.visittamworth.com.au.

**Media enquiries:
Bob Kirchner, 0419 998 386**

BUSH POETRY AT TYALGUM FESTIVAL OF CLASSIC MUSIC

Dennis Scanlon convinced the organisers of this Classic Music Festival that bush poetry could make a positive contribution to the entertainment of this annual event in the majestic country village of Tyalgum in northern New South Wales. For nineteen years the beautiful surrounding hills of this quaint hamlet have echoed the classical works of talented musicians. This year Dennis (pictured) engaged two additional poets, Jack Drake and Noel Stallard to join him for an inaugural presentation of classical bush poetry at this festival.

On Sunday 5 September in the historic St John's Anglican Church these three poets presented classical works from such poets as C.J. Dennis, Banjo Paterson, Henry Lawson, Will Ogilvie, John O'Brien and Bruce Simpson. The selection was a mix of serious and humour and the audience, many of whom had never heard these works dramatically presented, were enthralled.

Festival Officials who had taken the



risk of this innovation to their Classical Music Festival were thrilled at what they witnessed and the response they saw from those attending.

Each of the performing poets commented on how much they had enjoyed a concert of only the "classic" poetry and would certainly recommend that this format be used in other similar festivals.

Congratulations must go to Dennis Scanlon for his impeccable organisation that ensured the success of this venture into the "classics".

Bush Poets 'Surfin' the Verse' at Harrington

Dave Proust in his poem 'The Surfie in the Outback' says it is possible to blend the two art forms. Dave will be one of the team of poets engaged to perform at the 2011 Poets by the Sea.



This event is continuing to grow in popularity with next year being their third annual event.

Bill Dennis spokesperson for the organising committee said, "the team we have put together are some of the best entertainer poets in the Country with Gregory North as our lead Poet MC." (see advert).

Another first, is they have been able to secure Dianne Lindsay of Country Music fame as their Balladeer. She has expressed a desire to diversify her style and support their event.

The performance venues all have \$million water views with Harrington/Crowdy Head being rediscovered as a retirement and holiday destination.

The Tooheys \$1000 Open Division 'Original' Performance Verse event is drawing more and more competition poets with organisers having to put a limit on the number of 'Non-Original' and 'Original' Verse entries.

One of the feature events of the weekend is the

St. EDWARDS in JANUARY 2011

St. Edwards Hall in Hillvue Road Tamworth has been gaining momentum as a popular venue for Australian Bush Poets over the past few years. As well as being the venue for the ABPA Annual General meeting it allows for private functions as well as other poetry groups. Below is a list of what has been booked so far.

Tamworth bookings at St Edwards Hall - January 2011

Monday 17th 1pm Walk-up MC Noel
 Tuesday 18th 11am-1pm Greg North & Noel Stallard Show (2pm. ABL Awards at Town Hall)
 Wednesday 19th 11.00am-12.30pm North Pine Bush Poets Anita Reed and 1pm Walk-up MC Frank evening, North Pine Bush Poets Anita Reed (or Friday TBC)
 Thursday 20th 1pm ABPA AGM 7.30pm Greg North & Noel Stallard Show
 Friday 21st 1pm Poettes (Trisha Anderson) evening, North Pine Bush Poets Anita Reed (or Wednesday TBC)

Groups or individuals can book other sessions by contacting ABPA secretary Greg North at secretary@abpa.org.au or on (02) 4753 1197, 0425 210 083.

TAMWORTH POETRY GROUP
Country Energy Poetry Competitions
Golden Damper Performances
 Tues 18.1.2011, Thurs. 20.1.2011
 Frid 21.1.2011 Sat.Finals 22.1.2011
BLACKENED BILLY WRITTEN AWARDS
 Closing date 30.11.2010 see ad. p. 23

'Church in Verse' Worship service. The success of this aspect of the weekend has been attributed to the input of Susie Cary and Bill Kearns in previous years.

Bill went on to say, "a sign as to the growing community support is the offer of a memorial 'written verse' prize and trophy in honour of Dal Gill a local dignitary and avid Bush Poet who passed away last year".

We call on all bush poets and bush poetry enthusiasts to support events like these thus helping grow the popularity and appeal of Bush Poetry.

Pictured is Isabella Bailey and Heather Searles of the Singleton Poets who were winners at Harrington in January 2010.

REMEMBRANCE DAY

Originally called Armistice Day, this day commemorated the end of the hostilities for the Great War (World War I), the signing of the armistice, which occurred on 11 November 1918 - the 11th hour of the 11th day of the 11th month. Armistice Day was observed by the Allies as a way of remembering those who died, especially soldiers with 'no known grave'.

On the first anniversary of the armistice, in 1919, one minute's silence was instituted as part of

the main commemorative ceremony.

In London, in 1920, the commemoration was given added significance with the return of the remains of an unknown soldier from the battlefields of the Western Front.

The Flanders poppy became accepted throughout the allied nations as the flower of remembrance to be worn on Armistice Day. The red poppies were among the first plants that sprouted from the devastation of the battlefields of northern France and Belgium. 'Soldiers' folklore had it that the poppies were vivid red from having been nurtured in

ground drenched with the blood of their comrades'.

The ABPA has always made a point of remembering our fallen on Anzac Day and Remembrance Day with the inclusion of poetry from the past as well as more recent times by its members.



FOR THE FALLEN

*With proud thanksgiving, a mother for her children,
England mourns for her dead across the sea.
Flesh of her flesh they were, spirit of her spirit,
Fallen in the cause of the free.*

*Solemn in drums thrill: Death august and royal
Signs sorrow up into immortal spheres.
There is music in the midst of desolation
And a glory that shines upon our tears.*

*They went with songs to the battle, they were young,
Straight of limb, true of eye, steady and aglow.
They were staunch to the end against odds uncounted,
They fell with their faces to the foe.*

*They shall grow not old, as we that are left grow old;
Age shall not weary them, nor the years condemn.
At the going down of the sun and in the morning
We will remember them.*

*They mingle not with their laughing comrades again:
They sit no more at familiar tables at home;
They have no lot in our labor of the daytime;
They sleep beyond England's foam.*

*But where our desires are and our hopes profound,
Felt as a wellspring that is hidden from sight,
To the innermost heart of their own land they are known
As the stars that are known to the Night.*

*As the stars that shall be bright when we are dust,
Moving in marches upon the heavenly plain,
As the stars that are starry in the time of our darkness,
to the end, to the end, they remain.*

Laurence Binyon

"For all practical purposes the warplane came into being at the end of 1914, with the adoption of the machine gun.

In the early stages of the war reconnaissance planes, used for observation of enemy troop movements and of artillery fire, used to come into close confrontation with each other.

Although these aircraft were unarmed, battle was joined using whatever weapons were to hand, such as pistols and rifles, many of which had been specially adapted for use by air crews, some also carried steel darts to throw at the enemy's fabric-covered planes, and even hooks suspended on cables, a device invented by Captain Alexander Alexandrovich Kazakov, Russia's leading air ace of the war.

THE DIGGER'S DREAM

by Vic Jefferies

I dreamt I was in Flanders
midst the slaughter and the mire,
I dreamt I rose and spoke there
with my heart and soul on fire.

I dreamt I told the soldiers
of the dreadful sin of war,
I dreamt they all agreed
and they swore to fight no more.

I dreamt the politicians
all began to scream and rave
when I offered to them
my place in a muddy grave.

I woke to find the morning
softly dawning clear and bright
and I sadly shed a tear
for the dream I dreamt that night.

A previous ABPA article on the origin of 'Tumba-bloody-rumba' written by John O'Grady, has brought to light that one of our members, Colleen O'Grady of Wynnum in Queensland is related to that author. Colleen submitted a poem, 'That Day at Boiling Downs' to Ron Liekefett, written by Jack Mathieu, her great grand uncle, born in Rushworth Victoria in 1871. Jack Mathieu, commonly called 'blind Jack Mathieu' submitted poetry to the Bulletin and Old Workers and other newspapers, and had a small anthology published about 1928, of which a later edition is held by the State Library of Victoria. His name was Jean Baptiste Mathieu, his father a Frenchman, who migrated to Victoria, and his mother an Irish lass.

THAT DAY AT BOILING DOWNS

by Jack Mathieu

He was driving Irish tandem, but perhaps I talk at random –
I'd forgotten for a moment you are not all mulga bred;
What I mean's he had his swag up through having knocked his
nag up;
He had come in off the Cooper – anyhow that's what he said.

And he looked as full of knowledge as a thirty-acre college
As he answered to the question – "How's things look the way
you come?"
"Well, they *were* a trifle willing for a bit. There's been some
killing;
In fact, I'm the sole survivor of the district...mine's a rum!"

Then we all got interested in the chap as he divested
Himself of a fat puppy that he carried in his shirt;
But he said no more until he had put down his swag and billy,
And had taken off his bluchers just to empty out the dirt.

Bits of cork were tied with laces round his hat in many places,
Out of which he gave the puppy some refreshment, and began –
"Sammy Suds was boundary-riding, quite content and law-
abiding,
Till he bought some reading-matter one day off a hawker man.
"Then he started to go ratty, and began to fancy that he
Was an Injun on the warpath; so he plaited a lasso,
Shaved and smeared his face with raddle, and knocked up a
greenhide saddle,
After creeping on his belly through the grass a mile or two.

"Then he decked himself in feathers, and went out and scalped
some wethers –
Just to give himself a lesson in the sanguinary art;
Sammy then dug up the hatchet, chased a snake but couldn't
catch it,
Killed his dog, lassoed a turkey, scalped the cat and made a
start.

"And he caused a great sensation when he landed at the station;
And the boss said, 'Hullo! Sammy, what the devil's up with
you?'
'I am Slimy Snake the Snorter, Wretched pale-face, crave not
quarter!'
He replied, and with the shot-gun nearly blew the boss in two.

"Next, the wood-and-water joey fell a victim to his bowie,
And the boss's weeping widow got a gash from ear to ear;
And you should have seen his guiver when he scalped the

bullock-driver
And made openings for a horse-boy, servant-maid, and
overseer.

"Counting jackeroos and niggers, he had put up double figures,
When ensued his awful combat with a party of new-chums,
All agog to do their duty, with no thought of home or beauty –
But he rubbed them out as rapid as a schoolboy would his
sums.

"Out across the silent river, with some duck-shot in his liver,
Went the store-man, and a lassoed lady left in the same boat.
Sam then solved the Chinese question – or at least made a
suggestion –
For he dragged one from the barrel by the tail and cut his throat

"But, with thus the job completed, Sammy he got overheated
And dropped dead of apoplexy: I felt better when he did!
For I'd got an awful singeing while I watched this mulga engine
Doing all that I've related – through a cracked brick oven lid.

"And when now I find men strangled, or I come across the
mangled
Corpses of a crowd of people or depopulated towns,
Or even a blood-stained river, I can scarce repress a shiver,
For my nerves were much affected that day out on Boiling
Downs."

Uralla Bowlo

Big Breakfast and Performance Bush Poetry Competition

Saturday
30th October
2010

Over \$1000
in Prizemoney

Professional Sections
7.30am–10.30am

School and Novice Sections
1.30pm–3.30pm

Five Competitions

- Open Original Works
- Open Traditional Works
- Primary School Section
- High School Section
- Open Adult Novice Section

Get your entries in!

Contact: Kelly Walters
Uralla Bowlo Club
02 6778 4192
www.urallabowlo.com.au/community

BY THE RIGHT

by Ron Stevens - Dubbo

Winning entry - Coo-ee March section at Gilgandra 2010.

This is the sixth time that Ron has won this award.

The pre-march ball had been a grand event,
yet the torchlight march failed to supplement
recruited numbers. All the speeches made,
now 'Hitchen's Own' were mustered on parade.
There would be other speeches down the track,
of course, for politicians didn't lack
a fighting word or stance to back a cause
as popular as British Empire wars.
So left, left, left right left round from Bridge Street
into Miller, behind the drummer's beat,
while left, left, left right left with coo-ees, cheers
and heartbeats swept aside intruding fears.
On that nineteen-fifteen October day,
Gilgandra's twenty-six had shown the way
to inspire the nation by pushing on to
a blistering foot-sore marathon.
For three hundred and twenty miles ahead
was Sydney, goal to which each footstep led.
And from each township spaced along the route,
the Coo-ees hoped for many a recruit.
It was left, left, left right left to Dripstone
and Millthorpe, through rose-petals proudly thrown.
It was left, left, left right left at Lithgow,
as leaders watched recruiting numbers grow.

Two hundred and sixty-three reached the arch
of blood-red roses that ended the march
in Sydney, after forty-three tough days.
Warm welcomes, crowds and speeches, more displays
of patriotism, then Liverpool
which introduced recruits to Army rule
and routine, to being just 'marmalades'.
Depressed by food complaints, the glamour fades.
Four months of left, left, left right left around
the district and the dusty parade ground.
Four months of left, left, left right left before
welcome orders to leave their Aussie shore.

The band on the wharf at Woolloomooloo
played rousing tunes of glory, while the crew
of Star of England helped our troops aboard..
Bound for Egypt, the Coo-ees' spirits soared.
They knew that Egypt was the stepping-stone
towards the great adventure's battle-zone.

Yet our would-be warriors quickly found
Tel el Kebir another training ground.
More left, left, left right left in sight of Sphinx
and Pyramids, more gripes at food that stinks,
more left, left, left right left in sand and heat,
being bored, contemplating blistered feet.

Before the shift to France, the tightly-knit
Coo-ee contingent had been forced to split
the thirteenth and forty-fifth battalion
or artillery; each was shortly gone
to France to take their place against the Hun.
The great adventure had at last begun.
It shone at Villers Bret', with guts and flair,
at Albert, Moquet Farm and Poziers.
No left, left, left right left would ever sound
when zig-zag-charging over shell-holed ground.
No polished left, left, left right left held back
the fear engendered by a gas-attack.

Then it was over, time to drift back home;
except for heroes left in foreign loam
MacDonald, Hunter, Finn and Maguire;
also in England, not slain by gunfire
but disease, Hitchen, Coo-ec activist.
But for him, the legend might not exist.
Back home the welcoming was limited,
for now the Great Depression loomed ahead.
No left, left, left right left from Sydney back
to Gil', just lonely miles by railway track.
No left, left, left right left up Miller Street;
for some just seeking jobs on weary feet.

Why does the Coo-ees' story still appeal?
October long week-ends why do we feel
a surge of pride when cheers and coo-ees sound
where the recruits had formed-up and then wound
their way from Gil' and into history?
Perhaps the outback spirit is the key,
displayed at bush poetry's Friday night
where Coo-ee tales are savoured with delight.
A phantom *left, left, left right left* will beat
within your heart and move your restless feet;
left, left, left right left as poets recite -



The 26 leaving Gilgandra



Summer Street Orange



Nearing Lithgow

WILLIAM ANDERSON (ALEXANDER) FORBES

Bush Balladist,* Alexander Forbes was born on 13th August 1839 at Boharm, Banffshire, Scotland and died on October 31st 1879 at Warwick, Queensland.

He was the son of Lewis William Forbes, Presbyterian minister, and his wife Elizabeth Mary, née Young. He attended a parish school and entered King's College, Aberdeen, in 1854 but on 6 April 1855 the Senatus Academicus minuted: 'Thereafter it was agreed that William A. Forbes, Bursar of the 1st class—having been guilty of repeated contempt of the authority and discipline of the college in spite of repeated warning—should be debarred from attending this college next session—and that his friends should be recommended to remove him altogether'.

Forbes is listed as attending Marischal College in 1854-58 but he did not qualify for a degree. His family interpreted his exclusion from King's College as 'a madcap piece of youthful folly; either snowballing or lampooning a professor—the tradition is not exact'.

Forbes is supposed to have run away to sea and to have travelled widely. His poem 'Fragment', includes a subscription: 'Composed on leaving Scotland, June 1862'. About 1884 his brother wrote that 'some twenty-two years ago ... he stranded somehow on the shore of Queensland'. This would suggest that 1862 was the last time he saw Scotland. This elder brother, Archibald, a noted war correspondent, visited Queensland in 1883 and made inquiries into the life of William, but found nothing more than general reminiscences from old acquaintances: that William had worked on a northern cattle station, shepherded on the Burnett, mined on the Morinish field, farmed in the Mackay district, laboured on the roads near Roma and Mount Abundance and washed sheep for shearing in the Toowoomba area.

Other information may be gleaned from *Voices from the Bush (Rockhampton, 1869) by Alexander Forbes*.

He was locally known and refers to himself as '*Alick the Poet*'. His poems reveal that he was often homesick but often busy enough to forget that he had

his troubles, which he mostly details with wry humour; and that he consoled himself with liquor and tobacco.

He held definite views: he believed the miseries of the Queensland drought year of 1867, for example, were intensified by the selfishness of squatters who encouraged immigrants so that cheap labour would be plentiful; and he had the contemporary distaste for the Chinese. Some of the poems deal with life on the Morinish field north-west of Rockhampton, where gold had been discovered by the Smith brothers in 1866 and on which there were about five hundred miners in its heyday.

A poem telling of the opening of a quartz crushing machine on 13 August 1868 suggests that Forbes had then been on the field for some time. These poems, rough and ready enough, give some insights into outback life: a miner killed in a caving shaft; a miner lost in the bush; and the evils of bush publicans. More than that, they show Forbes as anticipating, however crudely, the humorous descriptions of James Brunton Stephens, the mining sketches of Will Dyson, and the comic anecdotes of Banjo Paterson.

He wrote no 'galloping rhymes' but he deserves his place as one who, like Adam Lindsay Gordon, wrote bush ballads years before the spate began in the mid-1880s.

At the end, Forbes was in the Warwick district. He fell ill, entered the local hospital and two days later died from obstruction of the bowel on 31 October 1879. He never married.

* Editors note:

Here again is another reference to 'bush poetry', the term we use today, from way back beyond the golden era of the 1890's.

The best I can find about 'Alick the Poet' is that he did not commit all of his poetry to paper, preferring to recite it face to face whenever he found a listener.

Whilst resident at Morinish, Qld., his collected verse about life on the goldfields, the railway, daily life, personalities & incidents, the schools, became the second volume of poetry published in Queensland.

Frank Daniel.

BLACK JACK AND THE KID

© Noel Bauer Brisbane

No doubt you've all heard, the oft spoken word
That there's no horse that couldn't be rode.
And from our fathers before, in Aussie folklore
There's not a rider that couldn't be throwed.

Well I'm here to tell ya , of a young southern fella

The best horseman that I've ever seen .
He's a baby faced kid , known as Gundagai Syd
Champion rider wherever he's been.

One day in his travels, this story unraveled
As the Kid was looking for work.
His truck and his trailer, had a rare engine failure
And he found himself stranded in Bourke

Now some locals told Syd, they'd bet him ten quid
He'd not stay on their horse when he bucked.
Syd told them " You're set. I'll take on that bet "
And when I ride him, you'll fix up my truck,

So the time it was set, they'd meet at sunset
Down by the old cattleyards.
" Bring your best lad, for this brumby's real bad
And we fear injury is much on the cards."

Now though Syd he walked tall, he's not cocky at all.
Just confident in all he takes on.
He'd match this old neddy, that made brave men unsteady
And force him to put the brakes on.

Syd arrived right on time, as the locals they lined
The ring where he'd battle the hack.
And there tethered tight, standing dark as the night
Was the stallion known as Black Jack.

As evil an equine, as Syd ever spied
With a fire in belly and eye.
He stood seventeen hands, if only he'd stand
On four legs that were keen to let fly.

For he pranced and he propped, he'd go and he'd stop
As four burly ringers pulled down
On lead rope and bit, as horse sweat and spit
Threatened the poor buggers to drown.

Syd felt his knees buckle, yet he let out a chuckle.
For he'd not let Bourke see him scared.
But his throat it went dry, when they hoisted him high
And Black Jack's nostrils they flared.

The command of "Outside", had hardly been cried
When Syd, he had reservations.
An eight second ride, was all he desired
But to kill Syd was Jack's inclination.

He bucked and he twisted, he turned and persisted
He lifted Syd right out of his saddle.
And the local Bourke boys, made a hell of a noise
Never before had they seen such a battle.

Syd rode out each bump, each incredible jump
As his spurs, they dug into girth.
And try as he might, in the fast fading light
Jack couldn't bring him to earth.

Eight seconds rolled by, as Jack reached for the sky
As rider and horse would not quit.
Syd held on tight, he was up for the fight
As Jack roared and took hold of the bit.

Another five seconds, immortality beckoned.
Surely the greatest ride in history.
But one problem Syd found, as they went round and round
How to get off was becoming a mystery.

For this nag he had spirit, and each time they got near it
The ride's end got further away.
For Jack would not falter, nor look for the halter
And charged headlong into the fray.

As daylight finally ended, an eerie silence descended
As hard men stood there in awe.
Such a man, such a beast. A rodeo feast
A ride to go down in folklore.

Twenty one seconds had gone, Syd ached to the bone
But he felt the stallion starting to wane.
As cowboy and horse steered a steadier course
And Jack came back under his rein.

With a tighter grip, between saddle and hip
And firm control of the bridle
Syd and Jack finally paused, to thunderous applause
For a full minute they stood there idle.

Then Syd fell to earth, under the great horse's girth
Exhausted like he'd never known
Too tired to worry, should Jack in a flurry
Rear up and strike him a blow

He lay there just panting, while the stockmen all chanting
Beheld a wondrous event.
As Jack gently nuzzled with his big whiskered muzzle
The purveyor of his minutes torment.

Syd looked up in surprise, into gentle brown eyes
And patted that long noble neck
And there in the dust, as foes often must
They came to a mutual respect.

Then the town's representative, perhaps a tad tentative
Came forth with fresh ten pound note
But Syd just said "No, I'll not take your dough.
If I can leave with this horse in my float"

A town meeting convened, and opinions were gleaned
An agreement had to be broached.
Had the young rider earned, the right not to be spurned
Or was their champion just being poached.

Ten minutes had passed, furtive glances were cast
Before the Mayor made his way to Syd's side.
"Son", he said loud, "you've done yourself proud"
"Boy, that was one hell of a ride"

"We appreciate guts, no ifs nor buts"
"And we can see you have it in spades"
"You take Jack with our blessing, for it seems we're all guessing
You two will become pretty good mates."

And to this day down in Bourke, when men gather after work
Or sit on the porch with their kid,
The story they tell, is about that ride from hell
Black Jack and Gundagai Syd.

NEW POET NOEL BAUER

New ABPA member, Noel Bauer was born on 16th October 1956. He grew up in and still lives in Brisbane and has worked as a train controller since 1974.

With his partner Maureen he loves travelling throughout the country areas such as Charleville, Quilpie, Cunnamulla, Longreach and Winton etc, on extended driving holidays where they can meet up with down to earth country people.

Earlier this year they attended the Annual Deepwater picnic races in northern NSW.

Over the past few years Noel has grown to love country music and bush poetry which he finds is a popular form of entertainment at the many caravan parks at which he's stayed. "The Ringers Note", by Mark Kleinschmidt is a popular CD of his that he purchased in Longreach.

He plays guitar (badly) and sings (even worse) but manages to entertain family and friends. Here he shares one of his poems 'Black Jack and the Kid' with us.

In Memorium DAVID MEYERS of Canberra



Passed away
Thursday 22nd September
2010

MAY HE REST IN PEACE

A Book, a Poet, a Submarine

by Susan Carcary

I love books. I love their smell, their texture, their promise. So it was with great joy that I picked up a slim volume by Nina Murdoch – a poet I had never heard of.

The book cost \$3! Bargain! And then to discover it was a first edition, hard back and signed by the poet. The inscription on the fly leaf reads “To Blanche Dalpuget with love from Nina Murdoch 26/9/1915” Wow! Is that our Blanche? (You know, Bob and Blanche and the white terry-toweling Bathrobes) No, it can't be - our Blanche was born after the second world war; but such an unusual name -surely it must be a relative, perhaps her paternal grandmother? And who is this Nina Murdoch?

Born in 1890, Madeline (Nina) Murdoch was a 23 year old school teacher when she entered and won the Bulletin prize with her sonnet 'Canberra'. This led to an association with journalist and poet Monty (I Killed a Man at Graspán) Grover at the Sydney Sun; and to the publication of a book of verse 'Songs of the Open Air'.

Nina became one of the first women general reporters and worked for the fledgling ABC in the 1930's and for News Ltd. She traveled extensively and wrote books including 'Seventh Heaven', 'A Joyous Discovery of Europe' and "She Travelled Alone in Spain". Nina even journeyed down the Amazon! At home she was great friends with the Bulletin crowd, a member of the Lyceum Club and a member of the Fellowship of Australian Writers. She warned against the rising tide of fascism in Europe and wrote many anti-fascist articles under her real name and under the pen name 'Manin'. When war broke out in 1939 Nina volunteered for war work and worked as a journalist in both Adelaide and Melbourne. She continued to write biographies, novels and travel books after the war but didn't publish any more poetry. She died in 1976.

So, Nina Murdoch accomplished a great deal, but still no connection to Blanche Dalpuget. Perhaps the poems might give us a clue. As I read the poems I found myself heading in a new direction. Nina's poem 'Coloured

Bows' speaks of the women at Royal Naval House at Homes who wore coloured bows on their arms to signify to which ship their men belonged. The poem tells us that purple was the colour denoting the first *Sydney* and notes a number of other WW1 ships including *The Encounter* and *The Little Penguin*. But it was a reference to the AE1 that intrigued me. After a lot more research and a fair bit of googling I discover that Australia had 2 submarines in World War One. 2 Subs – imagine the technology in 1914, or lack thereof! They had no underwater navigation, no communication equipment and no gun. They did have 8 torpedoes and a crew of 32 crammed into the sub's tiny confines.

Our second sub, the AE2, sailed out of Sydney Heads for Turkey. The sub did some damage to enemy shipping before the captain was forced to sink her in a defensive manoeuvre, and the crew was taken prisoner. Australian Geographic funded an expedition to locate the wreck. They reported in issue 89 that the AE2 has been located 73 metres below the surface of the Sea of Marmara; and that the government is deciding whether to leave it in-situ as a dive sight or bring it home.

Our first submarine, the AE1, sailed out of Sydney Harbour and was never seen again, all hands lost. There is much speculation about the wreck, most likely off the coast of New Guinea, but no confirmed sighting yet.

So much to learn from one line in a poem, but still no clues about Blanche. Hey, if you happen to know Bob and Blanche, could you mention that I have her granny's book, I'd love to find out more about the inscription. And here is Nina's lovely poem: 'Coloured Bows'.

Coloured Bows

by Nina Murdoch

The Cruisers and Destroyers

have borne our men away

Perhaps ten thousand miles

divide our men from us today

They may be in the North Sea,

they may be near at hand

We only know for certain that

we wish them safe on land

Its red for *The Australian*,

the *Little Penguin's* blue

Its white for *The Encounter*,

and the *Sydney's* purple hue

But its black, plain black,

if your husband or your son

Sailed out of Sydney Harbour on the AE1

Oh we're not afraid of hardship

and we're not the sort to shirk

And if the pay is not enough

we'll simply get more work

And some have gone to service

to earn an extra pound

To put towards a cottage

or perhaps a piece of ground

So it's not the fear of struggling

with hunger at the door

And it isn't that we're lonely,

e've been though that before

But it breaks a woman's spirit

when there's trouble with her mate

And for her the helpless knowledge

she can only work and wait

Its red for *The Australian*,

the *Little Penguin's* blue

Its white for *The Encounter*,

and *The Sydney's* purple hue

But its black, plain black,

if your husband or your son

Sailed out of Sydney Harbour on the AE1

REMEMBRANCE
DAY

NINA MURDOCH



HMA SUBMARINE AE1

TRIO VISITS CANADA

Paddy and Glori O'Brien—The Irish Trio have just returned from an eventfilled and rewarding tour of Canada where they were invited to perform at the Billy Barker Festival in Quesnel B.C. about 400 miles from Vancouver., a four day Festival of The Bush Poetry Entertainment. They presented an hour long show everyday.

The shows were made up of both Irish and Australian. One show being entirely of Australian bush poetry and songs. People were enthralled with the Bush Poetry especially the comedic verse.

They were able to back some of the poems with music which added great interest.

The Trio was also able to present



The IRISH TRIO

themselves at the 10yr Celebrations of the Willow Creek Cowboy Poetry Roundup at Stavely, near Calgary, held in conjunction with the Calgary Stampede.

Paddy also took part in a show at the Barkerville Theatre in Barkerville, near

Quesnel, a small town set up like Sovereign Hill, Ballarat, in Victoria and was modelled on that town. Two shows a day were held in the old Vaudeville style.

The O'Brien's re returned home via New Zealand where they presented a show at the Kiwi International Hotel, in Auckland. They will be returning to New Zealand next year.

Back home in Aussie they had a nice surprise awaiting them. The poem *Roses by the Lake*, which they transposed to music in 2009 had received a nomination for the 2010 'RAVE AWARDS' for F.M. Radio Station 95.9. Out of 70 nominations they were chosen in the top three. A gala event like the Oscars was held on the 7th September. Red Carpet and all. The song *Roses by the Lake* is presented on the WARATAH C.D. which can be purchased from Paddy and Glori on 02 66 897274.

BARKERVILLE 1865 and TODAY



BUNDABERG AGM

September 11th the Bundaberg Poets' Society Inc. held their annual meeting and election of officers for 2010/2011. At the August meeting Sandy informed the members that she would be retiring from the positions of President & Muster Co-ordinator which she has held for a number of years to hopefully give her and John extra time to do more travelling. John & Sandy joined the Bundaberg Poets' Society Inc. in July 1997 after seeing an ad on TV for the Bundy Muster. They went to the Saturday evening concert and went back out the next day to join up for what they thought was the local club but discovered it was for the Australian Bush Poetry Association. They then made further enquiries and joined the Bundaberg Poets' Society Inc. and have enjoyed the friendship of all involved. During this time Sandy has filled the positions of Secretary, Publicity Officer (for all of this time), Vice-President, President for 8 years and co-ordinated the annual Bush Poetry Muster for the last 9 years. During this time John has been on the committee and the more important role as her 'right hand man'. Sandy thoroughly enjoyed the challenges these roles have presented over the years culminating with the success of the Australian Bush Poetry Championships in July this year. They are not stepping away from bush poetry just stepping back from the 'front line'.

The new executive are as follows:-

President: Bette Shiels bette.shiels@bigpond.com 07 41553293

VPresident: Sandy Lees lees@fastel.com.au 07 41514631

Secretary : Jan Facey janfacey@bigpond.com.au 04 41556820



YOUNG CHERRY FESTIVAL

The Young National Cherry Festival Bush Poets Competition will be held again this year for the ninth time. This will be taking place on Saturday, 4th. December at the Young Golf Club and is part of the National Cherry Festival. The Bush Poets Competition, which is an open competition, has always been a very successful event, with quality poets and a full house in attendance. Competitors will again have the opportunity to perform twice, with a serious and then a light-hearted poem. Prize money will total \$1000. It is stressed that this competition is limited. The judging panel will comprise three locals, who have no association with bush Poets. The Sunday morning Poet's Breakfast in the park, will be held at Anderson Park, in conjunction with the IGA Big Breakfast. A junior competition will also be held at this breakfast. Besides the Bush Poet's Competition, there will be many attractions during the weekend, which will include a Celtic Tattoo, wood-chopping, photography and quilt exhibitions and in particular the Grand Parade on Saturday afternoon, which is always large and colourful.

To enter, contact Greg Broderick, phone - 02-63822506 or e-mail - gbroderi@bigpond.net.au.

LEAVING HOME.....

© Jerry Hodges Eagle Heights Qld. 2010

When I was only seventeen, in nineteen fifty four,
My Father said to me, "Son, over there's the door,
It's time you left the nest boy, some work you should pursue,
A fine career is in the bank, and that's the job for you".

So off I went and joined a bank, the CBC for me,
They sent me off to Bangalow, a brand new employee.
I filled the inkwells, swept the floor,
and went to fetch the mail,
And learned to add the numbers up, all in great detail.

And so six months flew quickly by, until one day a letter,
"It's off to Mullumbimby lad," said Head Office,
who knows better.
"We'll put you on the ledgers there,

you'll add up twice as fast,
Your mathematics will improve, you'll be quite unsurpassed."
In Mullumbimby I found some board,

it was a good bit cheaper,
And I daily added numbers up, I was the ledger keeper.
I thought this job was quite OK, I'm moving up the ladder,
Then blow me down, another move, but to me it didn't matter.

Head Office said, "Son, off you go, its Picton town for you",
I have to say I liked this moving,

from a young man's point of view.
In Picton I did ledgers, more experience to gain,
My dear old Dad was proud of me; he made that very plain.

An auditor appeared one day, he said, "It's time to move,
A smart young lad like you my friend,

we'll help you to improve".
"Where would you like to go?"

he asked. I said I liked the west,
He must have thought, "This bloke's quite mad,
I'll teach him not to jest".

Condobolin was my next town, with dry and dusty streets,
And over near the railway line, some silos full of wheat.
Here I was the teller, a most important task,
Each day I handled thousands, enough to fill a cask.

I counted quids and fivers, and sometimes tenners too,
As I learned the banking system I greeted customers on cue.
I have to say I liked the folks in western New South Wales,
They taught me how to hold my beer, and not fall off the rails.

I learned to drink and hold my booze,
as young chaps mostly do,
But soon Head Office wrote again - "It's on the move for you.
To Nyngan you are going, we think you'll like it there.
It's dusty like Condobolin, but further north, somewhere".

So I packed my bag, got in my car, and set out on the road,
Two hours and twenty minutes on, I found my new abode.
The chiefs in Sydney were quite correct;
it was hot beyond belief,
The water bag hung just outside to give us some relief.

I counted ten-bob notes all day, and sometimes silver too,
The bank was making heaps of dough as I took this revenue.
Each day I balanced up my cash as I sweated through the heat,
And in winter it was frosty, with ice beneath my feet.

The fateful day arrived too soon; I was on the move again,
This time to Bondi Junction, it would never be the same.
This city life I couldn't hack,
for a bushie through and through,
The traffic nearly drove me nuts, and there were no kangaroos.

I tried so hard to fit in there, to pick up the city life,
But I didn't like it, not one bit; it was causing me much strife,
This time 'twas I, who wrote the letter,
to Head Office in their shrine,
"This city life is not for me, herewith I must resign."

WEDDING ANNOUNCEMENT

Some months ago Joyce Alchin of Corrimal announced her engagement to be married to Brian Gaul of Dalby Queensland - and now the time has come for their wedding which will be held at Bulli Anglican Church on Saturday 9th October. This will mean a change of name and address for her as she moves to Queensland and it is:

Joyce Gaul, 56 Wood St, Dalby. Qld. 4405 Phone 07 4662 6600 - 0429 014 183 joyalc@bigpond.com

'Dear Frank, Plans for our wedding are going well' writes Joyce '- a multitude of friends have the organisation of all aspects in hand and we are looking forward to a large group to gather with us and enjoy a wonderful day. We are looking forward to it and to a new phase in our lives. I guess the wide open plains of the Darling Downs is going to be very different to NSW coastal suburbia but the little I have seen of it is really appealing. We will be living in the town and will be involved with vintage cars and the rallies associated with them, as well as a continuing association with our church and with family.

Thank you for the opportunities that taking part with bush poetry has afforded me -
With best wishes'

Dear Joyce, on behalf of the Bush Poets Association we wish you and Brian every happiness in your new life together. Best wishes from all your poet mates. Frank.

I have requested permission for these poems to be published from State Library of Victoria. One of each is included here; CH Winters' The Old Hand, found by researcher and poet Ron Frew of Tumba 'bloody' rumba who has been searching for where the phrase may have originated, and Mathieu's Boiling Downs. Colleen O'Grady.

THE OLD HAND

by CH Winters

In the town of Wagga Wagga at the Golden Age Hotel
'Mongst a lot of pleasant fellows after shearing time I fell.
They were rouseabouts and shearers – some had come from
Mangoplah,
Some from Coree, some from Yanko, some from
Boomanoomanah.

There they talked of sheds and bosses, of damp weather and of
drought.

Strikes and cooks, and all the other things that shearers talk
about;

All save one who sat in silence on a cask behind the door,
With his bluey in the corner, and his eyes upon the floor.

He looked careworn and dejected, so I went up to his side –
“Have a drink old man?” I asked him. “Righto, matey,” he
replied.

And we drank and had another. Tom the barman shouted too;
And the liquor seemed to cheer him, for more talkative he
grew.

But he shook his head and answered – when I asked him: “Do
you shear?”

“ ‘Twas a game I useter foller once fer four months every
year.”

And he spent the rest he told me “earnin’ tucker weed and
booze

Up at Tumba-blanky-rumba shootin’ kanga-blanky-roos.”

Then that man of many summers who went shearing as a
youth

Loosed a string of quaint bush logic that contained a shred of
truth:

“Times is changed and men’s changed with ‘em – things ain’t
what they useter be

When the old hands did the shearin’, Very few are left to see.

Then we useter travel peaceful, packhorse comin’ on behind,
An’ if we’d to do some waitin’, well we never seemed to
mind.

“With a sort of cheerful music all the coves came driftin’
through –

Jinglin’ hobble-chains an’ quart-pots, an’ a concertina too.

Then the river-bends would echo to the chorus of our song –
Do you ever hear them ditties now when shearers pass along?

Nowadays it’s all a bustle, each one racing down the track

Just as if the very devil was a-proddin’ at his back!

An’ it seems to bring dejection – ah, I never had the blues

Up at Tumba-blanky-rumba shootin’ kanga-blanky-roos.

“Yes, them other days were peaceful. Then a change began to
come –

On the old tracks leading shedwards you would hear a kind o’
hum.

Then a cove would mizzle past yer with a bluey on his back
Workin’ at his flamin’ pedals like a spider on the track.
And the fellers seemed to alter till the bush was altered too –
But I’ll say this in their favour – to the union they were true.

“An’ new changes kept arrivin’, till one day I seen a tyke
Puffin’ down the road like blazes on a gruntin’ motor-bike!
An’ you talk of toffs! – I don’t have to travel very far
When I seen a mob of shearers in a stinkin’ motor-car!
An’ I knew the old-time shearin’ was a feature of the past,
For the blades could go to smoke-ho – the machines was
holdin’ fast.

(An’ maybe *you’ll* live to see ‘em makin’ time to beat the
trains

Speedin’ high above the dust-clouds in them flyin’
aeroplanes!)

“Then there came a strict injunction ‘gainst the slayin’ of the
‘roo.

He was gettin’ scarce an’ scarcer an’ it had to come we
knew.

It was proper to protect him, so we didn’t make a fuss;

For we knew that he was goin’ like the native blacks – *an’ us*.

An’ the little towns arisin’ here an’ there about the bush
Filled the campin’ grounds an’ crowded out the good old-
fashioned push.”

He was just a worn old-timer relic of a by-gone day,
With his plaint against the present – it’s the olden-timer’s
way.

And I could not judge him harshly; for remember you and I
May be railing at fresh progress when a few more seasons fly.
“Well,” he said, “I must be moving” – as his spell was nearly
done –

He was rabbiting, he told me, on Eunonyhareenya run.

But he wished that he was going as we had a final booze –

“Back to Tumba-blanky-rumba shootin’ kanga-blanky-roos!”

THE STORY OF ‘BIDGEEQUEEN AND OTHER VERSES
by Cecil. H. WINTER who also used the pen name
‘RIVERINA’

He was born at Moulamein NSW in

Published by New Century Press Limited, Sydney, 1929

Cecil Winter was born at Moulamein in the 'bush'
of New South Wales in 1882 and was associated
with it for much of his life as a drover, boundary
rider, station hand, axeman and sawmill hand.

He also taught in a bush school and worked as
postmaster in a bush township, in a single
proprietor store and as a coach driver.

He later lived in New Zealand and served with the
NZ forces in the First World War.

Winter died in 1969.

OUR GLENNY by GLENNY

I was born way back in 1940 in Clermont, central Queensland, to typical "Aussie Battler" parents. The larrikin inherent in the people of the post-war outback community, flourished in me, a freckle faced, carrot haired kid. My father was a poet in demand in the pubs and work campsites, while Mum was undoubtedly related to the original Auntie Mame (Quite an actress.) Dad's transient work as a plant operator eventually dictated a move to the "Big Smoke" (Brisbane), where my brother and sister and I could have a stable education.

While Dad galloped around on bulldozers, we lived with Mum, and waited for the rain to periodically chase Dad home for a few weeks. It was the highlight of our lives when he appeared unannounced on our doorstep, as he would give us each, a whole shilling to spend at the pictures! I spent most of my waking hours scheming to run away, back to the bush to Dad.

As a young woman I was in little theatre, singing, and dancing, and also studied at art school. I married young and had three daughters, and adopted a baby boy. My first marriage ended after twenty years.

So did my second one. (I'm a stayer, not a sprinter.) I am now Grandmother to a brood of nine. I have a career background in writing sales training material, and in training and motivating specialty sales people. I was Sales Manager for a large furniture company, responsible for figures for eleven stores with twenty five staff. I then established my own furniture and service business, which I ran for seven years, which gave my

second husband a job. In my early forties, we chucked it all in, sacked all the kids, and bought a caravan with "The Wandering Wordsmith" painted all over it, and headed for the outback.

In 1994 we attended a bush poetry concert in Beaudesert, where I discovered that I was not the only person left still writing ballads! kindred spirits! What JOY! The great Bob Miller took me under his wing and took me to Tamworth's "Fireside Festival", where I met more of these strange creatures known as "Bush Poets". I was in Heaven!

In 1995 I won the inaugural "Australian Ladies Bush Poetry Championships". I repeated my win in 1996 and was therefore the first Australian female featured performer from this competition, at the 1997 "Cowboy Poetry Gathering" in Elko, Nevada, USA, and at the "Autrey Museum Of Western Heritage" in Los Angeles. I was Reserve Champion at the Winton championships in 1997 and 1998.

I received the "Australia Day Cultural Award" in 1997, for "Services to Bush Poetry, and the Promotion of the Australian Identity". This unique identity is something I encourage all poets to strive to nurture and protect, by using our powerful craft. After studying my craft, I received a number of literary awards including the "Henry Lawson Society" (NSW) and was runner up in the "Blackened Billy" awards in 1997, and won that competition in 2001. I was featured on television in "Brisbane Extra", and "Totally Wild", and appeared on "Australian Story". I won Winton's "Bronze Swagman



Award" for written verse in 2007, with a poem called "Waltz' in the courtroom". I crafted it in Britain, during a bout of homesickness, and it portrays the chaotic courtroom scene that would have eventuated, had the swaggie in "Waltzing Matilda" been given a trial. I now enjoy teaching, and flamboyantly presenting my works tailored to individual groups, such as corporate and political functions, youth organizations, depression support groups, etc. I conduct adult and children's poetry writing workshops, and judge /compere/ perform in Australia and overseas.

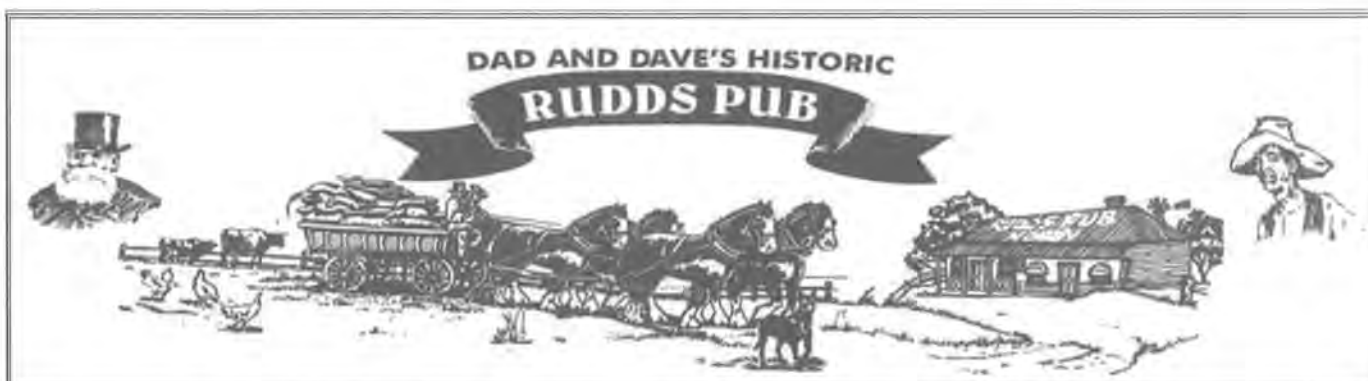
I have been published by Pan McMillan, and the ABC, and have produced 2 poetry books, 2 CD's and 2 cassette tapes of my work, along with a poetry writing instructional booklet. I am intensely interested in seeing people reach their potential, and in conveying the asset that poetry is, to personal development. I am keen to

pass on the support and knowledge that many Bush Poets have given to me during my time within this marvellous group of creative people.

I now live in the idyllic little country community of Kooralbyn; a picturesque valley in the Scenic Rim of the Border Ranges flanking Queensland & New South Wales.

I lost custody of my dog & my beloved property, "Fairymeade Cottage" in my divorce. I am now fully occupied with survival, & renovating my little country home myself, and have learnt very quickly how to use a power saw, and how to successfully argue with motor





Sam and Robyn Little invite you to celebrate **Steele Rudd's Birthday**
at Rudd's Pub Nobby Qld.

November 13th and 14th

Bush poetry competition starting 10.30am Saturday

*Junior, original, modern and traditional Sections *Steele Rudd section-recite a verse or two from one of Steele Rudd's books.

***Cash for winner of each section**

Register on the day or pre register on 074696321

Carvery in barn Saturday night \$20.00 per adult - 3 courses Or a la carte in restaurant

Don't miss out book early (07)46963211

Music over the weekend

Bush poets breakfast Sunday from 8.30am \$15.50 per person

Open mike -Rudd's Pub barn - Camping across road from Pub on a first in basis

BOOK REVIEW - A 150th Anniversary Tribute *Burke & Wills*

The anthology, *Burke and Wills* published by the Bendigo Goldfields Bush Poets is an excellent read for adults and students. This 150th tribute of short stories and poems of this ill fated expedition has set a precedent for other competitions where the results of a competition of various literary genre are published in an anthology for the general public. Too often the best works of our modern poets go unpublished and unheralded.

By inviting people to write on a significant event of our history, The Bendigo Goldfield Bush Poets gleaned a variety of insights into the characters and events that surrounded this, "race to the north".

One highlight of the book is the short story by Garry Hurle entitled, *The Tea Maker*. This very creative approach holds the reader's attention from start to finish and was a worthy winner of this section of the competition. I will not spoil the anticipation of those still to read this account by detailing the contents of the story but for me it is one of those literary moments that I will always cherish.

I concur with Jack Thompson who

writes a very glowing tribute in his Forward to the book and makes the comment;

"...with the selection panel permitting a blend of fact and fiction and allowing a portion of the expedition to be written about rather than the whole, an outstanding and creative variety of stories and poems has flourished."

The award winners of the Open Poetry section is a "whose who" of our excellent modern bush poets with names like David Campbell (Legends), Max Merckenschlager (Digging O'Hara Burke) and Ellis Campbell (Burke's Last Days). For students to see their creative works published in a prestigious book must be a thrill and a great incentive to continue to capture their stories and emotions in the bush poetry genre.

Where you have a blend of the prose in the Short Stories and the verse of the poetry you provide relevant variation and entertainment for the reader.

This incentive by Colin Carrington (pictured) and the Bendigo Goldfields Bush Poets deserves, in the words of Jack Thompson, "a mighty round of applause for their initiative in organising this unique commemorative project."

and I believe this group of poets has posed the question, "When there is a significant Australian Event should that become the theme of a written competition and the best of the entries be published in a similar anthology?" I hope so.

Noel Stallard

Cost: \$20

Send Cheque/Money Order to:
Bendigo Goldfields Bush Poets Inc.
PO Box 1152
BENDIGO 3552





GYMPIE MUSTER

It rained a little, they laughed a lot and another Optus Music Muster went off to massive crowds gathered in big tops, wine bars, restaurants and main stages nestled on the slopes of one of the most picturesque landscapes on the circuit.

Host of the Bush Poetry Shows Marco Gliori featured fifteen paid performers on 6 x 2hour Breakfasts from Tuesday 24th-Sunday 29th August.

First Time Muster performers, Irish Joe Lynch, Col Driscoll and Kelly Fogarty joined some regulars like Gary Fogarty fresh from his trip to America, Neil MacArthur returning from a stint in North Queensland and Muzza Hartin whose effort in the Down Under Debate on the winning negative side left everyone in no doubt that Country Music Lyrics were NOT lame, and that Muz may one day simply self-combust on stage.

Enjoying the campfire with this mob were characters like the intrepid traveller Bob Magor, and a recently retired Bill Kearns, while Dave Proust popped in for a few days before heading overseas. Together with Peter Mace who won The *Musterbeenbloodygood* Poetry Award, these poets returned once more to a hearty welcome from the audiences who filled the venues on each of the six mornings.

Brad McLean, Muz and Marco featured poems from their recently released, *The Naked Truth* Album, recorded live in Tamworth, while Shirils and Ray who were recently released themselves went as mad as ever on stage enjoying an equally crazy reception. Thank goodness the crowds settled down to enjoy the soothing story telling of singer/songwriter Darren Colston, because a voice as smooth as that should not be

missed.

The highlight was perhaps the last breakfast which was broadcast live on the National Indigenous Radio Service throughout Australia and featured Sunday Morning presenter from 98.9 FM Dusty Fraser and Agro the puppet for whom Marco wrote this limerick.

*Agro, you're cuddly, we know it.
You're getting the rhythm, don't blow it.
You're hairy and you smell
So you'll fit in quite well
Should you choose to become a Bush Poet.*

Winner of the Poets Brawl was Brad McLean and winner of the Campers brawl was Wendy Deering from Allenview with a sentimental poem that earned herself a free ticket to the 2011 Muster. See you all there.



Down Under Poetry Debate 'Country Music Lyrics Are Lame'

L-R Back Row
Suzie Ellelman WIN TV,
Gary Fogarty, Laura Downing,
Kirsty 'The XXXX Angel'
and Newsreader Paul Taylor
Front Muzza and Marco

THE COMBOYNE POET'S LUNCH

The Comboyne Poet's Lunch was held on Saturday 24th July at the Comboyne War Memorial Hall. This event, like the previous Poet's Breakfast held in September 2009 and other cultural occasions, was the brainchild of locals Gra



ham Caldersmith and Angela McPherson. The compere for the day was ABPA member and folklorist Chris Woodland.

Unlike the Poet's Breakfast of last year, the poets at the lunch were not vying in a competition, so everything flowed free and easy. All but a couple of poems recited were Australian and several originals surfaced, two of which were from the pen of Bev Perks. Her two: *The Lantana's Revenge* and *The Comboyne Mountain Sheep Dog Round Up Working Trials*, were humorous and clever, receiving much laughter and applause from the appreciative audience.

Graham Caldersmith recited Neilson's *Waiting for the Rain*, a poem better known as a song, but recited beautifully by Graham. (Graham also did a rendition of Spike Milligan!) Jean Hegarty, last year's winner at the Comboyne Poet's breakfast, recited John Manifold's *On the Boundary*, also Lawson's *Middleton's Rouseabout*. Mary Nelson did *The Girl from Comboyne* and John Grono (who makes microphones superfluous) recited *There's Peace in the Valley*, a sensitive poem that captures the feeling of the local area. Charles Paton did a rather informal version of the Banjo's *Clancy of the Overflow* and Ernie Sharkey recited the two old goldies: *Piddling Pete* by Anon and *When Dacey*

Rode the Mule, another from the Banjo's pen.

Rod Fisher recited his clever original poem, which tells of his visit to New Zealand and David Billingham read *Uncle Stan*, a poem of a local character who was larger than life David also did Jim Haynes' *Dipso Dan*. Jen Dacre's humorous original referred to the jogging fraternity with *Norm's Shorts*.

Throughout the function the compere peppered the program with a few humorous and serious poems and Russell Churcher (pictured) recited in the most professional manner the tongue-twisting and well received, *The Politician*. (The correct title and author of this minor masterpiece could not be determined by the time that this went to press. The only other person I have heard recite this poem is Barry Lake of Narooma.)

In total there were 14 poets - including Frank Urban (whose titles can not be recalled) - who recited at the lunch and most performed more than two, though not all are noted in this report. About 36 poems had been recited or read by the end of the gathering.

The event was acknowledged as a very successful and relaxing one with lots of happy faces around. Full marks were awarded to 'George the Chef' for the wonderful two course meal he prepared.

Let us hope that George will be around for our next poetry gathering, which is mooted to be a Poet's Barbecue.

Back Stage at The Breakfast

L-R Dusty Fraser 98.9FM, Agro, Jamie Dunn, Marco and Neil McArthur



**The Australian Bush
Poets Association Inc.**

(Established 1994)

Abn: INC 9877413 Arbn 104 032 126

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 0429 441 477

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 965 343

Email: kymeitel@yahoo.com

Editor: Frank Daniel
16 Canowindra St. Canowindra NSW 2804
Ph 02 6344 1477 0429 441 477

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.

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

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

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

ADVERTISING RATES

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

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

Terms strictly C.O.D. with ad.

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

4 Short Street Canowindra NSW 2804
email. editor@abpa.org.au

Ph. 02 6344 1477

**CROOKWELL NSW
UPPER LACHLAN
WRITTEN AWARDS**

Performance competition cancelled

**Update on the written awards
from Spud Murphy**

**Please send entries with cover
note and entry fees to the
Upper Lachlan Wool Wagon
Written Awards
SPUD MURPHY'S INN
12 Goulburn Street
CROOKWELL NSW**

Adult Section

**Original Serious Entry fee
\$10.**

**First prize \$250.00 - 3 places
by \$50.00 plus 5 Certificates
Original Comedy Entry fee
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**First prize \$250.00 - 3 places
by \$50.00 plus 5 Certificates**

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Entry fee \$1.00**

under 10 to 13 years old

Entry fee \$1.00

14 years to 17 years

Entry fee \$2.00

plus prizes and certificates

Deadline: OCTOBER 31st

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Young

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National Cherry Festival
Poets Competition
Young Golf Club,
Sat.4th. December
2010.**

**\$1000 Prize Money
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Saturday 23rd October
(No competition this year)

COMPETITION RESULTS

Gold City Bush Poets Inc.

Written Comp 2010

Open Section - 1st Place &

Winner of the Gold Nugget

David Campbell, Beaumaris, Victoria. *'Walking Away'*

2nd Place - Don Adams,

Papaparaumu, New Zealand

'The Two Faces Of The Great Red Heart'

3rd Place - Terry Piggott,

Canningvale, W.A.

'When The Ashburton River Flows'

Highly Commended - Grahame

Watt, Toormina, NSW *'Sunset'*

Brenda-Joy Pritchard, Charters

Towers Qld.

'Centaur - Ship Of Sacrifice'

Age 12-15 Years Section -

1st Place - Sarah Webster, Green Valley, NSW

'The Last Bushranger'

2nd Place - Dylan Hastie,

Macrossan, Qld.

'On The River'

3rd Place - Sarah Webster, Green Valley, NSW

'Through The Open Window'

Under 12 Section -

1st Place - Tia Abbondanza,

Carindale, Qld.

'The Aussie Baker's Day'

2nd Place - Naomi Holdcroft,

Pentland, Qld.

'The Wild Outback'

3rd Place - Jamie Taligard,

Carindale, Qld.

Judge's Comments:

Janine Haig commented -

".....had a lot of trouble coming to a decision with the best of the open poems. Very close with quite a few, so it came down to the one that gave me goosebumps! Some really good stuff is amongst this bunch....."

North Pine Poets Group

Camp Oven Festival

OPEN WRITTEN

1ST : Graham Fredriksen

2nd : Graham Fredriksen

3rd : Ellis Campbell

Highly Commended : David

Campbell and Brenda Joy.

NOVICE WRITTEN

1ST: Bob Sanders

Commended: Jim Kennedy &

John 'The Joker' Pampling.

JUNIOR WRITTEN

Secondary

1st: Sarah Webster

2nd: Sarah Webster

3rd: Sarah Webster

Highly Commended

Amy Auld

Daniel Wilson

Primary

1st : Brooke Schwenke

2nd : Pippa Bartholomew

3rd : Tia Abbondanza

PERFORMANCE WINNERS

Novice

1st : Zoe Younger

2nd : Grace White

3rd : Jim Kennedy

Open Male Serious

1st : John Best

2nd : Ron Liekefett

3rd : Kevin Dean

Open Male Humorous

1st : John Best

2nd : Ron Liekefett

3rd : Peter Mace

Open Male Original

1st : Lynden Baxter

2nd : John Best

3rd : Peter Mace

Open Female Serious

1st : Jan Facey

2nd : Suzanne Honour

3rd : Pamela Fox

Open Female Humorous

1st : Suzanne Honour

2nd : Jan facey

3rd : Pamela Fox

Open Female Original

1st : Pamela Fox

2nd : Jan Facey

3rd : Cay Ellem

DUOS

Dot Schwenke & Suzanne

Honour

Yarn Spinning

John Best

One Minute Mug

Paddy O'Brien

Camp Oven Festival Male

Champion 2010 : John Best

Camp Oven Festival Female

Champion 2010 : Jan Facey

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and Walkups just for fun

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Australian Bush Poetry website www.abpa.org.au

or send stamped self addressed envelope to:
Jan Lewis, Secretary VBPMA Inc,
275 B Cudgewa Valley Rd, Cudgewa VIC, 3705

CONDUCTED UNDER THE GUIDELINES OF
THE AUSTRALIAN BUSH POETS
ASSOCIATION

Contact: Jan Lewis

Phone & Fax (02) 60774332

MOB: 0422848707

poetfarm@corryongcec.net.au

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REMEMBRANCE
DAY

THE DIGGER'S WIDOW

by Trisha Patterson 2010

By the window sits a lady and each day she sadly weeps
As she stares into a photograph, which by her side, she keeps.

It's a gentleman in uniform, with rifle by his side...
All her memories are surfacing of when she was his bride.

Of her dear departed Digger, all her thoughts have quickly turned—
And her face portrays the heartache, for the love she long has yearned.

All those years have quickly vanished; many friends have passed away,
But the longing for her sweetheart, still remains there every day.

As she sits there reminiscing through a tear-filled, misty blur,
Deep within her sacred archives, lost emotions start to stir.

From the horrors in the trenches, to the places that he went;
She retraces every footstep, from the letters that he sent.

Just to have her Digger back again, if only for a while,
Would relieve the endless sorrow and return her youthful smile.

Grown and gone are all her loved-ones, far from where she now resides;
And in nursing-home surroundings, precious time she sadly bides.

All that's left are fleeting memories within her failing mind;
And the photograph and letters from the love she'll never find.

Bert Pullen's book - 'Home is Where the Heart Is' Limited Edition



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send money order for \$12
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Westdale NSW 4340



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COMPETITION**
Heats: 10.30am
Tuesday 18.1.2011
Thursday 20.1.2011
Friday 21.1.2011
Finals: 8.30am
Saturday 22.1.2011



**2011 BLACKENED BILLY
WRITTEN COMPETITION**
Closing date: 30th November
Prizemoney \$900 plus Trophy

Winner announced at
COUNTRY ENERGY
Bush Poetry Competition
Saturday 21st January 2011

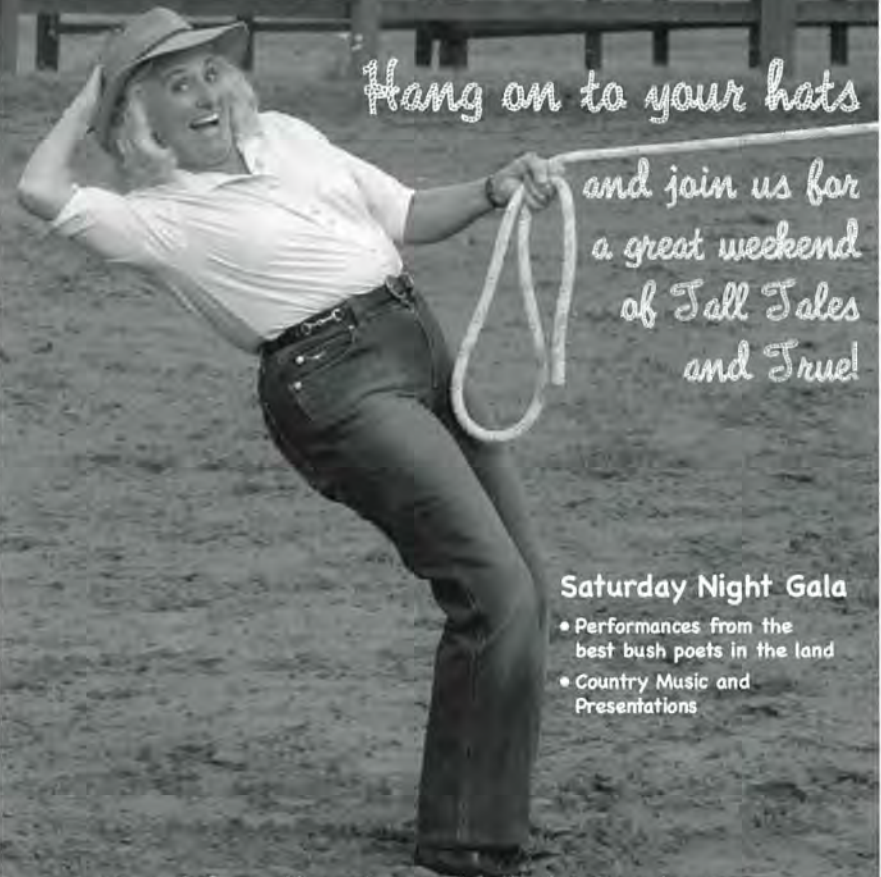
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Enq: Trevor on (02) 49 56 5543, e: tharragon@bigpond.com or Carol on (02) 49 77 3210

NORTH PINE BUSH POETS' GROUP

CAMP OVEN FESTIVAL – 2010

The 20th, 21st and 22nd August saw a happy and talented bunch of poets gather for the 15th year of the famous Camp Oven Festivals at North Pine, Brisbane. For the past four years North Pine has been the home of the Queensland and the National Bush Poetry Championships; this year reverting to their traditional Camp Oven Festival. Numbers were down on previous years but the talent was exceptional and the enthusiasm absolutely unabated. Starting with the students on the Friday it was remarkable to notice the improvement in those seen over the last couple of years. The novice

competition also proved that experience counts. Congratulations to Zoe Younger on her win. Organizers were pleased to see the return to the competition of John Best and Ron Liekefett.

The judges provided a wonderful concert on the Saturday night with thanks going to Bob Magor, Lennie Knight, Greg North and North Pines own Anita Reed. Greg provided a highlight in creating many 'new sponsors' for the weekend.

The committee extends its gratitude to the judges and the competitors who contributed to the success of the weekend and hope to see them all again next year about the same time.



Brenda Joy with an enthusiastic group of children from the Camooweal State School.

Pictured is accomplished Australian Bush Poet Brenda Joy Pritchard of Charters Towers who was assigned to take both writing and performance bush poetry workshops to outback children aged from five to twelve years.

There were two venues. This picture was taken at Camooweal State School helping children to write their own poem and to perform them as part of the Drover's Camp Festival luncheon.

The other venue was at the airport at the Mount Isa Mini School for the Air with children coming in from stations around western Queensland and the Northern Territory.

"What a privilege it was" said Brenda Joy, "being given both these assignments - such enthusiasm from the children and their teachers." The photos are with the Camooweal State School children.



Pictured at Bundaberg. Top left. Jacqui Warnock and Dean Collins.



Left. Greg North and Sandy Lees.



POETRY PAGES

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