

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

Merry Christmas

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



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A.B.P.A.

The Australian Bush Poets
Association Inc.

Magazine - (since 1994)

Ellis Campbell pictured
with festival coordinator
Carol Heuchan was in
outstanding form to
take the overall
Men's Championship
at the 2010 Hunter Bush
Poets festival at Morisset.



Ipswich Poetry Feast

Winning entries pages 2 & 3

Ellis Campbell is now 84 years old and has been competing in literary competitions around Australia for 30 years. During that time he has written almost 800 poems and received some form of recognition in written and performance competitions nationally more than 700 times. This includes 166 first prizes and 137 second prizes.



The Poet's Calendar
Returns Page 23

The 8th Annual Ipswich Poetry Feast 2010

Ipswich Poetry Feast Committee Chairperson and Tourism and Libraries Committee Chairperson Councillor David Pahlke said there were 1,244 entries in this 8th year of the competition. "We received entries from all over Australia, as well as some international applicants, and this is a wonderful reflection of how popular the competition is to poets," he said.

The Ipswich Poetry Feast was created after Ipswich author Judith Baker revealed in 1999, the town's local connection to famous Australian bush poet, Henry Lawson.

In March 1891, two sisters Bridget and Mary Broderick, aged six and nine, were sent on an errand by their parents but it's believed were attracted to some water-lilies in a creek near their home. They were later found drowned in six feet of water. Lawson was so captivated by the sad story, he immortalised them in his poem, *The Babies of Walloon*.

A cast bronze, ceramic and Italian glass mosaic sculpture of the two girls playing stands in the Henry Lawson Bicentennial Park, just off Karrabin-Rosewood Road at Walloon.

"The competition was launched in 2002 in honour of Lawson and the Broderick sisters, and have since attracted thousands of entries from across the globe," Cr Pahlke said.

"Tonight we have given out cash prizes to place-getters and highly commended in eight categories, as well as handing out special awards."

The Babies of Walloon Award – Open Age Bush Poetry First Prize

Flight of the Magpie Geese

by Catherine Clarke Mona Vale, NSW



seems to burgeon with the coming of the night,
it is then your eyes will witness humbling splendour
as the magpie geese of Kakadu take flight.

In their thousand, in arrangements of perfection
that recur above your head with flawless grace
is a spectacle – a timeless grand procession –
moving swiftly yet at calm, unruffled pace.

What's the reason for this cast configuration?

What's the instinct that compels them all to fly,
to migrate to fruitful waters for the season
in their V-formation patterns through the sky?

These assemblies of the *Genus Anserana*
with their plumage of distinctive black and white
are majestic as they soar across the wetlands –
silhouettes against the dying of the light.

They are hunted, and their habitats are damaged,
yet expectancy of life is quite a span,
though they're threatened by the many noxious poisons
of environmental weeds, as well as man.

Yet remain they do to colonize the country –
they're the only waterfowl to feed their young,
and although their population is enormous,
they are largely disregarded and unsung.

They construct their floating nests and breed in threesome,
and their feathers moult sporadically at best,
so it means the magpie geese are never flightless,
and will never to a land-bound life be pressed.

There's been many geese in history regarded;
even Ovid called them 'wiser than the dog'.
They're revered and tales are told of them in legends
and in fairy tales, an endless catalogue.

There's the goose that drew the chariot of Vishnu,
and the Great Nile Goose that laid the egg of life
out of which the sun emerged in all its brilliance –
so the superstitious chronicles are rife.

In Siberia, a goddess shook some feathers
from her sleeve, which then abruptly turned to geese;
they employed a sacred status with Egyptians
in mythology and tales from Ancient Greece.
There are talking birds, and golden eggs and goose-girls;
there is Mother Goose and simple geese on farms,
painting picturesque and old familiar pictures
with their waddling, honking, snowy-feathered charms.

But to cruise along a billabong in silence
when the outback sunset's tempered to a blush,
with the only sound the lapping of the waters
as you wait serene, with reverential hush,
then to feel such chills when suddenly these creatures
join in thousands for their nature show supreme
and astonish you with mystical impressions
that remain like some extraordinary dream

is to know a surge of peace and calm reflection
and experience a supernat'ral awe,
even gain a fresh perspective of your troubles –
and perhaps this is the secret of their lore.
I can promise that forever you'll remember
this remarkable, electrifying sight,
for you'll seldom witness much that's more uplifting
than the spectacle of magpie geese in flight.

When the endless sky turns pink and dusk's descending,
when the broilgas finish dancing on the shore,
and the flitting of the nimble, light jacanas
has abruptly ceased and all is still once more;
while the water lilies close their blooms in slumber
on luxuriant, thick coverlet of green
and the subtle parting of this vegetation
is the only sign of crocodiles unseen;

when the downy clouds are trimmed with gold and crimson,
turning softer with a luminescent rose,
and reflected on the river's tranquil surface
so the atmosphere appears as if it glows;
as the silence of the emptiness around you

Brenda Joy from Charters Towers in Queensland has been awarded the **Edwards Property Mentorship Award** for her poem, *Maiden Flight*.

Maiden Flight

by **Brenda Joy Charters Towers, Qld**



I live out west of Jul'ya Creek where life is hard and tough;
to ride a horse or rope a steer - I'm ready right enough,
but once me son went off to live in regions tramontane,
that meant to go and visit him, I'd have to catch a plane.

I felt some trepidation 'cos I'd never flown before -
and never would've tried to if I'd known what was in store.
To get meself to Townsville city took a bloomin' week -
I'd borrowed the one horse that's left in outback Jul'ya Creek.

Shenanigans in city traffic put me in a state,
so I had Port and Valium outside the boardin' gate.
But there I met me waterloo - pre-flight security -
where screens and weird machines all ganged to test me purity.

At first these slickers griped about me poor old dilly bag.
I'd read about them weeds they'd planted in some sheila's swag;
to stop them gettin' in to mine I'd bound it up with wires
but blighters hacked into them with some heavy duty pliers.

They sent me past X-ray and that is when I lost me cool -
its beep proclaimed me lethal; I was made to feel a fool.
They called me back and asked me to remove me watch and rings,
me buckles, brasses, belts, and bits and other metal things.

Bereft of all adorning charms, they sent me through once more,
but that insistent screen machine was louder than before.
No matter what I cast aside it seemed to be in vain;
me knives, me spurs, me brandin' iron; I set it off again.

By now I'd beeped so many times that I had drawn a crowd
all anxious and impatient and becoming somewhat loud.
They feared that they would miss their flight - me plight had
caused delay -
they couldn't get through checkout with me saddle in their way.

They called the Chief Controller in to see what he would do.
I got the full 'once over' whilst he struggled for a clue.
He eyed me body closely plannin' what he could exclude -
solutions posed were tough and his suggestions rather rude.

Perhaps the beep was caused from the elastic in me drawers?
I yanked that out - me pants dropped off - and I got loud applause.
Perhaps the under-wirin' in me bra should go as well!
Reluctantly I pulled it out - then down me 'boosies' fell.

But now me naked midriff had revealed a naval ring!
The Chief Controller was convinced the beep was from that thing.
He thought it best to take it out - the watchin' crowd approved -
so with those cable cutters, it was surgic'lly removed.

Delighted at his crude success, he tackled both me ears
removin' studs. By now I was a mess of blood and tears.
He sliced me lip-ring with his saw; me nasal one as well -
I felt like I'd encountered the Controller straight from hell.

He finally concluded that the cause was in me knees
- they both had been refurbished - but, at length he heard me pleas
to save them from his sawing blade - with sneers he let me past:
though minus half of me façade I could take off at last.

But then the vampire keen to do her terroristic check
was set on singlin' poor me out - by this I was a wreck.
Although exposed explosives would have blown to hell by now,
that scrutiny was not enough for this tenacious cow.

And plus, her massive, nosy dog was sniffin' round me feet
and pokin' in me dilly bag in search of stuff to eat.
I reckon they should feed their pets, not make them have to beg-
"I'll charge ya for me laundry if he starts ta cock 'is leg. "

Embarrassed, mutilated, with me dignity near gone
I'd reached the point, 'Enough's Enough!' This could not carry on.
I found some extra courage - Valium had kicked on in -
the shrinkin' vi'let she had gone; retorts could now begin.

They'd run me roughshod over; I'd been treated with disdain,
but spurred by drug and drink I felt me spirit take free-rein.
Rebellion inflamed me soul- I'd nothin' left to hide -
if further proof were needed, then I'd brazen it with pride.

She wanted to inspect me all- well I'd just let it rip;
to keep this bovine satisfied, I would completely strip.
I tore off all remaining garments - flung them on the floor,
and in that crowded airport lounge, I stood there in the raw.

As youngsters gaped - they'd never seen someone so old undressed
-
the fed'ral police arrived to put me under house arrest.
I mustered me resources, thumbed me nose at passers-by;
they dragged me naked body out; I held me head up high.

They took me to a lock-up where they kept me overnight
I caught a cold, became a crim., and missed me maiden flight.
That Townsville mob had bucked me off, but I made them aware -
a bushie pushed to limits will find something to declare.

Ellis Campbell

Ellis Campbell of Dubbo NSW is now 84 and has been competing in literary competitions around Australia for 30 years. During that time he has written almost 800 poems and received some form of recognition in written and performance competitions Australia wide more than 700 times. This includes 166 first prizes and 137 second prizes. Ellis has surprised everyone - including himself - by making his eighty-fourth year the best in his 30 years' career.

At this stage in 2010 Ellis has collected thirteen wins, fourteen second and nine third with still some competitions to be judged. His prize money far exceeds his previously best year in 2004. Some of his 2010 successes include winning the Blackened Billy at Tamworth fourteen years after winning his first one and winning the Henry Lawson Society at Gulgong, 25 years after he won his first one. Ellis began the year in fine style by winning the Tom Black Memorial at the Eyre Writers competition at Port Lincoln, SA, the Blackened Billy at Tamworth and the Golden Cockatoo Charlee Marshall Memorial at Biloela in one week in January.

His good fortune has continued throughout the year. His three entries in the Brian Maguire Memorial at Leeton Eisteddfod were placed first, second and commended. At the Coo-ee March competition at Gilgandra Ellis was placed first and third in the humorous section, second and third in the outback section, second in the open section and commended in the Coo-ee March section.

He won the Victorian state written championship for the second successive year (shared with Ron Stevens in 2009) and the Alan Llewellyn Award at Eaglehawk. He was also happy to collect second prize in the Australian Unity Bryan Kelleher Award among 445 entries and second and third in the Banjo Paterson Award at Orange, second in the Rolf Boldrewood and a number of other second prizes. Included in his third placings were the



Burke & Wills competition, The Bronze Spur, Camp Oven at North Pine, Peace Bell at Cowra and several others.

In performance poetry Ellis won all four male performance events, plus the championship, at the Hunter Bush Poetry championships at Morisset. He was second in classical performance at the NSW Bush Poetry championships and also second in classical performance in the Australian Bush Poetry championships. Ellis was also runner-up to Greg North in both the NSW 2010 championships at Dune-doo and Australian 2010 championships at Bundaberg in performance poetry. He won through to the finals of both sections of the Golden Damper competition at Tamworth. For the first time Ellis entered three songs in the "lyrics only" section of the Tamworth Songwriters Ass, **competition and two of those made the final seven.**

In March Ellis spent a week in Newcastle with his daughter Carolyn. While there he entertained the Warners Bay Rotary club at the Brown Sugar restaurant at Warners Bay and the Gosford Bush Poets at the Gosford Hotel, drawing good crowds at both. He also launched his seventh book of verse in May this year.



Trisha Anderson of Brisbane will once again throw open the doors of the air-conditioned St. Edwards School Hall in Tamworth to welcome the Poettes of Australia to entertain the ever increasing crowds at this comfortable venue.

The Poettes will be featured on Friday 21st January from 1.30pm and all are welcome. Ease of access and ample parking is another feature of St. Edwards.

Guests are expected to advise Trisha of their intended visit as early as possible and are asked to prepare two poems with a femme content and or written by a female author, bearing in mind that time restraints will limit the number of acceptances.

Country Energy has sponsored a Children's Performance Bush Poetry competition to be conducted by the Tamworth Poetry Group on Monday 17th at 8am. A new chance for our 'kid' poets to be part of the big celebrations.

Walk-up poets, male and female, who rarely get a chance to appear in Tamworth are welcome at 'St. Ed-dies' on Monday and Wednesday, the 17th and 19th January at 1pm to be the guests of Noel Stallard and Frank Daniel.

Greg North and Noel Stallard are expected to draw large audiences to their shows to be held on the 18th at 11am and at 7.30 pm and again on Thursday at 7.30 pm

Anita Reed will be promoting two appearances by the North Pine Poets on the Wednesday and Friday evenings. Consult the new calendar on page 23 for more details.

The Tamworth Poetry Group will hold the heats of the Golden Damper performance competition on the Tuesday, Thursday and Friday at the Wests Leagues Club (10am) and the Finals on Saturday 22nd January, at 8.30am. Be early for these.

President's Report



G'day,

Another year is drawing to a close. Seems like this year only began the day before yesterday. There have been illnesses and recoveries; some have moved on and there has been loss within our group.

With great sadness we heard of the passing of David Meyers and Graham Fredriksen. Grahame was not only prolific as a great writer, he was also a per-

sonal friend. He will be missed.

Those who regularly log on to the Website and the Forum will have noticed a number of changes.

There is a new forum technology up and running and the bugs are slowly being sorted out. Forum participants are finding their way back 'home'. The Forum moderators are Zondrae King and John Peel. Gregory North and myself are currently the site administrators. With regards to the 'old' forum, we're currently progressing in getting it up as a 'read-only' version. There are just under 50,000 files so it's a slow process. As I write this, the Web-site is still 'minimalist', however the new design will be up and running by early December. Part of the design will make updates and maintenance quick and easy. We are currently looking for a site admin, if anyone is interested, contact either Greg or myself.

Andy Schnalle stuck his hand up and built, the ABPA Web-site from scratch then added the Forum. Andy developed and maintained the ABPA site, while continuing his studies in IT. His studies are concluding and I know we all wish him well in the pursuit of his chosen profession.

Many will be heading for Tamworth.

In poetry terms, the opportunities grow every year. The hard working Tamworth Poetry Reading Group who host, "The Blackened Billy Verse (written) Competition", and the "Golden Damper Bush Poetry Performance Competition", have been asked by their generous sponsors, Country Energy, to host a junior performance competition. Keep your eye out for details (see poets calendar this issue).

The Christmas Season is now upon us, so on behalf of the ABPA Committee, we wish you a joyful and safe Christmas ...

The Festive Season that we're in makes me reflect again.

So, my melancholy mood dictates that I take up the pen - and wish you all a heartfelt Peace and ask that we recall the object of this Season "Peace on Earth, Goodwill to ALL!"

Cheers,

Manfred.

When "a few words can paint a thousand pictures" — that's Poetry!

(G. Fredriksen)

NOTICE OF ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

The A.G.M. of the Australian Bush Poets Association Inc. will be held at St Edwards Hall, Hillvue Road, Tamworth at 2.00 p.m. on Thursday 20th January 2011.

In accordance with rule 15 for incorporated Associations, nominations are requested for the election of Office Bearers of the Association, and ordinary members of the committee.

A representative from each State is required.

Nomination and proxy forms can be found in this issue.

The following Office Bearers positions are required to be filled.

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

2010 ABPA Inc. Executive



**Left. President.
Manfred Vijars
Morningside Q.**



**Right. Treasurer
Kym Eitel
Limestone Creek Q.**

**Below left.
Vice President and Editor
Frank Daniel
Canowindra NSW**



**Below right. Secretary.
Greg North
Linden NSW**



MIDNIGHT'S LAST RACE

(Winner, North Pine 'Camp Oven' Written Competition 2010)
(c) Graham Fredriksen 1956 – 2010

The story of the mare Midnight and her owner Guy Haydon (1890-1925) of Bloomfield Station and the 12th Australian Lighthorse Regiment (No. 319).

"They are into the bend and the black mare of Bloomfield's
is edging on up, centre right !!
They're packed close together, she hasn't much room; fields
of horses are seldom so tight !!
Now she's making a break, she's pushed through a gap and
she's gaining !!—but is it too late ??
There's the grey and the bay and now look what's happened,
there's three abreast into the straight !!
Now the black streaks ahead !! by a nose !! by a neck !! and
the line !!—and the game is all up !!
Yes, it's Midnight for winner, full length from the second—
black Midnight has taken the Cup !!

"Guy Haydon, on Midnight !! oh! what a fine rider,
from up where the blue Hunter spills
down out from the ranges; he sits well astride her—
that Pegasus horse of the hills.
And both born and bred on the Old Bloomfield station—
what pedigree, rider and horse !!
They are type of the blood that has builded this nation—
the best of the bush and the course !!
When the bally steers break, I am told, she's a crack mare—
and up with the lead all the way;
now again to the fore, yes, bold Midnight, the black mare,
has taken the Cup here today !!"

Black Midnight, the thoroughbred, from Hunter River,
the pick of the Old Bloomfield run:
a century's breeding and bloodlines a-fever
with fortitude second to none;
grit, courage and spirit, and easily fast as
quite anything not born with wings;
and prided with mettle the match of her master's—
Guy Haydon could ride among kings !!
And come nineteen fifteen, with the Empire bells tolling
and Tyranny's tempest uphurled,
Guy Haydon and Midnight, on wide oceans rolling,
sailed forth to the ends of the world. . . .

Ancient Egypt, stone columns and pyramids rising
from dust where old heroes once trod,
in battles, unyielding and uncompromising—
for Allah—for Caesar—for God—
there the world's youngest army, Australia's Lighthorses,
prepared for the breasting of guns
with the best of King's Rifle and Yeomanry forces
to push back the Turk and the Huns.
And 'twas there, 'mid formality, drill and parade, in
the training ground cavalryward,
that the young Hunter River lieutenant, Guy Haydon,
would ride with the bluest of blood. . . .

"To the bend and Lord Essex's charger is showing
but heels to the rest of the race !!
But what's this? Watch that mare from the Colonies going !!
she's gaining !!—what glorious pace !!
The whips are out now and the Englishman's plying
it all for the Union Jack !!
but the black mare is coming !! she's closing !! she's flying !!—
just Essex's horse and the black !!
Now the last run for home and it's straight down the lane and
the Bloomfield mare's opening up !!

The Colonial mare, she has won it again !! and
it's Midnight's—the Cairo Cup !!

"She has done it before, half a mile in a minute !!—
on sand !! she has sinews of steel !!
See her chafe at the curb !! Oh, the chase, to be in it !!—
how grand could a rider but feel ?
Guy Haydon, on Midnight, the black New South Waler,
can best what we British can breed;
the blood of Old Bloomfield has proven the haler—
the stayer—the stamina—speed !!
When we face to the foe with artillery pounding
and sabres unsheathed for the fray,
when we stand to the charge with the rifles resounding,
black Midnight will show all the way !!"

So it was, on the straight in the Beersheba valley,
October, nineteen seventeen,
that great cavalry charge as the Lighthorsemen rally—
a feat to be nevermore seen.
The snuffing of bits and the scenting of water;
they send in the Twelfth and the Fourth;
and Midnight is there in the Twelfth's forward quarter,
abreast to the west of the north.
The finishing line, hard ahead, and all open—
three miles down the straight to the wells;
they start at a trot, and increase to a lope—and
then gallop 'midst bursting of shells.

It is Saladin charging on Richard the Lion
enacted again—one last time;
grim battalions of hooves and the thunder of iron—
and horseman and horse at their prime;
great frothing mouths gaping, eyes bulging, tails streaming,
great hearts feeding gristle and bone;
and bullets about them now, whistling, screaming—
each pair races death, and alone.
And Guy Haydon on Midnight, ahead by a neck !! and
they're flying !! they're first to the lines !!—
a great yawning trench and they're splitting the second—
uplift !!—what a moment defines !!

Hold the finish !! the scene of the bayonets upthrusting !!
one bullet, one enemy gun !!
and the horse, in mid air, with her giant heart busting,
falls dead—and the last race is done !!
And the bullet that's taken the life so courageous
passed through her and wounding her man . . .
and departing the battle for History's pages,
back to where the journey began,
the spirit of Midnight dwells yet in the valleys,
in Bloomfield's green ranges and dells;
and Guy Haydon, Lighthorseman, in memory still rallies
that ultimate race to the wells.

She was the horse that I pressed to the pace
where the crowd in the grandstand enthalls;
she was the horse that I tested in chase
where the whip on the bally steer falls;
she was the horse that bested with grace
the kings in Britannia's halls:
coal black Midnight, who galloped the fiery face
of the rifle and cannonballs;
black Midnight, who galloped the ultimate race
where the colour of Liberty calls.

Henry Lawson Society of NSW Inc Literary Awards 2011

New in 2011:

Emerging/Novice Performance Poets Competition

in addition to

The Leonard Teale Memorial Performance Poetry Competition

THE LAND Short Story Competition

The Visit Mudgee Region Emerging Writers Award

THE LAND Written Poetry Competition

The Visit Mudgee Region Emerging Poets Award

Secondary and Primary Student Sections

School sections close 8th April 2011

Other sections close 30th March 2011



MUDGEE REGION

sensory perfection

THE LAND

Entry forms required in all sections
Please email all enquiries to
henrylawsongulgong@yahoo.com.au
or SSAE to PO Box 235 Gulgong NSW 2852
all enquiries to Cheryl Peters (02) 6374 1213

The late Graham Fredriksen and a few of the numerous trophies, including three Bronze Swaggies that he collected over the years for his writing.



MAGPIE CREEK AIR DISASTER—1943

(c) 2010 Graham Fredriksen

The stockman rode in to the heart of the range,
and the moods of the bushland were silent and strange.
He was searching for something; 'twas cattle, they say,
but something else lured him onwards that day:
the call of "beyond", and he went without will
where the mountains before him rose, ominous, still.

No bridle track led; and the shadows hung deep
in the scrubs to the side where a gorge dropped off steep.
Not a songbird sang out from the tall eucalypt,
and the silence was loud—till a lone whiplbird whipped!
Its echo reverbed like a clarion's shrill—
a cold sun thro' the spotted gums beckoned him still.

He stopped him for dinner camp, kindled a fire,
and pondered the gorge where it wound from on higher.
Then downing his damper and draining his quart,
he turned to his horse and he offered a thought:
"We'll go a bit further, cross over that rill—
there might be just something we'll stumble on still."

There was nothing to mind, there was nothing made sense;
he was miles to the back of the boundary fence.
He was following somewhere that seemed without end,
where seraphim play in a lost world unkened.
'Twas the solstice of winter, 'twas pallid and chill,
as he rounded the spur and all Time . . . stood still.

Turn the clock back five years: hear the jackasses laugh,
and the innocent bush keeps no quiet epitaph.
The hills are in song and the birds are in flight,
with the sun thro' the spotted gums shining so bright.
And, then, high over top of the timberlined hill,
the clouds from the northwards come, eerie, unstill.

The clouds on the highwinds a-drifting on forth;
oh, but ever more dark come the clouds from the north,
for the tempests of War on a faraway land
are casting their shadows, the continent spanned.
And down where calm waters of Magpie Creek spill
thro' the mountains, a storm cloud would shatter the still.

A plane from the battle zones flying to south,
with men who had stared down the cold cannon's mouth;
but one last conflagration was looming ahead,
o'er the gap in the wild Magpie Creek watershed.
Oh! a fusillade roared like the cannons of ill
from sheet lightning and thunder that sundered the still.

It is mad when the rifles and howitzers damn
everything in their sights with their wild oriflamme;
but grim parapet clouds lit like pressed battlements
can deliver as deathly in dire consequence.
The Dakota defiant, one brave pilot's skill,
and they stood to the struggle but lost to it still.



A volley of lightning, a hurricane breeze;
a war paint of silver a-shredding the trees.
A "mayday" sent out that was never received;
a predicament bravery never retrieved.
A shudder, a shatter, a sliver, until
the Dakota was down—she is waiting there still,

As quiet as a grave for five long years, the deep
of the mountains of Magpie their secrets they keep.
And the Magpie Creek sobs and its underbrush shrouds
fourteen men who fell out from the battlement clouds.
Not a bird sings a song from the tall sclerophyll—
they grieve for another bird lying so still.

The stockman rode in to the heart of a tomb
with its epitaph sky on a pale winter gloom.
Fourteen souls and a warbird, so silent and strange—
and the secret was out from the soul of the range.
There was nothing to mind, just a quest to fulfil—
and the seraphs of Magpie watch over them still.

*November 21st, 1943, an American C-47 Dakota aircraft
bound for Brisbane from
the war in New Guinea crashed in a remote part of Magpie
Station, east of Monto.
The wreckage was discovered on June 22nd, 1948 by a stock-
man mustering cattle.*

When "a few words can paint a thousand pictures" — that's
Poetry! (G. Fredriksen)

Vale: Graham Fredriksen

It was with sadness and shock that we learnt of the death of
Graham, at 54. Our heartfelt condolences go out to his family
and large circle of friends.

Graham was well known and a respected contributor to the
Kilcoy Community, and his passing will leave a void in the
culture of not only his beloved Somerset District, but also this
country as a whole.

A very private man, he let his poetry echo his thoughts.
These were many and wide-ranging.
Though he left school early his education was an ongoing
event and produced some of the greatest poetic works this
country has seen.

Graham was a founding member of our club, and one of
our Nations finest Bush Poets, he will be sorely missed.
Born and bred a Farmer, Graham was the Bush in our 'Bush'
Poetry Group.

John Best, North Pine Bush Poets.

Maldon Folk Festival Report for Nov 2010

The Spoken Word

Maldon once again held a striking programme of entertainment over the long weekend including a strong spoken word segment. The 37th annual festival had all the usual trappings of fun, festivities and variety.

The organising committee led by Lynda and Mike can once again take a bow. The only down-side was the weather. It's wonderful to have rain of course but a pain for campers, and it's one of those things we simply adjust to. Like digging little drains around performances areas, wearing gumboots and dodging the mud piles.

Poets' breakfasts were held each morning, ably run by Stephen Whiteside, Ed Walker and yours truly. The poets came from as far away as Tasmania (Michael Manhire) and included a great variety of material from young local Crispin Smyth with a poem about the Burke and Wills Dig tree, to Loretta Leslie (Lawless) with her Celtic take on Halloween.

A newcomer to Maldon Col Driscoll really made his mark with his unique sheep philosophy and Ed Walker arrived with his excellent CD entitled Ruby which is a classic poem in itself. It's wonderful to see poets like Ed, who start out with reciting verse at Festi-

vals, progress to having his own show, then a CD. Who knows what next?

Stephen Whiteside was everywhere with his verse as well as presenting verse from his father Arthur Dean, and has just published a small volume entitled *The Brigadier's Horse* and other poems from the Western Front. Other poets included

Tom O'Connor from Swan Hill with his intense bush verse, Ted Horton with his Puffing Billy delights, the ubiquitous Campbell the swaggy, Scritch and many others.



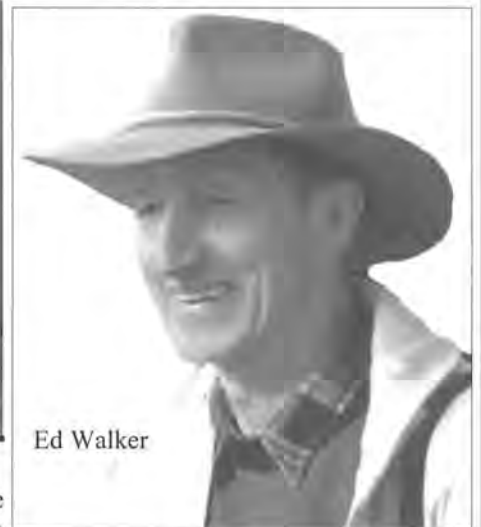
a very impressionable judge. Verse at the Rotunda was a quiet affair, but will undoubtedly grow in the future

I presented *On the Edge* a performance about Henry Lawson as well as a children's show *It rock's its cool it's PPPoetry* which was well received.

The Australian poetry Omnibus presented a selection of poetry and workshops hosted by Andy Jackson and Ross Donlon. The wealth of material was staggering and paid tribute to the vast array of styles in the spoken word genre.

I didn't get a chance to see a lot of music, but the list of performers was staggering. Monday at the Penny School saw the talents of Pennyweight with Tony English, who is not John English's love child. They were followed by Wheelers and Dealers who were stunning and the piece de resistance Mathew Fagan jamming with Juan Martinez who were totally awesome.

Geoffrey W Graham



Ed Walker

Colin Carrington did justice to the Yarn Event in the Courthouse and made

Hunter Bush Poetry Festival

according to all who took part or attended was an absolute treat!

The unseasonable gale force weather didn't ruffle anyone's feathers as although held at the showground (Morisset), all was under cover.

The Yarn-spinning kicked things off around the campfires and a very moving performance from Tom Hamilton took the money. Des Kelly kept us all singing and laughing along while club stalwarts Val and Ted Wallace shared their huge 50th wedding anniversary chocolate cake with us all.

Saturday's performance comp moved comfortably inside the Arts and Crafts

pavilion with stage decorations adding to the country atmosphere. The whole comp went like clockwork and Ellis Campbell was in outstanding form to take the overall Men's Champion and Jacqui Warnock, the Women's.

Winner of the Written Humorous went to Will Moody and the Serious to Don Crane. Claire Reynolds became the Club Champion for the second year running. All were pleased to see Frank Daniel perform pretty close to his old form and scored places in several sections. Welcome back, mate!

The audience was amazed when 'Her Majesty the Queen', (comedienne Harriet Littlesmith) in full royal regalia opened the Gala Concert and gave a hilarious speech.

Creme-de-la-creme poets Garry Lowe, Carol Heuchan and Greg North gave great entertainment as did country singer Des Kelly.

Despite organiser Carol Heuchan having to battle a disorganised showground trust that double booked the grounds and were, to say the least, 'difficult' to deal with, Carol battled through it, and the Poet's Brekky on Sunday morning was well not only well attended but proved hugely popular.

Cards and emails have been flowing in, thanking the committee (and Carol in particular) for a weekend smorgasboard of laughter, song, camaraderie and of course, great poetry.

WORN OUT STOCKMAN DREAMING

© John Davis - Winning entry in the
2010 Nandewar Written competition.



My stock whip and my bridle
on a peg are hanging idle,
and my saddle's in the rafters with the leather stiff and dry.
My saddlecloth is molded in small squares lying folded,
with my saddle bag and quart pot on a dusty shelf nearby.

I turn around and sadly gaze out to where my stock horse lays,
on a hillside in the paddock white bones shining in the sun.
With a nostalgic feeling of the days when I'd be wheeling
the mob into the holding yard at evening on the run.

So I'll take my gear out side to clean and polish it with pride
until the leather's soft and supple; the buckles shine like new.
Then I'll saddle a willing horse and again I'll be a force
in the mustering camp and yards; show them just what I can do.

Every morning I will ride mustering where the scrubbers hide
to throw the Mickey's by the tail when they try to get away.
Then at the station I'll work hard branding clean skins in the yard
and will have earned that ice cold beer when I've finished for the day.

At night I'll sleep contented feeling I've been reinvented
waking up relaxed and fresh before the start of every day.
Horses saddled, breakfast done, long ere we greet the rising sun
riding out again to muster as the dawn mists blow away.

There's a job that needs attention, perhaps I'd better mention
no one's broken any colts this year, a job we'd best begin
by mustering the horses from along the watercourses
and yard them at the station where we can break the youngsters in.

They'll be wet with sweat and foam by the time we get them home
for they'll be fast and full of fire and the riding will be hard.
When we wheel them around the wing you will hear our stock whips ring
as they gallop along the fence and race into the yard.

When we've cut out those we need we'll turn the rest out onto feed
where the mares can live contented rearing next year's crop of foals.
We'll put the youngsters to the test; find the ones who are the best
and most willing smartest movers, those with the bravest souls.

I can hear the poultry squawking; hear the boss's missus talking,
trying to calm those foolish hens as she gathers up the eggs.
While I shake my head and curse I call myself a fool and worse
sitting on a rusty bucket resting my old aching legs.

Now it's just about sundown and out across the paddocks brown
I can see the rain clouds building; there'll be rain this afternoon.
As it's almost end of day I'd better put my gear away
in the harness shed behind me because rain will be here soon.

As the rain starts softly falling I hear the old cook calling
to me from the station kitchen where I'm mostly now employed.
Washing dishes, mopping floors, attending to a slushies chores,
a job that is so different to the work I once enjoyed.

I hear the boys all laughing talking as I'm slowly walking
limping towards the kitchen leaning heavily on my cane.
My gear's now soft and gleaming, just a worn out stockman dreaming,
reliving memories from the past, things I can't do again.

ANOTHER CHRISTMAS

You see it on the greeting cards
The frost, the furs, the sleigh
As I recall when I was young
That was the Irish way
But mum and dad saw better times
And took me by the hand
And journeyed far upon the tide,
To a new and distant land

Here there was no freezing snow,
When Christmas time drew near
While seafood and an ice cold drink,
Became our festive cheer
We'd listen to our parents yarn
And stories they would tell
As bushfire smoke upon the breeze,
Became our yuletide smell

Children scamper round the tree
With gifts that never end
And those we'd hardly spoken to
Were treated as a friend
We were different folks for those few days,
Wonder why -and then
I remind myself its all about,
The child of Bethlehem

I gaze upon the empty seats,
Where loved ones no longer sit
And remember names with glistening tears
When the Advent candle's lit
It doesn't hurt to pray a while
For all who have now gone
They may have left their earthly haunts
But their souls will live on

Now I am old and slowing down
With grandkids of my own
It always seems a mystery
Where the time has flown
As the youngsters fall asleep
I pop a well earned beer
And in the Aussie style I thank the Lord
I've lived another year

Nollaig Shona Dhuit to all
From the man in the Green Hat
TOMAS HAMILTON

And . . . from *'Watty'!*

My poetical mind did a ramble,
and I entered a 'comp' as a gamble.
They wrote a reply,
saying 'What a good try -
but the winner was young Ellis Campbell'.



Profile

John 'The Joker' Pampling

I was born in Ipswich in March 1947. The youngest of five children. At the time Dad was being retrained as a cabinet maker/ joiner after his discharge from the RAAF, he then obtained work in the Ipswich Railway Workshops as a carriage builder working on rail motors, where he remained until his retirement. We lived only a short distance from the rail yards, and often played there on weekends.

In a family of five children, most of school age or less, money was tight but we enjoyed a good upbringing. As a youngster I had a pretty tough time health wise, meningitis as a baby, polio at five and at eight epilepsy which lasted well into my adult life. Educated at North Ipswich State School I was not a good student, and left school after year seven. As the foreword in my second book, was written by my year three teacher will attest, because of my lack of education I could only get work as a junior storeman and later on shop assistant eventually working my way up to department manager. I later was employed as a janitor/grounds man at Brassall Primary

THE NIGHT SANTA GOT STUCK

© JOHN "THE JOKER" PAMPLING 271105

*I still recall one Christmas night, when woken from my dream,
The red lights flashed, the sirens wailed and I heard Santa scream.
When climbing down our chimney he just couldn't get back out.
The poor old bloke was stuck real tight and then he gave a shout.*

*The reindeer all took off real fast, they couldn't stand the noise,
And racing off across the sky they scattered all the toys.
The Ambo's and the Coppers came, the fire fighters too.
The brought a ten tonne crane as well, but he was stuck like glue.*

*They dropped a rope right down the spout with hook tied on real tight.
Then latched onto the old bloke's belt and pulled with all their might.
But it was all to no avail they couldn't get him out.
Dad got a drum of mower oil and tipped it down the spout.*

*And so they said we'll try again and gave a mighty heave.
The old boy wasn't 'bout to go, seemed he lust wouldn't leave.
Our Mum then thought she'd have a go and pushed him with her
broom.*

That didn't work, it got stuck too, inside that tiny room.

*So Grandad said, "We'll build a fire and put the billy on.
When it builds up a head of steam the old boy will be gone."
And so it was the pressure built, we heard a mighty BOOM!
And Santa Claus was on his way, still clinging to Mum's broom.*

School until my early retirement in 1995.

I married in 1972 and raised three children. 2 boys and 1 girl. Our marriage broke down and we separated in 1996. Eighteen months later I met my new wife Lesley and moved to Redcliffe. Soon after I started writing. My early works were not good bush poetry and after joining North Pine Bush Poets with help from poets like Noel Stallard and Susanne Honour I improved greatly. I self published my first book 'The Colours of Australia' in 2004 and in 2006 The Joker 'Writes Again' and also a CD of the same title. And I am planning to publish a third book soon.

My inspiration comes from life experiences and stories told to me. I have been told that there are times when one has to be serious, but I try not to make a habit of it.

NANDEWAR POETRY RESULTS

Dear Frank,
the Nandewar Poetry award winners were announced at the Old Gaol Museum on Saturday 2nd October.

The winning poem 'Worn Out Stockman Dreaming' was written by John Davis 2nd Place went to David Campbell with 'Earthsong'. 3rd Place went to Hazel Strachan with 'Koori Girl'

David Campbell also received a Highly Commended with 'Slanguage'.

Once again we received a pleasing number of entries all of which were of very high quality.

Regards

Max Pringle

My **APOLOGIES** to Jennifer Haig whom I failed to acknowledge as the author of '**Diamonds in the Dust**' in the October issue of the magazine. Sorry Jen. Kind regards, Frank.



Jennifer Haig



Joan Adrian of Penrith NSW sent the accompanying poem 'That Hat' and a message to say how much she enjoyed belonging to the ABPA.

Her father (pictured) in the poem was born in Burwood NSW and lived to 89 years.

Joan is now in her 86th year and only found poetry quite recently and submitted her poem 'just for fun'.

(Goodonya Joan, and thank you very much.) Ed.

'THAT HAT'

by Joan Adrian of Penrith NSW

My dear father had a hat,
rather tattered from old age.
Had been spruce and fashionable
at an one stage.
Now dedicated for wearing during hobbies
and only that.

His life's work as a banker
Canberra's manager his last post,
but weekends he'd be found
in a place that he loved most,
in his garden enjoying peace profound

One day when there with such hat donned
came along one of mother's tea party folk.
"Excuse me, Sir, but could you give to me
two hours for my garden" she spoke,
not knowing that it was Father
beneath that rustic hat.

Laughter came, as recognition dawned,
and they agreed,
that fine feathers
must make that fine bird breed.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

**Kathy Vallance
Neil McArthur
and Noel Bull
at the 2010
St. Arnaud
Bush Poet's
breakfast**



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DAVID MILTON MEYERS

DAVIDMILTON MEYERS

Born 2 December 1946

Died 23 September 2010

David Meyers, a much loved and much respected member of the poetry community and many other communities, passed away aged 63 after being diagnosed with cancer five and a half weeks earlier.

Dave featured regularly at NSW and ACT Folk Festivals and poetry events, the Top End Festivals in Darwin and The Alice, and at all manner of local gigs in Canberra, Queanbeyan and district. He leaves a fine collection of poems which will no doubt continue to be performed in the future. In the mid-nineties, he took over as convenor of the Queanbeyan Bush Poets from Elaine Delaney and ironically, he passed away on the evening of the fourth Thursday of the month, the regular meeting night of the QBP.

When he set out on his remarkable retirement about 15 years ago, he demonstrated that we can all make a mark in our own way without resorting to fanfare. Most people weren't aware of his wide ranging interests as he was never one to carry on about his achievements. There was Dave the poet, the singer-guitarist, the folkie, the Shiny Bum Singer, the drummer, the writer, the historian, the organiser, the convenor, the MC for all occasions, the behind-the-scenes worker, and just the good bloke.

Canberra and district have several monthly music and poetry nights and Dave would never have arrived at these intending to become the MC, but somehow, he would usually end up becoming the MC. At poetry and music events he

was always prepared to be Act 1 while the rest of us (go on, admit to it) preferred to wait a little until the crowd built up.

As well as a poet he was an accomplished singer-guitarist, performing many of his own songs, and as a founding member of the legendary Shiny Bum Singers, he shone as a writer of parodies in his 10 years there, and was a member of the Canberra Country Music Association.

Dave had a special relationship with Queanbeyan and was involved with The Migrant Resource Centre, the Multi-Cultural Festivals in Queanbeyan and Goulburn and he sat on the Queanbeyan Cultural Advisory Committee.

He assisted over many years with the Duke of Edinburgh Awards. Maureen Burdett from the D of E Awards tells the story that one of the participants from Portugal wanted to see Mt Kosciuszko. He had worked with Dave all week and on the week-end, Dave drove him up to the mountains and together they walked to the top. There would be a myriad of other stories of Dave putting himself out for others.

Dave the Historian wrote "A Score and a Half of Folk", the history of the Monaro Folk Society in Canberra in 2004, and this year he wrote "Lairds, Lags and Larrikins", a history of the early settlers on the Limestone Plains where Canberra now stands. This book was launched by His Excellency Michael Bryce at Government House in June.



Typically Dave never bragged about that, but we've all made good use of our bragging rights when we were invited to the launch and met the GG and her husband.

As poets we will all miss his dry sense of humour, his dry, laconic, endearing, performance style, and we'll all be jealous that we weren't the author of many of his best lines. I don't know who runs the gigs where you're going Dave but we all know you'll be Act 1.

Our thoughts go with his partner Susan, who added so much to Dave's life in recent years, and with his family.

Laurie McDonald.

St. ARNAUD Vic.

On Sunday 7th November a very successful walk-up poet's breakfast was held at the St. Arnaud Sporting Club.

It was hosted by Neil McArthur who, with his wit and humour had the entire audience in stitches much of the morning. Neil was very ably supported by 6 walk up poets, Les James (Shepparton), Noel Bull (Musk), Ron Arnott (Deer Park) and Kathy Vallance, Joy Steer and Kevin Cadzow, St. Arnaud.

Most of the poetry was of a humorous nature, but the audience was just as appreciative of the more traditional style of poem and original efforts as well.

Some of the walk up poets have now had quite a bit of experience, performing each year at the Mildura Country Music Festival and have shown steady improvement over the years. Two were among the place-getters in the Victorian Championships held recently in Wedderburn.

Our aim at St. Arnaud is to keep our breakfast's a walk up affair, such breakfasts are few and far between but have an important role in enabling walk-up artists the opportunity to develop their stage skills and confidence before entering competition level, should they so desire.

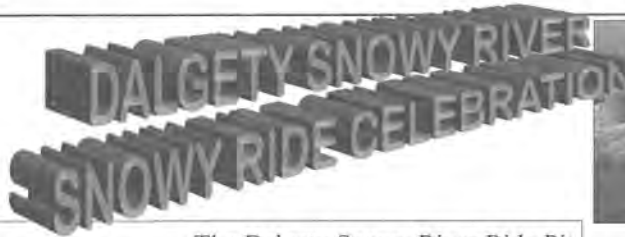
This is the 4th year the Poet's Break-

fast has been held in conjunction with the St. Arnaud Country Music Festival and both are growing every year.

St. Arnaud is a small country town steeped in the history of the gold rush era and situated in Central Victoria bordering the Wimmera region, approx 100 kms. from major centres including Horsham, Bendigo and Ballarat.



Tomas Hamilton was born in Dublin and came to Australia as a youngster. In 1966 he became involved in the folk scene mainly interested in Irish and bush ballads. It was not until 1996 that he became serious about writing his own material and made up for lost time by releasing six albums of own works over the next few years, the latest titled "Glasnevin's Grey Walls ", with backing group "Navan Road". The title song he wrote in Dublin in 2007 after a hectic Easter week schedule performing in Dublin's pubs, including "Darky Kelly's" and Ned O'Shea's "The Merchant." The song was written in response to his mother who asked him why he had never written a song about Dublin. Nine months after writing the song he sang it at his mothers funeral. Tomas's music reflects his Irish heritage, living in the bush and military service. Although not a Vietnam Veteran, the feelings of those who served are reflected in a number of his songs, such as "The Long Tan Hymn " which has become the anthem of many a Vietnam Veteran's Day Service.



The Dalgety Snowy River Ride Pit Stop in November was a great success. In a last minute bid to keep our heritage alive on the Snowy River, Lee Taylor-Friend sent out an SOS to poets for support.

Bush Poetry with Allan Stone was a real hit along with live music from the fabulous 'Barstars' who kept feet tapping.

A heritage display told the verbal and visual stories of the local area, and the delicious tucker from the Dalgety P&C sold out.

Thanks must go to everyone who entered the online poetry competition with the 'Horsepower' theme.

The winners were:

First place in the Pee Wee (Primary) section was Georgia Heeley (Dalgety Primary School) with 'Midnight Ride'.

Elliot Pearson and Maddy Kirschner from DPS were highly commended. A commended certificate went to Spencer Walker-Brooze (DPS).

The Open Section, the 500cc class, was won by Kym Eitel with 'Rocket and the Flea'

Highly Commended was Leonie Parker and Kym Eitel.

Commended went to Zondrae King.

Lee sends her many thanks to the ABPA Inc. and the poets who kindly donated books and CD's for presentation to guests and performers. Among them being Gregory North, Frank Daniel, Kathy Edwards, David Campbell, Brenda Joy, Roger Illott, Penny Davies and the written competition judge Carol Heuchan.

Sponsors were the Berridale Inn, Cooma Trophy and Gift Centre, Caltex Berridale, High Country Press, Jean Gannon, Snowy River Echo, Buckley's Crossing Hotel and the Snowy River Holiday Park.

Special thanks to the Snowy Ride and riders who do so much to help so many.

We appreciate your support and look forward to seeing you next year.

Dalgety P&C

WHISPER CREEK

(REVISED POETRY FORMAT)

I came upon a country church I knew from years ago
And go back to my childhood and watch the memories flow
No one ever comes here now the tombstones they stand guard
Over a congregation that lies buried in its yard

Father Riley drove me here to serve at Sunday Mass
First he heard confessions while I taught the altar class
You could hear the cries of children playing hide and seek
But when they were marched inside you barely heard a squeak

The men all huddled in a group and talked about the "Royal"
In fresh pressed suits their skin scrubbed clean of a hard weeks
sweat and toil
T'was a different country then the bush it seemed to thrive
Through the worst that nature could impose all managed to survive

Ma Bailey played the old time hymns we'd bellow every word
And a muffled cough from "Changi" could now and then be heard
Afterwards a breakfast the best of country fare
To break the long communion fast that left our bellies bare

Well Father Riley's long since gone his brogue we'll no longer hear
A voice that often made us laugh or sometimes quake in fear
He sleeps in eternal peace far from his native land
An empty church for all his work is hard to understand

And at midnight when all is calm and a pale moon rides high
The old priest calls his flock again above the she-oaks cry
The ghosts they all assemble to their pews they quietly creep
For they have never left this church on the banks of Whisper Creek

The old church is silent now its crows the only sound
It stood the test of flood and fire for it stands on hallowed ground
But time has passed the old place by the faithful have all gone
But in the church at Whisper Creek the spirit lingers on

TOMAS HAMILTON 10/6/10



Will Carter

Poet, Teacher, Journalist

After searching newspapers, school records and family history files for two years a window revealing a new glimpse backwards to a past era has just opened. Ron and Catherine Frew of the Tumbaramba Historical Society have just published *SCHOOLS OF THOUGHT - the life and writings of Will Carter*.

Will Carter was born and grew up in the 1870s on the Middle Adelong goldfields where his ex mariner father tried his hand in numerous local pubs, goldmines and small farms. Will owned the first bicycle in Adelong. He became a compulsive writer, poet and storyteller who knew and admired writers from Henry Lawson to Stella Miles Franklin. His writing had a devoted following in numerous country and metropolitan newspapers including the *Bulletin* where he was published alongside writers like Lawson, 'the Breaker' Morant, and A B Paterson. Like many writers of his time many of his works were disguised by newly revealed pseudonyms.

Will Carter was elected the founding president of the Henry Lawson Society having long held a great sympathy for the poet as he battled poverty, alcoholism, depression and even several spells in gaol. In November 1904 the *Bulletin* published Will's encouragement to his mate who seemed to be 'coming back.'

RIDING BACK

Will Carter

You have been away a season,
And you left us no address.
You had vanished with your bluey from
the track.

There were horses in the stable,
There were friends around the table –
But we missed you and we're glad
you're coming back.

Some declared that you had travelled
On an avalanche to hell,
And sighed, "Poor Harry Lawson," and
"Alack!"

But you've ridden o'er the waters,
You have left the devil's quarters
And Australia greets you riding - riding
back.

There are nights that know no measure,
There are days that have no end,
There are faintings after fury of attack.
But again across the ranges,
After storm and after changes,
Comes our brother, Harry Lawson, rid-
ing back.

Carter the poet was a teacher who preferred turning playground sugar-doodles in the tiniest of bush schools at places like Lower Tarcutta, Wondalga, Courabyra, and Batlow, Sutton Forest and Kurrajong to his work pioneering the first NSW Correspondence School. His teaching methods exemplified what has become known as the 'golden age' of the New Education.

Forty years of teaching and retirement summoned a new career. Carter became a full time journalist with the *Propeller* at Hurstville from whence his writings spread far and wide.

Schools of Thought is his story and that of his family, telling of the times in which they lived, and the characters he knew. The story is told directly, using contemporary reports and seventy two of Will Carter's own poems plus many extracts from his prose works.

The book launch at Artists on Parade Gallery in Tumbarumba was a celebration of bush poetry with a number of poets reciting the poetry of Will Carter and others.

See page 22.

PRELUDE II

(c) Graham Fredriksen 1956 – 2010

I have played this life in simple verse
refined in rhyme; my stage is
the journey. Fellow Travellers,
I have gilded ye these pages—
I have come not in the quest of Fame,
for all the fame I'd earn in
a thousand lives could not reclaim
one good life's halls of learning.

I am but a humble artisan
of Words, and as I tell it,
they represent but no more than
the colours on my palette.
I have built a ladder to the stars;
I have seen the wide world turning;
from mountain tops to all-night bars—
a lifetime's halls of learning.

I have seen a thousand campfires stirred
as winds of Changes blew in
across the borders, grey and blurred,
of Time—a foggy ruin.
I have tramped on tracks I shouldn't've;
perhaps a more discerning
rake might find but one true love—
but ah! . . . the halls of learning.

I ride, perhaps, a wayward bus—
conditioning, not habit;
Friend Knowledge states the obvious:
Adventure calls, then grab it.
I have travelled to the Outer Edge
to quell some greater yearning;
grim footprints on an icy ledge—
behold . . . the halls of learning.

I have seen my lone Endeavour wrecked
on the beach of Begging Chances;
Horizons—Dreams—I introspect,
still searching for the answers.
And, from my castles in the air,
I have seen the bridges burning
above the moat of Dark Despair—
therein . . . the halls of learning.

Yet, lighting to life's Challenges,
here, from my candled garret,
I have laid it bare, the way it is—
my soul—in verse to share it.
I have climbed my ladder, found my
star;
the winds of Time adjourning
like phantoms through my repertoire—
these are . . . my Halls of Learning.

PROUSTY WINS IN USA

On a recent trip to the USA Dave "Prousty" Proust entered the National Cowboy Poetry Rodeo in Montrose Colorado, which he won.

He and the organiser Sam Jackson had been emailing each other for some time after Sam contacted him via his website. "My main concern was that the American's wouldn't understand my Aussie Accent, but Sam, via email, assured me that it would not be a problem. On our arrival in the States at our relatives in Philadelphia, I rang Sam and he couldn't understand a word I said.

I turned to my wife Therese and said "This is going to be a disaster."

Thankfully the audience and judges could make out most of what he was saying and after the first day he had made it through to the finals in 4 of the 8 sections of the competition. His humorous poem "Surfie in The Outback" about a long haired surfie going to the outback and riding a Brahman bull by standing up and even hanging five was a big hit.

The Man from Snowy River, our wonderful Australian Classic was recited with amazing energy. "I knew I only had 6 minutes so I decided to take the audience and Judges on the ride of their lives" Prousty said, and it worked.

Prousty ended the competition with two first place positions, one second place and he won the "shootout" a winner take all competition with a top score of 110.5. He also took out the All Round Cowboy Poet Award for the most money won over the weekend. Not bad for a little Aussie battler!

The judging was very strict on the Cowboy content of the Cowboy Poetry, and Prousty was marked down heavily in several sections, not fitting their strict criteria (there has to be at least one horse), although the judges and the audience enjoyed the Aussie Bush Poetry very much. One of the sections was won by American Steve Porter who recited the Aussie Classic "The Pearl of Them All" (by Will Ogilvie) and did a great job.

"I had a great time and met some terrific people; from all over the states and even Canada, the Cowboy Poetry was a wonderful interlude during our American road trip", commented Dave, "and we

would love to go back again one day."

www.prousty.com

33 Boos Rd

Forrester's Beach NSW 2260

02 4384 5689



ILLAWARRA BREAKFAST POETS

Every Wednesday at 7am in a little hall, beside the Coniston railway station, 'Illawarra Breakfast Poets' meet. At first some of us thought that weekly meetings would be too often, but the founding members discovered it just right and are still going strong, after three years. Even the 7am start seems to work, with numbers of poets attending increasing. At first there were just 8 of us. Now we often have 16 and usually 12 or 13 enthusiastic poets are in attendance. The early start also accommodates those who work.

The formula we have settled on sees a topic chosen each week for us to write about. We refer to this as our 'homework'. We begin at 7am Members can report on Festivals, competition results (specially if they have been successful), other events or personal news. At around 7.15 we commence to read in turn, our poem of the week. Then we vote on which poem we like from the

Some of the Illawarra Breakfast Poets group



readings. The prize is the coveted DPA (Distinguished Poets Award). This is a small, slender, beautifully crafted, wooden trophy (not unlike the sticks used in paddle pops) hand engraved (with biro) to state the winners name, the

date and the topic. The DPA is much sought after and has been awarded internationally. Through the wonders of email we have several members who contribute to our 'homework' from a distance. These are from all over Australia and one

NOBBY 2010 The third annual bush poetry gathering was held October at the historic Rudd's Pub, Nobby..

Important for its connection to Steele Rudd of "Dad and Dave" fame, there's a great atmosphere in this small, rural township thirty kilometres south of Toowoomba, Queensland.

Publicans Sam and Robyn Little, hosted and sponsored the event which was organized by poet Ron Selby.

Recitals of Steele Rudd stories highlighted the Saturday competition as did the magnificent trophies crafted by Ron Selby.

Brenda Joy was the only female poet present, but the judges declared it 'Ladies' Day' as she took out 'Performer of the Meet' with first places in the Steele Rudd Storytelling and in Original Poetry and second places behind Kevin Dean in the Traditional and Modern sections. Kevin also got a third in Original. The other place-getters were Alex Carmichael, Ken Hood and Brian Weir.

The fun continued on the Saturday night with resident honky tonk pianist Greg Kruger on the keys and again on Sunday morning with a poet's brekky run by Dan Thompson.

Congratulations and well done to Kelly Walters of the Uralla Bowling Club for a successfully organized and well conducted inaugural bush poetry competition.



Held at the Uralla Bowlo at the end of October it was a new addition to the annual Thunderbolt Festival which celebrates the life and times of one of our notorious bushrangers, Frederick Ward, Captain Thunderbolt.

There was a good collection of poets and some top performances in both the original and traditional sections with iconic poets such as Ogilvie, Lawson and O'Brien represented.

It is intended to make this an annual event and if the success of the first effort is any example this comp could grow into one not to be missed.

from Cornwall UK. We have also had, for a time, a young lad from Sri Lanka, a gent from Israel and a gent from Ireland. Visitors are welcome and we stop for a cuppa and a short chat at 8am.

Several of our members are also members of the ABPA and perform their original work at Folk Festivals and have also been successful in written competitions. Recently Hazel Strachan has, in spite of being in her 80s, placed third in the Nandewar written comp with a poem titled 'Koori Girl'.

We put in a modest \$3 each to pay for the rent, and the coffee and tea, we have a lucky door prize and members all help by donating books, home grown produce or 'anything at all' for the prize. We have become a

solid core of friends and, through our contribution at several local events, are now being invited to perform in the local area. Recently three members performed at the bi-monthly concert for the Illawarra Folk Club at the City Diggers in Wollongong. We were also asked to be supporting act for Greg North at a lunchtime concert to promote the Illawarra Folk Festival.

We welcome anyone who would like to come along. If you write please bring their poetry. Then either watch and listen or jump right in and become a member of 'Illawarra Breakfast Poets.' If you are just passing through Wollongong please pop in. See you there,

Zondrae King
A woman of Words

BOOK LAUNCH

Bessie Jennings launched her fifth book of verse in October, 'Country Ways in the Good Old Days' - at the Sea Acres Rainforest Centre, Port Macquarie with the support of the local Fellowship of Australian Writers.

Ellis Campbell of Dubbo kindly wrote the Foreword. The book includes this title piece:



COUNTRY WAYS, IN THE GOOD OLD DAYS

Never had no packaged foods from supermarket shelves;
no microwaves, no lap-tops or TV;
never had no frozen dinners - cooked our food ourselves;
but fun was *fun*, and mostly it was *free!*

Never needed gym machines to give us exercise;
just plain old-fashioned *working* kept us trim;
never had computer games, and never had square eyes;
got fit out in the paddock, not the gym.

Never lived in mansions, and our homes were never flash.
If neighbours were in strife, we'd help them out.
Never had no credit cards; we paid by cheque or cash;
and if we lacked the funds, we *did without*.

Never had no e-mail; only snail-mail and a pen;
we kept in touch in good old country ways:
met our neighbours face-to-face, or phoned them now and then;
had time to *listen*, in the good old days.

No 'recorded messages' to keep us 'holding on';
we spoke to *human beings*, on the phone.
If, like me, you're sorry that those good old days are gone,
I'm glad to know that I am *not alone*.

SUPPORTING CHILDREN'S POETRY

Bessie Jennings of Port Macquarie had the honour of judging children's entries in this year's state-wide Hilaire Lindsay Poetry Competition, run by NSW Fellowship of Australian Writers.

Over 70 poems were entered, from many schools, in four categories: (1) Years 10-12, (2) Years 7-9; (3) Years 5 and 6; (4) Years 4 and under. Some children wrote in traditional style with rhythm and rhyme; others in modern free-verse style. Two of the prize-winners were free-verse poets; the other two were excellent examples of traditional rhyming verse. Bessie has been looking forward to presenting the winners with their cash prizes in December, in Sydney.



THE BRIGADIER'S HORSE

and other poems from the Western Front
by Arthur Dean - Compiled by Stephen Whiteside

In 1915, having completed his Law degree, Arthur Dean enlisted in the army to serve in World War I. He was sent to the Western Front, where he fought in the famous Battle of Pozieres. While there, he wrote a number of rhyming verse poems. Some of these were published in the trench newspaper, 'The Rising Sun'. One, 'The Brigadier's Horse', won Arthur a prize of £3, and he received the news in a letter from war historian CEW Bean.

Born in Merino in western Victoria in 1893, this son of a country school teacher and his wife eventually became a Supreme Court Judge, and

Chancellor of the University of Melbourne. He was knighted in 1960, and died in 1970.

None of the poems has been published since, and they have never been published together. Now his grandson, Stephen Whiteside (also a rhyming poet), has published Arthur Dean's poems as a book.

To purchase your copy, send \$19.95 (plus \$2 packaging and postage) to:

Stephen Whiteside, 15 Hilltop Avenue Glen Iris, Vic. 3146 P
H : 03.9885.9414 Email: swhiteside@netspace.net.au

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at

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- Intermediate
- Novice
- Junior Categories (U/ 8 Yrs. & 8 Yrs to U/16 Yrs.)
- Yarn Spinning
- Duo Competition
- One Minute Cup



BUSH LANTERN AWARD - WRITTEN COMPETITION FOR BUSH VERSE

and BUSH LANTERN AWARD - JUNIOR CATEGORY - Primary & Secondary School Students

**Closing date for written
Competitions May 20th, 2011.**
Results announced on July 10th
at Muster week-end.

Competition Enquiries

SSAE to:
Bundaberg Poets' Society Inc.
PO Box 4281
BUNDABERG SOUTH 4670

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

All phone or e.mail enquiries:

Bette Shiels (Muster Co-ordinator) .. 07 41553293 or bette.shiels@bigpond.com
Sandy Lees (Assist. Co-ordinator) .. 07 41514631 or lees@fastel.com.au
Jan Facey (Secretary) .. 0418152777 or janfacey@bigpond.com.au
or the ABPA website www.abpa.org.au

The Bundaberg Poets' Society Inc. is proudly supported by Across the Waves Sports Club

MOONLIGHT MUSTER

(Ellis Campbell, 2010.

Winner of Victorian State Written Championship, 2010

I dozed a bit but soon awoke, a little after midnight's stroke,
and saddled up my horse beside his stall.

The Southern Cross and Milky Way to southward of the stock-
yards lay -
an eeriness pervaded over all.

All Jack's instructions long since heard, no ghostly figure spoke
a word -
like silhouettes four silent horsemen etched
against the distant skyline's rim. I rode beside old Fred and Jim,
our nerves like tensioned wires tightly stretched:

The night was still, devoid of breeze—the moon hung low
above the trees -
our horses' hooves clopped faintly on the ground.
No matches flared to light a smoke, the saddle creaked, but no
one spoke -
though every rider knew where we were bound.

And Jack alone of all our crew was versed in what we had to do
to muster up the Scabby Gully mob.
Scrub bulls and mickeys*, cows and steers had roamed this
wilderness for years,
in thickly timbered scrub beyond the knob.

These knew this scrubland—every inch—from Baldry Knob to
Stony Pinch -
sought instant cover if a man drew near.
They scattered when a horseman stirred among the trees, this
flighty herd
would melt into the scrub and disappear.

A stockman of complete resource—Jack signalled from his
chestnut horse,
beyond the shadows near a moonlit glade.
Far less adept and quite untried, us others riding by his side
were phantoms in an eerie masquerade.

Jack's upraised hand our sign to halt—prepare ourselves for
this assault
inside a silvered patch of open ground.
Jack bellowed like a tortured calf that dingoes almost tore in
half
and suddenly we heard the strangest sound.

From belts of timber everywhere wild cattle's crashing rent the
air -
bulls bellowed in an anguished slavered moan.
A dingo howled to join the fray in stark response to Jack's dis-
play
of mimicry the likes we'd never known.

A motley mob, they milled around, perplexed by Jack's authen-
tic sound -
the mass of surging beasts a sight to see.
From gully's depths and rocky hill we heard more cattle com-
ing still,
the horsemen moved as silent as can be.

Bewildered by Jack's rare decoy the herd succumbed before his
ploy,

though warily they stamped with some distrust.
They jostled with an anxious stride and bellowed low, quite
mystified,
as nervously they milled among the dust.

From every point the beasts emerged but never horseman spoke
or urged
his mount to move beyond a walking pace.
The branded cattle mixed among the scrubber ones more highly
strung
helped soothe the herd within this moonlit space.

All knew to speak a single word would spook this feral bovine
herd
and send them crashing through the scrub again.
Like eerie spectres everyone rode slowly till the mob begun
to drift toward a stretch of open plain.

The lowing cattle drifting slow weaved shadows in the
moonlight's glow,
all moved beneath the riders' silent guard.
The fences loomed on either side and now the stockmen all
could ride
behind the mob into the cattle yard.

Next day revealed a pleasing sight—the herd we'd captured
overnight -
wild Brahman bulls and bony cows galore.
On spinifex where most stock starves fierce mickeys, steers and
stunted calves
had ranged for years in valleys no one saw.

Those days are gone, so is the scrub—no longer vine and
stunted shrub
afford the straying cattle camouflage.
The paddocks lined by fences strong that roving Brahmans
string along—
repelled from roaming scrublands wild and large.

Now often when the moon is bright I dream about that long—
gone night
and hear again Jack bellow like a calf.
A mighty stockman passed beyond the weight of any earthly
bond -
and who am I to write his epitaph?

This story is based on an episode of skilful display by Jim
Wormwell, a stockman extraordinary
*Mickey. Young scrub bull

and from *'Watty'* again.

A PALTRY POEM

It was Christmas time in the chook-house,
and the hens had trouble to sleep,
for they had one eye on the farmer,
and the axe and the bock by the 'heap'.
They shuddered at thoughts of tomorrow,
as they whispered and cackled and clucked,
then old mother hen said is for them
"Tomorrow I think we'll be plucked.

2010 VICTORIAN OPEN BUSH POETRY & SONG CHAMPIONSHIPS REPORT

Betty Walton and Russell Heathcote are the Victorian Champion Bush Poets for 2010/2011 and have won complimentary season ticket to the National Folk Festival at Easter in Canberra.

The Victorian Open Bush Poetry & Song Championships were held over the weekend of 15 - 17 October 2010. Poets and songsters travelled long distances, but the shocking weather conditions affected attendance.

The weekend began with an intimate Friday afternoon concert for a small audience from the Charlton Planned Activities Group followed by a Yarn-spinning competition interspersed with musical items. Betty Walton from Tintalra was the winner, Russell Heathcote from Sale second and Ken Jones from Bendigo third. Thanks to our judges Robina & Rob, from local arts group 'Warts n All'.

Saturday morning kicked off with a poets' breakfast, hosted by Colin Driscoll.

Geoffrey Graham as a very capable MC for the competition and first was the Traditional Poem section. The judges, Michael Darby, Helen Begley and John Peel, were impressed with the quality of the performances all weekend. Lawson reigned in this section for Jack O'Connor from Shepparton as the winner in the Men's, with his performance of "Outback". Betty Walton was the winner of the Women's with, "The First Surveyor". Russell Heathcote was the Novice winner, with Graham Jenkin's "The Bushman's Club".

After the lunch break, competition resumed with a sprinkling of newcomers contesting The Song section. Jeff Mifsud from Taylors' Lakes was winner of the 'Other Song' section with Joe Paolacci's "The Southern Cross is Calling Me". Neil Higgins won both the 'Original Song' with "Shearing the Rams" and his "Endless Dreams (Burke & Wills) song won the Eucalyptus Theme song. Neil was named the overall with Michael Whittle as the runner-up. Kerry Dobbin was another strong performer.

In the Original Poem section Corryong reigned with Maurie Foun winning the Men's with "A Man's Gotta Do what a Man's Gotta do..." and Jan Lewis with "The Interview" taking out the Women's. Russell Heathcote again was the Novice

winner, with "The Champ from Jackson's Track".

After an excellent dinner provided by the Wedderburn hosts, a concert starring the hard working judges was held on Saturday night. It was a chance for the competitors to see that the judges know their stuff when it comes to performing. Maggie Murphy and Jill Meehan joined Geoffrey, Helen, Michael and John in presenting top entertainment.

Sunday morning's poets' breakfast was a relaxed affair with Stephen White-side adding to the performers. The poets' breakfasts on both days were both good, no-pressure affairs for budding poets to get up and perform.

The Contemporary section of the competition had a great selection of modern poems were performed and as with the previous sections, to a very high standard. The Women's winner was Kathy Vallance from St Arnaud with the poem, "The Perfect Man" by Louise Dean. Tom O'Connor from Swan Hill was thrilled with his winning performance of Ellis Campbell's "Remembering Chubby". The Novice prize in this section (& hat-trick) went to Russell Heathcote for "Green and Gold Malaria" by Rupert McCall.

After lunch, competition resumed with the junior sections. The winner of the primary school section (Kindergarten to Year 6) was Crispin Smythe who recited his own poem "The Dig Tree". The winner of the secondary school section (Year 7 to Year 12 and Under 19) was Naomi Frederick with her original "Anguish of the Anzacs" and James Jowzy (Bette's grandson) as runnerup.

Russell Heathcote was the overall Men's Champion, Jack O'Connor 2nd and Maurie Foun 3rd, with Betty Walton winning the Women's Champion and Carol Reffold 2nd & Jan Lewis 3rd. Ken Prato won the Ross Noble Encouragement Award.

Geoffrey Graham did a great job of keeping the competitions moving and keeping the audience entertained between performers while the judges were finalising their scoring. Bette Shiels from Bundaberg won the Intermediate performance prize.

Poems in the Open Written section came from all over Australia and judge Michael Darby commented on the high standard. In the open section, Ellis Campbell of Dubbo won with "Moonlight Muster" and Jan Lewis 2nd with "I'm Ready to Go".

Eucalyptus theme section had equal winners: John Peel from Batlow "A Scent of Eucalyptus" & Bernie Keleher from Alice Springs "Old Man Gum". Novice prize was won by Will Williams from Queanbeyan with "Eucalyptus Globus."

Junior Written poems: Kindergarten to Year 3 section was won by Justen Webster, "Too Many Sausages". In the Year 3 to Year 6 section, the winner was Sarah Thompson with "The Bush". Sarah Webster's winning poem, "A Sudden Switch" won the Year 7 to Year 12 section.

All in all, a great competition rising above difficult issues – new venue, less entrants, bad weather, etc but the standard was great, so everyone please take a bow – judges, entrants, MCs and helpers are all to be congratulated. Special thanks to Ken Prato, who made the fence trophies and Jim Brown for donating the engraved plates. Special thanks also to Wedderburn Tourism Inc, Wedderburn Lions Club, Wedderburn businesses and Neighbourhood House and Inglewood & District branch of Bendigo Bank.

Next Year: By mutual agreement, 2011 Championships will not be held at Wedderburn.

We are returning to Benalla and have booked the Bowls Club for 14 – 16th October. A seventh club has joined us – Heathcote Bush Balladeers, and another may join as well.

Jan Lewis Secretary VBPM Phone 02 6077 4332 or poet-farm@corryongcec.net.au



Michael Darby

REPORT ON JUNIOR POETRY 2010

Numbers were down on the Junior Performance poetry competition at Ulladulla this year due to a number of other commitments for the children on the same weekend.

The written section was very well supported with the same number of entrants as last year, unfortunately the top four prizewinners were not able to attend to collect their prizes and present their poems.

Fifth placegetter, Timothy Shoebridge, read his poem to the audience and did an extremely good job. Timothy is a student from St. Mary's Star of the Sea. The other winners of the written competition were 1st Patrick Devlin 2nd Jake MacArthur Adam 3rd Dean Craven 4th Liam McLaren all from Shoalhaven Anglican School.

The overall standard of the written work had considerably improved on previous years with some writers demonstrating knowledge and ability that one would think was beyond their years.

The nominations for the performance competition were quite satisfactory and although they were down on last year's entries there were enough to ensure a reasonable competition with some great performances from the works of Dorothea McKellar, Henry Kendall and some modern-day poets as well as original works.

The results are recited: 1st Lily Hatwell St. Mary's; 2nd Grace Richardson and Chloe Lappin Milton public; 3rd Emily Evans and Laura Williams Milton public 4th Edie Contor and Amelia Johnson St. Mary's 5th Taylor Collins and Emily Churchill Milton public.

Showmanship Award went to Lily Hatwell. This award is sponsored by Tanya and Darren Smith. The Jim Graham Memorial Perpetual Trophy was also won by Lily Hatwell and will be held by St. Mary's until next year when it will be competed for again. This trophy was sponsored by Phillipa: Hollenkamp of Get Wet in Ulladulla.

The schools team prize was won by Milton public.

The venue for the competition was supplied and set up by Shoalhaven Anglican School who have done this job for the past four years. A boxed set of the complete works by Henry Lawson was donated by Mrs. Margaret Gibson to the school in recognition and appreciation of their efforts and involvement over the past four years.

Judges were Chris Woodland, Phillipa Hollenkamp, Lurline Gainsford, Tanya and Darren Smith, with Marelle Champion and Ruth Davis Co-ordinators.

Thank you and congratulations to all those involved including teachers and competitors.

Email from Yvonne Harper

Coopers Shoot NSW 2479

Dear Greg

Since my last email to you, I have entered two competitions: The Victorian Written Bush Poetry Novice Division and the Hunter Bush Poets both of which have made available to competitors critiques of which I have taken advantage.

The evaluations were a great help and have given me encouragement to continue writing.

I was particularly grateful to receive, in addition to the common evaluation, pencilled comments against relevant parts of the poem entered for the Hunter competition. I thank Carol Heuchan for her evaluation of my poetry.

I was interested to note that both competitions had a similar evaluation sheet. I feel that this must be more than coincidence and in part due to the work of the

Please call me
'mate' & other
rhymings

Manfred
Vijars

ABPA committee.

Regardless of how it came about, I just wanted to say how helpful and appreciated evaluations are to beginners

like me and I hope it continues.

Your sincerely
Yvonne Harper

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*Thurs. 6pm Meet & Greet – Walk Up — Brawl titles available
Frid. 9am Bus tour, bring own lunch. Book early
Frid. 4pm Intermediate Competition
Frid. 7pm Yarn Spinning Competition
Saturday 8am High School
Classical – Female
Classical – Male
Original Serious – Female
Original Serious – Male
Contemporary – Female
Contemporary – Male
7pm Original Humorous – Female
Original Humorous – Male
Announcement of competition results*

Written Sections

Open female and male
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Juniors
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Entry Forms can be posted to the:-
Dunedoo District Development
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PO Box 92
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The **FREE POETS CALENDAR** returns this issue with as many claimed dates as are available at time of printing. Secretaries are asked to submit details of their coming events in 2011 as per the following list. To allay costs, copy of events and festivals would be appreciated if accompanied by a paid advertisements prior to the event date. Poets, please contact secretaries to ensure information is correct.

JANUARY 2011

- 5th - 9th **Elvis Festival Parkes NSW** Poetry with Graeme Johnson (therhymerfromryde@bigpond.com); tourism@parkes.nsw.gov.au
13-16 **Illawarra Folk Festival** poets Breakfasts (3) Limerick Competition, One minute wonders, Lots more. Featured Poets:
info at www.illawarrafolkfestival.com.au or ph1300887034.
- 14-16 **Don Kneebone Bush Poetry Competition at the Mountain Cattleman's Get Together** Cobungra V. See page 22
Wendy Jubh Stoney 03 5777 5766 stockyard1@bigpond.com Dennis Carstairs 03 5145 6128 carstairs@netspace.net.au
- 14-23rd **Tamworth Country Music Festival**
Monday 17th. 8.30am—12.30 **Country Energy Children's Performance Bush Poetry Competition. ST. EDWARDS HALL** Hillvue St.
Under 11's and 12-16 yrs. Contact Jan Morris PO Box 3001 West Tamworth 2340 janmorris@northnet.com.au
- Monday 17th 1pm Poets Walkup with Noel Stallard. **ST. EDWARDS HALL**
Tuesday 18th 11am Greg North and Noel Stallard Show. **ST. EDWARDS HALL**
Tuesday 18th Country Energy Golden Dampier Awards. (heat 1) **WESTS LEAGUES CLUB.** janmorris@northnet.com.au
Tuesday 18th **Australian Bush Laureate Awards** Tamworth Town Hall 2pm www.visittamworth.com.au or info@bushlaureate.com.au
Tuesday 18th. 7.30 pm Greg North and Noel Stallard Show. **ST. EDWARDS HALL**
Wednesday 19th 11am-12.30 North Pine Poets with Anita Reed **ST. EDWARDS HALL**
Wednesday 19th 1pm Poets Walkup with Frank Daniel **ST. EDWARDS HALL**
Wednesday 19th (evening) North Pine Bush Poets with Anita Reed. **ST. EDWARDS HALL**
~~Thursday 20th Golden Dampier Awards (heat 2) janmorris@northnet.com.au~~
Thursday 20th Country Energy Golden Dampier Awards. (heat 3) **WESTS LEAGUES CLUB.** janmorris@northnet.com.au
Thursday 20th 1pm AGM of the Australian Bush Poets Association Inc. ST. EDWARDS HALL.
Thursday 20th 7.30pm Greg North and Noel Stallard Show. **ST. EDWARDS HALL**
Friday 21st The Blackened Billy Written Awards winners announced ~~ST. EDWARDS HALL~~ **ST. EDWARDS HALL**
Friday 21st Country Energy Golden Dampier Awards. (heat 3) **WESTS LEAGUES CLUB.** janmorris@northnet.com.au
Friday 21st 1pm Trisha Anderson and the Poettes. **ST. EDWARDS HALL**
Friday 21st 7.30pm North Pine Bush Poets with Anita Reed **ST. EDWARDS HALL**
Saturday 22nd Country Energy Golden Dampier Awards. (FINALS) **WESTS LEAGUES CLUB.** janmorris@northnet.com.au
January 28-30 Surf in the Verse **Harrington NSW** www.poetsbythesea.com Ph. Bill Dennis 02 6552 5009 \$2,000 competition
February 5-6 **Bungendore** Country Muster Bush Poets Turnout Contact Frank Daniel 02 6344 1477 editor@abpa.org.au
February 17-20 **WA Open Performance Championships Boyup Brook** Closing date Jan. 31st Irene Connor 0429 651 155 iconnor21@wn.com.au
March 3-6 **Dunedoo—NSW State Championships** Ph. 02 6375 1173 (ah) 0428 751 173 em.edgefield57@harboursat.com.au
http://abpa.org.au/NSW_Bush_Poets_Championships.html
March 27 1.30 p.m. An afternoon of poetry - Greenslopes Bowls Club, Brisbane featuring Milton Taylor and Anita Reed \$10 07 3343 7392
March 17-21 **Narrandera NSW** The John O'Brien Bush Festival www.johnobrien.org.au info@johnobrien.org.au 02 6959 1766
March 30 Closing date Gulgong Henry Lawson Literary Awards Performance sections PO Box 235 Gulgong 2852 contact Cheryl Peters (02)63741213 see p. 7
March 31-April 3rd **Corryong Vic.** Man from Snowy River Bush Festival www.bushfestival.com.au info@bushfestival.com.au Closes Feb 13th
April 2 Vic. Bush Poets and Musicians Assn. Meet at **Corryong Festival** Contact Jan Lewis 02 6077 4332 poetfarm@corryongceec.net.au
May 29 **North Pine** Mid Year Charity Concert Contacts: Dot 07 32036681 or Barry 07 34823541
July 8th, 9th & 10th: **Bundy Bush Poetry Muster** - Across The Waves Sports Club.
Contact Bette Shiels 07 41553293, Sandy Lees 0741514631, Jan Facey 0418152777
August 19-21 **North Pine** Camp Oven Festival. Performance & written competition. Contact Dot: 07 32036681 or Barry 07 34823541.
October **Hunter Bush Poetry Festival** - Morisset NSW www.hunterbushpoets.org.au
October. **Harden NSW** Taste of Country performance competition with Frank Daniel.
October **Kyabram** "Around the Campfire" Thursday night before the Vic. Championships. Les Parkinson 03 58522281 Mick Coventry 0427 522097
October Vic. Bush Poets and Musicians Assn. meets at **Benalla** Contact: Jan Lewis 0260774332 poetfarm@corryongceec.net.au
October 21-23 **Kangaroo Valley Folk Festival** Applications from May to August 31
contact Stuart Leslie www.kangaroovalleyfolkfestival.com.au e. poetry@kangaroovalleyfolkfestival.com.au
November **Rudds Pub** Nobby Qld.
November 5th **Dalgely** on the Snowy River Lee Taylor-Friend leetaylorfriend@hotmail.com
November 18-19 **Upper Lachlan** Wool Wagon Awards - **Crookwell NSW** Ph. 'Spud' 02 4832 1004
December **Young NSW** National Cherry Festival Poets Competition. Greg Broderick. gbroderi@bigpond.net.au
- Regular Events:**
1st and 3rd Sundays **North Pine** from 9.00 am at True Blue Cafe, Old Petrie Town Phone: 07 34823541 or 07 32036681
1st Sundays 2pm **Milton-Ulladulla** Bush Poets and Yarnspinners Ulladulla Ex-Servos Club. John Davis 4455 2013 Chris Woodland 4457 1614
1st Sundays (Not Jan) Aussie Poetry Show with Greg North Clarendon Guest House Lurline St **Katoomba** (next to RSL) 10.30am 02 4782 1322
www.gregorynorth.com.au
2nd Sundays (even numbered months) **Bendigo Goldfields** Bush Poets Inc. Newmarket Hotel 1.30-4.30pm 3rd Sunday April and June Ken Jones 035441 5121
Geoffrey.Graham@bigpond.com
2nd Sundays Poetry at the Pub **Katoomba** Blackburn's Family Hotel 2.00 to 5.30 pm. All forms poetry free entry Denis Rice 02 4782 6623 trice@pnc.com.au
1st Fridays Royal Hotel **Bungendore** Blackboard Walk-up Poetry and music Lorraine McCrimmon 0421958576
1st Fridays **WA Bushpoets and Yarnspinners** Association Bentley Park Retirement Village Ian Langley 9361 3770 www.wabushpoets.com
1st Monday Feb, Apr, Jun, Aug, Oct, Dec. **Kyabram** Bush Verse Group 7.30pm Mick Coventry 0427 522 097
2nd Saturday - **Bundaberg Poets' Society** Inc. meet. Rum City Silver Band Hall, Targo Street 1.30 pm.
Contacts: Bette Shiels 07 41553293 - Sandy Lees 07 41514631 - Jan Facey 0418 152 777
3rd Saturday **Port Macquarie** the Lions' Den Hastings River Drive 1pm-4pm Monthly walkup and afternoon tea Bessie Jennings
Last Wednesday of the month **Gosford Bush Poets**, 7pm Gosford Hotel, Mann Street, Gosford.
Contact Vic Jefferies 0425252212 (vicjefferies@optusnet.com.au) or Peter Mace 43693561
- Written comps closing dates:**
Jan. 31st **Boyup Brook Open and Emerging poet categories** Irene Connor 0429 652 1555 iconnor21@wn.com.au
March 30 Gulgong Henry Lawson Literary Awards PO Box 235 Gulgong 2852 contact Cheryl Peters (02)63741213
May 20th: **Bundaberg** Bush Lantern Award for Bush Verse 2011. (Contacts TBA.)
July 15: **North Pine** Camp Oven Festival. Performance & written competition. Contact Dot: 07 32036681 or Barry 07 34823541.
July 30th. **Nandewar Poetry Competition.** Info and entry forms Secretary, Historical Society PO box 55 Narrabri 2325 tourism@narrabri.nsw.gov.au
October 12th: **Upper Lachlan Wool Wagon Written Awards** Crookwell NSW Ph. 'Spud' 02 4832 1004

COMPETITION RESULTS

Land of the Beardies Social Club Inc New England Heritage in Verse Competition.

1st: Ursular Newberry
2nd: Nola Taylor
3rd: Laurie Rammage

Bush Poetry Competition 7th November 2010.

Classical Bush Poetry.

1st Ron Selby
2nd Alex Carmichael
3rd Paddy O'Brien

Modern Contemporary

1st Alex Carmichael
2nd Ron Selby
3rd Burt Pullen

Open Original Serious

1st Anne Vosper
2nd Bert Pullen
3rd Ron Selby

Open Original Humorous

1st Ron Selby
2nd Burt Pullen
3rd Laurie Rammage

Land of the Beardies Social Club Inc committee kindly thank Alex Carmichael for his kind redonation of prize money of \$225.00 to be distributed to a charity of the Beardies Social Club Committee's choice.

Neville Campbell

Victorian State Championships

Female Champion

Betty Walton

Male Champion

Russell Heathcote

Men's Original

Maurie Foun
2nd Russell Heathcote
3rd Jack O'Connor

Women's Original

Jan Lewis
2nd Betty Walton
3rd Bette Shiels

Men's Contemporary

Tom O'Connor
2nd Noel Bull
3rd Russell Heathcote

Women's Contemporary

Kathy Vallance
2nd Carol Reffold
3rd Betty Walton

Men's Traditional

Jack O'Connor
2nd Russell Heathcote
3rd Tom O'Connor

Women's Traditional

Betty Walton
2nd Carol Reffold
3rd Kathy Vallance

Novice Original Performance

Russell Heathcote

Nov. Contemporary

Russell Heathcote

Nov. Traditional

Russell Heathcote

Intermediate Performance

Bette Shiels

Yarn Spinning Champion

Betty Walton

2nd Russell Heathcote

3rd Ken Jones

Open Written

Ellis Campbell

2nd Jan Lewis

3rd Zondrae King
Eucalyptus Theme Poem

John Peel - Bernie
Keleher = 1st
2nd Stephen Whiteside

Novice Written

Will Williams
2nd Barb Lanagan
3rd Yvonne Harper

Junior Written K-3

Justin Webster

Junior Written 3-6

Sarah Thompson

Junior Written 7-12

Sarah Webster

Corryong MFSR

Festival

Written Serious Poem

Silver Brumby Winner

Greg North

2nd David Campbell

Written Humorous

Corryong Larrikin winner

David Campbell

2nd Ron Stevens

MFSR Performance

Will Stanfield

2nd Barry Tiffen

3rd Peter Mace

Photo Story w. Sound

Peter Mace

2nd Betty Walton

Jack Riley Heritage Perf.

Jenny Markwell

2nd Ted Webber

Any Aussie Poem

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Jim Brown
2nd Barry Tiffen
Best around campfire
Jenny Markwell
2nd John Peel
Aussie Comedy
Alex Allitt
Matilda Award
Jenny Markwell
2nd Betty Walton
Clancy's Choice
Peter Mace
2nd Barry Tiffen
Reciter Award
Graeme Johnson



Cooee! to all Bush Poets

come

'Surfin' the Verse'

with

Gregory North, Peter Capp, Dave Proust,
Glenny Palmer, Gabby Colquhoun and balladeer Dianne Lindsay

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ALL ABOARD

MEDIA RELEASE

Media contact: Jessica Playford on 0419 848 507 or jplayford@gsr.com.au

Have talent, will travel

Calling all performing artists; Great Southern Rail (GSR) are offering musicians, poets, story tellers (and the like) a complimentary journey aboard The Ghan, the Indian Pacific or The Overland, in exchange for on-board entertainment.

Performers will receive complimentary Red Sleeper accommodation and all meals on board in exchange for two 45 minute sets, delivered to guests in the lounge carriage/s of the train.

GSR's new Travelling Performers Program has been launched to provide a unique travel experience for guests aboard Australia's Great Train Journeys, while also supporting Australian talent.

Artists must be solo or duo performers and all performances must be acoustic and relevant for GSR's main customer base, the over 50's.

"The Travelling Performers Program provides a fantastic opportunity for artists to travel across Australia for gigs. It gives artists the chance to perform in a unique environment and to experience more of Australia," said Tony Braxton-Smith, Chief Executive of Great Southern Rail.

"Performers are encouraged to tailor their performance to the audience, which

is generally the over 50's and to bring a bit of Australian flavor to the act," said Tony.

Performers can choose to travel on The Ghan between Adelaide and Darwin, the Indian Pacific between Sydney and Perth or The Overland between Melbourne and Adelaide.

To apply, performing artists are required to complete a Travelling Performers Service Agreement and provide examples of their talent via YouTube (or similar) and MP3. GSR will respond to all applications within two weeks.

"We're really excited to be launching this new program and look forward to working with some great Australian talent."

"We want to see all types of performers take up this opportunity – from magicians to bush poets and classical singers," said Tony.

For more information on the Travelling Performers Program contact Great Southern Rail via onboardperformer@gsr.com.au or call 08 8213 4381.

Or, to apply, download the Travelling Performers Service Agreement via http://www.greatsouthernrail.com.au/site/about_us/travelling_performers_program.jsp



Thursday 31st March
to Sunday April 3rd 2011
CORRYONG Vic.

MFSR BUSH FESTIVAL
www.bushfestival.com.au



Aussie 'Bush' Theme

\$5,000 Competition
Entries close
13th February
Written & Performed
Sections
Poetry, Song, Yarns
Walkups
for poets and musos
at Banjos Block, Pubs
and Cafes as well
Entry forms from
Jan, MFSR &
abpa.org.au/entry.html



A MUSTER OF SOME OF THE POETS AND MUSOS - 2010

Where Legends
Perform!

Since 1995 we've celebrated Banjo's famous poem with the real scenery and dinki-di bush folk putting on a unique show including the 'Challenge' horse competition to find the modern 'Man from Snowy River'

THE MOUNTAIN CATTLEMAN'S ASSOCIATION

Many supporters of the Mountain Cattlemen's Association and the attendees at Get-Togethers have heard of and seen The Don Kneebone Bush Poetry competition printed on the program. How many know the Don Kneebone story?

What significance does it have with the Mountain Cattlemen?

What is the history and tradition of Bush Poetry in general and of the Mountain Cattlemen in particular?

The aim of the Don Kneebone Bush Poetry is to perpetuate the inter-generational knowledge of the Cattlemen by entrants researching and then describing the culture and heritage of a unique group of Australians.

Importantly, it also aims to give a forum to poets, singers and orators by supporting their art.

The Mountain Cattlemen are the only group of people in Victoria who hold the baton that the First Australians gave them. When these men shepherded and drove their stock into the Victorian Alps in the early 1830s, they brought generations of British skills for stock work with them.

We know too, from stories, journals and later, photographs that it was with the guidance of the Aborigines that these pioneers learned how to manage the land and cool burn the country as it had been done for thousands of years thus developing the Australian tradition of grazing in the High Country.

Long, long before the times of television, radios, computers and ipods, the only entertainment around the lonely camps of long cattle drives was a man who could paint a picture with words, the teller of stories, the Bush Poet. Invariably these stories and poems revolved around the bush, of cattle drives, sheep musters and of the stockmen who lived and worked these lonely occupations and of the brave women who stayed behind and raised on their own, the mainly large families, as best they could. Stories were also told of Swaggies, of Prospectors, Shearers and other outback characters.

These storytellers were not moulded in the style of William Shakespeare, Lord Tennyson or other European poets. These storytellers would come to be recognized as rhyming poets of Australia – our own "Bush Poets".

DON KNEEBONE THE PERSON

Don Kneebone was one such man, a talented Bush Poet who walked in the footsteps of Banjo Paterson and Henry Lawson. A founding member of Mountain Cattlemen's Association of Victoria, Don would recite his descriptive verse on cattle drives, at cattle sales and very often in the hotel after the sales. Don also performed his poetry at many schools throughout Victoria in order to encourage poetry as a form of both expression and entertainment, as well as to promote the Cattleman's cause.

Don was born at Beechworth in September 1922. One of a family of ten, he went to school at Whorouy and his grandfather, Albert Kneebone, was the first white child born in the Ovens Valley. From his early teens he handled mountain cattle, becoming familiar with Alpine grazing from Mount Bogong to Mansfield. A noted bushman and cattleman, he also had a passion to work Clydesdale teams.

As a poet he was inspired, during long rides through his beloved bush, to write and describe the mountains with vivid powers of observation and a remarkable memory.

Don Kneebone passed away in 1991; his book *Where the Giant Eucalyptus grow & Other Verse* can be obtained from Dana Kneebone.

We, as supporters of the MCAV and supporters of the history, tradition and custom of the Mountain Cattlemen and all things dinky-di Australian take our hats off to Don Kneebone. We remember him at every Get-Together. Please continue to support this important link with our past.

Website: www.mcav.com.au

THE COMPETITION The Don Kneebone Bush Poetry Competition is open to performers of Bush Poems, Bush Songs, Storytelling and Orations.

Words not Works

© Harold Meston 2010

Beneath the shifting sands there lay
remains of ancient times,
relics from another age –
Roman, Byzantine,
Egyptian, Greek, Turk and Hun,
once proudly standing tall,
now hidden by the march of time -
of people great and small.
So much is hid – so much concealed
but, could these relics show
more than what has been revealed?
more than what we know?
for shattered are the marble busts
midst shards of potters clay,
fragments of departed times
laying in disarray,
treasured though all these may be
as insights to the past,
it is the words, not works of man,
for which the die is cast –
for words can stir a nation's soul
or mend what's torn apart,
inflare or quell a fierce desire,
as passion fuels the heart;
castles, once impregnable,
fall into disrepair,
monuments to hero's past
erode in tainted air,
wars destroy a monarch's dream
of everlasting glory
but, unchanged in a changing world
are the records of man's story.
A thousand years and more may pass
ere artefacts are found –
hid within the shifting sands
to which they all are bound –
but no matter what lays hidden there,
nor the age it may be from –
the works of man will all decay,
while the words of man live on.

WANTED!

Wanted:

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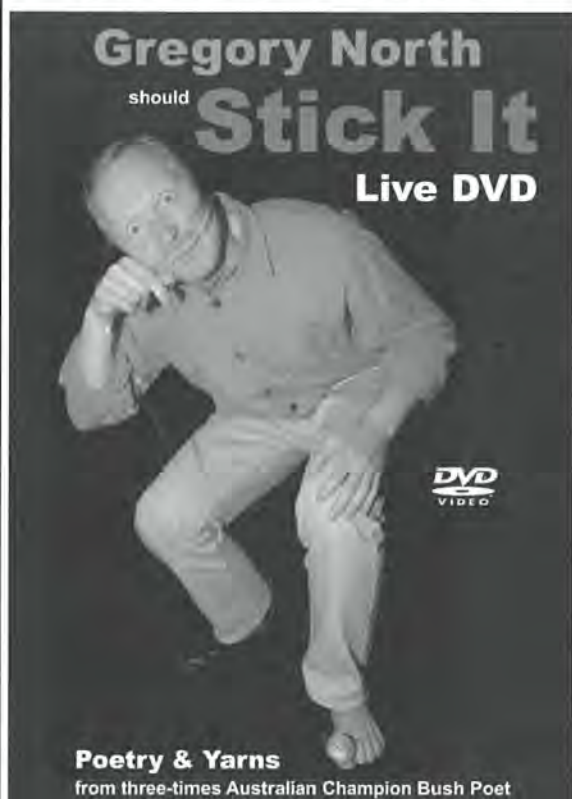
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email ida76436@bigpond.net.au

New DVD Out Now



The latest offering from three-times Australian Champion bush poet, **Gregory North** is now available.

This two and a half hour recording features Greg's amazing **Stick It**

performance as well as his signature poem,

Banjo Paterson's The Man From Snowy River in 15 different accents plus original rhyming verse and yarns all captured live on video.

Greg presents some poetry of the Blue Mountains as well as selections from the works of

Australia's Poet Lorikeet, Denis Kevans.

There's a different take on **Clancy of the Overflow**, a classic

from **Thomas E Spencer** and plenty of Greg's original poems and whacky yarns

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(great Christmas gift)

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Black Future

© Gregory North, June 2010

I'm worried 'cause there are some folks who'd like to bury coal –
the industry, is what I mean.
I don't know why; it's pretty clean,
and such a great contributor to Aussie as a (w)hole.

They reckon that we shouldn't mine our ancient bands of coal.
I don't know what they're on about.
It's useless till we rip it out.
Yeah, maybe it supports some rocks, but that's a minor role.

How bored would all the water be without new depths to plumb
that coal mines open up for it?
Old creeks are dull you must admit,
and think what water might pick up and what it might become!

And if we didn't burn our coal, just how would we survive?
That solar, thermal, wind and wave
are too expensive. We must save.
To tear out coal is cheap as chips, so mining comp'nies thrive.

Oh, sure it makes some greenhouse gas, but of our nation's sum,
that forty-two per cent, as such,
it really isn't very much,
and starving trees of CO2 could see them all succumb.

Some cleaners would be out of work because of lack of dust.
No flyash, acid rain or gas
means far less cancer too, alas,
so doctors with no work to do would quit in sheer disgust.

But most of all we need our coal to sell off overseas.
Until they act on climate change,
our coal is tops of all the range,
with far less ash that brings about respirat'ry disease.

Old mines are great for shelter after nuclear attack,
and open cuts become flat land,
all cleared for suburbs to expand.
So, come on, keep on mining coal and make our future black.

VALE: GRAHAME FREDRIKSEN

by Ellis Campbell November 2010

**Poetic words desert me and my heart's devoid of joy -
dark sorrow like a gloomy fog drapes hills around Kilcoy.
A poet extraordinary—and man who worked the land -
his words created imagery—finesse few understand.
His skilful use of language and his lilting, flowing verse
will long be missed within our ranks—a poet quite diverse.
His verse like *Goodbye Billy* and *The Only War we Had*
forever scrolled as monuments, now etched by jeremiad,
St Peter, find this poet room beyond the Pearly Gate -
a worthy wordsmith vanquished by a wilful whim of Fate.**



On a recent trip to the USA Dave 'Prousty' Proust entered the National Cowboy Poetry Rodeo in Montrose Colorado. Pictured Left to right, the finalists:

- Keith Ward, North Carolina**
- Dave Proust, Australia**
- Steve Porter, South Carolina**
- Doug Keller, Utah**
- Dale Page, Indiana**
- CR Woods, Utah**

See page 16

Below.

Victorian State Champions for 2010 Russell Heathcote and Betty Walton



Below left: Event coordinator Jan Lewis and Hunter Bush Poet Jenny Markwell at Corryong 2010.

Man from Snowy River recital winner at Corryong in 2010 Will Stanfield of Kenmore Queensland

ABPA ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

St Edwards Hall
TAMWORTH
January 20th 2pm



POETRY PAGES

<i>Magpie Geese</i>	Catherine Clarke	2
<i>Maiden Flight</i>	Brenda Joy	3
<i>Midnight's Last Ride</i>	Graham Fredriksen	6
<i>Magpie Creek Air Disaster—1943</i>	Fredriksen	8
<i>Worn out Stockman Dreaming</i>	John Davis	10
<i>Another Christmas</i>	Tomas Hamilton	10
<i>The Night Santa got Stuck and from Watty</i>	John Pampling	11
<i>That Hat</i>	Graham 'Skew Wiff' Watt	11
<i>Fencing in the Dark</i>	Joan Adrian	12
<i>Whisper Creek</i>	David Meyers	12
<i>Prelude II</i>	Tomas Hamilton	14
<i>Riding Back</i>	Graham Fredriksen	15
<i>Country ways/Good Old Days</i>	Will Carter	15
<i>Moonlight Muster</i>	Bessie Jennings	17
<i>Paltry Poetry</i>	Ellis Campbell	19
<i>Words not Works</i>	'Watty'	19
<i>Black Future</i>	Harold Meston	26
<i>Vale Graham Fredriksen</i>	Greg North	27
	Ellis Campbell	27

