



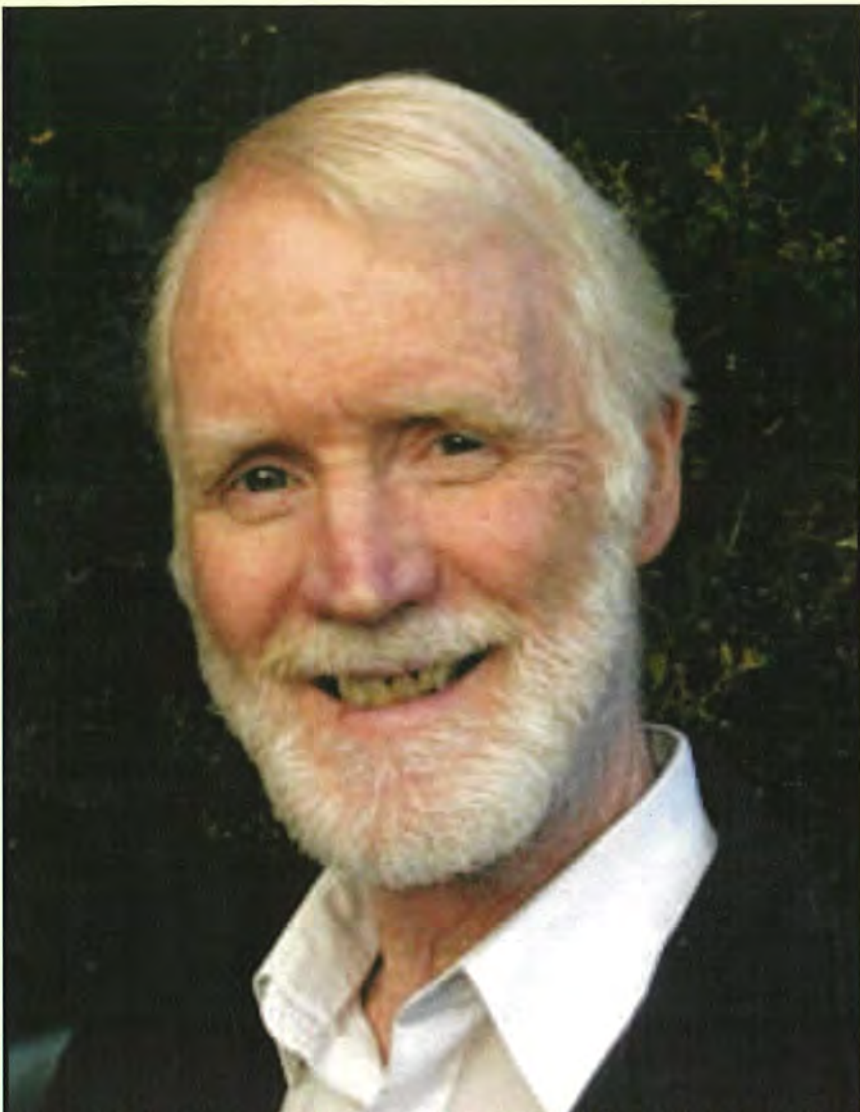
Volume 18
No. 4.
August - September
2011

A.B.P.A.

The Australian Bush Poets
Association Inc.

Magazine - (since 1994)

David Campbell of Beaumaris Victoria,
winner of the 2011 Bundaberg Bush Lantern
Award for his entry
"The Wisdom of a Child" (p. 12).
David also took out the 'Bronze Swaggie'
Award this year with his poem
"Wasteland" (p.13)

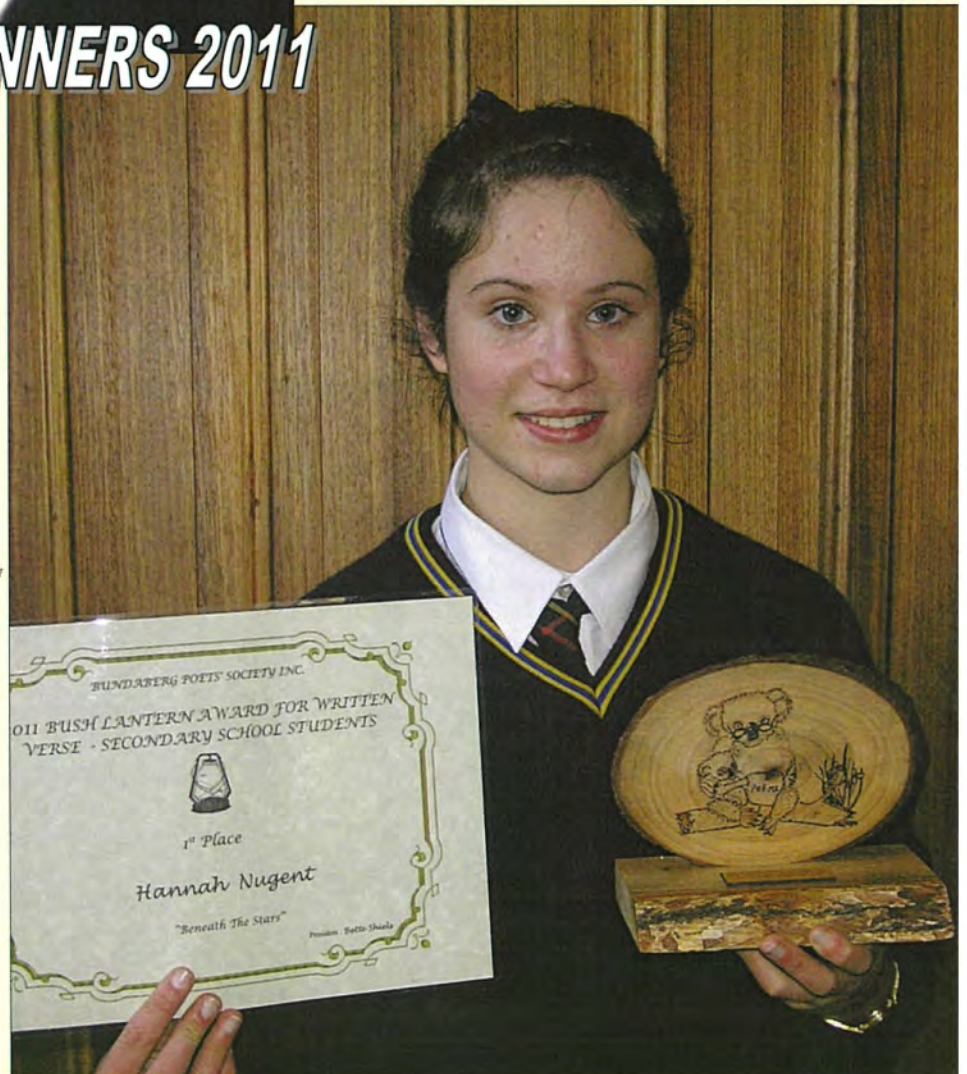


BUSH LANTERN-WINNERS 2011

BUSH LANTERN AWARD
for
SECONDARY SCHOOL STUDENTS
HANNAH NUGENT
of Fairholme College Toowoomba Q.
Outright winner with "Beneath the
Stars" and third place-getter with
"Australia in Colour"
(pages 11 & 25)

*Meet another
David Campbell -*

DAVID WATT IAN CAMPBELL 1915-1979
Page 18.



BATTLEFIELDS and BLOSSOMS

© Ron Stevens – Dubbo NSW 2004

'No flowers, Mate,' he'd urged and I'd agreed,
though adding there was certainly no need
for haste, as he would be around for years
to come -- for yarning, joking, sipping beers
together at the club each Friday night.
I'd babbled on about this mateship rite
to be renewed, although both knew I lied.
To prove this point, Big Clarrie quietly died.

No flowers here to scent this sombre mood,
except for paper poppies, which include
the tributes from the township's comrade few
remaining from a fading World War Two.
I wasn't in his unit but it's said
at least a dozen Japanese lay dead
by Clarrie's hand alone on Tarakan.
For battle can transform a gentle man.

No flowers, yet for Clarrie's wife last year
abundant blooms encircled Betty's bier.
Upon her casket-lid lay roses, red
and dewy, fresh from Clarrie's treasured bed.
Then afterwards, an antidote for-grief,
intensive gardening brought brief relief.
Alone, midst shrubs and fernery, he pruned
and potted, soothing every floral wound.

No flowers in the house since Betty died;
not even in the vase she'd placed beside
their only child's last photo, snapped before
he fell in Vietnam's contentious war.
With Betty gone, their cottage rooms assumed
a barren chill, where once her warmth had bloomed.
And hunched before the telly's blinkered light
Big Clarrie stared and shrank each wilting night.

'No flowers?' mourners asked and I explained
depression had persistently campaigned
against Big Clarrie in his blighted days.
Grim telly news invoked the fatal phase.
I'd found him mesmerised before the screen
depicting images of what had been
the Beslan school parade the year before
the carnage in this distant mindless war.

'The flowers and the children on their way
to school, those cherished petals blown astray,'
he sighed, as tears ran down his craggy face.
'It's time to quit this bloody human race.'
I'd seen him flatten playground bully-boys;
had shared his high school rugby bruises, joys.'
Yet there sat Clarrie, beaten by a band
of terrorists in Russia's splintered land.
No flowers, sadly, for he'd specified
that way, a metaphor for peace denied
My dreams involve those self-styled *warriors*
who queue at fairy-tale embellished doors
of paradise, where pulsing virgins wait.

Instead, a bloke of Clarrie's youthful weight
and strength confronts each hooded psycho-case
in turn, alone, unarmed and face-to-face.

No flowers for this gentle giant, mate
of many years, as trustworthy and straight
as Henry Lawson's *Dum of Nevertire*
respected, sometimes soft but '*tough as wire.*'
The agent told me I could confiscate
the Rosemary that grows near Clarrie's gate.
Each Anzac Day that I have left I'll snip
some sprigs for Clarrie and for comradeship.

VOICES IN THE SILENCE

by Ron Stevens

The silence isn't total for my breathing frets the air
beyond me to the others who are here today to share
a tribute to the fallen from Australia's many wars.
We're keenly concentrating on two minutes silent pause.

Now other sounds develop as the seconds tick away.
From distant fields of battle they are seeking us today.
I listen, really listen, to identify each one
by diction and expressions as a dinkum Aussie son.

Or daughter: Bangka Island, where our nursing sisters slain
with warrior precision, breathe their final words again.
As blood exalts the shallows, they are uttering goodbyes
to comrades, distant parents, as Geneva's promise dies.

Conventions hold no power over wartime Japanese,
as other voices filter through dense jungle canopies.
They're reassuring comrades on Sandakan's deadly trail
and tending to their dying on the woeful Burma rail.

A captured song's still keening from the tortured Libyan dunes
-
'my Lilli of the lamplight', which is joining other tunes -
'long way to Tipperary' and 'we were only nineteen',
with 'Waltzing Matilda' beamed from each widespread battle
scene.

From Poziars and Buna, from Afghanistan, Irak,
clear phrases meshed like cross-fire are now ricocheting back.
'We are the Rats' rings proudly from a trench outside Tobruk,
'the going's tough but, face it, things were crook in Tallarook'.

Though cyberspace is cluttered with the dross we spread to-
day,
you'll hear the diggers' voices if your heart's attuned that way.
From flak-torn skies in Europe, from lost ships in Sunda
Strait,
from Vietnam, Korea, if you listen, you'll hear 'Mate'.

You'll hear 'Up there Cazaly!', 'Where the hell is Uncle Sam?',
'He's gamer than Ned Kelly', 'Shot through like a Bondi tram'.
And 'Mate' comes through in triumph, in compassion, mortal
pain.
It's 'Mate' from Isurava and it's 'Mate' and 'Mate' again.

President's Message



G'day ...

In spite of the inclement weather, it's good to see the days getting longer. It's also good to see the dedication of our many members who travel long distances to enjoy association with fellow poets in competition. Particular congratulations need to be extended to Ellis Campbell (AND Maureen) on attaining the Overall Champion poet trophy at Bundaberg this year. This gives Ellis a double header, including the Bush Lantern Award Written Competition for Bush Verse.

2012 ABPA Championships

I'm happy to announce that the hard-

working committee of the Man From

Snowy River Festival at

Corryong, have taken on the hosting of the ABPA Australian Performance Championships for 2012. The committee at Corryong will have the option for renewal in 2013. The ABPA Championships will be held concurrently with the MFSR Festival on the 29th March - 1st April 2012.

ABPA - ABLA AGREEMENT

You will find my covering letter below plus three attachments to this issue from page 15.

1. the initial ABLA Proposal,
2. ABPA Letter of Agreement and
3. ABLA - Amended Criteria.

The agreement arrived at with the Australian Bush Laureates (ABLA) is a co-operative non-binding relationship that either party can opt out of. It was agreed to trial the relationship for twelve months with the view to lift standards for competition and awards. The details are in the attached four documents.

Members are invited to comment through Greg our secretary or directly to myself.

STUDENT YOU-TUBE COMPETITION for 2012

The finer points are still being worked on. We hope to have the details finalised and in the October issue. As

there will be a cost of around \$2500 involved, the membership will be able to vote on this at the 2012 ABPA AGM.

While still on the students, it must be noted that many of our performing poets do excellent work in engaging our youth in the schools across the country. Marco, Milton, Glenny, Frank, Neville, Greg and many others do this work selflessly. Prior to the Muster week-end, ABPA Secretary, Gregory North kept children entertained with a story-telling session in the Bundaberg Library. Also on the Thursday morning in the Library Greg conducted a free poetry workshop on both performing and writing which was very well received. Well done to all involved!

ABPA - BUSH BALLADEERS

There have been ongoing discussions with Peter Coad and Keith Jamieson from the Australian Bush Balladeers with a view to a joint venture for a high profile Poet's and Balladeers "Show" during the Tamworth CM Fest. We're looking into the logistics of recording the show with the subsequent DVDs/CDs to be sold to the public.

These discussions with the Balladeers are continuing.

Travel safely, write and perform well ...

Cheers,

Manfred.

ABPA - ABLA Covering Letter

30th June 2011

Dear Members,

The ABPA has been involved in ongoing negotiations with the Australian Bush Laureate Awards (ABLA) since February this year. The negotiations arise from concerns of the presentation of the 2011 ABL Awards. The ABPA was approached by the ABLA with an invitation for dialogue and a proposal. We carefully considered the ABLA proposal and forwarded them our Letter of Agreement (attached).

Given that bulk of published submissions come from the ABPA membership, and that many of our membership support the Award's show, the ABPA is well placed to represent our collective concerns. It is understood that the ABLA is

a commercial enterprise and naturally represents a commercial motive. It is also understood that the ABPA is a non-commercial entity representing ALL its members in these negotiations.

In early June this year, members of the ABPA sub-committee (Carol Heuchen and myself) attended a meeting with Max Ellis and Jim Haynes, representing the ABLA in Tamworth. The meeting was constructive and much ground was covered. We were able to go over the finer points of the ABLA Proposal and our ABPA Letter of Agreement. The agreement arrived at is a co-operative non-binding relationship that either party can opt out of. As this is new territory for both parties it was agreed to first trial the relationship for twelve months.

A number of concerns have been raised by the membership. The amended ABLA

Proposal/Criteria appears to have covered many of those concerns. This will (hopefully) be the beginning of a positive, ongoing relationship striving for continual improvement.

It is important, that the ABPA render assistance where we are able, to lift standards for competition and awards. This, I believe, benefits the wider poetry community.

We do invite your comments on this ABPA - ABLA Agreement.

Please address them to ..

The Secretary: Gregory North
5 Dryandra Place Linden NSW 2778

Email: secretary@abpa.org.au

Kind Regards,

Manfred Vijars President, ABPA

Email: manfred@abpa.org.au

Phone: 0411 160 510 Address: PO Box 701 Morningside Qld 4170

LIMERICKS

There was a young lady named Kite
Whose speed was much faster than light.
She left home one day
In a relative way
And returned on the previous night.

I once took our vicar to tea;
It was just as I thought it would be:
His rumblings abdominal
Were simply phenomenal,
And everyone thought it was me.

There was a young lady named Rose
Who had a large wart on her nose.
When she had it removed
Her appearance improved,
But her glasses slipped down to her toes.

40th Bronze Swaggie



Dear Poets,
Thank you to everyone who supported our 40th year of Bush Verse. It is with congratulations to all that I officially announce the results of the 2011 Bronze Swagman Award.

With best wishes to everyone,
Louise Dean Co-ordinator

Winner:

Mr David Campbell Beaumaris, Vic.
"Wasteland"

Runner-up: Mr Marco Giori Warwick, Qld.
"The Million Star Motel"

Highly Commended: Don G. Adams
Paraparaumu Beach, NZ
"Progress? Yeah, Right....."

Leonie Parker Brassall, Qld. "Voices"

Catherine Clarke Mona Vale, NSW. "Stolen"



As part of the 2011
Drover's Camp Festival
26-28 August

CAMOOWEAL
is hosting its inaugural
**Drover's Camp
Talent Award**

open to Yarn Spinners
Bush Poets & Balladeers
Open, Novice & Youth

For info or Entry Form contact
Brenda Joy, PO Box 1727,
CHARTERS TOWERS Q. 4820
PH 04 3812 1074
email halenda@live.com.au

Dear Frank,

Yesterday I Emailed Kym to inform her of my application for membership to ABPA. The application and cheque are in the mail. You may, no doubt converse with Kym, But I am a bush poet Writer. Not a performer. I'm interested in feed back of my work from people like yourself and ABPA. My riding mates all reckon I'm pretty good! Huh! Friends mean well, I know, and they enjoy what I write about, I suppose thats what counts too. I realise the following poem would be to late for inclusion in the Bi-Monthly Mag, But would be interested in your opinion, and others of ABPA. This was the first poem I wrote after my son and I had trekked the KOKODA Track together. I've included a short prologue to the poem.

The inspiration for the following poem comes from the Trek my son, Brett, and I did in June 2003. I'd been told by the ladies at the travel agents that many people found that the experience changed their lives, in some small way. It did for me. The Kingsbury, mentioned in the poem, is Private Bruce Kingsbury. Awarded the VC, after being killed by a sniper. He was 26, and the first, possibly the only AUSTRALIAN to win a VC on Australian soil! The McKindley in the poem was the Uncle of one of my trekking companions. K.I.A. at ISURAVA, 31/8/1941. Russell McKindley was 60 when we did our trek, I was 61!

THE GHOSTS OF KOKODA

It was in the year of '42, with his rifle and his pack.
He went to stop a savage foe, upon that wretched track.
Of all who paid the sacrifice, he was one who never came back.
Now the Ghosts of KOKODA, still walk upon the track.

Harsh days at ISURAVA, they were fighting for our land.
The selfless act of Kingsbury, a barking Bren Gun in his hand.
The raging horde of foe, were dealt a stunning shock.
Where Kingsbury fell to a sniper, is now called 'KINGSBURY'S ROCK'!

They endured with selfless courage, mateship and strong will.
Those ghosts of KOKODA are walking with us still.
The foe was each time beaten, as they launched each savage attack.
Their days, so long and tiring, and sleep they all did lack.

They fought with endless courage, as they pushed the Japanese back.
Now the ghosts of KOKODA, are sleeping on the track.
Heroic deeds are many, as they heed their comrades call.
No time for last goodbyes, now McKindley takes his fall.

With deeds of selfless daring, that mates consider brave.
This ghost of KOKODA, sleeps in a silent grave.
Sixty years have passed, and his nephew walks the track.
He seeks to find the silent grave, to bring his uncle's spirit back.

He cannot find the silent grave, or the spirit that sleeps within.
This ghost of KOKODA, has been marching with his kin.
The debt, we'll owe for ever, their youth spent on the track.
Yet the ghosts of KOKODA, still walk that bloodied track.

Those who made it home, now are old and frail.
But the ghosts of KOKODA, are still walking on the trail.
Let's stand with hearts of pride, for the boys who could not fail.
Let's stand for the ghosts of KOKODA, still marching on the trail..

Best regards, Noel Hill. Remarks to Ron Hill <jannoelhill@gmail.com>

Norfolk Island

Norfolk Island Bush Poetry, History and Country Music Tour with Jim Haynes, 2011

The azure Pacific Ocean stretches from the greenness of Norfolk Island shores, around and beyond Nepean and Phillip Islands and away to the horizon. From Queen Elizabeth Lookout we are overlooking the settlement of Kingston below. Even from a distance the colonial, convict origins are evident, with the neat rows of houses and high cream stone enclosing walls. It was Friday, 13th May and in brilliant sunshine, we on Jim Haynes tour are getting our first look around picturesque Norfolk Island. Most of our 20 strong contingent had arrived by 737 from Sydney the previous evening along with the Ellems, from Brisbane earlier in the day, and settled into our accommodation at Hillcrest Resort for the week.

This half day 'Pinetree' tour introduced us to the delights of Norfolk, the landscape, history, settlements, legends, shopping and people, both past and present, and whetted

our appetite to explore further. Later, relaxing in comfortable armchairs we enjoyed a concert of poetry and song from Jim, in his trademark yellow suit, along with poems from Noel and Father John O'Brien.

The following days were full of interest and activity. Jokes and poems concluded brekkie every morning ensuring we were all energised and in good spirit for the day. Two mornings of poetry workshops, in performance and writing skills, with Jim and Noel as tutors were fantastically informative, fun and rewarding.

Sunday evening saw us with drink in hand jostling to get a spot in Ferny Lane Theatre to "Meet and Greet" the Country Music performers newly arrived for the Festival. It was also my birthday and I was suitably cheered through the day and later surprised with a cake and supper party back at Hillcrest.

We all attended three Country Music Concerts: the New Zealand Showcase, Australian Showcase (featuring Gina Jeffreys) and the Trans Tasman Awards all of which were toe tapping and engaging. Jim's

appearances with poems, jokes and songs had the audience rolling in the aisles. Norfolk Islanders and visitors now know the location of Wheelbarrowback, how Cheryl went feral and how much there is to watch on TV. It was all great fun.

Other highlights included 'Wonderland by Night' (where poetry from local Archie Bigg came to life), 'History in the Making', 'Island Fish Fry', Cyclorama, golf, shopping, eating and drinking while a poem or joke was never far away!

Invited by Jason Ellem, (nephew of Barry) who is currently teaching on Norfolk, to visit the school Noel, Cay, Barry and I went along and presented some poems. The upturned faces of the children showed then listening with enjoyment and they joined in with enthusiasm. Of course Noel's "Bush Animals' Band" was a hit with both the students and staff. It was fascinating to realise that many of these students are descendants of the Bounty mutineers and to learn of the custom of Bounty Day.

'Wataweih yorly' (Hello, how are you) in the Norfolk language from Pitcairn Island was the greeting we received at school and elsewhere on the island.

Norfolk Island was a real discovery for us first timers and we were wonderfully entertained by Jim and Noel and the other poet performers. Too soon we found ourselves seated at the airport awaiting our wings to return to the big island. A huge 'thank you' to Jim, Noel and Ann for their company on this excellent week away in such a fascinating place and for everyone's companionship.

Jacqui Warnock





VALE — KEVIN 'SNAKE' LOVIS

'Snake' Lovis was unique in bush poetry circles as he was one of the few bush poets that was a genuine 'bushy'. He was a man who had spent all his life on stations, mainly around the Broken Hill area, apart from a youthful stint in WA.

Snake had always written humorous verse about his fellow workers and his beloved bush but around 2000 he heard about poet breakfasts in Tamworth. His first visit with like minded people had him addicted and he soon became firmly entrenched in the SA scene.

From his Broken Hill base he attended Tamworth for a few years,

Marco invited him to Gympie and he became a regular at the Mildura and Barmera Country Music festivals. He soon became popular which made him busy as an entertainer. His dry and wicked sense of humour helped create some great verse but he was also capable of writing beautiful serious poems.

While he enjoyed the applause when performing at festivals, his bushy mindset meant that he didn't enjoy crowds and would eventually be found at the back of the hall quietly reflecting beneath his old hat. His comfort zone was always with a few bush poetry mates around a fire with a port or three.

Snake battled with ill health over the last few years but in typical Snake style whenever asked about how he was going he'd say 'Well the doctor reckons I've got a few problems but I've asked for a second opinion because I've never had anything that's killed me yet'.

Snake succumb to the 'big C' on May 5th at home in Broken Hill nursed by his loving wife Heather. He is survived by a lot of great verse, his twin daughters Hannah and Emma, and recently, his pride and joy in grandchildren Lachlan and Rihannah, both of who he was itching to take yellow belly fishing and yabbing, two pursuits Snake excelled at.

Give 'em hell in Heaven mate.

Bob Magor

THE NIGHT KEN JONES HIT HIS SCONE IN SCONE

Ken Jones is, by his own admission, lucky to be 63 years young.

A popular yarn spinner and word-smith has made a living out of travelling the country telling his story and promoting his books, but his most famous bush tale is about the night he hit his 'scone' in Scone.

Halfway through telling a yarn at Scone's Royal Hotel in 2004, Ken became disoriented and suffered a massive heart attack. Three times between the pub and Newcastle's John Hunter Hospital he was pronounced clinically dead, but in true Jonesie style, he wasn't ready to go, he survived. The odds were firmly stacked against him that day.

These days Ken tells anyone that will listen about the benefits of CPR and how it can save lives.

It saved his.

"Only eight per cent or so of Australians know effective CPR" Ken Claims.

"In Canada it is closer to 80 per cent; something that should be taught in schools. It might save the life of a loved one."

According to medical experts, so massive was his heart attack he had only one chance in one hundred of surviving one heart attack let alone three.

Even if it had happened in front of a medical practitioner at John Hunter he was still only a one-in-20 chance of surviving, according to his cardiologist.

"I was a very lucky man and am fortunate I had some capable and quick thinking individuals around me at the time," Ken said.

Ken can't stress enough the importance of knowing this life saving skill. He nominated the four people responsible for saving him for awards through the Royal Life Saving Society and each was bestowed an award by Marie Bashir, the NSW Governor, at a special ceremony.

Six years later, Ken returned to the Royal Hotel in Scone to finish his yarn and took out second place in the competition.

Ken is forever grateful to those people who were present on that day in 2004.

"I can now see my grandchildren grow up, and how do you thank people for giving you that?"

CAMOOWEAL DROVERS CAMP TALENT AWARD

26-28 AUGUST

ANOTHER FUN-FILLED WEEKEND

Friday 26th August opens with a riotous street parade including humorous floats, musicians, horses and coaches culminating in a fun-filled, lively night full of entertainment. The street parade will be followed by the Xstrata Mail Race.

To top this weekend off, Camooweal will be hosting its Drovers Ball. During the weekend wander through our historical town and view the displays at the old Shire Hall. Enjoy the top class art and photographic exhibitions and competition.

Be entertained at the new Drover's Campsite. Enjoy the traditional camp cooking. Have a yarn with an old drover. Listen or enter in with the bush poets, yarn-spinners, storytellers and balladeers.

To liven up the action, a Bronco Branding competition is on all weekend. There is plenty of fine food, company and entertainment for all.

Contact Liz Flood (07) 4748 2022 or email info@droverscamp.com.au or visit our website

www.droverscamp.com.au



Left to right: Drovers Wally Atkinson, Keith Luscombe, Pic Willetts and Rodney Watson Ben Kragt, David Shaw and Vicki and Jayson Watkin leaving The Drovers Camp on 1st May 2011

CAMOOWEAL DROVERS

CAMP

TALENT AWARD



BUSH JUSTICE by Milton Taylor

He sat on a train; stark evidence plain of a bushman right out of his place,
Was clearly defined on the old, wrinkled, lined, tanned skin of his knockabout face.
Here in town for the Show; nine down, one to go, was his quota of days in the city,
He'd found it a test and would soon head back west, not one day too soon, more 's the pity.

"What ya' doin, old man?" So the dialogue ran from a surly faced lout in his teens,
With his back to front cap and his ghetto-talk crap and baggy three-quarter length jeans.
With his gang in support; (two hooligans short of good manners and plain common sense.)
His confidence grew and he certainly knew it was prime time to launch an offense.

"You've taken me seat. Now get up on your feet, because me and me mates own this train.
Hand over your bag you stupid old slag or we'll bash ya'. You hearin' me plain?"
The bushie stood up and he cringed like a pup that knows when it's in for a beating,
And far from dismissive, was meekly submissive, and like a weak lamb, started bleating.

"Oh don't hit me, boy. Please don't hit old Roy. I never knew this was your seat.
I'm harmless, I tell you. Got nothing of value, I'll sit somewhere else, she'll be sweet.
My bag's all I got and there isn't a lot inside there you'd fancy, I'll bet you.
If you stir up my mate, then he'll get in a state and then you'll be sorry. He'll get you".

"That ain't gunna work, you crazy old jerk! You ain't got a mate, you're alone.
So give it to me 'cause I'm takin' it see? And give me your wallet and phone."
With disaster now looming, the meek, unassuming old bushmen continued to fake it,
Then opened his case with a smirk on is face and yelled to the thug "O.K.! Take it!"

Then the goons heard him shout as a serpent flew out of the bag like a jet propelled streak.
And they saw their mistake, as a deadly brown snake struck swiftly at each pimply cheek.
A chorus of terror highlighted the error the gang had in folly enacted,
As they scrambled in fear through the train it was clear, bush vengeance was being ex-acted.

With his snake in his hand, Roy, now in command, held a threat he seemed sure to deliver,
And the hoons, screaming more, leapt out through a door as the night train crossed over a river.

Next day in the Press they reported a mess discovered by kids walking dogs.
Three bodies lay dead in the dry riverbed mixed up with some debris and logs.

"BOYS DEAD", headlines screeched and their message beseeched that the person who'd
witnessed this act,
Come forward and state how those kids met their fate. Foul play? Or a suicide pact?
Perhaps murder, some thought, and a coroners court would surely reveal the full story
Of the mystery there. A juvenile dare? Or youth in pursuit of some glory?

On page four, tucked away in the paper that day was a wrap-up regarding the Show,
Where praise had been spoken and all records broken, ensuring its status would grow.
And earning a mention for drawing attention, the show crowds had voted the best
Sideshow of all was that of Roy Hall, with Roy's Reptile Show from the West.

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CAMOOWEAL FACTS

The explorer William Landsborough was the first European to pass through the Camooweal area. At the time (1862) he was looking for Burke and Wills. His reports led to the area being settled by pastoralists but it wasn't until 1884 that the town of Camooweal was gazetted. It grew as a service centre for the surrounding properties but the growth of Mount Isa meant sustained growth was not possible.

WOMBAT POETS

Sunday evening, 24th July saw the historic gold mining and fruit growing area between Young and Harden NSW come alive with bush poetry, celtic music and a touch of American rhyming verse.

The Wombat Hotel is a little country pub set in the middle of nowhere, though not all together, too far from anything.

Able bodied MC Ted Webber and Coordinator Greg Broderick held court in an old billiard hall administering an enjoyable brand of Justice that was administered to one and all who ventured there.

Fifty brave souls were entertained on a rather bleak night for over three hours by Ted Webber, Greg Broderick and Frank Daniel, Bill Williams from Queanbeyan, David Styles, Robin Sykes and Fred Cheney, an ex-Canadian, and a foursome of Celtic Musos.

A good evening was held by all and the resounding success of the evening will ensure similar gatherings in the near future.

The Wombat Hotel has held a continuous liquor license since 1877, making it the longest serving hotel in NSW. The village of Wombat is renowned for its cherry production and was an historic gold mining area with a living history display contained within its walls. There are still the odd remnants of diggings located on the landscape. Bill the old Battler



Letter to the Editor

G'Day Frank,
just found this piece of doggerel I wrote after witnessing an hour of performing without one mention of who wrote any of the work presented.

I admit when you do say who wrote something the punters never listen, but call me old fashioned we still need to mention the writer.

I can excuse someone forgetting now and then but an hour? Come on.

Stay well til we meet again,

Long John.

Performing Bush Poetry, A Privilege not a Write.

© Long John Best 2010.

Great performers abound; there's lots of 'em round,
From vast repertoires; they will quote 'em,
With memories so good, you'd think all of 'em would
Remember to mention, who wrote 'em.

For without writers there'd be no reciters,
So give credit where credit is due,
It's their gift to create; your job's to relate,
It's their poem; it's not about you.

Some may think this is trite, and maybe they're right,
Or a Touch of Sour Grapes: which it's not.
I've no burning ambition to seek recognition,
Just as well, for I only write rot.

Oh, it's not a big deal, but I truly feel,
When performing their words, and rehearsing',
You don't honour their name, then get out of the game,
Make room for a more worthy person.

A farmlet outside Wombat on the road to Harden has a large sign at the gate which reads 'WOMBAT EGGS'.

I always thought they were marsupials. After all, they are 'free range'; they're always getting hit by cars.

Perhaps it was a chook farm. Joe.

Subject: Confucius did **NOT** say.....

Man who wants pretty nurse, must be patient.
Passionate kiss, like spider web, leads to undoing of fly.
Better to be pissed off than pissed on.
Lady who goes camping must beware of evil intent.
Man who leaps off cliff jumps to conclusion.
Man who runs in front of car gets tired.
Man who runs behind car gets exhausted.
Man who eats many prunes get good run for money.
War does not determine who is right, it determines who is left.
Man who fight with wife all day get no piece at night.
Man who drives like hell is bound to get there.
Man who stands on toilet is high on pot.
Man who live in glass house should change clothes in basement.

Finally CONFUCIUS SAY. . .

"A lion will not cheat on his wife, but a Tiger Wood!"



Letter to the Secretary

G'day! Gregory,

It's me, 'Skew Wiff' (We've moved).

**To 55 Joeliza Drive,
REPTON NSW. 2454**

(Coffs Harbour, NSW, Australia)

Phone is (02) 6655 4723

email is : skewiff80@npes.net.au

I'm still trying to write a masterpiece

I've just made my first C.D.

Available now. \$20.00 posted.

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Grahame 'Skew Whiff' Watt





THE VICTORIAN OPEN BUSH POETRY CHAMPIONSHIPS 14 - 16 OCTOBER

Benalla Bowls Club 25 Arundel Street, Benalla
Yarnspinning Friday night
Poets Breakfasts Sat. and Sun. 8am - 10am
SATURDAY NIGHT

VARIETY CONCERT

Including **KEITH POTGER (SEEKERS)**
Poem & Song Sections Saturday from 10am
Sunday - more Poems 10am & Juniors 1pm
WEEKEND WRISTBANDS \$25/\$20
concert (or pay per session)
Victorian Bush Poetry and Music Assoc. Inc.
 Secretary, Jan Lewis (02) 60774332 email poetfarm@corryongcec.net.au



First Weekend in September ...

FORBES NSW RIVER ARTS FESTIVAL

A compelling celebration of country creativity and resilience after a decade of drought ...

The inaugural Kalari-Lachlan River Arts Festival will be held beside beautiful Lake Forbes, central western New South Wales, on 3-4 September 2011, as the opening event for the NSW Landcare & Catchment Management Forum.

It will feature the premiere of The Kate Kelly Song Cycle on the Main Stage, plus hours more music from Classical to Country, Australian bush poetry, a Lantern Parade, an Arts & Crafts Village, a Writers & Readers Tent, a Farmers & Landcarers' Tent, a poetry slam, Healing Arts Alley, art exhibitions, 'slow food' stalls, wine tastings in the Festival Lounge, markets, sports and much much more.

The Kalari-Lachlan River Arts Festival opens at dusk on Saturday, 3 September 2011, with a dramatic Welcome to Country at the Wiradjuri Dreaming Centre, followed by a cabaret-style party and formal opening at the historic Lachlan Arcade, aka Mezzanine Coffee House. It continues at 8.00 am on Sunday 4 September with a Bush Poets Breakfast conducted by Frank Daniel, music, theatre, dance, exhibitions, arts & crafts demonstrations, busking, kids' activities, stalls and markets along the Lagoon foreshore (Lake Forbes) from 10 am until dark, when a Lantern Parade honouring the district's Chinese pioneers will segue into the headline act, the premiere of The Kate Kelly Song Cycle.

BUSH POETS BREAKFAST LAKE FORBES NSW

Inaugural River Arts Festival

8.00 am 4th September 2011

MC Frank Daniel

Please advise

ANN HODGES

02 6851 1234

fejora@westnet.org.au





NORTH PINE BUSH POETS
CAMP OVEN FESTIVAL

19th 20th 21st August 2011

Pioneer Village Country Music Club Petrie Q



CONCERT SATURDAY EVENING

Featuring: JACK DRAKE

MELANIE HALL and SUSIE GARGARY

FUN and FRIVOLITY

Competition includes:

Classical, Modern, Original
(Serious & Humorous)

Yarns, Duos, One minute Cup

Walk-up/Dress up on Friday evening (Prizes for costumes)

LATE ENTRIES MAY BE ACCEPTED

Call Dot 07 3203 6681 (evenings preferred) BARRY 07 3482 3541
schwenke37@hotmail.com --- cayandbarry@gmail.com



Photo Brian, Terry, Zondrae and Graeme.

Report: SCCMA Brekkie

The South Coast Country Music Association Festival held a Poets Breakfast at the Dapto Leagues Club on Sunday 18th July.

Featuring four of our centrally based NSW poets, Brian Bell, Terry Regan, Zondrae King and Graeme Johnson, over three hundred gathered for the 8am start in anticipation of the promised variety of styles.

Organizer, Graeme Johnson, 'the Rhymer from Ryde', was ever capable as MC opening the show with the talented Brian Bell, bringing the crowd to attention with his punchy one-liners and humorous remarks.

Woman of Words and leading south coast writer and poet, Zondrae King, held up the ladies side of the bargain presenting a number of Illawarra flavoured poems.

The current NSW State Champion, Terry Regan, brought to life once more 'The Geebung Polo Club' and a good many of his originals.



Another weekend that may be of interest to some of the bush poets/horsey people.

Gary Cullen (friend of Spud Murphy) is organizing a heavy horse and bush poetry weekend at St Ives in August. Saturday the 20th August, will see the led in classes of heavy horses and Saturday evening a bush poetry concert evening (not a competition) for those wishing to take part. Sunday will be the harness heavy horses day. If anyone is interested in any more information, contact Gary on his mobile: 0402 602 763 - he would love to see people come along.



CHAMELEON

I have a new exotic pet, at least, I think I do.
My wife says I'm delusional, and that it isn't true.
She says that now she's certain that my mind has really gone,
But that's because she's never seen my pet chameleon.

My chameleon just wandered in, and made himself at home,
He seemed to be contented, and never sought to roam.
He doesn't need a lot of room. He isn't very large,
In fact you seldom see him, he's so good at camouflage.

I've given my chameleon a name, I call him Wizard,
One, because he's clever, and two, it rhymes with lizard.
He has some limitations. He's never learned to speak,
But he's a real champion at playing hide and seek.

My wife won't believe my lizard Wizard really does exist.
"He's on the window sill." I say. "You're far too slow. You've missed
Seeing him. Now he's on the rubbish bin.
You have to understand that he is good at blending in."

I tell her that she'll have to come to terms with her frustration.
You have to learn to live with such super pigmentation.
Whatever surface Wizard's on, be it white, or red, or green,
He absorbs that characteristic, and blends in with the scene.

He's very good at catching flies. They never know he's there.
It's eerie how they vanish into seemingly thin air.
You must be very careful just where you put your feet,
And do a double check before you use the toilet seat.

He nearly came to grief one day. It was at breakfast time.
I'm glad it never happened, or there wouldn't be this rhyme.
Wizard dead and buried, and just me to regret him.
He was on a piece of toast, and my wife almost eat him.

"DON'T EAT THE TOAST." I screamed at her. She went a shade of grey.
"You nearly swallowed Wizard." Then Wizard ran away.
"THERE ISN'T ANY WIZARD." She screamed back at me:
"It's your imagination." I'm sad she cannot see

My little pet chameleon. I'm sure that she'd warm to him
If she could only see him, I'd introduce her to him,
But sadly, Wizard's vanished. Didn't even leave a note.
Terrified I'd say, of going down my darling's throat'

I can't say that I blame him. But I console myself,
That my Wizard lizard's still around, maybe on some shelf,
Protected from discovery by his super pigmentation,
Or maybe, after all, she's right, it's just imagination.



BLUE -- the shearer
(copyright col wilson)



BUNDABERG KIDS

winning poem from Primary School Student
category of the Bush Lantern Awards.

BONFIRE

by Alex Buckholz

The wood was all piled high,
Under a blanket of black sky.
The flames were licking all around,
Ambers were floating to the ground.

Thick grey smoke filled the air,
I cough, I splutter, I do declare -
"This Bonfire is oh, so hot,
To my lungs the smoke has got!"

The flames are red, orange and yellow -
It's not time yet to cook marshmallows.
When the fire is low and time is near,
All the kids start to cheer!

All the marshmallows are ready to toast
This is the bit I like the most!
Crunchy on the outside and gooey within,
It burns my tongue but I still grin!

I eat and eat until I can eat no more,
Marshmallows are what I adore.
At last it is time to say goodbye,
The fire is now, black, like the sky.

Winning entry,
Bush Lantern secondary school 2011.

Beneath The Stars

by Hannah Nugent

The sun, a glowing ball of golden light,
Begins to sink, down, down below the hills.
It doesn't seem to put up any fight,
But simply bends to gravity's strong will.

The coloured sky is fading out to black,
From red to orange, yellow, pink and blue.
The evening now has come, no turning back.
What spectacles await I have no clue.

The first of night's bright stars begin to show
-
The Evening Star and Southern Cross come
out.
They glimmer, twinkle and appear to glow,
And of their beauty, I'm without a doubt.

I close my eyes and hear the distant cars,
And fall asleep beneath the Aussie stars.



The Wisdom of a Child

© David Campbell, Beaumaris, Vic.
Winner 2011 Bundaberg Poets'
Society Bush Lantern Award

"Dad, where's Mum gone?" he says to me.
"I really miss her so."
I turn away so he can't see the tears that start to flow.

I take a breath and wipe my eyes...he mustn't see me cry...
but as I do I realise there is no reason why
he shouldn't see his father mourn, and learn the pain of loss,
for death might come with any dawn
on all the paths he'll cross.

He's only eight, yet I have found he seems to understand
that life's not built on solid ground, but ever-shifting sand.
He watched his mother fade away, worn down by deep despair
as heartbreak took its toll each day, a weight too much to bear.
She worked so hard, as, side by side, we struggled to survive;
I drove her on, consumed by pride, to keep our hopes alive.

I curse the climate and the drought,
the years that brought us down...
the cattle lost, the crops ripped out,
the fear that gripped our town.
I satisfied my selfish needs and didn't count the cost,
so learnt too late what ego breeds, and all that I had lost.
Though she was born to country life,
her health was never strong;
I lost my lover, friend and wife, and I was in the wrong.

Now through my tears I see her still, recall the day we met,
and feel that sudden, special thrill I never will forget.
Her hair, like sunset, flamed dark red, her smile lit up the sky,
and on the day that we were wed I felt that I could fly.
I had such plans for all we'd do, the life that we would make,
but hopes can vanish in the blue for blind ambition's sake.

Self-pity is a subtle beast that stalks on silent feet,
and strikes when we expect it least, a symbol of retreat.
For now she's gone I'm in a place that echoes with my dreams,
a cold and sad and empty space where nothing's as it seems.
Yet here's our son who represents a future we must mend,
and I must guide his innocence with words he'll comprehend.

I turn around and face him square, so he can see my tears.
It's almost more than I can bear; I fight to hide my fears.
"Where she is now is up to you, it's not for me to say,
for each of us must work this through, and find a special way
to hold her close, to keep her near, so even though she's gone,
the memories that we hold dear will help us to go on.

So think of her on happy days, remember when she'd sing
around the house, or give you praise, or do some little thing
that showed you she was very brave, so good and kind and true,
and think of all the help she gave, and what she meant to you.
Then take her smile, her cheerful face, her love for you and me,
and try to find the sort of place you think she'd like to be."

He stares at me, then nods his head and gazes out the door;
I wonder if the things I've said are what he's looking for.
Perhaps he'll see a rippling brook, a valley lush and green,
like pictures in a storybook, a peaceful rural scene,
with distant hills in summer's haze, an eagle on the wing,
or wattles with their buds ablaze as winter turns to spring.

"She hasn't gone, she's still right here!"
He turns and waves his hand.
"Mum's in the house, so very near, and all across our land.
She's watching over us right now; I promise, I can tell.
I seem to know, I'm not sure how,
she'll keep us safe and well."
That's when I think of all on earth so easily defiled,
and bless that thing of priceless worth, the wisdom of a child.

David Campbell

David, born in Melbourne and still living there, has been married to Ellinor for over 40 years and has three adult children. An in-depth interview reveals that he: used to be a redhead; enjoys most sports and has played quite a few; hates brussel sprouts and blancmange (especially together); does cryptic cross-words; hopes to get the word 'axolotl' into a poem; grew up watching the Mickey Mouse Club; can't sing for peanuts; isn't Ellis's younger brother; doesn't drink or smoke; was inspired by C. J. Dennis (and is Vice President of the C. J. Dennis Society); is a Collingwood supporter who thinks that the game of rugby is compelling evidence that the British have a remarkable sense of humour.

After a working life in various education-related fields, including twenty years as a teacher of senior mathematics and English, he is now relaxing in retirement and concentrating on writing. He divides his time between bush poetry, free verse, short stories and newspaper articles (mainly for *The Age*).

David began writing seriously in 2001 and won his first bush poetry award (the Boree Log) in 2002. Since then he has enjoyed success in a variety of competitions and learnt a great deal from the many talented poets in the bush poetry community. He promotes our traditional verse wherever possible and conducts workshops aimed at emphasising the linkages between different styles of written communication, be they prose or poetry.

He strongly believes that a mastery of rhythm and rhyme provides a sound basis

for any form of writing, providing a particularly valuable teaching tool when working with young children.

He has contributed extensively to three books of poetry for children, including *Simply Poetry!*, an illustrated book of poems for pre-school children written in collaboration with Ellinor and artist Cathy Scott. In 2007 David published *Skycatcher*, a collection of 32 award-winning bush poems, and *Morning Light*, a book containing 11 of his short stories.

His work has also appeared in a variety of books and magazines, including *Best Australian Stories 2005* (Black Inc.) and *Award Winning Australian Writing 2009 and 2010* (Melbourne Books). Further details can be found on his website:

www.campbellwriter.com

Wasteland

© David Campbell, Beaumaris, Victoria

Winner 2011 Bronze Swagman Award

My mother sits beside the bed, a quiet, tranquil scene,
but then, once more, a sense of dread destroys what might
have been.

I see the wasteland in her eyes...a barren, lonely place
where nods and smiles cannot disguise the sadness in her face.

She walks where no-one else can go, quite deaf and dumb and
blind

to anything she used to know, for darkness clouds her mind.
Instead she sees a phantom world, where truth and dreams
combine,
like silken threads of cobwebs curled around a withered vine.

And I can't help the way I feel, the thoughts I can't deny,
the hurt that simply will not heal, the anger that won't die.
I still resent what she's become, what she has done to me,
and then my guilt just leaves me numb, for I can't set her free.

Where once was love, there's only fear at what she now might
say;

I hate to think what I might hear, the price I'll have to pay.
She heaves a sigh and takes my hand, then rips my life apart.
I know she doesn't understand, but yet she breaks my heart.

"Please tell me, dear, how is my boy? I've not seen him for
years.

He used to bring me so much joy, but now there's only tears.
I loved him so, my only son, and thought he felt the same;
I cannot think what I have done to give him cause for blame.

I see him out there on the track...he goes to meet his Dad,
and then they both come striding back...he's such a handsome
lad.

The son and father, side by side, both look so very fine,
and I stand watching, filled with pride to know that they are
mine.

But now they're gone, I don't know where, and I am banished
here,
with one small room, a bed, a chair...they've let me disappear.
I can't believe that they'd do this, just simply walk away
without a word, a smile, a kiss, to help me through each day."

I want to shout "That isn't true!" but muffle any curse,
for arguing does not get through, and only makes it worse.
Dementia stalks its helpless prey, and strikes with subtle force;
relentlessly, that slow decay pursues its deadly course.

Her memory would wax and wane, and often she accused
my Dad and I of some campaign to keep her all confused.
Then came the day she got quite lost while visiting a friend,
and that was when we learnt the cost, and knew where this
would end.

This trauma took away her life...where once she'd always led
as daughter, mother, loving wife, a stranger walked instead.
She had to be in full-time care, a choice that we regret,
but back at home, to our despair, her needs could not be met.

My father will not visit now...he cannot stand the pain,
and tells himself that still, somehow, she'll be herself again.
So I am left to face her grief, to see her slowly age,
accepting that there's no relief from unrelenting rage.

Yet as I watch her sitting there, a ghost of days now gone,
I find I'm even more aware of how her light once shone,
as she fought bushfire, drought and flood, and never ceased to
strive
to save our land, our flesh and blood, and keep our dream
alive.

For she was vibrant, strong and bold, a pioneer to all,
a woman who could not grow old, who answered any call.
She never let a neighbour down or turned back one in need,
and she was honoured in our town for thought and word and
deed.

But now she's trapped, she can't escape this wasteland of the
mind,
a hell that has no form or shape, that cannot be defined.
And then it comes, the fearful thought, though selfish it may
be,
that no-one's safe from getting caught...it might one day be
me.

A One Night Stand

© Zondrae King (Corrimal) 03/09

It stands there in the corner of the antique auction room
with a basin and a ewer almost lost amid the gloom.
A chamber pot was also placed with old and shaking hand.
and hidden in the jumble there is only one night stand.

The soldiers given orders – they must capture the outpost.
It was small but oh so vital and the one that mattered most.
So they took it, held it overnight, a triumph, It was grand.
Not an everlasting victory. It was still a one night stand.

Both teams were set to gather for the finals of the year
supporters were to come and watch. They came from far and near.
So they built a set of bleachers for the members of the band.
Took it down when they were finished. It was just a one night
stand.

A stately home in England has a hallway with display
of a shiny suit of armour once worn in King Arthur's day.
It is mounted on a foot high plinth with sloping sides. It's grand.
But there's only one suit on it – it is just a one knight stand.

Making Ends Meet

© Irene Conner



At the school she hears the grumbles
as the dollar value tumbles
and the mothers talk of hardships they endure.
They are dressed in latest fashion
as they chat with such dispassion
but they have no understanding of the poor.

For she sees them when they're shopping
and they show no signs of swapping
to the cheaper brands, or lesser cuts of meat.
But they still complain of hardship,
tho' their credit cards they worship
as they wonder how they'll ever make ends meet.

Every day she walks the children
'til they're weary with exhaustion
for she doesn't have the luxury of a car.
As she leaves the school behind
her and she dreams that fate was kinder,
still she curses that they have to walk so far.

Now she sees her children growing ,
so at night she will be sewing
as she alters clothes she's bought from bargain shops.
She must count her every dollar
if they're not to live in squalor
and she wonders why the worry never stops.

So she feels no great compassion
for those ladies dressed in fashion
who have never had to struggle just to eat;
who have husbands to support them
and have never known the mayhem
as they fight each day to try to make ends meet.

The Passing of a Mate

By Mo.

The ringing of the telephone, surely meant a friendly voice
Oh to change the reason for that message, given any choice
Our mate has died this very day, is what the message said
How hard it is to understand, his time on earth has fled

Fond memories are flooding back, as I sit here by the fire
I smile as I remember, how he raised that MP's ire
The help he gave to others, that no one ever knew
Those who called him friend, said he was all true blue

Many years have passed us by, they came with joy and sorrow
But as we have said so oft' old mate, the sun will rise the morrow
The parson he'll say Scriptures, that are suited you old mate
The congregation they are praying, you meet St peter at the gate

There'll be those who sing your praises, as a tear comes to their eye
And the church bells will be ringing, from the steeple up on high
When the service is all over and mother earth has sealed your fate
I'll go home and have a cold one, for the passing of a mate



**Big
Breakfast
and
Performance
Bush Poetry
Competition**



**Saturday
29th October
2011**

**Over \$1000
in Prizemoney**

**Professional Sections
7.30am-10.30am**

**School and Novice Sections
1.30pm-3.30pm**

Five Competitions
Open Original Works
Open Traditional Works
Primary School Section
High School Section
Open Adult Novice
Section

**Get your
entries in!**

For all the information please contact
Kelly Walters
Uralla Bowling Club
(02) 6778 4192
<http://www.urallabowls.com.au/community>

MEMORIES

© Neil Carroll

Some things we remember from childhood,
While others we quickly forget,
Like Gran's apple tart,
Or an old billy cart,
Or the ferret we had for a pet.

One thing will remain in our memory,
While another one soon disappears,
Like the kangaroo dog,
Or the noisy green frog,
Who lived on our verandah for years.

But I'll never forget when Grandfather
Sat me on his knee for a nurse.
He'd light up a smoke,
Give the fire a poke,
And recite for me this little verse.

'Some people think dogs are a nuisance,
Just something to bark, and annoy.
But I pity the boy
Who hasn't a dog,
And the dog who hasn't a boy.

1. ABPA-ABLA Agreement 2011

INITIAL PROPOSAL

Australian Bush Laureate Awards

P.O.Box 73 Tamworth NSW 2340

27/3/11

Mr Greg North

Secretary

Australian Bush Poets Association

secretary@abpa.org.au

Re: ABLA proposal to work with the Australian Bush Poets Association

Thank for your letter outlining your thoughts about possible co-operation between ABLA and ABPA. It was very encouraging. The ABLA has a strong interest in co-operating with the ABPA, with the aim of increasing the overall effectiveness of the Laureates as a recognition and promotional vehicle for Australian bush poetry. First off, could we reiterate that the ABLA is a self-supporting commercial enterprise and there are areas over which we, as owners, must retain control. However, we would also suggest that co-operation is possible in all areas. We believe this co-operation between ABLA and ABPA can help us avoid mistakes while bringing substantial benefits to both parties and to bush poetry as a whole.

We should also say that while we look forward to a close association with ABPA and its members, we also need to engage with poets who are not members of your organisation.

Greg, in your letter you make a suggestion about ABPA representation on "the Committee". As a commercial organisation, we have no Committee as such. As proprietors/organisers we have to take full responsibility for all legal, financial and administrative matters relating to the event. This includes carrying the very real financial risks, ensuring fairness and ensuring that the public show is going to pull a crowd, which, at the very least, covers costs.

We would therefore like to submit a slightly different approach from that outlined in your letter.

We would like to set up a consultative group comprising the ABPA Sub-Committee and ABLA management. This would meet (preferably face to face) on a regular scheduled basis. It would discuss virtually anything to do with running the event, including such important matters as categories, rules, judging, and presentation of awards.

Our only qualification would be that while we are keen to discuss all aspects of the event with the ABPA, there could be no guarantees. Having said that, why would we be talking to you at all if we didn't see real mutual benefits in the co-operation?

We have attached suggested meeting schedule for your consideration.

Now, the other items you mentioned:

A) Decide the ABLA categories

We understand the ABPA has some specific problems with some of the ABLA categories and we would like to discuss and resolve these matters. From what we know already, fixing most of these problems doesn't seem to present too many difficulties and we are more than willing to look at making changes where ABPA sees benefits.

B) Have input into the judging pool

We would be delighted to have input from ABPA into the judging pool and would like to discuss the final panel make-up with you in detail. We see it as an opportunity to refresh and widen our judging group from your extensive and experienced ranks.

C) Confirm the entries meet the criteria

We would be very happy indeed for an ABPA rep. to confirm that all entries meet the Awards criteria. There may be some logistical problems in viewing nominations but we should be able to overcome these.

D) Receive signed judges sheets

We would like to suggest another approach to achieve the same solution. We fully accept the importance of a proper auditing for the Awards. Again the principle of independence is paramount. The au-

ditting process should be at arms length from both ABLA and ABPA. We would like to suggest:

1. That two independent auditors be appointed.
2. To be based in Tamworth to facilitate rapid, hands-on activity.
3. Preferably professionals e.g. lawyers, accountants.
4. No conflicts of interest with any entrant.
5. Acceptable to the ABPA Executive.
6. They would audit nominations, judge's returns and collation of results.
7. They would audit the announcement of winners (check releases etc.)
8. Their certification of the results could be displayed on our website.
9. The audit report would be made available to the ABPA Executive.

E) Have some say in the artists on the Awards Show.

We would always welcome your suggestions and input into the Show. Having said that, the final staging and selection of artists for the concert would have to remain the responsibility of the ABLA. The financial success of the event is fundamental to the survival of the whole Awards scheme. For example, our judgement on what our audience comes to see and hear, our experience in staging and attracting prominent artists and our promotional contacts and expertise, have all contributed to the fact that the Awards have remained viable and are now in their 16th year.

In addition to the points you have made, there are some other potential benefits we'd like to mention.

- a) An undertaking by ABLA to include the Chairperson of the ABPA, or his/her nominee, as a presenter at each Awards.
- b) If the ABPA wishes to initiate an award (or two), which does not clash with ABLA categories, this could be presented as part of our presentations. It would not be nominated as a Golden Gumleaf Award but as an ABPA Award.
- c) We would like to offer our support for the ABPA by encouraging membership. This could be done on stage during the presentations and in the foyer with a dedicated display as well as during the nomination and event promotion. We could also promote the ABPA and the magazine through our website (which is shortly to be revised) and other avenues to which we have access, such as the Australian Country Music Directory and other publications and websites around Australia.

Finally, assuming a non-legal agreement of co-operation based on our discussions after your April 1st Executive Meeting is accepted by both parties, we would like to:

- Suggest that an initial trial period for the arrangement should be for a minimum of 12 months from the date of an exchange of letters of agreement. Either party would have the right to drop out at any time of the agreement should they wish to, after meeting with the other party to discuss the situation.
- Identify a chain of contact between ABLA and ABPA with individuals nominated and tasked to maintain communication on a regular basis.
- Suggest that subject to discussion, no major rule changes be announced without at least nine months notice; e.g. from January 31st to the close of noms at the end of September.
- Suggest that, apart from fine tuning of definition wording (e.g. Original Book of the Year, Compilation Book Of The Year), no major changes be made to categories for the 2012 Awards.

Summary:

The Australian Bush Laureate Awards have been running since 1996.

Over the years, many other performance-based competitions have come and gone but the ABLA continues; the only scheme that focuses on the publishing and recording of bush poetry. We submit that this is a vital function for the developing Bush Poetry industry and one that should be encouraged. An alliance between the industry body and the long-standing Awards scheme must be of benefit to all Australian bush poets and those that support them.

We look forward to a fruitful and long-term association.

Max Ellis,

Australian Bush Laureate Awards

2. Australian Bush Poets Association Inc. President: Manfred Vijars Email: manfred@rocketfrog.com.au Phone 04111 60 510 PO Box 701, Morningside Qld 4170

14th May 2011

Mr Max Ellis Australian Bush Laureate Awards

Re: ABPA – ABLA Letter of Agreement

Dear Max

Thank you for your considered proposal in regard to a relationship with the ABPA.

The ABLA Golden Gumleaf is a highly sought after award among our published members. The ABPA would like to see this award maintained - and strengthen its prestige in the wider published community. We welcome the opportunity to work together.

The ABPA exists on behalf of its members, many of whom are nominated for ABL Awards annually. As the representative body, we are well placed to forward member's suggestions for improvement and discuss members' concerns to ensure the ABLA is regarded as a prestigious event on the Poet's calendar.

To grow the appeal for Bush Poetry as a whole, we also understand and share the need to engage with poets in the wider community who are not members of the ABPA.

We recognise that the ABLA is a self-supporting commercial enterprise.

Entertainment is an ever changing dynamic. The ABLA has the expertise (and track record) to ensure the Event's success, and as proprietors/organisers the ABLA will continue to take full responsibility for all legal, financial and administrative matters relating to the event.

On acceptance of our "Letter of Agreement", the ABPA will provide the following ...

ONGOING CONSULTATION The ABPA Sub-Committee and ABLA management will meet face to face on a regular scheduled basis, to discuss any items within the scope of running the ABLA Event. Inputs for discussion are not necessarily limited to, Categories, Rules, Judging, and Presentation of Awards.

In good faith, we have provided the ABLA with our list of judges. Pooling our judges, I believe, carries mutual benefits giving both parties depth as well as breadth in available judging expertise.

ENTRY COMPLIANCE The ABPA will supply one scrutineer, from a pool of two or more, to confirm that all entries meet the ABL Awards criteria for that year. The appointed ABPA scrutineers will have signed the appropriate Confidentiality Agreements. The scrutineer pool is to allow for any conflict of interest issues that may arise, and may change from year to year allowing for flexibility within our sub-committee.

RESULTS VALIDATION The ABPA will put forward the names of two Tamworth based independent auditors. One to be considered for acceptance. This is to comply with the nine points in your Letter of Proposal, **Sec. D - Receive signed judges' sheets.**

The advantages of ABPA involvement in the above two areas, **Entry Compliance and Results Validation**, would help alleviate any criticisms that may result from disgruntled participants.

REVIEW The ABPA sub-committee will meet in review with the ABLA after the conclusion of the year's event to discuss the successes, address areas of concern and pre-plan for the following year to enable continual improvement of the ABLA event.

Your offer of ABPA promotion in the media, print and on stage is welcomed. We will supply the ABPA Logo and appropriate copy to

match the exposure.

Initially, all communications will be directed to myself. There will be a greater involvement (initially) of the ABPA Executive so that the protocols of the relationship can be passed on seamlessly to the sub-committee.

Your timeline is noted and I'll confirm with you the date for our initial meeting.

We too look forward to a fruitful and long-term association.

Manfred Vijars, Australian Bush Poets Association.

3. Australian Bush Laureate Awards

AMENDED CRITERIA

maxellis@virginbroadband.com.au

0438667314

20/6/2011

Dear Manfred,

We did appreciate the opportunity to discuss the Australian Bush Laureate Awards with you and Carol last Saturday. We certainly covered a lot of territory and hopefully we have now established a framework for a very successful and long-term association between the ABLA and the ABPA.

We thought we would just run through the issues and conclusions as we see them after talking to our other Directors and put them to you for your comment.

General principles:

There was general agreement to the overall approach outlined in our letter and your reply. We are very happy that these letters be placed on your website for ABPA members. (saw them and they were excellent)

Items discussed

a. Auditors: ABPA nominated Michael McHugh, Solicitor, who is well known to us and will make an excellent auditor. We nominate Bill Warburton an equally well known local, retired accountant. (Both have agreed) It was agreed ABLA will collate results and present the final figures with judges original voting sheets for checking.

b. Scrutineering... When the ABPA names an individual/s to go through nominations and check against rules and categories requirements, we will work out the logistics of getting a set of product and entry forms to them. No problems and most helpful for us.

c. Judging. We believe there are difficulties with specialised judges especially in view of over-lapping product and limited numbers of entries. We also feel strongly that judges should have a rounded approach, which emphasises general appeal to the poetry buyers rather than specialised detail. ABPA understands our concerns and will provide ABLA a "general judge" list, which we will draw on.

We agreed that we would continue not to publish current judges names (because of possible pressure from entrants) but instead carry a list of former judges on our website.

d. The ABL Awards Show. We did not discuss this in detail except to point out that to make it a viable Festival event we have to have a balance between poetry and other entertainment (which is generally relevant to the poetry theme) but we will talk more about it in the future.

e. We touched on our promotion of the ABPA, We will need a logo and will discuss terminology.. e.g. *Supported by ABPA*. This credit and logo will go on all nomination material and the ABLA website, with displays in Town Hall in January and mentions in advertising and on stage.

f. The ABPA would like to present a "ABPA Supporter of the Year" Award at the BLAs. We understand it will not conflict in any way with the Judith Hosier Award. We are very happy to agreed to this presentation on stage as part of the ABLAs, made by the ABPA President or his/her nominee.

g. Categories and Criteria were the major area of discussion. Obviously there have been some problem with some of our definitions in the past, in particular ABPA's understanding of "Original". Rather than go into this in detail I will cover all the categories and outline our conclusions.

Book of the Year Award

This was a major area of mis-understanding in the past. ABPA wants recognition with Book of The Year for Individuals who publish material not previously published. We have agreed to a compromise by making all collections whether re-published or material published for the first time in the current year, eligible for a separate award. This applies only if the Collection equals or exceeds top voting in the category. This is because, though they are generally significant books, in most years there are not enough collection or compilation entries to justify separate voting.

1. Book Of The Year

For a body of original verse by an individual poet, 75% of which must be published for the first time ever, during the eligibility period. Note: 75% of the content of the book must be verse.

1a. Collected Verse Book Of The Year.

If a book which does not qualify as Book of the Year, tops or equal-tops voting in the overall Book category it will be eligible for Collected Verse Book of the Year.

Note: A "Collection" can include previously published work by a single poet. Published in the above context means "commercially published in book form" and excludes individual pieces of poetry which has been displayed on a website or in a magazine or newspaper.

Poem of The Year

This category has caused a lot of serious consideration and we would like to say that we fully appreciate the points that the ABPA has made regarding judging and possible alternative approaches.

The suggestion of drawing winners only from previously judged competitions (over which we have no control) means we would be in danger of excluding major poets and of accepting many poems, which have not been published. This does not conform with our basic "raison d'être", namely that the ABLAs are for published or recorded work.

So after looking at the alternatives we have decided that we would like to proceed with the existing category, while qualifying the category title by adding Published and dropping Bush. Having said all that, we will be ready to review this category after the next Awards.

2. Published Poem of the Year

For the best individual piece of Australian rhymed verse. Must be original verse published for the first time in a commercially available book during the eligibility period. Limit of one nomination per writer. After discussion, some of the terminology in these next two categories has been modified for a clearer understanding.

3. Album of the Year

For the best body of Australian rhymed verse recorded on CD or DVD. Content may be original OR previously published or previously recorded verse but at least 75 percent of actual performances on the CD/DVD must be released for the first time during the eligibility period. Album must be released commercially during the current eligibility period.

4. Single Recorded Performance of the Year *For the best recorded performance of a particular piece of Australian rhymed verse. Content may be original OR previously published or previously recorded verse. The actual performances on the CD/DVD must be released for the first time as a single or as a single track on any album, during the current eligibility period. Limit of one nomination per writer or artist.*

Children's Poem or Track Of The Year.

We have all been concerned about number of nominations for this category though we have had 5 or 6 over recent years. There was discussion about whether it's for a poem or track that can be recited in schools or is more about presentation of poetry that attracts kids ... such as a colourful, well illustrated book. We felt that it was the former and agreed to leave it as is for the time being and review it for next year.

5. Children's Poem Or Track Of the Year.

For an individual poem in rhymed verse in a commercially published or released book or CD, judged to have the most appeal to young people. Must be original material published or released for the first time during the eligibility period.

Judith Hosier Award.

One issue, which arose here was a perception because of how our nomination form was worded, that only nominees could provide suggestions. In fact we welcome suggestions with a brief summary of relevant reasons, from anyone. This will be clarified on the nomination forms and our Website.

6. Judith Hosier

An award presented to an individual or organisation for outstanding achievement in nurturing Australia's unique heritage of rhymed verse. Nominees and anyone with an informed interest is invited to suggest recipients for this award by enclosing or sending brief, relevant material.

That's about it Manfred for the time being anyway. We will look forward to your comments and a copy of your logo. Thanks again for coming down to talk with us. We do appreciate it. Could we just emphasise again that we see this meeting as a first step in our mutually beneficial aim of working together.

Regards,
Max Ellis

Hi Manfred and Carol, After getting your message Carol I have changed the note on the Book segment to make it clear that poems previously published in a magazine etc are still eligible or not disqualified!!! Underlined type is the change. *Note: A "Collection" can include previously published work by a single poet. Published in the above context means "commercially published in book form" and does not disqualify individual pieces of poetry which has been previously displayed on a website or in a magazine or newspaper.* Thanks Carol and Manfred. Regards, Max

NOTICE:

Essential Energy, formerly Country Energy, have decided not to sponsor the Children's Bush Poetry Competition in Tamworth in 2012.

The Tamworth Poetry Reading Group apologises to anyone who was preparing to enter this competition and would like to steer them towards the ABPA "You-Tube Student's Performance Competition" as announced in the last ABPA magazine.

The Essential Energy Tamworth Bush Poetry Competition will be held as usual. Dates are 24, 26, 27 and 28 January 2012.

Entry forms will be available from 1st October.

Jan Morris



**DAVID WATT IAN
CAMPBELL (1915-1979)**

Campbell was born on 16 July 1915 at Ellerslie Station, near Adelong, New South Wales. He was the third child of Australian-born parents Alfred Campbell, a grazier and medical practitioner, and his wife Edith Madge, née Watt.

In 1930, Campbell went to The King's School, Sydney, and in 1935, with the support of the headmaster, he enrolled at Jesus College, Cambridge, graduating with a Bachelor of Arts in 1937. He continued to play rugby he excelled at school. His studies in English literature developed his interest in poetry.

Campbell returned to Australia from Cambridge in 1938 and on 6 November 1939 joined the Royal Australian Air Force. He had learned to fly while at Cambridge and went to train as a pilot at Point Cook. He served in New Guinea, where he was injured and awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross, and flew bombing missions from Darwin in the Northern Territory.

Campbell married Bonnie Edith Lawrence on 20 January 1940 at St John's Anglican Church, Toorak, Melbourne. They had two sons (including John) and a daughter, but were divorced in 1973. In 1946, he settled on a family property, Wells Station, near Canberra, and in 1961 he moved to Palerang, near Bungendore, New South Wales. In 1968, he moved again to The Run, Queanbeyan, New South Wales.

On 18 February 1974 Campbell married Judith Anne Jones in Sydney. From May to September 1975 they travelled in England and Europe, his first trip abroad since his Cambridge days.

He had many literary friends. These

included, in addition to poet and editor, Douglas Stewart, historian Manning Clark, poet Rosemary Dobson, writer Patrick White, and poet and academic A. D. Hope.

He was interested in painting, golf and polo, and was a keen fisherman, an activity he often shared with Douglas Stewart. Manning Clark has written about aspects of his friendship with David Campbell. Campbell, wrote Clark "was an enlarger of life, not a straightener or measurer, or a life-denier" the key to him being found in "the two books he re-read each year: The Idiot by Dostoevsky, and The Aunt's Story by Patrick White.[2]

"He was the war hero, the victor in the boxing ring, the strong man in the rugby scrum, the fisherman, the horseman, the polo player who knew all about Myshkin [character from The Idiot] and Theodora Goodman [character from The Aunt's Story].

He was seen to knock out a man in the bar at Delegate for casting doubts on his manhood. The next morning he was seen to cast a fly with such delicacy that it landed on the waters of the Snowy River with the grace of a butterfly."

David Campbell died of cancer on the 29th of July 1979, at the Royal Canberra Hospital.

ABPA editor Frank Daniel worked for Mr. Campbell on Palerang Station during his early teens. A great life for a youngster who never dreamed that he would someday follow in the steps of his mentor.

HARRY PEARCE
by David Watt Campbell

I sat beside the red stock route and chewed a blade of bitter grass and saw in mirage on the plain a bullock wagon pass.
Old Harry Pearce was with his team.
"The flies are bad," I said to him.
The leaders felt his whip, It did me good to hear old Harry swear, and in the heat of noon it seemed his bullocks walked on air.
Suspended in the amber sky they hauled the wool to Gundagai.
He walked in Time across the plain, and old man walking on the air, for years he wandered in my brain; and now he lodges there.
And he may drive his cattle still when Time with us had had his will.

Men in Green

By David Watt Ian Campbell

Oh, there were fifteen men in green,
Each with a tommy-gun,
Who leapt into my plane at dawn;
We rose to meet the sun.

We set our course towards the east
And climbed into the day
Till the ribbed jungle underneath
Like a giant fossil lay.

We climbed towards the distant range,
Where two white paws of cloud
Clutched at the shoulders of the pass;
The green men laughed aloud.

They did not fear the ape-like cloud
That climbed the mountain crest
And hung from ropes invisible
With lightning in its breast.

They did not fear the summer's sun
In whose hot centre lie
A hundred hissing cannon shells
For the unwatchful eye.

And when on Dobadura's field
We landed, each man raised
His thumb towards the open sky;
But to their right I gazed.

For fifteen men in jungle green
Rose from the kunai grass
And came towards the plane. My men
In silence watched them pass;
It seemed they looked upon themselves
In Times's prophetic glass.

Oh, there were some leaned on a stick
And some on stretchers lay,
But few walked on their own two feet
In the early green of day.

(They did not heed the ape-like cloud
That climbed the mountain crest;
They did not fear the summer sun
With bullets for their breast.)

Their eyes were bright, their looks were dull;
Their skin had turned to clay.
Nature had meet them in the night
And stalked them in the day.

And I think still of men in green
On the Soputa track,
With fifteen spitting tommy-guns
To keep the jungle back.

(Shades of Henry's Loaded Dog)

The Last Laugh

From Sam Jackson Utah USA

Rancher Dudley is a settin', chin a twitchin, fumin', frettin'
times were tough and getting' tougher every day.
T'was a never ending battle, raisin' pure bred sheep an cattle
when coyote's keep a packin'em away !

Can't allow this thing to happen, guess it's time to do some trappin'
so's ta put this furry villain in its place
picks a likely spot to set it—and fer know-how give him credit
comes the mornin' they'd be starin' face to face

Lookin' forward to the meetin', but no coyote gives a greetin'
as he looks upon the spot he'd made the set
so he doubled up the bait'un, then drove home to do more wait'un
comes the dawn he'll meet that critter, you can bet!

Still an empty trap is glarin' and ol Dudley is a swearin'
that he'll catch'em even if it takes a week
Ewes and lambs still disappearin' and the sound that yer a hearin'
is ol' Dudley cussin' up a blurry streak

This went on fer quite a season, could 't figure out the reason
why this canine could out smart him every day,
but ol' Dudley was persistent, so he hired an assistant
who assured the boss that he was worth the pay.

But the culprit kept on chewin' an ol Dudley's kept on stewin'

getting' spittin, cussin, madder as they went.
Now the rancher is declarin', that the minute he's a snarin'
that coyotee there will be a grand event

Then one frosty Autumn mornin', big surprise with little warnin'
for the trap they. set last night was full of fluff
"Howdy do—you canine villain, now it's my turn fer some killin'
and proceeded to the truck to get his stuff

First he threw a canvas cover, o'er the furry mutton lover
tied a stick of giant powder to its gut
now finished up the payback ruse--by lightin' off the six inch fuse
then turnin' loose the poor defeated mutt

This frightened, crippled, outlaw critter, even now was not a quitter
quite unaware he'd just ran out'a luck
starts lookin' fer a place to hide, then with a painful, limpin, stride
crawls underneath ol' Dudleys brand new truck !!

Postscript

Due to a faulty fuse, the Giant powder didn't explode and after experiencing the [near] disaster, a feeling of remorse caused the rancher and his assistant to re-captured the badly injured coyote and deliver it to the local Best Buddies Foundation animal shelter hospital where, after extensive care, they were able to nurse the animal back to health. This previously savage coyote, now accompanies BBF employees on local and national seminars that urge carnivorous canines to pursue a vegetarian diet.

© Sajac, '010

THE RESTING PLACE - POETS PARADISE

by Maurie Foun Corryong V. © 2011

Yesterday I planted some trees,
tiny beginners enticing the bees;
callistemons, wattles bursting with blooms,
all claiming their presence in Natures rooms.

My hands in the soil heightened my soul,
a luxuriant parkland my ultimate goal;
home for all beings, a refuge at call,
animals, birdlife, mankind most of all.

A shady, restful, peaceful place,
where busy minds can find the space
to re-adjust and release the stress,
dispel their angst, absolve the mess.

An atmosphere quite unsurpassed,
awaits for those who's memories last;
restorative time in natures fold,
I assure you friends, you're never too old.

Let me speak of the view from my cosy chair,
each day observing vistas I share
of the mountains, valleys, scenery supreme,
treasures inspiring my passionate dream.

The green lush landscapes,
the scourge of drought;
of farmers and livestock
pain of going without

closeness with wildlife,
connection with land;
furious wind squalls,
ancient rock stands.

And in winter, weak sunshine melting the frost,
sunsets displayed regardless of cost;
the moods of Mittamatite, windswept with rain,
of farmers efforts rewarded with gain.

Visions of grandeur
here for us all,
come, share its uniqueness,
you'll go away tall.

DID YOU KNOW?

Crayons were invented by Edwin Binney and Harold Smith who owned a paint company in New York City.

These new "crayons" were made by combining wax with different pigments (chemicals that make colors). In 1903, Binney and Smith released the first box of eight "Crayola Crayons".

These new crayons quickly became popular with children.

LONG TAN HYMN by Tomas Hamilton

In dawns first light you saw the men who marched on Anzac Day
Those who served their nation proud at Suvla and Milne Bay
Their spirit was to follow you to a sad and troubled land
Where you wore your countrys uniform in a war many didn't understand.

The task force sat at Nui Dat listening to the songs from home
D Company set off through the wire and headed out alone
You ran into the hostile hordes as the monsoon deluge fell
The slaughter that surrounded you no words can ever tell
They swarmed your lines in human waves and thought the battle won
But you held your ground against all odds out numbered twenty-five to one

Above the roar of artillery came the rumble of the APCs
They turned the tide when all seemed lost crashing through the rubber trees
How many fell on the battlefield today we'll never know
The foe that stormy afternoon received a fatal blow

I heard a mother call your name as she slept beneath the moons soft beams
You left her as a full grown man and returned a child in her dreams
In God's good care you dry her tears in a land that knows no pain
Though forever gone from sight in our proud history you remain

When the bugle sounds its, loud command
We'll recall the deeds of that brave band
Who fought with pride in the rain's crimson tide
In the mud and the blood of Long Tan.

I am not a Vietnam Veteran but I am sure a lot of the BP Mag readers are. These are the lyrics of one of my songs which a number of sources have adopted in the past. Cheers, Tomas

THE BATTLE OF LONG TAN

The Battle of Long Tan (18 August 1966) was fought between the Australian Army and Viet Cong forces in a rubber plantation near the village of Long Tân, about 27 kilometres north east of Vung Tau, South Vietnam. The action occurred when D Company of the 6th Battalion, Royal Australian Regiment (6RAR), part of the 1st Australian Task Force (1 ATF), encountered the Viet Cong (VC) 275 Regiment and elements of the D445 Local Forces Battalion. D Company was supported by other Australian units, as well as New Zealand and United States artillery.

During the battle the company from 6RAR, despite being heavily outnumbered, fought off a large enemy assault of regimental strength. 18 Australians were killed and 24 wounded, while at least 245 Viet Cong were killed. It was a decisive Australian victory and is often cited as an example of the importance of combining and coordinating infantry, artillery, armour and military aviation. The battle had considerable tactical implications as well, being significant in allowing the Australians to gain dominance over Phước Tuy province, and although there were a number of other large-scale encounters in later years, 1ATF was not fundamentally challenged again.

The battle has since achieved similar symbolic significance for the Australian military in the Vietnam War as battles such as the Gallipoli Campaign have for the First World War, the Kokoda Track Campaign for the Second World War and the Battle of Kapyong for the Korean War.

PIC: LONG TAN MEMORIAL CROSS



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Or SSAE / contact Carol Heuchan 456 Freemans Dr. COORANBONG NSW 2265 02 4677 3210
carol@carolpoet.com.au

ENTRIES CLOSE 30th SEPTEMBER 2011

BUNDABERG POETS' SOCIETY INC.

BUNDY BUSH POETRY MUSTER 2011

On the week-end of July 8th, 9th & 10th the Bundaberg Poets' Society Inc. hosted another successful week-end of performance poetry competitions as well as the much anticipated Friday and Saturday night concerts in the Sails Function Room at Across the Waves Sports Club.

Poets and visitors came from as far as Charters Towers and Townsville in the north to Ballarat and Dubbo from our southern states. When the performing poets saw the Sails Function Room for the first time on Friday morning they were in awe of it and were hoping that their performances would do it justice. It is a magnificent venue to perform in.

Forty poets performed on stage in the poetry competitions including 8 in the junior categories. In conjunction with the performance competitions the club also ran an Australia wide written poetry competition, namely the Bush Lantern Award for Bush Verse, for three categories – opens, primary school students and secondary school students.

Prior to the Muster week-end Gregory North kept children entertained with a

story-telling session in the Bundaberg

Library. Also on the Thursday morning in the Library Greg conducted a free poetry workshop on both performing and writing which was very informative and well received.

Also prior to the Muster week-end in conjunction with The Guardian and Dymocks Booksellers the much anticipated Limerick competition was run.

The winner in the open category of the Bush Lantern Award was David Campbell from Beaumaris in Victoria. The winner in the Primary School category was Alex Buckholz from Bundaberg and the winner in the Secondary School category was Hannah Nugent from Toowoomba.

The overall poetry performance winner on the week-end after three days of competition was Ellis Campbell from Dubbo in New South Wales. Ellis has been coming to Bundaberg to compete in the Bundy Muster for over a decade and this is the first time he has won the coveted overall trophy – a 2 litre cask donated by Bundy Kegs. He was now won the double - the Bush Lantern Award

Written Competition for Bush Verse and now the Overall Champion poet.

The Friday and Saturday night concerts once again proved very popular and entertaining with stand out performances by Neil McArthur, Gregory North and

Bill Kearns. Over 200 attended the concert on the Saturday night with most of the tickets sold prior to the commencement of the week-end as patrons were concerned they might miss out.

When folk were leaving on Saturday evening comments such as "can't wait for next year", "best night of fun and laughter", "we wait twelve months for this to come around".

People have already been asking what date will the Muster week-end be held next year so to those who like to mark their calendars for 2012 the most likely date will be July 13th, 14th & 15th.

To finish off a fabulous week-end of poetry and friendship nearly 40 poets, family members and friends made their way to John & Sandy Lees' place for a sausage sizzle, chat and sing-a-long.

A big thank-you to the competitors for their co-operation over the week-end which enabled the Bundy Bush Poetry Muster to run smoothly.

Thanks to all who attended to make the 2011 Bundy Bush Poetry Muster a wonderful success. We hope you enjoyed yourselves and we'll catch up at some other festival down the track. Until we meet again happy poetry days.

Sandy Lees

RESULTS. 2011 BUNDY BUSH POETRY MUSTER

Under 8 years

1st. Reece Buckholz
My Lost Puppy

8 years to U/16 years

1st. David Riggs. A Party
2nd. Mitchell Riggs. The Bunyips
3rd. Catherine Riggs. 1770

Col Shiels Memorial Award:

Reece Buckholz

Novice Traditional

1st Malcolm Hannah.
Man From Iron Bark
2nd. Frances Smallwood
Jubal Caine
3rd. Shirley Shepherd
High Explosives

Novice Modern

1st Malcolm Hannah
Conversations
2nd Frances Smallwood
Sea Fever
3rd Edna Harvey

Novice Original

1st Shirley Shepherd

Footprints

2nd Frances Smallwood
The Visitor
3rd Trevor Stewart
Mother-in-Law

Intermediate Traditional

1st Brian Weier .. The Shearer
2nd Mike Donworth
Tambaroora Jim

Intermediate Modern

1st Mike Donworth ..
The Anzac On The Wall
2nd Trevor Stewart
The Battle of the Sexes

Open Traditional – Men

1st. Wally Finch. Conroy's Gap
2nd Ellis Campbell
The Long Road
3rd Paddy O'Brien
We'll Give Him A Chance

Open Traditional – Women

1st Jacqui Warnock
The Brucedale Scandal
2nd Jan Facey
From The Wind That Buries The Dead

3rd Janine Mapson..
The Worn Out Little Pony

Open Modern – Men

1st John Best ..

You're Doing OK

2nd Wally Finch .. Gold Star
3rd Ellis Campbell ..
Lost Youth

Open Modern – Women

1st Cay Ellem
The Blow Fly
2nd Anita Reed
Sunday Too Far Away
3rd Janeen Mapson
The Incontinence Pad

Open Original – Men

1st John Best
The Bush Trucker Man
2nd Ellis Campbell
Luck CanVary
3rd Lynden Baxter
A Soldier's Song

Open Original - Women

1st Janeen Mapson
What Rotten Luck
2nd Jan Facey .. "Sam"
3rd Jacqui Warnock
The Garage Door

Duo Performance

Paddy & Glori O'Brien

Yarn Spinning

Ellis Campbell
One Minute Cup
Dale Leard

Overall Champion Poet : Ellis Campbell

BUSH LANTERN AWARD FOR BUSH VERSE 2011

1st .. David Campbell - The Wisdom Of A Child
2nd .. Rita Diplock - From A to B
3rd .. David Campbell - Shadows
HC .. Ellis Campbell - Lunatic The Courier
HC .. Ellis Campbell - Eulogy of Crows

BUSH LANTERN AWARD FOR BUSH VERSE 2011 - SECONDARY SCHOOL STUDENTS

1st .. Hannah Nugent - Beneath The Stars
2nd . Sarah Webster - Words In The Window
3rd . Hannah Nugent - Australia In Colour

BUSH LANTERN AWARD FOR BUSH VERSE 2011 - PRIMARY SCHOOL STUDENTS

1st .. Alex Buckholz - Bonfire
2nd , Kayla Rasmussen - A Spider Called Tim
3rd .. Rhys Crook - Why

2 NEW CD'S OUT NOW!

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Leonard Teale Memorial Spoken Word
Award
Banjo Paterson Award
Bobby Miller Memorial Award

Please send cheque or money order to
Graeme Johnson
P.O. Box 655
West Ryde, NSW, 1685

Australian Red Cross Society Hospital [unofficial] June 27, 1941
From Facts

A night in the Desert

I am lonely tonight in the desert; in vain I have tried to sleep.
The stars that shine above me there silent watches keep.
I think of the years dear sweetheart that I spent at home with you
and my thoughts for ever ponders on your face with those eyes so blue.

It's peaceful tonight on the desert with the enemy guns so still
I think of a world gone crazy by a mad dictators will.
When sirens shrieks a warning and the planes sweep overhead
the shrapnel flies and we realize that we must hug the earth's cold bed.

The bombs rain down with a screaming hiss and burst with a deafening
roar
and we proudly claim another miss as we curse this ghastly war.
Our guns go into action while the searchlights rake the sky
with a bating breath we gaze on death as I watch a comrade die.

As I kneel by the side of a pal
I think of his mother a sister or gal.
He gave his life for his country so carefree so young and so gay
so far away from his homeland his dear life he had to pay.

But his name will go in history on the honor roll at home.
His soul shall live on forever in a hero's sacred dome.
The skies above are clear again the stars there watches keep,
there's a breathing in the stillness and a slow faint pulse of sleep

High in the tower of silence night spreads a jeweled hand
And I frequently yearn for my return to my dear ones in Ausie land.

Penned by Light Horseman Walter Gibbs, of Gordonvale, Qld, in an
Egyptian hospital
In 1941, and later passed on to his grandson, Mark Wood via the late
Yvonne Wood.

The Legend of Banjo's Block

There is a legend to the place
Banjo's Block sign on the street
in the little town of Corryong
where musos and poets meet.

We celebrate at Banjo's Block
the legends and the fame
the likes of one, Jack Riley
and others in his game.

Of cattlemen in the mountains
bringing in their stock
memorialised, immortalized,
their history will never stop.

Here is the opportunity
to enjoy the country theme,
close your eyes and listen -
poem transcending dream.

Share a cup of billy tea
while sitting round the fire,
enjoy bush stew and damper
what more could you desire?

Present your poem, sing your song,
share your unique skills,
embrace the magic backdrop
with friends among the hills.

Now savour all you've heard so far
and what you've yet to hear.
We hope to see you all again
at Banjo's Block next year.

© Ruth Dailey
(One-minute poem winner 2007)

The Victorian Bush Poetry & Music Association Inc presents....

VICTORIAN OPEN BUSH POETRY CHAMPIONSHIPS

BENALLA VICTORIA - THE HEART OF NED KELLY COUNTRY

October 14 - 16 OCTOBER at Benalla Bowls Club



YARN-SPINNING COMPETITION Friday night
AUSTRALIAN SONG COMPETITION Sat arvo
PERFORMANCE BUSH POETRY COMPETITION
Performance Competitions close 30th Sept
WRITTEN BUSH POETRY COMPETITION
Critiquing option available closes 16th September
JUNIOR WRITTEN & PERFORMANCE COMP
Primary and Secondary (no fee)

AUSTRALIANA CONCERT Sat night
Including KEITH POTGER (Seekers)

POETS' BREAKFASTS 8am Saturday & Sunday
Competitions commence 10am

For further details, contact

Jan Lewis, Secretary VBPMA

Phone: 0260774332

275B Cudgewa Valley Rd, Cudgewa. 3705

Email: poetfarm@corryoncec.net.au

Entry Forms, Poster & Weekend Wristband orders
at www.abpa.org.au Or send SSAE to Jan

ON YOUR VISIT TO BENALLA, YOU MIGHT LIKE
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- BOTANICAL GARDENS
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- **For further information**

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03 5762 3434



BENALLA
RURAL CITY

The National Cherry Festival



Bush Poets Competition
Young Golf Club
Saturday 3rd. December

Poets Breakfast
Anderson Park
Sunday morning

(2 poems each)

Contact Greg Broderick,
ph. 63822506.

e-mail

gbroderi@bigpond.net.au

Bush Poetry Community honours Frank Daniel

Anybody who's anybody will be turning up at the Crookwell Services Club on the night of Fri 18th November this year to participate and give tribute to one of Australia's favourite Bush Poetry sons, Frank Daniel.

Coiner of the phrase "Only half the lies I tell are the truth" Frank 'Joe' Daniel has been a stalwart of the Australian Bush Poet's Association since its Incorporation in 1994.

Vice President, President and now Editor of the ABPA Magazine Frank (who was inducted to the Bush Poets Wall of Renown at Tamworth's Longyard Hotel in 1997) has worked tirelessly to bring Australian Bush Poetry to where it is today-a well established genre on the Australian entertainment scene.

Winner of the Judith Hosier Heritage Award in 2008 (for outstanding achievements in nurturing Australia's heritage of verse) and the 2002 Australian Yarn Spinning Champion (amongst



many, many other titles he has attained over the years) Frank will be the "Guest of Honour" at the Crookwell Wool-wagon Awards this year.

Frank's poetic peers will give tribute by performing their favourite Frank Daniel poems and reminiscing about their times shared on stage with the great man himself.

Frank will then show us how it's done by dazzling the crowds with a showcase of his own work.

Frank will also be toasted/roasted by a specially invited guest as the evening begins.

Sounds too good to miss, doesn't it? Well it is! Be there Fri 18th Nov at the Crookwell Services Club for an 8.00 pm start.

Graeme Johnson.

The Australian Bush Poets Association Inc.

(Established 1994)

Abn: INC 9877413 Arbn I04 032 I26

Website: abpa.org.au

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

President: Manfred Vijars

P.O Box 701 Morningside Q. 4170

Ph. 0411 160 510

Email: manfred@rocketfrog.com.au

Vice President: Frank Daniel

16 Canowindra St. Canowindra NSW 2804

Ph. 02 6344 1477

Email: fda70930@bigpond.net.au

Secretary: Gregory North

5 Dryandra Place Linden NSW 2778

Ph. 02 4753 1197 0425 210 083

Email: greg@gregorynorth.com.au

Treasurer: Kym Eitel

24 Sneddon Road

Limestone Creek Q.4701

07 4936 1598 0428 965 343

Email: kymeitel@yahoo.com

Editor: Frank Daniel

16 Canowindra St. Canowindra NSW 2804

Ph 02 6344 1477

Email: editor@abpa.org.au

Webmaster: Manfred Vijars

Ph. 0411 160 510

Email: manfred@rocketfrog.com.au

Printer: Central Commercial Printers

43-47 Keppel Street, Bathurst NSW 2795

Tel: (02) 6331 4822

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

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

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

ADVERTISING RATES

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

Poet's Calendar and Regular Events free.

(One line only) - Poets Calendar Booklet

free. (Deadlines Apr 30 and Oct 30)

To allay costs, copy regarding a festival or event would be appreciated if accompanied by a paid advertisement.

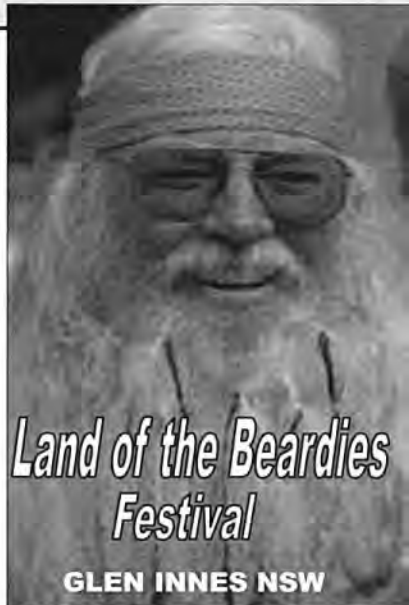
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NEW ENGLAND HERITAGE in VERSE

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plus

Bush Poets Breakfast and Competition

Sunday 1st November

Entry forms from

www.beardiesfestival.com

Neville Campbell

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NORTH PINE

BUSH POETS' GROUP CAMP OVEN FESTIVAL



Entries are already arriving for both the written and performances competitions in the Camp Oven Festival on 19th, 20th and 21st August, 2011. This year we are returning to the old venue at the Country Music Hall, Pioneer Village at Petrie. We have enjoyed many great festivals at this venue as many old timers will remember. The usual three day event will include all the old favourite activities and on the Friday night we would like you to dress up for your walk up poetry.

You will note that there are two original sections in the performance competition, to encourage the writers amongst us. It's not too long now before the written entries close so get busy. I have seen a winning written entry also win the performance competition so get cracking. We are having the Novice written section again as this proved very popular last year.

Prize money this year totals \$2,500 and medals for the various categories and a trophy each for the male and female champions.

Camping is available at the Lawn-ton Showground - contact Brian on 0420500157 or Tony on 0410539551. The highlight of the weekend will be the Gala Concert on the Saturday night. The stars of this fabulous concert are those two fair dinkum Aussie sheilas Melanie Hall and Susie Carcary who will share their love of Australia's spirit and heritage through poetry, yarns, song and humour. To keep them under control Jack Drake will accompany them on the program with his inimitable style of bush humour and heritage poems. This is a combination of talent that you won't find on many concert programs.

In the friendly atmosphere of this venue, you will no doubt find time to chat with Mel and Susie and Jack about their recent achievements and experiences.

Tickets for the concert are available by contacting the venue itself: phone Ruth on 07 32851375. If you are having any problem booking phone Dot or Barry. (see ad. page 10).

JUNIOR POET



HANNAH NUGENT

Hi, my name is Hannah Nugent and I am currently a Year 9 student at Fairholme College in Toowoomba. I have been at Fairholme College since Preschool in 2002.

I was fortunate enough to spend 5 weeks as an Exchange Student in Wellington earlier this year. During my time in New Zealand I went to Samuel Marden Collegiate School and made many new friends. I am also interested in

learning Languages, particularly German and French.

I have enjoyed writing since I was in Year 1 and particularly enjoy writing poetry. In 2010 I was invited to attend the GERRIC Residential Program for Gifted Children at the University of NSW. While I was at the University I completed an Experimental Fiction Writing Course which has inspired my writing and was a lot of fun. I also attended the Annual Meanjin Writers' Camp in Brisbane in 2009.

I have won a number of competitions over the years. Some of my published poems include "The Fallen ANZAC," "Mine is the Spring," "Aspects of Beauty," "Dreamcatcher" and "Colour Mania."

In 2007 I achieved first place in the Toowoomba City Council's "Towards 2050" Poetry Competition, and my poem "Past, Present, Future" was published in the Toowoomba 2050 Poetry Anthology.

My story "The Case of the Pearson Family Murder," was published in the Queensland Association for Gifted and Talented Children's Kidscape magazine in 2008, and I achieved first place for Creative Writing in the Toowoomba Royal Show in 2007. I was awarded first prize, also in 2007, in the Billabong Valley Writing Competition. This year I have entered three poems in the Australian Unity Bryan Kelleher Literary Awards and submitted a poem and story in the Write4Fun Poetry and Short Story Writing competition.

I also enjoy Gymnastics and trained as a gymnast for four years achieving Darling Downs Regional Champion in 2008. Unfortunately, I had to give up Gymnastics in 2009 due to a knee injury. I currently do Classical and Contemporary Ballet, I train 7 hours a week and have just completed my Grade 6 Ballet exam.

I play the Clarinet in the Fairholme Senior Concert

Band which performs at many different social and school events, and in the Toowoomba City Eisteddfod.

I also sing in the Fairholme Senior Choir. The Choir has recently returned from a tour to Sydney where we were fortunate enough to perform John Rutter's "Mass of the Children" at the Sydney Opera House. I have participated in musical workshops with Irit Silver, Principal Clarinetist in the Qld Symphony Orchestra, and in January this year I attended a three day Music Camp in Mapleton.

I have one brother who is nine years old. My father is Deputy Principal of a High School, and my mother is a Primary School teacher. My goals for the future are to continue with my writing, and hopefully publish a book before I leave High School. I also wish to pursue a career in Science or Languages Other Than English.

DREAM CATCHER

by Hannah Nugent

Dangling up above on strings of red,
Preventing nightmares entering my head.
Dark brown frame with feathers hanging low,
It brings sweet dreams as into sleep I go.

Cicadas chirp and bats fly overhead,
While I am sleeping soundly in my bed.
The clock strikes midnight- twelve chimes on the hour,
But I am under the Dream Catcher's power.

I do not stir, nor from my slumber wake,
No sound, nor sigh my resting mouth will make.
As dawn draws near, the birds begin to sing,
But sleep prevails- consciousness cannot win.

When finally the sun shows its face,
The Dream Catcher loosens its embrace.
When I wake I look above my head,
And see it hanging there on strings of red.

AUSTRALIA IN COLOUR

by Hannah Nugent

The black of night descends and closes in,
While deep blue oceans swirl and seethe and plot.
The brown of bush, of dirt and trees and tin,
Conceals the golden gleam of coins forgot.

The green of trees and grass is now quite dull -
The grey of drought arrives, albeit slow.
The orange of the Outback's hazy lull
Is heightened by the pink of sunset's glow.

The purple of lantana, spreading fast
Outdone by sweet red roses in the park.
The whiteness of the sheets which will not last,
For soon the yellow dust will make its mark.

Australia is unique in every way,
Displaying rainbows each and every day.

THE REEF

by Hannah Nugent

My feet are burning, burning as I run
Across the sand and to the dancing shore.
While people everywhere are having fun,
I'm wishing, wanting, yearning to explore...

The mysteries of the deep, what lurks below,
What plants and animals make this their home.
This vibrant, oh so colourful a show,
The Barrier, where anything could roam.

I touch the water, dipping in my toe.
It's cool, but perfect for this time of year.
I take a breath, then in - under I go!
But pop up to shake water from my ear.

I look into the water, clear and blue,
And see the reef, serene and pure and true.

The Upper Lachlan Bush Poets
WOOLWAGON AWARDS

18-20th NOVEMBER 2011
Crookwell Services Club
Compered by "The Rhymer from Ryde"

Fri 18th from 8pm - "Frank Daniel Tribute Night"
(inc. Open Mic. Variety Concert)

Sat 19th from 9.00am

Bush Poetry Performance Competitions

Novice, Adult Traditional, Contemporary,
Original Serious & Humorous
(Performance entries close 11.11.11)

Adult Written Competition

Original Serious and Humorous
(Written entries close 31/10/11)

Approx. **\$4,000.00 in Cash and Prizes**
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Entry forms all sections write to B&D Murphy

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WONDROUS WORKSHOPS

WITH... Milton Taylor (the master) Carol Heuchan (who?)
Greg North (village idiot), Frank Daniel (Pope's representative)
The Irish Trio, (Paddy and Glori O'Brien - 'Roads' scholars) Jill Mather (publisher) and more...

Just \$100 to stay (cabins and bunkhouses) for the whole weekend of fun

more info Carol (02) 49773210 carol@carolpoet.com.au bookings Trevor (02) 49 565543 tharragon@bigpond.com



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WITH JIM HAYNES

17 - 24 May 2012

Come and join Jim Haynes and Noel Stallard for a fantastic week of Bush Poetry, History & Country Music

Package includes:

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- Return airport transfers on Norfolk Island
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- 7 days car hire
- Daily cooked breakfast
- Half Day Tour
- Wonderland by Night with Norfolk Poet Archie Bigg
- History in the Making Tour
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 - * Two Poets Workshop with Jim & Noel
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 - * Tuesday - Australian Showcase
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We live on Norfolk & know Norfolk best!

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Congratulations to Alex Buckholz of Bundaberg Q. for his winning poem 'Bonfire' from a Primary School Student at the Bush Lantern Awards 2011. (p. 11)

Finalists in the 2011 Bush Lantern Awards for Primary and Secondary Students

WAYWARD WILLIE.

by Wilbur G Howcroft

Willie was a wayward boy
Who vexed his parents greatly,
He never did his buttons up
Or put his hat on straightly.

He was a most unruly child,
A source of aggravation,
With ways of wanton wilfulness
And deeds of depredation.

He climbed atop the roof one day
And caused much consternation
By dropping bricks on Grandpa's head,
Then blaming gravitation.

He pushed his cousin off a tree,
Poor trusting Betty Brown,
To demonstrate the axiom -
"What goes up must come down".

Next Willie set his Aunt alight
And caused a great commotion!
Cried he: "Our teacher's quite correct,
Heat does bring light and motion!"

Then Father thrashed the wilful one
And spoke thus of his action:
"Remember, son, that evil deeds
Produce a like reaction!"

PRAYER OF A SOLDIER'S MOTHER

O, Mother of Perpetual Help,
To thee I send my plea,
Look down upon my soldier son,
Take care of him for me.
And when he's blue and sick at heart,
Discouraged and oppressed,
Give him the will to carry on,
In heavenly grace to rest.
Show unto him a Mother's love,
As Thou hast shown to me.
Bring comfort to his lonely heart,
Is mine, his mother's plea.



Ellis Campbell of Dubbo NSW - Overall Champion at the 2011 BUNDY MUSTER



Battlefields and Blossoms	Ron Stevens	2
Voices in Silence	Ron Stevens	2
The Ghosts of Kokoda	Noel Hill	4
Bush Justice	Milton Taylor	7
Chameleon	"Blue the Shearer"	11
Bonfire	Alex Buckholz	11
Beneath the Stars	Hannah Nugent	11
The Wisdom of a Child	David Campbell	12
Wasteland	David Campbell	13
One Night Stand	Zondrae King	13
Making Ends Meet	Irene Conner	14
The Passing of a Mate	Mo	14
Memories	Neil Carrol	14
Harry Pearce	David Campbell	18
Men in Green	David Campbell	18
Last Laugh	Sam Jackson	19
The Resting Place	Maurie Foun	19
Long Tan Hymn	Tomas Hamilton	20
A Night in the Desert	Walter Gibb	22
The Legend of Banjos Block	Ruth Dailey	22
Dream Catcher, Australia in Colour, The Reef	Hannah Nugent	25
Wayward Willie	Wilbur G Howcroft	28

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