



Volume 19
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A.B.P.A.

The Australian Bush Poets
Association Inc.

Magazine - (since 1994)



Fromelles, VC Corner Australian Cemetery and Memorial
See page 15.

Carol home from USA



Lieutenant Simon Fraser, 58th Battalion (Victoria), killed in action at Bullecourt on 11 May 1917. [AWM H05926] p.15.

OUR FAMILY DID THEIR BIT

Great uncle Jim was first to go , Gallipoli and France
Then uncles Frank and Eddie thought that they should take a chance
three brothers now in uniform to serve their mother land
next uncle Tom enlisted he was off to tempt fate's hand

Poor Tom would only last three months , a mother's tears were shed
three sons were still in battle , but the eldest one was dead
throughout the war the battles raged and men fell all around
but the Boyces were resilient and stayed above the ground

Frank was made an officer and awarded for his toil
in a crucial battle fought and won upon the Flemish soil
he kept the comms lines open as a barrage thundered in
was crucial to a victory the allies had to win

Jim remained in infantry his battles honors showed
the names like Paschendale and the dreaded Menin Road
thrice wounded and sent back to fight like others of his band
but still our Jim avoided taking up a piece of land

Eddie joined the signals corps , by all accounts was quite a lad
he was in a bit of trouble , seems the army thought him bad
but he slogged it out until a gas attack left Eddie blind
and the scars of battles haunted him they left a shattered mind

with victory seeming closer , when the end was now in sight
Jim went into the battle with a feeling things weren't right
Jim lost his final battle as an enfilading round
dispatched him , it was at Doullens he'd bought his piece of ground

four sons had left Australia , but two were left behind
Frank returned a hero , poor Eddie came home blind
Tom is buried now at Tyne Cot with thousands more who died
Jim lies buried down in Doullens with a Tommy by his side

Frank and Eddie never were the same when they got home
they never were to settle , they were often prone to roam
Eddie took his life one night a tortured soul at rest
Frank was dead at forty five , lasted longer than the rest

My Great Grand mother lost her boys , the war gods took their toll
the Boyce name now is etched in bronze upon the honor roll
our wish is that humanity would never want to start
another war , we've done our bit , the Boyces played their part

© Marty Boyce 11/11/2011

George Henry (Jim) Boyce 22nd Btn First AIF Died of wounds 1918
Thomas Boyce 23rd Btn First AIF Killed in action 1917
Francis Patrick (Frank) Boyce MM 1st division Signals corps
Edward (Eddie) Boyce 5th Division signals corps

Thomas Joseph Boyce 78sqn, 81 fighter wing , 1TAF RAAF pacific theatre
WW2

At the going down of the sun and in the morning we will remember them

Lest we forget



President's Message

G'day Members,

The year is well on its way and already there has been tragedy. Our hearts go out to all our members, family and friends affected by the floods in Victoria and New South Wales and the storms in North Queensland.

Some good news, Glori, Ellis and Milton have all been released from their respective hospitals and are home. Glori has been home for a couple of weeks now, still needs to go to Brisbane fortnightly for treatment but definitely on the improve. Ellis is being picked up from Orange Hospital as I write this and Milton has also been released and planning his Queensland Winter.

Sadly the John O'Brien Festival was cancelled due to the floods. Nevertheless there was a great turnout at Dunedoo and there's movement 'round the country heading for the Man from Snowy River Festival at Corryong. Rathdowney will be holding their Heritage Festival and Bush Poetry event again this year, with growing success. Kilcoy Unplugged will be hosting the inaugural Kilcoy (home of Graham Fredriksen) Folk Music and POETRY CAMP.

While on the subject of festivals, members may be aware by now, that after twenty-five years of successful performance competition, the Tamworth Reading Group opted for a well deserved rest. Jan Morris and the Tamworth Reading Group approached the ABPA to continue running the Golden Damper Competition under the ABPA Banner as the "ABPA Golden Damper Awards". This was put to the committee and passed unanimously. There is suffi-

cient expertise within the ABPA to host this event and build it into the "Jewel in the Crown" of the Poet's calendar.

There will be a need for volunteers to be involved in this exciting new step forward for the ABPA.

Volunteers are needed as part of a sub-committee for hosting the event, and volunteers will be needed to review the ABPA Rules for Competition.

The finer points of hosting this event under the ABPA banner will need to be thrashed out.

Items to consider, retention of sponsor, venue at West Tamworth Leagues Club, earlier close-off date for competitors before January. Also a review the "Rules for Competition will need to be conducted. We have software available to assist in the acceptance of entries and generating competitor running sheets as well as the sheets for judges and collators.

A comprehensive list of tasks is currently being compiled.

Members can lodge their interest by contacting Tom at secretary@abpa.org.au, or myself at manfred@abpa.org.au (I should mention that Congratulations are in order for **Tom McIlveen** our new secretary, who was appointed by committee.)

Frank Daniel, Murray Hartin and Neil MacArthur are putting their collective heads together to discuss magazine content, layout, workflows and distribution. This is to move our magazine to the next level and they will be soliciting your views, hopes, ideas and suggestions for our magazine. Forward them to, editor@abpa.org.au.

On behalf of the ABPA Committee, I'd like to wish everyone well in your poetic endeavours and safety in your travels.

Kind Regards,
Manfred.

CALL FOR VOLUNTEERS

To help run the "ABPA Golden Damper Awards" in Tamworth, January 2013.

Volunteers are needed as part of a sub-committee for hosting the event, and volunteers are needed to review the ABPA Rules for Competition. Please lodge your interest by contacting Tom at secretary@abpa.org.au, or myself at manfred@abpa.org.au (Mob: 04111 60 510)

Letter to the Editor.

Title:- Should I cancel my A.B.P.A. membership?

For many years now Hunter Bush Poets, (like many poetry clubs throughout Australia), has conducted a variety of events. This was done on the assumption that we had Public Liability Insurance covering those events (and therefore protecting our members) through another organisation with which we are affiliated.

We have recently discovered to our horror that the cover we thought we had was not applicable to us and that we had been exposed to enormous risk over all these years.

What risk you ask?

As I understand it, following considerable research, in the event of a successful claim for compensation against our club for injury or whatever, at an event we have conducted, all our current members are liable to equally share in the cost of the awarded damages!!

That means I, along with everyone else in our club, would potentially have to find tens of thousands of dollars to cover the claim and legal costs. What would I do? Take a mortgage on my house? How am I going to pay that back at my age? Imagine my wife's re-action!!

Consequently we have taken steps to incorporate our club and take out the appropriate insurance because incorporation alone is not sufficient to protect our members. I recommend that every poetry club investigates their situation and their vulnerability.

The points made above bring me to the question of my A.B.P.A. membership.

In this open letter to the Executive members of A.B.P.A. I ask them to provide me and all our members with proof that they had adequately protected us against litigation that could arise from any events that is run under the A.B.P.A. banner. If there is no Public Liability in place then we are all, as members, liable to provide a share of the costs of a successful claim.

If such proof is not forthcoming I will cancel my membership and will encourage our Hunter Bush Poets to do likewise as I don't want to expose myself or my fellow HBP members to the enormous risk.

I do appreciate the A.B.P.A. Magazine and would like to continue to receive it so I also have a question for the editor - can I subscribe to the magazine without being a member of A.B.P.A.?

Keep up the good work Frank.

Regards, Bill Luders, Treasurer of Hunter Bush Poets.

Editors Letterbox

I feel that confusion reigns as to the meaning of the term 'bush poetry', notwithstanding various attempts (many quite vague and open-ended) at definition, and that a more precise and commonly-agreed definition is badly required for the good of this noble genre.

In bush verse/poetry we are dealing predominantly with the traditional ballad form which had its first outing in Australia with men like the convict Frank McNamara ('Frank the Poet'). It then acquired recognised literary status through the school founded by Gordon, which included greats like Paterson, Lawson and Ogilvie. However the terms 'ballad' and 'bush ballad' are not interchangeable terms, as any student of that ancient verse form would know. We can have a ballad without it being a bush ballad.

Quite a deal of what our major balladists wrote is arguably not bush verse. Will Ogilvie, for example, wrote much love poetry that could have

been written anywhere in the world (Paterson is guilty of the odd love poem also!), but nevertheless the bulk of his themes and settings are quintessentially Australian.

Finally, the term 'bush poetry' is a bit of a misnomer in that we accept poems about city life (as we should!) under that banner, as, for example, many of Lawson's poems.

So what are we looking for in bush poetry/verse? Several entry forms simply require 'bush verse' without any qualification. One states: "Poems must be 'bush poetry' and reflect the spirit of the Australian bush." Another states: "All entries must be in bush ballad format and have good rhyme, rhythm metre (sic!)." Still another states: "Poem(s) to be in traditional Australian Bush verse form (rhyme and rhythm) with an Australian theme."

The ABPA definition states: 'Australian bush poetry is metred and rhymed poetry about Australia, Australians and/or the Australian way of life.' However, much of the Australian way of life is much the same as life in any other part of the world. I could write a poem with a universal

or generic theme and dress it up with a peripheral injection of Australian references, and does that qualify as bush verse? I could read such a poem and feel I'd learned nothing that was essentially Australian. I could even say: "Nice ballad! Not bush verse!"

If such a poem was accepted as bush verse, could I not rightly feel that the ABPA's definition of bush verse is too loose, broad and all-encompassing? And what of the competitions which may (arguably rightly) follow a stricter definition and disqualify such poems? Don't we need common ground if bush poetry is to have a reputable future? How much dilution can we accept and still have bush verse?

Perhaps the Rathdowney comp gets closest to a good and explicit definition when it states: "Poems do not necessarily have to have a heritage or bush theme but they must be distinctly and undeniably Australian." If that is not a requirement, why not just state on entry forms: "Ballad form, any theme?"

from Anthony Hammill.

Dear Editor (and friends)

My dictionary agrees with what I learned at school about what poetry is: it's 'literature in metrical form, or in verse', and it is characterised by 'elevated or sublime' qualities.

I feel affronted when in a Bush Poetry concert or competition I hear more and more of lavatory humour, blue jokes and sexual innuendo - what I'd call 'R-rated content' or 'club entertainment'.

Certainly, amateur doggerel and exploding dunnies have their place, especially when as beginners we struggle to master the art of writing in rhythm and rhyme. We can all enjoy what we call a 'joke poem'. But lately some of us are fed up with what seems to be an increasing tendency (in concerts and performance competitions) to focus on mere entertainment (including the vulgar and bawdy) at the expense of the 'elevated or sublime'.

I urge judges, especially - in both written and performance competitions - to show more appreciation for poetry as such.

Sincerely,
Bessie Jennings.

Laggan Poets

Two members of the Milton-Ulladulla Bush Poets attended the monthly gathering of the active Laggan Bush Poets get together at the Laggan Hotel on the Wednesday 7th March.

The group meet every first Wednesday of the month and the prime movers are Elaine and Mike Delaney, who are on a few acres out of town. Elaine, also known as the Whistling Lady, writes her own poems and, as her pseudonym implies, she is a lady who can whistle a storm up! In her poetic introduction to her amazing birdcall piece she explains how unladylike the practice once was, and frowned upon. Elaine learnt to imitate bird calls when a child in the Towamba Valley on the far south coast of NSW.

The Milton-Ulladulla members at Laggan were Keith Willis and Chris Wood-

land. Other participants of the evening included Marty Boyce (watch out for this bloke), whose praises were lauded at the February Bungendore Poet's gathering by the Milton-Ulladulla group who attended. No doubt others were also very impressed.

Recitings and readings came from Elaine and Mike Delaney, Boof Hall, Ian McFaul, Keith Willis, Chris Woodland and others whose names were missed. Some early Australian ballads and bush songs livened up the evening with Mike leading the singers.

Laggan has some interesting, promising and active poets in the area, which reminds one of a previous storey teller and songwriter who once resided there, the late Mike Hayes, also known as the Prickle Farmer.

Anyone interested in attending the monthly Laggan Bush Poets should ring 02 4837 3397

Chris Woodland 13 March 2012.

Police: Where are you going at 2 o'clock in the morning?

Drunk: I'm on the way to listen to a lecture about the effects of alcohol and drug abuse on the human body.

Police: Really? And whos going to give a lecture at this time of night?

Drunk: My Wife.

"Some cause happiness wherever they go; others, whenever they go.." -*Oscar Wilde*

"He loves nature in spite of what it did to him." -*Forrest Tucker*

Upper Kangaroo Valley Poetry

Saturday 3 March experienced a very enjoyable poetry gathering in the Upper Kangaroo Valley Hall. Despite shocking weather through the week the poetry session, held over three hours (10.00 am – 1.00 pm), attracted many poets and an appreciable audience. The ground was very boggy outside and some stallholders and general public did not attend because of the shocking weather over the previous few days. It was dry and comfortable in the old hall and the audience was treated to some entertaining poetry performed by both local identities and from afar.

The reason for the poetry morning and other events throughout the Kangaroo Valley was to raise funds for the restoration of the old hall in the Upper Kangaroo Valley. It was called the UP A RIVER Festival & Fundraiser. The MC for the poetry presentation was local, but well travelled bard, Allan Stone.

Arch Bishop, well known and admired poet from the Towamba Valley, on the far

south coast of NSW, commenced the show with a recitation and performed others throughout the session. They included The Ghoulie of Kirk Douglas, The Theatre of the Road and one of Bill Kearns' poems. Allan read an apt poem written by Keith Willis titled The Old Bush Hall. He also performed Mulga Bill's Bicycle, Dennis Kevan's humorous but socially aware Concreto, also Dennis's The Greatest Kick of All.

Poet, the late Dennis Kevan, had an interest in the Upper Kangaroo Valley and the hall to be restored would have experienced his presence in the past. Having been a long-term friend of Dennis, Chris Woodland was asked to speak on the life and works of Dennis who was widely known as Australia's Poet Lorikeet.

Bev Stewart recited a poem she had written called The Poet Galah Meets the Poet Lorikeet, a poem she had read with Dennis in the audience. Bev read other items of her work. Andy Gordon read his poem about the Hampton Bridge and another local Bruce Latham recited his originals, The Lizard King

and Duel at Dawn the latter about a wren fighting its reflection in a window. Chris Woodland did The Spider by the Gwydir, When the Big Mobs Came to Bourke. Robert Farnham recited the classic Abou Ben Adhem and 'Cameron' recited some of Paterson and John Dengate's moving The Lanes of Woolloomooloo.

All poets did more than a couple of items each. Afterwards Allan Stone reported that the poetry was well received and that the weekend was a financial success.

Chris Woodland 13.3.2012.

GREAT INSULTS

The exchange between *Winston Churchill & Lady Astor*: She said, "If you were my husband I'd give you poison." He said, "If you were my wife, I'd drink it."

I am enclosing two tickets to the first night of my new play; bring a friend.... if you have one." - *George Bernard Shaw to Winston Churchill*

"Cannot possibly attend first night, will attend second.... if there is one." - *Winston Churchill, in response.*

BUSHFIRE ALERT

Elaine Delaney Laggan NSW (pictured)

There's smoke just over the ridge my lads,
Jump lively now! Look sharp!
It's a devil of a time for a fire to come,
Hot winds, and it's almost dark!

We've been lucky before and turned it back
But this is no time to be caught,
With an idle hope and a mind that's slow,
Call all hands and sound the alert!

Stock must be moved to a safer place,
Young and old take stand at the farm.
We'll back-burn far as we can with this wind,
Pray each one act well in their part.

Determined and solid they move as a team
Each knows what has to be done.
The signs are not good; this one's for real.
There's a battle to be fought and hard won.

All fight on grimly, only giving at last
When wind and flames have their way.
Relentlessly sweeping a swathe in its path.
Destruction – hell bent for this day.

The old home's just a shell mid ruins and ashes,
Charred stumps and smouldering remains,
Black ridges stark contrast as night passes over,
The red sun rises to beat down again.

Weary and heartsick they gather to comfort
Those who fought side by side, till they dropped.
Neighbour hugs neighbour as they share in sorrow,
Where one has suffered, they all feel loss.

There's no thought of leaving, rebuilding will come,
As once more they shoulder their lot.
New growth will arise from ashes and dust,
New hope, in a future good crop.





National Cowboy Poetry Rodeo

Kanab Utah,

August 16th/18th 2012

Invitation to compete

Dear Poet,

The National Cowboy Poetry Rodeo, now in its 16th year, is looking for "A Few Good Poets" who would like to enhance their entertainment



skills. This is your personal invitation join us in this unique, one-of-a-kind, world class workshop and western festival. The following is a brief overview of what we are all about.

The National Cowboy Poetry Rodeo —

What is it????

"Excellence through competition".

Several years ago a group of folks, realizing the value of Cowboy Poetry in keeping our Western Heritage in front of the public's eye, could also see that to gain and maintain interest in this art form, it must absolutely be written and presented in a professional manner. As "competition" seems to improve everything else--then why not poetry??? And to accomplish this task ---a "Cowboy Poetry Rodeo!"

This multi-day event is organized as much like a stock rodeo as possible. Each contestant (**Rider**) pays an entry fee and may enter any one, or all, of the four events: "Poet/serious" or

"Poet/humorous" (a poet performs their own work) "Reciter/serious" or "Reciter/humorous" (a reciter performs the work of others).

Each poet "ride" (**delivery of their work**) is judged by a panel of 5 individuals with backgrounds in cowboy poetry. The top 50% of the poets from the first days competition advance to the second go-round. The four highest scores in each event receive prize money totalling just over \$6000. The top score in each event will also receive a beautiful championship buckle or trophy along with an invitation to perform in the Saturday night's headliner show.

The rodeo takes place in conjunction with

the **Western Legends Round-up**, one of the West's most prestigious festivals that attracts thousands of folks from around the globe who are interested in experiencing and preserving our "Old West" heritage, presenting entertainers an excellent opportunity to showcase talent and build reputation.

Other things to keep in mind: Kanab Utah is located in one of the most beautiful settings on earth, near Canyon Lands, Lake Powell, Bryce and Zion's national parks, North rim of the Grand canyon, Grand Staircase national monument, Kaibab plateau and too many other scenic treats to mention here --and the weather in August is beautiful; warm days and an occasional afternoon thunder storm to cool things off. So, bring your family and make it the vacation of a lifetime---and keep in mind: there's always the chance that you might pay for it out of your winnings.

If this letter leaves you with questions-- please write, call, or e-mail me;

Best regards
Sam Jackson, producer
4675 East Grand Vermillion ave
Kanab Utah 84741
e-mail last2camp@kanab.net
phone (435) 899-1100



Bob Sanders

WINNER:

Dunedoo One Minute Cup
by Bob Sanders of Clarencetown

It's Gone Pearshaped

God loved His fruit and veges, the proof is there to see;

The first place he built was a garden where He planted an apple tree.

And the first man's name was Adam; God thought with A He would begin, But the first woman wasn't Amanda, He wouldn't let a *mandarin*.

So Adam said, 'What about Eve with the *strawberry* blonde hair?

See if you can *orange* it, 'cause she's got a lovely *pear*.

If You *lettuce* we'll be happy just like two *peas in a pod*.'

'Well, you'd better marry first because you *cantaloupe*.' Said God.

So Eve moved in with Adam and as soon as they were Abel,

They started *raisin* Cain up on the garden's *vege table*.

But that serpent proved itself a rotten *apple* from the start,

And along with Eve they managed to upset the *apple cart*.

So now we're paying for it, from now to Kingdom come.

That's why the world's gone *pear-shaped*; you might say it's out of *plum*!

Our wonderful audiences – a continuing tribute to bush poetry fans

No matter how much work you put in to memorizing a poem, a concert will always flop without that essential ingredient – an audience. Some folk travel many kilometers to support the bush poets and they have our undying gratitude.

Alex and Betty Moran from Coolamon in NSW are 2 such fans. They travel many hundreds of kms every year to support bush poetry. Betty remembers doing poetry at school and hating it. “We had to learn ‘My Country’ and although I liked the poem I hated having to learn it” she recalls; whereas Alex loved poetry at school and can still remember the first poem he had to memorise was ‘Bannerman of the Dandenong’ by little known poet Alice Werner. “I loved verse at school and my mother loved poetry as well, she made me memorize ‘The Village Blacksmith’ by Longfellow and I can still get through most of it today” said Alex.

“I love Paterson the best, he always had such good stories but my daughter recently found a copy of ‘The Oozlum Bird’ by WT Goodge and I can still recite most of it as well. I realized very early on that I had a fantastic memory”

Alex and Betty have been married 55 years and have 7 kids, 22 grandchildren and 5 great grandchildren. “It’s up to us to make sure the grandkids have an appreciation of Aussie bush poetry so we

teach the little ones while we can” said Betty. “We used to dance a lot, we loved the old time dancing and of course tennis, but as we’ve gotten older I am the president of our local Vinnies and a volunteer in their shop, while Alex spends 2 days a week at the Men’s Shed and we both enjoy poetry so we plan our holidays around bush poetry events” explained Betty.

“We’ve been as far afield as Charters Towers, Bundaberg, Corryong, Dunedoo, Winton, Bungendore, Mulwala, Harden, Yakandandah and Naranderra”

“We enjoy all the different types of poetry that we hear in concerts and at competitions, we love the traditional

work but also the modern take on life, and of course we love the humorous work” Betty said “And once at Mareeba I chose a poem to read on stage and I got paid \$7.00 so I might turn professional yet”

Although Alex loves poetry he hasn’t actually put pen to paper yet. “I’ll draft the cattle and shear the sheep and let them other buggers do the writing for me, and I’ll just sit back and enjoy it” he smiled

from Susie Carcary 02.2012



DEAR MEMBERS AND READERS, WE'RE CHASING YOUR IDEAS TO HELP REVAMP THE MAGAZINE.

SO THE BEST WAY TO DO THAT IS FIND OUT WHAT YOU WANT.

JUST SEND BACK AN EMAIL WITH ANSWERS TO THE QUESTIONS BELOW.

TRY TO KEEP YOUR ANSWERS AS BRIEF AS POSSIBLE .

WHAT DO YOU WANT MORE OF?

WHAT DO YOU WANT LESS OF?

WHAT NEW THINGS WOULD YOU LIKE TO SEE?

ANY OTHER IDEAS?

PLEASE REPLY TO Frank Daniel: EMAIL. editor@abpa.org.au 02 6344 1477

BUSH POETS:
Invitation to attend!!!

If you happen to be travelling in the U.S. this coming August come see how you 'stack-up' against North America's Cowboy Poets!!!



The National Cowboy Poetry Rodeo

extends an invitation to enter our unique competition, now in its 16th year, taking place this coming August 16th thru 18th in conjunction with Kanab Utah's spectacular **Western Legends Round-up.**

\$6,000 prize money

Silver Buckles

Trophies

Headliner show stage time



For information, please email
 Sam Jackson,
last2camp@kanab.net

Sam Jackson

Report: Cobargo Folk Festival.

How lucky we were to get such good weather for the weekend.

As usual there were two Poets Breakfasts at Cobargo. The Saturday saw the very welcome return to the festival scene of Vic Jefferies who has been absent for over two years. He was MC for the morning and also performed to a packed venue. There was a list of over twenty poets including Barry Lake, 'Arch' Bishop, Alan Stone, Lenny Morris, Laurie McDonald, David O'Connor, Bob McLeay, 'Feral' Snedden, Gina Langely, Lorraine Mc Crimmon, Jane Scott, Campbell 'the Swaggie' and myself. We were delighted with a mixed show of both old standards and new original poems.

It was also great to see many locals and first timers getting up and having a go.

Sunday was likewise, very well attended. The venue was filled with 'first coffees' and the line up was swelled by the arrival of 'Sir Comrade Big Russ' Hanna who opened the morning with the Cec Cox memorial tribute. New to the list were John Warner and Jenny Cole who dropped in for a quick poem before going off to their own show. Then we had a very nervous (someone had to hold her notes for her) Lana Patrin with a charming original poem she had written the night before. Also new to the Cobargo stage were Jean Hegarty and Pam Bobbin. It would be impossible to pick a star as all the performers presented well, in clear voices and without unending pre-ambles.

There was of course the usual music, song, dance and comedy that is the backbones of festivals. One of the most popular performers, Martin Pearson, concluded his concert on Saturday afternoon by declaring "I will leave you with a little poem!" and proceeded to deliver a dramatised rendition of 'The Play' by C.J. Dennis. The capacity crowd of the main venue erupted into tremendous applause. I was speechless. (some achievement). Thank you Martin.

Cobargo is a great little festival in a lovely rural setting, and a good time was had by all. See you next year Cobargo.

Zondrae King.

There now follows a list of inventions. They were the brainchildren of the Kerry man who was history's unluckiest producer of lemonade. Over the years he came up with 4-up, 5-up, 6-up and then stopped! And if that isn't bad enough, look at other things he produced:

- An inflatable dartboard A chocolate kettle
- A soluble life-raft A self-righting aspirin
- A solar-powered torch



VIC JEFFERIES

WHEN THE BANDS ALL CEASE TO PLAY

(© Vic Jefferies 2000)

Have you ever seen the veterans
Parading through the street,
Have you ever heard the rhythm
Of their weary marching feet?

Have you ever heard the jingle
Of the medals on their chest,
When the bands all cease to play
And the pipers take their rest?

Have you stood and watched them
As down Martin Place they come,
Slowly marching to the beat
Of a lonely muffled drum?

Have you ever wondered why
The flags are at half staff,
Have you ever seen their faces
As they pass the cenotaph?

Have you ever caught a glimpse
Of the mist that fills their eyes
As they think about old friends
No longer by their sides?

Then have you seen them raise their heads
And march as in years gone bye -
When the bands commence to play again
And the pipes their glory cry?

Here is the spirit of the Anzac
And on this hallowed day
Their friends come back to join them,
But in a special sort of way;

Because for every one you see,
Marching down the street,
There's a thousand there beside them -
But they march on silent feet.

For friendships forged in battle
Are of the rarest kind,
They extend beyond the grave
And withstand the tyranny of time.

So if you listen with your heart
Come next Anzac Day
Perhaps you will understand
Why they are marching on parade;

It is for that sacred moment -
That moment in the day -
When the pipers take their rest
And the bands all cease to play.



"KOREA"

(Submitted by Francis M. Macy)

We didn't do much talking,
We didn't raise a fuss,
But Korea really happened,
So please-remember us,

We all just did our duty,
But we didn't win or lose,
A victory was denied us,
But we never got to choose,

We all roasted in the summer,
In the winter, damn near froze,
Walking back
from near the Yalu,
With our blackened, frozen toes.

Like the surf
the enemy kept coming,
With their bugles in the night,
And we fired into their masses
Praying for the morning light,

All of us just had to be there,
And so many of us died,
But now
we're all but half forgotten,
No one remembers how we tried,

We grow fewer
with the years now,
And we still don't raise a fuss,
But Korea really happened,
So please-remember us.

THE DIGGER'S DREAM

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

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

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

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

Vic Jefferies

Murphy lay in hospital covered in bandages head to foot - with just two little slits for his eyes.
'What happened to you?' asked Cassidy.
'I staggered out of the pub and a lorry hit me a glancing blow and knocked me through a plate glass window.'
'Begod,' said Cassidy. 'It's a good job you were wearing those bandages or you'd have been cut to ribbons!'

A Soldier Died Today

Lawrence A Vaincourt 1985

He was getting old and paunchy
And his hair was falling fast,
And he sat around the RSL,
Telling stories of the past.

Of a war that he once fought in
And the deeds that he had done,
In his exploits with his buddies;
They were heroes, every one.

And 'tho sometimes to his neighbors
His tales became a joke,
All his buddies listened quietly
For they knew where of he spoke.

But we'll hear his tales no longer,
For ol' Bob has passed away,
And the world's a little poorer
For a Serviceman died today.

He won't be mourned by many,
Just his children and his wife..
For he lived an ordinary,
Very quiet sort of life.
He held a job and raised a family,
Going quietly on his way;
And the world won't note his passing,
'Tho a Serviceman died today.

When politicians leave this earth,
Their bodies lie in state,
While thousands note their passing,
And proclaim that they were great.
Papers tell of their life stories
From the time that they were young
But the passing of a Serviceman
Goes unnoticed, and unsung.

Is the greatest contribution
To the welfare of our land,
Some jerk who breaks his promise
And cons his fellow man?

Or the ordinary fellow
Who in times of war and strife,
Goes off to serve his country
And offers up his life?

The politician's stipend
And the style in which he lives,
Are often disproportionate,
To the service that he gives.

While the ordinary Serviceman,
Who offered up his all,
Is paid off with a medal
And perhaps a pension, small.
It's so easy to forget them,
For it is so many times
That our Bobs and Jims and Johnnys,
Went to battle, but we know,

It is not the politicians
With their compromise and ploys,
Who won for us the freedom
That our country now enjoys.
Should you find yourself in danger,
With your enemies at hand,
Would you really want some cop-out,
With his ever waffling stand?

Or would you want a Serviceman
His home, his country, his kin,
Just a common Serviceman,
Who would fight until the end.

He was just a common Serviceman,
And his ranks are growing thin,
But his presence should remind us
We may need his like again.
For when countries are in conflict,
We find the Serviceman's part
Is to clean up all the troubles
That the politicians start.

If we cannot do him honor
While he's here to hear the praise,
Then at least let's give him homage
At the ending of his days..

Perhaps just a simple headline
In the paper that might say:
"OUR COUNTRY IS IN MOURNING,
A SERVICEMAN DIED TODAY."

LARRY VAINCOURT



Larry Vaincourt's writing has been published across Canada, the United States and around the world. He is best known for his moving poem JUST A COMMON SOLDIER (A Soldier Died Today), which has been reprinted

thousands of times worldwide. He published three volumes of prose and poetry, beginning with RHYMES AND REFLECTIONS, and, his second book, DON'T BURN THE BIFFY.

In July 2004 he published JUST A COMMON SOLDIER and Other Poems, a collection built around his most popular poem.

Born in upstate New York, Larry grew up as a farm boy in the rural setting of Covey Hill, Quebec, where he lived until he joined the Air Force in World War II as a Leading Aircraftsman. After serving as an aircraft mechanic and part-time entertainer, he returned to Quebec in 1946. A varied career saw him working as a logger, news photographer (ABC News Pictures), civil servant and metallurgical photographer (Rolls Royce).

In 1963 Larry opened his own photo studio which he operated until 1983. After selling the business, Larry embarked upon his writing career.

Larry's prose and poetry were carried for over 20 years as a regular feature in the monthly journal DIALOGUE. For many years his poetry also appeared on the CBC (Canadian Broadcasting Corporation) program FRESH AIR.

He and his wife Doreen celebrated their 50th wedding anniversary on September 1st, 2001. Larry received the 2004 Column of the Year Award from the Quebec Newspaper Association.

Larry passed away on April 20th, 2009, surrounded by his family.

Larry's final book, HARPER'S HILL, was published in 2010.

'The Errant Sage' - Glenny Palmer, Cedarvale QLD

I'm an everyday Australian
Quite an easy going bloke
And I have two kids, a missus
And I'm almost always broke

Now that's not to say I'm lazy
Cause I work most everyday
Except when duty forces me
To claim accrued sick pay

How I love me half an acre
With its picket fence of white
And me barbie in the backyard
By the Hills Hoist leaning right

Every week me pay's invested
Into keeping up the trends
For I place a high priority
On family and friends

Yeah I walk with pride in mate ship
I'm no racist bloody sleaze
Cause I know it's not his fault next door
That he's a lesbianese

And anyhow, he's really not
Cause he was born out here
And I'm not too proud to lean
Across his fence and share a beer

I'm the same with my mate Sooty
He lives on the western run
That's not his real name mind you
We just call him that for fun

I cant understand he's happy
out there mixing with his kind
Cause he tried to be my neighbour once
but
Something changed his mind

When it comes to being tolerant
now that's where I excel
Cause I buy those bloody wake up books
That bible bashers sell

Now you'd think I'd get enough
Of Church at weddings twice a year
But a man must set example for
His children to revere

So I never judge those funny sorts
You know the ones I mean
You can see them at that mardi gras
where
Jack turns into Jean

But I try to make allowances
They can't help what they do
Just as long as they live somewhere
Else and stay well out of view

And I try to help the homeless
It was just the other day that
I spotted some outside my house
All watching children play

And in no time flat and free
Of charge I drove them out of town
Where I left them in a bus shed
While the rain was pelting down

Well I know me old mums proud of me
Me wife and kids are too
Though we don't discuss things much
That way we all avoid a blue

See a man has got to be in charge
The king of his domain
But I let em have opinions of
Their own now and again

I suppose the only fault I have is
Saying what I think cause
That seems to make the narrow
Minded mob create a stink

And me kids take lots of
Notice so they'll grow up just like
Me with open minds and
Tolerant superiority

But I must admit I'm baffled
When I see the news at night
Where I watch the worldwide
Carnage from our universal fight

Cause they way they hurt each other
Is enough to make me sick
And I scratch me head and ask meself
What makes these people tick?



Glenny Palmer

'The Bushman's Grave' - James Philip Hewlett (1875 - 1919)

**"There's never a stone at the sleeper's head,
There's never a fence beside;
And the wandering stock on the grave may tread,
Unnoticed and undenied" B. Paterson.**

As I followed a bridle-track, I noticed something black
That was lying 'neath a shady wattle tree;
'Twas a bushman lying there - free from woe and worldly care,
Who had died of thirst and gone to Eternity.

Near that barren water-course, I dismounted from my horse,
And turned the lifeless body on its back;
The hair was silver grey on the man I found that day,
Lying dead beside the bushman's lonely track.

All was quiet where I found him; in his blankets there I bound him,
And laid him in a lonely, nameless grave;
Where the station stock may ramble,
Where there grows the wild bush bramble,
And where the little petals gently wave.

In that wild and lonely wood, by his narrow grave I stood
With a longing that I cannot comprehend;
No stone stands at the head of the bushman's nameless bed,
Where he died his lonely death without a friend.

That sight I've ne'er forgot, he was buried on the spot
Where I found him when riding with the mail;
He was buried in his clothes, and his name nobody knows,
And his bed was never fenced with stone or rail.

Above his little grave the wattle blossoms wave,
Far, far away in yonder lonely West;
All is quiet where he's lying, o'er his grave the trees are sighing,
And nothing will disturb his peaceful rest.

NORTH PINE BUSH POETS



CAMP OVEN FESTIVAL 17th 18th 19th AUGUST 2012

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GREG NORTH

BILL KEARNS

RAY ESSERY

Graham Fredriksen Open & Novice Written
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Performance Entry
Closing date: 3rd August 2012

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US Tour Guide 2012

Thirty hours of travelling and on stage four hours later. But wow, was it worth it! Seems every year, it just gets better. A hectic tour with twenty shows in twenty four days - and plenty of partying in between. The fact that at the major gatherings, all the entertainers stay in the one hotel makes for some serious camaraderie.

First was "America's Soul Live" a live-to-air radio program in Denver, Colorado and a reunion with lots of my cowboy friends.

Managed a night off and what an opportunity. We went to "Dancing with Horses" at the National Stock Show which just happens to coincide with when I'm there.

Highlight was a Reining Quadrille - four of the best Reining Horses in the world did a quadrille to lights and music. You've never seen spins and sliding stops till you see the best. They were amazing. Also heaps of trade stands there so indulged in some retail therapy.

In the lead up to the Colorado Cowboy Poetry Gathering, we went, in teams of three, to schools (Elementary, Middle and High) as part of their 'Outreach Program.' The kids are great and very responsive, forever asking me to 'talk some more Australian'!

The Colorado Gathering itself was in Golden this year, a very historical western city - terrific atmosphere - and we all moved into the big hotel nearby. It started with a V.I.P. reception (sounds posh but really the first of the parties). The major concert was televised this year and it was exciting to be part of that. 'Theme' concerts were held through the day in the Auditorium, with another headliner show for Saturday night and even more on Sunday (including 'Cowboy Church!') And it was 'packed house' for the lot.

There was a genuine Chuck Wagon out in the car park, cooking up a storm for the whole time.

Everyone, poets, musicians, sponsors and supporters and large audience, is passionate about the gathering. Not just the type of entertainment but preserving the heritage it represents as well. With stage sets and western décor, a makeshift corral in the 'grub and red-eye' room and lots of folk dressed in fair dinkum, over-the-top, unbelievable cowboy gear, the excitement is in the air right from the start. And when each night finishes, well, it **doesn't** finish. The hotel lets the entertainers take over the dining room for literally an all night jam session.

MY WIFE IS BETTER THAN HARVEY NORMAN - NO INTEREST FOR 20 YEARS.

Grahame "Skewiff" Watt
Coffs Harbour, NSW, Australia

Phone: 02-66 554 723

Email: skewiff80@npes.net.au

Books and CD's
see page 17.





Baxter Black and Carol Heuchan

US Photos by Bill Patterson

And believe it or not, the poetry is revered along with the music.

Writers are held in awe. And there is no one-up-man-ship. Everyone enjoys and supports each other.

No time to nurse a hang-over, schools again then adventure time. My friend Rex Rideout (he was the fiddle player in the movie *Cowboys and Aliens* and also my co-adventurer on the Moose Hunt last year took me on a VIP tour of Buffalo Bill's museum and grave, and then to the Mining centre in Golden and to Denver to the famous Buckhorn Exchange (where all the stuffed animal heads are – eek again) and had Buffalo Fillet (yum) for dinner. Last night in Colorado was Girls Night Out and thirteen of us made a lot of noise at Ye

Olde Spaghetti Factory, a revamped saloon where the tables are four poster beds and we took over a trolley car in the middle of the Restaurant.

Next off to spectacular Utah to another school and then a concert with Dick Warwick (Milton Taylor's friend) organised by Sam Jackson of Cowboy Poetry Rodeo fame. We were taken to his ranch and went looking for Indian arrow heads and pottery up in the mesas and then out to the old movie set of *Gunsmoke*. Next day was the highlight adventure of a lifetime. Flying in a Cessna for a couple of hours – over the **Grand Canyon!**

On to St George, Utah and, unbeknown to me, there was a professor from the University (Dixie College) in the audience of my show and he has

booked me to do a writing workshop in the college next year. Whoopee!

Flew in to Elko Nevada with Doris Daley, Canada's No. 1 poet and my dear friend. She and I planned this 'chance encounter' to catch up before we hit the Western Folklife Centre and all the performing (and social) demands of the National Cowboy Poetry Gathering. Awesome!

As in previous years, I just love the Gathering's 'Ranch Tours' and jump at the chance to go on the bus tour out to a real working ranch. All I have to do is be the resident entertainer (do a poem or two at the homestead lunch) and I get to be part of the whole ranching bit – I'm in heaven.

The heart of the National Gathering is the Western Folklife Centre. Shuttle buses take us to various venues and to the fabulous Convention Centre for the main shows.

The Folklife Centre has a sizeable Gift Shop (our merchandise is also on sale there – very professionally done), a gallery of western art and sculpture and a long bar and socialising area as well as performance/dance hall. Casinos, Stockmans Bar and Restaurant, cafes, shops and eateries all nearby. Very civilised. Er, the pick up trucks with the guns in the racks are right there too, as are the brothels - advertised in neon lights!

But step inside that Folklife centre and you're back in the Wild West! Yet the music and poetry is ironically conservative compared to some of what happens back here.

To be invited to perform at the National Gathering, you have to be the Real McCoy. Not just sing or talk about 'the bush' but really know what you're on about and prove a rural background as well as performance and entertainment skills. And you need a pretty big repertoire as, besides my set in the main night time show, I was also in four specific 'themed' shows which required four poems for each. All in all, seven shows there (plus compering another) and you are expected not to repeat poems and they are all to be part of the 'cowboy' genre. Nothing risqué and certainly no 'toilet' humour.

Tall order but the most fabulous thing any poet could be part of. Great facilities, terrific camaraderie, extremely well organised, professional stage crews, huge and amazingly receptive and appreciative audiences and financially rewarding to boot. And a not-to-be-forgotten Survivors Party.

No wonder Milton has gone for so many years. And the tangible caring they have shown for him all through his illness is testimony in more ways than one.

As well as the college in St. George, Utah, I have been booked for a return concert in Kanab and possibly more in Arizona and Texas – can't wait.

Thankyou Bush Poetry, for starting me on this amazing journey.

Carol Heuchan

Member of
The Australian

Bush Poets
Association Inc.

Bob Skelton (A.K.A)
"The Minmi Magster"
Performing Bush Poet and Author

Minmi Hysterical Advisor
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THE LITTLE GREY FERGUSON TRACTOR

Most of you farming folk would know all about the "Little Grey Fergie", and this is what this article is about.

I'm often asked as to why I have written a poem about 'such-and-such', or how did the idea of a particular poem come about. Others ask me if I ever run 'dry' and can't think of something to write, but so far, fortunately, this hasn't happened. Just as well! For I have been Tasmania's 'Country Hour' poet for over eighteen years, and need to come up with a poem every week! April 13th will be number 840.

Back in 1996, I was requested to write a poem about the 'Little Grey Fergie', which was tractor manufacturer Harry Ferguson's most successful design. It was known as **Ferguson Model TE20**, 'TE' standing for 'Tractor England' to differentiate it from the Ferguson tractors made in America - 'TO' for 'Tractor Overseas'. The reason for asking for a poem about the 'Little Grey Fergie' was that 1996 was its Jubilee year and, seeing it has almost iconic status within farming communities everywhere, the ABC suggested I write a poem about it, and give a brief talk on the 'Little Grey Fergie' prior to reading the poem.

Many stories could be told about this tractor, but just two or three will do for this column.

In Wentworth, NSW, you can visit a monument of the 'Little Grey Fergie' at the junction of the Murray and Darling Rivers. It commemorates the occasion in 1956 when both rivers flooded, and a fleet of 'Little Grey Fergies' built the levee banks which saved the town. Another fleet of seven of these same tractors were driven by Sir Edmund Hillary and party on his expedition to the South pole in the late fifties. They were the first vehicles to be driven to the South Pole, and the first overland trip there since Scott almost fifty years before.

I enjoy driving my nephew's 'Little Grey Fergie' whenever I stay on his farm south of Bendigo. This same tractor was nearly the death of him over forty years ago. He was sitting behind his father on a rickety PTO cover when he slipped. The PTO caught his jeans, and he would have most likely died had he not been wearing his oldest jeans, for they gave way before he was caught up in the PTO. Nonetheless, he suffered severe bruising, several cuts, and an enormous fright.

This poem might bring back memories for those who learnt to drive on the 'Little Grey Fergie' on the farm.

It stands in the old machinery shed,
Between the ute and a rusty bed,
And liberally covered in spiders' web,
The little grey Ferguson tractor.

I reckon it's forty years, or more,
Since Dad purchased it, but I'm not quite sure.

And I can't recall what he had before
Our little grey Ferguson tractor.

On the left-hand side there's a tool-box still
With some bolts inside, and a broken drill.
And her name-plate's there, above the grille
Of the little grey Ferguson tractor.

The two front tyres are narrow and worn,
And most of the tread from the back two's gone:
Covered in dust, she looks quite forlorn,
Our little grey Ferguson tractor.

For years the Fergy was all they had
As they worked the farm - just Mum and Dad;

And I learnt to drive, when still a lad,
On the little grey Ferguson tractor.
As my father sat on the steel-sprung seat
In the winter's frost, or the summer's heat,
She never faltered, or missed a beat,
The little grey Ferguson tractor.

After years of work she's stored away,
Dreaming of many a yesterday:
For she's played the part that she had to play,
The little grey Ferguson tractor.

From 'Australian Poems that would Boggle a Bull'

By Philip R. Rush



Philip R Rush

Philip Reynolds Rush, born in Melbourne 09-11-1939, the second of three boys born to John and Doreen Rush.

Educated at Wesley College, Melbourne; and Toorak Teachers' College. Graduated with a Trained Primary Teacher's Certificate 1959. Completed a Bachelor of Education Degree (by correspondence) at Deakin University, Victoria, 1985.

Married Yvonne in 1966; have four daughters - Megan, Penelope, Alana, and Naomi; and seven grandchildren (to date!), Arden, Benjamin, Kai, Jade, Annwen, Callum and Liam.

Was employed by the State Education Department of Victoria from 1958-1993, many of those years being in the country as Head-teacher and Principal of a number of rural schools. From 1981-1984 was the Science Consultant for the East Gippsland Region of the Education Department, and also the Social Studies Consultant from 1982-1984, along with being the Rural Consultant 1983-84.

After leaving the Education Department in 1993, moved to the Huon Valley in Tasmania, and has been the ABC's "Country Hour" poet since Dec. 1993, and also regular storyteller and poet on the ABC's "Sunday" Programme, 1994 - 2000.

Also had a weekly spot on 2TM Tamworth as storyteller and poet, 1998-99

In 1996, was invited to be the minister of the Huonville Community Church, and in 1997 to also be minister of the Glen Huon and Judbury Uniting Churches. He retired from formal ministry at the beginning of 2005.

He has a great interest in sport, bushwalking, and natural history. Played cricket competitively from 1949 - 1996, Australian Rules Football 1959-1970, Soccer 1954-1958, and many seasons of Badminton, and Volleyball, along with the odd season of Table Tennis, Basketball, and Indoor Soccer.

DON'T FORGET ME COBBER

G'day Joe

On July 19 1916 ,Australian troops fought their first action on the western front near the Fench villiage of Fromelles. Although it was meant only as a diversionary raid, a Brithish division and the 5th Division 1 AIF outnumbered the entrenched Germans by a ratio of two to one. The Germans had been pre-warned of the attack as they had intercepted allied phone lines.

The allied troops were soundly defeated and in an 18 hour period 5533 Astralian troops were listed as killed,wounded or missing. Today this remains the highest number of Austrilians lost in a 24 hour period.

As the Australians were retreating a wounded digger called out "**Don't forget me cobber**". The cry was responded to by another digger now known to be

Sgt Simon Fraser who went back and carried his comrade to safety.

Sgt Fraser spent the rest of the evening carrying the wounded back to allied lines. On May12,1917 Simon Fraser now a Lieutenant was killed in actin at Bullencourt. His body was never found.

On Sunday July 5 1998, a sculpture depicting Sgt Fraser's actions and titled "Cobbers" was unveiled at the Australian Memorial Park at Fromelles, France. A copy of this sculpture also stands outside Melbourne's Shrine of Remembrance. In 2008,as a result of campaign led by Australian historian Lambis Englezos,the remains of over 500 allied troops ,including 203 Australians were discovered in pit graves dug by the Germans at Pheasant Wood ,near Fromelles. Modern D and A technology led to the identification of nearly half of the diggers and they were re-interred with full military honours in 2010.



Cheers Tomas Hamilton

Irish Diplomacy...

is the ability to tell a man to go to hell so that he looks forward to making the trip.

Irish Proverbs: Opportunity

You'll never plough a field by turning it over in your mind

When we drink we get drunk, - when we get drunk, we fall asleep, - when we fall asleep, we commit no sin, - when we commit no sin, we go to heaven, - So, let's all get drunk and go to heaven

Here;s to our wives and girlfriends: may they never meet.

South Coast Country Music Assn

together with

Illawarra Breakfast Poets

2012 Inaugural Written Poetry competition

The Kembla Flame

Written (Australian) Poetry Competition

1st 'The Kembla Flame' Trophy

\$60. and Certificate

2nd Trophy \$40 and certificate

3rd Trophy, \$20 and certificate

and 3 'commended' certificates

Entires close of 27th June

'The Kembla Flame' trophy and other prizes will be presented at the

SCCMA Country Music Festival

Dapto Leagues Club, Bong Bong Road, Dapto

on 15th July 2012

conditions and entry form the Events section of the ABPA website

**BUSH LAUREATE
ALBUM OF THE
YEAR 2012**

G'day

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**BUSH LAUREATE
ALBUM OF THE
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"Where it all began... 1982"

The Board and Committee of Casino's annual Beef Week Festival have hit the ground running with enthusiasm and energy for creating an exciting program of events and experiences for the event in 2012!

In 2012 Beef Week celebrates its 30th birthday and to reflect on when it all started, the theme is ... Drum Roll... **"Where it all began... 1982"**

For 10 days Casino will be buzzing with the sights and sounds of the year that it all began. So dig out your Power Suits, Dynasty Dresses and shoulder pads, get E.T to call home, and start dancing like Thriller Zombies in the street all the way back to 1982!

24th to 27th May will again be jam packed with family focussed events and fun for all. The preliminary program is being drafted with even more on offer during the 2012 Festival than ever before.

Forest Enterprises Development & Consultancy (FEDC) have agreed to become Beef Week naming sponsor for 2012 which will see Beef Week celebrate its 30th birthday.

Beef Week president Stuart George said he was very excited about FEDC becoming the naming sponsor of Beef Week. "Its wonderful to have a locally owned and operated business become our naming sponsor especially next year where we will be celebrating Beef Week's 30th Birthday" he said.

Due to the restructuring of the electricity industry, Essential Energy, who have been our naming sponsor for the last four years, have had to finish their naming sponsor status but they are still going to be a gold sponsor which is a

wonderful result for Beef Week to have them still involved and to be part of the 30th birthday celebrations.

Mick Benton said "FEDC are proud to partner with Beef Week and support Casino community by contributing to Casino's signature event. As a local I am very proud to be associated with Beef Week as I know what it means to the businesses, community and the Northern Rivers as a whole".

FEDC's contribution will really help the Beef Week Committee to continue to provide a quality event and ensure next year as our 30th birthday is even more special than ever.

The dates for this year's event are 24th to 27th May 2012. see p.19.

Feature artist at Cecil Hotel will again be Ray Essery, a living legend in the Australian Bush Poetry scene, a must see fixture at festivals and events throughout Australia.

With his laconic style and dry sense of humour, the Mullumbimby Bloke leaves his audiences begging for more after every performance.

Described by his peers as having more yarns than a CWA craft exhibition, this former Sailor and Dairy Farmer from Northern NSW has been a favourite of Bush Poetry followers for years and years, in fact possibly since the late 1890s!!

On witnessing a performance by Ray Essery a lady from the audience once commented that it was marvellous just how experienced some of the bush poets were, especially with their many years in the outback, and how Mr. Essery had spent so many of his younger years on the 'on the Warrego'. The listener hadn't the heart to tell her it was a battleship.



2012 QUEENSLAND OPEN BUSH POETRY CHAMPIONSHIPS

(CONDUCTED UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE ABPA)

TOWNSVILLE 2-3 JUNE 2012

Performance Categories

Open (Male and Female)

Novice

Juniors Under 13 Years

Juniors 13 and under 19 Years

Enquiries

Lyn Tarring

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Full details listed on ABPA Website: www.abpa.org.au

THE BABIES OF WALLOON

The theft of an iconic Walloon statue has left Ipswich Councillor David Pahlke fuming.

Just recently one of the 'Babies of Walloon' was sheared off from the base in a shocking attack on the famous statue. An outpouring of community outrage at the vandalism and theft has led to calls for fundraising efforts to replace the statue.

Katherine Plint, founder of Laidley-based Hannah's Foundation, said families in the region who had lost a child to drowning had a strong emotional and sentimental connection to the statue of the Broderick sisters.

"It's a sanctuary for a lot of families. There are families that regularly visit the park and sit with Bridget Kate and Mary Jane and reflect," she said.

The charity has offered to work with Ipswich City Council to organise a fundraiser.

"We don't want them done in copper. We want them done in stone, which is very expensive, but it needs to be done for a public memorial."

"Hannahs Foundation will proudly



work with (Cr) David Pahlke to restore this wonderful tribute to Bridget and Mary," Ms Plint announced on Facebook after the news broke.

Rosewood Councillor David Pahlke said he was fuming about the theft of the iconic statue.

"We have got some ferals living in amongst us," Cr Pahlke said.

"It is so well lit, someone must have seen some activity in there. The (thieves) would have had a ute or truck to take it away, they would have had angle grinding equipment. I'm asking for the locals to come forward and help us out here."

Henry Lawson's 1891 poem *The Babies of Walloon* told the tragic story of the drownings of sisters and Walloon State School students Bridget Kate and Mary Jane Broderick.

Cr Pahlke said the statues had cost up to \$50,000 and had been victims of vandalism before.

"I'm absolutely flabbergasted. I know people have tried to steal them before by reefing them off the hooks," he said.

A security camera is on the cards for the park, but the robbery last night was not caught on film.

It is not the first time the park has been struck by statue thieves with angle grinders.

The Henry Lawson lectern monument, next to the Babes of Walloon, was stolen in December 2010.

to page 24

from Rebecca Lawson,
The Sunday Times...

Move over Keats, Gina's penned an ode to ore

Mining magnate, Gina Rinehart has taken to penning poetry to take a swipe at her critics.

Australia's wealthiest person took a leaf out of Banjo Paterson's book, writing a poem titled *Our Future* that trumpets the benefits of the resources industry, criticises taxation and lampoons the government.

Her words have been engraved on to a plaque fixed to a 30-tonne iron ore boulder that now sits as an artistic feature outside the new Coventry Square Markets in Morley. The rock was donated in November by Mrs. Rinehart's company Hancock Prospecting, from its Roy Hill iron ore project in the Pilbara. Greg Poland, chairman of Strzelecki Group, which owns the Coventry Square Markets, and a long-time close friend of Mrs. Rinehart, said it was his idea to have the boulder installed. Mrs. Rinehart's love of poetry is not new, Mr. Poland said poetry was one of several creative ways Mrs. Rinehart, who rarely gives interviews or speaks publicly, would communicate her views.

BUNGENDORE NSW

The Bungendore Country Muster is unique in that it is the only "all Australian" country music festival in Australia and has a core policy of existing for the betterment and benefit of the Bungendore community and Australian country music. All money raised during the festival goes to the local community and on improving the facilities for patrons.

In 2012 the festival began on Saturday with the now 24 years old Poets Breakfast at the hands of Greg North, standing in for Frank Daniel who had suffered a mild stroke the week before.

The Stan Coster Memorial Australian Bush Ballad Award were held at 8pm. Sunday saw non stop music from 10am to 6pm. The event also flows into the town with busking in the street on Saturday, a bush poet's breakfast and entertainment at various venues in the village leading up to the weekend at the showground. When? The first weekend in February each year...

Our Future

The globe is sadly groaning with debt,
poverty and strife
And billions now are pleading to enjoy a
better life

Their hope lies with resources buried
deep within the earth
And the enterprise and capital which
give each project worth
Is our future threatened with massive
debts run up by political hacks
Who dig themselves out by unleashing
rampant tax
The end result is sending Australian in-
vestment, growth and jobs offshore
This type of direction is harmful to our
core

Some envious unthinking people have
been conned
To think prosperity is created by waving
a magic wand

Through such unfortunate ignorance, too
much abuse is hurled

Against miners, workers and related
industries who strive to build the world
Develop North Australia, embrace multi-
culturalism and welcome short term for-
eign workers to our shores

To benefit from the export of our miner-
als and ores

The world's poor need our resources: do
not leave them to their fate

Our nation needs special economic
zones and wiser government, before it is
too late.

Article on 'Crikey' from Geoff
Lemon, a poet, author and satirist
Geoff Lemon: "Gina, your poetic licence
is revoked

Thank you, Gina Rinehart. As the editor
of a long-running poetry journal, I thank
Rinehart for putting the noble art of
verse in the media spotlight.

The critics, as Rinehart knows, are
harsh. They criticise your poetry. They
criticise your attempts to become a me-
dia magnate. They are probably going to
abduct your children. That could be
handy, because you don't like your chil-
dren very much, but that is nobody
else's business. Get off my lawn.

But in all the talk of Rinehart as a crazy
person, people are forgetting what mat-
ters — the poetry. Australia, it's time to
assess Rinehart's work dispassionately,
in content and structure.

Our Future attempts a noble challenge:
the rendering of economic theory and
politico-economic ideology into stirring
verse. Some call it impossible to include

phrases such as "special economic
zones" in a fluid and aesthetically pleas-
ing poem. Those people are right. But
Rinehart doesn't let that stop her. If it
doesn't fit, she'll shoehorn the bastard in
there anyway.

The first thing you notice about
Rinehart's poem is that it passes the
Crusty Old Bugger in a Pub test.
Namely, it rhymes. Second, she starts
out with noble intent. She's read *The
Man from Snowy River*. She knows po-
ems go dum-de-dum. And in fact, the
first two lines are in almost functional
iambic heptameter.

If that phrase scares you, it just means
there is an unstressed syllable followed
by an emphasised syllable. That pattern
repeats five times, for 10 syllables in
total, which in combination form a line.
Viz:

The globe is sadly groaning with debt,
poverty and strife
And billions now are pleading to enjoy a
better life.

Obviously Rinehart is aware of the me-
tre, as she's thrown the word "now" into
that second line to maintain it. Her only
false step is "debt", which doesn't work
as an unstressed syllable before a
stressed "pov(erty)". I might have sug-
gested "with economies in strife", had
she had the forethought to seek my pro-
fessional opinion. (Hint, Gina: good
poetry editors are pretty freaking thin on
the ground.)

In terms of content, it is perhaps a little
dubious to hear sad tales of poverty from
the person stewing in the most obscene
swill of mineral cash in the entire coun-
try. For those who do want a better life,
the poet in question would be in a better
practical position to help them than any
other Australian. Set up farms across the
sub-Saharan belt? Still got change to
play blackjack with Kerry Packer's
ghost. Dengue fever in India? Scrub it
off like the Spray and Wipe chick. A
team of mercenaries to take out Bashar
al-Assad? Her PA would have his scalp
in Gina's inbox before she'd finished her
morning muffin.

Their hope lies with resources buried
deep within the earth
And the enterprise and capital which
give each project worth

Not bad, not bad. The metre is a bit
frayed, but still there in intent. Maybe a
slight reshaping would help: "Their
hopes are the resources buried deep
within the earth / And the enterprise and
capital which make 'em what they're
worth." Always read the lines aloud to



new and interesting way of seeing. This sounds like a Joe Hockey press conference submerged in tomato soup. The line is overly long and awkward, the Bruce Reid of this poem, which is then followed by the Danny de Vito, jammed in there as an afterthought while Gina tried to think of something to rhyme with "offshore".

Rhetoric is off the leash now, and it roams like the Beast of the Apocalypse (either Biblical or the weird creature in *The Brotherhood of the Wolf*). Those who criticise Rinehart for being insanely rich and still bitching about taxes are "envious unthinking people" who think wealth is magically created. (To

Three, is it strictly fair to equate "embrace multiculturalism" with "bring in a bunch of really cheap foreigners for a while to make us arseloads of cash and then make sure to send the dirty buggers back to wherever it is they came from"? The second phrase is even more unwieldy in a poetic sense, but I feel it cuts closer to the essential truth of the matter.

The world's poor need our resources: do not leave them to their fate. Our nation needs special economic zones and wiser government, before it is too late.

Ah, the crowning triumph. "Special economic zones" bounding in like a photobomber of verse, resting its nuts on the crown of poetry's head. Again, the not-so-delicious irony of an appeal on behalf of the world's poor. Not to labour a point here, but we are talking about the richest man, woman, or erotic llama masseuse in the country. And yet, this is about philanthropy.

The poor need our resources. Not for free of course, for an appropriate fee. So, the world's poor need to buy shit from Gina Rinehart. Do not leave them to their fate of not buying shit from Gina Rinehart. Do not abandon them.

And you know, as it happens, those things that are in the interests of the world's poor just so happen to be in the interests of making Gina Rinehart wealthier. Not that that's the issue here. It's just a coincidence. Rinehart just loves art and literature, and really, guys, this is all about the poor.

Rinehart's philanthropy, it seems, is much like her iambic heptameter. It can be applied when it suits, and abandoned when it becomes inconvenient. Yep. Poetic licence revoked."

yourself. Plus, the abbreviation of "them" gives it a nice bush-ballad feel, no? True blue and that. But then, we start to go off the rails ...

Is our future threatened with massive debts run up by political hacks Who dig themselves out by unleashing rampant tax

The end result is sending Australian investment, growth and jobs offshore This type of direction is harmful to our core

The first line of those four abandons metre, as rhetoric stirs from its meat-coma and begins to lick its spit-flecked jaws. Every bad poet loves adjectives. Who can resist "massive"? Who can resist an awkward phrase like "political hacks"? And then we get to that third line, which actually came from an Institute of Public Affairs white paper. Poetry is basically about making something sound good, or putting across a

be fair, inheriting an immense mining company does help sprinkle a bit of fairy dust on the old investment portfolio.) Rinehart is hurt and troubled by their attitudes.

And then, the final four lines: a crescendo of disjointedness, as both reason and poetic technique disintegrate.

Develop North Australia, embrace multiculturalism and welcome short term foreign workers to our shores To benefit from the export of our minerals and ores

One, the long line/short line thing again. Rinehart is getting all Ogden Nash on us here, if you replace the wit with self-righteous indignation. Two, "embrace multiculturalism and welcome short term foreign workers to our shores" just doesn't cut it as a line. Does that sound good to you? Does that ring with the authority of naturalistic rhythm and truth? Is this question rhetorical?



CECIL HOTEL CASINO N.S.W.

THURSDAY 24TH MAY TO SUNDAY 27TH MAY

INVITED BUSH POETS, JOHN BEST AND PETER CAPP RAY ESSERY
ALL POETS WELCOMED

Thurs. 24th May 9am big brekky with the poets \$9.95 per head includes coffee
6.30pm intimate dinner with the poets bookings essential
\$49 per head includes 3 course dinner.

FRIDAY 25TH 11AM - 1PM OPEN TO ALL

Saturday 26th may 11am free poet show — 4pm poets muster

SUNDAY 11AM - 1PM "JACK AXFORD BUSH POET COMPETITION." GOOD PRIZES

INFORMATION RING RAY ESSERY 0266851867 MOBILE 0438843817

THE CECIL HOTEL CASINO. 0266621047



RESULTS

DUNEDOO NSW

Original Female Serious

Robyn Sykes, 2nd Claire Reynolds, 3rd Jacqui Warrnock

Classical Female Isabella Bailey, 2nd Jenny Markwell, 3rd Claire Reynolds

Classical Male Terry Regan 2nd Ken Tough, 3rd Neil Jones

Original Serious Terry Regan, 2nd Neil Jones, 3rd Bob Sanders

Written Competition.

David Campbell, Brenda Joy, Tom McIlveen, Yvonne Harper,

Highly Commended Tom McIlveen

Yarn-spinning Frank Daniel

ADELONG SHOW NSW

Adelong Theme Poem

Heather Roach 2nd Lorraine McCrimmon,

Traditional. John Mackenzie (Canada), 2nd Sue Peal

Original Sue Peal

ANAGRAMS TO TICKLE YOUR FANCY from 'Muz'

PRESBYTERIAN:

When you rearrange the letters:
BEST IN PRAYER

ASTRONOMER:

When you rearrange the letters:
MOON STARER

DESPERATION:

When you rearrange the letters:
A ROPE ENDS IT

THE EYES:

When you rearrange the letters:
THEY SEE

GEORGE BUSH:

When you rearrange the letters:
HE BUGS GORE

THE MORSE CODE :

When you rearrange the letters:
HERE COME DOTS

DORMITORY:

When you rearrange the letters:
DIRTY ROOM

SLOT MACHINES:

When you rearrange the letters:
CASH LOST IN ME

ANIMOSITY:

When you rearrange the letters:
IS NO AMITY

ELECTION RESULTS :

When you rearrange the letters:
LIES - LET'S RECOUNT

SNOOZE ALARMS :

When you rearrange the letters:
ALAS ! NO MORE Z'S

A DECIMAL POINT :

When you rearrange the letters:
I'M A DOT IN PLACE

THE EARTHQUAKES:

When you rearrange the letters:
THAT QUEER SHAKE

ELEVEN PLUS TWO:

When you rearrange the letters:
TWELVE PLUS ONE

MOTHER-IN-LAW:

When you rearrange the letters:
WOMAN HITLER

PRESS RELEASE:

On 25th March, a couple who have been dubbed "folk royalty" featured at folk@canowindra! Rob & Olya Willis of Forbes NSW have been collecting folklore, dance and social history since the mid 1970s. Their audio and photographic collections are housed in the Oral History and Folklore Section of The National Library of Australia. Accomplished musicians they play most of the traditional instruments including concertina, button and piano accordion, banjo, guitar, mouth organ, bodhran and whistle.

Rob and Olya formed the Blackridge Bush Band in the late 1970's - one of the first 'bush bands' in Western NSW. The band continued for over 12 years performing all over NSW and at major Festivals. Olya is proud of her Ukrainian heritage and collects and performs elements of her culture. Rob has been producing themed concerts and folk documentaries for many of the major music festivals since the early 1980s. He has presented concerts at The National Folk Festival every year since 1994. Rob is often heard on both local and national ABC radio featuring various aspects of folklore in Australia. Rob Willis was awarded the Medal of the Order of Australia (OAM) in 2012 for his contribution to the preservation of Australian folklore.

So, for a mix of music, yarns and song - get to Taste Canowindra (Ferguson St) on the last Sunday of each month from 4-6pm. There is an open mike time for musos and poets as well.

For all enquiries, contact Nerida Cuddy 0429 048 603.
nerida@cornerstone.edu.au

<http://www.tastecanowindra.com.au/>

There's been a cyclonic depression
way over the Indian Sea,
Which has caused a sort of a pattern,
of dampness and moisture set free,
The winds have been moving it eastwards,
across the Nullabor Plain,
And hot air arising from Canberra,
is the cause of persistent rain,
But the Bureau has good news this morning
for all the Canowindra folk,
We've studied it now for some ten years -
YES! The DROUGHT IS OFFICIALLY BROKE!

Hooroo!,
Grahame "Skewiff" Watt

While being interviewed for a job, the personnel manager said to the Maguire brothers:

'We're going to give you a written examination. Ten questions. Whoever gets most right we'll hire.'

Papers were produced and the boys set to work answering the general knowledge questions. When the time was up the personnel manager collected and marked the papers.

'Well,' said he, 'you've both got nine out of ten, but I'm giving Mick the job.'

'Why's that?' asked Pat.

'Well,' said the manager, 'you both got the same question wrong but he had

'I don't know this' and you had 'Neither do I!'



Towamba
Acoustic Sessions
listen, learn, play & enjoy.

West of Eden, Far South Coast of NSW
SAT 19 MAY 2012
workshops, food, bar and markets
Saturday night blackboard concert
fireside venues ~ kids' activities

Friday soup kitchen ~ shops & fuel 30km to Wyndham or Eden
FREE ENTRY ~ \$10 CAMPING ~ SHOWERS AVAILABLE
brought to life by Southern Valley Folk Club

My Dearest Bess.

The bugle sounds, the day is spent,
I'll toss and turn in blankets lent,
Sporadic fire from up the line,
Tuck in, dig deep, my boys are fine.

I've had some mail from Bess today
"The children help me while they play,
They're helping Granddad in his shed
And always come in late for bed."

"They love it here on Granddads farm,
We're safe out here away from harm,
They've picked some berries for their tea,
Their faces stained and filled with glee."

"My Dearest Bess, your letters cheer-
me so, It gets so awful here."
"We're bogged down here in endless mire."
"The ceaseless sound of canon fire."

A **SHOUT** it's time, Go Go Go Go,
What's all the noise? Quick out of bed,
That whistling sound, it fills my head....

Major T Davis. 3rd Div ARA. (Tom)

My Dear Elizabeth It is with regret....

The Soldiers in Green

A suited official shouts "for us and God"
From a dais made of polished wood
The soldiers acknowledge with obedient nods
Convinced by his words that they should

Hear the drums beat and bugles blow
And now the sound of marching feet
Wave quickly son before they go
Farewell the soldiers in the street

And now they are back again
The somber men marching in green
Why a small crowd with such refrains?
As if they didn't go, they haven't been

The gaps are many in the ranks
And see the haunted looks they wear
But where are all the cheers of thanks
For all the young men who were there

Their features may have changed
But their looks are those of pride
They are blooded brothers now
As proudly they march, side by side

But the suited man is no longer there
Swapped for a brand new Canberra clone
Who rants and raves "a terrible affair
And thank God for me, I brought you home"

Perhaps their military cloth is out of season
Or marked with shameful indelible stains
Would someone please tell us the reason?
Why there is such a deafening restrain

The streets are silent and empty now
And few recall the time so long ago
When young men passed by in green
Proud of whom they were and where they'd been

But later, nothing has changed it seems
Yet again the drums beat and bugles blow
Dressed in mottled uniform and not the green
Young soldiers march proudly before they go

Politicians in chameleon suits strut to and fro
Rattling war drums and promises galore
"God is with us and you must go"
The soldiers' nod then march off to war

(George Mansford Sep 08) Received from Rob Pearce

When the Irish say that St. Patrick chased the snakes out of Ireland, what they don't tell you is that he was the only one who saw any snakes!



NANDEWAR POETRY COMPETITION

WRITTEN BUSH POETRY COMPETITION

CONDUCTED BY

NARRABRI & DISTRICT



HISTORICAL SOCIETY INC

PROUDLY SPONSORED BY

NARRABRI SHIRE COUNCIL

FIRST PRIZE \$150.00. PLUS TROPHY
SECOND PRIZE \$100.00
THIRD PRIZE \$50.00

CLOSING DATE JUNE 30th

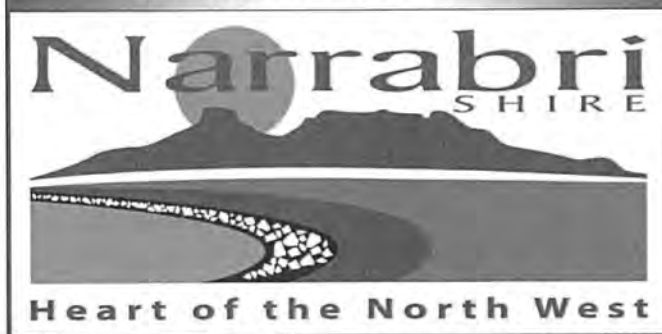
ENTRY FORM

Available from the Narrabri Tourist Information Office
02 6799 6760

or

Narrabri & District Historical Society Inc
P.O. Box 55
NARRABRI 2390

Entries to be returned to above address.



REMEMBER AND HONOUR THEM ALL

In nineteen fourteen they left this land
On foreign shores they made a stand
Through Europe and the sands of Gallipoli
And they went to fight or die
Beneath a far of foreign sky
Against the tyrant and for democracy.

When war came again in thirty nine
Australians once more stood in line
For freedom and their belief in right
And for the next six long years
They shed blood sweat and tears
Never once did they give up the fight.

When peace came at last in forty five
Those of them were left alive
Came back home to work our land again
Every year these men march past
And every year will be the last
for some; because they'll go to join the slain.

We must be sure to honour too
Those women in the dress of blue
Who nursed the wounded in their hour of need
For their courage was no less
Than the men whose wounds they'd dress
And they kept on until the world was freed.

Honour too, the brave, not damn
Veterans of Timor, Korea and Vietnam
For who are we to judge them wrong or right
The young men leave and some will die
Their friends will mourn and families cry
For every one that's lost in ANY fight.

And those who've gone to their final rest
Salute; they are the very best
Never let the memory of them fade
We pray please Lord don't ever let
Us, the citizens of this land forget
The sacrifice, these brave people made.

JOHN DAVIS 03/11/06 ©

The Mouse on the Barroom Floor

Some Guinness was spilled on the barroom floor
when the pub was shut for the night.
Out of his hole crept a wee brown mouse
and stood in the pale moonlight.
He lapped up the frothy brew from the floor,
then back on his haunches he sat.
And all night long you could hear him roar,
'Bring on the goddam cat!'

JULY
13TH, 14TH & 15TH, 2012

17TH BUNDY BUSH POETRY MUSTER

JULY
13TH, 14TH & 15TH, 2012

Noel Stallard

Ray Essery

Jack Drake

Special guest poets

Across the Waves Sports Club
1 Miller Street BUNDABERG

Performance Competition

Open (men and women separate categories)
Intermediate, Novice, Juniors (U/8 & 8 yrs to U/16 yrs)
Duo Performances, Yarnspinning, One minute cup

Bush Lantern Award 2012 - Written Competition for Bush Verse
Bush Lantern Award - Junior Category - Primary & Secondary Students
CLOSING DATE: 25th MAY 2012

Presentation of -
Bush Lantern Award
for Written Verse 2012
Sunday, July 15th

Cash Prizes & Trophies
in all categories



FREE Poetry Workshop

In conjunction with the Bundy Bush Poetry Muster week-end Noel Stallard will conduct a children's story telling session on Tuesday July 10th in the Bundaberg Library and a **FREE** poetry workshop in the Council Training Rooms (behind the Library) on Thursday July 12th from 10am to noon. Bookings essential.

All phone or e.mail enquiries:

Sandy Lees - 07 41514631
leesjds1@yahoo.com.au

Edna Harvey - 07 41597198
edna_harvey@hotmail.com

Jayson Russell - 07 41550778
blanata@bigpond.net.au

Entry Forms

SSAE to
Performance Poetry Coordinator or
Bush Lantern Coordinator (as applicable)
Bundaberg Poets Society Inc.
PO Box 4281
BUNDABERG SOUTH 4670
Forms also available ABPA website
www.abpa.org.au

THE FINAL MARCH

© Heather Knight 7 November 2011

Mackenzie knew the dangers of the march that went to war,
he joined his mates in Oruzgan, a tour he'd done before.
Mackenzie's going home now and his mates salute fare-
well,
he's going home to Susie and his darling Christabel.

Mackenzie has come home now, carried shoulder high by
mates,
who march with thoughtful steps, towards the sorrow that
awaits.
They proudly stand beside him, never leaving him alone,
their arms reversed, their heads are bowed and faces set in
stone.

Mackenzie's on his final march, the bagpipes wailing loud,
his casket draped with slouch hat and the flag that he did
proud;
and as the bugle sounds, Mackenzie marches into lore
while on this day a nation mourns and counts the cost of
war.

TEARS OF REMEMBRANCE

Trisha Patterson © 11/11/11

I saw a look of pride today upon a "Diggers" face
Amid the tears and sorrow...and I felt a sad disgrace!
"Disgrace" for those who passed him by without a second glance;
"Disgrace" for those who didn't care enough to take a chance
To stop and maybe say "hello"... or even give a smile;
Or thank him for his *sacrifice* and stay and chat awhile!

He stood there with his *poppies* as a symbol of respect
To all his fallen comrades...while on mateship he'd reflect!
He proudly wore that token neatly pinned on his lapel;
He wore it as an "honour-badge", despite his scars from hell.
He'd offered them to one and all...a word and kindly hand,
Yet few would but acknowledge him...he couldn't understand!

The young-ones quickly scurried by and didn't seem to care,
But those who took the time to stop had gracious words to share!
This man was in his nineties now... his dedication shone!
His battle-weary body, though fatigued, still carried on.
He'd been there since the break of day, to honour those who
served
And lost their lives in futile wars...a fate no man deserved!

I felt a sense of sadness that I couldn't seem to quell...
That pride and sorrow on his face; the stories he could tell!
Now every year it seems to be on this "Remembrance Day"
The reason for its "relevance" just seems to fade away.
And sadly and ashamedly, as Aussies we'll regret
The day our "Diggers" all have gone...**LEST WE FORGET!**



A replica of this statue was Kim's trophy for the Ipswich Poetry Feast



The Babies of Walloon by Henry Lawson (written in 1891)

[Two little girls aged six and nine, the daughters of lengthman on the railway at Walloon, near Ipswich, Queensland, were sent on an errand by their parents and it is supposed they were attracted by some water-lilies in a pool near their home. They were found drowned in six feet of water.]

*He was lengthman on the railway, and his station scarce reserved
That pre-eminence in sorrow" of the Majesty he served,
But as dear to him and precious were the gifts reclaimed so soon. -
Were the workman's little daughters who were buried near Walloon.
Speak their names in tones that linger, just as tho' you held them dear,
There are eyes to which the mention of those names will bring a tear.
Little Kate and Bridget, straying in an Autumn afternoon,
Were attracted by the lilies in the water of Walloon.
All is dark to us. The angels sing perhaps in Paradise
Of the younger sister's danger, and the elder's sacrifice;
But the facts were hidden from us, when the soft light from the moon
Glistened on the water-lilies o'er the Babies at Walloon.
Ah! the children love the lilies, while we elders are inclined
To the flowers that have poison for the body and the mind
Better for the "strongly human" to have done with life as soon,
Better perish for a lily like the Babies of Walloon.
For they gather flowers early on the river far away,
Where the everlasting lilies keep their purity for aye,
And while summer brings our lilies to the run and the lagoon
May our children keep the legend of the Babies of Walloon.*

Just thought readers would be interested in seeing this. Vandals have desecrated the statue of the girls which cost \$50,000.00. The council have offered a \$4000.00 reward for information leading to the capture of the perpetrator and Reg Grundy and Joy Chambers have kindly donated \$1500 to getting it recast.



Poetry

A new winner!!

Up and coming new talent from Tumut NSW is Sue Pearce. Pictured at Adelong.

<i>Our Family Did Their Bit.</i>	Marty Boyce	2
<i>Bushfire Alert</i>	Elaine Delaney	5
<i>It's gone Pearshaped</i>	Bob Sanders	6
<i>The Diggers Dream</i>	Vic Jefferies	9
<i>When the Bands all Cease to Play</i>	Vic Jefferies	9
<i>Korea Unknown</i>		9
<i>A Soldier Died Today</i>	Larry Vaincourt	10
<i>The Errant Sage</i>	Glenny Palmer	11
<i>The Bushman's Grave</i>	James Hewlett	11
<i>Our Future</i>	Gina Rinehart	18
<i>My Dearest Bess</i>	Tom Davis	19
<i>The Soldiers in Green</i>	George Mansfield	19
<i>Remember and Honour them All</i>	John Davis	22
<i>The Final March</i>	Heather Knight	23
<i>Tears of Remembrance</i>	Trisha Patterson	23