



# The Australian



## Bush Poets

# Association



No 10 NOVEMBER 94.

P.O. BOX 77

DRAYTON NORTH.

QLD. 4350.

Telephone Enq. (076) 301106.

PRESIDENT. M. BOSTOCK.  
SEC/TREASURER. R. SELBY.  
EXEC/MEMBER. M. JARROTT.  
EXEC/MEMBER. G. GRAHAM.

MEMBERSHIP

\$20.00

NOVEMBER.

If I should die upon a day like this -  
November music in the wind's soft tune;  
November's lawns still jewelled from the kiss  
Of dewdrops scattered by November's moon -  
If I should leave this life on such a day  
I'd leave a dream my soul could still remember,  
For Heaven can't be very far away  
From here - my friends, my garden, my November..  
What better way to spend Eternity!  
A million years ahead to reminisce;  
A timeless time from tears and pain set free,  
If Death should find me on a day like this.  
Weep not that I have wandered from the scene  
But join me in my thanks that I have been.

There are no further mountains I should climb;  
The setting sun shines with a softer light.  
I am an instrument of place and time -  
An evening shadow of a day once bright;  
And though I know, alas, there will be those  
Whose hearts will not be with me at the last  
But write instead "I Love You" on a rose  
And toss it as the hearse is driving past,  
I hope these vacant words will make amends  
To empty arms and lips I cannot kiss;  
For how could I leave sorrow to my friends  
If I should die upon a day like this?  
They will not weep, if only they remember  
I've found a life that always is November.

*Charles*

## PRESIDENT'S REPORT.

Christmas Greetings, fellow Poets!

Well, I guess you are all preparing for our involvement with the Tamworth Festival and the Poetry Contest at the Imperial Hotel. If the standard of performers is as it was at Toowoomba, we are in for a terrific week of Bush Verse.

I have organised a procession of floats for the Cavalcade down the main street of Tamworth. There will be two minibuses, the float that was entered for Toowoomba (where it won first place!), a team of horses and a wagon.

The minibuses will be the ones transporting the Poets from town to town during the Swaggies' Walk. This will be from Cairns down the coast to Brisbane, then out to Winton. The Tour will commence on the 5th February, 1995, and arrive in Winton just before the main festivities begin. I will give you the exact dates for each town on The Walk in the next Issue, but I need to know as soon as possible WHO will be able to join us, and at WHAT TIME in The Walk.

There are approximately 40 towns between Cairns and Brisbane and, with a few days off for recreation, that will take almost six weeks. There will also be a train out to Winton, and we can have Poets on that train performing -- and advertising our first Championship.

On The Walk, we will be received in each town by the local Mayor, and hold a Lunch Hour Concert at the Schools. Our beneficial Charities will be the Queensland Drought Appeal, and the Flying Doctor.

I have been very busy organising sponsorship of The Walk. We have minibuses, and possibly a Sponsor to purchase the marquee where we will be holding our Championship Heats, Finals, and other entertainment.

Together we will have a terrific time, and the experience gained will be invaluable, as a stage performance every night will make all Poets on The Walk truly polished performers by the time we reach Winton. Both minibuses will be travelling from Brisbane to Cairns just after Tamworth, so we will be able to take anyone interested up there.

**TRAVEL LIGHT.** Dress in SWAGGIE and/or PERIOD DRESS. A swag will be necessary, as we will be bunking down in the entertainment area of the Hotel after each Concert. Breakfast will be provided at the Hotel, then off to the next town. Just outside each town we will stop and WALK INTO TOWN, with interested Locals joining in.

We will be received by all the Media in each town, and Australia will be kept informed as to our progress. By the time we arrive in Winton, the Australian Bush Poets' Association will be known throughout Australia as never before, and Bush Poetry will be accepted as a true Australian Artform. We will stand proud, knowing that we have done ourselves, and the Charities involved, justice.

I look forward to seeing you all at Tamworth. Let's have our election of Office Bearers on a high note.

'Success is ours! We will thrive in 95!'

M.Bostock.

## SECRETARY'S REPORT.

Membership for the year has peaked at 104 with most enquiries for membership reluctant to pay an Annual fee now then pay again in January for the 1995 membership. Membership fees will be accepted from the 01/12/94 for those wishing to continue in 1995.

The Annual General Meeting will be held at the Imperial Hotel Tamworth following the Friday Heats of the poetry competition on 27/1/1995.

All positions on the committee will become vacant and a new committee elected at this meeting. Any member wishing to nominate themselves or another person for any position on the committee and cannot be there may write their nomination on a sheet of paper and post it to our address. All nominations will be reviewed and voted on. Any member standing for any position or voting on a position MUST be financial at that meeting.

On the financial side of the association, our original \$20 fee has covered all expenses for the newsletter, postage, stationary etc. The bank balance, as of 1/11/94, stands at \$640 but with no new memberships coming in it is expected to dwindle to about \$400 by the end of the year.

Therefore as we are staying viable, on the financial side, there should not be any reason to alter the fee in '95, but this subject will have to be addressed at the meeting and voted on. Any member with suggestions, proposals, gripes or grumbles on the running or direction of the club PLEASE write them down and send them in so they can be attended to at the A.G.M. All letters and queries will be attended to.

So much for the official part of my report, As editor of the newsletter, it has been a very enjoyable task made all that easier by the copious amount of mail and items sent in by the members. I also have a file full of poems and a selection of these will appear in an issue of the Australian Bush Poets Annual. I still require permission from some members who have sent in poems to print them in the Annual. Any member who wishes to contribute to the Annual may send in a poem, (with signed permission) or you can phone me on (076) 301103 any night after 6pm. But be quick as the selection is underway.

Ron Selby.

### HOW THE OTHER HALF LIVES!

Not all Bush Poets live in Eastern Australia --- and it's fascinating to catch a glimpse of what goes on in the West!

A recent communication from Bill Park of Joondalup, WA, tells of some doings in November. I quote direct....

#### **BUSH YARN SPINNERS' NIGHT**

*Listen to stories about bush characters and events that shaped our colourful past. Then try your hand at spinning your own bush yarns and poems. There are prizes, including the Poets' Cup for the adults and kids with the best stories. This inaugural event will ensure that your bush memories are never lost. Billy tea and johnny cakes provided.*

WHEN: 7 - 9.30pm Friday 25th November

COST: \$6 Adults \$4 Children

All this will happen at....

#### **THE HILLS FOREST AMPITHEATRE**

*Nestled in the forest at Mundaring, this unique, rammed-earth Ampitheatre has a professionally-designed multi-functional lighting and sound system hidden in the bushland setting.*

Ahhhh!.... now that's a Venue!  
Do keep us all informed, Bill!

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## MAJORS CREEK FESTIVAL. 11 - 13 NOV.94.

This weekend saw a very successful 'Music at the Creek' when a huge crowd turned up at Majors Creek, N.S.W. for the second annual Folk Festival.

As is the coming trend with many Festivals, more time was allocated on the busy schedule for Bush Poetry and Tall Tales.

Association members were to the fore with Blue the Shearer, Geoffrey Graham, Leigh Brown and Frank Daniel acting as comperes for the occasion as well as conducting a number of concerts on the open stage and in the Workshops tents.

Blue has finally found that for many years he has not given full credit to some of those noisy Bush Bands (is there such a thing) until he discovered the "Born Again Pagans", whose message he says came through loud and clear.

Blue had no choice but to listen, as he was the M.C. and had to sit on the steps between acts and pay attention to a mega-megawatt speaker which was also placed on the top of the stairs.

"How else can one be a Compere if one does not know what they are singing about?"

Blue seemed a little bit too interested in the sexy knees of the lead singer (a bloke) who wore a floral patterned pair of shorts (or longs) which seemed to end about mid-way between his knees and his thongs.

An innovation of Blues to cover some of the distance between acts in his three hour stint on the Main Stage, was to encourage youngsters to come up and tell some jokes.

He learned his lesson there, and says that "extreme caution is necessary in such a situation," not because some of the jokes were so rude, crude and Macho-man style, but because of the danger of Mothers who didn't know that their sons were so adept at such skills.

"Well," explained Blue to one Mother, "I did consult his Father first, and he gave his consent."

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Another sucker for kids is Frank Daniel, who thought that he might adopt some of Blues strategies and invite some of the kids to tell some Tall Tales — but — being wiser after the fact, would not encourage any of Blues 'foul mouthed' little proteges, and selected a lovely little eleven year old girl who told the greatest, whoppinest Tall Tale, about a big bad Wolf who somehow ended up with a belly-full of rocks and fell in the river and drowned.

This yarn lasted twenty minutes, was fully animated and a credit to young Ellen, and another lesson learned by a Bush Poet.

After all, the time limit was four minutes, and even Geoffrey Graham managed to abide by this rule.

Ted Egan is considering Ellens story for a future Mini-series.

Surprise of the day was Geoff Brown of Yass, whos' solo Harmonica performance with the theme from Exodus, plus Amazing Grace and Harva Nageela (however you spell it), left the audience in absolute amazement. (What's that got to do with Tall Tales?)

Campbell the Swaggie was in attendance. He just seems to appear from no-where. I am yet to find out where he parked his Rolls Royce prior to his walk into town.

A good number of new and interesting Poets rolled up for the two breakfast sessions, and with the extra time allowed, gave the crowd a more than enjoyable time to remember.

Poets came from as far away as Melbourne, Sydney and the South Coast region, with one Peter Capp from Freemantle, W.A. who must take the cake as being the most animated character of all. A very likeable, funny little fulla, with lots of good stories, tons of humour, and a pretty good thirst.

If you are having trouble finding Majors Creek on your maps, it is twelve kilometres south-east of Jembaicumbene, and about twenty kays east of Harolds Cross, which is not very far from Wild Cattle Flat.

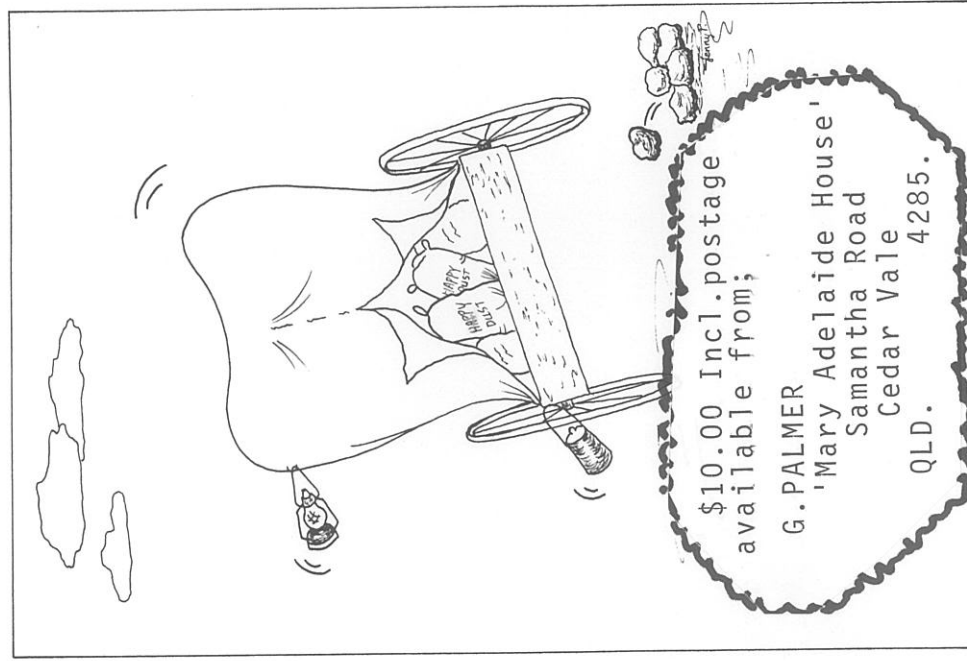
Regards to all members of the Bush Poets Association and their families, and a happy Christmas and a Prosperous New Year.

Joe.



# Various Other Lies

by  
The Wandering Wordsmith  
Glenny Palmer



\$10.00 Incl. postage  
available from;

G. PALMER  
'Mary Adelaide House'  
Samantha Road  
Cedar Vale 4285.  
QLD.

# A LETTER TO A SON

Dear Son,

Just a few lines to let you know I'm still alive. I'm writing this letter slowly because I know you are a slow reader. You won't know the house when you come home ... we've moved. I won't be able to send you the address as the previous owners took the numbers with them for their next house so they wouldn't have to change their address.

About your father ... he has a new job. He now has over 500 men under him. He's cutting the grass at the cemetery.

There was a washing machine in the new house when we moved in but it isn't working too good. Last week I put 14 shirts into it, pulled the chain, and I haven't found them since.

Your sister Mary had a baby this morning. I haven't found out whether it is a boy or a girl, so I don't know if you are an Aunt or an Uncle.

Your Uncle Dick drowned last week in a vat of whiskey at the distillery. Some of his fellow workers dived in to save him, and he fought them off bravely. We cremated his body, and it took three days to put out the fire.

Your father didn't have much to drink at Xmas. I put a bottle of castor oil in his pint of beer. It kept him going till New Years Day. I went to the doctor on Thursday and your father came with me. The doctor put a small tube in my mouth and told me not to open it for ten minutes. Your father offered to buy it from him.

It only rained twice last week. First for three days and then for four days. Monday it was so windy that one of our chickens laid the same egg four times.

\*We had a letter yesterday from the undertaker. He said if we don't come up with the last instalment on your grandmother, up she comes ...

*Your loving mother,*

*P.S. I was going to send you \$10.00 but I had already sealed the envelope.*

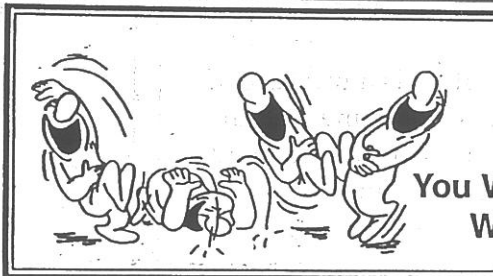
WANTED  
GOOD WOMEN



Must Be Able To  
Clean, Cook, Sew,  
Dig Worms And  
Clean Fish.

Must Have Own Money  
With Motor.

Please Send Pictures  
Of Boat And Motor



QUESTION CORNER

Q. What's the best thing about  
A. It keeps Victoria away from



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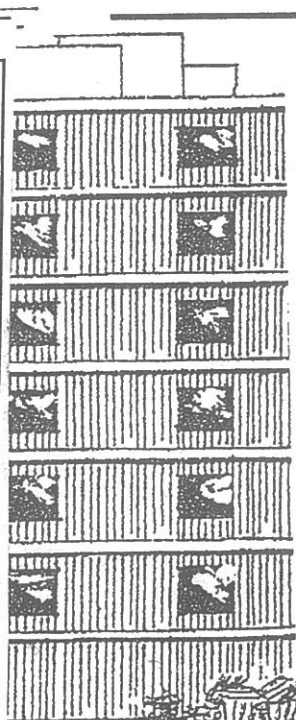
Boat

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Want What  
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about NSW?  
om Qld!



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# I'M TIRED

Yes, I'm tired. For several years now I've been trying to blame it on middle age, droop, poor blood, lack of vitamins, air pollution, saccharin, obesity, dieting, under-arm odour, yellow wax build-up, and other maladies that make you wonder if life is really worth living.

But now I find out that I'm tired because I'm over-worked. The population of this country is 17 million, but 6 million are retired. That leaves 11 million to do the work.

Then there are 4 million at school. That leaves 7 million to do the work. Of this total, 1 million are unemployed and 3 million are employed by the government. That leaves 3 million to the work. Take from that total 2 million employed by Councils and Local authorities and that leaves 1 million to do the work.

Now, there are 620,000 in hospitals and 379,998 in prisons.

That leaves just *two people* to do the work. You and me.

And you're sitting on your backside reading this!  
**NO WONDER I'M TIRED!!**

Mrs Carolyn White  
Lot 16,  
Glendale Road  
MS1 250  
Glendale Park  
Rockhampton Q 4701

21 November 1994

Mr Ron Selby  
Secretary  
Australian Bush Poets Association  
PO Box 77  
DRAYTON NORTH Qld 4350

Dear Ron,

You have probably been swamped by Right Wing/Left Wing poets in reply to Mark's letter re Performance Poetry in Australia (October Edition A.B.P.A. MAGAZINE). However you did invite input, so here's my bit.

Firstly, I have to agree with Mark on Charlee Marshall's questioning of Performance Bush Poetry in Australia and I address the following issues to Mark.

As a newcomer on the scene, I've already had my eyes awakened to the politics that exist in this field of entertainment, as it nodoubt does in any other.

I am a great admirer of your ability, Mark, but I do question some of the issues that arise from your letter, as I perceive them. I'll lift the lid off my little Pandora's Box and hope it gives food for thought.

- (a) Difference should be noted between the following: Performance Poetry in Australia and Performance *Bush* Poetry.

You have mentioned both classifications, however, under the heading of Performance Poetry In Australia, you revert back to Bush Poetry..... Surely there is a difference between the two..... Lawson and Patterson, for example, were what I'd recognise as authentic Australian Bush Poetry, whereas Kenneth Slessor and Bruce Beaver.... still Australian.... would not be in any way interpreted by me as Australian Bush Verse. Some poems in competitions are NOT Bush Poetry....participating poets and judges should be made aware of this.

- (b) Re Professional/Amateurs:

Firstly "Professional" has to be defined. Maybe, as you said, in that Professionals are those who perform for a fee. Also, as in other forms of competition, Professionals are not allowed to compete against Amateurs.

## A rat a day ...

□ SHANGHAI: Eighty-year-old Wu Zhenglu can carry 50kg on his back and run as fast as young men in his village.

The secret of his good health? Eating rats, apparently.

Wu sells rats for a living and has been eating them for decades, with a preference for fresh ones just caught, the Liberation Daily reported yesterday.

(c) **Re: the Two Camps of Bush Poetry:**

Food for thought..... Should the "camps" be as you say - the Lower House of the Eisteddfod Performers or the Upper House of the Professional Performers. Perhaps there should be more than two camps. What about writers of good poetry who, for many valid reasons, cannot perform their poetry at professional level? It would appear that they have two options. Either they are left to perform their poetry in the Lower House or their poetry is relegated to the print medium.

(d) **A Place for Everyone...**

Why is it presumed that it is necessary for all present day poets to be able to perform their own work? Everyone has a role to play in Bush Poetry. To use an analogy, some singers do not write the songs they record and perform, but the listener is not concerned with those facts. It is the end result of combined talent that is given the seal of approval by the listener/audience. Therefore, perhaps writers of quality verse should negotiate with the Professionals to perform their work. Writers should have to accept that just as good actors won't touch lousy scripts, Professional Performers of poetry won't touch mediocre poems. Under the "two camps only" system, there is the possibility of quality writers of verse being left in the dark depths of division.

Your advice on Performance Poetry saddened me, Mark, as personally I take it as a challenge to my writing ability to come up with new poems for each competition. I am sure there are a lot of amateurs like myself who will no longer travel the distances and wear the cost of attending these competitions when we know we are hobbled and side-lined before we start, simply because we believe our audiences are looking for new material not wanting to hear "THAT poem AGAIN". I guess that releases me from the Performance Poetry and relegates me to the "Lower House" of Eisteddfod poetry forever!

I know there are people who have no problem remembering their lines - I wish I was in that category. Perhaps I could be if all I had to do was focus on poetry without the added intrusions of job, families, household chores and everything God threw into the word "Mother"!

I hope somehow, someone will create a miracle, as I can see a lot of potentially good poets losing heart if not given encouragement and the incentive to progress to the best of their ability.

There is more need for discussion and a DEFINITE need for a set of rules for poets and judges to follow. For example, as in competition, more categories should be introduced and established as necessary criteria for all competition.

Some suggestions:

- Category for Performers of their own original work
- Category for writers who recite their own material (or Eisteddfod, as you call it)
- Category for Traditional Bush Verse
- Humorous Category
- Serious Category
- Male, Female and Open Category.

I agree with your comment, Mark, that Professional (i.e. paid) Performers should be used as a drawcard, as they are a very necessary ingredient to setting the standard for the amateur poet, without knocking the stuffing out of his new-found, faltering enthusiasm.

Hopefully, the outcome of these discussions that have arisen over the previous months will benefit Amateur and Professional poets alike.

Cheers,

*Carolyn White*

Carolyn White.

## Battle for Aust flag is 'being won'

The battle to keep the present Australian flag is being won,

"Recent polling over the past 12 months has revealed an 85% approval for the present Australian flag, with only 2% wanting a change and 13% of Australians undecided,"

"The flag and the Constitution have served us well since 1901, so why the need to change?"

### Ernie Setterfield Poetry Competition 1994 Results

#### Children

- 1 6 Freedom... Joni Young, Palmwoods Q'land
- 2 10 A day in the life of a caravan Park... Toki Huth  
Mapelton

#### Adults Romantic

- 1 14 Night Symphony... Muriel Courtenay, Bundaberg, Q'land
- 2 41 No more... Greg Young, Coolum Q'land

#### Serious

- 1 64 Magpie Mourning... Carmel Randle, Preston via Toowoomba
- 2 23 The Hermit... Lorain Marwood, Dingee Victoria

#### Humorous

- 1 28 Christmas in the Bush... Merle Brook, Cronulla N.S.W.
- 2 62 Billie from Burke... J.P.O'Connor, Longreach

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**WALTZING MATILDA'S BIRTHDAY**  
**100 YEARS CELEBRATION**  
**EASTER 6TH APRIL - 17TH 1995**  
**10 DAY FESTIVAL**

Mr. Ron Selby  
Australian Bush Poets Association  
P.O. Box 77  
DRAYTON NORTH QLD 4350

Dear Ron,

I have read with great interest the letters from Charlee Marshall and Mark Gliori in your recent publications and am pleased that this opportunity to discuss the wider issues relating to the bush poetry movement has been provided.

The points Charlee made were correct and I think Marks' assessment of the situation at present is an accurate one and I agree with that assessment. May I add a few of my thoughts on the subject and hope that others will throw in further ideas in the future publications.

Since becoming involved in the bush poetry movement some years ago, I have been forced to recognise the total mental block the average Australian has when the word "poetry" is mentioned. We are slowly breaking this attitude down, but it has taken years of persuasion and coercion to build the audiences that we now command.

If this is to continue and we are to enjoy a steady increase in audience numbers, then we need to do all we can to not damage the reputation of performance bush poetry and poets.

I strongly support the concept of "giving everyone a go". That is, anyone who wants to get up and perform poetry must have the opportunity to do so. However I believe these performances, be they either competitions or simply gatherings, should not be publicised nor should members of the public who have never seen a performance of bush poetry be encouraged to attend. The audience for these events can be provided by friends and associates of the performers or members of the organising group.

If we concentrate on presenting only our best performance poets to the public we will succeed in building our audiences, and they will continue to purchase tickets for entertaining shows. This will enable us to create a financial base from which to put on more and more bush poetry shows, not to mention paying our performers a reasonable sum for their time and effort.

One of the best things I find in the Bush Poetry movement is the fellowship among us all. This is a very precious thing and I hope this will prevail as long as there is bush poetry. I believe if everyone involved understands the total concept and accept the fact that there is room for all of us, provided we put the success of the bush poetry movement above our own private aims and aspirations.

We need the writers groups and the written competitions, we need the poetry groups and the performing poetry competitions, we need the supporters who are prepared to provide venues at no cost to us, we need the assistance of journalists, photographers, radio, newspapers and the media as a whole to promote the bush poetry movement and above all we need our polished, professional performers to put on the shows which will attract wide sections of the public to attend our presentations.

I believe we are standing on the threshold of a marvellously successful era for bush poetry. Changes will take place; new performers will emerge and some of our top performers may not continue to improve and will be superseded by others. The one thing we can be certain of in life is that things will continue to change so let us all make sure that we can keep up with those changes as they occur but at the same time keep our eyes firmly fixed on the whole picture.

Best wishes always,

Yours faithfully,

*Judith Hosier*

Judith Hosier



\*\*\* MALENY FOLK FESTIVAL. \*\*\*

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28th DECEMBER to 1st JANUARY.

Information available from;

THE MALENY FOLK FESTIVAL

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NAMBOUR QLD 4560 or ph 1902240010.

# AIDS...INFECTIOUS...KEEP CLEAR

By the mellowing swords of the hospital wards in a wing of the children's floor,  
You'll find no blooms in the caring rooms detached from the mainstreams core,  
For smiles are rare for those stationed there, and their cries are tepid and thin,  
The tiny tots there from their crimson cots share a world that is shrouded and grim.  
And all that they know is the ebb and the flow of the muslin masked mentors that peer,  
While their pink stickers quote, the deadly last note of AIDS...INFECTIOUS...KEEP CLEAR.

"It's our baby who's dying," the fathers are crying, the mothers are strangled with grief,  
And some come in nameless, abandoned and blameless, conscripted to life rendered brief,  
And the reaper that waits them is taut as he takes them and shies from the bright, blazing rod,  
Of the angel that bids the world's loneliest kids to the all loving arms of their God.  
And a sad little teddy sits patient and ready, his face is set pallid and drear,  
Been rejected of late by that same little mate with AIDS...INFECTIOUS...KEEP CLEAR.

Was it nature or God who turned the first sod to extract this enforced retribution?  
Some, reason as 'clear' and venture to sneer, "It's the gays and the molls contribution."  
All mankind will cringe at this terrible binge and the toll that will cause us to dread it,  
And Christ help the one, the daughter or son, who knowingly options to spread it.  
And some time tonight you might wake in a fright at the sight of life's great Overseer,  
As He touches the face of the whole human race ... and writes AIDS...INFECTIOUS...KEEP CLEAR.

There's a lesson to learn at the century's turn, for the warnings are posted and clear,  
We must sever the need for the lust and the greed and work on the want and the fear,  
To unredden the rags of the old battle flags, and slit the red jugular of war,  
We're as much to blame for this trans-global shame as the dealer, the gay or the whore.  
And some time it we ready, the eyes of a teddy will not see the pain or the tear,  
On the face of a tot, or a sign on his cot that says, AIDS...INFECTIOUS...KEEP CLEAR.

1987  
ROBERT RAFTERY ©  
"PICTURE WRITER"  
WACA.  
QUEENSLAND.  
AUSTRALIA.

# TALENT QUEST

## at BOB O'BRYAN'S OASIS HOTEL

### WELCOME

"Where Country Is"

### TO BOB O'BRYAN'S AMATEUR TALENT QUEST FOR 1995



"Keeping Amateur Talent Alive"

1<sup>ST</sup> PRIZE \$500

2<sup>ND</sup> PRIZE \$300

3<sup>RD</sup> PRIZE \$100

BEST BUSH POEM \$100

All prizes paid in cash.

Compere & Master Judge ~ Mr Brian Howard  
(Radio 2TM Tamworth - Hoedown)

Assistant Judge ~ Tony "Cowboy" Searle

Best Bush Poem Judge ~ Ron "Boulia" Bates

1st heat ~ 20 ~ 1 ~ 95

2nd heat ~ 22 ~ 1 ~ 95

FINAL ~ 24 ~ 1 ~ 95

### SPECIAL GUEST ARTIST APPEARANCES



Entry Fee ~ \$10

Entries Close ~ 19 ~ 1 ~ 95

Entry Forms from

OASIS HOTEL  
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