

The Australian



Bush Poets

Association

No 7 JULY 1995.

Australian Bush Poets Association

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COMING EVENTS.

**Battered Bugle
Award
for
Bush Poetry
19 & 20 August 1995
at
SURAT
On the banks of the
Balonne River.**

**Poets Breakfasts
Competitions
Billy Boiling**

Ph. 076 265 147 A.h. 076 265 103

The Spirit of Cobb & Co lives on!

* * * * * Notice * * * * *

Poetry Groups and Organisations

Please advise your State Publicity Officer or the Secretary as early as possible of any pending functions or events on your local calendar.

TASMANIAN FESTIVALS.

Huon Folk & Music Festival at CYGNET—
12-14 January 1996. Ph. 002 951 692
Tamar Valley Folk Festival -GEORGE TOWN
19-21 January 1996. Ph. 003 822 351

**Get 'The Lowedown' on Cassette.
Ph. 042 622 162 — Garry Lowe.**

**See....The Man from Ironbark
starring.... Geoffrey Graham
Dates.... in June Issue ABPA News**

**—The Bundy Mobs —
-1995 Poetry Awards -
Poetry Writing Competition
Secretary P.O.Box 2495 Bundaberg Q. 4670
Phone. 071 591 334 Bette Shleis**

**Toowoomba
Carnival of Flowers 1995
27-30 September
Poets Breakfasts. Workshops.
Competitions.
Original - Traditional -
Serious -
Humorous -
Novice - Open.**

**Rons in the
Doghouse
Business
076 301 106**

**Submit information about any new faces
and new voices (as well as old) to 'Joe'
P.O. Box 16 Canowindra. N.S.W. 2804**

THE MAN FROM IRONBARK



LAUGH AND CRY AS THE BANJO RETURNS

Geoffrey portrays the man, the first, the only, the last and the first.

The highlight of the whole Whistling Matilda Celebration.

Wonderfully Educational, Informative, Moving and Entertaining.

Geoffrey is born for the role.

HE BECOMES BANJO AS WE SEE THE VISION SPENDING.

*** THE MAN FROM IRONBARK. ***

Geoffrey Graham, in his portrayal of A.B. Paterson life continues to get better and better as his tour goes on. Three shows at 'The English Speaking Union at Brisbane were almost sold out and the comments from the public were nothing short of sensational. It is a show with lots of humor, poems and tears and Geoffrey brings to life the 'Banjo' as a man dedicated to Australia, the Bush and country characters from his outstanding rendition of

'The Man From Snowy River' and 'A Bush Christening' to the hilarious 'passing of Gundagai' and 'The Man From Ironbark' through to a very moving rendition of 'The Last Parade', 'Lost' and 'He Giveth his Beloved Sleep' Geoffrey makes you believe he IS the Banjo.

As Mr Ted Egan put it "He becomes Banjo as we see the vision splendid." Audience participation is paramount to his show as he tries to get all involved in the story and with great poetry, quick wit and humor he has them 'laughing in the aisle' as they say. Though Geoffrey is not Elvis Presley when he comes to singing, he does some great songs of Banjo's like 'The Billy Goat Overland' and 'Waltzing Matilda' has 99% of the thrilled audience joining in the chorus.

I caught the show at Winton and thought it was a winner and saw it again at Jondaryan Woolshed 14/7/95. Jondaryan is a great tourist place full of all historical paraphernalia, (I had to get out the dictionary to spell that!!) but for a night time show in mid july---- it was BLOODY COLD! zero degree at 10 o'clock.

There were about seventy people who attended and not one left without congratulating Geoffrey on a great night.

Geoffrey is a credit to his profession and a great credit to A,B,P.A. if you have the chance to see the show....DON'T MISS IT !!!!!

THE MAN FROM IRONBARK..... ITINERARY.

FRI. 21/7	Banjo's Theatrette Restaurant	LONGREACH.
SAT. 22/7	Shire Hall.	BLACKALL
SUN. 23/7	Matinee 2pm	Royal Hotel TAMBO.
MON. 24/7	Warrego Club	CHARLEVILLE.
TUE. 25/7	Shire Hall.	CUNNAMULLA.
WED. 26/7	Cultural Hall	ST GEORGE.
THU. 27/7	R.S.L. Club	GOONDIWINDI.
FRI. 28/7	Ipswich Grammer School	IPSWICH.
SAT. 29/7	Civic Centre	STANTHORPE.
SUN. 30/7	Matinee 2pm & Mon. 31/7 8pm	R.S.M. Club CASINO.
WED. 2/8 and THU. 3/8	R.S.L. Club	GRAFTON.
FRI. 4/8 and SAT. 5/8	Workers Club	LISMORE.
SUN. 6/8	Matinee 5pm	Country Club OCEAN SHORES.

***** THE MAN FROM IRONBARK. *****

TUE. 8/8 R.S.L. Club BALLINA.

WED, 9/8 Greenhills Reception House MURWILLUMBAH.

FRI. 11/8 and SAT. 12/8 Armidale Club ARMIDALE.

(And our members thought Winton was a hectic schedule!!!!) by
around mid August Mrs Graham may see him again! (editor)

FOR FURTHER INFO. Trish & Bert De Luca. Byron St NEW BRIGHTON 2483

Phone; 015 754187. FAX; 066 801102.

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*Written in 1992, right in the middle (I hope) of the
bad drought years of the 1990s.*

Going Going Gone

The grass has all vanished, the dams are all dry,
And the gums on the mountain are brown;
The creek has stopped running, no clouds in the sky,
If it doesn't rain soon all the cattle will die
And I'll be on the dole in the town.

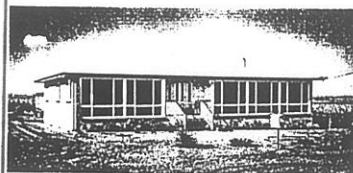
We are feeding them all with molasses and hay,
Though sadly, our money's all gone.
It is hard to say how long the bankers will pay,
Before there's a sign on our gate, "SALE TODAY",
As the dry summer days linger on.

I've been through many drought years when nothing went right,
But this is the worst I have known.
The downs are a desert, the hills are a fright,
And the horses are digging up roots for a bite;
And they've cut off our power and phone.

If we had enough money we might struggle through
Not loans with a high rate of interest.
Good men will be beaten then what will they do?
The dreams they have cherished have slipped out of view,
A job on the Council for just one or two,
And the scrapheap I fear for the rest.

* * * * *

*The Good Times
and Bad*



Some more Prize Winning

BushVerse

by

Bill Glasson

'THE GOOD TIMES and BAD'
by BILL GLASSON

available from; \$10 inc.post.

W.J. GLASSON
'TREMEEARNE'

M.S. 544

CLIFTON Q 4361.

Congratulations for the fine effort in the production of our magazine. The poem by June Lal in the June mag was excellent but should we not, as Bush Poets, pay more attention to rhyming. For example, 'LUSH' & 'RUSH' do not rhyme with 'BUSH'.

COMPETITIONS: many of our competitions have become big and unwieldy.

Whilst we give every encouragement to new participants, it seems unwise and unfair to expect them to perform before large audiences of the general public with distractions that were so evident at Winton.

I believe that we should be conducting preliminary events to reduce the field to say twenty four. Two semi-finals and a final could then be held which are open to the public. If numbers need to be reduced even further, the 'Top Ten' could be seeded straight into the final as one of them is probably is going to win anyway!

Novice competitors would only perform before fellow poets and their friends thus helping to overcome nervousness. Also judges comments could and should be allowed at the closed sessions.

All poets should be introduced in the same manner. The judges should not be told that 'Joe Blow' has won X number of contests or has a 'Bronze Statue' erected in his/her honour.

JUDGING; Some of the decisions at past competitions have been truly amazing! Are some judges bias toward a particular style ? or certain poems ? Controversay, sexist or local?? as I was told regarding my poem 'The Pedalling Killarney Vet'. Is not 'The Man From Snowy River' very local???

I would like to see more judges for each event, (say seven)--- now the organisers are seeing red!--- This would ensure a wider variety of opinions. Also the judges should be scattered amongst the audience and not be seated in a bunch. They would then better evaluate audience contact and whether or not the poet can be heard and understood down the back. Perhaps more than one poem should be recited in the finals. This would help eliminate audience grumblings such as; "Heard them all before at the other shows" or it would better show the poets talents because the winner couldn't claim victory with just one 'Pet' poem.

GOOD TASTE... Some poems I heard in Winton were disgusting and in 'Bad Taste' for a function open to the public. You don't have to be 'Dirty' to be funny. So let us keep the standard up and be subtle and careful with subjects such as; 'Farting, Dunny's, Sex and Death' particularly where people are eating.

PRODUCT SALES... There now seems to be a jossling for positions at the product tables during competitions. Sometimes there is not enough space available. I was even told at one show that my laminated print
(over)

'THE BANJO' was too big to put on the table. Mind you the 'Star of the show' had books everywhere!

Furthermore it is very difficult for the lesser known poets to compete with the 'Big Guns' who 'Recite a lot and always want more'.

Consideration should be given to printing a larger 'Bush Poets Annual' and cassettes which all poets can buy at cost and resell. Maybe these products and any others produced by ABPA should be the only ones on sale at competitions. Proceeds could then be distributed to all poets attending to help with travelling and accomodation.

Personally I've sold more books at the 'Old Peoples Home' than I've sold at some of the 'Big' competitions.

FINANCE... So far we have seen no report of the financial side of the Winton Festival. The ABPA cannot run on rumours. I assume there will be a properly audited financial report of the A.B.P.A. circulated before the Annual General Meeting next January????

OFFICE BEARERS... I believe nominations should be called, through the magazine, as soon as possible. This would give the candidates time to state their views on the running and future of the ABPA.

Bluey Bostock may not be the perfect president but he is the best known character we've got. He got the ABPA moving and, despite his failings, he has probably done more to foster Bush Poetry than the rest of us put to-gether, THANKYOU BLUEY!!!

Finally could we conduct the A.G.M. in conjunction with an Annual Dinner, enjoy some fellowship?? and get rid of any ill feelings and move on to bigger and better things.

Yours in Bush Poetry.....(signed) MAX JARROTT. KILLARNEY.

MURRAY HARTIN, a bush poet in great demand.



BUSH POETRY? YOU'RE KID-DING! (LBS) - Murray Hartin

Hartin is one of a new breed who have taken bush poetry to the masses with great success.

A former national bush poetry champion, Hartin is the first poet to be signed by highly regarded producer Lindsay Butler who usually only records and releases music.

Hartin is one of the most in-demand performers at festivals all over Australia and initial sales indicate that he could ride high on the LBS label for some time.

Fastidious Butler is one of the most respected men in the industry. He's seen the size of the following Hartin and some other poets are attracting and was keen to secure rights to this album.

Hartin is a unique performer who can turn heartache to

humor in a flash and some of his most popular live efforts are among the 18 tracks. They include *Fishin' For Cod*, *The Best Bloke That I Know*, *Fair Crack Of The Whip*, and so on.

All are originals except the hilarious reworking of *The Man From Snowy River* in which Hartin impersonates celebrities who "call" each verse.

You'll hear everyone from Bob Hawke, to Johnny Tapp to the Bee Gees, all having a go at Australia's best known poem.

Different and deserving of success.

Rating ****

Newsworthy.....let me see.

When we got back to Queensland we went to see the first showing of the WOODFORD/MALENY tape at the Yandina Club. Well compiled, but not showing the variety of interests available at the big festival well enough for mine. I go sniffing out Bodhrans, Bashriis, Hammered Dulcimers, Belly Dancers, German Sausages. The likes of John Williamson, etc, you on T.V. all the time.

Friday was poets night at the same venue. Jacqui made a curry that lifted the pattern off the bowls. Ian McKay, Shannon McDermont and me recited and the musos were getting excited when we left to catch the end of the footy.

Saturday was the Rainforrest Yacht Race at the Black Bean Scrub near Moy's Pocket. About a hundred there including kids who made toy yachts from black bean pods and cunjevoi leaves to be launched into the creek and carried by the current for a hundred metres or so. About 50 craft competed, but the swirl of the stream took many into the bordering reeds, the winner was in doubt until the last few seconds.

After a barbie we lit fires and threw horseshoes and Shan 'n' Ian & me recited. Then there was the night-time race with all yachts carrying candles and going like a flight of fireflies down the creek.

The youngsters broke out the bongo drums and those less rhythmically inclined brewed up a vat of mulled wine with sugar and orange slices and a couple of other additives, The party went (I'm Told) to 3am.

Home sunday and the girls madly cooked for a poets party at CANIA GORGE on tuesday night.

Seventy six customers. Manda, Wally and Sam sang and strummed up a storm, Lindsay turned California Blue, Beryl served out stew n spuds-in-their-jackets and Billy tea and apple crumble till everyone cried enough. Shan and me and Betsy Chappe recited and Ian came all the way from Kenilworth to tell the crowd about those three cheeky "piddle ligs who cried to the wasty nolf to 'bum th the cack door!"

Another early morning.

Saturday the Mad Bundy Mob put on a barbie with crocodile steaks and Bobby Miller. Neil McArthur and Judy Trew from Gin Gin (who has 'just done a book') recited some great poems all enjoyed.

Ah, mate, a poets life is a real ball, eh?

(signed) CHARLEE.

REVERSALS

When he handed me my wallet he refused a small reward
though appearances suggested that the boy could ill afford
to deprive himself so nobly. Twenty dollars could have meant
he might buy a *Vinnie's* jumper or much-needed nourishment.
He was narrow-gutted, limping, with a livid hair-lip scar;
said he'd seen me drop the wallet in the gutter near my car.
As he stumbled off, it left me feeling humbled and immersed
in my possible reactions should our roles have been reversed.

Was I now a paid-up member of the greed-is-greatest school
who'd forgotten early mentions of the ancient *golden rule*?
I'd been on my way to Elders, where I'd hoped to clinch a deal
that would make a handy profit. It was certainly a steal
for the drought had crushed my neighbours and the banks would lend no more,
so their property was going to the sharpest predator.
Yet I stopped and turned from Elders, with my lips now tightly pursed,
realising Mac and Elsie wouldn't buy, were roles reversed.

I ignored my car and wandered to the river - Mitchell Park -
and my thoughts were likewise drifting into filtered sun and dark.
I could see surveyor Mitchell and his oxen far upstream
but then focused on the bottles in the present sunlight's gleam.
There were shards that brightly threatened Koori schoolkids now at play
on their way from education in our multicultural way.
Were there ever eyes so soulful and such laughter unrehearsed?
Could I rise above my anger if our roles had been reversed?

I surprised my wife with flowers when I made it home at last;
a belated added tribute to child-bearing in the past.
I have worried at her bedside, watched the babies safely nursed
but could not have borne the torture if our roles had been reversed.
She's a *sofiy* over children. When I told about the youth
with a *DREAMING*-stencilled teeshirt, she proposed I play the sleuth
by inquiring round the township, where the needy are dispersed,
for this lad who'd touched my conscience, that his luck might be reversed.

I had never seen the shelter where the homeless kids are lodged
and until my current searching I had somehow always dodged
the dilapidated houses near the railway's western tracks
where my dark-skinned benefactor might have lived with other Blacks.
The police were sure they'd never struck the boy that I described
but suggested my enquiries be in daylight, circumscribed.
They advised that after nightfall I'd be threatened, roundly cursed.
And again I posed the outcome, were our roles to be reversed.

Poet's work attacks Parliament

LONDON: An unpublished satire written in 1795 by the English Romantic poet William Wordsworth (1770-1850) has been discovered in the National Library of Scotland in Edinburgh.

It attacks the British House of Commons as "the house of taxes, turnpike roads and laws" and discusses the potential of a French-style revolution to overthrow corrupt government and end the oppression of "India's patient millions", the Daily Telegraph reported yesterday.

Found by Nicholas Roe, of the University of St Andrews in Scotland, it was written in collaboration with Francis Wrangham, curate of Cobham, Surrey, in 1795.

I could find no trace, so wondered was he someone who'd passed through
 or a phantom I had conjured from a dream or *deja-vu*
 - of my driving into sunset, feeling old and half-aware
 of conditions and decisions in the blinding highway glare,
 till I stopped and took a breather, chose a safer driving plan
 to Damascus or wherever, maybe Coonabarabran,
 to become a lesser hazard on the road still untraversed,
 while a spectral boy was warning that few wrecks can be reversed.

(C) R. Stevens.

1st Place; Adult Poetry - The Land/ Henry Lawson Awards.

GULGONG N.S.W.

June 1995 (Rons 4th award from Gulgong)

● Horse's age:

Our appeal for assistance
 with the poem about the Age of
 a Horse, attracted quite a re-
 sponse. Here it is:

To tell the age of any horse,
 Inspect the lower jaw, of course;
 The six front teeth the tale will tell,
 And every doubt and fear dispel.
 Two middle "nippers" you behold
 Before the colt is two weeks old;
 Before eight weeks two more will
 come,
 Eight months the "corners" cut
 the gum.
 The outside grooves will dis-
 appear
 From middle two in just one year;
 In two years from the middle pair;
 In three, the corners, too, are
 bare.
 At two the middle "nippers" drop.
 At three the second pair can't
 stop;
 When four years old the third pair
 goes;
 At five a full new set he shows.
 The deep black spots will pass
 from view
 At six years from the middle two;
 The second pair at seven years;
 At eight, the spot each "corner"
 clears.
 From middle nippers, upper jaw,
 At nine, the black spots will
 withdraw.
 The second pair, at ten, are white;
 Eleven finds the corners light.
 As time goes on the horsemen
 know
 The oval teeth three-sided grow;
 They longer get, project before,
 Till twenty when we know no
 more.

** POETS BOOK LIST.**

POETS! If you have a book, cassette
 please send me details of cost etc
 (inc post or plus post) and address
 where available. So a complete list
 of members works can be compiled and
 hopefully included in the magazine
 before Christmas.

ALSO!!!

Any member who may like to be inclu-
 ded in this years A.B.P.A. ANNUAL
 please send in a poem (1page preferred)
 signed with permission for publication.

A.S.A.P. selection started!
 THE ANNUAL IS FOR ALL MEMBERS!

The Ernie Setterfield Poetry Awards

Closing Date 30th September'95

\$50.00

**prize money for
 'The Poet Of The Year'**

Entery Fee \$2.00

**Mapleton Yarn Festival
 21st, & 22nd, Oct. '95**

Bush Poet and Author.

Bob Magor was born and bred near the small publess, blink and miss town of **Myponga** on the picturesque **Fleurieu Peninsular** south of **Adelaide**, where he grew up (some say he hasn't) with a love of the land. Upon leaving school he worked the family sheep property and in between busy times worked as a rouseabout in the sheds, and later as a shearer..

Inheriting his fathers warped sense of humour and spending his early years in the ribald atmosphere of shearing sheds, he developed an outlook on life which allows him to see the funny side of most situations.

As the farm grew he built a dairy and spent seventeen years at the business end of cows in conjunction with the sheep and wool side of the property. Unfortunately he developed **P.M.T.** (Perpetual Milking Tantrums) which brought about a personality clash with the cows, and saw him lease out the dairy side of the farm allowing him to concentrate on breeding sheep and cattle on the hills overlooking the St. Vincent Gulf. This also allowed more time to be devoted to writing.

Encouraged by success in a number of bush verse competitions he put together his first manuscript. When told by publishers around Australia to **'come and see us when you're well known'** he went ahead and self published.

The first of his three books, **'Blasted Crows'** is now in its' fifth print .

A keen studier of his fellow man and animals, he has always seen the humorous side of life on the land. He believes that you don't have to be silly to be a farmer - but it is an advantage. His warped sense of humour sees mirth in even the most mundane situation.

His second book, **'Blood on the Board'** is selling well and he finds writing a lot more enjoyable than extracting milk from cows or chiselling dags from an upturned sheep.

Bob joined the great Poets Walk from Cairns to Brisbane earlier this year to promote bush poetry and the Winton Centenary Festival.

He was elected to the **Poets Wall of Fame** at **Tamworth** in June this year and has just returned from a major tour of Victoria and Tasmania with three of his mates, spreading the 'Gospel' about bush poetry.

In his third book, **'Snakes Alive,'** he has again tapped into the bottomless well of situations that could only occur in the country. He makes no apologies in the fact that not all his ballads are endorsed by the RSPCA.

A few of Bobs writing credits are, **'Blasted Crows:'** Prime Time Great Australian Poet Search 1990. **'The Learner Shearer:'** Bronzed Swagman 1986. **'The Ghosts of Cobb & Co:'** Surat Q. 1994.

At last counting Bob has sold over 15,000 copies of his work. A fine contribution to our folk history, to our Heritage and to our future.

Bob may be contacted by calling him on 085 582 036.

Each month the ABPA News will endeavour to bring to its readers a profile on many of the new faces and new voices seen and heard at the growing number of Festivals around the country.

Please send details about yourself or your favorite poet or story teller to **Joe.** (Read the Ads.)

New Faces - New Voices. —Garry Lowe....

'When the laughs start to slowdown ...rev 'em up with the Lowedown,' says Wyong N.S.W Bush Poet Garry Lowe.

Garry made his first Tamworth appearance in January this year and followed up with an appearance at the Jamberoo Folk Festival in March. He is a regular performer on 2CCC FM, is the mainstay of Central Coast Groups "Spaghetti Poets," 'Poetry at the Manor' and 'Tuggerah Lakes Poets Society,'

He has the knack of capturing the humorous side of the many and varied faces of a multitude of characters one could meet in any bush town or city in Australia.

His 'Bush Meat Pies,' 'The Oriental Jackaroo,' 'Echoes from the Past,' and 'Murphy vs. the Revolving Door' have delighted a range of audiences. Garrys' good clean sense of fun and homespun philosophies for enjoying life emerge in his poems and performances.

Garry was born in Canberra in 1933, was reared at Huskisson, near Nowra and played Rugby League with the Nowra 'Warriors.'

He was later Captain-coach of the Gulgong team and made quite a reputation for himself on the field in the Mudgee, Gulgong and Coolah areas. He was also a member of the N.S.W. State of Origin Bush Poetry team which thrashed Queensland for the third time at the Fireside Festival in June.

A great lover of the Australian Bush, Garry finds the solitude gained in his many jaunts into isolated areas gives him the necessary inspiration to create more Bush Poetry.

'The Lowedown' has been captured on Cassette and is available by contacting Garry Lowe on 043 622 162.

How're Ya Travellin' Mate? — Garry Lowe.

I'll tell you now, 'I've got the gout,'
The old eyesight ain't the best
Me teeth and hair have fallen out
And I've got a busted backbone
And damned well can't afford
To have surgery where these lumps have grown
Right through me spinal cord.

How're Ya Travellin' Mate? (Cont'd)

The old frame she's only held together
With chicken wire and stainless steel
Listen closely in the stormy weather
You'll probably hear the metal squeal
I've had trips and wild adventures
But what I really need
Is to get myself some dentures
And attack a decent feed.
I've had both legs and ankles broken
And to walk I need a cane
Fair dinkum mate, no jokin'
Nearly driven mad with pain
Replacement parts in both me hips,
I've had surgery on the feet
And I'm damned if I can come to grips
With the fact I'm obsolete.
But today I feel fantastic
Lying out here in the sun
Metal parts replaced with plastic
And a damned good job they've done
Now what the devil's going on,
I've had me jawbones 'grooved'
And I find me vital organ's gone
and both his mates removed.
The old body's filled with pains and aches
Shes's gone far beyond recall
Hey! Don't cry for me for goodness sakes,
I ain't too bad at all!
They're only minor irritations
And I'm travellin' pretty well
You'll soon find, from your own observations
It's the wife who gives me hell.

Australia Remembers. This year we are celebrating the fiftieth anniversary of the end of the Second World War. The following Poem was written in memory of all those who served and died for this great country.

John Joseph Daniel was an uncle of the author.

News From the War.

—— **Frank Daniel.**

Grandmother stood on the verandah
her eyes gazing out to the west.
Somewhere out there in a faraway land
were her sons with Australias best.
Daring young men who answered the call
with their mates they rallied to war.
Young boys ever keen; one just seventeen
who had not left the old home before.
Daily she watched and she waited,
she knew the days would be long,
and her prayers were never failing,
she prayed they both would be strong.
The road to the town was a hard one,
where gravel and stone paved the way,
and daily she trudged that mile for the mail,
to help fill in her long day.
Tragic news finally came in the figure
of the preacher who walked out from town.
She saw him from her kitchen window
and slowly on a chair she sat down.
Mrs. Lees saw him passing her cottage,
she too read the sign oh so well.
She hurried along to Grandmothers house
to comfort Grandma for a spell.
The message he bore was bad news,
he had no reason to call otherwise.
'Twas the news of the death of John Joseph
that brought heavy tears to her eyes.
Now the view from the old front verandah
sees a grave in a far foreign land,
and the grieving hearts in the family
are proud of this great Aussie man. c. 7.1.95.

"THE MAN FROM IRONBARK"

Devised and performed by Geoffrey Graham, the show recreates "Banjo" on stage and was launched to great acclaim at the Waltzing Matilda celebrations at Winton in April 1995.

In a two hour show and single handed, Geoffrey takes you on an unforgettable journey through the life of the man who wrote Waltzing Matilda ..just for fun.

"Intrigue, poetry, songs, drama, conflict, and entertainment, all in the one show....Geoffrey captures that special ingredient that is the spark of the Dinkum Aussie today..... Rose Fortune.

"Only Rudyard Kipling can boast a wider popularity with verse." ..The London Literary Yearbook

All Australians are familiar with the words "Once a jolly swagman..." and "There was movement at the station..." but there's much more to A.B.Paterson than Waltzing Matilda, and the Man from Snowy River. Geoffrey Graham breathes new life into the well known and some of "Banjo's" rarely recited works. It's a fascinating look at the poet, journalist, and war correspondent. Banjo was a sportsman and a family man, a speaker, editor and song collector. He farmed, was an accomplished horseman and practiced law.....all these ingredients are right here in the show.

GEOFFREY GRAHAM started out lecturing in Farm Management but his love of acting and entertaining soon became his passion. Now, trained in Drama and "The University of Life", his lifelong dream of being "The Banjo" on stage has not only become a reality but an outstanding success. This performance shows how Banjo has been a major influence in the modern revival in bush Poetry today.

COMMENTS AT WINTON IN APRIL 1995.

"Most entertaining and a great learning experience...I feel I now know Banjo" ...
Suzanne MacKenzie Ch 10 Q STV

"The biggest thing to hit Winton since the floods in 1976" ...*Andy Hitson (Winton Club)*

"A Brilliant concept, spellbinding and humourous" ...*Gordon Davis, Goonellabah*

"A great Entertainer, a place with the Aussie Stars" ...*Vince Evert, Royal Theatre Winton*

"Absolutely brilliant" ...*Marjory Grieve, Roma*

"Banjo lives" ...*Maree Mitchell, Winton*

"Bloody marvellous" ...*Ken Robson, Broken Hill*

"Outstanding performance" ...*Geoff & Anne Nott, Ballarat*

"Brings Paterson the man and the Poet alive" ...*Tom Harwood, ABC Longreach*

"All Australians must see this show.....A real breath of the Bush." ...*Bruce Simpson, Poet, Caboolture*

"Geoffrey wrapped up the Centenary with a wonderful rendition here where it all started" ...*Carol Curr, Dagworth Station*

The Magpie Season. — Bob Magor.

It's that blasted magpie season when for no apparent reason
These sweet gentle backyard creatures all become a killer force.
Crack attack — no time for details,
Clear the sky — from wrens to wedgetails.
And the earthbound creatures feel their fury too from rabbit up to horse.

Do their hormones stir internal when these birds become maternal
And these placid peaceful neighbours change from Jekyll into Hyde?
And you know your peace is erstwhile
When a fiery feathered missile
Makes you wish you'd worn a helmet if you journey far outside.

It's beyond my comprehension — they reject my intervention
while perched sixty feet up skywards on a eucalyptus throne.
And their beaks snap close to ravage
Howling wings swoop past to savage
For where yesterday was peaceful now today's a battle zone.

Overnight the rooster moulted then the house cow up and bolted.
The poor cat's gone into hiding and the dog's got PMT.
Yes, that's Puppy Magpie Tension
and it's embarrassing to mention
That my farm's reduced to chaos by some birds up in a tree.

For they'll catch you unsuspecting like from chookhouse egg collecting
Even hanging out the washing soon becomes a risky chore.
And I s'pose they think it's funny
As I seek the outside dunny
That they sometimes casue a mishap long before I reach the door.

But you see these feathered fighters are annoying little blighters
There's odd bonuses created sent to make a fellow glad.
The wife's mother copped a mauling
The Jehovahs ceased their calling
And I'm too scared to mow the lawn now
— so you see it's not all bad.

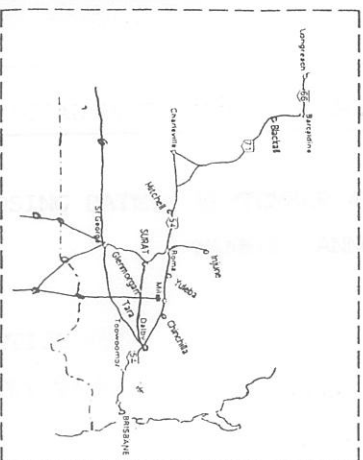


Invitation

The residents of Surat & District invite you to join them for the weekend of 19 and 20 August 1995 to see and hear Australian Bush Poets compete for the Battered Bugle.

POETS:- Entries in each Section will be accepted up to the time of each competition.

Phone: 076 - 265 164



FOR VISITOR ENQUIRIES,

ACCOMMODATION, AND BOOKINGS

Phone: 076 - 265 147 BH

076 - 265 103 AH

Children's

Awards

To foster the development of **CHILDREN'S BUSH VERSE** in our Shire Mr. Roy Barnes has offered trophies to children for their verses this year.

All young residents of Warroo Shire are invited to submit a *written poem* to Mrs. Jan Ritchie by **AUGUST 15.**

These will be judged and the winners, and those highly commended, will be invited to present their poetry at the **RIVERBANK ON 20TH AUGUST AROUND 12 NOON.**

Sections:

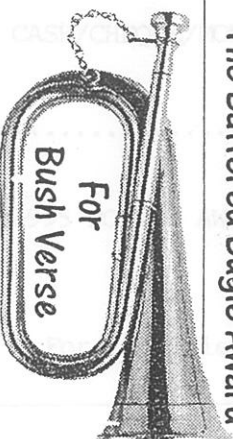
- A Year 2/3
- B Year 4/5
- C Year 6/7
- D Highschool

Children may submit as many entries as they wish, preferably on a 'bush' theme.



In the Path of Cobb & Co.

The Battered Bugle Award



For
Bush Verse

19 & 20 August, 1995
at **SURAT**

on the banks of the
Balonne River

The Spirit of Cobb & Co. lives on!!