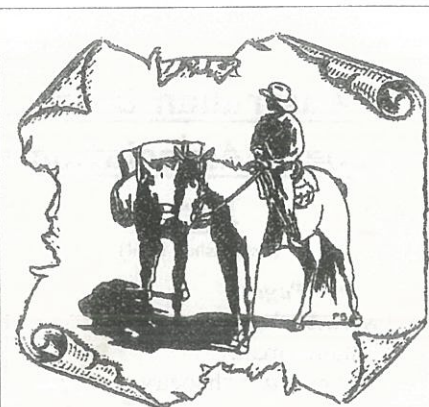


The Australian Bush Poets Association Inc. - Newsletter -

Volume 9 No. 5

August - September 2002



Carmel Dunn of Warwick Qld.
Three times Australian Junior Champion—
2001 Open Australian Ladies Bush Poetry Champion and 2001 & 2002 winner Open Qantas Waltzing Matilda Ladies Champion Bush Poet.

QANTAS - WALTZING MATILDA BUSH POETRY CHAMPIONSHIPS MILTON TAYLOR & CARMEL DUNN TOP THE LIST AGAIN

Apart from winning the Australian Bush Poetry Championships the most prestigious award available to a performance bush poet is the Qantas - Waltzing Matilda Championships held annually in Winton Qld. the birthplace of Qantas Airlines.

Winton is world famous for its outback heritage, opals, the inaugural presentation of Waltzing Matilda the song, and of course, its now thirty year old Bronze Swaggy Awards for writers of bush verse.

The Qantas - Waltzing Matilda awards sponsored by Qantas and Vision Winton, were established in 1996 following the success of the inaugural Australian Championships in 1995, which were part of the Waltzing Matilda Centenary Celebrations.

Each year the male and female winners have

represented the Australian Bush Poets at the Cowboy Poetry Gathering in Elko Nevada, the largest festival of its type in the USA.

Held from June 22nd to 25th, this year's titles attracted probably the strongest contingent of bush poets ever who were judged by three of our leading bush poetry exponents, Ray Essery, Bobby Miller and Mark Gliori – all members of the famous Naked Poets, Australia's best known and most popular performance poetry group.



Milton Taylor of Portland NSW
Five time winner of the Qantas Waltzing Matilda Bush Poetry Championships. Four times winner Australian Bush Poetry Championships.

Annually the awards attract more and more competent performers with this year's line up boasting the current and four times Australian Bush Poetry Champion, Milton Taylor; the inaugural Asthma NSW Poet of the Year, Jack Drake; Tamworth's Imperial Hotel 2002 competition double-winner Noel Stallard; Asthma NSW 2002 finalist Ken Dean and Winton's Novice winner 2001, Geoff Beach heading a line up of multiple award winners such as John Major, Lyndon Baxter, John Best and Ron Liekefett while Western Australia's Ambassador for the Outback, Rusty Christensen made his presence more than felt.

(Continued page 3).

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(Established 1994)

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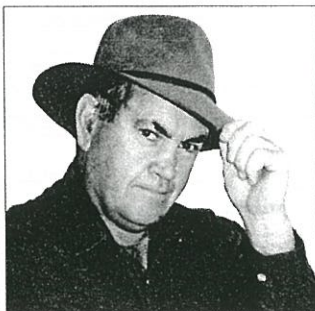
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Presidents Report



G'day once again,

OUR FORGOTTEN LANGUAGE.

From the old days when the Cornstalk or Hayseed (a rustic person) existed, or appeared in the literature of Steele Rudd, Lawson and others, to the present day where we are referred to more than ever as 'guys' (a foolish person) I tend to think we have lost the battle in keeping our language Australian.

My pet hate is the word 'guy'. 'Guy' used to be American for 'bloke'. These days a 'guy' is either a 'bloke' or a 'sheila'.

A prominent female entity well known to me addresses all gatherings with 'Hi, Guys' and addresses correspondence the same way. Yuk!! (Where'd that come from?)

This transformation has been happening for years. Long before my time, new words and phrases kept replacing older colloquialisms. The influx of American servicemen during the Second World War rapidly brought about many of the changes. And, like the Kangaroo or the Wallaby, once we moved 'forward' we never went back.

No doubt ethnic communities have added more to our vocabulary as well; now we eat pizza, pasta and quiche (not pronounced 'quickie') and other foreign 'delights' plus 'quarter-pounders' and 'fries' where we once savoured fish and chips with an ample dose of salt and vinegar to satisfy our taste-buds.

Radio announcers, politicians, entertainers and others in the public eye are forever using this modern new age language that we of an older generation (or two or three) are no longer familiar with.

We accept it, knowing we can't do anything about it; that attempts to stay this new wave of expressionism would be fruitless, but at least we could try a little. Sally Lone on ABC Radio still says 'bloke' I'm pleased to say. Why can't the rest of them?

The language of our children is one to be considered when we hear our kids talking about 'nerds', 'dudes', 'nerdy dudes' and so on. We used to go to the 'dunny' or the 'shouse', never the 'loo' - now they go to the bathroom, some even 'use the can'.

As a reminder of where we come from, in this issue, readers will find a few poems from around the traps dealing with our nearly forgotten language.

Subjects such as daylight saving, decimal currency, and metric conversions have entered into the rhyming stakes over the years and some can be found on these pages. Thanks to those who contributed. I'm sure there are many more.

Let's hope it inspires some to remind others that we had, and still have, a language of our own - if we would only like to use it.

In the next issue some interesting historical items should enlighten readers about the resurgence of bush poetry since the early nineteen-eighties, before the formation of the ABPA Inc. This is a very interesting subject but, surprisingly enough, much more than could be published in this already bulging edition.

Keep on writin' and keep on recitin' *Frank Daniel*

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

(from page 1).

QANTAS - WALTZING MATILDA CHAMPIONSHIPS.

The ladies division saw a quality line up including last years winner and three times Australian Junior Champion, Carmel Dunn; last years finalist and previous novice title holder, Jennfer Haigh of Mt. Isa and Chris Webster who has been a most successful presenter in the past; Trisha Anderson and Nell Perkins, both stalwarts of the Winton celebration since inauguration.

Melanie Hall, a newcomer, made her presence well and truly felt.

Bush Poetry is certainly being kept alive in Winton with the schools festival held over two days prior to the championships, with over 180 primary and secondary students strutting their stuff in the Shire Hall.

Former Winton resident, Louisa McKerrow of Longreach, kept the Novice ladies award in the central west while Robert Soward of Falls Creek NSW took the male novice trophy interstate.

In the Open division Milton Taylor won his fifth title and will again represent the Australian Bush Poets in Elko Nevada in January. His presence, along with the annual ladies champion, among the Cowboy Poets and around the schools of Colorado is fast becoming a featured part of the Cowboy Poets Gathering.

John Best of Brisbane was runner-up from an almost impossible to split performance.

Carmel Dunn and Jennifer Haig duplicated last year's result with the quinella in the Ladies Open, with speculation right up to the announcement of the winner as to who amongst three or four of the girls would win.

Marco Gliori, a late entry, won the Junior Division of the Australian Yarn-spinning from Merv Webster, whilst John 'Tractor' Rennick of Forbes, won the Senior title for the second consecutive year.

Rusty Christensen took out the Masters (over 70 years) Australian Yarns-pinning championship.

Most of the yarns portrayed were none short of incredible, while most of them were absolutely unbelievable, which does the reputation of our storytellers an enormous amount of good.

Carmel and Milton will leave for Elko, Nevada in January to represent Australia at the prestigious National Cowboy Poetry Gathering, where they will be presenting our cultural heritage, in the form of bush poetry to the American people.

Thanks must go to QANTAS, Vision Winton, Winton Shire Council, and all other sponsors for their continuing support for this weekend of verse.

ABPA HISTORY

In January 1994, Queensland bush Orator Mark Gliori scored yet another win in the Original Bush Poetry contest held in Tamworth during the annual Country Music Festival.

Mark, who has taken the title four times since the competition began in 1986, won this year's award with a rendition of his moving poem 'Queenie'.

Only five points separated the three place-getters, with Ray Essery and Bob Miller in second and third.

More than fifty poets from throughout Australia travelled to Tamworth for the competition.

Large crowds attended the Longyard Hotel where they staged six early morning Breakfasts with the Poets.

At the Australia Day concert held in Tamworth's Centennial Park, well-known poets, Bob Miller, John Philipson and Murray Hartin featured on the programme. Bob's presentation of his poem 'The True Australian' brought the crowd of 10,000 to their feet. All three poets received a standing ovation. (An excerpt taken from Images by Neil Lyon, the Land Newspaper)

* Surat in southern Queensland shook off years of devastating drought and rural recession with a festival on August 12-14 1994 celebrating the last run of a Cobb & Co Coach Service in Australia. The last coach ran from Yuleba to Surat in August 1924 and a re-enactment of the last journey was held with a brand new coach built specially for the occasion.

The ABPA was well represented at this event with period costume worn by many throughout the final legs of the coach trip. This event was organized by Jan Ritchie of Surat and became an annual event until 2001.

A trophy, The Battered Bugle, similar to the bugle blown by Cobb & Co coach drivers on entering towns along their way, was won by Bobby Miller.

* The 1996 Diamond Shears Henry Lawson Poetry Competition conducted in Longreach Qld was won by Veronica Weal of Mt. Isa with 'The Night I Caught the Rat'. Second and third places were taken out by Geoff Allen of Balgowlah Heights and Tony Hammill of Cairndale Q. Ron Stevens of Dubbo was highly commended.

Veronica Weal's name first became familiar to Bush Poetry when she won the Bronze Swagman Award in 1987.

* The Inaugural Camp Oven Bush Poetry Festival was held at Petrie Q. from 31st August to 1st September 1996.

Two full days of Traditional Australian Bush Poetry and entertainment drew a large crowd of enthusiasts and competitors to the North Pine Country Park.

The Camp Oven was the chosen theme for the Festival because it is typical of 'Eating Out, Australian Style' - fundamental to the development of after dinner entertainment in the form of sharing poetry aloud.

(go to page 9)

Letters to the Editor

Dear Frank,

With the Bundy Muster, once again a huge success, now behind us we can begin to think of other matters.

I believe it is discourteous to use another poet's work without obtaining his/her permission to do so.

To use another poet's work in an ORIGINAL competition, claiming it to be one's own work, is inexcusable. Unfortunately this has occurred several times in recent months. If the judges are aware that the work presented is not that of the performer the judging sheet can be marked null and void.

If, however, none of the judges have heard the work before and are not aware of the situation, it is possible for the dishonest competitor to win the event.

It may also be that a trophy is awarded to the wrong person.

I feel strongly that this is a moral issue and must be addressed without delay.

The competitor who acts in a dishonest manner must surely be penalised.

How should this situation be handled? I would like to hear from other members.

Liz Ward.

Vice President
ABPA Inc.

Thanks to the following contributors to this issue:

Ray Halliday, Ron Liekefett, Stella Drake, Denis Carstairs, Graeme Johnson, Murray Suckling, Grahame Watt, Maureen Stonham, Marco Gliori, Liz Ward, John & Sandy Lees, Phillip Maiden, Doug Hutcheson, Ellis Campbell, Reid Begg, Brian Gale, Brian Bell, Ed Parmenter and Bob Skelton.

COP THIS

© Brian Bell.

The booze bus was out on a traffic attack.
One driver was clear, till a spirited cop,
having noticed some knives on the seat in the back,
said "These are the weapons we're trying to stop!"

The driver retorted "I juggle those things,
that's why I stay sober. I can't have a drink".
The cop said "You'll need to have hacksaws and wings,
'cause if you can't prove that, you'll be in the clink".

So the driver stepped out and went into his act.
Blades flashed in the moonlight. The show was superb.
Although very nervous, he never once cracked.
Not one of those knives found its way to the kerb.

As Paddy was passing, with sighs of relief,
he said to his mate "I'm not drinkin' no more".
Young Mick asked him why, and the answer was brief -
"I'd be certain to fail with that test I just saw".

THE ANSWER

to Ron Steven's poem, 'The Blame'
© Tom Stonham, May 2002.

Who's to blame? Ron, are you kidding!?

You're too smart not to have known
facts of life found in the Bible,
Comrade Lenin, Al Capone.

Basic Biblical quotation:

"As ye sow, so shall ye reap."

Lenin said, "Shepherds and butchers
are supported by the sheep."

Comrade Lenin also added,

"Those Australians can't think straight.

Look, their so-called Labor Party
runs a capitalist state!" (c. 1917)

Scarface Al Capone, "If suckers
didn't buy the booze I sell,
I'd be flat-broke, outta business,
but they do ... I'm rich as hell!" (c. 1928)

Blame apathy, blame ignorance,
blame a lack of moral nerve.
Couldn't-care-less, vapid voters
get the Governments they deserve.

So the answer to your question,
"Who's to blame?" Who's in the gun?
Ev'rybody in Australia,
you and I, Ron, EV'RYONE!

Life with men is like a deck of
cards.....

You need a Heart to love them;
a Diamond to marry them;
a Club to beat them;
and a Spade to bury the bodies.



FREDERIKSEN ON A ROLL

It seems that Kilcoy Q. poet Grahame Frederiksen is on a winning streak at the moment, having taken out the 2002 Bronze Swagman Award (Winton) and the 2002 Bronze Spur Award (Camooweal Drover's Reunion) with '*Exile on Annie Street*'

Grahame also took out second place in the Bronze Spur with '*At Policeman's Bore*'.

This is his third successive win in the Bronze Spur and his second in the Bronze Swagman.

Grahame's winning Bronze Spur poem for 2001 '*Paroo on the Somme*' can be found on page 20.

Ron Stevens of Dubbo was placed third with '*Mind Readings, 24 July 1895*'.

Grahame has published two books, one of which took out the Australian Bush Poetry Championship at Yarrwonga/Mulwala in 2000. Ph. 07 5497 1045

STRATFORD TO HOST VICTORIAN BUSH POETRY *STATE* CHAMPIONSHIPS

President of the Gippsland Bush Poets, Mr. Denis Carstairs, in a recent comment said that he was more than pleased with the amount of enquiry regarding the 'Victorian Bush Poetry Championships' to be held in the Stratford Mechanics Hall on October 12th and 13th this year.

The championships have been recognised by the Wellington Shire Council as a 'major event', and will be run in conjunction with last years award winning Gippsland Writers Festival.

The Gippsland Bush Poets will run the Victorian Bush Poetry Championships according to the rules and guidelines set down by the Australian Bush Poets Association. Many of Australia's top Bush Poets will be competing.

Judges for the weekend will be Neil McArthur from Ballarat, Neil Hulm from Lavington NSW, Eric Britton President of the Henry Lawson Society, Sue Gleeson, Secretary of the Snowy Mountains Bush Poetry Club and 'The Rhymer from Ryde' Graeme Johnson.

Neil McArthur and Graham Johnson will conduct the 'Poets Breakfast' at the Avon Hotel on the Saturday and Sunday mornings from 7.30 till 9.30.

Heats of the competition will be held from 10 o'clock on the Saturday morning, with the finals and presentation of prizes on Sunday.

The overall Victorian Bush Poetry State Champion will receive \$500 and a trophy to the value of \$300. Cash and certificates will go to the runner-up and those commended.

The best Original and Traditional poems will be recognised with cash and trophies.

A junior section (16 years and under) has \$100 and a trophy for the winner and \$50 and a certificate to the runner-up.

Acclaimed poet and author Roderick Williams will also be in town the week prior to the event to help promote the Championships and his new book of Children's poetry.

An evening of song and verse will be held around the campfire on the Saturday from 7 pm. at the Stratford Caravan Park. An informal night where many entrants in the song writing competition and performance poets will entertain the crowd.

For further information contact Julie Carstairs, secretary of the Gippsland Bush Poets (03) 5145 6128. email carstairs@I-o.net.au URL. www.gippslandwritersfestival.net

MY GIPPSLAND

© Des Bennett

In the shadow of Mt. Baw Baw,
beneath the Great Divide,
I've lived my life in Gippsland's
fair rolling countryside.
I've sensed her mood in tempest
and flood and fire and drought,
but through it all could never say
we've had to go without.
The bounty of her harvest
each year sustains us all,
the beauty of her countryside
a vision to enthrall. . . .



**Denis Carstairs - President
Gippsland Bush Poets Association**

SPREAD THE WORD

Ask a friend to become a financial member of the Australian Bush Poets Association Inc.

**Membership for the rest of this
year is only \$13.00.**

Sic 'em onto to Rosemary (page 2).

Ky News. . .

The Kyabram & District Bush Verse Group held their Annual General Meeting on 3rd June. Outgoing President Herb McCrum was re-elected with Bev Williams and Des Ginnane elected as Secretary and Vice President.

The Ky Groups next meeting will be held at the Fauna Park Kiosk on Monday 5th August at 7.30 pm and the next 'Around the Campfire' session will be held at the Kyabram Club on Wednesday 18th September at 7.30 pm all poets and visitors are welcome to attend, so if you are passing through Kyabram at this time, give Watty a call.

On the Sunday morning of the Australian Championships at Mulwala in May, Grahame Watt was interviewed by Macca on Australia All Over, and Macca has since indicated a possible attendance at the Championships in May next year. Barb McDermid from Yarrawonga/Mulwala Tourism is attending to such arrangements.

During the interview 'Watty' recited 'Poor Old Granddad' from his new book of the same name, and sold twenty five books as a result.

We might as well help him sell a few more, just give him a call on 03 5852 2084. Tell him Macca sent ya!



"POETS GOOD FOR DOCTOR"

The above words reflect the actual headlines as they appeared in the local newspaper following the highly successful Year of the Outback concert held on Saturday the eighth of June in the Pioneer Village Country Music Hall, Petrie Q.

Sixteen poets, members of the North Pine Bush Poets Group conducted an hilarious night of bush poetry to raise funds for the Royal Flying Doctor Service as part of their contribution to the Year of the Outback celebrations.

Humour was the theme of the evening and, when some of the group acts, such as The Man from Ironbark and the Bush Christening failed to go as scripted, added greatly to the entertainment.

The Group felt privileged having guest Bobby Miller who gave an impromptu performance which was enjoyed as much by his fellow poets as by the audience.

Approximately one hundred and seventy attended the concert with a cheque for \$1,420.00 being handed over to Cate Palmer on behalf of the Royal Flying Doctor Service.

Planning details of a similar event in November will be available at a later date.

The next big event on the North Pine calendar is the annual festival from 16th to 18th August featuring Milton Taylor, Shirley Friend, Glennie Palmer and Gary Lowe in concert.

Entry forms and further information can be obtained by calling 07 3285 2180 or 07 3351 3550.

AUSTRALIAN FOLK GATHERING - ALBION PARK

For the second year running Folk and Colonial devotees flocked to the Australian Folk Gathering at Albion Park on the NSW South Coast for the Queens Birthday Long Weekend Festival.

Formerly the Australian Folk Festival held in Kiama, this years event featured poets Vivienne Sawyer, Vic Jeffries, Warren Bishop and Graeme Johnson. Bush poetry is an integral part of this festival with three poets breakfasts, a limerick competition and Poets Corner sessions with the featured artists.

Among the talented array of performers were David Meyers, Lorraine McCrimmon, John Dengate, Geoff Beach, Robert Soward, Barry Lake, Ian Mallyon, Jane Faulkner, Alan Johnson and Ellen Douglas.

FREDDIE (The Mature Singles Dance)

© Brian Bell. Glenbrook NSW

Dance with me Freddie, but please, nothing more!
Just spin me around while we're out on the floor.
As music is playing, let's dance and enjoy
the fun it can be for a girl and a boy.

Dance with me Freddie, but stop all that talk.
You know you and I are like cheese versus chalk.
We've nothing in common but opposite sex,
so dance with me Freddie, but cut out the pecks.

Freddie, the words that you use are too strong
for ladies like me. As I've said all along,
if you don't get too close, I'll be happy to dance,
but don't you suggest it could lead to romance.

Dance with me Freddie, and just be my friend.
I don't lead you on, and I never pretend.
Stop saying I'm pretty, and other such hype,
'cause Freddie, I'm sorry, you're just not my type!

Freddie, oh dear, did I just strike a nerve?
Just think, as you spin me around with such verve,
midst talk about fortunes, proposing amounts,
there's far more to life than just paying accounts!

Freddie, I don't see us being a pair.
I know that it doesn't seem totally fair,
so hard to accept when it isn't quite right.
Perhaps you will meet someone else here tonight.

Dance with me Freddie, and do it with pride.
You'll think I'm just awful, but all jokes aside,
the band's started playing my favourite song,
so dance with me now, till my man comes along!



GRENFELL'S 45TH HENRY LAWSON FESTIVAL

The 45th Henry Lawson Festival was held in Grenfell on the June Long-week-end with a fair roll up of poets and interested parties.

Not a big festival as far as bush poetry goes, this is the oldest Lawson festival in Australia.

The Bush Poetry readings have now been conducted by June Lal of Mt. Druitt for the past six years.

At the booked out dinner awards at the Bowling Club, Betty Gough won the First Time Award with 'Sitting on my Sunhat' - Denis Kevans won the Free Verse Section with 'Changi Man'. Statuettes and prizes were awarded.

The general feeling is that more reciting could be included at the festival and that there was not enough of Henry Lawson's material.

FRED MILES

© Bob Magor. Myponga SA.

Old Fred Miles was pushing sixty
When Australia changed to metric,
Though progressive for his time of life
He leaned a shade eccentric.

He came to grips with Celsius
And petrol sold in litres,
And put aside his feet and yards
And strode about in metres.

Made his wife out in the kitchen
Measure grams instead of pinches,
Though the weather caused him problems
Raining mills instead of inches.

While he battled with conversions
He received a note announcing
That his banker wished to see him
'Cause his cheques had started bouncing.

Seemed Fred had gone a step too far
With grams and mills and litres,
For on cheques instead of Frederick Miles
He'd signed Fred Kilometres!

THE NOTICE ON THE GATE

by CD 'Dud' Mills

I'm not inclined to preach,
I was never one to prate,
But may I draw attention
To the notice on the gate?

If you're passing through here early,
Or you're passing through here late,
I'd esteem it as a favour
If you'd kindly shut the gate.

Cattle like to wander,
And horses like to roam,
If you'll close the swinging portal
It will keep the beggars home.

I'm not too fond of trouble,
It's something that I hate,
But — I could be charged with murder
If you don't shut this bloody gate!

There's some vexatious riddles
That always get me beat,
For how can a man walk a mile or two
By moving a couple of feet. CDM

"Rum" he said, "is good for some,
But it often makes me frown,
For how can we keep our spirits up
If we keep those spirits down." CDM

THE WORLD'S CHAMPION PIE EATER

© Denis Kevans. Katoomba NSW

He was our local champion,
pie-eating his long suit,
Three dozen pies and sausage rolls
went hurtling down the chute,
He seemed to do it easily,
he was the King of Kings,
With piquelets, crepes, and pancakes,
bagels and muffin rings.

A champion of champions,
any pie-crust, cold or hot,
Went whistling down his gullet
he would gormandize the lot,
Square or round, triangular,
in fact, any kind of pies,
He would lick'em off his top lip,
like a lizard lickin' flies.

"The World's Champion Pie-Eater",
we'd back him every time,
It was cruel to take the money;
it almost seemed a crime,
To count up all our winnings,
but now our flag's half mast,
The incredible has happened,
our champion came last !

He ate one, then two, then three,
but then, he choked on four,
Was this true what we were seeing?
It had never happened before,
I can't understand, "our old mate said,
I'm really broken hearted,
'Cause I ate three dozen quite easily,
just an hour before I started.

(Written in Grenfell NSW, June 8th
For the Dykhoff's Bakery pie eating
Contest - Henry Lawson Festival 2002)

IRONBARK SPLINTERS

George Herbert 'Ironbark' Gibson (1846-1921) was perhaps the first of our Australian poets to be recognised as 'bush'.

The use of 'bush bard' against his name was found in the Bulletin of the 1880's, and further afield in English tabloids.

Even then he was referred to as a 'poet of old'. ►

"The rhymes are spirited and go with the sort of swing that seldom fails to catch the public ear."

Or. *"'Ironbark' brews a liquor that is ever palatable to bush palates."*

And. *"Light, humorous, rollicking, easy in rhythm and true to the more amusing aspects of life and character as seen in the Australian Bush."*

Here the 'Scotsman' gave the bush a capital 'B'.

A quote from 'The Times': *"Mr. Gibson runs off light and topical rhymes, with a love for the joggety metres into which Colonial poets run so easily."*

Ironbark wrote. *"It's a highly extravagant age: We've arrived, it appears, at a stage When we most of us itch To keep pace with the rich While receiving a 'minimum wage'."*

In his 'How to Write an Australian Novel' Gibson gave this opening advice; *"You must have a squatters daughter, And a hero who has caught her"*

*In the clutches of his passion like a vice;
You must have a fat old squatter,
And must make him make things hotter
For the hero than the hero thinks is nice."*

On March 26, 1881, what is often taken to be the first bush ballad, 'Sam Holt', by 'Ironbark' appeared in the Bulletin. *'Oh! Don't you remember black Alice, Sam Holt, Black Alice so dusky and dark—'*

One could suppose that us Colonials haven't changed all that much - the tradition carries on.

MONEY TALKS

© Tom Stonham. Nambucca Heads

Forget pennies, start with silver,
'treys', 'zacks', 'deeners', ('bob-a-job').

Next a 'swy' and 'half-a-caser',
a full 'caser', then 'ten-bob'.

The one-pound note was called a 'quid',
five a 'spin' and ten a 'brick'.

Twenty five quid was a 'pony',
and a 'monkey', fifty nick'.

What's become of Aussie slang
since that day in '66?

Seems to me we've all been tongue-tied.
Is it tied too tight to fix?

Take the first verse, for example,
in a cents, there lies the crux.

We've coined no new words for 'moolah'.
Hell! We even borrowed 'bucks'!

Glossary

Trey - threepence (3¢)

Zack - sixpence (5¢)

Deener/bob - one shilling (10¢)

Swy - a florin, two shillings (20¢)

Half-a-caser - 2 shillings & six pence (25¢)

Caser - one crown, five shillings (50¢)

Quid - one pound note, 20 shillings (\$2)

Spin - five pound note (\$10)

Brick - ten pound note (\$20)

Pony - twenty five pounds (\$40)

Monkey - fifty pounds (\$100)

Nick' - nicker, a plurality of pounds

Don't forget your **Wedding Gift** Page 26
Deadline August 15th.

ANTI METRICS

© John Dengate (1970's)



Three pounds of pumpkin, two inches of rain,
A gallon of beer and a bushel of grain;
A six-furlong race round the old Randwick track --
Bring the Imperial measurements back!

Packets of butter and cheeses and hams
Ought be measured in pounds, not in grammes;
As for kilometres I've often thought
They'd like to be miles but they're too bloody short.

All cricket pitches should measure a chain;
Metric conversion is simply insane:
Give back our pint, fluid ounces and quarts!
Metrics are nothing but flyspecks and noughts.

AUSSIE PRIDE

© Graham Dean Bush Wookatook Australia 1999

Are you proud that you're an Aussie? Are you proud of where
you stand?

When you cast your eyes out over the fields of this great land.
Do you stand up for our Anthem? Do you watch your flag with
pride?

As across our mighty rivers on your journey you may stride.
Do you have a love within you for our heroes of the past?
Will the pioneers and ANZACS in your thoughts forever last?
Do you think of where you came from? Are you sure of where
you've been?

Have you looked upon your country with a pride in what you've
seen?

Does your heart skip when you're watching as our athletes take
the stand?

As Olympic flags are flying o'er some distant far off land.
Do you feel that you are with them as they struggle for the lead?
Are your thoughts and wishes with them as they fade and fall
and bleed?

Are you proud that you're an Aussie? If you are then you would
say:- "Good on ya mate, you did your best, there'll be another
day."

When you're proud that you're an Aussie you're an Aussie
through and through,

And your mates stand there beside you and you know they are
true blue.

Will you stand up for your country when you know the chips are
down?

When the flooding rains are falling, or the pastures burnt and
brown

Of course you'll stand; 'cause you're an Aussie; you are proud
and you are free,

And you know that there is no place else on earth you'd rather
be.

Kick the Conversion Board right in the pants.
Take up a collection and send them to France.
Hands off that hundredweight! Don't touch that ton!
Who asked the bastards to do what they've done?

They've foisted it on us in usual style,
We gave them an inch and they've taken a mile.
Milli-milli-milli-metres: now that's a French farce
And hectares especially are a pain in the arse.

This bloke at the Gas Company weighed fifteen stone,
Six foot of manhood, all muscle and bone.
One day a meter fell down on his head --
"Murdered by metrics!" the coroner said.

Three pounds of pumpkin, two inches of rain,
A gallon of beer and a bushel of grain;
A six-furlong race round the old Randwick track --
Bring the Imperial measurements back!

WHERE'S CHIPS RAFFERTY GONE ?

© Denis Carstairs. Stratford V. 1999



We lost a bit of Aussie, back in nineteen sixty six
Quids and Florins gone forever, to the whim of politics.
What happened to our culture, our deeners, zac's and trays?
Banished forever into history, to follow American ways.
There's no Chips Rafferty anymore, no more

Dinkum Aussie type
The battered hat, the weathered face -
the Aussie drawl and pipe.
Whatever happened to 'G'Day Mate',
it gave way to 'Howdy Guys'

Or if I dips me lid an' say, "Mornin China",
I rarely get replies.

We celebrate Australia Day, and we sing
Advance Australia Fair
But there's no Chips Raffertys anymore -
and no-one seems to care.

Baseball hats on back the front, gawd strike me bloody pink!
Forty years ago or less - they'd send you to the shrink.
And pray tell whatever happened to good old fashioned chips?
Now it's hoity-toity French fries - and assorted kinds of dips.
Where is our past? Where has it gone? The raucous Aussie roar
I'll tell ya mate, I'm dinkum, there's no Chips Raffertys anymore.
Is it all this equal playing field I hear our Pollies talk about?
They call it globalisation - but I've got some flamin' doubt.
Is it world bank domination, like that European dollar?
I don't know what's going on - I just want to scream and holler.
Where's Chips Rafferty? Where has he gone? Me little Aussie mate
Will we put him on the extinction list! Say 'e's gorn', an' shut the gate?
Be buggered if we will !! I'm gunna start the Aussie school of Arts
Apply to the Government for a grant, for the learnin' of pool an Darts.
And I'll find a True Blue teacher for the learning of our slang
An have national competitions, for throwing the boomerang.
You'll be shot on sight fer saying 'Guy', and jailed for saying 'Gal'
Blokes is Blokes; Shielas is Shielas - an don't you ever call me Pal!
There's lots of things that we can do, lots we must restore
I'll tell ya mate, I'm dinkum, there's no Chips Raffertys anymore.
We'll issue all the Aussie kids with dinki-di Akubra hats
R.M. Williams boots an jeans an whips that they can plaits.
And we'll feed 'em good old Aussie food, like hot meat pie an sauce
An be teaching every one of them, how to stay atop a horse.
Or they can try their hand at shearing, that's where our history lay
An give 'em all a Driza-Bone, an let 'em gather to the fray.
Yep - that's the way it's gunna be, you can stay or use the door
I'll tell ya mate, I'm dinkum, there's no Chips Raffertys anymore.

Hipshots Corner:

One thing about the blacksmith,
when you took your horse
for shoeing,
He didn't find a dozen other
things that needed doing

Grandpa took me fishing,
when I was only three,
and when the outboard fired up
he toppled in the sea..
Poor grandpa had forgotten
to show me how to stop
so I went round, and round, and round,
and called out 'Paddle Pop'.

ABPA HISTORY . . . (from page 3)

Denleigh Stenzel of Lowood Q. held off the opposition to win the Novice section with Rupert McCall's 'Green and Gold Malaria'. Denleigh was quite unique as a poet, both in style and characteristic appearance, but unfortunately other interests keep him occupied and away from present day competitions and performances.

Another poet little heard of these days is Greg Young of Mt. Coolum Q who won the Open Humorous section.

The Open Ladies section was won by non other than 13 year old Carmel Dunn of Warwick Q. Carmel was runner-up for the most successful all-rounder which was won by Mark Thompson.

* The inaugural meeting of the Snowy Mountains Bush Poetry Club was held at the Woomergama Hotel on May 11th 1996.

Dick Shanahan was elected President with Neil Hulm Secretary/Treasurer. Plans were set in motion for half-yearly meetings and a quarterly newsletter which is still being published today.

* The next issue of the newsletter will feature a major item on the history of the latter day poetry/bush poetry movement. Items have already been submitted by Keith McKenry and Marco Gliori.

Further contributions will be forthcoming from Ron Brown, Murray Hartin - others are more than welcome. It should make interesting reading.

WATTY'S EPITAPHS.

Here lies a Poet
Who never could rhyme
He died very young
Before his full life expectancy.



And so . . .
Here lies a Bush Poet
All laid out and flat,
Still wearing a grin,
And his AKUBRA HAT

THE MAN ON THE LAND

© by the late Kevin Barnes of Millmerrin Q.

He wears denim jeans and along sleeved shirt.
He's not afraid of a little dirt.

Wears 'Williams' boots or something like that
And on his head a broad brimmed hat.

This is the man who loves the land
He's tough, he's hard, he's made his stand.

Bushfires, drought or raging flood,
Parched, cracked earth to impassable mud.
Livestock dying in droughts cruel slaughter
Or washed away by rising floodwater.

This is the man who takes care of the land
He's tough, he's hard, he's made his stand.

Ground to clear and paddocks to plough,
Wheat to plant for our bread and flour.
His days start early, before sunrise
And it's long after dark when he closes his eyes.

This is the man who works the land
He's tough, he's hard, he's made his stand.

Jack of all trades, rides a bike and a horse.
Whatever breaks down he can fix it of course
He can weld and fence or tend a sick calf,
And does everything with a grin and a laugh.
This is the man who values the land
He's tough, he's hard, he's made his stand.

When he gets old with his family around
He'll tell you there's value in owning your ground.
He'll talk of tradition, the good times, the hard,
As he watches his grandkids out in the yard.
Hear what he says, this man on the land.
He's tough, he's hard, he's made his stand.

He has done a life's work and well past his prime
To meet his maker — it's nearing the time.
Says he has time to see more things grow
Will he rest in peace? — we'll never know.
This is the man who has made his last stand
He's gentle, he's wise, he'll die for his land!

ACTING LIKE A YANK

© Ross Magnay. Alice Springs NT.

What's happening to our heritage? That's what I want to know,

Ringers wearing baseball caps, where did Akubras go?
The truckies wearing 'Red Wings' instead of RM's boots,
The next thing we'll drive 'pick up trucks' instead of bloody utes!

They're eating bloody Maccas, not Vegemite or pies,
And now instead of Aussie blokes, they call us bloody 'guys'.

And Aussie blokes write country songs, then sing them like a yank,

They might as well have left their bloody writing paper blank!

And then there's all them baggy togs, like ghetto Yankees wear,

And just to top the whole show off, they shave off all their hair!

They put their hats on backwards, and wear fancy running shoes,

Computer games and headsets, to keep themselves amused.

I really have no problems with our friends from overseas,
And people in Australia, pretty much do as they please.

But it saddens me a lot to think our heritage has sank,
To when fair dinkum Aussies can't help acting like a Yank!

The Australian Bush Laureate Awards

will again be a major part of Tamworth's Country Music Week Festival next year.

Nominations will close at the end of October in the five categories... Book of the Year, Original Verse Book of the Year, Album of the Year, Single Recorded Performance of the Year and the special Judith Hosier Heritage Award.

More news in the October issue, be prepared.

NOTICE OF MEETING

The Annual General Meeting of the Australian Bush Poets Association Inc. will be held in Tamworth during Country Music Week on Saturday 25th. January 2003 at 2 pm in St. Peter's Church Hall, Vera St. Tamworth. All members, intending members and interested persons are cordially invited to attend.

Notices of motions or pending business should be directed to the Secretary ABPA Inc.

Australian Bush Poetry Championships

Expressions of interest regarding the holding of the Australian Bush Poetry Championships in 2004 are now being called for consideration at the AGM in January. Please direct all correspondence to the Secretary ABPA Inc.

Australian Bush Poetry State Championships

Expressions of interest regarding the holding of Australian Bush Poetry **State** Championships in the different States in 2003 and 2004 should be directed to the Secretary ABPA Inc. The aim of the Association is to have State Champions recognized in their own States.

Sgd. Ed Parmenter,

Secretary, 1 Avenue St Coffs Harbour NSW 2450

PAID PERFORMERS - WHAT ARE YOUR WORDS WORTH?

Australia's first known paid performer was one Michael Massey Robinson, a convicted extortionist with a resultant death penalty later commuted to transportation for life at the Old Bailey in February 1796.

His crime was attempting to extort money by threatening to publish a poem accusing a man of murder.

As his name might suggest, he was no ordinary convict - he was an Oxford graduate and a practising attorney in London.

En-route to Australia, he was given the freedom of the ship, mixed with all and sundry on board, and befriended fellow passenger Richard Dore who was on his way to the colony to serve as a judge advocate.

On arrival in Sydney, May 18, 1798, Robinson was appointed Dore's secretary and chief clerk and, within a fortnight, was given a conditional pardon by the Governor.

By 1802 he was convicted of wilful and corrupt perjury by Governor King and sentenced to 7 years on Norfolk Island. A petition signed by 14 leading citizens begged the Governor to cancel this and the sentence was held in abeyance.

Soon afterwards he was found guilty of forging permits and spent 18 months on Norfolk Island as a result.

In 1807, at the age of 63, he married Elizabeth Rowley. In the following eight years she bore him two sons and a daughter.

Later Governor MacQuarie gave him a free pardon and reinstated him as principle clerk. Under this Governor, Robinson's flair for writing florid verse was given full scope.

From 1811 onwards he was commissioned regularly to compose odes for King George III and Queen Charlotte. He recited at official receptions at Government House and was published in the Sydney Gazette.

By 1818 he was referred to officially as the 'Poet Laureate' with an annual remuneration of two cows. He also received 600 acres and was assigned three convict servants. He continued to work as chief clerk until his death on December 22nd. 1826 aged 82 years.

In modern day language it would be hard to determine the worth of a 'poet laureate' but, discounting the value of the cows, the imagination runs wild with what one could do with 600 acres in close proximity to Sydney.

(Let's see, 600 acres equals 2,400 quarter acre blocks, multiplied by something like a very conservative \$200,000 each, comes close to five million dollars - not bad for eight years work).



POETS ENTHRALL CASINO

Approximately 900 people crowded into the Cecil Hotel's four poet's breakfasts to conclude Beef Week, 2002 in Casino, northern NSW.

Capably compered by Ray Essery with his team of guest poets, comprising Milton Taylor (the current Australian Champion), John Major and Jack Drake together with a number of visiting performers, the show moved at a rapid pace with the audience kept on the edge of their seats and their sides sore with laughter.

Poets from further afield contributing to the entertainment over the four days, were Kelly Dixon, visiting from the Northern Territory with his wife Marian and Rod and Kerry Lee, who have travelled from Western Australia to visit friends in Grafton.

On Thursday evening a capacity crowd saw the Bull Yarn Competition. While the number of entries was a little disappointing the standard was very high and the contestants received enthusiastic ovations from the audience.

The Bull Yarn trophies went to: Ron Austin, 1st. and David Blackman 2nd.

Perhaps the most moving moment of the whole weekend occurred at 11am on Friday morning when Ray called for a minute of silence in respect for Alec Campbell, our last Gallipoli veteran. As the call went through the public address system, about 200 people immediately rose to their feet and all conversation stopped, even in the public bar, which says volumes for the Australian public.

The Sunday Beef Week Competition attracted 13 entries, all performing at a very high standard. Local identities who also proved an attraction with their poetic contributions were 93 year old Jack Axford, who recited "Reply to Eileen" and renowned songwriter Eric Watson who recited "Gravel Pit".

The winner was Ray Adams. Second: Max Strong. Third: Ron Lee. Fourth: Glori O'Brien.

U3A WRITING COMPETITION

The University of the Third Age Dalby Inc. is organizing a Writing Competition in 4 sections with a common theme loosely based on the Outback. A Dalby manufacturing business, Dingo Australia is generously sponsoring the prize money.

There will be two open sections, for both a poem and short story and similar sections for school students. It is intended that selected items, with authors permission will be gathered together to form a snapshot of Outback living. This compilation will be available to Councils, Libraries and individuals for the cost involved in production. SSAE details can be found in the poets calendar. Entries close on October 7th.— winners will be announced on December 2nd. 2002

WHAT I SHOULD 'A' DONE

© Maxine Ireland



I've travelled round this land of ours, from Cooktown to Tasmania.
I've seen Bourke and Broken Hill, and most of South Australia.
I've been to Darwin and Alice Springs; I've even climbed 'the Rock'
I've seen Coober Pedy's under-grounds, and Hobart's floral clock.
One meets a lot of characters when travelling around,
But there's one who's deemed a knocker, who you'll meet in every town.
He'll tell you what you should 'a' done, and what you should 'a' seen
And how you should 'a' parked your van, and where you should 'a' been.
You should 'a' been here yesterday, we had our annual show.
You should 'a' brought your fishing gear, there's good fishing here you know.
You should 'a' seen the whiting they were getting up the creek.
Or, you should 'a' seen the tailer they were catching here last week.
He will ask you where you've come from, and how long you're going to stay,
When you tell him where you're from, and that you're moving on next day,
Well! You should 'a' booked the scenic flight; you won't get on it now.
They are always booked out days ahead, at this time anyhow.
You should 'a' booked the other boat; it goes further up the river.
And you should 'a' booked the morning cruise, in the afternoon you'll shiver.
You should 'a' waited a few more weeks, the weather's warmer later.
You should 'a' come the other road, it's a bit rougher, but it's straighter.
If you go into the laundry, and start using a machine,
For sure, some chatty 'permanent' will come upon the scene with,
You should 'a' used the other one; I use it all the time.
Or, the drier's out of order love, you should 'a' used the line.
Perhaps I should 'a' done some things, the other way around.
Perhaps I should 'a' pitched my tent at times on higher ground,
Or faced my van to catch the sun, instead of facing south.
But I know at times I should 'a' said, politely, shut your mouth.

WAITING FOR RAIN

© Norma Jeffries. Warwick Q.

The farmers wife in faded frock that's somewhat out of style
Displays a special courage and a warm enduring smile.
She surveys drought affected crop with its few sad stalks of grain,
By day she helps to feed the stock, each night she prays for rain,
The farmer's children contemplate a world that seems unjust,
As they watch their land disintegrate, then disappear in dust.
They see the water holes go dry, just mud and sludge remain,
While all around them, tortured souls are crying out for rain.
The farmer fights with all his strength as endless weeks unfold,
At forty three, he's still quite young, yet he feels so bloody old!
He shields himself against the night for fear he'll fall asleep,
And re-live those nightmare visions of his gaunt and starving sheep
Today he'll shoot a hundred head, I've no doubt he feels their pain
Then he'll wipe away a silent tear, and resume his wait for rain....

DROUGHT

© Janine Haig. Eulo Q.

The blood-red plains lie gasping
'Neath a harsh uncaring sun,
And Death unwelcome caller
Who will visit everyone.

Without bias he will drop by,
Arriving on a whim,
His hosts are far from friendly
And don't care to ask him in.

Tainted and corrupted
His talons curled and cruel,
He touches life and ends it
Drought, the helper of the goul.

In the arid land of Outback
It's the strong who will survive,
It is courage they must use now
As they toil to stay alive.

Hastings Macleay Bush Poets

The Hastings Macleay Bush Poets regular monthly get togethers for June and July have been well attended with between forty and fifty present at each.

In June the group was honoured with the presence of a special guest John Stafford, all the way from Berri SA.

John entertained the audience with some excellent original poems. First-timer, Mary Kemp from Kempsey delighted the gathering with her original humorous recitations.

Ed and Marg Parmenter compered the July get together with visitors Don Lloyd, Maureen and Tom Stonham, Murray and Marie Suckling from Dorrigo and Reid and Pauline Begg from Forster attending; treating the audience to a great afternoon's entertainment.

The August get-together will be at the Panthers Club in the Atlantis Room. Visitors to the region are encouraged to attend.

Ph. Sam Smyth 02 6562 6861

Mother: How did you go in your grammar test?

Son: Great Mum. I only made one mistake and I seen it as soon as I done it.

'Rhyme and Reason' - Writing Tips from Ellis Campbell



PATTERN

I believe a regular, plainly defined pattern, helps Bush Verse immensely. The number of lines in a stanza of Bush Verse can be whatever the author chooses, but I prefer to keep to four,

six or eight lines.

Long stanzas of verse, like long paragraphs in prose, tend to tire the reader. That tiny break between stanzas seems to refresh the reader's mind and allows him/her to concentrate better on the new stanza.

Once you decide the number of lines in the stanza, stick to it. The only variations I make (and then only rarely) is the first stanza that may differ by way of an introduction, and the final one.

For example I might sometimes be working on an eight line stanza pattern and find I can say all that is left of any importance in four final lines. Usually, though, I keep the stanzas uniform throughout the poem.

Stanzas of five, seven or nine lines can be made to work well with one loose line of good metre, but not rhyming, to end each stanza.

Or this extra line can rhyme with almost any other line if the author so desires, but it is better not to have rhymes too far apart as they lose impact. Again this extra line is something I do only rarely.

Apart from the number of lines per stanza, the number of syllables per line and stress order go to complete the pattern.

It is not necessary to have every line the same to make a good pattern. For example line one might have fourteen syllables beginning with an unstressed syllable and line two eleven syllables beginning with a stressed syllable. But the rhyming lines should be the same.

In this case, assuming that your rhyming pattern is **ABAB**, lines one and three must be the same and lines two and four also identical.

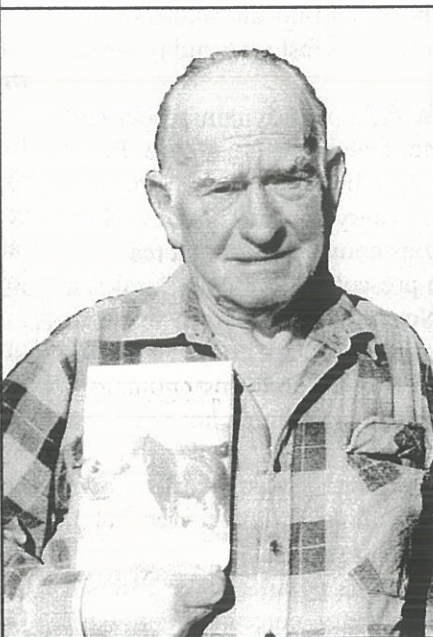
Once you decide on these things, stick with it. It is disappointing to see a poem start off really well and change course mid-stream without reason.

Next issue, the value of words.

Ellis Campbell

NEW RELEASE...

Dubbo poet, Ellis Campbell, has just launched his fifth book, *Shadows OF Yesteryear*. Like his two most previous publications, *The Gloss Of Bush* and *Eye OF The Beholder* this book consists predominately of major award winning verse.



ELLIS CAMPBELL

Shadows Of Yesteryear contains 42 poems, most of which have won major awards around Australia during the last two years, with no duplication of poems from his other books.

During his twenty-one years of competing in literary competitions around Australia Ellis has amassed 376 awards with Written Bush Verse, Performance Poetry, Traditional Australian Poetry, Free Verse, Story Writing, Song Writing, Yarn Telling, Sonnets, Haibuns, Cinquains, Clerihews and Limericks. These include 90 first prizes and 66 seconds.

In 1995 Ellis was admitted to the Degree of Writing Fellow by the NSW Branch of the Fellowship of Australian Writers in recognition of the consistent volume and quality of his published literary works, and in 2000 was made Honorary Life Member of *Metverse Muse*, a world-wide poetry journal published in India.

Track 7 on the ABC CD, "Macca's Sunday Best is Ellis's *Beach House Honeymoon*. Although meeting with some success in various forms of writing Ellis's real love is writing and performing Bush Verse, and that is what you will find in *Shadows OF Yesteryear*. (See Book Shelf p. 21).

GOLDEN HORSESHOE AWARDS

The written section of the Golden Horseshoe Awards conducted at Beaudesert Q. was won by Doug Hutcheson of Logan Central, Brisbane. His poem '*Rex and the Blazer*' can be found in this issue. Runner-up was Ken Dean of Marrangaroo NSW with '*The Road to Larras Lea*'. Three more places were filled by Lynda Vines of MacLean, Hope Galvan of Cootamundra and Doug Hutcheson (again). Goodonya Doug!

The Open Traditional performance section was won by Bill Glasson of Clifton - Pamela Fox of Beaudesert and Emily Lawrence of Kooralbyn placed second and third.

Open Original section was won by Ross Keppel of Bundaberg, followed by Pamela Fox and Bill Glasson. Special mention goes to Debbie Anderson of Warwick.

DORRIGO EXCITED!!

Not only is Dorrigo NSW a beautiful and exciting place but the locals are excited that the Bush Poet's Round-up will be held again this year. The Mountain Top Poets extend a warm welcome to all poets to gather at Dorrigo for the Round-up on Saturday November 9th and the Poets Breakfast on Sunday morning, November 10th.

Russell Churcher, Wauchope's dynamic poet and entertainer, will be the feature artist at the Poets Round-up at Dorrigo Bowling Club on Saturday, from 1 pm - 4.30 pm. Entry to the show is \$4.00 which includes a delicious country afternoon tea.

Russell will also be present at the Poets Breakfast on Sunday morning, November 10th, from 8 am to 11 am, at the Dorrigo Hotel, (Top Pub). Breakfast compere again this year will be the ever popular Bill Kearns from Grafton. Entry, including a hot breakfast is just \$7.00.

A number of the Mid North Coast's well known Bush Poets will be performing at both events with allowance for "open-mike" sessions.

Now in its fourth year, this popular event offers a great weekend of Bush Poetry entertainment, with novelty prizes and more.

Breakfast bookings will be appreciated so please call 02 6657 2016. Further event information can be obtained from Murray Suckling - 02 6657 2139.

BUSH POET'S BREAKFAST

The Mid Coast Sundowners Bush Poetry Group, based in the Taree/Great Lakes areas of NSW will be conducting a Bush Poets Breakfast in the barbecue area of Forster Tuncurry Memorial Services Club in The Strand, Forster on Sunday 13th October, 2002.

Special feature of the morning will be the presentation of prizes to the winners of the Great Lakes and Taree School Student's Written Bush Poetry Competition, which is being run for the second successive year.

Spokesperson for the group, Reid Begg of Forster said that following the excellent response to the inaugural competition last year, the group is very keen to continue to support and encourage all school children in the area to enter the competition this year. Entries have been invited from all schools from Stroud in the south, west to Gloucester and north to Taree.

Major sponsorship of prizes this year was gratefully received from Forster Tuncurry Memorial Services Club, who will host the event, the Coomba Park Cowgirls and also the Forster Mud Crabs Swimming Club who will be providing the meat for and cooking the excellent hot breakfast with tea and coffee which will be available on the day for just \$5.00. Any proceeds from the breakfast will be shared by the swim-

KEMPSEY

COUNTRY MUSIC FESTIVAL 2002

POETS BREAKFAST & AUSSIE HUMOUR SHOW

Visitors to this years Kempsey Country Music Festival can rest assured the Bush Poetry content will really live up to it's name reflecting Aussie Humour in rhyme.

Feature poet will be Grafton based poet Bill 'The Bull' Kearns (so named for his mastery of Bull), whose highly original poetry reflects life's misadventures described in a most incorrigibull, disreputabull, unforgettable, unbelievabull, sometimes weird, but most enjoyable sense of humour.

Always in his element spreading his own brand of outrageous bull dust, Bill has proven capabilities as a performer and writer of more serious and sensitive issues. Inspirational verses are also part of his collection.

Bill is often guilty of leading audiences into fits of laughter with his outbursts of rhymed ratbag ravings on subjects as diverse as mountain-bike-riding transvestites and talking horses.

Bill was a finalist in the Asthma NSW Bush Poet of the Year 2001 and was part of the 'Asthma' compilation album produced and distributed by Sony Music.

During the festival he will compere the Riverside Concert on the Saturday morning (7th Sept.), and host a Blackboard Concert in the RSL Club Function room at 2 pm. Entry to this event is \$5.00 however, ticket holders for Sunday's Breakfast will be admitted free.

From 8 am on Sunday (8th Sept.), Bill will be the feature poet through to mid-day in the dining room with the Bush Poets Breakfast and Aussie Humour Show which will include a one-hour 'Blackboard' concert at which locals will be welcomed.

Hot breakfast and admission is \$12.00 and partons wishing to attend are asked to book early. Phone the club on 02 6562 2937.

ming club and the event organizers to fund the continued running of the competition.

Breakfast will be served at 8 am, followed at 9 am by a one hour warm up session of open mike Bush Verse from visiting poets. The presentation of awards and winning poems in the school Student's competition will commence at 10 am. Again, poets in the audience will then be invited to share their work.

If you like to spin a yarn or two, recite or read your own work or the work of another rhymers, or just enjoy this great form of Australian culture, why not come along and support is special event which has been especially convened to encourage tomorrow's writers of rhyme. We guarantee they will entertain you.

To assist with catering, please book for breakfast with Reid Begg on 02 6554 9788 or Philip Maiden 02 6552 6389 who will also assist with all enquiries.

YARNS OF THE BUSH

Neil Hulm of Lavington NSW has just released his latest book 'Yarns of the Bush'.

Neil Hulm was born at Wagga Wagga in 1930. He attended school at Tumbarumba. In 1938 the family moved to Mannus where Neil spent his early years on the family property, assisting in general farm work with sheep, cattle and horses.

In 1943 his father took out a grazing lease in the Kosciusko National Park near Kiandra and Neil was engaged in attending to the cattle and sheep during the summer months and then moving them down to the lower regions for the winter. This continued until 1960 when the 'Park' was closed to summer grazing.

A keen follower of the rodeo circuit, Neil was a very successful buckjump rider and in the mid-50's he was one of the top riders in Australia. He then turned his attention to rodeo judging for a further fourteen years.

His love for horses took him to polocrosse and he was captain of the Tumbarumba team taking the NSW state title in 1958.

In 1972 he, with his family moved to Albury and he turned his talents to racehorse training through to 1984. In his own words, 'a few winners and a lot of losers'.

Since then he has spent his time recording in prose and verse the events and memories of the past.

His first publication, "Where the Snow Grass Grows" went into a fourth print inside twelve months; his next book, 'Aussie Bush Yarns', (now in its sixth print was followed by 'The Pub and The Scrub'.

Ph. Neil Hulm. 02 6025 3845

YOUNG CHERRY FESTIVAL

\$1,200.00

Performance Competition

Friday 6th. December

Entries close Nov. 6th 2002

Plus two Poets Breakfasts

Further details October News

Ph 6382 3883

THOUGHT FOR THE DAY

© Frank Daniel. Canowindra NSW 29.6.02

Can you get out of bed each morning; forget your caffeine charge,
Go without a shower; or pep pills that make for life at large.

Can you resist complaining and boring others with your woes,
And take whatever comes your way no matter what life throws

Could you face the same old tucker placed before you every day;
and be grateful that it's there at least, not turn your head away.
Do you understand when loved ones cannot give you all their time,
and leave you on your lonesome – like, to know you is a crime.

Can you tolerate inclement weather - never once complain,
and still remain the cheerful one; still ignore each ache and pain.
Can you relax in sober state, never touching alcohol
or live your life not fearing God or blemishing your soul

Can you overlook the critics when so blatantly they curse
Blaming *you* for all that's going wrong, sometimes for matters worse.
Can you cope with all life's tensions without psychiatric aid;
tell no lies, avoid deceit, live a healthy life and staid.

Can you handle all life's tensions ne'er amassing doctor's bills;
stay warm without electric blankets; sleep without using pills.
Can you sleep right through a thunderstorm – just lay there like a log.
If you can cope with all these things, you must be the family dog.

THE MANAGER

© Brian Bell. Glenbrook NSW

*'I'd like to see the manager', I heard a farmer say
while I was working in a bank, out Oodnadatta way.
Silence, as the clerk in charge respectfully replied
'He's recently been very sick, and yesterday, he die'.*

*'Thank you', said the farmer, then he calmly wandered out,
but next day he came back again, and as he looked about
he said 'I'd like to see the manager', more quietly than before.
With practiced patience, reverently, the clerk replied once more -*

*'The manager died Tuesday, from a heart attack at dawn'.
The farmer thanked him, went on home, but strolled back in next morn.
'I'd like to see the manager' made everybody stop.
So silent was that bank, you could have heard a penny drop,
until that clerk lost all control, and really did his block.
'I told you Wednesday morning, and on Thursday, three o'clock-
the manager has died', he said 'so why prolong our tears?'
The farmer said 'To hear those words is music to my ears'*

Reminder: Persons wishing to enter bush poetry competitions are asked to take particular notice of the advertised closing dates. August closing dates are published for the following:

The Wedding Gift written verse competition, the **Tweed Heads Poetry Competition**, and the **Coo-ee March Poetry Competition** at Gilgandra. Relevant information is supplied in the Poets Calendar. Further information can be obtained by sending SSAE (stamped self addressed envelope) to the addresses supplied or by telephone.

BUSH FLIES

© Bluey Francis. White Cliffs NSW

The ants are in me tucker bag
and there's bush flies in me tea.
They're annoying little buggers
and they really get to me!
There's the bloody little bush ticks
and the sand flies stinging bite,
and the mossies in the evening,
when you try to sleep at night!

We put up with the dust and heat,
the grass seed when it's dry,
but there's nothing more annoying
than those bloody little flies!
They're up y' nose and in your ears,
the corners of your eyes,
they're pesky little buggers -
these bloody little flies!

You have to breath in through your
teeth, or you could swallow one!
And cough like mad to get it up —
it makes the old eyes run.
It's not so much the fly itself
that makes you feel so green
when it's tickling on your tonsils -
it's the thought of where it's been!

THE DINKUM AUSSIE

By Johnny Johanson

Ave ya 'eard an Aussie torkin',
wot ain't bungin' on no side,
at tha footy, or the races,
on a public transport ride?

Down the local, sat'dee' arvo'
see 'is face spread wif a grin,
when tha long shot 'e 'as punted,
gits up an' 'as a win.

"Ya liddle flamin beaudy,
I've jist picked up 'arf a grand,
I'm shoutin' fer tha bar boys,"
as they shake 'im be the 'and.

'E's tha dinkum Aussie battla'
droppin' aitches, gee's as well,
wif that striney way of speakin',
"Ya don't like it? - go ter 'ell!"

'E knows blokes 'at's bin in prison,
so 'e always is in luck,
buyin' goods, at 'arf tha ticket,
wot 'as fallen orf a truck.

THE OLD BALBOORA TEAM

© Neil Carroll. Dubbo NSW

I was watching television when I saw the flashing legs,
Of the famous brewery horses and their wagon load of kegs,
Pounding 'round the big arena, groomed and polished to their ears,
And my heart went pounding with them -- down a gap of forty years.

To another team of horses that I knew so long ago,
Who had never seen the highway or the Royal Easter Show.
Who were never groomed and polished like the pampered thoroughbred.
And who didn't have a pedigree -- to show how they were bred.

I can see them standing quietly in the early morning sun,
For the boss to check the swingle bars and trace chains, one by one.
See the brown ears flicking gently ever waiting for a sign.
And the old voice softly crooning as he calls them into line.

Then they hit the collars soundly as they strain to do their best.
Coming up the cultivation, eight big beauties four abreast.
Hackendale, with Star and Tommie, Brown and Poppet, Kate and Rose
And the stallion, Globe Sensation, marching proudly down the rows.

How the old boss loved those horses, no regretting, I feel sure,
When he bought the big Twin City -- that he'd yoke them up no more.
So he turned them out, to spend their days in clover, to their knees.
With an odd day in the orchard cleaning up around the trees.

Yes, I've seen the mighty Steiger, John Deere, Volvo and the rest,
At the field day demonstrations where they put them to the test.
They can pull no doubt about it, pull most anything that moves.
But I'd swap the smell of diesel for the sound of horses hooves.

Pounding proudly down the furrow with the header riding high,
Stripping sixteen bags an acre -- on the good old Marthaguy.
Yes, those prancing Brewery horses, with their shining coats agleam,
Take me back to Fred O'Connor --- and his Old Balboora team.

Fridee' night, 'e's at the swy game,
"bet a pony on tha 'ead,"
"backa tail? - I'll backa tail,"
all words like these are said.

"Tha centre's set - all bets are right,
ring out," tha benda' crys,
" 'eadsaright - that's seven straight"
can't tail 'em - if 'e tries!"

"C'mon, ya' eadies - dig down deep,
yer'll hafta pay sum shop,
if youse like yer game of two up,
we've gotta sling, tha local cop,"

Most blokes 'as a nickname,
be it Tommo, Snow, or Blue,
Dusty, Tiger, Rabbits, Swampy,
jist ter name a few.

He'll jinx tha taxman - if 'e can,
'e likes an earner on tha side -
'e don't like cops, or politicians,
couldn't trust 'em if 'e tried!

'E's easy goin' in 'is way,
shrugs 'is shoul'da gives a wink,
rolls wif punches as they come,
but 'e's 'andy in a stink.

Yet, 'ee's truly dinkum Aussie,
perfect di'mon' sure enough,
wot will quickly don tha colours,
if our neighbours cut up rough

Wif 'is 'at, cocked back on 'is 'ead,
bonza tan an', cheecky grin,
"Jist bung me dinna' on the pot,
this won't take long ter win."

Wif blokes like this, we truly know,
that Australia is their pride -
they'll stand by 'er, fru fik an' fin,
until tha larst man's died.

E' alwuz sticks fat wif is mates,
'an' 'e'll risk 'is life fer you,
'e's called Cobber, Sport, or Digga,
Mate! -- 'e's dinkum Aussie, true!

CAST BACK YOUR MIND

© Ron Selby

I remember those days not so long ago when life was hard but fair,
When women were the weaker sex and people seemed to care.
When an Aussie male stood alone, though he spoke a little rough
Of 'Mates' and 'Cobbers' and 'Diggers' and other 'Aussie Stuff'.

When a girl was called a 'Sheila' or maybe 'a good looking sort',
'Pansies' were still flowers and a 'Gig' was something you bought!
A 'Crank' was used for starting a car and 'Coke' was something you drank
'Guys' and 'Dolls' were never used — except by a 'Septic Tank'.

The 'Oldies' would play the 'Goanna' and a 'Brick' you'd earn on the job,
When a 'Drongo' or 'Wanker' of 'Yobbo' was said to be 'Not worth two-bob!'
A beer cost a 'Zac', newspaper a 'Trey', the rent - a little more than a 'Quid'.
To take off your hat for a 'Sheila' was known as 'Dippin' your lid'.

Saturday we'd go the 'Flicks' and at night the 'Rubbit Dub',
Drink 'Dirty Annie' from a 'Ladies Waist', take a feed of 'Tucker' or 'Grub'.
You'd walk down the street in your 'Bag of fruit', your 'Tit for Tat' on your head,
A 'swy' in your pocket meant you were 'Flush', those days just seem to be dead.

Sunday you'd go to the 'Lurch on the hill', learn about evils like 'Takin' the Pill',
When only 'Sheilas' wore dresses and their 'Won't' was stronger than their 'Will'
'Coppers' or 'Bulls' would shake your hand, teachers were old and grey!
'Weirdos' were known as 'Horses hoofs' and only the drunks were 'Gay'.

An' if a 'Bloke' went home to the 'Trouble and strife' feeling a little bit
'Bright'

The neighbours'd know an they'd say 'Joe Blow' was 'in like Flynn tonight'.
We bent the 'Queens English' a bit I suspect, but that was the Aussie way,
Living life to the full without any 'Bull' — 'twas Australian — all the way!

'Strewth!' now that I think of those days in the past, those days of long ago,
I'll turn the page cause I'm showing my age, but if you really want to know,
When I cast back my mind to the life and the time, those years will always last
In the memories of men who can remember when, those days belong in the past.

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ABPA ANNUALS

Since 1994 Ron Selby has compiled and edited an annual anthology of bush poetry.

This Annual is made up of good *rhyming bush verse* that has not been printed in the ABPA Newsletter or elsewhere. It is all new fresh material from many of our unknown as well as some of our more noted poets.

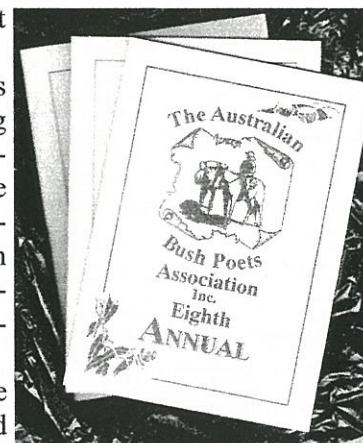
Only 500 copies are published each year and, as hoped, the earlier copies, now sold out, have become collectors items. The annuals are available at \$3.00 each.

Volumes 1, 2 and 3 are no longer available, but some remaining copies of volumes 4, 5 and 6 can be purchased from the Secretary Ed Parmenter. These are available in **packs of five** for \$10.

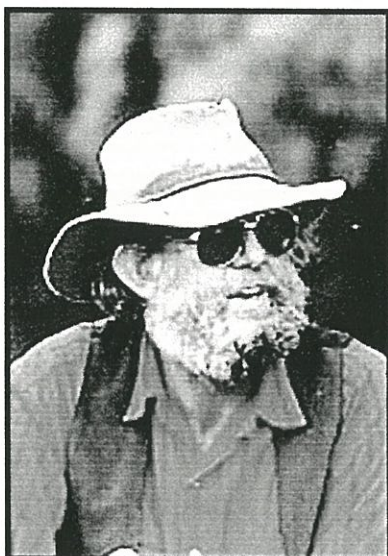
The remainder of volumes 7 and 8 are for sale at \$2.00 each.

Ron is now calling for submissions to the ninth Australian Bush Poets Association Annual.

It would be appreciated if all material intended for this edition be sent to Ron Selby at P.O. Box 77 Drayton North, Qld.



JACK DRAKE - NEW BOOK AND CD



The inaugural Asthma NSW Australian Bush Poet of the Year 2001, Jack Drake of Stanthorpe Q. has just hit an unsuspecting public with his latest poetic effort, a book and an album of *serious* "Dinkum Poetry".

Better known for his bush humour, Jack has shown a serious side in his latest offering alongside some new poems celebrating the lighter side of life in the bush.

Audience reaction was very encouraging when Jack performed some of his new material at Casino Beef Week and other venues, and the CD has already had airplay on several radio stations. (see bookshelf)

WORDSMITHS

Dead Ringer: (*To look like someone else*)

The definition of 'ringer', from which this phrase comes, is "substituted race-horse."

Unscrupulous racehorse owners having a fast horse and a slow horse almost identical in appearance, would run the slow horse until the betting odds reached the desired level, then substitute the 'ringer', who could run much faster. Dead, in this case means abrupt or exact, like in dead stop, or dead shot.

ON a Wing and a Prayer means '*hopeful, but unlikely to succeed*'. During World War One, aeroplanes were certainly untested novelties of war.

'A wing and a prayer' came about when an American pilot, flew back to base with a badly damaged wing (on his plane that is) without crashing, much to the amazement of fellow pilots and ground staff. He said he was praying all the way in. Another commented a 'wing and a prayer brought you back'.

A Shoe in: means *a sure winner*. The commonly used spelling of "shoe in" makes it seem as if it were rooted in the action of a shoehorn. In fact, the meaning comes from horse racing lingo: corrupt jockeys conspire and agree to hold back their mounts and to "shoo in," or urge forward, a slow horse on which they have bet. In such a phoney contest, the shoo-in is the only horse in the race that is trying to win.

Easy as pie: (Simple to accomplish), easy to do.

Spending money is as **easy as pie**, accumulating wealth is tough. Easy as pie (or apple pie) originated in Australia around 1920. The Australian expression to be "pie at" or "pie on" something means to be very good at something (from the Maori word "pai" = good). If you are good at something it is easy.... as pie!

Mind your P's and Q's. (*To behave properly*). This saying comes from the early pub days when beer and ale was served in pint and quart containers. The tab was kept on a chalkboard used to count the pints and quarts consumed. To watch your Ps and Qs is to control your alcoholic intake and behaviour.

Not only did pub keepers maintain the count of pints and quarts consumed, they often maintained a tab for regular custom-

THE BATTLE OF THE BARDS

© Dan Thompson

Here lies a tale a daring deed at a granite belt hotel,
One weekend back in March, the bush poets know it well —
It's there they have a contest, for both the old and young,
Entries they come thick and fast, from those of silken tongue.

But from one came just a phone call, in a distant evil tone,
There's a challenge that I've got, to the poets that are goin' —
I'm the best that's ever been, I'll be there to do me worst,
There's not a soul can match me, in the art of any verse.

There's some who call me Satan, a name you should know well,
And any correspondence, just direct it straight to hell —
I'll take on all the comers, those who are that bold,
And the losers owe to me in death, the right to take their soul.

Make it known to the hopefuls, what you have been told,
Though there's no chance, but if I lose I'll pay a thousand fold -
The word it spread like wildfire, on the bushman's telegraph,
And to the town of Stanthorpe, they beat a steady path.

Then came that fateful day, and the poets gathered round,
The evil stench of doom, filled the crowded streets of town —
They stood and faced Old Nick, but as tough as bushies are,
For some their spirits wilted when he squared off at the bar.

As he set himself to speak his arrogance filled the air,
And on each of his opponents, he fixed a chilling stare —
Now you all know the rules, when you lose, not if, but when, I'm
ready for your challenge, so it's time the game began.

Good poets rose before him and great tales they were related,
That mongrel never flinched; with his words they were negated —
For he knew every verse, of all the poems ever known,
And feelin' pretty cocky threw in some good ones of his own.

WORDSMITHS:

ers, especially sailors. The sailors tab was sometimes paid directly out of the sailors pay by the ship's captain. This to assure the pub keeper of payment.

However, this created the opportunity for the pub keeper to charge for a few extra pints and quarts. And in some cases the captain was in on this little deception, and shared in the extra payment. Hence it was to the sailors best interest to keep count of the pints and quarts. To mind his Ps and Qs.

Alternatively,

Lower case Ps and Qs (p q) look similar and can be mistaken for each other.

When setting moveable typ printing presses, "minding your Ps and Qs" is important.

Similarly, a person just learning how to write could easily confuse lower case Ps and Qs. Hence a need to be careful and "mind your Ps and Qs".

Alternatively, Ps and Qs may just be a childish word play for "please and thank you"! Certainly this seems to fit with the accepted meaning.

The man from Snowy River, he recited in reverse,
 Another hopeful bowed his head, and the bloke behind him cursed—
 Like each that went before him, the result was just the same,
 And even Nick himself, thought this poet lot were game.

And as the day wore on, when the sun began to dip,
 What seemed the last of challengers, had let the big prize slip—
 Your souls are mine to keep, I've defeated one and all,
 Just wait a bit ya mongrel, comes an angry call!

I'm the last man on the list and I've heard all I can take,
 I'm here to take your money and me name it is Jack Drake—
 Old Nick he wasn't worried, well he didn't think he should,
 But what he didn't know, his bloke was bloody good.

Jack says "Righto Satan you've had your given time,
 So brace yourself ya bastard, it's my turn for the rhyme."
 They traded verse for verse, if you'd been there you would know,
 Neither took a backward step as the poems began to flow.

Jack started off his stories, with a steady voice and sure,
 And then he started rollin' to a god almighty roar!
 Old Nick he was reelin', his mind began to slow,
 Each new ode Jack related, hit him like a body blow.

That bugger called on Hades, to conjure up some help,
 But Jack just kept the floor, they gave up without a yelp—
 By now the wind was howlin', thunder claps and lightning strike,
 The pub roof she was liftin', but Jack's still full of bloody fight!

Old Nick was fightin' gamely, but even he was feelin' heat,
 It was taking all his strength just to stay up on his feet—
 The town folk on that day, stood and watched in very awe,
 For never had they heard that man, recite like this before.

Then Jack sees his chance, Old Nicks knees they start to bend,
 And he hits him with a beauty, "The Cattle Dogs Revenge."
 As he crashes to the floor, Old Nick cries out, "FOUL."
 Yells to the judge, "For Christ sake, throw in the towel!"

"Get behind me Satan," Jack says with a roar,
 "Pack ya bags and piss off, or you'll get some bloody more!"
 "And take your stinkin' money, those riches I won't reap.
 But the souls of me mates are no longer yours to keep."

Old Nick was fairly smokin', he'd laid out his best cards,
 But never reckoned on defeat, in the Battle of the Bards—
 Not a soul was on his ledger, when he left with little grace,
 Cursed and swore revenge, on the town where he'd been laced.

He's not been sighted since that's the local story told,
 And you could make the fair assumption, that's why Stanthorpe's so
 damn cold—

Now if you venture to O'Maras with a poem, make no mistake—
 You'll need a bloody goodun' should you chance upon Jack Drake.

SAVING DAYLIGHT

© Mark Gliori. Warwick Q

I called him to look
 At the state of me chooks,
 For the Bantams were taking a spasm.
 "It seems they're upset",
 Said the cluey young vet,
 "Get off"... I replied with sarcasm.

But a further inspection,
 Led to his detection,
 That all of my chickens were yawning.
 "I'm afraid", he confessed,
 "That your chooks are distressed...
 I suspect it will ease by the morning.

Then I heard him explain,
 How this animal strain,
 Had resulted from city petitions,
 And the lunatic craving
 For more daylight saving,
 By Ambitious and rude Politicians.

Then it all seemed to gel,
 Why my poor cows as well,
 Had been lagging down field unperturbed,
 While I'd anxiously wait,
 For an hour at the gate,
 In the bails, quite wild and disturbed.

Yes, dead on me feet,
 I've been lacking in sleep,
 The days have been long and confusing.
 While back up in town,
 Where Bureaucrats frown,
 I'm sure they'll declare this amusing.

It's done them no harm,
 But here on the farm,
 It is useless for numerous reasons.
 It just isn't right
 To prolong daylight,
 When next thing
 they'll change all the seasons.

And I'd like to confer,
 With whoever they were,
 These self imposed prophets of time,
 So, perhaps they'll advise,
 Since they're blessed and wise,
 What I tell these poor livestock of mine.

The Young Cherry Festival committee is proud to announce their first Open Performance Bush Poetry Competition to held on Friday 6th December at 7pm. \$1,200 prizemoney has been sponsored by the Young Real Estate and Livestock Agents. Poets breakfasts will also be held on the Saturday and Sunday mornings with further prizemoney to be offered. More news next issue. Ph. Greg Broderick 6382 3883

Once I heard a mother utter
 'Daughter go and shut the shutter'.
 'Shutter's shut the daughter uttered,
 I can't shut it any shutter'.

They call money dough because every-
 body kneads it.

PAROO ON THE SOMME

© Graham Fredriksen. Kilcoy. Qld.

Well I'm back on the track from a short time away –
three years, seven months an' two weeks an' one day –
but the bush calls me back, so I shout: **Hip Hooray!!**
to cross once more the old Paroo River.

I've vacationed all over on military pay –
from the white cliffs of Dover to France . . . s'il vous plait;
now this old Queensland drover shall never more stray –
an' this toast I've returned to deliver

So be liftin' your quart t' the muddy Paroo;
so thick is the water, you'd think it was stew,
but it's liquid . . . or sorta . . I'll say it'll do –
I've drunk much worse in much worsen places.

An' I notice it's still got the same shades of green
As the day me an' Bill left in Nineteen-fifteen,
but I'll drink up my fill – it's the best that I've seen!! . .
an' I've drunk French 'champagne' by the cases.

It's a great little holiday our Army sells,
for I've camped in the finest of France's 'hotels' –
if only they'd line us up fair ma'moiselles
'stead of mud, mayhem, mud an' disorder.

There were trenches all 'round us would pass as canals,
an' when rain never drowned us, they'd pound us with shells;
I'd have swapped it all gladly for twenty dry spells
t' the west of the west Queensland border.

An' speaking of borders, we'll toast to the 'fronts',
the "fix bayonet" orders, "stand post" . . . an' the 'stunts';
. . . an' the *other type* boarders we constantly hunts
from the *privatest* parts of our person.

An' none are immune, not the lowliest Bill –
Are they playin' a tune in your strides William still? –
to the highest Duntroon graduate in the mill . . .
I can still hear the colonels a-cursin'.

An' here's to the officers or our Brigade;
"boss" drovers are tough, but I'll never be swayed
to become a lieutenant – the pittance they're paid;
they'd be much better off as a drover,
just facing the wrath of the bullocks in flight
on a mulga-strewn path in the pitch of the night
than the black aftermath of a bayonet fight –
but I guess we can't all dine on clover.

So we'll drink us a toast to the food that we had;
can't say it was mostly all good . . . it was bad!! –
where as here it's the host of the flies drive you mad . . .
if you can but put up with the 'babbler'.

There it's *bully-beef-this* an' it's *'bully-beef-that* –
what the maggots would miss would be floating in fat,
an' our kitchen's a regular rat's habitat –
an' our cook was a regular rabbler.

Now we'll drink to our cook in the old A.I.F.,
but don't be mistook, he's no *Cordon Bleu chef*! –
he's a 'babbling brook' with an outsize midriff
'cos only he can eat his cookin'.

He's kept me in trim – of that there's no debate;
an' it's much thanks to him that I've not put on weight –
if you ate all the grub that he slops on your plate,
then you'd have t' grub holes t' get crook in.

An' the Pom quartermaster who kept him supplied,
We'll toast the old bastard – his great hairy hide!! –
for he kept the best parts for himself on the side,
an' he never thought of us poor Diggers never!!
So I'll never complain while there's breath in me yet
of the tucker again, an' I'll eat what I get
dished t' me from the back of the old wagonette
on a camp on the old Paroo River.

An' speakin' of rivers, we'll toast to the Somme –
I think that's where our water mostly come from;
It delivered us shrapnel an' bullet an' bomb –
so I guess it supplied us with water.
An' if you think it's thick in the muddy Paroo,
then just take a big stick an' see what you can do
with the gullies of France once our gunners were through
with 'Big Bertha' – the Hun's favourite daughter.

An' here's to our gunners in One A.I.F.
an' the old eighteen-pounders that send a bloke deaf –
you're askin' me questions, I'd answer them if
a fella could bloody well hear them.

I have given me sweat and donated me blood,
an' me trench-feet are yet caked in Somme River mud
from standin' in trenches al winter aflood –
our winters out here don't come near them.

So we'll drink to the winter they have out in France,
but I cannot begin t' describe them; perchance
you should happen t' go, let me know in advance,
for that's one place I won't go again – NO!!
I would eat 'Barcoo calf' till me gums start to swell,
an' I'd ride an' I'd laugh through a dust storm from Hell
on the back of a half-broken brumby as well
that could buck like a bloody volcano . . .

I would tackle the wildest scrub bull on the plain,
an' drink from the vilest artesian bore drain,
ride bareback t' Burketown an' ride back again
in the heat of a raging December,
before one cannonball more got lofted at me;
King George has got all that he ever shall see
of yours truly; the call that I answer shall be
the call from the old Paroo River.

So here's to the day I got un-A.I.F.'d.
I got all me pay – an' got what I had left
of me senses; the Army had left me bereft
with me sanity gone to the cleaners.

I've traded me bluchers for what I've got on;
me tin hat for this 'cabbage-tree' on me scone;
the moleskins are *in* . . . an' the khaki is *gone*,
an' I'm strappin' me old 'concertinas'.

I'll tell the "boss" he's the best sergeant major around
When I've woken at dawn from me swag an' I've found
there's no lice for companions, no mud, an' no sound
of the 'incoming' by the camp fire.

An' I'll thank the old cook an' be shakin' his hand,
an' he'll give me a *look* . . . an' then he'll *understand*;
an' I'll tell him his "took" is "joost soomthun" grand",
an' he'll curse me an' call me a liar.

But you can drag me bones from a night-rush 'stampede',
 or from under a buckjumping bushranging steed,
 'coz Australia's the country where I'd rather bleed –
 an' I'll no more be leavin' her never!!
 Yes this country's the place that old "Paroo" comes from,
 Where it seldom rains . . . an' it **never** rains 'bombs'!! –
 here I'll girth up me 'Weinieke' far from the Somme . . .
 stay forever by my Paroo River.

WEST of BLACKALL

© Brian Beesley 2002

Oh the outback spirit leaches through the sinews of my brain
 Where the Thomson River reaches to the western red soil
 plain

And this heart of mine is beating
 For that moment all too fleeting –

When the country west of Blackall called to me.

I've sat and watched the harbour lights at Mrs. Macquarie's
 chair

But softer glow the harbour lights from a hundred runs out
 there

And eerie in those outback nights,
 There come the dancing min-min lights –

Where the country west of Blackall calls to me.

And the southern coast arranges its apostles in a row
 But the West Macdonnell Ranges are by far a better show;

When forty shades of ochre blush

A scene no painter's hand could brush –

Where the country west of Blackall calls to me.

I have warmed to recitations in that house down by the Quay
 But the song from Dagworth Station strikes a stronger chord
 with me

And the music of the outback
 Will keep telling me to go back –

Where the country west of Blackall calls to me.

WHAT CONSTITUTES PUBLISHED?

This question has been asked of the editor many times
 but in the past month has caused some concern.

Publish: *make generally known; formally announce;
 prepare and issue copies of a book for sale to the public.*

The question has been raised in respect of entry condi-
 tions in written competitions - e.g. "*works not previously
 published*" or words to that effect.

Funnily enough a poet's work is published once it is
 typed onto a page and posted to the competition organizers
 thus making it ineligible for the contest - or does it?

Writers should enquire into the future use of poems
 submitted for competitions. Should competition organizers
 state that selected entries could/or will be published in an
 anthology this action will then cause all entries so pub-
 lished to be ineligible for further competitions, where such
 poems have never been a winner, and could possibly stand
 a chance elsewhere with different judges.

Any further comment on 'published' will be welcomed.
 No names will be used should ideas be printed. **Ed.**

I have dined in Piccadilly - seen the 'circus' all alight
 But I'd rather boil my billy in the outback late at night;
 Where it's always meat and gravy
 And that mug of tea to save me –
 Where the country west of Blackall calls to me.

I have walked the Champs Elysees to Napoleon's great
 shrine
 But the long Matilda Highway is a better tramp for mine
 And jumbucks crowd in bleating throngs
 Around the ebbing billabongs –
 Where the country west of Blackall calls to me.

I have seen a show on Broadway – had my fill of Central
 Park
 But the greatest stage is, I say, where the dingoes never
 bark;

Where there are no make-up artists
 And a friendly smile is gratis –

Where the country west of Blackall calls to me.

And the fireworks last December set ablaze the city skies,
 I suppose I will remember but my thoughts are otherwise;
 Where the moon comes up like thunder

Through a starry bright rotunda –

Where the country west of Blackall calls to me.

All the grind and nervous hurry never seems to be quite
 real,
 Should I rest my care and worry further out near
 Camooweal?

Where Mitchell grass and breeze combined
 To bring the swelling sea to mind –

Where the country west of Blackall calls to me.

But I'm stuck here in the city with a mortgage and a
 scheme

Coping well with my self-pity like a man inclined to
 dream;

I could sell my quarter acre
 Then convince my wife and take her –

Where the country west of Blackall calls to me.

STORY TELLERS CORNER

Something new is always cropping up whereby
 writers can have their craft displayed publicly.

It is not always however, that these outlets are
 available to bush poets.

Poets and performers should now be attracted
 to a new **ABC Mid North Coast** radio pro-
 gramme, '*Story-tellers Corner*'.

Poems, yarns and short stories can be sent in
 for broadcasting .

It is not a competition, just another forum giv-
 ing bush poets an opportunity to have their work
 aired to a wider listening audience.

Submissions can be sent in writing, floppy disk or
 CD to: **Storytellers corner**

PO Box 76 West Kempsey NSW 2440

Or Emailed to: Kempsey.regional@abc.net.au

BUNDY MUSTER 2002

The Bundaberg Poetry Muster 2002 held on the week-end of July 5th—7th attracted over fifty poets to vie for trophies and prize-money. Refreshingly, a number of new faces took to the stage for the first time, reciting poetry as if they had been doing it for years.

The overall Champion Poet for the week-end was John Best from Whiteside (near Brisbane) who has been making his presence felt as far afield as Winton and Mulwala.

The Friday and Saturday night concerts were once again lots of fun and thoroughly enjoyed by all who attended.

The Bundy Mob is most appreciative of the poets, visitors and judges who travelled great distances to give their support, making the muster another great success.

Judges for the competitions were Milton Taylor, Jack Drake, Glenny Palmer, Ron Selby, Liz Ward and Trisha Anderson. "The support of all concerned certainly made our week-end a very successful and happy one."

In conjunction with the Muster week-end was The Bush Lantern Awards for Written Bush Verse 2002 which attracted 175 entries nationally.

The winner was Paul Sherman from Gordon Park, Brisbane, with his entry *'Waiting For The Westlander'*.

Runner-up was Joyce Alchin (*'From the Ashes'*); followed by Brian Beesley (*'For All We Are'*).

Highly commended went to Brian Bell (*'Notches on the Door'*); Tony Hammil (*'Billy's Pride'*); Stewart Hopper (*'The Spirit of Matilda'*); Merv Webster (*'The Passing of Stumpy Shore'*)

The Open Traditional Mens performance section went to Ron Selby, Ron Liekeffett and John Best. Trisha Anderson won the ladies followed by Maxine Ireland and Pamela Fox.

Open modern (M) John Best, Bill MacClure, Ron Liekeffett. (F) Maxine Ireland, Pamela Fox, Lee Miller.

Open Original: (M) John Best, Ellis Campbell, Ron Selby. (F) Laree Chapman, Pamela Fox, Maxine Ireland.

Novice Traditional: (M) Kevin Dean, Cay Fletcher, Sam Dye.

Novice Modern: Bette Shiels, Kevin Dean, Sam Dye.

Novice Original: Kevin Dean, Bette Shiels, Dean Collins.

Intermediate Traditional: Pamela Fox, Kevin Dean, Cay Fletcher. Intermediate Original: Cay Fletcher, Kevin Dean, Pamela Fox.

Yarnspinning. Col Newsome, Tony Strauss, John Best.

YOU'RE DOIN O.K.

© Milton Taylor. Portland NSW

If you're anxious or frazzled by money you're owing,
With creditors' notes for accounts overdue.
When bad luck has dogged you with fickle winds blowing,
Here's some advice that I'll offer to you.

Don't get downhearted, don't hassle or worry,
The problems you have don't amount to a lot,
Look to the future, go easy, don't hurry,
And just do your best with the bit that you've got.

When our diggers were grinding their way on Kokoda
Or toiling as slaves on the Burma Railway,
Ignoring their hardships, discounting the odour
Of bondage, they dealt with their lot day by day
With smiles on their faces.

Their posture grew bolder,
As risking their chance to be beaten or shot,
They'd say to the mate who they'd slung on their shoulder.
"We'll just do our best with the bit that we've got."

There's the cattleman watching his water diminish,
Who scratches his head as he walks from the bog.
"He'll mutter, It's tough, but no way will it finish me,
Give me your worst, 'cause I'm here for the slog!
"And he'll turn to his missus, the woman he married,
Say, "Christ it's dry love," or "Bejasus it's hot!"
Their burden is light for it's one they've both carried
And they've both done their best with the bit that they'd got.

And the football team, striving to stay in the running,
All lacking in talent, the easybeat mob,
Will pause a surprise with a victory so stunning
By plugging and sticking to, 'doin' the job'.
And the coach or the captain will say. "They're not flyers,
But they all have a go and they don't lose the plot,
We know they're no champions, but these blokes are triers
And they all do their best with the bit that they've got."

DAN EDWARDS - 100 NOT OUT!

Members and visitors of the Hunter Bush Poets were given a special treat at their last meeting in the Lawson Room of the Tarro Hotel.

Those in attendance were entertained by legendary old time Horseman, Dan Edwards. Dan is a former Australian Buck Jump Champion (1929), and celebrated his 100th Birthday last January.

Hunter Bush Poets President, Bob Skelton remembers Danny from his childhood.

Danny was a frequent visitor to Bob's father's Blacksmith Shop in Waratah, Newcastle.

Bob said that his father would constantly warn him and his twin brother, Dave, not to take on Buck-Jump riding in fear of seeing them end up like Dan (broken boned, stiff and saw and partly punch drunk.

Fifty years have passed since that warning and Dan is

Go to a cancer ward, talk to the nurses there,
 Mix with the patients and chat to the kids,
 You'll never hear whinges or grumbles or curses there,
 Discover how your life is not on the skids.
 For a bald headed, laughing kid, chockful of levity,
 Will prove life's for living, believe it or not,
 Though his span is limited, his life's a brevity,
 He does what he can with the bit that he's got.

When the woes of the world that you carry keep hurting you,
 When the boulder strewn path that you tramp never ends,
 When you're pleading for help and your friends are deserting you,
 Forget 'em! Those fakers were never true friends.
 When slanderers shatter your good name asunder,
 You're Australian! Remember that, no matter what!
 And they won't keep you down and they can't hold you under
 If you just do your best with the bit that you've got.

So cheer up old fellow, hey, look on the brighter side,
 Take my advice, it's cliched, but it's true.
 When you're down in the darkness, look for the lighter side,
 Somebody, somewhere, is worse off than you.
 Your circumstance presently finds you dejected,
 But others are caught in a much tighter spot,
 So leave all your worries and troubles rejected
 And just do your best with the bit that you've got.

Yeah. Just do your best with the bit that you've got!!

still going strong, riding his horse, reciting bush poetry, quite sound of mind and body with a strong handshake to boot.

Bob renewed his acquaintance with Dan when he was asked to write a tribute to Dan in recognition of his 100th birthday. One of the first things Bob asked Dan was if he knew any old poems to which, "My Oath" was the reply, quickly followed by a recital of some of his own work with the gusto of someone half his age.

Later Dan's daughter showed Bob his old diary which in Bob's words contained many "Gems".

Dan was extended an invitation to be guest poet at the next meeting; his reply, "No trouble Bob, I'll do anything I can while I'm still kickin".

In the Lawson Room, Dan was able to recall the days he spent as a Drover and his life on the road with the famous Gill Brothers travelling rodeo. - Good on ya' Dan.

BORN AN AUSSIE

by Bob Miller

Sometimes it's 'ow ya' goin', mate
 or maybe just G'day.
 An Aussie always sets you straight
 with what he's got to say.

He'll tell you "Stone the flaming crows"
 and "Bewdy bonzer" too
 In language only an Aussie knows
 fair dinkum and true blue.

His words are all really explicit
 and even a dill could see.
 You'd be a nong if you miss it
 but don't come the raw prawn with me.

You're either a bloke or a sheila
 there's very little in between
 but don't be a dobber or squealer
 as these jokers would know what I mean.

When you're raised on corn beef and damper
 and you're bought up on billy tea.
 If there's Vegemite in your hamper
 you're an Aussie, just like me.

So keep all your wits about you
 or a gutser you might come.
 You can now con the boys to shout you
 since I've just given you the drum.

If there's redbacks in your dunny
 and one bites you when it's late.
 An Aussie will tell you that's funny
 And then say "She'll be right, mate".

If you don't understand this lingo
 then a foreigner you must be.
 If you've never been chased by a dingo
 then a stranger you'd be to me.



Illiterate?
 Write today
 for free help.

CARRARA BUSH POETRY SUCCESS

Only a smattering of news has arrived regarding the inaugural Carrara Bush Poetry turnout in May.

Ellis Campbell of Dubbo won the written section with 'Marooned and Doomed' (P. 28). Ron Stevens placed second and Lyndon Baxter third.

The Champion Male Performer winning \$1,000 was John Best.

Carmel Dunn was Champion Female Performer winning \$1,000 and took out the overall Championship as well winning a trip for two to New Zealand.

Comperes for the festival were Mark Feldman and

Mark Thompson who kept things rolling along at a lively pace assisting festival host Wally Finch.

Space at this late hour restricts all the results but those to hand indicate Carmel Dunn winning all three sections in the women's performance section. John Bird, Noel Stallard, Harry Pickering, Sam Smyth, Pamela Fox, Trevor Shaw, Glori O'Brien and Mathew Hollis appeared in the winners circle for various sections with hard goers such as Jack Drake, Liz Ward, Anita Reid and John Best keeping the leaders honest. Congratulations to Wally and Mary Finch and the organizing committee for creating another feature event on the Poets Calendar.

Regular Monthly Events

New South Wales:

- 1st Tues **TUGGERAH** Lakes Poetry Group. 7 pm The Entrance Leagues Club. 3 Bay Village Rd, Bateau Bay.
Joan Johnson 02 4332 5318, Judy Stanton 02 4388 5972
- Each Tues **TWEED HEADS** Poets and Writers on the Tweed. Library Meeting Room. Lorraine Richards 07 5590 9395
- 1st Thurs **GLADESVILLE** - North by Northwest Poetry & Folk Club. Cornucopia Café. Graeme Johnson 02 9874 7653
(Grounds Old Gladesville Hospital - off Punt Rd-follow signs). Jenny Carter 02 9887 1856 or 0412 222 690
- 3rd Sat. **LIVERPOOL** Poet's 12 - 4 pm Liverpool Library - 170 George Street Liverpool. David Price 02 9825 0402
- 2nd Mon **KATOOMBA** - Parakeet's Poets - Parakeet Café - 7 pm. Katoomba St, Katoomba. Denis Kevans 02 4757 3119
- 2nd Tues **HUNTER** Bush Poets. 7 pm, Tarro Hotel, Anderson Dr, Tarro. Bob Skelton 02 4953 2751
- 2nd Wed **DORRIGO** Mountain Top Poets, 7 pm, April, June, August, October. Murray Suckling 02 6657 2139
- 2nd Thurs **TAMWORTH** Poetry Reading Grp. unit 2, 8 Illoura St, Tamworth. Keith 02 6766 4164. Maureen 02 6765 6067
- 2nd Frid **BUNDEENA** - Pheasant's Hut Folk Club - Ph. Yuri 02 9527 0955 - 0419 412 093
- 2nd Frid **COOMA** The Monaro Leisure Club - 7 pm Vale St. Cooma - Elaine 02 6454 3128
- 2nd Sat **KEMPSEY** or Port Macquarie. Hastings Macleay Bush Poets. Phone Rod 02 65813161 or Janice 02 6581 3552
- 3rd Fri **JUNEE** Bush Poetry Group. 7.30pm, Junee Community Centre. Brian Beasley PO Box 82 Junee. 02 6924 1317
- Last Tues **GRAFTON** Live Poet's Society - Roches Hotel, 7.30pm. Bill Kearns 02 6642 2772
- 4th Wed **INVERELL** Wednesday Writers, 7.30 pm, Empire Hotel. Ida Morse 02 6722 2425
- 4th Thurs **QUEANBEYAN** Bush Poets. Poet's lane, Queanbeyan. David Meyers 02 6286 1891
- 2nd last Mon **MID-COAST** Sundowners - Bush Poets meet in a private home. Reid 02 6554 9788. Phil 02 6552 6389
- Last Tues **GOSFORD** Spaghetti Poetry Group. Gee Wong Restaurant, 197 Mann St. Bob & Ester Sennett 02 4325 2590
- Last Thurs **PENRITH** Writers on the River, Caddies Coffee Shop, 2 - 3 Castlereagh St Penrith. Brian Bell 02 4739 2219
- Last Fri **KANGAROO VALLEY** Folk Music Club. Bush Poets welcome. Carl Leddy 02 4465 1621 re venue.
- Last Sat **MORISSETT** Australian Christian Writers Fellowship, Hunter Div, Morisset Baptist Church Hall, 1.30 - 4 pm.
- Every 3 months **WHALAN** Poetic Folk, 24 Finisterre Ave Whalan 2770. "Arch" Bishop 02 9625 7245

QUEENSLAND:

- Each Wed. **TOWNSVILLE** Writers - 7.30 pm Hodel Room, City Library, Thuringowa - Ph. Phil Heang 07 4773 4223
- WINTON** - Matilda Caravan Park - Pinki & her Pee Wee Poets
- 1st Thur. **MAPLETON** - Red Kettle Folk Club. Mapleton Hotel - 8.30pm Jacqueline Bridle 07 5478 6263
- 1st Sat. **EUMUNDI** Poets & Musicians - Eumundi Markets in Courtyard outside Rob's Bakery. Elizabeth 07 5449 1991
- 2nd Sat. **BUNDABERG** Poets Society 1.30 pm - Jim 07 4152 9624 - Sandy Lees 07 4151 4631 - Marilyn 07 4154 1663
- 1st & 3rd Wed. **KILCOY** gardens Motor Inn - Hope Street Kilcoy 7.30 p.m. Phone 54 971 100 (Robyn) or 54 971 458 (Pat)
- 1st & 3rd Sun. **NORTH PINE** Country Markets, 9 am Dad & Dave's Billy Tea & Damper. 07 3285 2845 - 3886 1552
- 2nd & 4th Thurs. **GYMPIE** Golden Pen Poets. Old Gympie Town Hall. 7 pm. Phil Morrison, 07 4773 4223
- 3rd Tues. **REDLANDS** Poets Society. Times vary. Aug. meeting 2pm. Sept. 7pm. Vivienne 07 38244038 - Elaine 32452114
- 3rd Sun. **WOODFORD** - Lairs, Larrikins and Liars. 10.30 am - Jalia's Café - Mark Feldman 0407 625 408 - 07 5496 1157
- 3rd. Mon. **SHORNCLIFFE** - 7.30 pm - Poets in Park - Café on Park - Anne 07 3869 1282

SOUTH AUSTRALIA

- 3rd Wed **WILUNGA** - South Australian Bush Poets. 7.30 pm, Alma Pub Long Room. Maurie O'Brien 08 8326 8788
- Last Tues **WHYALLA** Writers Group. Colby Maddigan 08 8645 1771

VICTORIA

- Monthly **CORRYONG** Top of the Murray Poets and Story Tellers Corryong - Jan Lewis 02 6077 4332
- 1st Mon **KYABRAM** Bush Poets. Every 2nd Month, Kyabram Fauna Park, 7.30 pm. Mick Coventry 03 5852 2097
- 6 weekly, **GIPPSLAND** Bush Poets. Rosedale Hotel, 7.30 pm. Dennis Carstairs 03 5145 6128

WESTERN AUSTRALIA

- 1st Fri **CANNING BRIDGE** - WA Bush Poets & Yarnspinners, 7.30 pm, Raffles Hotel -
Michelle Sorrell 08 9367 4963 mailto:msorrell@iinet.net.au

Last Thursdays. **MARGARET RIVER**. 7pm at the Community Centre. Ph. Brian Gale 08 9757 2431

REGULAR EVENTS WILL BE LISTED ABOVE ON RECEIPT OF DETAILS. PLEASE ADVISE ANY CHANGES.

Limerick:


There once was a writer named Wright
Who instructed his son to write right.
He said, "Son, write Wright right.
It's not right to write Wright
As 'rite' - try to write Wright all right!"

A blonde found wearing one
green and one red stocking
said she had another pair at
home exactly the same.

Teacher to pupil: *I've told
you a million times not to ex-
aggerate.*

**NOTICE:
NO FURTHER
ADVERTISEMENTS WILL
BE ACCEPTED FOR THE
BOOK SHELF UNTIL
FURTHER NOTICE.**

Product Shelf . . .

<p>"CAVIN' IN" by Dan Thompson 72 pages - 24 Poems to MAKE YOU LAUGH MAKE YOU CRY MAKE YOU THINK \$11.50 each posted Dan Thompson 97 Ring Road Rupertwood Townsville Q. 4817 Ph. 07 4788 8750 mailto:dtect@bigpond.com</p>	<p>NEW RELEASE 'SHADOWS OF YESTERYEAR' <i>42 Prize-winning poems</i> by ELLIS CAMPBELL Also. . . 'THE GLOSS OF BUSH' <i>53 Prize-Winning poems</i> Each Book \$10 plus \$2 p.p. ELLIS CAMPBELL 1 Lawson St, DUBBO, NSW, 2830 (See page 13) 10/02</p>	<p>Have you written a collection of poems and would like to have them published in book form - but only need a few copies?</p>  <p>may be the answer!</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Effective A5 booklet size • 4 to 80 pages plus a premium cover • 1 to 100 copies (or more) • Colour and/or Black & White Print • Designed to your specifications <p>For more information, please call Jeanette Doyle 02 4652 7676</p>
<p>Joe from Jumbuck an eponymous Gippsland Character BUSH VERSE & NARRATIVE \$11.20 posted By Des Bennett P.O. Box 466 Morwell V. 3840</p>	<p>'TOUGH COUNTRY BUSH BALLADS By Kevin Magher Tall Tales and True in Verse from the Shearing Sheds of the Riverina including The Pommy Engineer and the Great Wombat Muster \$17.50 posted Kevin Magher 5 Algol Crt Ocean Grove 3226 03 5255 1868 - 03 9742 2649 8/02</p>	<p>AUSTRALIAN BUSH POETRY WITH TRISHA ANDERSON Finalist - Australian Bush Laureate Awards Album of the Year 2001 Cassette \$15.00 + \$2.50 posted. Trisha Anderson 113 Manson Road Hendra - Brisbane Qld. 4011 Ph/fax. 07 3268 3624</p>
<p>POOR OLD GRANDAD Book of Verse & Nonsense By Grahame 'Skew Wiff' Watt \$17.50 posted Grahame Watt 4 Bond Street Kyabram Vic. Ph. 03 5852 2084 8/02</p>	<p>HURRY LIMITED EDITION 'PALMA ROSA LIVE' CD Finalist - Australian Bush Laureate Awards Album of the Year - 2002 This double CD is available through the English Speaking Union \$33.50 (including postage) PALMA ROSA P.O. Box 1 Lutwyche 4030 Featured artists - Trisha Anderson - Carmel Dunn - Graham Fredriksen - Wally Finch Billy Hay - Anita Hendrie - George Lovejoy Bobby Miller - Stuart Nivison - Anita Reid Glenny Palmer - Noel Stallard Ron Selby - Robert Raftery Milton Taylor - Mark Tempamy</p>	<p>"DINKUM POETRY" New CD and Book by JACK DRAKE plus "Cattle Dogs Revenge" CD's \$ 22.00 each posted Books: \$11.00 each posted 'Dinkum Poetry' 'Duck for Cover' 'Still Ducking' 'The Saga of the Dog' JACK DRAKE - P.O. Box 414 STANTHORPE Q 4830 Ph. 07 4683 1769 Jdrake@halenet.com.au /02</p>

POET'S CALENDAR

- July 31 Closing date. **SHORT STORY COMPETITION**. Entry fee \$6 per entry. Outback Australian Theme. SSAE Toowoomba Anthology Group. C/- Don Talbot, 2 Annie Close, Toowoomba Qld. 4350.
- Aug. 5/11 **MT. ISA QLD**. There is the possibility of Poets' Breakfasts being held in Mount Isa during the week-long Mount Isa Rotary Rodeo Festival. Interested? Contact Veronica Weal 0747 435856.
- August 10 Go Bush at **WARIALDA NSW** with Marion Fitzgerald, Ray Essery, Noel Stallard and Double-Decker Dave.
- August 15 Closing date for **'The Wedding Gift'** written competition – (see page 4) SSAE to: Carol Stratford and Doug Hutcheson, 10 Sylvania Street Logan Central QLD 4114 Ph / Fax (07) 3209 3720
- Aug 16/18 **NORTH PINE Bush Poetry Festival**. Camp Oven Bush Poetry Competition North Pine Brisbane Q. \$2,500 prizemoney plus trophies. SSAE Sec. P.O. Box 131 Arana Hills 4054
- Aug 25 **TWEED HEADS**. 5th Annual Poets on the Tweed Brekkie to aid 'Kids in Need'. Civic Centre. 7.30am. Competition in two sections. \$300 plus trophies. Entries close 18th August. Contact. Lorraine Richards. 07 5590 9395 20 Scenic Dr. Bilambil Heights NSW 2486
- Aug 30 Closing date. **Coo-ee Festival GILGANDRA NSW**. Written Competition. Section 1. Coo-ee March Theme. Sec. 2. Outback.. Sec. 3 Humorous. Sec. 4 Open. Sec. 5. Open High School Students. Sec. 6 Open Primary Students. Entry fee \$5 per adults per poem. \$2.50 Students. SSAE to Coo-ee March Competition PO Box 171 Gilgandra NSW 2827. Ph 6847 1248 Fx 6847 1292
- Sept. 7 - 8 Kempsey Bush Poets Breakfast and Aussie Humour Show. (See p. 14) Bookings 02 6562 2937
- Oct. 7 Closing date. Dingo Australia & U3A Dalby Inc. Writing Competition - Year of the Outback theme. Short story & Poetry competition. SSAE to The Convener U3A Dalby Inc. Writing Competition. P.O. Box 961 Dalby 4405
- Oct. 12/13 **VICTORIAN BUSH POETRY STATE CHAMPIONSHIPS** - Stratford Victoria. Gippsland Writers Festival. Open Original & Traditional. Junior Sections (under 16yrs)
- October 13 Mid-Coast Sundowners Bush Poets BBQ Breakfast. Open mike Session **Forster** Memorial Services Club 8am. in conjunction with the Great Lakes Junior Written Poetry Competition presentations. Ph. 02 6558 9788
- October 31 Closing date. Australian **BUSH LAUREATE AWARDS** —
- Nov. 9 - 10 **DORRIGO Mountain Top Gathering**. (See p. 14) Bush Poets Breakfasts and more featuring Russell Churcher. Breakfast bookings essential. Ph. 02 6657 2016. Further information - Murray Suckling 02 6657 2139
- Dec 1. Mid North Coast NSW Bush Poets Xmas Get-together. 12 noon at Sam Smyth's home. 242 Old Station Road, East Kempsey. Enq. 02 6562 6861
- Dec. 6-7-8 **YOUNG NSW CHERRY FESTIVAL**. Open Performance Poetry Competition. \$1,200 PRIZEMONEY. Entries close Nov. 6. Ph Greg Broderick 02 6382 3883
- Dec. 28. **WOODFORD FOLK FESTIVAL**.
- Dec. 18-Jan1 / 03 **GULGONG Folk Festival**. Australian Bush Poetry, Yarn-spinning, workshops, music, dance. Contact Bob Campbell 02 6373 4600 Di O'Mara 6374 4600 ncompton@hwy.com.au
- 2003 Dates -**
- Jan. 18—26 **TAMWORTH Country Music Festival**. Bush Poetry groups need to advertise next 2 issues. *Rhonda 1/9.*
- Feb. 1-2 Elmslea Homestead **Bungendore NSW**. Poets Breakfast.
- Feb 14-16 **BOYUP BROOK W.A.** Annual Festival. Poets Breakfasts etc. Ph. Brian Gale 08 9757 2431
- March 9 Claiming the date. **Wauchope Bush Poets** Competition - Hastings MacLeay Bush Poets Group, Port McQuarie NSW - Contact Jan Downes 02 6581 3552. Email cut_downes@hotmail.com or Rod Worthing - 02 6581 3161
- March 14-17 **Narrandera NSW John O'Brien Bush Festival**.
- March **O'MARA's HIGH COUNTRY POETS**, Stanthorpe. Claiming the date. Leaflets & entryforms out in October
- 14 - 16 2003 Contact Jack Drake ph 07 46837169. jdrake@halenet.com.au
- March 28-30 **DUNEDOO NSW 'Great Dunny Classic'** Claiming the date. Contact Sue Stoddart 02 6375 1975
- April 20 / 03 Nambucca Heads Poets Breakfast. 8am at the Bowlo. Feature poet TBA. Enq. Maureen 02 6568 5269
- April 25 - 27 **MARTIS CANOWINDRDA BALLOON FIESTA**. Details later.
- ENTRIES IN THE BUSH POETS CALENDAR ARE POSTED FREE OF CHARGE. MAKE SURE YOUR FESTIVAL IS LISTED..

QANTAS - WALTZING MATILDA BUSH POETRY COMPETITION RESULTS

BRONZE SWAGMAN AWARD

Grahame Frederiksen, Kilcoy Q. 'Repossession'
Runner-up Don Adams New Zealand. 'An Easy Way to Die
or Kill'

Qantas Waltzing Matilda Championships

Male 1st. Milton Taylor, Portland NSW

2nd. John Best, Whiteside Qld.

Female: 1st. Carmel Dunn, Warwick Qld.

2nd. Jennifer Haig, via Mt. Isa Qld.

Christina McPherson Novice Awards.

Male 1st. Robert Soward, Falls Creek NSW

2nd. Brian Perren, Murrumba Downs Qld.

Female 1st. Louise McKerron, Longreach Qld.

2nd. Debbie Offner, Falls Creek NSW

Australian Yarn-spinning Championships

Junior (20-50 yrs) Marco Giori, Warwick Qld.

2nd. Merv. Webster. Bargara Qld.

3rd. Jillian Burnett, Falls Creek NSW

Senior (50-70) John Rennick, Forbes NSW

2nd. Milton Taylor, Portland NSW

3rd. Grahame Dean, Winton Qld.

Masters (over 70) Rusty Christensen, Ardross, WA

2nd. Bill Hay, Brisbane Qld.

3rd. Geoff Grundy, Kenmore Hills Qld.

Clover Nolan Awards Primary School students

1st. Anna Ferguson, L.S.O.D.E

2nd. Emily McIntosh, L.S.O.D.E.

Secondary School Students

1st. Sunny Mutton, Winton State School.

2nd. Julie Rayment, Winton State School.

Little Swaggies Awards. Primary - Years 4-7.

1st. Lorrae Charles, Cambooya SS.

2nd. Mathew Horton, Christian Outreach College Brisbane.

3rd. Ashleigh Moulds, St. Saviours College, Toowoomba.

Secondary - Years 8-12.

1st. Carmen Roberts, All Souls St. Gabriels, Charters Towers.

2nd. Cherie Charles, St. Saviours College, Toowoomba.

3rd. Emily Carter, All Souls St. Gabriels, Charters Towers.

Junior Encouragement Award, sponsored by Bob and Sandra Miller for a junior competitor between ages 10-17 years went to Carly Bambrick of Winton State School.

GRACE BEFORE MEALS

A woman invited some people over for dinner.
After serving the meal at the table she turned to her
six-year-old daughter and said, "Would you like to
say the blessing?"

The girl replied, "I wouldn't know what to say."

"Just say what you heard Mummy say," said the mother.

The daughter bowed her head and said, "Lord, why on earth
did I invite all these people to dinner?"



POETS' PICNIC

The Wollondilly Regional FAW will be
conducting a poets picnic at the Wirrim-
birra Native Sanctuary on the Old Hume
Highway at Bargo NSW (Just past Picton)
from 11am on Sunday 27th October 2002.

Entry is free, bring along a picnic lunch
or make use of refreshments available.
There is plenty of sheltered seating, coffee
shop and barbeque facilities. Performers
are welcome to read their own poetry or
work by their favourite poet. Come along
and have a great day out with fellow writ-
ers and poets - last year's picnic was a huge
success. ALL WELCOME

**FAW Wollondilly Regional -
Vince Morrison. Ph. 02 4684 1704**

FAW WOLLONDILLY 2002 Literary Competition

SHORT STORY:

Open theme to 2,500 words

TRADITIONAL RHYMING POETRY:

Open Theme to 80 lines

FREE VERSE POETRY:

Open them to 60 lines

First - \$200.00 — Second \$100.00

(plus personalised reproductions of the winning
manuscripts)

Plus Highly Commended
& Commended Certificates

Results and First Prize winning entries
will be published in

Writers Voice Magazine

Awards will be presented at the

Annual Poets' Picnic

Wirrimbirra Sanctuary,

Sunday, October 27, 2002.

Entry Fee: \$5.00 per entry

NO ENTRY FORM REQUIRED

Conditions of entry. Normal competition con-
ditions apply. Entries must not have been pub-
lished or have won a cash prize in any other
competition prior to August 30, 2002.

Authors details etc on separate cover sheet.

Enq. 02 4632 7676 - 02 4684 1704

Mailto:jdoyle@hn.ozemail.com.au

Send entries and payments to

Competition Secretary PO Box 58,

Douglas Park NSW 2569

CLOSING DATE: AUGUST 30, 2002

(Paid advert.)

MAROONED & DOOMED

© Ellis Campbell. Dubbo

(Winner written competition Carrara, Qld. 2002)

The river broke its banks last week, a surging gush of froth;
marooned are we inside our huts - a scene of snarling wrath.
The cartons now are empty of the soothing beer they held;
the presser's swigging metho, still and all last night he yelled.
The tucker is in short supply, except for johnny cakes -
as hard as rocks and blue with mould like Rusty always bakes.

The blow flies and mosquitoes swarm in thousands with the flood,
the woolly sheep are water logged and plagued with black soil mud.
The mustering has ceased, of course, and half the sheep might die
before the shearing starts again and do you wonder why
withdrawal symptoms wreck our lives without a drop of grog
and every time we turn around we see a bloody frog?

The water spreads across the plain, a creeping fetid brown
and strewn debris lines fence and tree to rot when floods go down.
The wireless station's washed away and no one's got TV;
we've read the jam tin labels twice to save our sanity.
At maddening pace the days creep past, beneath a leaden sky;
the dogs all lick his shadow when our greasy cook goes by.

A frantic rouseabout went mad and tried to swim to town;
we won't know if he's made it till the water's all run down
The classer's in the horrors, drinking metho and vanilla;
a tiger snake who beat the floods is hiding in our chiller.
The storm clouds gather once again and thunder rumbles low;
the frogs' rejoicing croaks are joined by carking of a crow.

And boredom is the idle's curse, for all we know is work -
we're mighty short of patience now and wish we were in Bourke,
to sit around a polished bar and drink an amber ale;
and chat the red haired barmaid up with some outlandish tale.
And place a bet with T.A.B. upon the Dapto dogs;
instead we stare like loony steers and listen to the frogs.

I thought I'd write a letter, but I haven't got a stamp;
and anyway the mailman's bogged ten miles beyond our camp.
The water's flowing past my bed because of faulty plumbing;
the only music heard round here's mosquito's constant humming.
I'll give up shearing, mark my word, in these outlandish places;
a water-logged excuse for hell chock full of psycho cases!



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