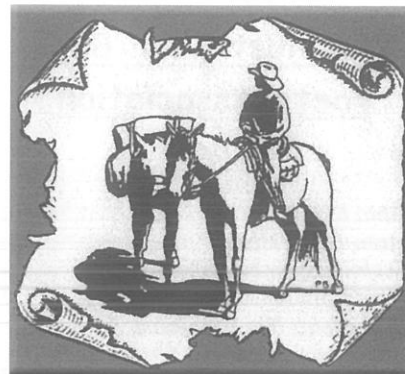


The Australian Bush Poets Association Inc.

NEWSLETTER

Volume 13 No. 2

April - May 2006



THE NURSES

The usual image of Gallipoli for most Australians is that of Australian soldiers landing at Anzac Cove on 25th April 1915 and charging up the steep and barren slopes under heavy fire from the Turks.

How many of us ever consider or appreciate the Australian Nurses on that very same day attending hundreds of battered and bloodied men on the decks and in the confined wards of a hospital ship.

Wounded men were ferried out to the 'Gascon' lying off Anzac Cove where doctors, nurses and orderlies attended them.

Among them was Sister Ella Tucker AANNS (pictured) who wrote:- 'The wounded from the landing commenced to come on board at 9 am and poured into the ship's wards from barges and boats. The majority still had on their field dressing and a number of these were soaked through. Two orderlies cut off the patient's clothes and I started immediately with dressings. There were 76 patients in my ward and I did not finish until 2 am'.

(Ella Tucker, in *Barker, Nightingales in the Mud*, p.30.)

In keeping with ABPA Newsletter tradition the April edition always publishes poetry relative to Anzacs Day and those who served their country during times of war.

ANZAC DAY SIGNIFICANCE

The Anzac tradition - the ideals of courage, endurance and mateship that are still relevant today was established on 25 April 1915 when the Australian and New Zealand Army Corps landed on the Gallipoli Peninsula.

It was the start of a campaign that lasted eight months and resulted in some 25,000 Australian casualties, including 8,700 who were killed or died of wounds or disease.

The men who served on the Gallipoli Peninsula created a legend, adding the word 'Anzac' to the Australian and New Zealand vocabularies and creating the notion of the Anzac spirit.

In 1916, the first anniversary of the landing was observed in Australia, New Zealand and England and by

troops in Egypt. That year, 25 April was officially named 'Anzac Day' by the Acting Prime Minister, George Pearce.

By the 1920s, Anzac Day ceremonies were held throughout Australia. All States had designated Anzac Day as a public holiday. Commemoration of Anzac Day continued throughout the 1930s and 1940s with World War II veterans joining parades around the country. In the ensuing decades returned servicemen and women from the conflicts in Malaya, Indonesia, Korea and Vietnam, veterans from allied countries and peacekeepers joined the parades.

During the 1960s and 1970s the number of people attending Anzac Day marches fell as Australians questioned the relevance of Anzac Day. However, in the 1990s there was a resurgence of interest in Anzac Day, with attendances, particularly by young people, increasing across Australia and with many making the pilgrimage to the Gallipoli Peninsula to attend the Dawn Service.

Source: Department of Veterans' Affairs

John O'Brien Bush Festival

ANZAC TRIBUTE

The Tribute to the Anzacs became part of the John O'Brien Bush Festival after local administrator Terry Lawrence realised that a Tribute to our servicemen and women would find an appreciative audience within the festival. The growing crowd at the Tribute each year has proved him right over and over. The Narrandera festival committee sincerely thanks Terry for putting his efforts behind his town and the festival.

The Narrandera Tribute, held in Memorial Park since 2000, is coordinated and compered by Frank Daniel with invited guest poets and musicians

remembering the Anzacs in both poetry and song. Always a crowd favourite, the 2006 celebration was by far the largest and most successful to date with compliments coming thick and fast.

Mary Sutcliffe and Joan Graham, two Narrandera women, who have contributed their substantial talent to the festival program for some years now, opened the celebration with a number of songs from the war era.

Ex-servicemen poets, John Best (RAAF - Malaya 58-60) and Vic Jeffries (RAAF 9 Division Helicopters - Vietnam 67-69) were joined by Lisa Quast, Chloe and Jason Roweth, (Us Not Them), balladeers George Royter and Des Kelly and the children's choir from Narrandera Public School led by Barbara Bryon.

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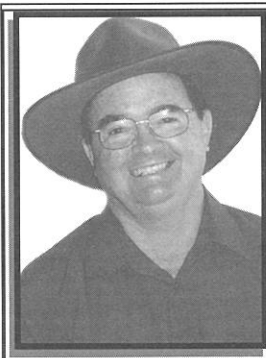
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The Australian Bush Poets Association Inc Newsletter is set-up, published and posted direct to subscribers bi-monthly by the ABPA Inc.

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

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



PRESIDENT'S REPORT

Dear Members,

Thank you for the privilege of being your President for 2006.

On my own and your behalf I wish to sincerely thank Frank Daniel for the outstanding dedication, application and growth he has achieved for the ABPA over his ten years as President.

It seemed providential that Frank had decided to step down from this role before his minor stroke. Too often we take people for granted and expect them to carry the burdens of office indefinitely. We hope the relinquishing of the President's role will lighten his load and Frank's good health returns. We are grateful that Frank is our Vice President and has generously agreed to continue as Editor of the Newsletter which continues to be the Flagship of the Association.

Sincere thanks also goes to our committee members. Ed Parmenter and his right hand Marg who fulfil all those tasks required of the Secretary; Marie Smith our Treasurer whose financial report is included in this newsletter; Milton Taylor for his work as Vice President for the past three years and to Dennis Carstairs and Ron Liekefett for their contributions to the committee. I have a great team to work with.

I am no "new broom", as Frank has left no dirt that needs to be swept clean. But I do have a few goals I would like to achieve over the next twelve months. A significant increase in membership is one and the other, the continuing upgrade of our Newsletter.

We need the former to achieve the latter. Increase in membership is not the sole responsibility of the President. This will only be achieved if you, our current members, encourage audiences and work mates to join.

To assist the members the AGM agreed to produce "flyers" that would be designed to have membership details on one side and some appealing slogan on the other. These would be dispatched to bush poet groups for distribution at functions and festivals.

We are your committee and I hope you will contact us to let us know what direction you think we should be heading. I look forward to your suggestions.

With gratitude,

Dear all,

thank you so much for the great number of letters, emails, cards and phone calls wishing me a speedy recovery from the slight stroke that I had just after Christmas.

News certainly travelled fast, far and wide and I'm pleased to say that I'm well and truly on the mend. The Doctor said I need rest, whatever that is, and he won't let me ride my horse (something about balance). Goodony'zall,

Frank.



Quick, fast communication between members and the Association is always important.

There has been a number of times where it was found that messages of importance, when emailed to members, were returned as non-deliverable. Would all members please assist the editor in compiling and updating a new data base by forwarding their current internet details to this address: fda70930@bigpond.net.au

Be assured, your privacy will be respected. Your details will not be passed on to others.

Frank Daniel

John O'Brien Bush Festival NARRANDERA NSW

Thousands of people crammed Narrandera's main street as the John O'Brien Heritage Street Parade moved along East Street led by the Kapooka Army Band, a festival first, and just one more of the highlights of the celebrations. It was by far the largest parade in the history of the festival.

The John O'Brien Bush Festival was again a great success attracting an estimated 6000 people to the parade, the street concerts and other continuous entertainment.

"We'll all be back" said so many of the visitors, "It's absolutely the best bush festival in the country."

Congratulations to Festival coordinator Mrs. Julie Briggs and her band of volunteers for the smooth running of this multi award-winning festival.

Mrs. Briggs said that new festival face, Gregory North, was by far the most popular with full-house signs and a long standing ovation from his appreciative audience. Marge Anslow

was another favourite with her Pam Ayres presentation.

The Country First Credit Union bush poetry performance competition was won by Lisa Quast of Narrandera followed by Garry Lowe of Berkeley Vale and Gregory North of Linden.

Another highlight was the new event 'Melodies Beneath the Moonlight' attended by over three hundred people at the Racecourse.

The non-stop programme saw valued entertainment from Geoffrey Graham, Noel Stallard, Bob Magor, Andrew Hull and Tonchi, Jo Hicks, the Kioloa Harp Ensemble, Frank Daniel, George Royter, Des Kelly, the Canberra Celtic Choir, the Irish Trio (Paddy and Glori O'Brien) and the Celtic Larrikins. Popular duo Chloe and Jason Roweth (Us Not Them) made several appearances during the festival, while the Swag and Billy Band kept revellers on their toes at the Sandigo Hall's Bush Dance.

Pictured below is the Narrandera Public School Choir, coordinated by Barbara Bryon, singing at the Saturday morning Anzac Tribute.



Cobargo Folk Festival is one of the best little festivals in Australia- probably the world if the truth be known. This year it was held over the weekend of 24th - 26th February and the poets were out in force with two Poets Breakfasts being held.

The Saturday Breakfast was admirably hosted by Vic Jeffries and featured some great writers and reciters including John Dengate, Barry Lake, Camp-

bell the Swaggie, Zondrae King, Lennie Morris and a swag of others. What was interesting was that four people made their Poets' Breakfast debut and were accorded the traditional standing ovation by the 100 odd people in the tent.

The Sunday Concert was the Cec Cox Memorial Poets breakfast hosted by Russell Hannah. Cec was a founding member of the Yuin Folk Club and the Cobargo Festival who sadly died of cancer last year.

He was also a keen follower of bush poetry and the number one member of the 'Blue the Shearer Fan Club'. Blue the Shearer, who couldn't be there sent down a written eulogy and a copy of his poem, 'Peter Possum' which he wrote for Cec a couple of weeks before he

QUEENSLAND BUSH POETRY CHAMPIONSHIPS



The Beaudesert Country and Horse Festival will be celebrating its tenth anniversary from 9th - 18th June.

The theme for this year will be 'Bushrangers'.

On the Queens Birthday Long Weekend (June 10th, 11th and 12th) they will be conducting the Queensland State Bush Poetry Championships.

On Saturday 10th June a gathering 'Around the Campfire' will be held at 'Fairy Meade', home property of Alan and Glenly Palmer. Admission is five bucks and a lot of fun is guaranteed - all you have to do is bring yourself, bring your own and bring a chair. There'll be a one-minute comp, music and song as well as poetry and an informal workshop on presentation.

Sun 11th June will kick off with a Poets Breakfast followed by heats of the competitions, an evening Concert with supper hosted by Marco Giori and Carol Heuchan with Paul Ensbey and others.

The Monday of the weekend will see another poets breakfast, the completion of the competitions then the presentation of the 'Golden Horseshoe' written awards and the performance awards.

All events apart from the campfire on the Saturday night will be held at the Woodhill Country Hall on Mt. Lindesay Highway, half way between Jimboomba and Beaudesert. Camping is available at the hall - \$10.00 for the weekend.

Performers are encouraged to submit entries early to ensure acceptance, but close on May 10th. Late entries will be accepted if any spots are available.

Entries for 'The Golden Horseshoe' Written Awards close on Wednesday May 10th. There will be a special award for entries in both the Junior and Adult classes for entries based on a Bushranger Theme, with the Alison Lingard Patron's Award and Trophy

cont'd page 9

died and was read by Cec's mate Lennie Morris.

Lennie also did a rendition of Blues poem 'Whingin' which milked every last drop of humour (and there's plenty in it) from it.

Cec's widow Pat and Daughter Sue were on hand and the tent was full.

Congratulations to all the organisers of the Festival, particularly Coral and Graeme Vorbach.

Bigruss

*(I once found a poem that
went something like this.
Joe)*



'A beautiful cat'
said our Pommie guest
as he stroked old fur-balls side.
'What do you feed him, if I may ask?'
'Beef heart,' my mother replied.

'Sounds frightfully insubstantial'
Quoth the English gent,
'Unless, of course, the bee was huge,
and extremely flatulent!'

DISINFECTED

© Suzanne Honour Q.

A fly from off the garbage can
lands on my kitchen bench
and leaves behind the legacy
it picked up in the stench

of germs and decomposing meat,
fish heads and rotting fruit,
from faeces of the dog next door
and other things enroute.

It bites a bit of biscuit,
crawls on a coffee cup,
and even leaves its tawdry trail
on my clean washing up.

I've scrubbed and disinfected,
I've swept and washed the floor,
so next time when you come inside
PLEASE SHUT
THE BLOODY DOOR!

I found this treasure in an op shop, years
ago. The author is unknown, and it is beau-
tifully presented on one of those little
painted metal pictures, that stand like a
photo.

Glenny Palmer

PRAYER OF A SOLDIER'S MOTHER

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

ROSS MAGNAY

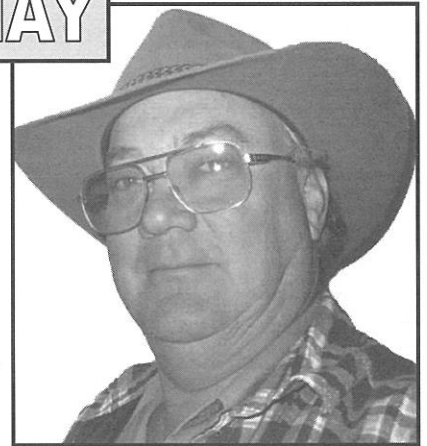
Ross Magnay is from Alice
Springs in the Northern Territory.
Ross was born in the Riverland of
South Australia and later moved to
the outback at Budkleboo on the
Northern Eyre Peninsula on a wheat,
sheep and cattle property.

After his schooling he became an
apprentice electrician, a trade which
took him all over the outback of
South Australia, New South Wales,
Queensland, parts of Western Austra-
lia and a large area of the Northern
Territory.

Ross has also been a truckie, an
opal miner, worked as an electrician
in the mining industry, worked in a
pub, worked on farms and anything
else that would make a few 'bob'.
He has lived in the Territory for the
past ten years and is still self-
employed, based in Alice Springs as
an electrician.

Ross has published one book with
illustrations by Teresa Ramsey. It's
called " 'Course I'm Bloody Dinkum' "

Of the following poem Ross says;
"I wrote this poem in the late eight-



ies. Vic Haines, 'Smokey', was a
prisoner of war on the Burma rail-
way, he never spoke of it to me but
many people reckon he was a hero,
he and some of his mates stole food
from the Japs to feed the weaker
mates, and they used to sneak out
and shift the pegs that indicated how
far they had to go the next day, they
say but for Smokey and his mates
many more POW's would have per-
ished. I alway admired him and
though I was out bush when he died,
I am proud to say that someone read
this poem at his graveside."

SMOKEY

© Ross Magnay - Alice Springs

Every town has got one, or at least they 'proably had,
A hero just like this one, he may even be your Dad.
But our town's got old Smokey, a hero so they say,
And they reckon but for Smokey, there'd be less of us today.

And though his legs are weakened, and he walks inside a frame,
His heart and spirit still intact, his mind is still the same.
Though the years creep up on Smokey, on this hardened little bloke,
When 'ere you talk to Smokey, you will always get a joke.

But Smokey wears no medals, and he makes no claim to fame,
And if he makes one hundred, he'll still be just the same.
But I often think of Smokey, just what goes through his mind,
About the Burma railway, and the blokes he left behind.

The blokes that he came home with, the blokes so frail and sick,
That's why I reckon Smokey, is such a good old stick.
So listen you do-gooders that knock blokes who went to war,
For we will never really know, the things they did or saw.

They went and fought for us you know, and we should really care,
That because of blokes like Smokey,
we can breathe AUSTRALIAN air!

ERROR In the February newsletter Gabby Colquhoun was listed as one
of the newly elected executive of the ABPA.
It should have read Margaret Parmenter.

Sorry Margaret, my mistake, Joe.

This poem is in no way directed at all absentee fathers. There are always two sides to a story and many times the shoe is on the other foot. However, even with no blame, a divorce is like a rock hitting the water - the initial disturbance is just the beginning. The ripples go on...

Why?

© Carol Heuchan 2006

Winner: Blackened Billy Verse Competition 2006

Peels of glee and joyous laughter, to remember ever after,
shrieks of sheer unbridled gladness stirred the stillness of the dawn.

Loving hugs and lots of kisses were a token of the blisses
of a country and the suburbs on an Aussie Christmas morn.
Brand new bikes and dolls in prams, the scent of baking
chooks and hams,
solid symbols of the season passed our curtains, tightly
drawn.

Water sprinklers in the heat and cricket matches in the street —
but for someone else's family, while I stood aside, forlorn.

They had celebrations, formal, while my life went on as
'normal',
for without you, Dad, a Christmas isn't one I recommend.
As the Yuletide gala ended, then it seemed my heart was
mended,
till the birthdays - when I waited, by the mailbox, days on
end.
Sifting through the cards of others and the mounting bills of
Mother's,
a reality was dawning - one I'd never comprehend.
Since the first day of your leaving, I have waited, ever
grieving,
for the letter or the present that you never seemed to send.

Did you know how much you hurt me? Oh, Dad, why did
you desert me?

Was your newfound world so precious that you traded it for
me?

What did I do wrong, I've wondered. Wish I knew just
where I blundered.

Are there any explanations for such immorality?

Was it my behaving badly made you pack your bags so
gladly?

Well, if that's the case, I tell you, I have surely paid the fee.
There's an image ever daunting, thoughts of you forever
haunting.

You imagined I'd forget you, but my heart is never free.

I have shed my share of cruel tears in the loneliness of
school years.

Was there never any moment, in your life, you couldn't
spare?

At the Parent/Teacher meetings, other children beamed their
greetings,
while I vainly made up stories to explain why you weren't
there.

While you dined with bib and tucker, in your high life,
proud and 'pucker',
we were fighting destitution. Were you ever once aware?
Through the sickness and the bad times, even through the
good and glad times,
I would try to be forgiving for the absence of your care.

It was never much I needed, but the pleas remained un-
heeded.

Now the time has come to face it, so I say a last goodbye.
To walk away was not the crime - I know it happens all the
time.

But the way you did it, Father, that indifference I decry.
I will put it to you squarely. You just did not treat us fairly.
But although you turned your back, Dad, I will love you till
I die.

It is time for me to own up. I can cope, now I'm a grown-
up, but I wish I'd had the courage, long ago, to ask you -
why?

ANOTHER TASTE OF COUNTRY HARDEN NSW

Harden-Murrumburrah will again
come to life with its Taste of Country
Festival from October 13th to 21st.

Along with the normal festival ac-

tivities will be the Open Bush Poetry
competition and bush poets dinner to
be held in the revitalized Mechanics
Institute on Saturday 21st October.

Entries will be limited to the first
twenty with \$1,000.00 prize-money
paying five places.

No entry forms are needed and early -

birds can nominate for the competition
with payment of their \$10.00 entry fees
by writing to Mrs. Connie MacFadyen
at the Arts Council PO Box 205
HARDEN 2587

Further information will be available
in the June issue of the Newsletter.



ABPA Inc. BADGE

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It's the size of a penny - It looks great -

Only \$5 pp

Send payment to the

Secretary - ABPA Inc. Ed Parmenter
1 Avenue St. Coffs Harbour NSW 2450

PRO TANTO... FOR SO MUCH

© D.G. Adams (NZ) March 1998

The 'Last Post' sounded, sad but sweet, across the Dawn Parade.

A solemn stillness held us all as that lone bugle played. But while I watched I wondered, in the dark before the dawn,

'Why me? When World War Two was on, I wasn't even born!'

Our high school motto had been read, a quote made every year:

'Pro Tanto Quid Retribuamus'. What's that mean, I hear? 'For So Much What Shall We Repay?'. It is, I've heard it said,

A question we should ask ourselves as we salute the dead. The Diggers stood, remembering, but me, my mind was lit By fantasies of fame and glory. But, I must admit, Quite soon my thoughts were only of the holiday ahead.

The footie's on. I'll go to that and give my side a cheer, Pick up my mates and head for town; there's more fun there than here.

I mean to say, for ages now, that's what the day's been for. Let's face it, eh? We've been a while without a dinkum war. So off I went and cheered my team. The next stop was the pub;

A game of pool, a beer and laughs, more drinks and then some grub.

A party's where we ended up and, boy, I danced a heap. Then, finally, I staggered home and soon was fast asleep. Until- I woke, quite startled, in the darkest hour of night; A soldier stood before me bathed in some unearthly light Which served to show the wounds he carried, ragged, red and deep.

His voice, a chilling whisper, made me stare at him in awe. 'A holiday, is that it? Don't we matter any more?

You think that war means glory? Well, believe me, that's not true.

Oh yes, we praised the 'ribboned coats' but, like the rest, they knew

The truth which was the trenches, the torpedoes and the flak, The beri-beri, dysentery, the sniper by the track.

You watch your mates shot, ripped to bits, and then, that final fear:

You heard the whispered voice of Death, that only you could hear.

Our young green lives were ended though they'd barely come to bud.

In freezing seas, in smoke-filled skies, and rotting jungle mud

We died- and where's the glory then? The dead don't stand and cheer.

Bewildered, I asked, 'Who are you? What are you? Where're you from?'

'From beaches on Gallipoli, from Flanders, and the Somme. And then, a generation on, in Crete, El Alamein, And all the places where we fell, to never rise again. We're countrymen of yours, my boy, who died where we had fought.

We didn't share our children's smiles, our lives were far too short.

You see me stand before you. Listen now to what I say:

I am their Spirit, risen up, to speak for them today.

Those eager men who left our shores and went to war with pride

And showed such courage. Now are they, by you, to be denied?

'Pro Tanto- For So Much' Indeed. What noble words you say!'

I listened, and I felt ashamed. How shallow I had been! Through him I felt them suffer; guessed the horrors they had seen.

It's been the same through centuries. So many young men slain

While marching to some trumpet call, and most have died in vain.

He carried on, 'Now hear me out. Grief doesn't really care Which creed you hold, what flag you wave, the colours that you wear.

For someone, somewhere, feels each death. So this I say to you:

It's wars that make wars! Can't you see? It's peace you must pursue.

If not, then we will say to you, both friend and foe as well, That there will be more death, more grief, more graves, more waste, more hell.

Don't let us die in vain!' He cried, and faded from my view.

Brave Spirit of the Anzac, hear us now as we reply:

Across our land no clouds of war will ever blot the sky.

The Southern Star has risen, and the Cross is riding high.

They shine in peace, will shine for peace- and ease you where you lie.

"Pro Tanto- 'For So Much'- we shall repay our debt to you.

SA BUSH POETRY CHAMPIONSHIPS

The South Australian Bush Poetry Championships will be conducted at Barmera, SA on Saturday 10th June.

It will be an Open Bush Poetry Competition for Australian Verse having good rhyme and meter, with the winner taking all the prize-money.

The results will be decided over three sections, Classical Bush Poetry,

Original Serious and Original Humorous.

Poets entering in all three sections will be eligible to win (a.) The South Australian Bush Poetry Champion title (SA residents only) and (b.) the title of Champion of Champions and the total cash pool.

The SA Champion will win a trophy and certificate. Certificates will be awarded to all section winners and place-getters.

The deadline for Performance entries including payment is Monday 29th May 2006.

SSAE for entry forms to the Secretary, SA Bush Poets, 23 Frances Street, Morphett Vale, SA. 5162

Entries for the SA Written Bush Poetry Competition close on Friday 12th May. Entry fee is \$5.00 per poem not exceeding 80 lines and is limited to five poems per person. Please use cover sheets for each poem.

4th
Annual

IPSWICH POETRY FEAST International Poetry Competition

In the latter part of the nineteenth century two young children, Bridget and Mary Broderick, drowned at a waterhole that lies within the boundaries of the area now known as the Bicentennial Park at Walloon. This tragic event was the subject of a poem penned by Henry Lawson in 1891 titled *'The Babies of Walloon'*.

The Ipswich Poetry Feast is a city-wide initiative aimed at commemorating this significant event through the introduction of an annual international poetry competition and events that:

- Encourage young and aspiring poets
- provide an opportunity for poets to showcase their work
- raise community awareness of the creativity and skills in poetry writing
- promote Ipswich as a vibrant, culturally rich region

The competition is open to all ages from five years to seventeen years in five age-grouped sections with varying prize-money up to \$350.00 per group and to open-age bush poetry and open-age other poetry, each section having \$800.00 prize-money.

A Chairperson's Encouragement Award is awarded annually to an individual whose poem has been identified by the judges as demonstrating significant potential and worthy of attention.

Likewise a Chairperson's School Award will be awarded to a school on the basis of genuine commitment to, and engagement with, the spirit of the Ipswich Poetry Feast.

The names of winners in each of the above categories will be announced at a special Awards Evening to be held in November 2006. (Date to be advised).

First prize winning poems, or an excerpt of these poems, will be professionally read, and prizes presented, (where possible) at this event. Prizes will be mailed if the winner is unable to attend in person.

SSAE for entry forms to
Ipswich Poetry Feast Competition
C/- Ipswich City Council

Ipswich Library & Info. Service
P O Box 191 IPSWICH QLD 4305
or go to the following web address.
<http://library.ipswich.qld.gov.au/poetryfeast/index.htm>

Noticed among the successful poets in the last three years were ABPA members Trevor Sweeney, David Campbell, Ron Stevens, Bessie Jennings, Gary Fogarty, Leanne Jeacocke and the late Denis Kevans.

The last two Chairpersons awards went to Dr. Dan O' Donnell, a member from Stafford Heights Q.

Be innit to winnit!

AISLE ALTAR HYMN!

© Phillip A. Paige

My wife is a perfectionist,
that's why she married me!
She chuckled when I told her that,
her brown eyes bright with glee.
"The reason we are wed", she said,
with wit sharp as a knife.
"You're a monumental challenge
that'll last me all my life!!"

2006 Murray Muster Festival

clubmulwala

Poet's Breakfast

in Digger's Saturday & Sunday

& Country Music Spectacular at clubmulwala

Featuring categories of Yarn Spinning, Traditional Poem, Original Poem,
Novice, Murray Musterer, Champion Jillaroo & Champion Jackaroo

Total Prize Pool of \$2,000

The 2006 Murray Muster is now even more of an 'all-round' event as we
introduce the Country Music Spectacular featuring top Bush Balladeers

Friday 12th to Sunday 14th May 2006

clubmulwala, Melbourne St, Mulwala NSW 2647
For the Information of Members & their Guests

Ph: (03) 5744 2331
Email: ceo@clubmulwala.com.au

BRUMBIES

Author unknown.

This poem came to me unsigned. Joe.

This poem is about the Australian wild horses, known as Brumbies.

A herd wild of horses in Australia is known as a mob.
The leader when in flight is not the stallion as commonly thought,
but the dominant mare. The head stallion brings up the rear.

A distant rumbling penetrates the icy morning air,
Growing closer by the second as I rush to look out where,
The mountain Brumbies are about to pass in full flight.

As I watch the mob come into view,
Descending the hillside, down they flew;
A mass of untamed horseflesh fills my sight.

Proud lead mare, tail held high, nostrils flared,
With sleek body, fit and lean, leads the herd running scared,
Of dangers, real or imagined, in the dawns early light.

Entering the valley where the stream runs through,
They clear it easily, with effort undue,
Shrouded for a moment in a mist of delicate white.

The kookaburras, in the trees above, laugh without a care,
As the crazed procession passes through - of both stallions and mares,
Lathered by the frenzy of their plight.

From my vantage high, I watched, as my excitement grew,
To see these majestic creatures free in the land of the kangaroo,
Such beauty to behold is pure delight.

Into a sunlit clearing the tired horses tear,
When suddenly their leader swings around to stare,
Back across the valley to the right.

Respecting the call to halt, the mob takes her cue,
Tossing their heads and snorting as nervous horses do,
But nonetheless accepting their respite.

Ears pricked, raised heads, their keen senses aware,
Scanning for following evils, in the sun's early glare,
Then one by one relaxing as they realize it's alright.

Now the mountain brumbies graze the grass still bathed in dew,
Bird song the only sound I hear as peace reigns anew,
As the rising sun chases away the fears of the night.

GOLDEN DAMPER AWARDS



Pictured after the Presentation of the Golden Damper Awards in Tamworth on 27th January.

Dave Proust from Foresters Beach with his second Golden Damper in a row in the Original section for a very funny poem *'Santa's Little Helper'*.

Jan Morris (Tamworth) hard working competition coordinator, secretary and come-what-may and Gabby Colquhoun of Gloucester, winner of the Traditional section who performed the Bill Kearns poem *'Pierced to the Eyeballs'*.

Chorus from The Bread-Knife Ballad

Please, Mother, don't stab Father with the bread-knife.
Remember 'twas a gift when you were wed.
But if you must stab Father with the bread-knife,
Please, Mother, use another for the bread.

-- Robert W Service

HASTINGS-McLEAN RESULTS

A very successful Hastings-McLean Performance Bush Poetry Competition was organized at Wauchope for March 12th by Cay Fletcher, Jenny Breckell-Smyth and Shirley Everingham. Congratulations ladies, a job well done. The Wauchope Country Club was an excellent venue. Judges were Bill Kearns and Rod Worthing, Sam Smyth acted as compere and local wood carver Wally Horner created some of the trophies. Sponsorship for the competition came from Wauchope Sports & Trophies, Hastings Co-op, More Than a Bookshop, Greenbourne Nursery, 2 World Cafe & Kids' Play, Wauchope Gold Print.

OPEN TRADITIONAL. 1st Claire Reynolds,
2nd Cathy Edwards. 3rd Reid Begg.

Encouragement Award - Shirley Everingham

JUNIOR. 1st Emily Breckell-Smyth

2nd Amber Flick 3rd Emma Birrer

Encouragement Award - Mattie Burrows

OPEN ORIGINAL 1st John Lloyd

2nd Claire Reynolds 3rd Shirley Everingham

Encouragement Award - Cathy Edwards

OPEN HUMOROUS 1st Cathy Edwards

Encouragement Award - Carmel Eckersley

OVERALL CHAMPION Claire Reynolds

TENTERFIELD Oracles of the Bush Junior Looming Legend Competition Extended in 2006 7th - 9th April

Previously the Junior Looming Legend has been open only to school children of Tenterfield Shire – in 2006 to mark the 10th anniversary of Oracles of the Bush the Committee has included a new section in the competition open to children across the country that invites Junior competitors to submit and perform their work. Traditional poetry is welcome in the performance section.

President Phil Ainsworth says "The Committee is looking to the future of bush poetry in this country by encouraging our Juniors. The

Committee feels that by providing Juniors with an opportunity to perform at a well established event it is building confidence in their own ability.

Each year the Committee provides a professional poet to the schools within the Shire - this has seen a big jump in both quantity and quality of the entries in the Junior Competition and the Committee has now decided to further progress the competitive side of the event.

We hope that budding poets across the country will improve their talent and experience by performing at Oracles of the Bush in 2006. Section winners are invited to perform or read their work at the Oracles Grand Final of the Looming Legends on Sunday afternoon."Contact Oracles on phone/fax 0267362900.

GOLDFIELDS BUSH POETS START 2006 WITH A RUSH

The Central Goldfields Bush Poets recently held their first Concert for 2006.

In addition to their most regular performers, a record of eight first time poets or traditional singers entertained the audience, one such person being Melva Graham from 'Woop Woop! Yes it does exist - an Australiana tourist attraction at Harcourt just out of Bendigo.

Proceeds of the concert, \$101.00 have been donated to the Darren Jeacocke appeal. The CGBP hope that other groups around Australia will 'keep the billy boiling' with similar donations.

Going into their 4th year the CGBP, suggest new groups, or, those experiencing difficulty in attracting poets and audience; consider including traditional song / bush music.

The CGBP are now holding bi monthly concerts at the White Horse Hotel, on the second Sunday afternoon of even numbered months. (Except for 8 October, when Rusty Nail Festival, with a revised format, will be held at Wedderburn).

An end of year concert will be held on Sunday 12 November. Further details on the Central Goldfields Bush Poets visit their website at www.cgbp.info

INVERELL OUTBACK CELEBRATION

Inverell is holding its "CELEBRATION OF THE OUTBACK" Festival over the second weekend in September, from Friday 8th to Sunday 10th.

Visiting Artists include Marco Gliori, Ray Essery, Jimmy Brown, Dave de Hugard, Scrubby Gully and the ever popular Rabbit-Trappers. Big prize money is available in the competitions - Original, Traditional and Junior Bush Poetry, Bush Balladeers, Original Written Poetry and, this year for the first time, Original Bush Song (Tape or CD). Winners also receive the "Golden Angel" Trophy with an Inverell Sapphire.

Events include two Poets Breakfasts in the grounds of the beautiful Pioneer Village, a Poets' Pub Crawl, a Free Bush Music Concert and the spectacular Performance Night at the RSM Club.

This is the Festival's third year and it is growing - quality Australian entertainment from our top poets and musicians in beautiful settings. Join the Inverell team for a great weekend.

Programmes, accommodation details and competition entry forms can be obtained from:

Burt Candy, PO Box 92 Inverell.
NSW 2360
PH: (02) 67 211127 e-mail:
candyb57@yahoo.com

(page 23)

About building on old battlefields..

EARTH TO EARTH

© Tom Stonham, 2.4.05

No-one disturbs dead Diggers
or dead Kiwis, or dead Turks.
They don't care, they're unaware
of roads, car-parks, public works.
The dear are dead, past caring,
there is no 'Lord God of Hosts'.
The dead are not indiff'rent,
they're just... 'not'... not even ghosts!

Brass buttons, rusty rifles,
broken bay'nets, bandoliers.
Spent bullets, cartridge cases,
bones, unseen for ninety years.
Anzac Cove, Gallipoli,
Egypt, Northern France, The Somme.
Messines and Passchaendale...
Bill, Dick, Joe, Jim, Fred, Ned, Tom.

The First War cost Australia
over sixty thousand dead.
The Second, forty thousand,
plus the pain of girls unwed.
One hundred thousand Aussies,
almost all too young to die.
Paul, Ron, Jack, Mick, Brian, Barry,
Frank, Phil, Steve, Bob,
George.... Goodbye.

I lost a few good cobbers
who were killed in World War II.
Three uncles in the First War,
my own Dad, somehow, got through.
Aussies, Pommies, Kiwis, Frogs,
Yanks, Truks, Fritz, Nips ...
smoke and flame.
Ev'ryone a mother's son...
War... Mankind's Eternal Shame.

from page 3

QLD STATE TITLES

being presented after the performance competition on Monday 12th June, Mrs Lingard will also announce the Juniors Patrons Award winner at a presentation in Jubilee Park at 10am on Sunday 18th June.

Prize-money in the written section amounts to \$890.00 plus Trophies and Awards.

Overall prize-money exceeds \$2,500.00 plus Trophies and awards for the weekend.

SSAE to 'Bush Poetry'
21 Nichols Street Jimboomba Q. 4280
Enquiries: 07 55460733.
Email toby1@tadaust.org.au
Festival Office 07 55414355 Email
chfest@bigpond.com

VALE: RUSTY REAGAN

© Bruce Forbes-Simpson

Old Rusty Reagan's cashed his chips,
No more he'll go on droving trips,
And no more grog will pass the lips
Of drunken Rusty Reagan.
He died of drink, or so they say,
Or pure neglect, but anyway
The sands of time have slipped away
For luckless Rusty Reagan.

Although he camped upon the flat,
The bar was his true habitat,
And home was underneath the hat
Of drifter Rusty Reagan.
There's none to say from whence he came,
Not sure, in fact, if that's his name,
To Rusty, though, it's all the same,
Dead finish Rusty Reagan.

No relatives with reddened eyes
Will weep at Rusty's sad demise,
No lowered flag at half-mast flies
To honour Rusty Reagan.
We'll miss perhaps his ugly dial,
His raucous voice and toothy smile,
We'll miss him for a little while,
Then forget Rusty Reagan.

Perhaps somewhere someone will wait,
A mother, sister, brother, mate,
Who'll wonder as they vainly wait
For absent Rusty Reagan.
I'd like to think some tears might fall
For Rusty's ilk, no-hopers all,
Who answer that last trumpet call
Unmourned like Rusty Reagan.

Date Claimer :

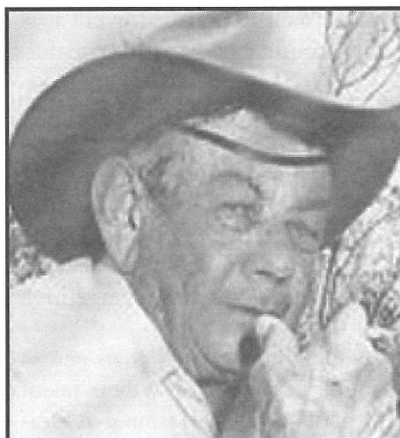
**NSW Bush Poetry Championships
Tenterfield 7 & 8 October 2006
Info 0267362900 (See p.22)**



After the success of the Inaugural 2005 Far North Bush Poetry Festival it has been decided to go ahead and stage the 2006 Bush Poetry Championships at the Mareeba Heritage Centre.

The weekend of August 4-6 will include bush poetry workshops, BBQ & open air concert, bush poet's breakfast

BRUCE FORBES-SIMPSON



Born in 1923, Bruce Simpson, bushman, storyteller and poet, is the authentic voice of the outback drover; a living legend who recollects life in the bush on horseback, in a time before the sound of motors replaced the music of horse-bells.

His stories and yarns encompass a range of characters and the trials and tribulations faced by drovers running mobs of cattle, in what were often extremely tough and uncompromising conditions. Bruce's stories and poems offer a window into a way of life that is now a great part of our cultural heritage. ABC Books is the best source for his work.

Bruce Simpson spent a great part of his early life in the North West, starting a long apprenticeship as a very young man working in the Gulf Country on such places as Lorraine Station on the Leichhardt River, and working the stock camps and mustering. He learnt his trade well.

Bruce later went as a drover in the Northern Territory working with the likes of 'Looking-glass' Joe Dowling, 'Spider' Hollands and Sam Fuller before going out with his own plant.

His droving days saw him bring cattle in along the great Murranji Track, the

main droving route from the east of the Kimberleys stretching across the Northern Territory to Newcastle Waters and the Barkley Tablelands.

From here the cattle were brought into Queensland via Camooweal and driven to the fattening areas in the channel country along the Georgina River. Many were taken to the rail-head at Dajarra which, in the 1940's and 50's was the biggest cattle trucking centre in the World.

For a number of years following his droving exploits Bruce conducted a saddlery business in the town of Winton Q.

In 1964 he married Heather, a lass from Edinburgh, Scotland. The Simpsons have two children, Fiona and Randal. Bruce and his wife now live in south-east Queensland.

'The Territory Rouseabout' is Bruce's first publication revealing his humorous side.

His verse has appeared in many magazines and newspapers including the Sydney Bulletin, 'Hoofs and Horns' and the 'North Queensland Register'. Many have also been included in books of collected verse and other anthologies.

In 1972 Bruce won the Inaugural Bronze Swagman Award, a worldwide competition for Bush Verse conducted by the Winton Tourist Promotion Association, now Winton Tourism. His winning poem was 'Gold Star', a highly acclaimed poem by many poets and compared equally to AB Paterson's 'The Man from Snowy River'.

Bruce Simpson won the Bronze Swagman a second time in 1975 with 'Vale: Rusty Reagan', and in 1991 came second with 'Fuller's Thoroughbrace'.

and performance and written competitions.

Our hosts will be bush poets, Chris and The Grey and entry forms are now available for the 2006 *Clancy of the Overflow* written bush poetry competition and also the performance competitions.

Send SSAE for Entry form available from The Co-ordinator, Far North Bush Poetry Championships, P.O. Box 8211, Bargara, Qld, 4670 or you can contact

the Mareeba Heritage Centre Mareeba Heritage Museum and Information Centre 345 Byrnes St, Centenary Park Mareeba QLD 4880

Ph/Fax (07) 40 925 674 or visit www.mareebaheritagecentre.com.au Download entries off the internet at www.msc.qld.gov.au/content/view/451/2/

Entries open until the 16th June 2006. Further enquiries e-mail bushpoets@go.to PH: 07 4159 1868

YASS provided an integral link in the world's longest, most inclusive relay, when it welcomed the Melbourne 2006 Commonwealth Games Queen's Baton Relay on 25th February 2006.

The relay travelled through the town before entering the Country Energy Yass Valley Festival in Riverbank Park.

The Queen's Baton Relay was an opportunity for Yass Valley to take centre stage as the world's attention turned to Australia, in the days leading up to the Melbourne 2006 Commonwealth Games.

Bush Poetry was only a part of the big celebration in Banjo Paterson Park with two of Australia's leading bush poets, Carol Heuchan and Frank Daniel accompanied by Ken Jones, 'The City-slickin' Bard' from Stockton who entertained with verse and song.

Walk up poets before the large first time bush poetry crowd in Yass included Robin Sykes from Binalong, Jan McDonald from Undanderra and Ted Webber from Young.

BEAUDESERT PERFORMANCE WORKSHOP

Because of the wonderful support received from members of other poetry groups, the Beaudesert Bush Bard's workshop on 11th Feb. was an outstanding success. Forty-two people attended.

The BBB's thank those who attended and others who helped spread the word.

Noel Stallard didn't disappoint anyone with the instruction he provided. It was excellent. All in all - it was a great day.

We are sure that with Noel heading the APBA, the organisation will continue to grow and prosper. We wish the APBA executive a fruitful year.....and I don't mean that you "all go bananas" !!!
Pamela Fox for the Beaudesert Bush Bards

HELP WANTED

In the documentary on Mr Kerry Packer on Channel 9 on 16th February, Alan Jones said there is a Banjo Patterson Poem with the words "A man who's done his best has done enough".

Can any reader help with the title of this poem? Please advise the editor.

HIPSHOT RETURNS

I was watching my granddaughter texting a message to one of her friends on her mobile phone, and I was fascinated by the coordination of her mind and fingers.

But this use of letters for words is not new by any means, and the following poem appeared in my weekly column in The Bre-warrina News in the early 'sixties:
Hipshot.

EMILY

*O! MLE, what XTC
I always feel when UIC.
I used to gaze in LN'S eyes.
For LC I gave countless sighs.
For KT too ... and LNR
I was a keen competitor.
But they are now non-NTT's,
for you XL them all UC.
No other girl could FRB,
as XLNT as MLE!*

Welcome back Hipshot!

Brief Visit from DICK WARWICK

Thanks to a subsidy from the US Government, Bush Poetry devotees, as well as many uninitiated, had the pleasure of seeing and hearing the popular farmer/cowboy poet, Dick Warwick from Oakesdale Washington during his twelve stay in Western Australia.

While in WA Dick performed at five high schools, the Wagin Woolarama, the festival of Melville, and a Poet's breakfast in one of Perth's top hotels for the Australian American Association plus a number of other performances.

Dick is known to many of the Bush Poetry people in the east having made appearances at such places as Jamberoo, Corryong, Port Fairy, Canberra, Canowindra, Warwick, and Winton to name only a few.

On his return trip to the US via the eastern states, Dick caught up with some of his old mates through Milton Taylor with whom he has an ongoing



association; with Milton being an annual visitor to Elko, Nevada and the Cowboy Poets Association.

This was Dick's fifth visit down-under. He first came to WA in 1981 to do farm work during the annual wheat harvest. It was on this visit that he experienced Australian rhyming verse, was hooked and has been addicted ever since.

THE DEATH OF Mr. EDWARD KELLY

(Report by a modern psychiatrist)
by Graeme Watt. Toormina.

I have studied all the records,
and there seems to be confusion,
But after years of study
I have come to this conclusion.
It seems that Mr Kelly
was fond of Dan (his brother),
And he had a mental problem,
(A fixation with his mother.)
His sister Kate loved animals,
and this could explain the causes,
Why Mr Kelly (just to please her)
began collecting horses.
He also had financial problems
causing 'tension' - quite a lot,
And suffered from withdrawal,
at any banking spot.
He had a nervous syndrome,
caused by over-zealous police,
If they'd only had a Psychiatrist,
on hand to make the peace?.
I would say he was hyper-active,
and had a very fiery tongue,
And in my learned opinion,
He was 'HIGHLY STRUNG'!

CASINO BEEF WEEK

Time management is a bit of an art-form in Casino during May, as the town manages to stretch a week to a whole twelve days with the fun and festivities centring on the area's most important industry. Events range from Breakfast with the Butchers to fashion parades, talent quests, bus tours, hoe downs and rodeos, a street parade attracting crowds of 20,000 and the crowning of the Beef Week Queen at a special ball.

One of the big attractions is the four days of Australian Bush Poetry at the historic Hotel Cecil, coordinated by Ray Essery of Mullumbimby.

Guest poets this year will be Gary Fogarty of Milmerrin Q and that mad-cap west-Aussie, funny-man and poet extraordinaire Peter Capp.

The Bush Poetry runs from Thursday 25th to Sunday 28th May with poets walk-ups and performances at 11am on the Thursday and Friday mornings, The 'Bull-Yarns' concert sponsored by Bundy Rum on Thursday night at 7.30pm; more poetry on Saturday at noon and an

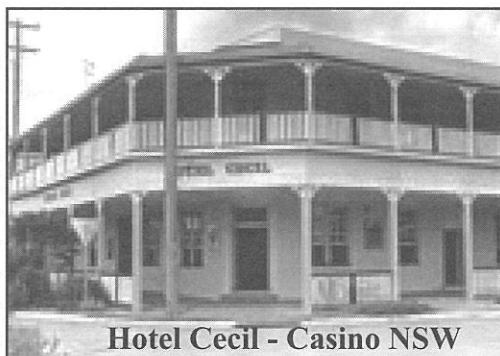
Open Bush Poetry Competition on Sunday commencing at midday.

Casino developed from a safe crossing over the Richmond River, discovered by the early settlers who travelled overland from the Clarence and established a huge cattle station named 'Cassino'.

A mis-spelling by an early surveyor left the town with its current name.

With a population of 11,000, Casino is one of Australia's leading country centres, is hailed as the real beef capital of the world, and offers a huge range of services to the rural population.

The original hotel was built in 1884 and known as the 'Imperial', the name was changed to 'Cecil' in April 1919, but no reference as to why can be found.



Hotel Cecil - Casino NSW

PETER CAPP



PETER CAPP

Western Australia has been the home of Peter Capp for about thirty years. After watching the smog obliterate the scene of Sydney City from the

Harbor Bridge, he sought fresher air and a bit more space. A stint in Queensland, then a spontaneous decision to head west saw Peter work in many remote gold and iron ore mines, which enabled him to amass enough money to wander over to Europe and America for a couple of years.

Gregariousness was always in Peter's character and maintains that Australians' priorities (in the earlier years) of having a good time should be shared throughout the world.

He recalls one incident in a little village in Crete many years ago when the passion forced him to dance on the table in a little tavern when Zorba the Greek was playing. Being not a reinforced dancing table it succumbed to the fervour of the dance and no longer became any use as a bit of furniture or any sort of platform. Back on terra firma and unhurt, Peter apologized to the owner for the unfortunate table destruction.

In true Anthony Quinn style the owner replied, "Table nothing, dance



OLD PORTRAITS

Anonymous

Though you tramp the wide land over,
though you sail in many climes,
there is nothing half so precious
as the portrait of old times.

Of old Grandfather and Granny
in the clothes that then were worn:
of the house that knew our boyhood,
or the hut where we were born.

Of our parents, stiff and staring
in some portrait-taker's den,
on the morning of the wedding - God,
they've seen some times since then!

O they wake the dead within us,
and they bring us back at last
to the courage of our fathers
and the best part of the past.

everything - PLENTY TABLES, YOU DANCE!"

Peter then sang a Greek song that he had written from his dozen known words of Greek to the delight of the crowd who all joined in the song. The song translated as 'please okay, please okay, can I have a beer? Please okay. Thank you very much'.

Back in Australia Bush Poetry and Yarn-spinning became an integral part of Peter's life which made him a mainstay at many festivals in W.A. as well as in the east.

Peter has performed at most country towns in W.A. at one time or another. The three times (in a row) Western Australian Yarn-spinning and two times bush poetry champion, Peter also collected the Australian Yarn-spinning title at his only attempt.

Peter has written two books (should be more but he is a bit slack), produced

LISA QUAST

Narrandera Poet Lisa Quast picked up a bonus when she went to the Tamworth Country Music Festival to play her first paid gigs.

Lisa was among the guests invited to perform at the popular festival venue, the Longyard Hotel. She chose a mix of her own works and that of other poets.

She returned home thrilled by the experience and with an extra achievement to her credit, a certificate and a cash prize for making it into the finals of the Golden Damper Poetry Competition.

"I feel honoured to have made the finals. The Golden Damper awards are regarded as the 'Oscars' of Tamworth".

The performance which propelled her through the heats and into the finals was Lisa's recital of Janine Haig's poem 'Not Gone'.

It was the John O'Brien Bush Festival which changed her life, her interest in bush poetry inspired by listening to performances by Noel Stallard and Geoffrey Graham.

Lisa writes from own experience or whatever grabs her imagination. Her inspiration comes from everyday ex-

periences, not from bullock teams or drovers. Sometimes a newspaper headline will see Lisa reaching for a pen and paper.

Word of Lisa's ability is spreading, she was guest speaker recently at the Narrandera Rotary Club and has given performances to community groups, soroptimists clubs and other functions in Narrandera and Leeton.

"Every performance is good practice, I particularly enjoy the Poetry, Pottage and Port nights" she said.

Lisa and Greg, her husband, keenest supporter and sounding board, operate the Mid-Town Motor Inn.

Business and family commitments with three of the couples five children still at home have first priority, with poetry a love which Lisa fits into her busy schedule when she can.



My Secret Destination

© Lisa Quast. Narrandera NSW

In the Murrumbidgee country, where the scrub grows grey and green,
lies a secret destination that few eyes have ever seen.

It's a private piece of heaven; fell to earth so long ago
it's forgotten by most people - just the chosen few still know.

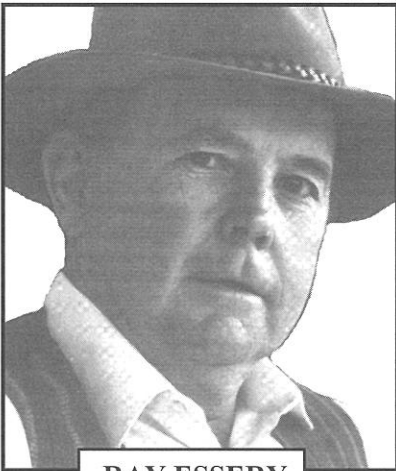
When I'm heartsore and so weary that I scarce can move a muscle
in this race of Modern Life, where each day is one long hustle;
it's a place I can escape to, even when I'm nowhere near -
'cause my heart knows it's location, it's coordinates held dear.

Where the earth still meets the sky, and the too infrequent rain
causes farmers and town people so much hardship and such pain;
for they're blind to any country that a dollar will not raise
and only the "successful" ever seem to merit praise.

If they'd look a little deeper, in the wild and tattered scrub;
look beyond the supermarkets, and the banks and local pub.
If they'd listen for an hour, or ideally even two
to the quiet sounds of wildlife, passing winds, and water too.

If they'd shut their eyes to modern glare, they finally might see
their little piece of heaven, and cherish it like me.

For it isn't what you own or what you earn that makes you best
It's your secret destination, where at last you can find rest.



RAY ESSERY

two CD's (should have been more but he is a bit slack).

Peter weaves stories so bizarre and zany it is hard to separate the fact from the fiction as he wanders from the 'Styrofoam mine in Tierra del Fuego' to 'Eric the Campervan', 'Ingo D Westruss', 'Pavlo Brickadopolous' (the greatest brick paver in the world), 'Milo Mopodopolous' (the greatest cleaner) and the list goes on. Peter Capp is a very funny true blue Aussie born in Cooma at the same time as the Snowy River Scheme.

Peter recently appeared at the Gympie Muster with Marco Gliori and his crowd to very appreciative audiences.

He will also be appearing at the Casino Beef Festival with ratbags like Ray Essery and others on one of his rare trips to the Eastern Side of Australia.

STYMIED

© Hipshot.

We caught a wild pig, one day at the dam,
the long-snouted saddleback breed.
And though we were craving for bacon and ham,
he was built more for power, and speed.
We constructed a sty about seven feet high,
but he didn't like our hospitality.
He charged full bore at the circular saw,
and died of a split personality!!

CONCRETE SOLDIER

© Heather Giles SA

You stand each day on the corner,
your rifle points to the ground
the wind and rain are beating.
yet still you utter no sound.

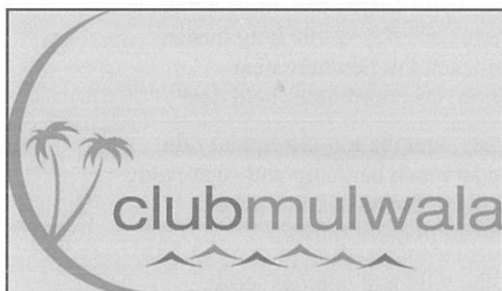
Your battles are now over;
the battlefields far away,
the people briefly pause to gaze
at the Honour Roll you proudly display.

You remind them of their fathers
of their husbands; of their sons,
who gave their lives for Freedom's sake
and fell victims to the enemy guns.

Little children look up in wonder
at this soldier so straight and tall:
Mother's study you closely
and brush away tears as they fall.

Returned soldiers regard you silently,
men don't cry, they say
you remind them of lost comrades,
those mates with whom they went away.

The guns of battles are now silent
the wreathes are withered and spent.
The soldier on the memorial
stands alone with his head still bent.



2006 Murray Muster Festival & Country Music Spectacular

Entry forms and full details for the Yarrowonga Mulwala Murray Muster Festival to be conducted from 12th to 14th May 2006 are now available. Over \$2,000 in prizes, including a \$300 Yarn Spinning section, are on offer.

Organised by clubmulwala (previously known as Mulwala Services Club), the Festival offers sections including Yarn Spinning, Traditional Poem, Original Poem, Murray Muster and Novice sections. This will ensure maximum opportunities for performers, with the variety adding to the entertainment for all.

Then there is the opportunity to be

awarded the Champion Jillaroo and Jackaroo award with performers required to perform in a minimum of three sections (excluding novice). The highest aggregate points will see the winner declared.

Each of these sections will be judged as per the ABPA guidelines with judges having up to 700 points to award to each performer thus ensuring

the fairness and relativity for entrants in the Champion Jillaroo and Jackaroo sections. Perpetual trophies for the Champion Jillaroo, Jackaroo and Yarn Spinner awards are both 'different' and substantial in size.

The light-hearted 'Poet's Breakfasts' will again be held in our new Digger's Al Fresco Restaurant over-

ROUNABOUTS AND ROSES

© Neil Carroll Dubbo NSW 2000

I was on a bus one morning cruising down the wide main street,
Of a little outback town called Warrego.

A beautiful young lady in a nearby window seat,
Sat gazing at the changing scenes below.
As we passed by Elder's office with it's 'Properties For Sale',
The young girl smiled, exhibiting her charms.
An old man waved to stop us, neatly dressed, but rather frail,
With a dozen golden roses in his arms

The bus way filled with fragrance as he shuffled down the aisle.
It struck me that he'd seen a better life.

As he took the spare seat opposite she gave that lovely smile,
When he turned and said "I bought them for my wife,
It's our wedding anniversary!" the old chap shyly boasted
"Fifty years ... and I was home on final leave.
Just married ... on our honeymoon ... when word came I'd been posted
To New Guinea ... I sailed out on Christmas Eve.

'Just another wartime wedding ... It won't last!' is what we heard,
As the local gossips had their little, say.
But Mary took no notice, and I've still got every word
Of the letters that she wrote to me each day."
The young girl looked quite startled as he finished his discourse.
'I'm really glad you told me... it's unreal!
My fiancée's in East Timor, with our new Peacekeeping Force
So please understand I know just how you feel.

He rang last night to tell me he'll be coming home in June,
And joked about the kilo's he's been shedding.
He said to phone the priest, and book the chapel at Duntroon,
And his Mum would like to help me with the wedding."
We stopped outside the Public School, then through the roundabout.
In Myall Street he gave her arm a tap.
He signalled to the driver that he wanted to dismount.
Then he placed the roses in the young girl's lap.

He said 'I'll tell my wife that I have given them to you.
I'm sure she'll understand, and think it's great "
She smiled "Good-bye" ... but in her eye ... a tiny tear or two,
As he shuffled through the cemetery gate.

looking Lake Mulwala. Everyone is invited to join clubmulwala on Saturday and Sunday for a great Poet's Breakfast.

The organisers are committed to ensuring success and longevity of this festival and are pleased to announce the inaugural Country Music Spectacular that is to be held in conjunction with the Murray Muster Festival. This Spec

tacular will feature some 14 of the top Bush Balladeer's. Tickets are available from the clubmulwala Reception on (03) 5744 2331.

For further information regarding the Murray Muster Festival please contact Gillian Murphy or Debbie Williams at Club Mulwala on (03) 5744 2331

JOYCE ALCHIN



Joyce Alchin was born in Goulburn NSW in 1938 and grew up on a property thirty-six miles out with her parents and younger sister. Education was at a small one-teacher primary school and then at Goulburn high school. After gaining the Intermediate certificate Joyce left school to help her father on the farm, a life which she much enjoyed.

The family moved to the Cootamundra district in 1954 where she enrolled at the Cootamundra Technical College to study Wool Classing - the first girl to do so in that college, and passed her theory exams with flying colours much to the horror of the male students. Illness in the family caused her to miss out on her practical certificate.

The family moved into Cootamundra where Joyce worked until she met and married her husband, Dal (also known

as Sonny), forty three years ago. They made their home in the Wollongong area where Dal drove taxi-cabs and she enjoyed being a housewife and partaking in a variety of activities in the church and tennis communities.

Despite becoming a 'townie' country always remained part of their lives, family and friends were on properties, and when the occasion arose they would visit.

About 20 years ago Joyce's step-son bought a farmlet in the Cooranbong area, and so the family became involved with stock horses, cattle and the running of the farm in general - with Sonny riding horses again after not being in the saddle for fifty years.

With Dal's failing health they found themselves more confined to home and Joyce felt the need for another interest. This came in a Senior's Story Competition which she won with a story about a horse riding episode in her husband's early youth. Thus she recalled verse she wrote and put aside when much younger. It was a God-given challenge and she started writing again about nine years ago - poems based on stories Dal had told her and of her own experiences and love of country, as well as putting into verse the joys and concerns of the present time.

Joyce joined the ABPA and started sending poems to competitions with some success. Her first win in 1998 was in the Tenterfield Oracles of the Bush written competition with a poem entitled 'Mateabeelie'.

Since then she has received a num-

ber of first places and regularly placing in various competitions - the highlight being the 2003 Blackened Billy Award in Tamworth. Joyce has never turned her hand to performing.

Over the years Joyce has self published four books of bush verse as well as one of devotional poems and one featuring family stories in verse.

Since her husband's death three years ago (she still considers him her inspiration) she has continued to write, though at times feeling her time is limited. She is continually learning the art of writing bush verse and hopes that her love for the country of Australia in general and the rural lifestyle in particular will keep her putting pen to paper to produce bush verse for a long time yet.



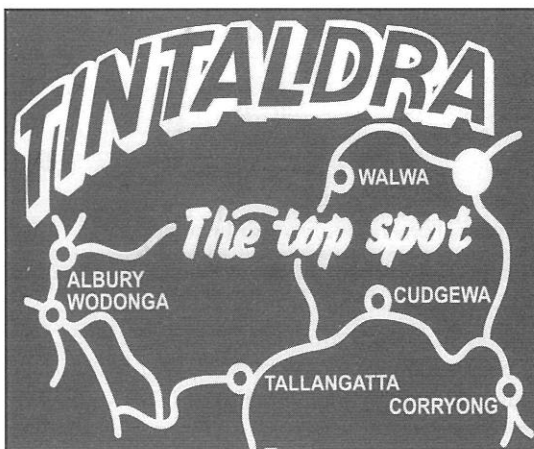
An Irishman's Philosophy:

There are only two things to worry about: Either you're well or you're sick. If you're well, then there's nothing to worry about.

But if you're sick, there are two things to worry about: Either you'll get well or you'll die. If you get well, then there's nothing to worry about.

But if you die, there are two things to worry about: Either you'll go to heaven or you'll go to hell. If you go to heaven, then you have nothing to worry about.

But if you go to hell, you'll be so damn busy shaking hands with all your friends, then you won't have time to worry!



In
The Man
From Snowy River Country

There was movement round Australia
For the word had passed around
That Tintaldra was the place for you to stay
For the Waltons have the tearooms
And there's Bed & Breakfast too
They'll treat you right on your next holiday

Perched above the Murray River
Neath the Snowy Mountain Range
You can fish for trout or paddle a canoe
Stroll through peaceful native forests
Or just sit and dream awhile
As you soak up all that magic valley view

Ring up Bett and she will tell you
You can bring your dogs and kids
The rates are country friendly that's for sure
When you find out all the details
For a perfect hideaway
You'll push and shove each other
out the door

WALTONS TINTALDRA STORE AND TEAROOMS

HISTORIC BUILDING,
LICENSED VENUE
TOP PROVISIONS
EAT IN OR
TAKEAWAY FOODS

CRAFTS - SOUVENIRS
TOP TOURIST
INFORMATION
TOP FRIENDLY
SERVICE

PHONE/FAX BETT
(02) 6077 9201

ENGAGEMENT PRATT – HAIG



Doug and Janie Haig of 'Moama', Eulo (where the Hell is Eulo?) are delighted to announce the engagement of their eldest daughter, Jennifer, to James, son of Phillip Pratt and Heather-Anne Campbell of 'Glenbeigh', Seddon, New Zealand. A lifetime of happiness to them both! Jennifer has been part of the Australian Bush Poetry scene since junior competitions and met James whilst working as a Governess in the Northern Territory. Jennifer and James are now living in Longreach and plan to get married in October 2007. They just wanted to share their happy news with their Bush Poet Family!

BUNGENDORE REPORT

The thirteenth Bungendore Bush Poetry Gathering changed from it's old home at 'Elmslea' Homestead to the Bungendore Bowling Club on the first weekend in February.

Club secretary Norma Luton was more than happy with the results, having some twenty-three poets in attendance and one hundred and forty bush poetry fanatics turning up each morning and enjoying the cooked breakfasts. Frank Daniel was again the compere.

A special treat at the Sunday brekkie was the performance of two AB Pater-son poems by Mr. Alex of Moorebank, Sydney. Alex spent most of his life in the Liverpool district as a market gardener. Alex is still going strong and will celebrate his hundredth birthday on 31st August.

Bigger plans for Bungendore next year so stay tuned.

JIM

© Ellis Campbell Dubbo NSW
Winner. FAW Wollondilly competition 2005

Now Jim was never classed as bright at school or playing sport – a little strange - or maybe soft is what we always thought. He stood aloof and looked nonplussed by all the things we did he copped tormenting from the mob a hopeless kind of kid. By nature quite suspicious guarded pen and ruler close regarded no one as a friend and often seemed morose.

A source of great amusement, Jim to us an endless joke still pampered like a baby by his strange, indulgent folk Denied the chance to ride a horse, to shoot a fox or swim – adventures that we bush lads shared were all unknown to Jim. He never learnt to climb a tree or scale a mountain's height to wander scrub on rainy days or walk alone at night.

At thirty years of age he walked along with eyes down cast still like the child we knew at school aloofness unsurpassed. He worked beside his father on the splendid farm they had and sought with child-like eagerness approval of his Dad. Then came some unexpected news, the Sampsons sold their farm a million plus the rumours said, was paid for Lilting Palm.

They disappeared as they had lived, without the slightest fuss "They've gone to somewhere interstate," the word came back to us. In after years I thought of Jim, our school days long since passed; perhaps I felt my conscience twinge for senseless barbs I'd cast. At least he would have stacks of cash enough to last for life for people like the Sampsons never know financial strife.

Of course they'd have investment bonds and valued Real Estate; and watch compounding interest grow at quite a healthy rate. Increasingly I thought of Jim, beyond all reason's scope without his parent's help would he be bright enough to cope? The chances were that they'd die first, and leave him all alone he wouldn't suffer lack of cash, but loss of all he'd known.

By strange coincidence I learned the Sampsons lost their lives an accident quite close to home along the Ocean Drives. Poor Jim had stayed at home because he felt unwell that day an anguish surely wreaked his soul that nothing might allay. In after years I found myself toward his home town bound and felt a sudden urge to see if Jim were still around.

I found him in a one roomed shack, beside an alleyway— I knocked three times upon the door before I heard him say, "I'm comin' now, I won't be long." I heard him quickly dress before the door creaked open to reveal a bloody mess. No hint of recognition dawned within his sunken eyes. "I thought you were the preacher man," he said with some surprise.

"It's Andy Richards, Jim," I said. "You must remember me?" He peered from out unruly hair as if he couldn't see. His eager words came muffled, I could scarcely comprehend, "Yes, Andy - I remember you you were my nearest friend." His words brought home an awful guilt that I could not suppress; I felt a lousy hypocrite, ashamed I muttered, "Yes."

"How come you live in this small shack?" I asked in some surprise. "I thought you'd own a mansion, mate, upon some sea shore rise?" He sadly smiled and quietly spoke, "It's all I can afford. The preacher man took all the rest to pacify the Lord. He said I was a sinful man and I must pay my debt – he takes part of my pension, too - and it's not finished yet."

PARKER PENS NO. 4

'Seriously, being funny is no laughing matter' says Lance Parker about his latest book, 'The Lance Parker Bullsheet' - number four.

As with his previous publications, no. 4 is full of humorous short stories and poems about his life in south western NSW as a schoolteacher, farmer and world traveller, it even has a recipe for boiled fruit cake that you won't find in the Women's Weekly or any modern day cookbook.

Lance asked his good mate 'Skew Wiff' (Graeme Watt) to write a foreword to this edition, making sure he gave mention to the author's good character and his wonderful ability as a storyteller. Watty, another man of good character and wonderful story telling ability, responded as only Watty can, saying that Lance was a man one finds hard to forget. He said Lance was a great entertainer, his themes were a laugh a minute, but his 'endings' left listeners wondering if he was finished or not.



Watty recalled the days when, before TV and Radio, conversation and 'having a yarn' were the order of the day. It's still the same in the Parker household, they're still conversing and telling yarns. Lance is full of them and never fails to entertain guests with his usual introduction 'have you ever heard about'.

Maybe you've never heard these yarns, but your bound to know a lot more when you expand your knowledge from his latest Bullsheet.

With the life that Lance has led, from his experiences, trials and tribulations as a single teacher in a bush school, his dealings with bureaucracy in proving scientifically the devastation of our river systems by European Carp, to producing grain, wool, cattle and baled fodder at Tabbita, to a truly amazing adventure in China in 2000 as an Aquaculturist invited by the Chinese government, you will be enthralled by his stories and amazed at his dedication to truth.

Lance accepted the invitation to China on the condition that he be permitted to take along his secretary and so he and wife Josie found themselves touring and sightseeing around Beijing and Shanghai and other places of interest.

To read Lances book can only be likened to talking to him in person, and if you've never met the man then you've only to read the book, at least you can shut it up when you want a spell.

Catch up with Lance and Josie at their new place of abode in Griffith NSW. Phone **02 6964 5691** Joe.

"What preacher man?" I asked poor Jim. "What did he call himself?"
 "His name is Mighty Michael from the cult of Upper Shelf."
 "Perhaps he's not a preacher, Jim how can you be so sure?"
 "He wears his collar back to front and always helps the poor!"
 "A pitiful existence plagued this man I saw today
 for money was his one resource and it was leeched away.

He grasped my hand and stared at me with dark rimmed, soulful eyes.
 "I wish that you could stay awhile you've always been so wise.
 For Dad and Mum have left me now, I feel so very lost
 so far away from all I love, I've paid an awful cost.
 Just promise me you'll send a card next year at Christmas time."
 Somewhere beyond the hill I heard a lonely church bell chime.

How lonely can a person be so out of human touch –
 that waiting for a Christmas card could really mean so much?
 He looked pathetic standing there, neglected and forlorn;
 inadequate, I surely felt between two forces torn.
 I felt an urge to run away forget that musty smell –
 I loathed myself for cowardice that left him to this hell.

The air felt purer on the street, the sun shone on my back
 I wanted to forget that scene inside his mouldy shack.
 I could not be responsible for this poor creature's state
 or was it something thoughtless acts had festered to create?
 A curse that childhood friendship's worth might well have helped allay;
 my decency found wanting then, just like it was today.

I found a lovely Christmas card and posted it away.
 I wrote a letter to include with nothing much to say.
 At least I've kept my promise, Jim the only thing I've done
 that might atone, in some small way, for sins of everyone.
 I waited for his answer, but my card came back instead.
 A sorrow wells within my heart. I know that Jim is dead.

CAN'T SLEEP? READ ON

David Brothers of Brisbane is a nephew of well-known Folk Festival stalwart and ABPA member Russell Hannah of Shellharbour, NSW.

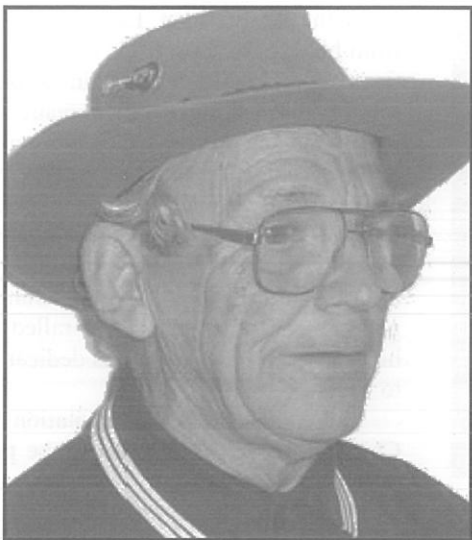
According to 'Big Russ', "David is doing some sort of higher degree in psychology and is writing a thesis. He requires people, and in particular, male people between the ages of 40 and 65 years to fill in a survey about sleep patterns."

David is trying to discover why we don't sleep as well as we used to.

Russell thinks it's something to do with the increased chemicals in alcohol, but adds, "seeing that most bush poets are old bastards who can't sleep and write poetry in the middle of the night, we might be interested in the survey."

"If readers are inclined to reveal all about what they do in bed (oops! Sleepwise, that is) then they might like to help Dave out by going to the web page www.sleepsurveys.com and fill in the form"

David will keep the survey open til the end of April. "It would be good to see how poets sleep" he said.



Cas van Loon arrived in Australia from Holland in- the early 1950's.

Born in Holland in 1935, he lived in the town of Halfweg - 'halfway' between Amsterdam, the country's capital and the industrial centre of Haarlem. He was trained as a compositor in the printing industry.

He lived and worked in Western Australia for the next twenty-five years, starting off as a farmhand (until he 'learned the lingo'), progressing through a number of jobs including the National Parks and Forestry before going back to his old trade in the commercial printing industry.

In 1974 Cas moved his family to Sydney where he was employed as a compositor with the Fairfax family and the Sydney Morning Herald until his retirement in 1995.

Holidays during these years were spent travelling throughout Australia. He took up bush poetry in 1990 and followed up as many bush poets breakfasts at Country Music Festivals along the east coast as time would allow.

He performed at Folk Festivals such as Jamberoo and Canberra, and appeared at The Man From Snowy River Festival at Corryong and the Bungendore Country Muster bush poets breakfasts at 'Elmslea' (now held at the Bungendore Bowling Club), performing his original poetry depicting the

A Tribute to our ANZACS

© Cas Van Loon

Down the road, four abreast, the marchers come
Marching with military precision to a solitary drum
All of them, proudly holding their head up high
Medals glistening in the sun as they march by.

It's the ANZACS, remembering their mate
Those left behind on battlefield, twist of fate
The scars of battle they visibly still wear
Often wondering what they were really doing there

With enthusiasm they answered to the call
Fight for their country, freedom for us all
It seems so long ago, and almost in vain
The misery, the heartbreak, terrible terrain.

There was no question of holding back, hesitating
Those able in body and mind gladly participating
Placing a heavy burden on loved ones, left behind
Strengthening many an emotional tie that did bind.

Noise of firing guns, mortar bombs, the confusion
The dying, the dead, chaos, no mere illusion
Friends buddies, comrades, before their eyes wiped out
That was the price they paid, staving off a total rout.
As the ANZACS, heads held high, proudly march by
The air is charged with emotion, some even cry
In memory of a loved one, husband, sister, brother
ANZAC day, my friends, is not like any other.

places he and his wife Helen have travelled and people he has met throughout this great country. His poems are '*all based on fact*' he says, having '*been there and done that*'.

He is regularly introduced as 'the man who is more Australian than most of us, a man who loves his country'; an honour he most jealously guards and is aware of.

Cas reads all his work and whilst doing so there is always dead silence with the audience paying strict attention and listening to his poems.

Find Cas Van Loon at
www.aussiebushpoet.blogspot.com/

NEW BOOK



Kym Eitel

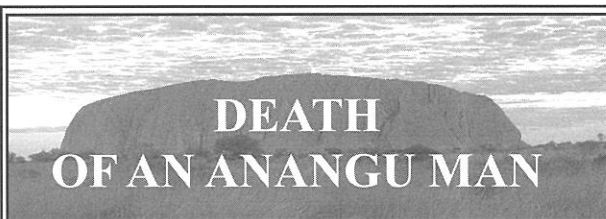
'Wild Horse Rain' is the title of the newly released hundred page book of sad, silly and serious Australian Bush Poetry published by 'The Mad Mare' Kym Eitel of Thangool Qld.

Kym has won her fair share of written bush poetry awards in the last couple of years, including both the Original and Humorous sections of The Man from Snowy River competition in 2005, the Beaudesert Country and Horse Festival, Tenterfield's Oracles Of The Bush, the John O'Brien Bush Festival, as well as two Highly Commendeds in the 2006 Blacked Billy Awards, and many other placings too numerous to mention here, at competitions nationally.

Some of Kym's works have been recorded on ABC's "Outback Visions" or published in the Bronze Swagman Book of Bush Verse (2002, 2004 and 2005).

Guy McLean and Carol Heuchan, two noted Aussie horse personalities, wrote forewords to 'Wild Horse Rain'.





© VP Reed - Bicton WA.

Winner. Eaglehawk Dahlia and Arts Festival 2005

The old man lay there dying, tears were streaming from his eyes.

He was yearning for his country where the Wedge-tail eagle flies,
to be buried in the crimson earth that writhed 'neath burning sun
to lie upon the bosom where his Dreamtime had begun.

He was weeping for his mother, who he'd never met through life,
repenting all his mortal sins; the years so full of strife.
Regretting that the city life had claimed him for its own
when he had wandered through its streets, a misfit, all alone.

Now he heard Anangu. calling from the corners of his room,
and the breezes serenaded as he peered into the gloom.
"Come home, come home, they whispered, we are waiting here for you.
The people of your homeland are there to guide you through.

Then bullroarers took up chorus like a swarm of angry bees,
and boomerangs were clacking on gum scented evening breeze.
A chanting throbbed around him easing all his sad despair,
and he saw his tribal elders, ochre painted, standing there.

Then a woman stood before him, such a kind look on her face.
Forgotten was his life of shame, the scorn of his own race.
She slowly walked toward him and took him by the hand
and led him through the doorway to a long forgotten land.

There was ceremonial dancing; there were songs so loudly sung,
and long forgotten stories came so eas'ly to his tongue.
He was young again, and naked, tribal scars across his chest.
A warrior, Anangu, here to take his final rest.

They took his unclaimed body to a pauper's sandy grave,
and no one came to mourn him, no friends to sadly wave.
But he was far beyond that place; in peace his spirit flew
to his birthplace in the desert at the base of Uluru.

26th Annual St. Albans Folk Festival April 21 - 25, 2006

The St. Albans Folk Festival is four big days and nights of music, fun and frivolity presented by some of Australia's best folk musicians, dance presenters, poets and singers in a unique atmosphere centred on the historic village of St Albans on the banks of the McDonald River.

Organisers have made yet another special effort to ensure that the 2006 festival will be even bigger and better than last year's and will feature a special ANZAC Day concert with some of Australia's biggest names in folk, blues and roots music all performing on the one day.

St Albans 2006 will again feature a Children's Festival, lots of stalls, dancing, poets' breakfasts and many workshops, all in a friendly, carnival environment. Further details available from the website: www.SnAlbans.Iwarp.com or call 02 9528 2193. Tickets 02 4958 4033 email SnAlbansTickets@optusnet.com.au

BUNDY BUSH POETRY MUSTER 2006

The Bundaberg Poets' Society are once again busy organizing their annual Bush Poetry Muster for the week-end of July 7th, 8th & 9th to be held in the 'Across the Waves Sports Club Inc.' The Bundy Muster has gone from strength to strength over the years, evident by the number of poets who travel to Bundaberg for this week-end. The past couple of years has seen over fifty poets (including children under fifteen) entering the poetry competition. The competition is held over two and a half days and includes traditional, modern and original sections with the men and women in separate categories in the Open Section. There are also Intermediate, Novice and Under 15 sections as well as Duo Performances, Yarn Spinning and the Dark & Stormy One Minute Cup which is hotly contested.

On the Friday night, the Across the Waves Sports Club will feature 'Walk Up Poetry' in its auditorium, which in recent years has developed into a Variety Concert.

Saturday evening is Concert night with Marco Gliori, Noel Stallard and Melanie Hall keeping the audience entertained along with music from a local Bush Band.



In conjunction with the Poetry Muster week-end will be the Bush Lantern Awards for Written Verse. Entries close on 26th May.

Presentation of trophies for the performance competition will be after lunch on Sunday, July 9th at which time the winner of the Bush Lantern Award will also be announced.

For more information on the Muster week-end or the written competition please find details on page 20.

AND ON BIRD FLU:

A bear, a lion and a chicken meet.

Bear says: "If I roar in the forests of North America, the entire forest is shivering with fear."

Lion says: "And if I roar on the great plains of Africa, the entire Savannah is afraid of me."

Says the chicken: "Big deal. I only have to cough, and the entire planet wets itself."

PLENTY IN STORE FOR BETTY



Historic Tintaldra, the top town at the top of the Murray River was first settled in 1837. In 1864 the now historically registered Tintaldra Store was built of river red gum and red stringy bark slabs - it served an area from the mountains to Wodonga. Six years later the Tintaldra Hotel was built.

Tintaldra is located approximately 23 km north of Corryong and is situated at the intersection of the Murray River Road and the Cudgewa Valley Road.

The town has developed around agriculture and tourism.

The town has a resident population of approximately 25 persons who either work in the area, commute to other towns, or have retired to live in the town. The community facilities include a hotel, caravan park, bed and breakfast accommodation, local hall and post office.

Because of its historical value and superb location on the banks of the beautiful Upper Murray River, Tintaldra is a very interesting town to visit.

But, not all general stores serve poetry with Jumbuck stew and drover's damper.

BETTY WALTON found her little piece of paradise almost thirty years ago. She arrived in Tintaldra, in the Upper Murray, on a family holiday from Cronulla, Sydney, and was instantly charmed by the picturesque hamlet.

The family bought the historic little store and settled into life at a slower pace.

"But we soon found out a general store had gone out of flavour like button-up boots," says Betty. "My daughter Diane

suggested a lovely old store like this one needed to attract tourism. This started World War III with the locals. They thought only spot-lighters and bikies would visit, and leave all their gates open."

The revamped store and tea rooms were opened in 1987 with a week of festivities, parades and a visit from country music legend Smokey Dawson.

"The locals said I would have to give it ten to fifteen years before I could really make an impression on the tourism industry," Betty says.

Today, the store is popular with senior citizen groups and tourist Coaches.

People can select from the menu of home cooked meals and enjoy the likes of jumbuck stew, drover's damper and golden syrup dumplings washed down with tank-water tea.

Betty is a member of the Snowy Mountains Bush Poetry club, likes to recite her original poems about life in the high Country, and encourages visitors to join in the sing-a-longs.

"I put on *'Bett's Bush Bash'* frequently, and we serve old fashioned stew and puddin', and you can come up and do your own thing," she said.

12th BUNDY

BUSH POETRY MUSTER



July 7th 8th and 9th 2006

*Across the Waves Sports Club Inc.
1 Miller Street Bundaberg*



Special Guest Poets

Marco Gliori - Melanie Hall - Noel Stallard

Performance Competitions:

**OPEN (Separate Male & Female Categories) -
Intermediate - Novice - Juniors - Duo Performances
Yarn Spinning - Dark and Stormy One Minute Cup**

BUSH LANTERN AWARD FOR WRITTEN VERSE

CASH PRIZES & TROPHIES

in all categories

Closing Date: May 26th 2006

Presentation of Awards Sunday July 9th

FREE: Poetry Workshop

In conjunction with Muster Weekend

Thursday July 7th

with **NOEL STALLARD** at the
Bundaberg Library

BOOKINGS ESSENTIAL

(Numbers are Limited)

Children's

Story Telling Session

Tuesday 4th July

Entry forms :

SSAE to

Performance Poetry Co-ordinator
or The Bush Lantern Co-ordinator
(As applicable)

Bundaberg Poets' Society Inc.,
PO Box 4281

BUNDABERG SOUTH. 4670



All phone or email enquiries:

John & Sandy 07 41514631 or
lees@interworx.com.au

Laree 07 41527409 or

kandlchapman@bigpond.com

Dean 07 41591705 or

dino123@dodo.com.au

Even with the store open seven days, Betty has found time to publish a book of original poetry and the history Tintaldra.

Tintaldra store was built in 1864 for pioneer grazier Sydney Grandison Watson, owner of the Upper Murray station, Tintaldra.

During the 1860s, Tintaldra flourished as a town and the store was serviced by the longest weekly horseback mail delivery service in Victoria.

In the 21st century, the store supplies travellers and locals with tourist information, provisions, light meals, take-away food and local craft. Historical artefacts,

photographs and a wood fired bakery are on display.

Close by is the Burrowa Pine Mountain National Park boasting rare and pine and threatened plant species, spectacular waterfalls and rugged rock formations.

Betty provides bed and breakfast accommodation next door to the store. There is sleeping for eight people overlooking the Murray River at \$40 per person.

"It is budget accommodation with five-star hospitality" says Betty who, at 78 years of age, reckons she would be mad if she retired. "If I was to close up, the store would fall to pieces".



Life in the High Country

© Betty Walton -Tintaldra Vic.

As you gaze across the Murray to the mountains tipped with snow
And the grassy fertile valley with its evening sunset glow
There's a calm and peaceful feeling that will wipe away life's trial
So before you even know it there's a small contented smile
On a person who has found at last the secret of success
Is looking at God's country with the friends that you love best.

There's time to stop and talk awhile and pass the time of day
To listen to some problems before you go away
The weather is a favourite one, the rain we surely need
Before you get the tractor out to sow the precious seed
We've got to get that follow up so we can cut some hay
And have it stored away in sheds be ready come what may.

The stockmen in Akubra hat's R.M. Williams on their feet
Give out a cheery 'G'day mate' to everyone they meet.
They drove the cattle in at dawn, when the frost was on the ground
And the morning mist along the flat seemed to muffle every sound
So now it's to the cattle sale will the price be high or low?
Like true blue Aussie mountain men they'll cope, that fact we know.

The shops are never crowded: you can find someone to help
If you're looking for a special thing you can't find on the shelf
And when the shopping's finished and the bags are full by far
A cheerful person soon appears to help you to your car
Then as you drive away from town no traffic lights in sight
The road leads onto Paradise that's Heaven on the right

Now when the day has slowly passed and evening shadows fall
You can listen to the music of the bushlands bedtime call
The mountains fold away their skirts of darkest navy blue
While the golden sunset backdrop shows a myriad of hue
With a promise that tomorrow will bring peace and happiness
To this wonderful high country, the land that God has blessed.

FOR THE FIRST TIME !!! AT INVERELL'S "CELEBRATION OF THE OUTBACK"

AUSTRALIAN SONG-WRITING CONTEST

Must be -

Original Work -

(with statement to this effect)

An Australian Bush Ballad

(not Country and Western)

Submitted on a tape or CD

(sound quality not a criterion)

Entries close last mail delivery
31st July, 2006

In lieu of writer being present
to do so

Permission must be given for entry
to be performed
by a visiting artist at the

Performance Night
9th September

NO ENTRY FEE

PRIZE MONEY

and a

"Golden Angel Trophy"
with Sapphire

Mail Entries to:
Australian Song-Writing Contest
P.O. Box 92
INVERELL NSW 2360

*To Musos Everywhere -
Get Those Creative Juices
Working*

***ALL PROCEEDS
GO TO THE
RESCUE HELICOPTER SERVICE**

PLEASE READ THIS

BUSH POETS CALENDAR

It would appear that only one person read the December Bush Poets Calendar booklet as only one response came forward regarding a change of detail.

Event organizers, committees and poetry groups are requested to advise the Editor as soon as possible of their forthcoming events with correct dates.

The next updated calendar will accompany the June issue and all copy should be in hand by the end of April to allow for setting up.

MARCH 30 - Apr 2 Corryong Vic. Man from Snowy River Festival. Jan Lewis 02 6076 1179 info@bushfestival.com.au

APRIL

7-9 Tenterfield - Oracles of the Bush - SSAE PO Box 372 Tenterfield 2372 - Ph/fax 02 6736 2900

8 Dunedoo Performance Comp. SSAE - PO Box 1 Dunedoo 2844 dddgroup@bigpond.com Ph. 02 63751 975

9 Bush Poets' Lunch - Greenslopes Bowls Club North Pine Q. \$12 -12.15 pm. Ph. Anita Reid (07) 3343 7392

24-28 **CHARTERS TOWERS - AUSTRALIAN CHAMPIONSHIPS** - Ph. 07 4787 3211 dawnharry@austarnet.com.au

MAY

1 Katherine (NT) CM Muster. www.kcmm.com.au Ph. 07 4159 1868

12 Closing date. **SA Championships Written Competition.** (see June 17th)

12 Mulwala Murray Muster Festival - Ph. 03 5744 2331 (see page 7)

25 Casino Beef Week. Bush Poetry, Bull-yarns and Peter Capp. Hotel Cecil - See page 12.

26 Closing date for **Bush Lantern Award for Bush Verse.** SSAE PO Box 4281 Bundaberg South Qld. 4670

31 Closing date Boree Log Award for Bush Verse. Eastwood/Hills FAW. (See story below). Ph. 02 9871 8470 Fee \$5.00

JUNE

17-18 **SA STATE CHAMPIONSHIPS** - Maurie O'Brien SSAE 23 Frances St. Morphett Vale SA 5162 08 8382 1504 (page 6)

10-12 Long-weekend **Grenfell NSW** - Henry Lawson Festival.

28-30 **Winton Qld.** Qantas Waltzing Matilda Bush Poetry Competition. SSAE PO Box 120 Winton Q. 4735

JULY

2 Derby WA. Bush Poets Breakfast. robowco@optusnet.com.au Robyn Bowcock 08 9191 1611 or 08 9191 1782 ah.

7-9 **Bundy Bush Poetry Muster** week-end. Ph. 07 4151 4631 lees@interworx.com.au

28 Closing date **Ipswich Poetry Feast** \$3,800 Written Comp. Ph. 07 3810 6761 library.ipswich.qld.gov.au/poetryfeast/index.htm

29-30 **Kembla Mining & /Heritage Festival.** Cate Stevenson. 9 Araluen Av. Mt.Kembla Village 2526 - 02 4271 3737

AUGUST

— **Brisbane Ekka** Bush Poetry Competition. Trisha Anderson. Ph. 07 3268 3624 - trish.spencer@bigpond.com

10-12 Beaudesert. **QUEENSLAND STATE CHAMPIONSHIPS** SSAE Nancy Moss PO Box 242 Beaudesert 4285 (See p. 3)

8-20 North Pine Q. Contact Anita Reed Ph. 07 3343 7392 anitareed383@hotmail.com

23-27 The **Gympie Muster** Bush Poets. Marco Giori. PO Box 999 Warwick Q. 4370 07 4661 4024 giori@in.com

SEPTEMBER

8-10 **Inverell Competition** Burt Candy PO Box 92 Inverell. 2360 PH: (02) 67 211 127 candyb57@yahoo.com (p. 9)

OCTOBER

7-8 **NSW BUSH POETRY CHAMPIONSHIPS** Tenterfield. SSAE PO Box 372 Tenterfield 2372 Ph/fax 02 6736 2900

8 **Rusty Nail Festival** - Wedderburn Vic. Ric Raftis 37 St. Arnaud Rd. Wedderburn Ph. 03 5494 3404 email ric@bushverse.com

21-22 **VICTORIAN STATE CHAMPIONSHIPS**—Benalla V. More later. jimbrownsaustralia.com

NOVEMBER

12 **Central Goldfields** End of Year Concert. Bendigo. www.cgpb.info Colin Carrington@mydesk.net.au Ph.03 5441 2425

NEW MONTHLY VENUES

The **Gippsland Bush Poets.** 2nd Thurs. 7.30pm Great Aussie Pub, Rosedale. Russell Heathcote (03) 51992504 Ross Noble 5147 1684

Hunter Bush Poets 2nd Tuesdays 7.00pm. Club Macquarie Lake Road,, Boolaroo, Bob Skelton 02 4953 2751

Book Shelf

Advertise Product here. \$5 per ad. per issue. Post to Editor.
(Maximum of three lines).

* 'Horsing Around!' Horsey Rhymes and Ramblings - Finalist Open & Original Book of the Year 2005 ABL Awards

'A Pocketful of Poetry' - CD - Aust. Bush Laureate Awards ALBUM of the YEAR 2006 \$22 each or \$35 for both p.p.

CAROL HEUCHAN - 'Carrobity' 67a Crawford Rd., Cooranbong. NSW 2265 02 49773210 carrobity@hotmail.com

* **DUNCAN WILLIAMS.** PO Box 746, Tamworth. NSW. 2340. Ph. 02 67623286. duncan1969@hotmail.com

'Poetic Collection' CD - Containing fourteen original tracks by Duncan Williams. \$20.00 Post Paid

The BOREE LOG

AWARD for BUSH VERSE

Father Patrick Joseph Hartigan (1875-1952) was ordained in 1903, served in various positions, including 27 years as Parish Priest of Narrandera.

As a poet, he wrote under the pseudonym of John O'Brien and is fondly remembered for poems such as 'Said Hanrahan', 'Around the Boree Log'

and 'The Old Bush School'.

He is buried in the cemetery at North Rocks near Parramatta.

The Eastwood/Hills Regional FAW has been conducting the Boree Log Award for written, unpublished, original verse having perfect rhyme and meter for the past four years.

The usual cover notes and conditions apply. Maximum 3 poems per

entrant limited to 80 lines with an Australian Bush Theme. No forms are required.

The closing date is May 31st - Entry fee \$5.00 - \$200 plus Trophy.

Entries with an SSAE for results to Competition Secretary - Boree Log Eastwood/Hills FAW

PO Box 4663 NORTH ROCKS 2151
Phone 02 9871 8470

DON'T MISS
THE BEST WEEKEND OF AUSTRALIAN BUSH POETRY AND MUSIC
INVERELL'S
"CELEBRATION OF THE OUTBACK" 2006
FRIDAY 8th to SUNDAY 10th SEPTEMBER

FEATURING : Ray Essery, Marco Gliori, Jimmy Brown, Dave De Hugard,
 "Scrubby Gully", The Rabbit-Trappers and more.

FRIDAY : *Bush Poets' Pub Crawl (Meet 5.30pm at the P.O. – 9 Pubs)*

SATURDAY: *Bush Poets' Breakfast at the beautiful Pioneer Village*
Competitions with big prize money and trophies
Free Bush Band Concert in Campbell Park beside the Macintyre River

Big PERFORMANCE NIGHT at the RSM Club

SUNDAY: *Another Bush Poets' Breakfast with an "Open Mike" session*
Barbeque lunch with Prime Inverell Beef

COMPETITIONS: Big Prize Money! Original Bush Poetry - Traditional Bush Poetry
 Junior Poet - Original Written Work - Bush Balladeers
AND FOR THE FIRST TIME - Original Song writing contest (see ad on page 21)

To receive Program/Entry Forms/Accommodation Details by return mail contact:

INVERELL VISITORS' CENTRE (BH) (02) 67 288 161, or

Burt Candy: e-mail candyb57@yahoo.com

**** ALL PROCEEDS TO THE RESCUE HELICOPTER SERVICE ****

**BOYUP BROOK COUNTRY
 AND WESTERN FESTIVAL**

February 19th in Boyup Brook (a small town about 250km from Perth) saw the Country Music Festival in full swing with approximately 8,000 visitors swelling the towns population about 400 fold.

It was also invaded by a dozen bush poets who entertained at the nursing home, and then on Sunday morning at the huge Poets Breakfast. Seven years ago the gathering totalled about fifty scattered enthusiasts around the marquee.

What a difference a short time can make - even Peter Capp hadn't aged a bit.

An official count of those present at the Breakfast totalled in excess of one thousand, which in WA terms, or anywhere else for that matter, is a great crowd for bush poetry.

The assortment of Bush Poets, metropolitan and local regaled the audience with Banjo and Henry, local heroes, humour and entertainment.

Eighty-seven years old Arthur Leggett from Perth still wears his running shoes and can still recite Paterson's 'In The Droving Days' without flaw, painting a perfect word picture. A true gentleman.

A small speech was made by the American Consul and Peter Capp replied with his poem about the Americans stealing the Ugg, UGH, UGG words from the Australian makers of the original UGG BOOT.

After three and a half hours the Breakfast was declared the best that Boyup Brook had ever witnessed.

ADVERTISING RATES

1/3 Column	\$10.00
2/3 Column	\$15.00
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Book Shelf	\$ 5.00

Full page ads not available

Poet's Calendar and Regular Events free.
 (One line only)

Poets Calendar Booklet free.
 (Deadlines Apr 30 and Oct 30)

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

Terms strictly C.O.D. with ad.
(Invoiced with Receipt)

Send payment and all details in plain text to
 The Editor.

PO Box 16 Canowindra NSW 2804

email. fda70930@bigpond.net.au Ph. 02 6344 1477

There was a young woman named Bright
 Whose speed was much faster than light.
 She set out one day
 In a relative way,
 And returned on the previous night

TENTERFIELD

10th Oracles of the Bush
7 - 8 - 9 April

**Looming Legends
Written and Performance
Competition**

Prize-money exceeds

\$2,000.00

Marco Gliori

Ray Essery - Gary Fogarty

Carmel Dunn

Matt Manning - John Major

featuring all weekend

Program available.

Contact 0267362900

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(\$2 from each sale will be donated
to the Queensland Cancer Fund -
Rockhampton).

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QUEENSLAND BUSH POETRY STATE CHAMPIONSHIPS

Woodhill Country Hall

BEAUDESERT

10-12 JUNE

Closing date May 10

\$2,500.00

Prize-money & Trophies

Ladies - Mens - Novice - Junior

Performance Competitions

"Golden Horseshoe"

Adult & Children's Written

Awards

SSAE 'Bush Poetry' 21 Nichols St

Jimboomba Q 4280

Ph. 07 5546 0733

(to page 3)

NORTH PINE BUSH POETS CAMP OVEN

WRITTEN COMPETITION

1st \$200, 2nd \$100, 3rd \$50

Poems to be set in Australia
or about Australians

Not to have won a written contest

No entry form - No line limit,

No limit to number of entries.

(\$5 per poem)

Send 2 copies of each poem with

Cover Sheet and Payment to

North Pine Bush Poets Inc.

Send to J. Hansen,

35 Goodfellows Road,

Kallangur, Qld. 4510

CLOSING DATE 30 June 2006

Send SSAE for comments from two
highly respected bush poetry judges

PERFORMANCE COMPETITION CAMP OVEN FESTIVAL

18-20 AUGUST

(20k north of Brisbane CBD)

Juniors, Novices, Open, Duos,

1 Minute, Meet and Greet, Walk-ups

SATURDAY NIGHT

CONCERT

19th August

Shirley Friend,

Carol Heuchan, Ron Liekefett,

Noel Stallard

More info. next issue

Phone Anita (07) 3343 7392 or

Manfred (07) 3399 8343

Don't forget:

NSW Championships

National Championships

VICTORIAN Championships

QUEENSLAND Championships

SOUTH AUSSIE Championships

Go to the Calendar page 22.

FAR NORTH QUEENSLAND BUSH POETRY CHAMPIONSHIPS

4TH - 6TH AUGUST 2006

Mareeba Heritage Centre

Workshops, Breakfasts, BBQ

Open Air Concert

Written & Performance

Competitions

Hosts: Chris & The Grey

Contacts:

The Co-ordinator

Far North Bush Poetry Championships

P.O. Box 8211, Bargara Qld. 4670

Ph. 07 41591868

www.msc.qld.gov.au/content/view/451/2/

The Mareeba Heritage Centre

Ph/Fax (07) 40 925 674 (See p.10)

Derby WA

Bush Poets' Breakfast

Sunday 2nd July

Derby Memorial Pool

Join us for some

Great tucker - Great company and

Great entertainment featuring

'Cobber' and his cast of thousands!

Elders' written poetry competition

Johnny James' children's written

poetry competition

and a Yarning Calcutta

NO ENTRY FEES

Send to/or Contact:

Robyn Bowcock

PO Box 67

Derby WA 6728

08 9191 1611 or 08 9191 1782 ah.

robowco@optusnet.com.au