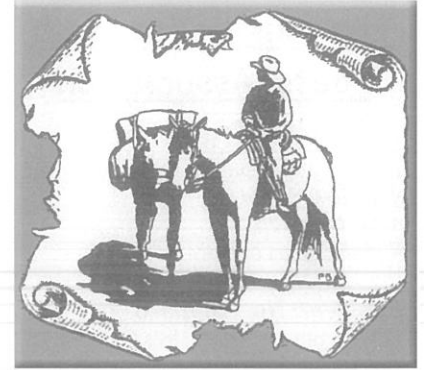


The Australian Bush Poets Association Inc.

NEWSLETTER

Volume 13 No. 4

August - September 2006



THE BRAVEST OF THE BRAVE

© Merv Webster - Bargara Q.

All those years of droving cattle
hell they surely were a battle
as my back hurts something woeful
and I'm up near half the night.
And I carry scars from busters
earnt in wild and woolly musters
in the back blocks of this country
where mad scrubbers take to flight.

And the years of bare back riding
where my frame it copt a hiding
and I gained the limp I live with
all those many years ago.
But my aches and pains all faded
and I sat there kind of jaded
when I heard our darling Sophie
had been dealt another blow.

You're too young to have to suffer
and your pain is so much rougher,
but we see you as our hero
and the bravest of the brave.
So dear Sophie keep your spirit
and sweet angel please believe it
when we tell you little darling
you're the bravest of the brave.

I recall how I was shattered
when I first saw how your battered
body fought to overcome the scars
of burns and loss of limbs.
In the outback I have ridden
with tough men I've known who've
hidden
any sign of pain as weakness
and despite things looking grim.

But you're tough as old boot leather
and I can't say I have ever
seen such courage in a youngster
like you showed through that ordeal.
There are millions in this Nation
who hearts live in expectation
and we know your fighting spirit
will win out and help you heal.

You're too young to have to suffer
and your pain is so much rougher,
but we see you as our hero
and the bravest of the brave.
So dear Sophie keep your spirit
and sweet angel please believe it
when we tell you little darling
you're the bravest of the brave.

CAMPBELL IRVING - 20 YEARS ON THE ROAD - Page 3

Australian history is almost always picturesque; indeed, it is also so curious and strange, that it is itself the chiefest novelty the country has to offer and so it pushes the other novelties into second and third place.

It does not read like history, but like the most beautiful lies; and all of a fresh new sort, no mouldy old stale ones.

It is full of surprises and adventures, the incongruities, and contradictions, and incredibility's; but they are all true, they all happened.

Mark Twain, More Tramps Abroad, London, 1897

ANITA REED DEAN COLLINS 2006 Queensland State Champions

The much needed rain may have put an end to the poets gathering around the campfire at Alan and Glenny Palmer's 'Fairy Meade' property on the Saturday night but it didn't dampen the enthusiasm or the spirits of the organizers of the 2006 Queensland Bush Poetry State Championships over the June Long-Weekend.

The editor received a number of positive emails and reports on the event held in the old Woodhill Hall near Beaudesert where the atmosphere, according to Glenny, made everyone feel they were back 'in the good old days' where get-togethers in a bush hall were the highlights of country life with an endless supply of non-stop old fashioned stews, apple pie and custard added to the fare of modern day culinary skills.

Long distant travellers to Beaudesert included bush poets Ross Magnay of Alice Springs and Kerrie and Rod Lee from Perth. Ross went home from his first ever Bush Poetry event full of enthusiasm and armed with promises of good will and support from the poets enough to set the wheels in motion for a similar event in Alice Springs.

Judges and headliners for the hilarious Sunday night concert, Marco Gliori, Carol Heuchan, Noel Stallard, Glenny Palmer and musician Paul Ensby kept the show rolling smoothly at a steady pace. Peter Baguley ably supported by John and Sandy Lees in the absence of his sick wife Rosemary, attended to the adjudicating and collating of scores.

Festival Patron, Alison Lingard and husband Peter along with Beaudesert Mayor Joy Drescher promoted the event with their support.

After a vigorously fought battle the Queensland Male and Female champions titles went to Queenslanders Dean Collins of Bargara and Anita Reed from Holland Park. Photos p 8.

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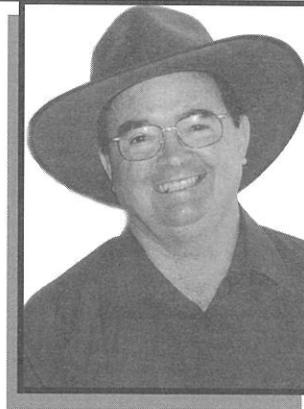
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The Australian Bush Poets Association Inc Newsletter is set-up, published and posted direct to subscribers bi-monthly by the ABPA Inc.

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,

My thanks and appreciation go to the members who used the new Application for Membership Forms to procure new members for our association.

The response has been very encouraging. Only a few Poet Groups have requested batches of these new enrolment forms and I would encourage others to follow suit. There is no cost to the Group to get these forms and if we make them available at our various gigs there is no telling how many new members we may get. Remember Membership is the only means the association has of raising income and if we want to upgrade our Newsletter then we will need these membership funds to do so.

I have contacted prominent writers to have their opinion on modifications to the current Criteria Sheet for Bush Poetry Written Competitions. The draft of these modifications should be available for the next Newsletter. When the Written Criteria is updated I would like to conduct a similar review of the Performance Criteria.

Could I encourage those who are running written or performance competitions in Bush Poetry to request from us the most up-to-date A.B.P.A. Criteria Sheets. No one is saying they are perfect but they are the best we have at the moment and many excellent poets have contributed long hours to give us this criteria for our competitions.

It was an oversight of mine not to have on the new Application for Membership Forms the fact that Dual Membership and Junior Membership are still available. Dual Membership for the second family member is \$10 and Junior (under 18) is \$20.

I would like members to consider the move to have the Australian Championships locked into a specific date or weekend of the year. The transient nature of our National Championship makes it difficult for working people to make arrangements to attend.

There is a lot to be said for not only a fixed time but a fixed place that is relevantly central to the State competitors that generally attend. This championship should be our blue ribbon event of the year with maximum attendance by those wishing to attend. This proposal could not happen before 2008 as there is a current application for the titles in 2007. Please let me know what you think and what potential place and date would be suitable.

With gratitude,

Noel Stallard

**PLEASE HELP OUR ASSOCIATION TO GROW -
ASK A FRIEND TO BECOME A MEMBER!**

Spelling

Beware of heard, a dreadful word
That looks like beard and sounds like
bird.

And dead: it's said like bed, not bead;
For goodness' sake, don't call it deed!
Watch out for meat and great and threat.
(They rhyme with suite and straight and
debt.)

A moth is not a moth in mother,
Nor both in bother, broth in brother.

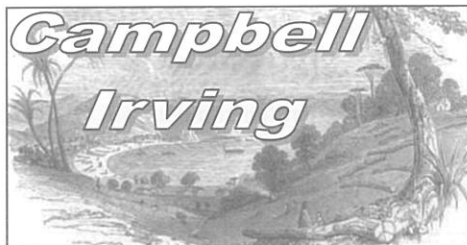
-- Anonymous

ABPA Inc. BADGE



It's Copper
It looks like a
penny
It's the colour of
a penny
It's the size of a
penny
- It looks great -
It's only \$5
post paid

Ideal gifts Send payment to the
Secretary - ABPA Inc. Ed Parmenter
1 Avenue St. Coffs Harbour NSW 2450



20 YEARS ON THE ROAD 1986-2006

Campbell Irving was born in New Zealand's Bay of Islands, first discovered a thousand years ago by the great Polynesian navigator Kupe, who named the islands Aotearoa, 'Land of the Long White Cloud'.

Campbell Irving's first real taste of Australiana came from a visit to his homeland by the 'Bushwackers' in 1973. Two years later he migrated and settled in Sydney where he continued working as a storeman for his former NZ employers Reckitt and Coleman.

Whilst gainfully employed, he studied Australian Folklore until, in time honoured capitalist tradition, he was retrenched and decided to hit the road with his swag in search of another art and another language, making Kapunda SA his first festival in 1986.

With no fixed place of abode Campbell made his headquarters at the home of a friend at Truro in South Australia for a number of years, returning to this address a couple of times annually to collect his mail and tend to other business matters. Currently his mailing address is in far north Queensland.



Campbell is a genuine, unforgettable and fascinating bush personality, a bush poet, busker, author, writer, larrikin and swaggie; is larger than life and continues an oral tradition stemming virtually from white settlement in Australia, telling stories and reciting.

Campbell is very serious when it comes to keeping our traditions of bush

verse and performance alive. He keeps the works of the old masters (Paterson, Lawson, Dennis and Harrington to mention only a few) in the public eye with a repertoire approaching two-hundred poems, waxes lyrical about sleeping under the stars and writes his own verse in traditional style



When not performing in concert, at a festival or as a busker on the streets, Campbell can be found engrossed in books at a local library researching and building his stock of Australian cultural heritage, and meticulously recording his travels.

Campbell's career highlights are far too numerous to mention. He is a much travelled keeping the tradition of 'Waltzing Matilda' and the character of the swagman alive with his blackened billy and his battered swag. He can be found at the likes of the 'Swagman's Festival' at Milparinka, or Nymagee in the backblocks of NSW, Uluru and the Top End Festivals in the Northern Territory, Winton and Gympie in Queensland, Innaminka and Port Wakefield in South Australia, Port Fairy or Maldon in Victoria, or the National Folk Festival in Canberra as well as all the other capital cities. He is a familiar figure in Tamworth at the Country Music Festival where he won the Peel Street Buskers competition in 1988.

Not all the appreciative coin thrown into his billy-can whilst busking has been for personal gain, his gestures towards charities are immeasurable with one big example being his donation of \$1,500.00 to the Royal Flying Doctor Service following the 140 miles trek from Longreach to Winton as part of the Commemorative Swagman's Walk in 1995.



Of his homeland Campbell just says it's 'too damn small for serious swagging'.

DUNEDOO POETRY FESTIVAL

The eight annual Dunedoo Bush Poetry Festival was another great success with more young people taking up the opportunity to participate.

Milton Taylor, MC for the night, proved why he is an Australian Champion and the audience loved him keeping them entertained during a microphone glitch.

Carol Heuchan scooped the pool and as always Carol is more than welcome in Dunedoo.

It was great to have the support of the Hunter Bush Poets and Greg North along with the much loved poets who support Dunedoo including 'Gum Leaf Garry Lowe' and Ted Webber. 'Mr Music', Ken Jones, added nicely to the festival.

The standard is always high in Dunedoo, and the ever enthusiastic committee is already looking forward to next years festival when Dunedoo conducts the **Australian Bush Poetry Championships** on their new permanent date, the first weekend in March.

The 2005 competition results are posted on page 23.

BENEATH A BLOOD-RED SEA

In support of those dedicated people fighting to save the Whales, and especially our much-loved Humpbacks, Arthur Green of Warana Qld. penned 'Beneath a Blood Red Sea' early in 2006. The poem was the winning entry in the Traditional Section of the 2006 Free-Xpression's annual competition and was subsequently published in the May '06 issued of their monthly magazine.

Arthur read about the 70 nations International Whaling Commission meeting in the West Indies to vote against Japan's application to remove the moratorium banning commercial whaling.

As we now know, the vote was not in favour of Japan, and those people dedicated to saving the whales, especially our much-loved Humpbacks, received all the public support necessary to keep the ban on commercial whaling.

p 5.



HARDEN NSW BUSH POETS DINNER & PERFORMANCE COMPETITION A TASTE OF COUNTRY \$1,500 PRIZEMONEY

On Saturday 21st October the busy rural centre of Harden on the south west slopes of NSW adjacent to the Canberra and Riverina Regions will be holding a Dinner and Bush Poetry Competition in the Mechanics Institute.

Sponsored by the Kruger Trust, the \$1,500.00 competition will be an open poetry challenge for male and female poets combined in two sections; 1. Traditional or Classical works 2. Contemporary Humorous paying four places in each section: 1. \$200, 2. \$150, 3. \$100, 4. \$50.

Entry fee is \$10 which includes a free meal.

Entries will close on 1st October. Nominations should include full name and address, a short bio, a choice of three poems in each section (first in first served) and full payment which should be posted to

Connie McFadyen,
Harden Arts Council,
PO Box 205 Harden NSW 2587.
Phone 02 6386 2575

The evening will commence at 6pm sharp.

Other features of the Harden festival will be three school performance conducted by Frank Daniel, the Harden-Murrumburrah Kite Festival, Exhibitions by the Stitchers Group, a Children's Photography Competition, Hot Air Balloon flights and more.

SOUTH AUSSIE STATE TITLES



The South Australian Bush Poetry Championships were held as part of the Barmera Country Music Festival on Saturday 10th June.

The Written competition was well supported by poets from all around Australia.

The performance section was held in the Barmera RSL hall

from 10.00am to approx 2.30pm on the Saturday (10th June). The competition attracted 124 spectators who filled the hall and stayed for the full period of the competitions. The RSL supplied morning tea and lunch and had bar facilities available which proved to be a winner for them as well. All up a very successful comp. and certainly something we can now build on in future years.

Performance Competition -
State Champion and Champion of Champions - Ann Rogers of Owen SA (MOB)

p 23

NIGHT OF THE FOX

© Ellis Campbell. Dubbo. Winner 2006 Great Dunny Classic written competition.

His well-furred coat is a rusty red and grey-lined jaws edge his small, sharp head. With tiny paws and a brushy tail he stalks each night on a new-found trail. Elusive, silent, he hunts alone - he makes the wildest terrain his own.

Though sleet and drizzle and storms occur, and west winds ruffle the tawny fur along his belly, he mutely stalks in boundless darkness where no man walks. With cunning sense he survives and shuns the traps and poison and smoking guns.

He moves with silent and cautious tread, a shroud of darkness around him spread. He scouts through rocks and a limestone cave, past ridge and gutters where fern fronds wave. Then open plain to the river's brink he laps the water to take a drink.

A yapping bay in the dark remote rings stark and clear from his husky, throat. It shatters stillness with shrilling tone a friendless bark as he scouts alone Perhaps a vixen is somewhere near her yapping answer he waits to hear.

His baying quavers beyond the hills, then dies away till the echo stills. He changes course for it's growing late - tonight no vixen will claim a mate. No mouse or rabbit or crayfish strays across the path of his hunting ways.

But hunger drives as he lopes along the breezes carry a scent that's strong. The farmyard fowls are asleep at ease as Reynard slinks through the garden trees. The dogs are reefing on binding chain at this impostor of their domain.

FOR ALL LEXIOPHILES

Coffee (n.), a person who is coughed upon. Flabbergasted (adj.), appalled over how much weight you have gained. Esplanade (v.), to attempt an explanation while drunk.

Lymph (v.), to walk with a lisp. Balderdash (n.), a rapidly receding hairline. Willy-nilly (adj.), impotent. Will (n.) a dead giveaway. Acupuncture (n.), a jab well done. Inverse: backward poetry.

Lexiophiles: (lovers of words)

Their savage barking resounds the night –
but wily fox will exploit their plight.
His cunning instincts are rarely wrong –
the dogs restrained by their leashes strong.
He creeps in closer with noiseless tread
by inky walls of the fowl-yard shed.

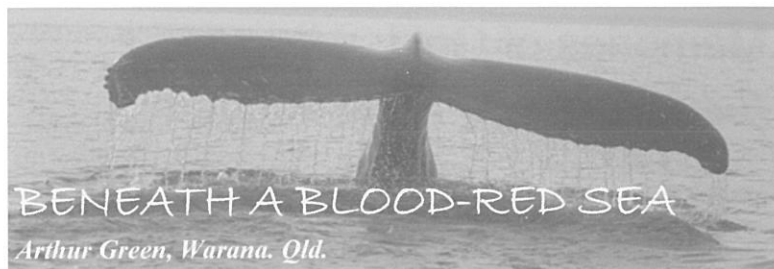
The roosting fowls in their drowsy sleep
are unaware that the fox will leap
and seize the closest with daring skill –
its startled squawking suppressed at will.
He crouches low and prepares to spring
at Plymouth Rock with its light-barred wing

A spotlight flashes the silent night –
its vivid gleaming as lightning bright.
The fox is caught in its brilliant glare –
a guilty culprit is warned-beware!
He slinks to shadows along the wall –
escapes the light with his flattened crawl.

The fowls aroused from their peaceful sleep
all squawk and cackle a nervous cheep.
The light descends on the hapless fox –
he wheels and streaks through the garden stocks.
He weaves and skips to escape the beam –
he crouches low and his weird eyes gleam.

A shot rings out as he clears the fence –
his clever dodging a fierce defence.
The whining bullet inflames his fur –
he bounds and glides through the clinging burr.
In twenty seconds he doubles back
from snarling rifle's infernal crack.

Across the ridges of scraggy scrubs
he lopes alone through the stunted shrubs.
As daylight dawns through a fog-smeared screen
he glides eclipsed by the bushland's scene.
By shadowed cliffs and the gorges deep
he finds his burrow and goes to sleep.



BENEATH A BLOOD-RED SEA

Arthur Green, Warana. Qld.

I drifted in a shadowed world like none I'd ever seen,
through passageways and corridors in muted shades of green,
surrounded by a song of joy like none I'd ever heard,
whose notes conveyed a rhapsody unmatched by any bird.

But then the soaring notes of joy turned into screams of pain.
Such terror, anguish, heartache I've no wish to hear again.
A world of dead and dying shapes – a water-world of hell –
of shocking, bloodied carnage where I'd no desire to dwell.

The sea was red with blood and filled with terrifying sound.
Those dying screams that filled my dreams, it seemed were all around.
The dull thud of explosions followed frantic, fleeing shapes,
while in their rear, the death they fear, from which no one escapes.

Relentlessly pursuing them through corridors of red,
were whalers, with their harpoons, bent on harvesting the dead.
And though no words were spoken, I could sense inside my brain,
those frantic whale-sounds calling and could empathize their pain.

It seemed the shapes were trying to inform me of their plight,
in hope perhaps, that somewhere, caring nations would unite
to bring this wanton slaughter of a species to an end,
ensuring the survival of Mankind's aquatic friend.

I shuddered as more episodes of slaughter filled my dream,
though rumbling ship-propellers helped to camouflage each scream,
and woke at last with shrieks of pain still ringing in my ears,
and fear I'll hear them nightly in my dreams for many years.

Could slaughter such as this to satisfy some culture's need,
be used to justify the wanton plunder of a breed?
The murder of a mammal who regards Man as a friend;
intelligent and trusting, but that trust could bring its end.

"Research for Science," is the bleat each year as more are killed,
while Science ponders whether whales taste better 'raw' or 'grilled'.
And ever larger looms the threat of one more species gone,
unless we take some action *now* and not two decades on.

The sea was *their* protection long before man walked the Earth,
their birthright, long before Man's primal ancestors gave birth.
Their refuge from when dinosaurs and lizards roamed the land.
How can we now condone their deaths with just a reprimand?

These graceful, huge cetaceans who survive on tiny krill,
who've been so cruelly slaughtered are too precious now to kill.
A world with oil and plastics has no need to gut their lives.
To help atone our past we must ensure their race survives.

Those corridors of blood must once again become jade-green.
That crimson darkness gone, instead, replacing what had been,
must be enforced protection of their species, come what may,
or all mankind will share the guilt and shame, come Judgment Day.

So ... are you one prepared to claim their cull is inhumane?
If so, stand forth and cry to those endorsing whaling, "Shame!"
Support world legislation to protect this special breed
from slaughter, persecution and Man's monumental greed.



Glenny Palmer of Beaudesert and Ross Magnay of Alice Springs pictured at the Queensland Bush Poetry Championships in June.

WRITERS! - WIN A GRAND

Gippsland Bush Poets are offering \$1,000.00 in
their Inaugural Gippsland Wattle Bush Poetry
Awards. Go to page 17.

Memories of Gold

John Major

'True Blue' Aussie Bush Poet, grazier and man of the land

John Major was born into a rural community in the picturesque Dawson River country of Central Queensland.

Educated at Rockhampton Boys Grammar School, John had a competitive streak and held many records in athletics and swimming and also represented the school at rugby league, cricket and tennis. He was a rugby league referee for twenty-five years in conjunction with his role as a coach.

Finishing school in 1955 John took up share-farming, and followed with stints as a ring barker, musterer, truck driver and bulldozer operator. He spent many years at the Moura Coal Mine. His developed business acumen augmented his farming income with a ten year period as one of Queensland's most successful AMP agents.

He married Joy Hansen in 1961 and settled with his wife on their property "Nonda", near Baralaba, west of Rockhampton, where they raised their four daughters.

John's experience of life on the land, his genuine heartfelt emotion for the trials, tribulations and victories of the people reflects in his art and radiates from his soul.

John was always interested in poetry and, prompted by various Tex

Morton recitals at an early age, progressed from there, developing his own easy going style of presentation.

His love for traditional poetry and yarn-spinning is evident as audiences are kept enthralled by his wonderful repertoire of humorous and serious verse, unforgettable anecdotes and authentic tales that are uniquely Australian.

He can lift an audience to greater levels of awareness and appreciation of matters close to heart with his distinctive, appealing style as he reaches out and touches his listeners with a clever mastery of words, wit and wisdom.

The recipient of many awards from festivals as distant as Tamworth, Gympie and Winton, John now regularly performs at festivals, business conventions, and private functions throughout Queensland and interstate, bringing, through his animated verse and character, the country to the city and the city to the country.

John's magical ability to turn a poem into an emotive and thought provoking narrative is unsurpassed. His talent brings the characters to life, gives them personality and justifies any author's work.

He has cultivated his life long love of poetry and entertaining from reading, listening, absorbing, studying, sharing, emulating, imitating and picking up material first hand from old drovers; and has been performing Australian Bush Verse for over twenty years, building a formidable repertoire



of poetry for every occasion.

John lifts his audiences to greater levels of awareness and appreciation of matters close to the heart with his distinctive, appealing style as he reaches out and touches his listeners with a clever mastery of words, wit and wisdom.

Sometimes humorous, other times on a more serious note, John's poems, jokes, tales and yarns challenge both the intellect and the emotions.

John is a true entertainer.

John has is a 'true blue' Aussie who has a genuine love of Australia, its people, its heritage and its future.

Memories of Gold is the title of his latest album of Australian Bush Verse mastered and engineered by Restless Music of Stanthorpe Q. See p 24.

TAMWORTH WALK-UP POETS

Over the past two years members of the APBA have commented about the lack of opportunities at Tamworth for "walk up poets".

ABPA Secretary, Ed Parmenter, has hired the St. Edwards Hall in Hillvue Road in order to cater for walk-up poets on Monday the 22nd and Wednesday the 24th January from 1-30 pm to 4-00 pm. Ample parking is available at the venue.

Please contact Ed for further information.

Ed Parmenter

1 Avenue St Coffs Harbour 2450

Ph/fax. 02 6652 3716

Email: edandmarg@tsn.cc

NEW TREASURER

The position of Treasurer of the ABPA became vacant due to the early retirement of Marie Smith of Dorrigo. Our heartfelt thanks goes to Marie for an excellent job well done, but with family and other commitments she will not have the time to carry on. The position was advertised in the June Newsletter with no volunteers stepping forward.

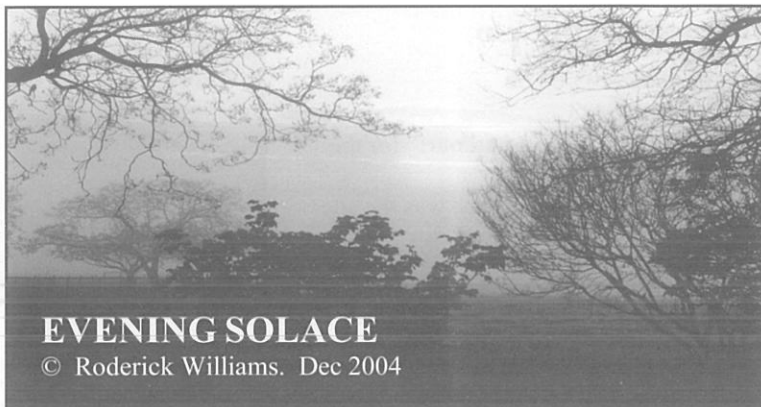
The model rules for Incorporated Associations advise as follows -

"Section 14. Sub-Section 4. In the event of a casual vacancy occurring in the membership of the Committee, the Committee may appoint a member of the Association to fill the vacancy and the member so appointed is to hold office, subject to these rules, until the conclusion of the Annual General

Meeting next following the date of the appointment."



Margaret Parmenter, Asst. to the Secretary, has volunteered to undertake this casual vacancy until the A.G.M. in January, 2007.



EVENING SOLACE

© Roderick Williams. Dec 2004

Reflections, as the evening light casts a spell on Dingo Creek,
The bird-calls cut with clarity, sounds from tiny throat and beak.
The shining lucid water's face, gives back pictures to the sky,
Serene, devoid of human sound, stillness, peace, my friend and I.

A water lizard slithers from a tiny shrub and native vine,
As Jessie pricks her ears and stares, still as steel, clear eyes that shine.
The reptile checks us from afar, on the steep bank's lower ledge,
Into the creek slides silently and glides along the water's edge.

The magpies flying back to sleep, hear the Kooka's Final laugh,
Wrens and Robins enter homes, made of grass, fine twigs and chaff.
My Jess is fascinated by creatures she can hear and see,
Beside me on the driftwood log, rested chin upon my knee.

A calming settles over-all with the coming of the night,
The day-bird calls now dissipate, shrouded by the fading light.
All tension is at last absorbed, nature's pain relief at hand,
Sounds of darkness from within, Dreamtime's Robe upon the land.



TUNCURRY POETS BREAKFAST AND BRAWL

The Bush Telegraph along the mid north coast of NSW has reported that the local Sundowners Bush Poets Group have arrangements well underway for their forthcoming Poets Breakfast and One Minute Poets Brawl which will take place this year at Tuncurry Theatre in Point Road on Sunday, 17th September from 8 am.

The morning's entertainment will feature performances by a dozen or

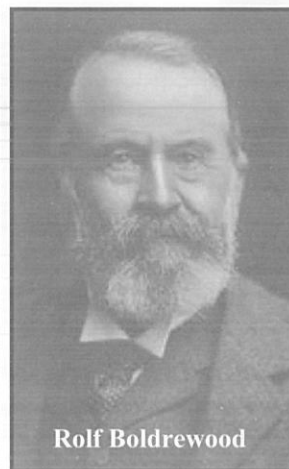
more of the successful entrants who participated in the Great Lakes and Taree District Written Bush Poetry Competition for School Students.

In previous years, these youngsters have always proved very entertaining and have provided humorous performances which are not to be missed.

The entertainment will this year again include a One Minute Poets Brawl with prize money as follows: 1st - \$100, 2nd - \$30 and 3rd - \$20. Topic for the Brawl poem will be available by phone, one week prior, on Saturday 9th September between 9 am and 2 pm from Reid Begg, 02 6554 9788. This years Brawl will be sponsored by local accountancy firm, Harrison, Main and Macarthur of Tuncurry and an entry fee of \$3.00 applies.

Breakfast, for which bookings are required, will be available from 8 am for a very reasonable \$6.00 and will be cooked by one of our event sponsors, Tuncurry Mud Crabs Swimming Club.

INAUGURAL ROLF BOLDREWOOD LITERARY AWARDS



Rolf Boldrewood

The Inaugural Rolf Boldrewood Literary Awards are being conducted through the Macquarie Regional Library, Dubbo NSW, with the intention of honouring Rolf Boldrewood (1826-1915), the pen name of Thomas Browne, who during his time as a police magistrate in Dubbo wrote *Robbery Under Arms* one of

the first major Australian novels.

The competition aims to foster the writing of prose and poetry with an Australian content.

The competition will be judged to select, in the opinion of the judges, the best entries in the following categories:

Prose - fiction, an article or essay (including family history) to a maximum of 3000 words on an Australian theme.

Poetry - in any form or style to a maximum of 80 lines on an Australian theme.

Entries must be original and not have been published for cash payment, nor have been awarded first prize in any other written competition.

An entry fee of \$10.00 applies to each entry, with the winners in each section receiving a magnificent bust of Rolf Boldrewood by Brett Garling of Wongarbon, NSW (value \$100.00) and \$600.00. with second prize of \$300.00 and third prize of \$150.00.

Entry details page 24.

The mornings entertainment will commence at 9 am and will include performances by local and visiting poets.

The organisers wish to express their appreciation to their other event sponsors who are Ware Building Pty. Ltd. of Tuncurry, Country Energy and the Coomba Park Cowgirls.

Submitted by Reid Begg, Tuncurry NSW. p.24. . .



2006 Queensland State Champions



**ANITA
REED**
Holland Park Qld



**DEAN
COLLINS**
Bargara Qld

MEMBERSHIP RESPONSE:

The membership flyers posted with the June issue has brought a favourable response. Requests for more flyers has prompted a re-issue.

If you haven't already done so, please pass your flyers on to friends and prospective members.

WINTON'S BRONZE SWAGMAN AWARD

North Gregory Hotel
FRIDAY 22nd SEPTEMBER 2006

Announcement of Results
and Award Presentations

Enjoy the Poetry and Yarns afterwards
All Welcome

--- ALSO ---

THE SAME WEEK-END

The 40th Anniversary Memorial Unveiling
of the Viscount Crash

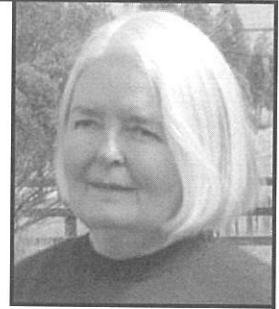
The North Gregory Turf Club Races

The Opening of the new Winton Swimming Pool

Contact Louise Dean 07 4657 1296
wooka2@bigpond.net.au

"KINNOULL"

Lorne Henry 03/06/06



The cry was, "Build a harbour!" for the
prawning fleet to moor
Mooloolah River's entrance was the site
Mooloolaba, a seaside town, for Christmas
holidays
Developers jumped in to take a bite.

The chosen rock was diorite to keep the waves at bay
But where, they wondered, could this rock be found
Why, right next door to our dear home, the airy Queensland type
But all the rock was deep down underground

"We'll need to blast it; eight-ton blocks," the engineers proclaimed
Dad knew our tank would be the first to crack
'Cause he had built it underground on bedrock with cement
With water gone, there'd be no turning back

The house was on a hillside, so we named our home 'Kinnoull'
A Scottish name that means 'upon a hill'
And all the things we'd never had went into that dear home
To leave it now would be a bitter pill

The plaster walls were bound to crack and bits would tumble down
But even worse, and certainly more grim
That World War Two had seen dad as a gunner – Middle East
His eardrums shattered, noise was pain to him

Now, had our house been on the land where diorite was found
We could have sat it out for recompense
But we were right next door and so we had to take the sum
The government decreed to be good sense

That sum could never buy a house that measured to 'Kinnoull'
And so my dad, at last, turned to his right
As service man of war he bought a small suburban home
But where were all the birds, the view; the nights?

The pages turned and mum and dad at last had settled in
Their neighbours had become their special friends
They'd all built homes together and had interests to share
Another chapter in life's twists and bends

DARREN JEACOCKE

Update from his mother Leanne.

Leanne Jeacocke comes from Tannum Sands Qld. and is a member of the well known Strauss family of poets and reciters from the Riverland area in SA.

Leanne served eighteen months as editor of the Australian Bush Poets Newsletter until a serious accident involving her son Darren forced her retirement.

On Friday 24th June last year, exactly one month after his twenty-first birthday, Darren was paralysed in a cycling accident at the Frenchville dirt jumps in Rockhampton after landing on his head shattering his C4 vertebra and fracturing C5.
After a long wait, Darren has been able to return home and Leanne has supplied the following update.

"We got home on the 11th of May and are starting to settle into a routine. A nurse from Brisbane who works for the care agency came and stayed for a few days allowing Ian and I to get away for a short break. He also interviewed a few more people to join the team of carers, and we are now all working well together."

Years down the track I wandered back to see where our 'Kinnoull'
Had stood upon the hill in days of yore
And memories came flooding back of how I'd called the birds
And rowed amongst the mangroves by the shore

The mango tree, still standing; it was ninety years or more
Persimmon too with vibrant autumn tones
The garden had been plundered, not a shrub or vine to see
But here and there our old dog's whitened bones

Before 'Kinnoull', another house, some eighty years before
When river was the only roadway plied
Maroochydhore, the home of swans, and very little more
Where boats moored with the cotton trees beside

Maroochy River led inland past miles of fertile farms
The Eudlo Creek, a branch, and tidal stream
That led on to our hill beyond where boats pulled up on sand
Acacias giving shade where one could dream

Old Charlie Aird, the first white baby born around those parts
Told stories, and it was from him we'd learned
That on our hill lived Richardsons, the same name as our own
For many years before their home was burned

The mango tree, so very old, had ne'er borne fruit for years
But when foundations for 'Kinnoull' were laid
That tree bore smallish, rancid fruit not once, but twice a year
As if to show a debt must now be paid

I climbed the hill midst grasses tall, but wary, too, of snakes
To where the tank lay hidden 'mongst the green
I lifted off the manhole lid and oh, what a surprise
I hardly could believe what I had seen

Brim to the top with water cool, our tank so patiently
Was waiting to be used again it seemed
Our reason for deserting this small tract of paradise
Remained intact. We never would have dreamed

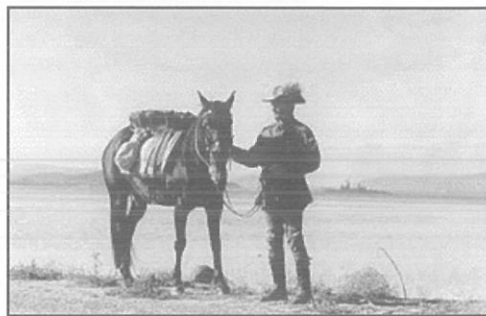
NOTICE: CHANGE OF DATE

The Annual General Meeting of the Australian Bush Poets
Association will be conducted in St. Edwards Hall
Hillvue Road Tamworth on
THURSDAY 25TH JANUARY 2006 at 2 pm

Ian did a fantastic job of tiling the whole house while Darren and I were in Brisbane, but we're still waiting for new kitchen cupboards and remodelling the laundry. Apart from all the dramas that come with moving into an unfinished house it's great to be home.

We were recently overjoyed when Darren, for the first time since his accident discovered small movement in his wrists! It might not sound like a very big deal and won't change his lifestyle in the immediate future as it is still very weak but we're hopeful that in time it will get stronger and mean that he'll be able to pick up small objects. In the mean time our biggest task each day (after the shower routine) is to massage and stretch his arms and shoulders to help relieve the constant pain he suffers. As if paralysis isn't bad enough! But Darren is very tolerant, complains little and does a remarkable job of enjoying life as best he can. He spends a lot of time working his computer using a stick in his mouth, and confidently moves about the house and property in his motorised wheelchair which he can control with his left arm.

Monto leads the charge.....



Mark the 17th, 18th and 19th of November 2006 in your diary, when Monto District Support Group Australian Light Horse will host the Central Queensland Australian Light Horse Re-enactment and Reunion.

Showcasing the role of the Light Horse in Australia's cultural heritage, this event also commemorates the 70th Anniversary of the formation of the 5th Light Horse Monto Troops.

Bush poets entertained visitors to the 2005 event with such popularity bush poetry will feature at the 2006 event throughout the weekend. Resident local bush poet Lynden Baxter will co-ordinate visiting poets, and has already had calls of interest from afar.

Biloela poet/songwriter Ashley Cook hopes to launch his new CD with songs of Anzac and the famous Gympie Light Horse Stampede at the event. Poets Corner looks set to bring more than a dozen bush poets to town, which we are sure will be a good opportunity to enjoy a few laughs.

Any bush poets interested in visiting Monto for the event please contact Lynden Baxter on (07) 4166 1761

Following the enormous success of the inaugural event in 2005, plans for the 2006 event are well underway, with Light Horse Troop members from Cairns to the NSW border expected to participate in the Monto Memorial Cup.

Displays and demonstrations as well as a full range of activities, will fill the timetable of which a highlight is the Reunion Dinner for all ex-servicemen, women, families and descendants on the Saturday evening.

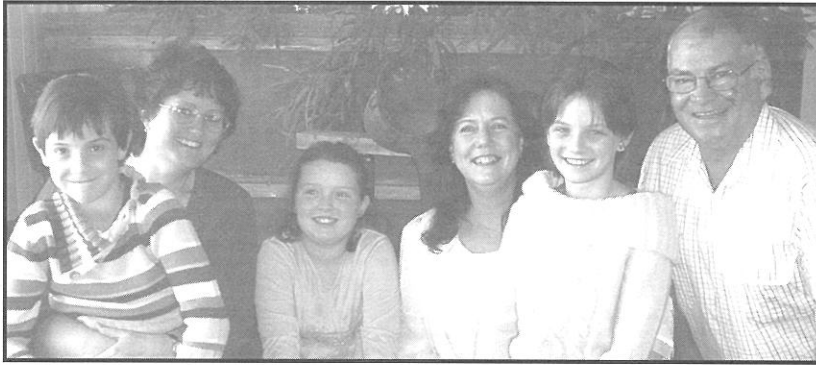
Camp and powered caravan sites available on site, as well as accommodation at three caravan parks, hotels and motels nearby.

Monto District Support Group in partnership with Central & North Burnett Times invites you to visit Monto for this event.

For further information please contact Edith Rutherford 0427 145 918

email: edith.rutherford@cnbtimes.com.au





CHARLEE MARSHALL POETRY AWARDS PRESENTATIONS

Charlee Marshall (1932-1995) has been accredited with being one of the founders of the Bush Poetry resurgence, over the last two decades. His early life in the Banana Shire was that of a Head Teacher of Yaparaba State School. He was a gifted athlete and also more than a useful cricketer playing in representative fixtures.

In later life Charlee turned his hand to dairying on his Thangool property, and could often be found watching his herd grazing the long paddock along the Burnett Highway, off from Yaparaba School Road. It is rumoured that this is where and when he wrote most of his poetry and stories. He became renowned for his bush verse and recitations.

He is recognised on the Australian Bush Poets Wall of Fame at the famous Longyard Hotel in Tamworth where he performed for many years.

His books and other works, for which he won many literary awards, over time, can be found in the local library.

On 18th June this year Charlee was recognised by TAPS and the Thangool Writers and Reciters who hosted the awards presentations for the Charlee Marshall Golden Cockatoo and Silver Budgie Written Bush Poetry competitions.

An audience of forty plus, enjoyed the morning tea and the two and a half hours of entertainment provided by Kym Eitel, Margie McArdle, Don Longbottom, Romanah and Hayleigh Warry, Monique Simms, Tom Chalk, Suzanne Page and Trevor Shaw. They were also impressed with the Marion Meissner's comments from the judge's point of view.

Further results page 12 & 23.

Photo Attachment:

Happy with the poetry presentations were Romanah Warry, Kym Eitel, Monique Simms, Margie McArdle, Hayleigh Warry, Trevor Shaw.

INSANITY

from Charlee Marshall's Book
'Bowlin' Laughin' & Dreamin'

The Mistress of the Coven,
accused was her name,
at three, expelled from Pre-school
and left her teacher lame -
Her face was carved in Heaven
her body had no flaw,
but her eyes transmitted malice
to melt men to the core.
Her heart was black as midnight,
her soul was winter bleak -
O Fickle Fate, to counsel me
her company to seek . . .

ACROSS THE CONDAMINE

by Charlee Marshall

There's an old grey-headed stockman
In a unit over town -
He seldom smiles or finds a word to say,
His hands are worn and calloused,
His face is thin and brown
And his eyes burn with

the fire of yesterday.

Sometimes the grandkids visit
When they have the time to spare,
They kiss his cheek and

say he's looking fine,

But he seldom hears their chatter
For he isn't really there. . .
He's riding herd across the Condamine.

There's a blue-eyed girl he married
Comes smiling through his dreams,
She's buried in a sleepy country town.
For she couldn't bear the loneliness

of western droving teams
And the Phantom of

the Outback struck her down.

Now the welfare lady calls in,
She brings him all his meals,
With now and then

a pension cheque to sign -

But she'll never know the hunger
And the longing that he feels
For the taste of dust

across the Condamine.

There's a creaking of the saddle
And a twitching of the rein
The smell of sweat and

horses on the trail,

And his eye is on the leaders
As he checks the drive again
And whistles to old Bluey at the tail.
He grips the ragged cushions
Of the lounge between his knees,
His waving hand is counting one to nine;
But he's ridden many 'jumpers
With a better turn than these
At rodeos across the Condamine.

There's a nurse comes every Friday
To listen to his heart;
How can she know it's roaming far away
From that frail and tired body
Where once it was a part -
A host that it will beckon to one day
. On some misty summer morning
He will heed the call to go
Where skies are blue and

stars will always shine,

And a smile upon his waxen lips
Will let the neighbours know
He's home at last across the Condamine.

THE RAIN

By Violet MacDonald. Tasmania
Winner. Silver Budgie Junior Award.

Grey clouds cover the dry land,
Red from the morning's sun,
The clouds have battled blue sky
And the rain eventually won.
The gum trees glisten under raindrops,
Which have watched the red ground
drown,
Crickets sing from under shelters,
The 'burra's fled to find his crown.
"Who dares destroy my kingdom,
And bury my native land,
Strip the gum trees of their silver,
And the ground of its red sand?"
The bird has much to learn,
Of the sky and its many traits,
Though the sun shines once again,
The bird just sits and waits.
Another war will come soon,
Between the rain and sun one day,
And if clouds battle the blue sky,
He intends to have his say.



THE CONDAMINE BELL

In 1827 Allan Cunningham became the first European to pass through the Condamine area. He named the river after the aide-de-camp to Governor Darling whose surname was De la Condamine.

The town grew up as a stopping place for the teams which moved through the area on their way to the larger centres of Roma and Longreach.

Condamine was surveyed in 1859 and in 1868 a local blacksmith named Samuel William Jones made the town's reputation when he invented the Condamine 'Bullfrog' cowbell which was tied around the necks of cattle and used to locate them when they strayed in the

bush. The greater the sound carry of the bell, the better it was.

The most successful and popular bell was made by Samuel Jones, who had a Smithy by the Condamine River. The sound of this bell had great carrying power and claims that it had been heard six and even seven mile away were common in those days.

The bell was so successful, according to Dame Mary Gilmore, that it actually made the cattle deaf.

His first bells were made out of pit-saw or crosscut saw blades, which were formed, riveted and brazed. This bell tapered into a mouth, instead of the normal bell shape which flares outward at the rim.

Mr C Andersen became well known as maker of Condamine Bells at Miles

CONDAMINE BELLS

by Jack Sorensen

By a forge near a hut on the Condamine River
A blacksmith laboured at his ancient trade;
With his hammer swinging and his anvil ringing
He fashioned bells from a crosscut blade.

And while he toiled by the Condamine River
He sang a song for a job well done;
And the song and the clamour of the busy hammer
Merged and mingled in a tempered tone.

And the bells rang clear from the Condamine River
To the Gulf, to the Leeuwin, over soil and sand;
Desert eagles winging heard his stockbells ringing
As a first voice singing in a songless land.

The smith is lost to the Condamine River,
Gone is the humpy where he used to dwell;
But the song and the clamour of his busy hammer
Ring on through the land in the Condamine Bell.

from 1896. The bell tongue only was stamped with C. ANDERSEN.

The true Jones and early Andersen bells are few to find now in good condition.

Authenticity of an Andersen bell is, of course, doubtful if it does not have the original bell tongue intact.

National Championships 2007

DUNEDOO NSW 1 - 4 March

Yarns Competition Friday Evening 2nd March

Performance Competition
Saturday & Evening 3rd March

Written competition - Two sections
Junior championships - Novice section

Conducted under the auspices of the Australian Bush Poets Association

PO Box 1. DUNEDOO NSW 2844. Ph. 02 63751975. Fax. 02 63751976

Email. dddgroup@bigpind.com

If you have caravan or motor home please bring it—and book so we have somewhere to put you!

See article on page 21





NEVER GIVE UP...

© Lee Taylor-Friend Jindabyne 2.6.06

The power of the people show,
We're stronger than we'll ever know,
United, yet again we rose as one...

Australians standing tall and proud,
Our voices echoed long and loud,
We've shown an uphill battle can be won.

Our heritage, our history,
The politicians couldn't see,
Meant much more than just a balance sheet.

Our power, water, land,
We had to make a stand,
As the 'power brokers' hastily retreat...

The lesson now, I know,
Is to never, ever grow
Too complacent or give up on what is right.

For honest hearts ring true,
Beating strong in me and you,
So we battled on and YES!
We won the fight...

25th ANNIVERSARY



Sunday 3rd July saw the 25th anniversary of the North-west poetry group, the Jiffy Bag Poets.

This group held its first meeting at the Gunnedah Services Club in 1981.

Some of the earliest members of the Jiffy Bag Poets included Nancy Blake, Eula Faint, Patricia Burns as well as Stan Holland from Wee Waa.

President of the group for over twenty-five years, Mrs. Phyllis Hannaford of Narrabri, stated at the meeting 'I never thought I'd be sitting at the 25th Anniversary of this poets group'.

The Jiffy Bag Poets meet several times a year at the Lions Hall in Gunnedah where poets read their most recent poems in a very friendly atmosphere.

(From Duncan Williams, our Tamworth Representative).

THE STROLLING PLAYER OF KIKACRO

By Al McCartan - Bathurst.
Winner Charlee Marshall Golden
Cockatoo Award 2006.

A wagon rolled into Kikakro
a sickly sort of yellow.

Pulled up at Rory Ryan's pub,
Out stepped this actor fellow.

He said to Ryan, "I need, my man,
Board, for two nights I'll be staying.
A room to dress, a hall with stage
Will Shakespeare I'll be playing.

I shall bring to these simple folk
words from the famous Bard."
Ryan cocked his head an' said:
"Yez can set up in the yard."

"The yard, my man, I, in the yard ?
You'd have me there prepare?
sonnets, speeches, soliloquy's.
Good sir, this is not fair.

I am an actor, well renown
Right throughout this state.
I've acted down in Sydney Town
Such tales I could relate.

Sir, I've had many good reviews
My houses were well filled.
I've dined with Bishops, Premiers
and always was top billed."

Said Ryan: "This is sheep country
an' we've got lots to shear.
We've got no time for actin' shows.
Now I'll make this quite clear.

You've got one night to do yer show,
Then, sport yer out o' here.
Yez'll get five quid an' breakfast.
Yez'll pay for all your beer."

The actor fellow thought awhile
and then nodded his head.
"Which run is short of shearers
And how far to the shed?

I will not stand on charity
I'll surely earn my keep.
Before I play for you tonight
I'll shear four dozen sheep."

They took him out to Malley's run
A vast and busy station
Where shearing went all day and
night
Good worker boss relations.

It was the biggest of its kind
In Western New South Wales
It left the other runs behind
When sending out the bales.

"I've got my union card," he said,
"I'm no blackleg or scab."
He showed his card to Union Rep
Marmaduke McNab.

The actor cove with borrowed shears
Started on the ram,
Whizzed through the wethers one b'
one,
Forty three and then one lamb.

The boss and gun just shook their
heads
"Mate, 'ave yez done this before?"
"Of course my man," the cove re-
plied,
"Back in eighteen ninety four."

I was a young gun shearer then
When a show troupe came one day.
I was smitten and I joined them all.
In Sydney far away.

Since then I've trodden all the
boards,
Acting has brought me joy.
But I've not forgotten my shearing
skills
I learned as a tar boy.

I think my man, that I've slowed
down.
I've shorn just forty four.
Were you to give me one more day,
I'd do three dozen more."

Ryan's pub was filled that night.
The actor cove did well.
The townsfolk took in every work,
He had them in a spell.

The show went on and finished.
The beer flowed all around.
The actor cove – gun shearer,
Was happy when he left town.

LIMERICKS

The limerick packs laughs anatomical
Into space that is quite economical.
But the good ones I've seen
So seldom are clean
And the clean ones so seldom are
comical.

There once was a man from Nan-
tucket
Who kept all his cash in a bucket.
But his daughter, named Nan,
Ran away with a man
And as for the bucket, Nantucket.

Mornin' on the Desert

Mornin' on the desert, and the wind is blowin' free,
And it's ours, jest for the breathin', so let's fill up, you and me.
No more stuffy cities, where you have to pay to breathe,
Where the helpless human creatures move and throng and strive and seethe.

Mornin' on the desert, and the air is like a wine,
And it seems like all creation has been made for me and mine.
No house to stop my vision, save a neighbor's miles away,
And a little 'dobe shanty that belongs to me and May.

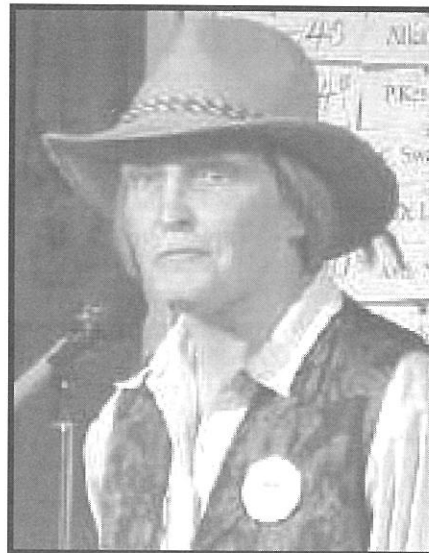
Lonesome? Not a minute: Why I've got these mountains here,
that was put here just to please me, with their blush and frown and cheer.
They're waiting when the summer sun gets too sizzlin' hot,
An' we jest go campin' in 'em with a pan and coffee pot.

Mornin' on the desert - I can smell the sagebrush smoke.
I hate to see it burnin', but the land must sure be broke.
Ain't it jest a pity that wherever man may live, he tears up so
much that's beautiful that the good God has to give!

"Sagebrush ain't so pretty?" Well, all eyes don't see the same,
have you ever seen the moonlight turn it to a silvery flame?
An that greasewood thicket yonder - well, it smells jest awful sweet,
When the night wind has been shakin' for its smell is hard to beat.

Lonesome? Well, I guess not! I've been lonesome in a town.
But I sure do love the desert with its stretches wide and brown.
All day through the sagebrush here the wind is blowin' free.
An' it's ours jest for the breathin', so let's fill up, you and me.

(The author of "Mornin' in the Desert" is unknown, though the poem is sometimes attributed to John R. Nielson. It is said to have been found written on the door of an old cabin in the desert. Jerry Brooks delivered the poem at the Cowboy Poets Gathering in Elko Nevada in January -- as she does with all of her recitations -- as if she had written every word.)



Prompted by a well-to-do fellow students comments, Jerry once asked her Mother if the family was 'really poor'. Her mother replied, 'No, honey, we just travel light!'

When she was eight years old she had to give a poetry recital in a local concert and performed 'The Highwayman' by Alfred Noyes, her older brother being her mentor.

To Jerry, poetry and song is another way of saying and sharing with each other things we're not too sure how to say any other way. She likes reciting other people's poems in preference to her own primarily because she is not happy with her own poetry—yet.

Jerry started out on her own long road West fairly early - earlier than most kids leave home, finishing her last year and a half at high school living in a place of her own throwing away some enviable scholarship opportunities.

She headed for Alaska but ended up in Chicago for a couple of years from where she escaped in a two hundred and fifty dollar '65 Nash Rambler with three spare tyres and an extra rear-view mirror. She soon decided that the last thing a person needs on this earth is another rear view mirror.

About Jerry Brooks

Jerry Brooks of Joseph, Utah, is known as a respected reciter throughout the American West.

She was brought up in circumstances where the spoken word was perhaps more valued and appreciated than it was elsewhere.

Her father was an ordained Baptist preacher and later a hospital chaplain, always visiting homes, the elderly, prisons and mental institutions. It was through him that Jerry met many fascinating people.

He also loved stage plays and musical productions, and was always involved with amateur theatre groups.

Her mother was born in the deep south of Mississippi where she was raised in the Baptist faith on the matriarchal family farm. Jerry's mother supplemented

the family income as a school teacher.

The continuing story telling tradition ran strongly through the generations particularly so on the mother's side, following on through her grandparents and parents to Jerry and her siblings.

An older bed-ridden brother was a great influence, teaching her to read and write from the age of four. Everyone in her family read a lot, with televisions and radios only short lived hand-me-downs from church parishioners that never lasted long and rated little in importance. The Ramsdell Public Library was next door to the church and manse, and a second home in ways to Jerry and her family.

Jerry's mother and grandmother made most of her clothes of good stout material and always two sizes over to get full value.

EULO EXCITEMENT,

Don't know if you count this as exciting news.... we sure do!

Had 45mls of rain on Saturday 15 July. Our highest single rainfall since January 2002. Hasn't ended the drought, but by golly it's going to do some good! Love from a slightly hysterical Janine Haigh . Eulo Qld

ON RADJI BEACH

© Maurice O'Brien 2004

— Winner South Australian Written Championships 2006.

Forward they fought at steady pace,
Yamashita's own elite,
And back they pushed a feisty lot
of brave soldiers in retreat,
and then the order, loud and clear,
which started the clock of fate,
for some the days were numbered then,
when told to evacuate.

The "Vyner Brooke" set sail that day,
from Indonesia's shore,
and crammed it was, that little ship,
with the refugees of war.
About three hundred souls on board,
as she slowly made her way,
with the sailors and civilians
and young nurses dressed in grey.

The murd'rous zero fighters came
in formation from on high,
six deadly, screaming, war machines,
raining terror from the sky.
They laced the ship with deadly shells,
that finally broke her back,
and many of the refugees
lay dead from the wild attack.

For the "Vyner Brooke" survivors
Bangka island lay in reach,
and by night they lay exhausted
on the island's Radji Beach.
And slowly numbers there increased,
as the night turned into day,
until they numbered sixty souls
and the twenty two in grey.

The Japanese came to the beach
and hastened the males away,
and as men's screaming echoed 'round,
the women all knelt to pray.
The soldiers cruelly acted then,
in a manner most obscene,
by showing bloody bayonets,
which, in view, they sat to clean.

The ones who'd never carried arms,
were faced with atrocity,
with the captors barking orders,
they were marched into the sea.
With dignity the women strode,
to a certain fate that day,
there was one civilian woman
and the twenty two in grey.

Machine guns rattled, rifles cracked,
as they spewed their stream of death,
and the deadly leaden bullets
tore their flesh and stilled their breath.
The waves that day rose sickly red,
crimson dyed by blood and gore,
and as they ebbed they left a stain
on the blighted sandy shore.

Though wounded, one had cheated death,
Vivian Bullwinkle she,
who laid with bodies in the foam,
until safe to leave the sea.

She kept alive, in mem'ries sight,
the heroes who died that day,
there was one civilian woman
and the nurses dressed in grey.

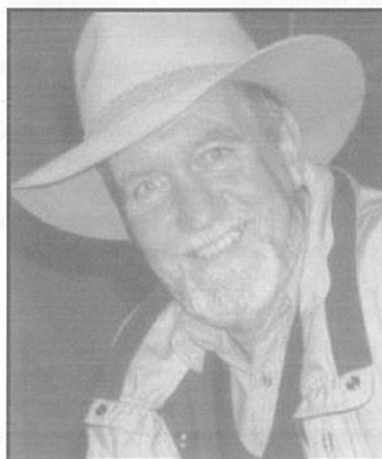
The boy stood on the burning deck,
When all the rest had fled,
And when his feet were burned away,
He stood upon his head

The bank sent our statement this morning,
The red ink was a sight of great awe!
Their figures and mine might have bal-
anced,
But my wife was too quick on the draw.

A limerick fan from Australia
Regarded his work as a failure:
His verses were fine
Until the fourth line.
.....!

The Sneeze

I sneezed a sneeze into the air
It fell to the earth I know not where
But hard and froze were the looks of those
In whose vicinity I snoze. -- Anonymous



Maurice O'Brien, author of the 2006 South Australian Champion written poem "On Radji Beach".



Vivian Bullwinkle

AO; MBE; ARRC; ED; FNM; FRCNA
18.12.1915 - 3.7.2000

The evacuation from Singapore:

On 12th February 1942, short of food and water, the terribly overcrowded Vyner Brooke set sail from Singapore just on darkness. Originally built to carry 12 passengers, the Vyner Brooke carried 265 frightened men, women and children, plus the 65 Australian Army Nursing Service (AANS) nurses.

Within half an hour of Sumatra, the ship was bombed and sunk. Twelve of the nurses were drowned or killed in the water and the rest struggled ashore at Radji Beach on Banka Island, some having spent over sixty hours in the water.

Japanese soldiers ordered twenty-two of the nurses and one civilian woman into the sea where they were machine-gunned. Only one of the women, Sister Vivian Bullwinkle, survived and she lay in the water until the troops had left. Unable to survive in the jungle, she later surrendered and was interned with her colleagues on Banka Island and later on Sumatra for the remainder of the war. They experienced shocking living conditions and eight of these army nurses died during captivity. Only 24 were rescued on 16 September 1945.

Vivian Bullwinkle, sole survivor of the 1942 Banka Island massacre, was born on 18 December 1915 at Kapunda, South Australia. She trained as a nurse and midwife at Broken Hill, New South Wales, and began her nursing career in Hamilton, Victoria, before moving to the Jessie McPherson Hospital in Melbourne in 1940. Vivian Bullwinkle died on July 3rd 2000 and the whole of Australia went into mourning.

The Overflow of Clancy

by H.H.C.C.

(On reading the Banjo's "Clancy of the Overflow")

I've read "The Banjo's" letter, and I'm glad he's found a better

Billet than he had upon the station where I met him years ago;

He was "slushy" then for Scotty, but the "bushland" sent him "dotty,"

So he "rose up, William Riley," and departed down below.

He "rolled up" very gladly, for he had bush-fever badly

When he left "the smoke" to wander "where the wattle-blossoms wave,"

But a course of "stag and brownie" seems to make the bush-struck towny

Kinder weaken on the wattle and the bushman's lonely grave.

Safe in town, he spins romances of the bush until one fancies

That it's all top-boots and chorus, kegs of rum and "whips" of grass,

And the sheep off camp go stringing when the "boss-in-charge" is singing,

Whilst we "blow the cool tobacco-smoke and watch the white wreaths pass."

Yet, I guess "The B." feels fitter in a b'iled shirt and "hard-hitter"

Than he would "way down the Cooper" in a flannel smock and "moles,"

For the city cove has leisure to indulge in stocks of pleasure,

But the drover's only pastime's cooking "What's this! on the coals."

And the pub. hath friends to meet him, and between the acts they treat him

While he's swapping "fairy twisters" with the "girls behind their bars,"

And he sees a vista splendid when the ballet is extended,

And at night he's in his glory with the comic-op'ra stars.

I am sitting, very weary, on a log before a dreary

Little fire that's feebly hissing 'neath a heavy fall of rain,
And the wind is cold and nipping, and I curse the ceaseless dripping

As I slosh around for wood to start the embers up again.

And, in place of beauty's greeting, I can hear the dismal bleating

Of a ewe that's sneaking out among the marshes for her lamb;

And for all the poet's skitin' that a new-chum takes delight in,

The drover's share of pleasure isn't worth a tinker's d--n.

Does he sneer at bricks and mortar when he's squatting in the water

After riding fourteen hours beneath a sullen, weeping sky?

TANGLED TIME

© Ron Stevens - Dubbo NSW

I've asked the nurse to let me know the instant he gets here.
She pauses, smiles and nods, agrees 'Immediately, Dear.'
I often get confused by dates and hours that fret and fray,
becoming dimmed by ravelled thoughts, but know he's due today.

My room is tidy, nothing here to shock or cause distress.
His photograph's in pride of place - aged seventeen, I guess
there near my phone and night alarm. I mustn't ever play
around with it. Did nurse agree my boy is due today?

She's usually pleasant but got cranky when old Ted
across the hall began to yell of poison on his bread.
Demented, poor old chap, although quite clever once, they say.
I hope he's out of sight, subdued when Kevin comes today.

The last thing Kevin would expect is trouble when he's here.
His accident, intensive care, are sadly far too near.
His mother cursed that motorbike till she was sealed in clay.
If only, Mary, you'd return to greet our boy today.

It's ten o'clock and tea time cups are rattling down the hall.
Does Mary take one spoon or two? I'm dashed if I recall.
She likes first pouring from the pot... It's someone with the tray.
'No thanks, I'll leave this morning's cup till Kev arrives today.'

Old Ted is making quite a fuss and spilt his orange juice.
The nurse arrives and makes it clear she's sick of his abuse.
She's bustling out, I catch her eye: 'It seems there's some delay?'
She smiles, confirming 'Yes, we're all expecting him today.'

Today? Whoever told me that? Not someone's cruel joke?
Or dream that draped my troubled night in sorrow's shapeless cloak?
That photo's captioned *Wollongong, the seventeenth of May*
in *nineteen* sixty. Can't be right! I'll check with him today.

My calendar — two thousand five — compounds my doubts and fears.
I glimpse an outback funeral and Mary wrought with tears.
We watch some youthful bikers pass in mournful slow array.
Whose burial? Beside the point, for Kevin's due today.

(1st prize Port Macquarie Hastings Regional Fellowship of
Australian Writers Literary Competition Autumn 2006
Australian Bush Verse Gilbert Mann Award)

Does he look aloft and thank it, as he spreads his sodden blanket?

For the drover has no time to spare, he has no time to dry.

If "The Banjo's" game to fill it, he is welcome to my billet;
He can "take a turn at droving" -- wages three-and-six a-day --

And his throat'll get more gritty than mine will in the city

Where with Mister Lawson's squashes I can wash the dust away.

First published in The Bulletin, 20 August 1892

Bulletin debate poem #5

[Note: no-one knows the identity of "H.H.C.C." for sure, but one commentator believes it was Henry Lawson.]

TWELFTH BUNDY MUSTER

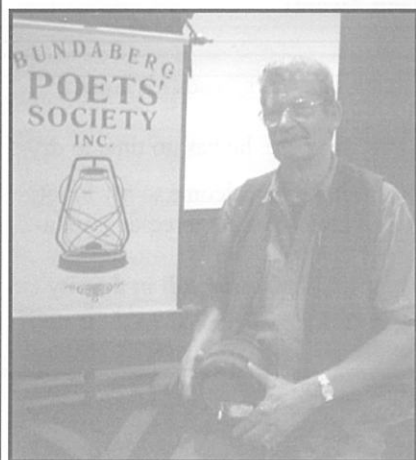
"The 12th Bundy Bush Poetry Muster was held at Across the Waves Sports Club on the week-end of July 7th, 8th & 9th. with forty-eight poets including eight in the Under 15 section. Poets came from Shepparton, Melbourne, Blue Mountains, the Central Coast of NSW and as far north as Charters Towers in Queensland.

The Friday night Walk-Up Poetry Concert was attend by over 160 people. The Saturday night concert with Marco Gliori, Noel Stallard and Melanie Hall as the entertainers for the evening was attended by 300 patrons. This was a top class concert and thoroughly enjoyed by all who attended. The competition was of a very high standard from Novices through to the Opens. The Under 15 competitors are just a delight to watch perform with some of them reciting for the very first time this year.

The story-telling session which Noel Stallard conducted in the Bundaberg Library was a huge success as was the Poetry writing workshop. Both these days were well attended.

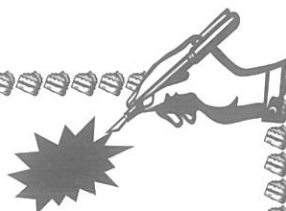
One hundred & sixty-seven poems were entered into the Bush Lantern Award for Written Verse 2006 and the winner was Carol Heuchan from Coranbong NSW for her poem entitled "Outback".

Congratulations to the performers, writers and organizers all deserving of high praise for excellence over the two and a half days.



John Best from Whiteside in Brisbane was the Overall Champion Poet for the Muster.

BIRTHDAY CELEBRATIONS! CAROL TURNS



Friends of Carol Heuchan's spent months organising a surprise party for her you-know-what'th Birthday. Eighty five poets and horseman from three different states shocked the heck out of her and partied into the wee small hours - and well into the next day!

Songwriters and poets from all over the place had been working overtime and touched her no end with their rhyming tributes (even the slightly sick ones - like her mate Greg North's!)

A huge thankyou from Carol to her Bush Poetry family.

When you celebrate your hundredth birthday, you receive a telegram from the Queen, but Carol topped this with a poem from the King here is one of her birthday poems from Milton Taylor

Happy Birthday Carol

Who is this Carol Heuchan? Who is this 'Carol' sheila?
An implement collector, or some sort of tractor dealer?
I think I've seen her 'round the traps but never knew her name,
'cause every time I've took a look she never looked the same.

Is she basically a person with a burning equine passion?
Or a manic tractor driver with propensities for smashin'
pancake stalls and street parades or an art and craft pavilion
as she postures in portrayal as a paranoid postilion?

Or is she just a sweetie with a sentimental heart,
who tells a touching story sure to make a teardrop start
in a yarn describing mateship on a distant, foreign shore;
of a filly christened Rosie and a boy who went to war.

And what about the woman with a problem with a calf
whose mother did its level best to rip her clean in half?
Was that really Carol Heuchan strung up tightly in that fence?
In a tizzy, lacking underwear, and little self defence?

Hey, maybe she's that biddy with incessant tittle tattle
who rattles on yer eardrums with her aimless, mindless prattle.
Or p'raps the local gossip: yeah, that snide suburban menace
who takes yer to the pitchers in the words of C. J. Dennis.

Now what about the cretin in the singlet stained with muck,
describing daggy dollops of what Cecil used to suck?
Was that really Carol, spruiking to a disbelieving crowd
in a putrefied performance that sure made the author proud?

Well, I dunno; it's got me beat. I've never been accused
of lacking base intelligence, but now I'm so confused,
'cause this neat, petite equestrienne displayed an evil side
when she took a bunch of teenaged thugs and broke 'em in a ride.

Who is this Carol Heuchan? This jewel of many facets
with her multitude of talents and a plentitude of assets?
The answer's plainly evident; our Carol is a blend
of poet, lady, larrikin. But best of all - a friend!

Milton Taylor 2006





Part of the organising committee of the Dunedoo Bush Poetry Festival and Competition. Sue Graham, Lee Bristow, Barbara Smith, Sue Stoddart, Clive Bristow, Judy and Barry Evans.



Kathy Edwards, Lois Sharpin, Trisha Anderson, Carol Heuchan and Lynne Elphinstone-Gray at Carol's birthday celebration.

WHAT??

at a recent local government conference held in Brisbane it was stated by the Minister that if the current growth rates of Sydney, Melbourne and Brisbane continue as they are, Brisbane will be Australia's largest city by 2023.



CHANGES TO GIPPSLAND WATTLE WRITING AWARD

In an endeavour to attract more entries to their Inaugural \$1,000.00 Bush Poetry Competition, The Gippsland Bush Poets have elected to extend the closing date for entries to October 31st 2006.

Entry fees have also been amended to \$8.00 for single entries and \$15.00 for up to three entries.

The competition is open to original poetry that has not won a first prize in another contest.

Three copies of each entry should be sent to the Secretary along with payment of entry fees and a self-addressed business sized envelope for return of results, if required.

The winning entry will be advised by telephone and posted in a later ABPA newsletter.

As a sign of good faith the committee has declared members of the Gippsland Bush Poets fraternity ineligible to enter.

Details below.

GIPPSLAND BUSH POETS

Inaugural

GIPPSLAND WATTLE BUSH POETRY AWARD

OPEN WRITTEN COMPETITION

\$1000.00 First Prize

Minor Prizes:- \$250.00 and \$100.00

Amended Entry Fees: \$8.00 for one poem \$15.00 for up to 3 poems.

Entries must be accompanied by cover note, full payment and an SSAE for results

Send to The Secretary, Gippsland Wattle Bush Poetry Awards

P.O. Box 466 Morwell Victoria 3840.

Phone enquiries:- (03) 5166 1532 after 4.00pm or email bjdraper@netspace.net.au

NEW CLOSING DATE - Entries close OCTOBER 31st 2006

Members of the Gippsland Bush Poets ineligible to enter this competition

AT THE EDGE © 1995 Glenny Palmer

She wanders alone in her beloved bush, on a crackling leaf scattered track;
the wattles are shedding their golden down, the eucalypts groan, and crack.
The creatures stir, as the first light falls, in a flash from the tear on her cheek,
and she gently kneels, and drinks from her hands,
at the edge of the crystalline creek.

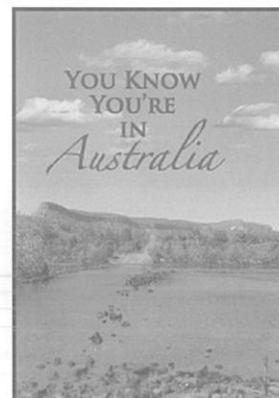
Her heart weighs heavy beneath her breast,
as the scent from the blossom recalls
the melody sung in a lover's song, that a distant memory calls.
The she-oak fondly brushes her cheek, the breeze fondles flaxen hair;
the currawong leads the choir of the bush, in the quest to defeat her despair.

And she loves so dearly their comforting thought,
without them she'd surely die,
for she pines for the lover who's drifting away, too busy to hear her cry.
Too busy to walk in the morning mist, as he once did, sharing the dream;
too busy to join in the currawong's song,
or dance pebbles in skips on the stream.

For his world has become a demanding place,
where he struggles with limited means,
to provide the magical space she needs, to weave her magical dreams.
Within his commitment how sadly he's lost, in a tunnel visioned bind;
no time to look back on the halcyon days to the tenderness trailing behind.

No time to confront his haunting thought that her breaking heart may die;
no time to carefully listen or share, or to deal with the plea in her eye.

And I wonder, will he come to walk alone, on his own bush track,
will he see the wattles shedding their down, hear the eucalypts groan and crack;
will his memory stir, as the first light falls, in a flash from the tear on his cheek,
will he gaze in reflected eyes of remorse, at the edge of the crystalline creek?



'You Know You're in Australia' by Dennis Scanlon

A hard cover - cello gloss
double bound tribute to Australia,
the Country and its people

128 Pages, 32 in full colour,
3 original paintings, 30 photographs,
35 original poems

A well presented quality book balanced with
Humour, Pathos and good Aussie fun

\$30.00 pp.

(\$35.00 pp. for credit cards)

DENNIS SCANLON

6 Laura St. Cleveland Qld. 4163

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email. denscan@bigpond.com

DUSTSTORMS AND RAINBOWS

© Heather Corfield - Taroom Qld.

'The wet' and drought is part of life
for the grazier and his wife.
Dust through the house easily seen
then get to work to have it clean.

Duststorms flying across the land
of sunbaked soil and scorching sand;
dust in your eyes, and in your hair
dust in your throat, clothes, everywhere.

One day the welcome rain does come;
heavy storm clouds block out the sun,
rain on the grass and on the trees,
then to enjoy the fresh cool breeze.

Rainbows are seen to arc the sky;
for a while fine weather is nigh.
Raindrops on leaves like morning dew
there's hope again for me and you.

The weather rules the country life
accepted by each man and wife,
scorched sunbaked soil and sand
or currents raging overland.



WINTON'S BRONZE SWAGMAN AWARD

The Winner of
the 2006 Bronze
Swagman Award
will be presented
with a Bronze
Statue trophy at a
special event at the
North Gregory

Hotel on Friday 22nd September 2006.
All other results, including the Run-
ner-up and Highly Commended entries
will also be announced.

Everyone is welcome to attend and
join in the celebrations, and of course,
enjoy the poetry and yarns that are
sure to follow afterwards.

This weekend is also the unveiling
of a 40th Anniversary Memorial com-
memorating the Viscount crash, the
North Gregory Turf Club races and the
opening of Winton's new swimming
pool.

Winton's Waltzing Matilda Bush
Poetry Festival will be held during the
Outback Festival in September 2007.
Entry forms for the 2007 Bronze
Swagman Award will be available
soon. For any further information,
please contact: Louise Dean at woo-
ka2@bigpond.net.au.

The Winton Tourist Promotion
Association was formed in October
1967, and because of the connection to
Banjo Paterson and Waltzing Matilda,
it was a natural concept to look at
ways to encourage the writing of bush
verse, which is so much a part of our
Australian heritage.

The first Bronze statuette by
Daphne Mayo was won by Bruce
Simpson in 1972, and has been part of
a continuous world wide challenge
ever since.



Noosa North Shore
a natural attraction

BUSH POETRY FESTIVAL FOR NOOSA NORTH SHORE 2007

A veritable feast of bush poetry, writing workshops and entertainment is being planned for Noosa North Shore over three days commencing 23rd March 2007.

Noosa North Shore is a unique wilderness environment located at the gateway to the Great Sandy Region on Queensland's Sunshine Coast. The Resort and Tourist Park ramble across 20 hectares of natural bushland nestled between two magnificent waterways.

The setting is perfect for a bush poetry event and the people at the resort are planning what will become a signature festival for the region.

The event will feature:

Cash and Trophies for Performance competitions in Classical or Traditional poetry, Original compositions, Humorous, and Contemporary poetry; Writing and composing workshops, and competitions with trophies for the best deliveries and composing; Poets breakfasts and more.

Visitors and participants will also be able to enjoy canoeing, horse riding, swimming, campfires, trail walks, fine food and wine, comfortable cottages and apartments.

There will be a programme of options for non participants and day trippers.

The workshops and performances will be under the very experienced hand of Frank Daniel, Champion Yarn-spinner and Bush Poet and former President of the ABPA.

Plans are underway to have the extraordinary talents of horseman and poet Guy McLean on display at the festival.

More details will be published in forthcoming issues.

No matter where you venture Noosa North Shore is the ideal location to base yourself, with a range of accommodation styles and activities to ensure this is a memorable holiday stay.

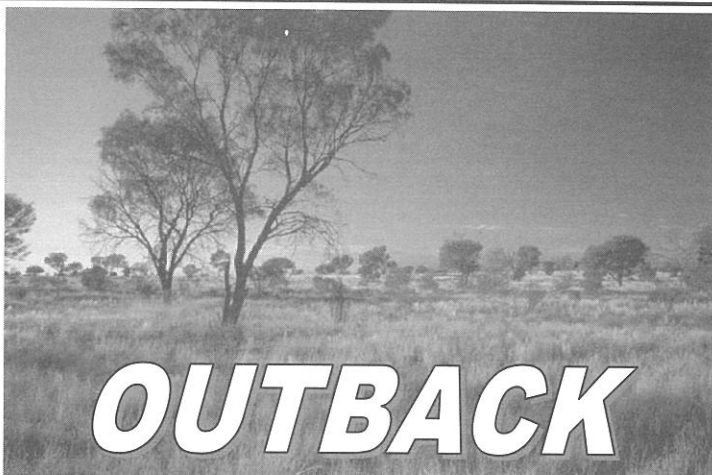
ROADRAGE

(A 4 line Quadrella)

A kangaroo out driving was pulled up by the cops,
They said that he was speeding and went through all the stops,

The Kangaroo said "Nonsense, my driving is the tops!"

His wife said "Don't believe him, he's been out on the hops!"



© Carol Heuchan Cooranbong NSW
Winner Bush Lantern Award Bundaberg 2006

My childhood dreams and fantasies, perhaps were déjà-vu
of 'Australia in the Outback' and the visions that ensue.
While I lived in city terraces of asphalt, trams and tar,
my heart was in the country, in the inland Shangri-La.

I wallowed in the books, the words and pictures to behold,
and blended with 'The Dreaming' of the outback green and gold.
My family wasn't rural. They were urban through and through
and they didn't guess the yearnings that had started to accrue.

I mustered on a broomstick, holding reins of twisted rope,
and 'ploughed' the narrow, gravel lane to sow a crop of hope.
The bonnet of my father's car became my horse and dray;
I drove a hundred thousand miles along the Castlereagh.

The cat was shorn (with scissors) like a 'gun' - no call for tar;
I rode a wobbly forty-four, with stock, to places far.
My dogs weren't taught, like city pets, to stay with me and heel
but cursed to "Bloody come behind!" with flair and bushy zeal.

As childhood left me far behind, my cravings never strayed
but education took a hold - my plans again waylaid.
I learnt more of the outback from The Banjo and his peers;
I saw the wide brown country through a shining sea of tears.

The images they conjured often caught me by surprise.
Though blending with the city, there was country in my eyes.
A gutter, blocked by storm drains, was the Murray flooded out;
a crack upon a pavement brought a vision of the drought.

The carolling of magpies filtered through the city's slums
and in place of poles and cables, in my mind, the box and gums.
But the more my thoughts meandered, well the more I'd taken root
and open sky for weekly pay was just no substitute.

A mortgage and commitments, bills to pay and mouths to feed,
ever repetitious drudgery was there to supersede.
Just going through the motions, with my yearnings surreptitious,
I had settled for the city and contentment was fictitious.

As flashbacks in a movie, now I pause a while to smile
and think of what it might have been to walk a country mile.
I'm shackled to the city, not for better, not for worse,
but I'll celebrate the outback - though it's only here, in verse.

**Don't forget the Victorian State Championships! Benalla
October 21 - 22**

Ph. 03 5762 6616 colmandy@bigpond.net.au

'THE BOY STOOD ON THE BURNING DECK'

How many famous poems are best remembered, not by their title, but by their first line and, in the following case, by numerous limericks and ditties, nothing to do with the original work.

The poem 'Casabianca' was written by Mrs. Felicia Dorothea Browne Hemans (1793-1835). It starts out with the well known line, "*the boy stood on the burning deck*". The story relates to an extraordinary incident of devotion and heroism witnessed during the Battle of the Nile when, on the evening of July 28 of 1798, the English naval squadron under Lord Nelson sailed in. They had caught the French fleet at anchor and unprepared. The French flagship L'Orient was at the head of the line and found itself flanked on both sides. A fierce battle was soon raging and the flashes of 2000 guns lit up the ships in the gathering darkness. L'Orient was caught by the English broadsides and was set on fire.

It was then that the English sailors saw an amazing sight. There on that burning deck they saw a boy standing alone at his post. It was the 12 year old son of Captain Casabianca, one of the ship's officers. There he stood surrounded by flames and facing the astonished English foe. It was soon afterwards that the fire reached the powder magazine down in the hold. The boy perished when the whole ship erupted in a massive explosion.

The story of that boy who stood on that burning deck was told and retold. Eventually it passed on into legend.



FELICIA HEMANS

For those who are aware, it remains a classic example of devotion and faithful service and continues to serve as a source of inspiration and wonder for many.

Felicia Hemans was without doubt the most widely read woman poet in the nineteenth-century English-speaking world, one of the few standard poets to be found in middle-class homes on both sides of the Atlantic, despite being routinely disparaged as a "merely" feminine poet. Born in Liverpool though largely raised in Wales, Hemans published her first two books the age of 14. Very much a conservative who attacked the political thinking of Byron and Shelley in verse.

A prolific writer, she raised five sons on her own (earning money solely by writing) after her husband left her in 1818. Hemans died of TB in 1835 at the relatively young age of 42.

Her poetry is informed by a wide ranging understand of the natural world, an awareness of the details of the era of discovery during which she lived, and powerful sensitivity to the condition of women's lives. Casabianca is probably her most famous poem.



The explosion of L'Orient during the Battle of the Nile

By English painter George Arnald (1763-1841).

CASABIANCA

by Felicia Hemans (1793 - 1835)

The boy stood on the burning deck
Whence all but he had fled;
The flame that lit the battle's wreck
Shone round him o'er the dead.

Yet beautiful and bright he stood,
As born to rule the storm;
A creature of heroic blood,
A proud, though child-like form.

The flames rolled on—he would not go
Without his Father's word;
That father, faint in death below,
His voice no longer heard.

He called aloud—"say, Father, say
If yet my task is done?"
He knew not that the chieftain lay
Unconscious of his son.

'Speak, father!' once again he cried,
'If I may yet be gone!'
And but the booming shots replied,
And fast the flames rolled on.

Upon his brow he felt their breath,
And in his waving hair,
And looked from that lone post
of death
In still yet brave despair.

And shouted but once more aloud,
'My father! must I stay?'
While o'er him fast,
through sail and shroud,
The wreathing fires made way.

They wrapt the ship in splendour wild,
They caught the flag on high,
And streamed above the gallant child,
Like banners in the sky.

There came a burst of thunder sound—
The boy—oh! where was he?
Ask of the winds that far around
With fragments strewn the sea!—

With mast, and helm, and pennon fair,
That well had borne their part—
But the noblest thing
which perished there
Was that young faithful heart.

The Gippsland Wattle Bush Poetry Awards

OPEN WRITTEN COMPETITION

First prize \$1,000.00

Go to page 17

AUSTRALIAN BUSH POETRY CHAMPIONSHIPS – DUNEDOO NSW 2007



To find the best poet in Australia, the little village of DUNEDOO is hosting the National Championships, to be conducted under the auspices of the

Australian Bush Poets Association during 2nd to 4th March 2007.

Dunedoo is a small community of 830 people and has held its eighth successful poetry festival earlier this year, and is excited about holding the Nationals next year. The warmer weather, will suit this event perfectly. 'Jazz in the Tops' at Coolah (30 mins) will be held the following weekend.

Dunedoo is located in the Central West of NSW on the crossroads of the Golden and Castlereagh Highways, an hour east of Dubbo and 45mins north of Mudgee.

PARK PROPOSAL FOR GIFTED POET

by Jacqui Knox from Blue Mountains Gazette, 28.6.2006.

Walking to the train station from his shack on the edge of the Valley of the Waters, Denis Kevans used to pass through a swampy, unnamed patch of suburban bushland.

Last week, nearly a year after the poet's death, Blue Mountains City Council accepted his daughters proposal to name the bushland Denis Kevans Bushland Gardens Reserve.

The name will now go on public exhibition before being submitted to the Geographical Names Board NSW for approval.

His friends Wyn Jones and Al Ward hope that in a hundred years' time, students will sit in the reserve and read the work of the man dubbed Australia's Poet Lorikeet.

"The words just flow when you're on your own, walking ... and that's what happened when he came here," said Wyn.

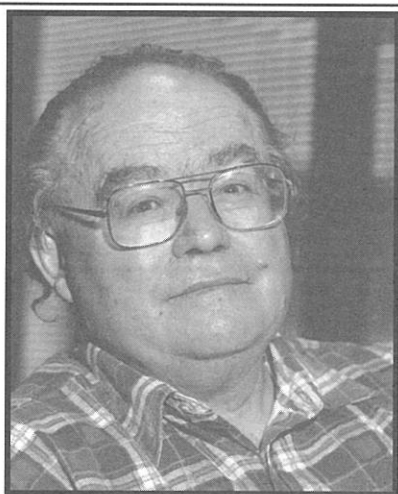
"It's really important for us to carry him on... to keep waving the flag that Denis waved so well."

"He was such a man in the community, a man of the people I don't think he got the recognitions he deserved."

Denis moved to his home in Valley Road, Wentworth Falls in 1982.

In his 25 years in the Mountains he contributed to the community through poetry, writing, teaching and involvement in a range of social justice and environmental causes.

As well as writing several books of verse (some recorded by local musicians) he organised the Poets at the Parakeet, hosted the Poet's Breakfast at



Denis Kevans

the Blue Mountains music festival, contributed to East Timor benefit functions, and was a passionate environmentalist.

Al Ward, organiser of the Blue Mountains Folk, Roots and Blues Festival, described him as "one of our national treasures."

At it's meeting last Tuesday council was unanimous in accepting the submission.

"Since we are the inaugural City of the Arts it is fitting that our Poet Lorikeet be remembered," said the Mayor, Jim Angel.

"I'm sure Denis would be pleased to have a green and pleasant piece of land named for him."

"Wyn Jones said he was pleased with the poetic name and hopes it will be finalised in the next few months.

"Poetry is actually a gift and he had it in big measure," he said.

"He could combine the social, environmental and political elements so brilliantly."

Plans to date are-

- Open Championships with \$1000 prize money for both male and female poets. Saturday 3rd March. \$10 per poem. Entry form required. (Plus a one minute brawl if time permits)
- Champion Yarn Spinner - \$500. (One prize only) Friday night 2nd March. Entry form required.
- Other prize money and times to be decided.
- Juniors Champion. \$5 per poem. Entry form required.
- Australian Written Champion. (Two sections. Do not have to enter both sections) No entry form necessary. Coversheet – Authors name not on poem. \$10 per poem.
- Novice section. \$5 per poem. (Novice is not championship)

Bus Tour, Poets Breakfast, Markets and music plus much more.

Dunedoo is a small community, please book early for accommodation. Home Stays will be available and if you have a van or motor-home please bring it. This is an area of unknown quantities for us, so let us know if you are coming so we have a place for you.

Dunedoo Bush Poetry Polo Shirts with logo, name and National Championships 2007, can be ordered. Navy \$40, plus postage if required.

Accommodation details and further information can be emailed, faxed or posted.

Entry forms accommodation and other information will soon be available.

www.goldenhighway.com/2007natbushpoetrychampionshipsdunedoo.htm

Coordinator Sue Stoddart

Ph. 02 63 751 975 Fax. 02 63 751976

dddgroup@bigpond.com or

PO Box 1. DUNEDOO. NSW. 2844.

Are you on the internet?

Have you gone to the ABPA Website yet?

Have you read Ellis Campbell's Writing Tips?

Send your internet details to the Administrator for inclusion in the members websites data base.

Go to abpa.org.au

BUSH POETS CALENDAR OF EVENTS (Please advise editor of any errors, changes or new inclusions)

AUGUST

- 4-6 **Far North Bush Poetry Festival**, Performance & Written competitions 07 4159 1868 Download <http://www.msc.qld.gov.au/content/view/451/2/>
5 **BOWRAVILLE Theatre** NSW Bush Poets Soiree 2pm Dorothy Evans Ph. 02 6564 7828 djel@nor.com.au
10 Closing date **NORTH PINE Poetry Festival**. SSAE Manfred Vijars. (see August 18-20)
12 **BRISBANE**, Ekka Bush Poetry Competition. Trisha Anderson Ph. 07 3268 3624 trisha.spencer@bigpond.com
18-20 **NORTH PINE Q.** Poetry Festival Closing date performance 30th July. Manfred Vijars. PO Box 701 Morningside 4170 07 3399 8343
23-27 **The GYMPIE MUSTER BUSH POETS** Contact Marco Giori - PO Box 999 Warwick Q. 4370 - 07 4661 4024 giori@in.com

SEPTEMBER

- 2 Poets Rally at **RALEIGH NSW**. 1 pm. Ed & Marg Parmenter 02 6652 3716 edandmarg@hotmail.net.au
9 **INVERELL NSW** Outback Celebrations Ph Burt Candy 02 6721 1127 candyb57@yahoo.com
13-17 **GUNDAGAI** Turning Wave Festival PO Box 86 Gundagai NSW 2722 Ph: 61 2 94895786 Email: turningwave@optusnet.com.au
17 **TUNCURRY NSW** 8am One minute Brawl and Bush Poets Breakfast. Bookings and Enquiries Reid Begg 02 6554 9788 (see page 8)
12 **BENDIGO V.** Colin Carrington - Bendigo Bush Poets Concert - colincarrington@mydesk.net.au 03 5441 2425
22 Closing date **VICTORIAN STATE CHAMPIONSHIPS** Written competition SSAE The Secretary 113 Clarke St Benalla Vic 367 (See Oct 6)
22 **WINTON Q.** Bronze Swagman Awards PO Box 120 Winton Q. 4735 Pages 8 & 18.

OCTOBER

- 6 Closing date **VICTORIAN STATE CHAMPIONSHIPS** performance competition. (See above) colmandy@bigpond.net.au
1 **GILGANDRA NSW** - Coe-ee March Festival SSAE Elaine Gibson PO Box 171 Gilgandra NSW 2827
1 **STAWELL V.** Poets & Singers Breakfast. Charles Kerr 03 5358 2917 ckerr@bigpond.net.au
3 **HAMPTON NSW** - Written and Performance Competition. Ph. Michelle Duff. 02 6359 3395
7-8 **NSW STATE CHAMPIONSHIPS** - SSAE PO Box 372 **TENTERFIELD** 2372 - 02 6736 2900
8 Rusty Nail Festival - **WEDDERBURN Victoria**. Ric Raftis 37 St. Arnaud Rd Wedderburn 03 5494 3404 ric@bushverse.com
21 **HARDEN NSW** - A Taste of Country Performance Competition. Ph. 02 6386 2575 See advert below and page 4.
21-22 **BENALLA - VICTORIAN STATE CHAMPIONSHIPS** Ph. 03 5762 6616 colmandy@bigpond.net.au
27-29 **WIDGEE** Bush Balladeers Muster [20k from Gympie], includes poet's breakfasts Ph. Lex 07 4129 3145
31 Closing date **GIPPSLAND Wattle Written Award**. SSAE Des Bennett P.O. Box 466 Morwell 3840 - 03 5166 1532 bjdraper@netspace.net.au

NOVEMBER

- 11-13 **MAJORS CREEK NSW**. Folk Festival Alison Smith 02 4842 2889 asmith@braidwood.net.au
12 Central Goldfields End of Year Concert **BENDIGO** Colin Carrington 03 5441 2425
13 **GLEN INNES NSW** - Neville Campbell 02 6732 2417 nevillecampbell1@hotmail.com
12 **WALLA WALLA Wagon Wheel** Written Competition. 11/477 Union Rd Nth Albury 2640 Ph. Erica 02 60405337 den53@austarnet.com.au

DECEMBER

- 3-4 **YOUNG Cherry Festival** Competition and Breakfast. Greg Broderick 02 6382 2506 gre.jan@bigpond.com.au

2007 NEW DATES

- 22 & 24 January **TAMWORTH NSW** - 1.30 pm - St. Edwards Hall Hillvue Street - Walk Up Bush Poets - Noel Stallard - Frank Daniel
25 January **ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING - ABPA - 2PM - St. Edwards Hall Hillvue Street Tamworth Ph. 02 6652 3716**
1-4 March **DUNEDOO NSW - AUSTRALIAN CHAMPIONSHIPS** SSAE PO Box 1 Dunedoo NSW 2844 p. 20
23-25 March **NOOSA NORTH SHORE** P. 18
September **WINTON Qld. Waltzing Matilda Celebrations.** p.18

please advise editor now of your 2007 dates

PUHLEEZ! The next Bush Poets Calendar of Events will come out with the December issue of the newsletter. Would all organizers please advise the editor of their correct details, even if they are listed correctly now. Very few people have bothered to respond to previous requests. Those not responding will not appear in the calendar. Editor.

2006 Inaugural ROLF BOLDREWOOD Literary Awards

Prose - fiction to 3000 words on an Australian theme

Poetry - any form or style to 80 lines on an Australian theme

Trophy plus Prize-money to \$1,150.00 each section

Closing date.

Friday 22nd September

Entry Forms from

The Convenor

Rolf Boldrewood Literary Awards

PO Box 1042 DUBBO NSW 2830

Ph. 02 6801 4510 Fax. 02 6801 4529

email. mrl@dubbo.nsw.gov.au

See p. 7

TASTE OF COUNTRY HARDEN NSW

**Art - Craft and Pottery Festival
October 13th - 20th**

OPEN BUSH POETRY COMPETITION

Poet's Dinner

6 pm Saturday 21st October

\$1,500.00 Prizemoney

(Sponsored by the Kruger Trust)

Mechanics Institute

Connie McFadyen,

Harden Arts Council,

PO Box 205 Harden NSW 2587.

Phone 02 6386 2575

Details page 4

ADVERTISING RATES

1/3 Column	\$10.00
2/3 Column	\$15.00
Full Column	\$20.00
Half Page	\$40.00
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 all details in plain text along with payment

The Editor.

PO Box 16 Canowindra NSW 2804

email. fda70930@bigpond.net.au Ph.

02 6344 1477

COMPETITION RESULTS

Dunedoo Competition

Written Section

1st 'Night of the Fox' - Ellis Campbell - Dubbo, NSW. 2nd 'In the Doctor's Waiting Room' - Ron Stevens Dubbo NSW.

3rd 'Susannah' - David Campbell Beaumaris, Victoria.

Performance Competition

Junior Primary

1st Michael Yeo 2nd Kate Stanford

Junior Secondary

1st Helen Knight 2nd Laura Adams and Lucy Besgrove 3rd Roger Knight Encouragement Amanda Patulo

Novice

1st Heather Searles 2nd Isabella Bailey 3rd Harold Grant

Serious

1st Carol Heuchan 2nd Gabby Colquhoun 3rd Ellis Campbell

Original Humorous

1st Carol Heuchan 2nd Gabby Colquhoun 3rd Gwen Turner

Classical

1st Carol Heuchan 2nd Ted Webber 3rd Gary Low

Modern Contemporary

1st Gabby Colquhoun 2nd Carol Heuchan 3rd Terry Regan

Dunedoo Theme

1st Carol Heuchan 2nd Gabby Colquhoun 3rd Ellis Campbell

The best overall performance trophy ('The Great Dunny Classic') was won by Carol Heuchan.

Queensland State Championships

June 2006.

Novice: 1st. Bob Dever - Gold Coast

2nd. Peter Tyler - Jimboomba

3rd. Daphne Dennis - Beaudesert.

Male Traditional: 1st Dean Collins

2nd Manfred Vijars = North Pine Poets

3rd Bernie Keleher - Beaudesert

Male Original: 1st Dean Collins

2nd Manfred Vijars, 3rd Peter Tyler

Female Traditional:

1st Anita Reed - Holland Park,

2nd Laree Chapman - The Bundy Mob

3rd Suzanne Honour - North Pine Poets

Female Original:

1st. Laree Chapman 2nd Anita Reed

3rd Pamela Fox - Beaudesert

Golden Horseshoe Written Award:

1st Kym Eitel - Thangool, 'The Paperboy's Last Ride'

2nd David Campbell - Beaumaris.

3rd Ellis Campbell - Dubbo.

The Alison Lingard Patron's Award:

Kym Eitel 'The Paperboy's Last Ride'

Best Bushranger themed entry:

Pamela Fox 'The Bushranger's Lament'

SA STATE TITLES

June 2006

Written Competition - 1st Maurie O'Brien South Australia "On Radji Beach"

2nd - Ellis Campbell "Master Stockman"

3rd - Des Bennett "The Lady of the Swamp" HC Kym Eitel - 'Our Wild Bushranger Boys'.

Performance Competition -

State Champion and Champion of Champions - Ann Rogers of Owen SA

CHARLEE MARSHALL AWARDS

Silver Budgie Junior Competition:

First: Violet MacDonald, Battery Point, Tas. *The Rain*

Second: Monique Simms, Biloela *The Brumby on the Hill*

Golden Cockatoo Open Competition:

First: Al McCartan, Bathurst, NSW, *The Strolling Player of Kikacro*

Second: Lorne Maitland, Amamoor, Qld, *The Super Hero*

Highly Commended:

Kym Eitel, Thangool, *Ghostly Whispers*

Trevor Shaw, Thangool, *Crowsdale Hut*

Ron Stevens, Dubbo, *Welcome, Stranger*

BUNDY BUSH POETRY MUSTER

July 2006

Yarn Spinning

1. Ellis Campbell - Dubbo

2. John Lloyd - Calen

3. Cay Fletcher - Taree

Duo Performances

1. Dean & Matthew Collins - Barga

Dark & Sormy One Minute Cup

1. Dean Collins - Barga

2. Ken Bird - Coalstoun Lakes

3. John Lloyd - Calen

Novice - Traditional

1. Peter Mace - Empire Bay, NSW

2. Jack O'Connor - Shepparton

3. Jim Francis - Charters Towers

Novice - Modern

1. Mike Donworth - Bundaberg

2. Peter Mace - Empire Bay, NSW

3. Julie Jenkinson - Ubobo

Novice - Original

1. Peter Mace - Empire Bay

2. Jack O'Connor - Shepparton

3. Dot Schwenke - Scarborough

Intermediate - Traditional

1. Peter Mace - Empire Bay, NSW

2. Eddie Budgen - Deception Bay

3. Mary Hodgson - Mooloolah

Intermediate - Original

1. Peter Mace - Empire Bay, NSW

2. Jack O'Connor - Shepparton

3. Mary Hodgson - Mooloolah

Open Traditional - Men

1. Dean Collins - Barga

2. Bernie Keleher - Eagleby

3. John Best - Whiteside

Open Traditional - Women

1. Anita Reed - Holland Park

2. Laree Chapman - Bundaberg

3. Christine Webster - Barga

Open Modern - Men

1. Dean Collins - Barga

2. Terry Regan - Blaxland

3. John Best - Whiteside

Open Modern - Women

1. Anita Reed - Holland Park

2. Jean Lindley - Charters Towers

3. Lee Miller - Bundaberg

Open Original - Men

1. John Best - Whiteside

2. Dean Collins - Barga

3. Terry Regan - Blaxland

Open Original - Women

1. Laree Chapman - Bundaberg

2. Christine Webster - Barga

3. Lee Miller - Bundaberg

Overall Champion Poet

John Best - Whiteside

Bush Lantern Award for Written Verse

Carol Heuchan - Cooranbong 'The Outback'

RADIO 4 YOU

Heather Conlan hosts a two-hour programme 'That's Australia' on community radio (4 YOU - 98.5FM) in Rockhampton each Tuesday night

That's Australia is a program of bush poetry, ballads, yarns that is strictly all Australian in content. Heather speaks about the authors, writers, poets, song-writers and narrators, giving insights into their early lives, growing up, careers and how they became interested in their chosen field as well as providing details about their career progress (any snippets of information that the listeners may find interesting).

Heather also has a National Program broadcast on the Community Radio National Network out of Sydney via satellite. The program has the potential to be heard on 250 community radio stations. The National program, 'That's Australia', has a similar format but is of one hours duration. It goes to air via the CRN Satellite on Thursday at 19.04 hours.

Heather is keen to promote Australian Bush Poetry and budding poets and balladeers and encourages members and interested people to contact her at PO Box 5512, Central Mail Centre, Rockhampton 4702.

The next move is yours, give yourself a free plug, contact Heather at the above address or email her at

conlan@itxtreme.com.au

RADIO 4 YOU

Poets Rally at Raleigh
**AUSTRALIAN BUSH
POETRY**

SATURDAY
2nd. SEPTEMBER
1-00 p.m. till 4-00 p.m.

'RALEIGH HALL'

Walter Street Raleigh NSW
Opposite Raleigh Winery

All local and visiting reciters and writers
of rhyming bush poetry welcome to recite
or read their poetry during the afternoon
COUNTRY AFTERNOON TEA PROVIDED

FOR INFORMATION CONTACT
ED. PARMENTER 66523716

Memories of Gold



John Major

presents

Australian Bush Verse

\$ 23.00 post paid

CD - 17 Tracks

Humour - Wisdom and Wit
from 12 artists

PO Box 312
Mapleton Qld 4560
07 5445 7701 0418 751 226
majorjohn@bigpond.com

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SPREAD THE WORD -
ASK A FRIEND TO BECOME A
FINANCIAL MEMBER OF THE
ABPA

DON'T FORGET -
NEW DATE FOR AGM p. 9

THE LOOKING GLASS.

I'm only an antique mirror,
But treat me with love and respect,
For I once graced a room in a palace,
Now I sit here alone, and reflect

RODERICK WILLIAMS

Cassette: *Rod and Jessie* \$15.00
(compilation inc four songs)

CDS: *Rod and Jessie* \$17.50
(compilation inc four songs)

Travel the Red Road \$20.00
(Finalist - Australian Bush Laureate
Awards Tamworth 2005 CD and perform-
ance of the year 'The Shearers')

Books:

Travel the Red Road \$13.60
(Winner - N.S.W. Bush Poetry Comp 2001
Finalist - Australian Bush Laureate Awards
2002)

Frogs and Dogs and Kids \$17.60
Beautifully Illustrated Book of Children's
Rhyming Poetry (Winner - Australian
Bush Laureate Awards Tamworth 2003
Original Verse - Book of the Year)

Roderick Williams

31 Winter St, Tinonee. NSW 2430

Tel} (02) 65531712

Mobile} 0413786872

Email} bonzablu@tpg.com.au

Web Site -

www.rodwilliamsbushpoet.com.au

New Book Release August

'Forest of Dreams
and other

Journeys of the Red Road'

128 pages burst bound -
contains 48 Poems 3 Short stories
35 photographs (17 in colour) -

Price \$18.00

All Postage and packaging included

**VICTORIAN
BUSH POETRY
CHAMPIONSHIPS**

Benalla Bowls Club

BENALLA

21st - 22nd OCTOBER

\$2,600 Prize money

& Trophies

Lady's, Men's and Junior
Performance Competition

Closing Date Oct.6

Adult and junior Written Competition

Closing date Sep.22

Contact: The Secretary

V.B.P.M.A

113 Clarke St Benalla Vic 3672

Email: colmandy@bigpond.net.au

**WALLA WALLA
WAGON WHEEL AWARD**

for

Written Bush Poetry

Open Section

and

PERFORMANCE SECTIONS

1. Traditional 2. Original

Two copies of all poems to the
coordinator by

27th October 2006

Part of the Walla Walla Lions Club

Heritage Festival

Walla Walla Sports Ground

Sunday - November 12

Further information: Erica Nadebaum,

PO Box 22, Walla Walla NSW 2659 -

(02) 60405337 -

den53@austarnet.com.au

**POETS BREAKFAST
& ONE MINUTE BRAWL**

incl. Presentation of Awards
Great Lakes and Taree District
Written Bush Poetry
School Students Competition

8 am Sunday 17th Sept.,

Tuncurry Theatre,
Point Road, Tuncurry

Brawl topic available from Reid
Sat 9th for topic 9am - 2 pm.

Brawl Entry \$3

Barbecue hot breakfast \$6.00
Breakfast bookings essential

Ph. Reid Begg 6554 9788