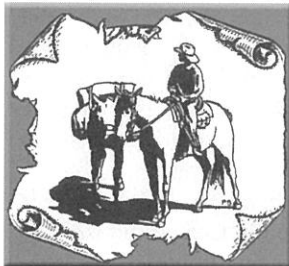
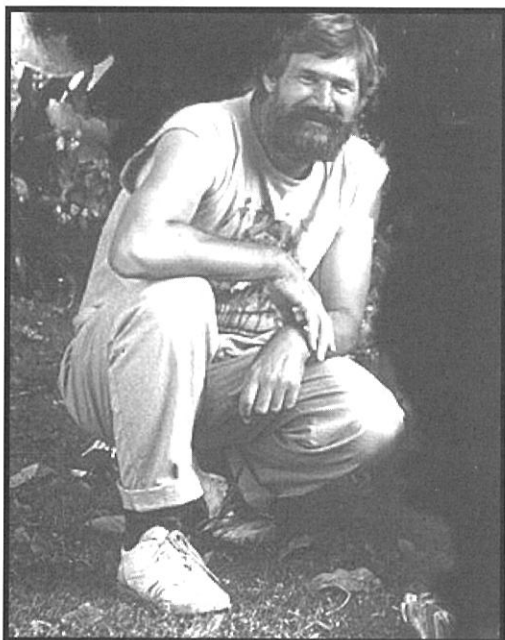


The Australian Bush Poets Association Inc.



Volume I4 No. 2 APRIL - MAY 2007

NATIONAL AUSTRALIAN BUSH POETRY CHAMPIONSHIPS



The National Champion Writer for 2007 is Max Merckenschlager of

Caloote SA (pictured at left).

Placegetters are as follows:

Serious:

3rd. 'Mark of Courage' -

Carol Heuchan - Cooranbong

2nd. 'Snowy Mountain Magic' -

Max Merckenschlager

1st. 'Along the Murrumbidgee' -

Max Merckenschlager.

Humorous:

3rd. 'A Cow of a Life' -

Jean Lindley - Charters Towers

2nd. 'Angels on Horseback' -

Carol Heuchan.

1st. 'Over the Fence' - Ron Stevens - Dubbo NSW

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NATIONAL AUSTRALIAN CHAMPION POETS - 2007



2007 National Champions, Carol Heuchan and Terry Regan with Peter Fallon, AON Personal Wealth Management, the major sponsor for the National Australian Bush Poetry Championships at Dunedoo.

DUNEDOO SUCCESS

One of the most successful Australian Bush Poetry Championships to date was held at Dunedoo NSW from 1st to 4th March 2007.

Twenty-four Australian Bush Poets battled for supremacy in a hard fought four-go-round with Classical, Contemporary, Original Humorous and Original Serious Bush Poetry.

The writing skills of our masters is more than exemplified in the works of present day poets by their unmatched abilities to cover every day life in all situations along with their capabilities as performers.

Not only is Australian Bush Poetry in good hands with its present day writers and reciters, but it has an ensured future with our talented youngsters and the ever increasing numbers of novices entering competitions.

The ladies are taking a much larger part in competitions these days with no less than nine women in each of the performance classes. See the results of the Nationals on page 23.

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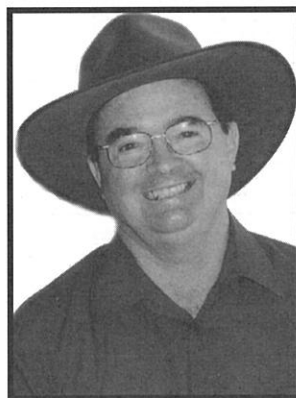
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The Australian Bush Poets Association Inc Newsletter is set-up, published and posted direct to subscribers bi-monthly by the ABPA Inc.

**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 APRIL-MAY**

G'day Members,

Firstly let me congratulate our three newly appointed Life Members: Olive Shooter, Ron Selby and Frank Daniels. It is important for us to recognise the long-term, generous contribution Office Bearers give to an organisation as too often we just presume the wheels will keep turning without realising who is constantly doing the oiling and greasing.

Sadly Cedrick Friend, husband of Shirley, lost his battle with cancer late last month. Ced epitomised the unassuming faithful spouse who supported his star.

Thousands of Australians have enjoyed the professional entertainment of Shirley but Shirl would be the first to acknowledge that without Ced's support she would not have achieved what she has. As Bette Midler sang in, *The Wind Beneath My Wings*;

"It must have been cold there in my shadow, to never have sunlight on your face.  
You were content to let me shine, that's your way,

you always walked a step behind."

It is a timely reminder to us all to appreciate the partners and spouses or our poetry entertainers for without them our stars would not shine. Rest peacefully Ced.

Congratulations to Sue Stoddart and her team for their very professional running of the Australian Championships at Dunedoo in March. It was a huge task for a little town like Dunedoo to host this premier competition of the year and they should all be very proud of the success they achieved. Congratulations also to our two new National Performance Champions, Carol Heuchen and Terry Regan and the Australian Written Competition winners are (Humorous) Ron Stevens, (Serious) Max Merckenschlager.

One of our goals in 2007 is to establish a register of judges for Performance Competitions similar to what we did in 2006 for the Written Competitions. We also want to see if we can improve the criteria for Performance Competition. Remember members that no one of us contains all the wisdom to ensure the best result but if we pool the wisdom of all the experience we have in our membership then we have every chance of getting the best result. So I am pleading with you to get involved and contribute your ideas so that our performance criteria captures the necessary ingredients for excellence in performance.

The First Draft is with this newsletter. (p.II)

Another goal for this year is to have some colour in one of our Newsletters. Frank will get some quotes in respect to this and so long as we can afford the cost we will give-it-a-go.

Thank you to all those members at Tamworth who picked up Application for Membership flyers. We are finding it very effective to have these flyers at our various gigs and give the audience the opportunity to apply for membership. Remember you only have to contact me and I will mail you a batch of these flyers.

With gratitude,

Noel Stallard

Old lawyers never die, they just lose their appeal!

Where there's a will, I want to be in it.

We have enough youth, how about a fountain of intelligence?

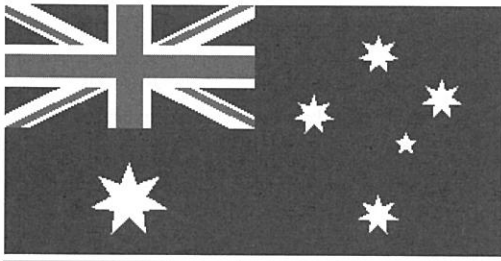
Australian Taxation Office - We've got what it takes to take what you've got.

We are born naked, wet and hungry, then things get worse.

Change is inevitable, except from a vending machine.

Why doesn't Tarzan have a beard?

If only the good die young then what does that say about senior citizens?



## ANZAC DAY 25th APRIL

Anzac Day falls on April 25, and was inaugurated to commemorate the landing, in 1915, of the Australian and New Zealand Army Corps (Anzac) on the beaches of Gallipoli in the Dardanelles in north-western Turkey. This volunteer force formed part of the allied attack on Turkey (Gallipoli Campaign), which aimed to take the Gallipoli Peninsula and occupy Constantinople (now Istanbul). Despite heroic efforts on the part of the Anzacs and other allied troops, the campaign was a failure. This was largely due to inept military leadership, poor tactics, and lack of equipment. The total number of Australian casualties was the highest of any Commonwealth force. The day now also commemorates Australians who died in other wars.

The ceremonies include a dawn service (to coincide with the timing of the first landing at Gallipoli) at local war memorials, followed later in the morning by a march of ex-service personnel, including contingents from allies in past wars. These ceremonies have become increasingly well attended with several hundred thousand spectators in Sydney attending the march which takes over three hours to pass a given point.

Points of view in the 1970's and 1980's expressed that Anzac Day in time would fade away. However, in the 1990s there was a resurgence of interest in Anzac Day, with attendances, particularly by young people, increasing across Australia and with many making the pilgrimage to the Gallipoli Peninsula to attend the Dawn Service.

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

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

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

**'We Will Remember Them'**

## ALONG THE MURRANJI

© Max Merckenschlager - Caloote SA.

Winner 2007 National Written Bush Poetry Competition

The stockman rolled a Tally-Ho and swiped it with his tongue,  
Then set alight the sagging weed as from his lips it hung.  
And drifting through the smoke-trail came a thought that made him sigh;  
A mob of fifteen hundred, strung along the MurrANJI.

He touched his stained Akubra and the relic tilted back.  
Again a youth of seventeen rode novice down the track,  
To savour an experience that money couldn't buy,  
As peer of legends droving stock, along the MurrANJI.

A chocolate cloud engulfed him in the shadow of the herd,  
And swarming flies – fair-weather friends - all quit the dust they stirred.  
The post had consolations and his spreading grin was wry,  
'Cause flankers were saluting him, along the MurrANJI!

He copped his share of green-hide jokes and handed out his own.  
The team became his family - more kin than most he'd known.  
They cheered his bloody triumph when he shut the bully's eye,  
Then halved his load to help him mend, along the MurrANJI.

That year he joined the rains were late and holes began to shrink.  
Their team-boss ordered scouts ahead to find the herd a drink.  
While cattle-horns hung earthwards every stockman watched the sky,  
And cursed the Devil's crucible, along the MurrANJI.

Their milling stock were restless from the stirrings of the night.  
If spooked by sudden footfall, they could rush in terror's flight.  
So stockmen rode on red-alert till dawn and pondered why,  
They'd signed themselves to Purgat'ry, along the MurrANJI.

And when the team had struggled through, with pockets fully cashed,  
They headed for the nearest pub intent on "getting smashed".  
But under-aged exuberance would greet the morning dry.  
The Law insisted manhood stopped, along the MurrANJI.

Those days have long departed when a mile of bullocks strung,  
Along the northern cattle-routes could make a man feel young.  
Yet now and then a spark returns to wet a weary eye;  
The vision of a willing kid, along the MurrANJI.

### Footnotes

*Tally-Ho is a brand of cigarette paper.*

*The MurrANJI Track is famous as a former northern cattle-droving route.*

*"Green-hide" is a slang term for a novice and "getting smashed" means getting drunk.*

## PALMA ROSA POETS

The Palma Rosa Poets proudly announce another fabulous event with five times Australian Champion Bush Poet Milton Taylor booked for an appearance on Tuesday 24th April (Anzac eve).

Milton has become a firm favourite at the Palma Rosa over the years and with his many commitments in Australia and overseas the Palma Rosa is fortunate in obtaining his services.

Besides being a great performer, Milton also shares his vast knowledge working with students in schools across Australia and the United States where he has introduced Australian Bush Poetry with great success, establishing quite a following over the years. Booking is essential and can be done by contacting:

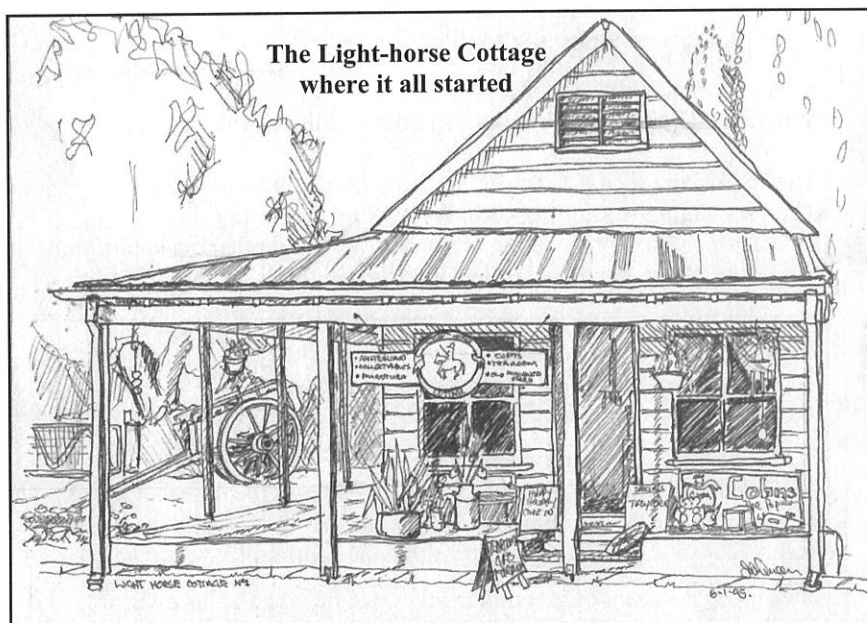
**PALMA ROSA**

9 Queens Road Hamilton

Palma Rosa (07) 3262 3769

Trisha Anderson (07) 3268 3624





The Light-horse Cottage  
where it all started

## BUNGENDORE POET'S GATHERING

The 13th Annual Poets Gathering at historic Bungendore on the NSW Southern Tablelands was once again a huge success. Held on the first weekend in February, with 21 performers on the Saturday and a nineteen on the Sunday, with some 'newies' giving a total of 29 poets in front of a three hundred and thirty strong audience.

All performers gave their utmost with quite a few new poems coming from the crop. Poets again travelled long distances to this favourite break-fast venue with 'Chris and the Grey', (Merv. and Christine Webster), from Bargara Q. taking in the Bungendore Country Muster as part of their long journey which incorporated Tamworth Country Music Festival, Whittlesea CM Festival, Victoria and the John O'Brien Bush Festival at Narranadera. Others came from Victoria, Sydney, Newcastle, Canberra, the South Coast, The Riverina and the Central West.

Alex Scott of Canberra, who celebrated his hundredth birthday in August last year gave an impromptu few yarns and then recited Paterson's classic *'The Geebung Polo Club'* in a good strong audible voice well belying his years.

This year, if it's at all possible, the poets certainly exceed themselves on the previous years efforts with 'almost' flawless deliveries; varied and forever entertaining verse with never a dull moment - led by the talented former Bungendore-ite, Frank Daniel of Canowindra, who has proved his popularity and capabilities

as an MC since the inaugural bush poets gathering at the Light Horse Cottage in 1994.

Greg North's *'hat and accent'* version of *'The Man from Snowy River'* never fails to draw a great audience response; seemingly improving with age; with a new German hat, (a gift from Pat Reid of Wanna Wanna), replacing the old grey Akubra previously used in the first verses.

Popular classical reciter Jim Weatherstone of Canberra wasn't allowed to leave without acknowledging one of our past masters, and his rendering of Henry Lawson's *'Sweeney'* was perhaps one of the most meaningful; dual *'Poet of the Year'* and *'Yarn-Spinner of the Year'* at the 2006 National Folk Festival (Canberra), Barry Lake of Narooma, was again back to his old self after a long bout of illness with a couple of energetic yarns and poems; Jan McDonald of Unanderra, our VIP Poet (Visually impaired poet) was once again superb; fine deliveries were made by David Meyers, John Rennick, John Davis, Laurie McDonald and a host of others, the list goes on.

An amazing performance by 12 year old Gemma Kirk of Deakin Public School (ACT) ensures good faith in our juniors and the long term survival of our bush poetry. Gemma recited two pieces written by her Grandfather, John Davis of King's Point, *'Spider Webs at Dawn'* and *'Without the Bush'*

In all, another wonderful poetry experience in Bungendore keeping our heritage and tradition alive.

## TAMWORTH POETTES

Another very successful 'Poettes' show, led by Trisha Anderson of Brisbane, was held during Country Music Week, strictly for female poets performing in and around Tamworth during the festival.

This year saw a move to more suitable air-conditioned venue at St. Edwards Hall in Hillvue Street, a wonderful new venue that they are promoting, with its ample parking, ease of access and capacity to hold a large crowd in comfort.

An enthusiastic audience of some 130 followers enjoyed the fourteen Poettes, each performing original or other poetry relating to women.

One of the "highlights" of the Show was the "CAN-CAN" performed by Sally Mitchell, Claire Reynolds, Carol Heuchan, Anita Reed and Trisha Anderson - very impromptu and unrehearsed, but all good fun.

A beautiful afternoon tea was prepared and served by that great Tamworth stalwart Marg Finucane - aided and assisted by Margaret Parmenter who is always on hand to keep things running smoothly.

## BANJO TOPS THE LIST

At the recent National Australian Bush Poetry Championships at Dune-doo, AB'Banjo' Paterson topped the list as the most recited of our old masters.

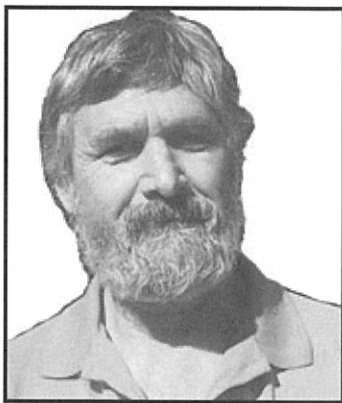
Paterson's popularity with Australian poets and audiences alike has never waned. Of the twenty-two performers in the Classical section no less than eight competitors chose a Paterson poem.

Henry Lawson and Will Ogilvie were another two favourites with three poems each.

CJ Dennis, AL Gordon, Henry Kendall, TE Spencer and a lesser known Wyn Sullivan made up the rest of the list.

In the female classical section the order was Paterson (*The Amateur Rider*), Ogilvie (*How the Fire Queen Crossed the Swamp*) and Lawson (*The Drover's Sweetheart*) in the top three places. In the men's classical section it was Paterson (*Father Riley's Horse*), Spencer (*The Poetical Linen Draper*) and Spencer (*A Bush Bred Youngster*) in that order.





## CONTINUING SUCCESS for MAX

Max Merckenschlager of Caloot South Australia has had further successes with his poems 'Baradine Christmases' and 'Men of Skins', both being selected for the Poetry short-list for the Multicultural Writers Association of Australia's next anthology 'Culture is . . . .'

Dr Heather Nimmo - award-winning playwright, Literature Board member (1998-2001), and child migrant - submitted a short-list of entries to the Anthology Sub-Committee. Through the Board, this committee is to compile the final selection to be included in the Anthology.

Dr Nimmo made her selection purely on the quality of the writing. She responded to writing that was "lively, authentic, which 'had to be written', engaged the reader, was sustained, showed some sense of 'shaping' and rhythm and economy (for poetry), and a facility with language."

Two hundred and fifty poems and prose works from one hundred and twenty five contributors were received. Of these, thirty four poems and thirty six prose works made the short-list. The final selection of entries for both will be completed by the end of March 2007.

[Men of Skins is the 2006 national winning poem for Australian Bush Poetry and was also awarded the bronze statuette for best poem over all classes at the Grenfell Festival of Arts in June 2006. It tells of the heroic struggle by a young Ngarrindjeri woman snatched from mainland SA and taken to Karta (Kangaroo Island) by sealers].

Why does lemon juice contain mostly artificial ingredients while dishwashing liquid contains real lemons?



"reconciliation is hearing the other's story ..."

## MEN OF SKINS

© max merckenschlager

Follow footprints to a native as she cockles round the bay,  
crossing tracks of other callers that the tides will rinse away.  
Off the coast you see an island rising ominously near;  
Karta<sup>1</sup> looms with manly menace on a morning crisp and clear.  
Low the Ngarrindjeri<sup>2</sup> whistles as she draws a nervous breath,  
then she trembles for her sisters on that silent isle of death ...  
for those snatched and taken gins,  
now controlled by men of skins.

Sense the hidden gang of sealers in a cavern by the cape;  
they are biding for the moment and their minds are set on rape.  
Feel the hopelessness of struggle when they pass around the prize,  
and the anguish of their captive as she fights to break her ties.  
Block your ears and cast your vision while the sealers laugh and gloat,  
as they pull for home on Karta with the bundle in their boat ...  
for the quarry seldom wins,  
in a match with men of skins.

Count the days beyond encounter and the loved beyond her reach,  
and sacks she's hauled to salt the hides she's pegged along the beach.  
Count snares she's set for wallabies and plunging dives for shell;  
add yearnings for a motherland in sight across the swell.  
And tally tears of pity for the infant on her breast,  
who'll never know his heritage nor undergo the test ...  
then a hatching plan begins,  
to be done with men of skins.

Glimpse a canvas-covered dinghy under stunted coastal heath,  
and wooden oars in rowlocks she has spirited beneath.  
Slip camp in silver moonlight with a heartbeat like a drum,  
past sprawling men besotted, belching fumes of traded rum.  
Share the shock when she discovers that the means for her escape  
holds a pair of Kurna<sup>3</sup> women rowing strongly for the cape ...  
now she'll gamble on the fins;  
better those than men of skins.

Press the baby to her bosom for their final warm embrace;  
strap it firmly over shoulders that will stroke to join their race.  
Ride the rip out past the breakers like a black and bobbing cork;  
there are leagues ahead to cover in unfathomed, sapping work.  
Feel those inky waters crashing on her infant's frozen head,  
while her muddled mind is numbing, for she *knows* the child is dead ...  
and her sense-of-purpose spins,  
giving ground to men of skins.

Hear the cursing oaths of sealers in the sober light of day,  
as they scan a heaving ocean for the gins that stole away;  
two have beached upon the mainland, where a third with child lies spent;  
carved and carted by the dumpers, and a shark patrols the scent.  
Watch her body, limp and shattered, ebb its life-force on the shore;  
till her shackles drop discarded, and a pair of spirits soar ...  
while below, their faintest grins  
taunt the savage men of skins.

### Information to assist reading

<sup>1</sup>Karta - "place of the dead"; an island in South Australia unoccupied by Aborigines for several thousand years, known today as 'Kangaroo Island'.

<sup>2</sup>Ngarrindjeri (pronounced "nurrind-jerry"); a nation of Australian Aborigines living in the lower River Murray, Coorong and Fleurieu districts of South Australia.

<sup>3</sup>Kurna (pronounced "garner"); a nation of Australian Aborigines from the Adelaide Plains, Hills and Fleurieu districts of South Australia.

## A Word to Performers about Community Radio

*To performers who have been or will be aired and/or interviewed on Community Radio, by Tom Lovett.*

If you have sent material to or been interviewed on Community Radio – the only genuine community based local radio – and have had limited response, don't be discouraged. You may not have received many direct calls, e-mail messages or website visits. Assuming your material is entertaining or interesting, that does not mean you didn't impact many listeners.

Our station has over 7,000 regular listeners. Nationally there are nearly eight million regular listeners to Community Radio, including event organisers and every station has many volunteers who exchange ideas and information and who are active in their communities.

Most top performers value the opportunity to be interviewed and played on Community Radio. Check out my webpage, [www.blufm.org.au/bushmusic.htm](http://www.blufm.org.au/bushmusic.htm).

For each contact made by a listener in response to a radio program or item, there are statistically some 300 - 500 listeners on whom the same broadcast has made a similar impact. This signifies, on average, one out of 300 - 500 had the time, inclination and opportunity to respond.

One of the ways the modern man and woman handle the Information Explosion is to not respond every time he or she is impacted. The average listener receives some 5,000 to 10,000 visual and aural advertising messages per day. They would not have enough time in the day to respond even only to one tenth of those that interested them. Also, keep in mind that radio is hands and eyes free – so people usually listen to radio while doing something else – working, eating, driving, web browsing and e-mailing, etc. They are not necessarily sitting down with pen in hand ready to take notes of what interests them.

To get someone to respond you have to make it worthwhile for them to stop what they are doing and do something else, such as write down your contact details. When they respond you can use the statistics to assess the number of listeners who have been impacted.

need to offer them a baited "hook".

For example, by offering free tickets to your next performance to the first three callers to the radio station, if you get 2 calls you know you have impacted 600 to 1000 listeners with your message. Otherwise, without a baited "hook", because of the Information Explosion, you will rarely receive any contacts even though you may have made an impression on many.

Furthermore, people rarely follow up immediately unless there is an element of immediacy e.g. free tickets to the first callers. Like me, many make a mental note and then it fades from their memory, until next time they hear your name. It takes at least five repeats from varied sources these days for a message to sink in and be remembered for who you are and what you do. So you cannot tell whether the person who comes to your next gig or buys your album or book at a shop didn't first become interested or whose interest in your offering was reinforced during your radio interview or broadcast some time ago – unless you ask them.

The first steps in successful advertising are to get your consumers to recognise WHO YOU ARE and WHAT YOU DO. You can never get enough publicity. It is said there are three ingredients of successful retailing – position, position, position. In publicity and promotion, there are three principles also, repetition, repetition, repetition. Repetition is everything. You are competing with the giants who are fighting every minute of every day for every consumer's attention. They are satisfied if they can cause consumers to associate a need with the advertiser's product or service when next they shop.

Community Radio listeners are special in that they have turned away from the mainstream broadcasters at least for some of their time. Our listeners have a high degree of local loyalty and are very community conscious. Also Community Radio is extraordinarily diverse. Whereas mainstream broadcasters cater all day and night for their chosen demographic segment/s, Community Radio presenters each have their own particular audiences. There is little crossover into other presenters' programs on the same station. For example, my show is about Australian Bush music and

You are fishing for those listeners who are interested in your work so you

dance, poems, recitations and culture, and Celtic folk music, my listeners are interested in these genres, and also listeners with

eclectic tastes in music and an interest in Australian culture. Not very many jazz, rock or blues buffs listen to my program. Similarly not many of my listeners would turn on a heavy metal, rap, punk, rock or jazz program.

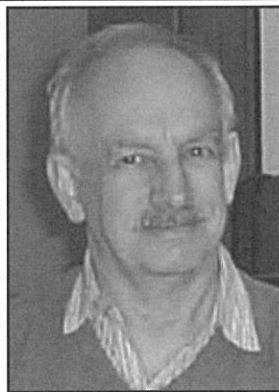
So your broadcast on someone's program on our station is not very likely to have been heard by listeners to another presenter's program on the same station, and vice versa.

If you are a folk performer, author, or organiser, next time someone makes contact with you, attends your gig or event, or orders an album or book don't forget to ask where did they hear about it. If they are able to recall accurately, chances are it will be on Radio – and very likely a Community Radio station.

[By Tom Lovett MBA (AGSM) Change adviser. Tom can be heard on Tom's Aussie Muster & Bush Music Show" on Blue Mountains Community Radio, BLU-FM 89.1, Sundays 6.00 to 8.00 pm. On-air since 1997

Tom may be contacted by phone 0408 167 963, or by mail at PO Box 6884, Wetherill Park NSW 2164. Email [tomlovett@pnc.com.au](mailto:tomlovett@pnc.com.au) Webpage [www.blufm.org.au/bushmusic.htm](http://www.blufm.org.au/bushmusic.htm)]

Two hours of traditional and modern Australian bush, folk and Celtic music mingled with interviews and talks with folk buffs, performers and characters.

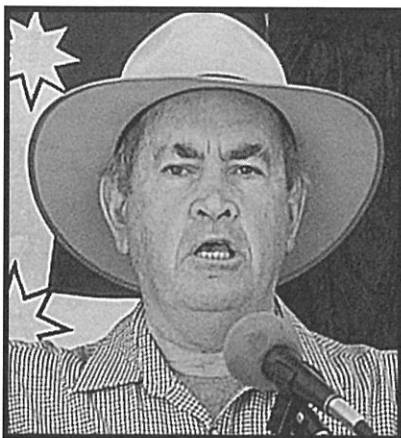


**D**ue to inherit a fortune when his sickly, widower father died, Charles decided he needed a woman to enjoy it with.

Going to a singles' bar, he spotted a woman whose beauty took his breath away. "I'm just an ordinary man," he said, walking up to her, "but in just a week or two, my father will die and I'll inherit 20 million dollars."

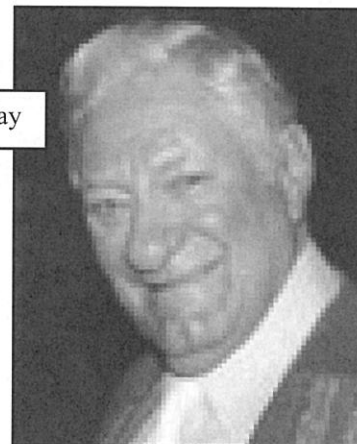
The woman went home with Charles, and the next day she became his stepmother.

## Australian National Championships INAUGURAL BILLY HAY MEMORIAL YARN SPINNING COMPETITION



Frank Daniel - the 2007 Australian  
Yarn-Spinning Champion.

The late Billy Hay



The Inaugural Billy Hay Memorial Yarn-spinning Championships were held as part of the National Australian Bush Poetry Championships at Dunedoo on Friday 3rd March 2007.

The yarn-spinning segment of the competition is open to all competitors but has no bearing whatsoever on the outcome of the bush poetry competition.

Yarn Spinning is the age old Aussie past-time of telling stories as per the idiom of our forebears from the city and the bush and is not a connected line of jokes, nor is it rhyming verse, and no good yarn-spinner ever lets the truth get

in the way of a good story. Embellishment is the secret to all bush yarns. The more colour one can add to a story, the more believable it may be with fact quickly becomes fiction with the passing of time.



## ANZAC TRIBUTE NARRANDERA

### John O'Brien Bush Festival

The Fifth and most successful Annual Anzac Tribute was held in the Narrandera Memorial Gardens on Saturday 17th March 2007.

Not to be confused with the annual Anzac Day celebrations, the Anzac Tribute is part of the John O'Brien Bush Festival where those of us who could not serve, through no fault of our own or for various other reasons, can say thank you and extend our sincere gratitude to those returned men and women who helped make Australia what it is today.

The growing crowds at this annual event has shown the organizers that their efforts in arranging this Anzac Tribute has not been in vain, and that through the medium of bush poetry and song we can hail, not only the Anzacs, but all the men and women in all facets of war since then.

Frank Daniel of Canowindra NSW has acted as Host for the tribute since inception; has planned the tribute and invited guest artists to appear in a fast

moving tightly scheduled programme; this year with fifteen participants.

The Narrandera festival committee sincerely thanks the contributors to this tribute; Jason and Chloe Roweth, Noel Stallard, Des Kelly, Christine and Merv Webster, Warren Fahey, John Warner, Frank Daniel, Peter Mace, Ed Walker, Lisa Quast, Gregory North, Vic Jefferies and the Narrandera Primary School Choir.

In the historic Riverina town of Narrandera (pop. 5000), the John O'Brien Bush Festival boasts an impressive five-day line up of Aussie-Irish bush poetry, music, dance, art and humour.

Forty five separate performances took place, including two main concerts.

The festival takes its name from the famous poet John O'Brien, who wrote much of his work while living in Narrandera in the early 1900s. As well as celebrating all things country, the festival honours the rural pioneering heritage of the Irish settlers celebrated in John O'Brien's poetry and incorporates the St Patrick's Day celebrations.

2007 saw the thirteenth annual festival which attracted close to seven thousand people.

The action-packed program included some of the biggest names in bush poetry and Folk entertainment, including Warren Fahey, John Warner, Eileen McPhillips, Frank Daniel, Noel Stallard, Gregory North and Geoffrey Graham.

The Boree Log Bush Dance was held at Sandigo, a tiny country hall just south of Narrandera, with dances called by the energetic local 'Swag 'n' Billy Bush Band'.

St Patrick's Day celebrations, including Irish dancing, stews and sing-alongs, limericks and performances by Bahntre, Celtic Larrikans, Dadscrampy, and Will of the Wood; Buskers, pub sessions, a street concert, pavement fair & parade; and Poet's breakfasts, plays and concerts based on bush lore.

Narrandera is centrally located on the Murrumbidgee River in the Riverina, at the junction of the Sturt and Newell National Highways, 575km west of Sydney and 430km north of Melbourne. The media has dubbed it Narrandera's Amazing Festival and the five day event hums to life in March each year.

One can always look forward to a festival with all the elements that make for a wonderful festival experience: humour, music, talent, tradition and friendly faces.

The Festival celebrates Narrandera's connection with John O'Brien, the author of some of Australia's most popular poetry. '*Said Hanrahan*', '*Tangmalangaloo*' and '*The Old Bush School*'.

It celebrates the Irish-Australian connection, that is so evident in the poetry, and it celebrates the best of bush culture.





## Editor's Letterbox

Heard from Maxine Ireland recently letting me know that she was still alive.

Maxine turned eighty-eight on February 19th and on February 23rd she and husband George celebrated their 65th Wedding Anniversary.



They've sold their campervan now and are quite content not to be travelling the long distances of recent years.

Maxine keeps up with her poetry by entertaining 'old people' in the nursing homes and is planning on being at the Bundy Muster in July and taking in the North Pine Festival as well.

In this issue I've included one of her poems, 'Grandma's Wedding Day' which is about how things were when she was married.

In 2002 at eighty-three years of age Maxine was the champion female poet at the National Australian Bush Poetry Championships at Mulwala.

Maxine and George were both born in Murwillumbah and moved to a retirement villa in Tweed Heads seven years ago.

Bessie Jennings responds to Pamela Fox's 'A POETS DILEMMA' in the last newsletter.

### A POET'S PRIORITIES

It's true, as poet Pamela explains:  
to write proficient poetry, takes pains.  
One needs much singleminded  
concentration -  
and never make the kitchen  
one's vocation.

Man does not live by bread alone:  
his spirit must be fed  
with graceful and appealing words,  
not merely daily bread.  
We need to feast on grand ideas -  
rich sauce for hungry souls.  
Forget the onion gravy -  
that's not one of life's great goals.  
We can do without lamb cutlets!  
Rhyming couplets feed the head,  
so we never cook at our place;  
we eat raw food now instead.

Bessie Jennings

## TO BUSH VERSE ORGANIZERS.

From "Skew Wiff".

Dear Sir / Madam,

I would like to lodge a protest,  
And here's a question straight from me,

How do you pick the JUDGES ?

For WRITTEN POETRY??

You must be scratchin' gravel  
For blokes that qualify,  
For I reckon they're half stupid,  
And now I'll tell you why.

I've been sendin' off me money

Since Adarn was a boy,

I've entered all the contests,

From Perth to Kingaroy.

I've sent 'em my best poems,

( A masterpiece each one)

And every time the same result ----

I never run a drum.

Now there's gotta be a reason,  
Why my stuff misses out,  
An' I blame the flamin' Judges,  
They're all barmy, there's no doubt.

The stuff I send is perfect,  
All rhyming, every bit,  
And some of them are classics,  
The best I ever 'rit'.

And yet those self same Judges,  
They treat me with ignore,  
They read my brilliant poems,  
Then chuck 'em out the door.

Now I know how 'Banjo' felt,  
Before he got to fame.

I'll bet he had some knockbacks,  
And I am just the same.

Now to the organizers.

If you're in a quandary,

I know a Judge who'd be just right,

You've guessed it mate ---

**It's ME!**

A husband read an  
article to his wife about  
how many words  
women use a day . . .

**30,000**

to a man's

**15,000.**

The wife replied,  
"The reason has to be  
because we have to  
repeat everything to  
men".

The husband then  
turned to his wife and  
asked, "What?"

Author: Unknown

## AUTUMN

Outside a harsh wind blows.  
More gusterly it comes, then goes.  
Soot falls into last years ashes,  
and through my soul a shiver flashes.  
In 'T' shirt and shorts I feel so bare,  
as alone I listen to the wind out there.  
There is sunshine, but the house is cold,  
with dampened bricks, so cracked and old.  
And through the eaves, the funnelled wind  
rumbles and roars like subway din.  
The Pendulum swings as the clock beats time,  
and the pine trees sway in a Pantomime.

Frank Daniel

## VALE: CEDRIC FRIEND

Dear Poets and members,

It is with great sadness that we hear of the passing of a good old mate Cedric Friend.

Cedric was the loving husband of Shirley Friend  
of the Naked Poets Comedy Troupe.

Cedric passed away peacefully at his home in Brisbane  
on Sunday 18 March 2007.

A celebration of Cedric's life was held at Burpengarry  
on 22nd March 2007

To Shirley we extend our love and deepest sympathy.

Shirley's Address  
33 Mulberry Court  
MORAYFIELD QLD 4506

## GRANDMA'S WEDDING DAY

by Maxine Ireland

So you have your wedding plans well under-way,  
And you do look so happy as the day draws near.  
You want to hear of my wedding day?  
Very well, I shall tell you, my dear.  
It was a perilous time, with the world at war,  
The enemy approaching close to our shore.  
With most of our forces all ready gone  
To fight in the European zone.

We felt so vulnerable, and our future looked bleak.  
All available men would be gone in a week.  
The Japs had bombed Darwin; but that was not all,  
There were very grave fears that our country might fall.

Your Granddad and I were young and in love  
And we knew he'd be going away.  
So we vowed we would marry and be as one  
Without any further delay.  
So our wedding arrangements were made in haste  
Not one minute had we to waste.  
Food was rationed, and petrol and clothes.  
We were given coupons for all of those.

So I'd no wedding dress or fancy bouquet,  
All luxuries were needless expense.  
'Twas austerity times and we must save.  
Every penny must go on defence.  
So I walked down the aisle in borrowed attire  
And I made my own bouquet.  
As we stood in the church and made our vows  
We prayed very hard that day.

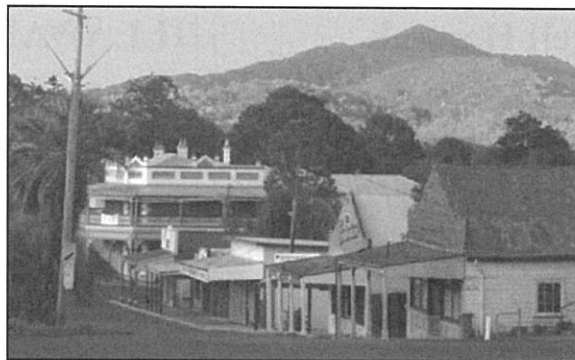
We promised each other we would be as one.  
Even death would not tear us apart.  
And our prayers were answered.  
Praise be to God nigh on fifty years have passed.  
And still we're together, still as one,  
For as long as we both shall live.  
Sharing each other's joys and woes,  
And enjoying all life has to give.

May you be together for as long as we  
And as happily be as one.  
My dear, may your wedding day be divine.  
But; spare a thought now and then for mine.

## ADVERTISE ON THE NET - Free!

Non-profit organizations conducting competitions and performances 'under the auspices of the Australian Bush Poets Association' who place paid advertisements in the ABPA Newsletter will also be given a free page on the associations web. pages [www.abpa.org.au](http://www.abpa.org.au) in an effort to help promote their event.

Other advertisements will be accepted at a negotiated price depending on requirements. Contact the Web Administrator Andy Schnalle at [web@abpa.org.au](mailto:web@abpa.org.au)



## BUSH POETS AT BOWRAVILLE THEATRE

Bowraville Theatre's annual Bush Poets Soiree will this year feature Bill 'Lobo' Lasham on Saturday, 28th July at 1.30pm.

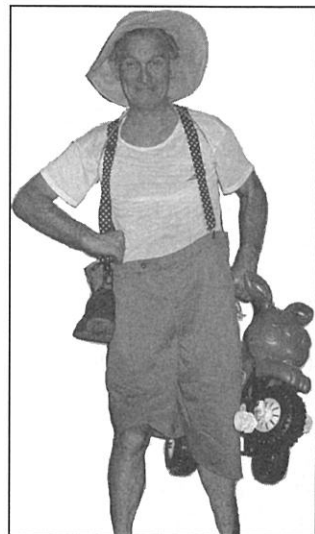
Bill, from the Sydney suburb of North Rocks, is a seasoned entertainer around Bush Poetry traps along the eastern seaboard and has received many awards in recognition of both his writing and performance skills. His most recent success was in March at the Australian Bush Poetry Performance Championships at Dunedoo where he was placed third in the Men's Original Serious Section.

Often seen at many venues in the Sydney's western suburbs and throughout NSW country areas, Bill concentrates on a strong comedy routine during his performances offering those who attend a very witty and entertaining show format. As well as his own highly original verse he will also perform poems by some of Australia's best Bush Poets.

Never short of a quick response in any situation, Bill will bring some of his rhyming mates along for the ride. Included in the guest list will be Bill's "very" distant relation, 'Little George', who is guaranteed to make you giggle.

Bill will also be joined on stage by our very popular local country music entertainer, the lovely Diane Sanger who very generously donates her time to entertain us every year.

Aspiring bush poets of all



'Little George'

ages are welcome to share their work on the day and they can either read or recite their verse or that of another author.

Admission is \$8.00 and all funds raised will contribute to Phase III of theatre improvements, a building extension which will provide much needed dressings rooms for performers.

Devonshire teas, snacks, tea and coffee will be available during interval from the Theatre Café.

Bowraville Theatre is located in High Street where we will look forward to the pleasure of your company for this afternoon of very Australian entertainment.

All enquiries to Dorothy Evans, Phone 6564 7828.

Submitted by Dorothy Evans for and on behalf of Bowraville Theatre.

## Russell Hannah

Russell has been an organiser of the Illawarra Folk Festival for the last 22 years although he doesn't sing, dance or play accordion. He writes light verse for entertainment, has been involved in organising and judging many spoken word events and is an excellent yarn spinner himself. He loves trains and is co-author of All Aboard! Tales of Australian Railways with Jim Haynes. Russell also runs the famous Illawarra 'Tripe Club'. Russell joins the Aussie Breakfast Show team this year with Jim Haynes and Bob Magor, and presents Planes and Trains and Too Much Drink is Barely Enough with Jim in the WORDworX program.

When you rearrange the letters:

**Dormitory** becomes Dirty Room

**Presbyterian** - Best In Prayer

**Astronomer** - Moon Starer

**Desperation** - A Rope Ends It

**The Eyes** - They See

**George Bush** - He Bugs Gore

**The Morse Code** - Here Come Dots

**Slot Machines** - Cash Lost In Me

**Animosity** - Is No Amity

**Election Results** - Lies, Lets Recount

**Snooze Alarms** - Alas No More Z's.

**A Decimal Point** - I'm A Dot In Place

**The Earthquakes** - That Queer Shake

**Eleven Plus Two** - Twelve plus One

**Mother In Law** - Woman Hitler

## ILLAWARRA 2008

Following the success of this years Illawarra Folk Festival at Bulli, The Illawarra Folk Club has announced that the Festival will be on again next year but with a slight change of date.

President of the Illawarra Folk Club, Russell Hannah, said the date had been moved forward a week away from the Australia Day weekend because of a clash with a trotting meeting on he holiday Monday. The new dates are 17th - 20th January 2008. Mr Hannah said that the dates would still be in the School Holidays and would come at the beginning of the Tamworth Country Music Festival rather than the end.

He said each year the Festival has a theme and the 2008 Festival's Theme will be 'Australia On The Move'. It will feature the songs, the stories and the poetry by, and about, those Australians whose life is spent constantly moving around Australia, because of it's relative youth has had more of a mobile population than perhaps any other country in the world and the Festival will hope to chronicle the culture, the folklore, the lifestyle and the songs of these moving groups.

Groups such as Gypsies, Sailors, Swaggies, Depression Dole Seekers, Transient Gold Miners, Aborigines, Circus Workers, Sailors, Shearers,

Canecutters, Fruit Pickers, other itinerant workers and of course the latest phenomenon - The Grey Nomads will be part of the theme fit in with the theme.

Of course the usual array of music, song, dance and verse will also be part of the Back On Track, Bulli.

Performer applications will be available from March and will close 31 July 2007. Further Information: Dave de Santi 0409 57 1788 or Russ Hannah 02 4297 1777

## ILLAWARRA 2008

### LIMERICKS:

At this time in our schools it is said  
that the pupil need not use his head  
No longer he fidgets  
and counts on his digits  
he manipulates buttons instead

When the baby is put in it's barf  
it splashes around for a larf  
as Mummy gets wild  
and scolds the young child  
it increases it's splashing by harf

There are some who consider it  
wrong  
To succumb to wine, women and  
song;  
But I know they're too nice  
To be thought of as vice,  
So the Devil is right all along.

PJ Wilkins

## OH! HELL

(No mention of global warming here)

The following is an actual question given on a University of Liverpool chemistry final exam. The answer by one student was so "profound" that the professor shared it with colleagues via the Internet, which is why we now have the pleasure of enjoying it as well.

Question: Is Hell exothermic (gives off heat) or endothermic (absorbs heat)?

Most of the students wrote proofs of their beliefs using Boyle's Law that gas cools when it expands and heats when it is compressed or some variant.

One student, however, wrote the following:

'First, we need to know how the mass of Hell is changing in time. So we need to know the rate at which souls are moving into Hell and the rate at which they are leaving. I think that we can safely assume that once a soul gets to Hell, it will not leave. Therefore, no souls are leaving. As for how many souls are entering Hell, let's look at the different religions that exist in the world today. Most of these religions state that, if you are not a member of their religion, you will go to Hell.

Since there is more than one of these religions and since people do not belong to more than one religion, we can project that all souls go to Hell.

With birth and death rates

as they are, we can expect the number of souls in Hell to increase exponentially. Now, we look at the rate of change of the volume in Hell. Because Boyle's Law states that in order for the temperature and pressure in Hell to stay constant, the volume of Hell must expand proportionately as souls are added.

This gives two possibilities:

1. If Hell is expanding at a slower rate than the rate at which souls enter Hell, then the temperature and pressure in Hell will increase until all Hell breaks loose.

2. If Hell is expanding at a rate faster than the increase of souls in Hell, then the temperature and pressure will drop until Hell freezes over.

So which is it?

If we accept the postulate given to me by Sandra during my freshman year, that "it will be a cold day in Hell before I sleep with you," and take into account the fact that I slept with her last night, then number 2 must be true, and thus I am sure that Hell is endothermic and has already frozen over.

The corollary of this theory is that since Hell has frozen over, it follows that it is not accepting any more souls and is extinct . . . leaving only Heaven, thereby proving the existence of a divine being - which explains why, last night, Sandra kept shouting "Oh my God."

THIS STUDENT RECEIVED THE ONLY "A".



July  
13th - 14th - 15th  
2007

Milton Taylor

Presentation of 2007  
Bush Lantern Award  
for Written Verse  
Sunday July 15th



#### FREE POETRY WORKSHOP

In conjunction Milton Taylor will conduct a free poetry workshop in the Bundaberg Library on Thursday 12th from 10am - Noon.  
Limited numbers - Bookings essential

## 13th BUNDY BUSH POETRY MUSTER

Across the Waves Sports Club Inc.  
1 Miller Street

BUNDABERG Qld

Melanie Hall

Special Guest Poets

#### Performance Competition:

Open (men & women separate categories) Intermediate,  
Novice, Juniors (Under 15) Duo Performances,  
Yarn Spinning & Bundy Rum One Minute Cup

#### Bush Lantern Award 2007

Written Competition for Bush Verse

Closing Date - June 1st 2007

#### All phone or email enquiries:

John & Sandy - 07 41514631

lees@interworx.com.au

Laree Chapman - 07 4152 7409

Kevin.chapman2@bigpond.com

Dean - 07 415 1705 dino123@dodo.com.au

Gregory North



#### Entry Forms:

SSAE to

Performance Poetry Co-ordinator  
or Bush Lantern Co-ordinator  
(as applicable)

Bundaberg Poet's Society Inc.

PO Box 4281

BUNDABERG Q. 4670

## DRAFT

\*(NAME OF FESTIVAL)

PERFORMANCE BUSH POETRY COMPETITION  
Conducted under the auspices of The Australian Bush Poets Association Inc.

\*(NAME OF COMPETITION, TOWN, DATE)

**OVERVIEW:** The performance of Bush Poetry is designed to bring alive the action, events, ideas and emotions the writer has captured in the respective poem. Through the medium of the spoken word with all its variations of tone, pitch, pace, volume, inflection, clarity and intonation and the relevant use of gesture and body language the performer takes the audience into the realm the writer has created and keeps them there until the poem concludes. Accurate, uninterrupted memorization is necessary to ensure this realm of the imagination is not shattered.

TITLE OF THE POEM .....

#### ASSESSMENT DETAILS

JUDGE TO PLACE A TICK IN RESPECTIVE COLUMN  
Needs Attention Satisfactory Very Good Outstanding  
(Tick) (Tick) (Tick) (Tick)

| PREAMBLE                                | Set the mood for what is to follow                                            |              |             |               |  |
|-----------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------|-------------|---------------|--|
| CLARITY                                 | Clear diction                                                                 |              |             |               |  |
| APPROPRIATE VOLUME & RANGES             | Variations befitting the action and emotion of the poem being presented       |              |             |               |  |
| APPROPRIATE PACE & VARIATIONS           | The pace reflects the action, ideas, humour and mood as the poem unravels     |              |             |               |  |
| INTONATION, PITCH EMPHASIS & INFLECTION | These need to be relevant to the ideas, action and emotions being expressed   |              |             |               |  |
| EYE CONTACT WITH THE AUDIENCE           | The performer needs to engage the whole and not just sections of the audience |              |             |               |  |
| MEMORISATION                            | The uninterrupted flow of the original words of the author                    |              |             |               |  |
| CHOICE OF POEM                          | Material would not generally offend and was appropriate to age of presenter   | (CIRCLE ONE) | APPROPRIATE | INAPPROPRIATE |  |

JUDGE TO GIVE ONE OVERALL RESULT (indicators only 0-40-50 5-40-65 66-40-85 86-40-100)  
Judge may give 1/2 marks at his or her discretion

RESULT ...../ 100

JUDGE'S COMMENTS

JUDGE'S SIGNATURE .....

See the Presidents Report on page 2.

## VALE: CEDRIC FRIEND

For most of us who met Cedric through Shirley The Poet and Performer, we have many lasting memories of this humble bloke.

Cedric was a very wise man. He was the type of friend who became like a father figure to many more people than just his own children, whom he boasted of often. Small children seldom passed by him without hearing a funny comment, a slice of wisdom, a 'suspiciously unbelievable story' or just seeing a silly face. He was warm, embracing, and respected.

He was respected because he had earned it. Life for this somewhat conservative bloke was in the end one great adventure. He traveled, he loved, he worked hard, and together with Shirley carved out their own slice of the Australian Dream.

Shirley and Ced came to Australia from England in 1967 and settled in Geelong where they lived in meager migrant dwellings. They have been factory workers, shop owners, and Ced also started his own Carpet Laying Business together with his son Wayne. They had four children, Wayne, Debra,

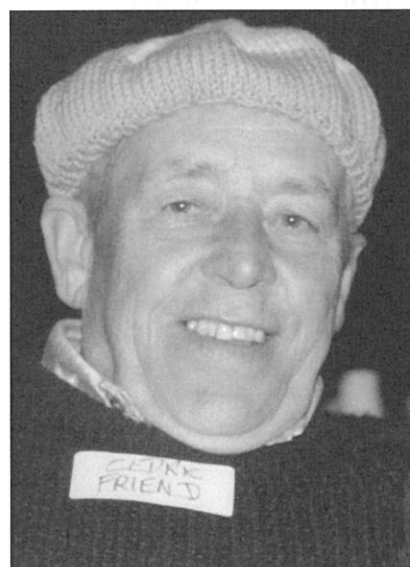
Dean and Lance.

When Ced retired he became Shirley's greatest critic and confidant. He was of great support to her. To have a life partner is an amazing feat these days, to enjoy their company so intimately and for such long periods of time has been an inspiration to us all. Ced and Shirl not only existed as individuals but as one loving entity that laughed and argued amicably, that shared time with mutual friends and relished in the joys of everyday life, while learning from the journeys they undertook and the trials they endured together.

Cedric was the type of bloke who waited patiently to get his point of view across, who sat back and watched things, but when you asked for his opinion, that's exactly what you got.

Anyone who called in and stayed with Ced and Shirl while he was crook, know how comfortable they made you feel, regardless of their own predicaments. Their door was always open, and that good old cup of tea was never far away. Ced felt good to be around, his nature in times of great pain was one of... *"If I can just get comfortable...I'll be alright...don't fuss over me"*, but like any cuddly bear, he was easy to fuss over, and we all got much

more from Ced in his illness than we could ever have given him. He was courageous, dignified and amazingly grateful for his lot in life. We could not have asked for a greater inspiration.



### CED

He was bread and butter puddings  
He was salty fish and chips,  
He was chiseled from a land of icy rain  
Where his dream became a journey,  
And his everlasting love  
Like a sunrise shall awaken us again.

### Carol's instant ABC Poem THE NEW PARTY

By Carol Heuchan 2007

There's parties for the workers  
and parties for the toffs.  
Commuters', Shooters', No Polluters',  
and for Trees - Hands Off's,

But one's been there for ages,  
seeming innocent - but was it?  
A powerful lobby in linen and lace,  
at last it's out of the closet!

Emerging from the little halls,  
it's OUT and out to stay,  
the backbone of the nation,  
Vote 1 - C.W.A.

Get women into the workforce  
but the workforce of the home,  
getting rid of the cobwebs  
and polishing up the chrome.

Yes, vote for the C.W.A. Party,  
the one that never fails.  
Get knitting into the curriculum  
and better scones for New South Wales!

**Carol's instant ABC Poem** is just one of half a dozen so far written by Carol Heuchan for an interview on ABC Radio.

Whilst waiting the normal three or four minutes for the interview to start, the programmer asked if Carol could write a poem about the political interview that was being aired during the waiting period.

Never one to miss an opportunity, Carol was quick to pen *'The New Party'*.

As a result she has been offered a weekly spot on ABC radio.

The good news for Carol is, they have now given her a *'full half hour'* to write her verses.

### NEW BOOK: JOYCE ALCHIN

Joyce Alchin's new book, *Country Connections*, is a selection of bush poetry written during the past 3½ years. This follows the books *Country Captivation* (2003), and *Colours and Characters of the Country* (2001). All three books have been self published.

*Country Connections* gives a picture of Joyce's love for and connection with the land of Australia - especially its rural aspect and the people who are part of it.

The poems in this book tell the story of a brother-in-law's experience as a WW2 POW, of aspects of life on her cousins' tableland property, of life as her parents and husband saw it in early last century and some of her own stories.

It tells of other people and places, it talks of the hope one has on the land for life in the future, it shares some of the natural beauty that is ours to experience and an acknowledgement of the Creator who is so much a part of Joyce's life.

Some of these poems have received awards in written bush poetry competition while others have been well placed.

They are poems I she has enjoyed writing and hopefully others can enjoy them too.



## The Ghosts of Naoetsu

I wrote this poem a few months ago after having visited my 85 year old brother-in-law at Temora (NSW) and hearing his story

of the visit of the delegation from Japan.

I guess the poem tells his story - a young fellow captured at the fall of Singapore during the second world war and being one of those who were sent to Japan to work in the labour camps there for over three years. I'd known a little of that time but it is only as he decided to allow the Japanese delegation to visit (which he had refused to do for a number of years) that more of the story came out and so did his change of attitude from one of hatred to one of forgiveness. It is a wonderful story which captured a lot of attention in Temora - and he received quite a lot of publicity about it. Not that I think he was seeking that - he just wanted to close a chapter in his life and I'm sure he has a lot of peace from doing so. Anyway I thought it might be appropriate for the edition of the newsletter that comes out around Anzac day -

I entered the poem - The Ghosts of Naoetsu - in the Walla Walla Wagon Wheel competition last October and received first placing in it which I was thrilled about.

*Joyce Alchin*

## The Devil We Know.

*Frank Daniel*

We've learned to love our Kingswood,  
it's been ours for thirty years.  
Now the poor old girl is tiring  
and to trade her would bring tears.

Would she go to a good home  
where she'd be cared for well.  
Or would she go to the wreckers  
where she'd end up just a shell.

And how would we replace her ?  
How much could we afford ?  
Used cars are much too dear now,  
whether Holden, Jap or Ford.

We are frightfully undecided,  
know not which way to go,  
So we'll just keep the old girl,  
better the Devil we all know.

The Naoetsu POW Prison was opened in December 1942 in the salt warehouse of Shin-etsu Chemical Company. It has been described as one of the worst prison camps in Japan.

The first Prisoners of War to arrive at Naoetsu were some 300 Australians from Singapore. In March 1943 the prisoners were moved to 'temporary' quarters in the nearby village of Arita, and then in October the camp was moved to a two-story warehouse of galvanized iron. By Spring, 60 of the men perished.

## THE GHOSTS OF NAOETSU

© Joyce Alchin. Corrimal NSW

He was young and he was eager, just a mere slip of a lad,  
when he 'joined up' to the army as so many young men had  
to be shipped out of Australia, and a simple rural town,  
fighting for his king and country - bring those Nippon soldiers down.  
Little did he know the hardships waiting on New Guinea's shore -  
hidden dangers, tangled jungle, rainfall never seen before.  
Mud, mosquitos, what a difference to the dry Australian heat -  
and a cunning foreign army that was difficult to beat.

They were captured, they were tortured and were sent to Changi's hell,  
they were sick and they were hungry, and they found it hard to tell  
which good mate would be the next one to give up the fight and die -  
and so he, with many others, must have asked the question, 'Why?'  
But that didn't end the story, for a number of the men  
found themselves in northern islands of Japan, hard labour then  
at the Naoetsu prison covered deep in winter snow -  
what a contrast - Aussie summers, steamy jungles, icy blow.

Little heating, constant labour, cruel guards to force them on,  
many died, and many wished to, with their spirit almost gone.  
Then at last the war had ended and the talk was one of peace -  
would each soldier's war be over, would their battle ever cease?  
They came home emaciated - unbelieving shock and tears  
intermingled with the welcome, with the joy and with the cheers.  
Would these men defeat their demons, would they ever cease to hate  
those who'd taken youth and vigour, those who'd taken mate from mate?

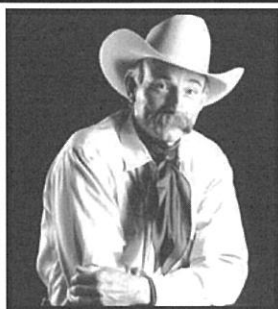
It is sixty years since that day back in nineteen-forty-five -  
what about that young bush soldier, did his mates, and he, survive?  
See an old man in his eighties, frail, yet sharp in wit and mind  
ready now to talk of mem'ries, malice very hard to find.

"I'm too old for that," he tells us - "no use living in the past,  
a new younger generation has moved on, thank God, at last  
seeking things we have in common, using what has gone before  
to encourage good relations, not the ravages of war."

They have built a Peace Park out there near that dreadful prison site  
at a city called Joetsu, and two statues, as in flight,  
represent the peace and friendship that all humankind would crave,  
there remem'ring Aussie pris'ners and the dreadful years they gave.  
For there's many have forgotten, or perhaps they've never known,  
and they won't if they don't listen, and they won't if they're not shown  
what our many soldiers went through just to keep our home land free -  
many sacrifices given that were made for you and me.

Now a wonderful occurrence came about not long ago  
when a Japanese contingent paid a visit, sought to know  
what this former soldier/pris'ner could recall of times gone by -  
and he drew an honest picture in each thoughtful, clear reply.  
So somehow a bonding happened, they were enemies no more,  
there was healing and a closure to the memories of war.  
They enjoyed the time together as they shared a cup of tea,  
and the ghosts of Naoetsu were forever more set free.





Hello All!

Baxter has asked me to send you the attached poem for your reading pleasure!

Vikki J. Tedford, Secretary

## TRYING TO CLIMB INTO BANJO PATERSON'S BRAIN

by Baxter Black, DVM (USA)

I went seeking how he did it. I mean not just how he writ it,  
Not in pencil, brush or ink stain or a thumbnail dipped in tar  
But just how he played my language, the proper and the slang which  
I myself have twisted into verse and scattered near and far.

Just to spend some time beside him as the muse roils inside him  
Like a seed or yeast or lava that ignites his sharpened quill  
I would learn within that hour how the bud becomes a flower  
While I watched him take my mother tongue and bend it to his will.

It's the process that I covet, great magicians make us love it  
But alas not every oyster can make a grain of sand a pearl,  
DNA is overrated, rhyming verse is complicated  
And the Banjo ranks in my book as best poet in the world.

It's a bit like building arches with each syllable he marches  
Cross the consciousness of listeners who anticipate the ride  
And a lilting rises from it, I'm convinced that he must hum it  
As he locks in rhyme and meter like the moon conducts the tide.

He's a sculptor carving fiction using consonants and diction  
To create poetic mountains moles like me could never climb  
I dissect the rhyme and meter, how it plays through wolf or tweeter  
And no matter my attempts I am found wanting every time.

He's the Einstein, the Davinci, like them with every inch he  
Built a monument to genius, deftly chiseled from thin air  
Laying lines of letters lyrical, each uncut gem a miracle  
And then welded into meter perfect as an answered prayer.

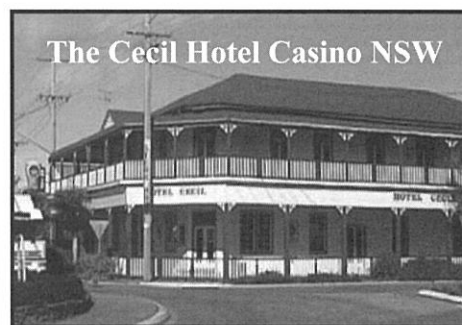
When you're good at some endeavor and you work hell bent for leather  
You eventually get very good, of which you can be proud  
But – if you're naturally gifted like the man who never shifted  
In his seat you are invincible, acknowledged and unbowed.

Which to me is the description of his patent predilection  
To pursue the strictest guidelines he imposed upon himself.  
But what good is word selection if in striving for perfection  
One obscures the human heart song and leaves soul up on the shelf.

Banjo's subjects are not famous, nor are they entirely blameless  
But their greatness he uncovers with respect and wit and grace  
And they rise to the occasion on his words of adulation  
That encircle our emotions like a lover's long embrace.

Ah, the man from Snowy River on the ride that makes us quiver  
And the fiery horse undaunted that he paints for us in rhyme.  
Lets us glimpse them through his portal; he has made them both immortal  
As he takes us down the mountain side beyond the reach of time.

Where I wait, a lowly comma 'neath his monumental drama  
Like Sir Edmond pondered Everest wondering will it be in vain  
Yet the power of his writing keeps the muse in me relighting  
And ever trying to climb into Banjo Paterson's brain.



## CASINO NSW 25-27 May

A bigger than ever week-end of Bush Verse is programmed for Casino in North Eastern NSW despite the annual Beef Week celebrations not happening.

Mine host of the Cecil Hotel has thrown the welcome mat out once more to poets and visitors alike to carry on with the annual tradition. All poets are welcome to perform on the three jam-packed days of entertainment.

Guest artists will be Dave Proust, Murray Hartin and Ray Essery.

On Friday 25th May at 11am there will be a show dedicated to the memory of the late Mr Jack Axford, a grand old poet who passed away earlier in the year. He was a legend around Casino.

On the Saturday and Sunday mornings the poetry will start at 11am with a special Bush Poetry Competition on the Sunday with some great prizes on offer.

For further information contact Ray Essery on 0266843817 or work number 0266448285.

New South Wales is the birthplace of Australian Pubs with the oldest license still trading being the "Woolpack" in Parramatta (April 1796) which at one stage moved across the road. The oldest continuously trading Pub is the "Surveyor General" in Berrima (1834). The Pub in the Oldest Building is the "Macquarie Arms" in Windsor (Building - May 1815). Debate as to the Oldest Pub in the same building continues, however it is most likely to be the "Fortune Of War" (1828). Australia wide, the Bush Inn in New Norfolk, Tasmania, is the oldest continually licensed hotel operating on the same site and in the same building. (Building 1815).



The Lamb and Lark Inn -  
Toongabbie district 1796

## QUEENSLAND CHAMPIONSHIPS BEAUDESERT

The Beaudesert Shire is an idyllic region situated in South East Queensland. Surrounded by world heritage listed wilderness areas, Beaudesert Shire offers visitors the chance to discover rugged mountains and spectacular rainforests only an hour from Brisbane and just 72 kms from the Gold Coast.

Beaudesert Shire offers a diverse range of natural beauty, heritage listed National Parks and thriving industry. Nestled amongst scenic mountains it provides a place to get away from the hustle and bustle of city living and escape to a country oasis.

Whatever you choose to do during your stay in Beaudesert Shire, please enjoy discovering Queensland's Hidden Oasis.

Plans are well in hand to ensure a quality week-end of poetry and fun at the Queensland Open State Bush Poetry Championships at Beaudesert from 9th to 11th June.

The new ruling from the ABPA

now allows non-residents of that state to compete and take out the title. So no matter where you hang your hat, the Queensland Open Championship Title could be yours.

With Noel Stallard, Carol Heuchan, Glenny Palmer and Ray Essery ('*The Mullumbimby Bloke*'), engaged for the event, laughter is definitely on the menu! They will star in Saturday night's Bonza Bush Bash.

The venue is the little Woodhill Hall which is so suited to bush poetry and also provides a camping area for those who wish to bring their camping gear, caravan or motor-home. A camping fee of \$15 for the week-end will apply. Caterers will be there all week-end to see that you don't go hungry.

For those who might feel they need a break from poetry during their visit, the Beaudesert Country & Horse Festival will be underway with lots of interesting attractions. This is the signature event of this Shire in the centre of Queensland's equine region. From the Stockman's Challenge through to the Parade of 1000 Hooves, the festival is an event for locals and visitors to celebrate the region's heritage. Come and see Troy Cassar-Daley as he delights

Beaudesert in some of the best Country music.

Sheep Dog Trials, Cutting & Western Events, Beaudesert Race Meeting and Art Show are only a few of the added attractions.

Nomination forms can be obtained by contacting [chfest@bigpond.com](mailto:chfest@bigpond.com). or writing to Peter Tyler, 21 Nichols St., Jimboomba 4280, or by contacting [pamelafox@bigpond.com](mailto:pamelafox@bigpond.com).

A couple drove down a country road for several miles, not saying a word. An earlier discussion had led to an argument and neither of them wanted to concede their position.

As they passed a farmyard full of goats, and pigs, the husband asked sarcastically, "*Relatives of yours?*" "Yes!" the wife replied, "*in-laws.*"

-----

Said Hamlet to Ophelia  
I'll draw a sketch of thee,  
What kind of pencil shall I use?  
2B or not 2B?  
- Spike Milligan

### Beaudesert Country & Horse Festival presents 2007 QUEENSLAND OPEN BUSH POETRY CHAMPIONSHIPS

*Sponsored by A.J.Bush and Sons*

**9th - 10th - 11th JUNE**

**Woodhill Hall - Mt. Lindesay Highway via Beaudesert**

**PERFORMANCE COMPETITIONS - MALE & FEMALE  
OPEN - TRADITIONAL & CONTEMPORARY, ORIGINAL SERIOUS & ORIGINAL HUMOROUS  
NOVICE - COMBINED MALE & FEMALE - TRADITIONAL AND ORIGINAL  
WRITTEN COMPETITIONS  
OPEN, HIGH-SCHOOL AND PRIMARY SCHOOL**

**Trophies for special themed poem "Horsepower" and Alison Lingard Patron's Award**

**PRIZES TALLING \$3680 PLUS TROPHIES**

**Entry fee - \$5 per poem - Students free**

**Camping available on site \$15 for week-end.**

**Campfire, Poets Brekky, Concert, great fellowship and laughter in a beaut little country hall**

*Conducted under the auspices of the Australian Bush Poets Association*

**Nominations close - Written 10th May - Performance 31st May**

**Write Peter Tyler, 21 Nichols St. Jimboomba 4280**

**Email [chfest@bigpond.com](mailto:chfest@bigpond.com) for entry forms**

## FOREWORD

The three brothers mentioned in this poem are Mick, Jack and the late Dave Pendergast.

I have shared many a yarn and conversation with Mick and Jack but this particular story really touched my heart.

Mick sadly passed away on the 16th of March, 2007, aged 93 years.

I felt compelled to write this poem not only as a tribute to Mick, Jack and Dave, but to all who have fought in, lived through or experienced war.

This and every ANZAC DAY,  
'WE WILL REMEMBER THEM...'

## An angel amongst angels... (An Ode to Mick Pendergast)

Lee Taylor-Friend © 2006

From Australias' Snowy Mountains, back in 1942,  
Three brothers left to go and fight a war.

They were sent up to New Guinea where their challenges  
then grew,

To fight a foe upon a strange new shore.

They marched a trail formidable; they called 'Kokoda  
Track',

They saw their share of hardships 'long the way.

But then as fate would have it half way up, they turned them  
back,

Thank God, 'twas not their destiny to stay.

They marched back down the way they came, three days or  
so it took,

Passing those who'd fared much worse, with every stride.

They were posted to Port Moresby then where Mick was  
made the cook,

Often sleeping, working, eating side by side.

There are many things these brothers' felt, experienced and  
saw,

Snipers bullets, sinking boats and wounded crew.

And it's often hard to talk about the things you've seen in  
war,

But you'll 'soldier on' and 'do what you must do'...

But Mick, he went beyond this, with the kindness that was  
shown

to the locals, without food at the wars end.

They would crouch behind the steel mesh, amongst them it  
was known,

That this cook was now a saviour and a friend...

The compound was surrounded by a fence with razor wire,  
And the 'Fuzzy-Wuzzys' gathered there at night.

He would hand food out to one and all, of this he'd never  
tire,

And they'd savour any tucker with delight!

It was only scraps and leftovers, whatever he could find,  
He'd add vitamins and then he'd water down.

It wasn't flash or fussy, but their bellies were all lined,  
and he'd try to make enough to go around.

After eating this for two weeks, he could see them coming  
good,

They regained the strength and sparkle in their eyes.

And he was content in knowing he had done all that he  
could,

Still, he found it mighty hard to say 'goodbyes'...

From adversity came kindness, such selflessness from strife,  
From this humble mountain man of words so few.

What he gave the 'Fuzzy-Wuzzys' was the greatest gift -  
their life

And they surely found an angel, Mick, in you...

## North Pine 2007 Camp Oven Festival

*A window of opportunity* exists between The Brisbane Ekka Bush Poetry Competition held on Saturday August 11th and The Gympie Muster starting on 21st of August. This is the North Pine Bush Poets Annual Camp Oven Festival to be held on 17th, 18th and 19th of August.

The North Pine Festival will be held in the picturesque grounds of Old Petrie Village on Dayboro Road, at Petrie, just a stone's throw North of Brisbane, where it has been held annually since 1995. Camping is available over the weekend adjacent to the venue and prior to the event at Wylie Park (FREEBIE) in Petrie proper, just down the road.

On the Saturday evening a Gala

Concert Starring Janine Haig, Melanie Hall, Neil Mc Arthur and Col Milligan.

The weather is particularly fine this time of year, as will be the poetry and competition.

This year there will be a Junior Novice, Intermediate and Open competition. The written competition closes on the 9th of July.

For more information send a SSAE to PO Box 701 Morningside Qld 4170

Or Entry Forms can be downloaded from the following sites ...

The ABPA Website

[www.abpa.org.au/Bush\\_Poetry/Competitions/North\\_Pine\\_Bush\\_Poets\\_Camp\\_Oven\\_Festival.html](http://www.abpa.org.au/Bush_Poetry/Competitions/North_Pine_Bush_Poets_Camp_Oven_Festival.html)

Australian Bush Poetry, Verse & Music Forum  
[www.bushverse.com/smf/index.php/board,5.0.html](http://www.bushverse.com/smf/index.php/board,5.0.html)

## KNOWING MY PLACE

© Frank Daniel Canowindra NSW 1979

My friends are very good to me,  
Hosts genial are they.  
And never have I had such friends,  
So kind to me this way.

They're part and parcel of my life,  
I'm one of the family.  
But, alas and alack, I'm not even a twig  
On a branch of their family tree.

I often sat for meals with them  
In their stately dining room,  
And there with wisdom lacking such  
I was forced to meet my doom.

For at the table I was placed  
At one end, opposite the Squire,  
Where curiosity bettered me  
And forced me to enquire.

I asked why I was at the head,  
And there in my place I was put,  
When the Colonel smartly told me  
I was seated at the foot.



## WHERE SWAGMEN REST

© John Davis - Kings Point NSW 17.10.2006

As he stares into his campfire  
His mind goes drifting back  
Through one hundred thousand dusty  
miles

Down every long hard track  
He ever humped his swag along  
In his quest for work  
Maybe shearing on a northern run  
Or fencing west of Bourke  
And it seems he can remember  
Every long and dreary mile  
His old and weather beaten face  
Creases with a quiet smile  
So many memories, long forgotten  
Come flooding into his mind  
All the jobs that he's done  
The mates he left behind  
He's picked fruit along the Murray  
And cut cane at Innisfail  
Done work in a fettlers camp  
For South Aus Government rail  
Tried working in a stock camp  
One season on that job  
His horseman skills weren't good  
enough

To work a wild mob  
He wasn't lazy would always work

But wouldn't stay too long  
Doesn't know why he always found  
The travelling urge was strong  
He knows all good swagman's tracks  
And also knows the bad  
Knows where you'll get pushed on  
Where tucker's to be had  
Then came memories of the reason  
Why he commenced to roam  
When his wife died in childbirth  
He couldn't stay at home  
Their house was just too empty  
With her no longer there  
He disposed of all they had  
Tried to find just where  
To find peace with her memory  
But still he wonders why  
Her love from him was taken  
Why the baby didn't cry  
Tonight he's camped at a waterhole  
The waters cool and sweet  
He's boiled the Billy, had a feed  
And soaked his aching feet  
Then he spread out his swag  
To rest for another night  
Perhaps tomorrow may be different  
And everything will be alright  
But he was found next morning

By a stockman riding by  
His face looked serene and peaceful  
Had he found the reason why?  
His life had been so alone  
Taken the turns it had  
Maybe he'd found her once again  
And in his heart was glad  
Although it's sad he died alone  
Perhaps it's for the best  
He'll tramp no more dusty roads  
He's found where Swagmen Rest



## NORTH PINE BUSH POETS GROUP

North Pine Country Park  
Dayboro Road, Petrie,  
Queensland

**Camp Oven  
Written Verse  
Competition**  
Closing Date  
**9th July 2007**



## Camp Oven Bush Poetry Festival

**PERFORMANCE  
COMPETITION**

**17th, 18th & 19th August 2007**

Closing Date  
**FRIDAY 3rd AUGUST 2007**

Send SSAE to:  
The Secretary  
North Pine Bush Poets Group  
PO Box 701 Morningside Qld 4170

Entry Forms can be downloaded from the APBA Website  
[http://www.abpa.org.au/Bush\\_Poetry/entry.html](http://www.abpa.org.au/Bush_Poetry/entry.html)  
or  
Australian Bush Poetry Verse & Music Forum  
<http://www.bushverse.com/smf/index.php/board,5.0.html>

## CAMP OVEN CONCERT

Saturday 7.30pm

Featuring Janine Haig - Melanie Hall  
Col Milligan - Neil McArthur

CAMPING AVAILABLE  
Campsites are situated next to the venue.

## IT JUST MEANT SO MUCH

© Ron Pike - Coffs Harbour NSW

In my memories eye, it seems like yesterday,  
And given the same I would do it again.  
Nineteen forty-one, on a warm Christmas day,  
I went AWL to be with Elaine.  
I had joined the Militia, put my age up a year.  
Word was, we were about to be sent off to war.  
I just couldn't go without making it clear  
To the girl I had courted and come to adore.  
That should I return, and that was my hope,  
Then a future together was all that I sought.  
Elaine gave to me a rosary, blessed by the Pope  
And a brand new watch, she had saved up and bought.

It just meant so much; Inscribed as it was;  
Nineteen, forty-one, to Joe from Elaine.

They sent us to Moresby, where unloading the stores,  
From the Macduhi tied up at the wharf.  
I was deafened, and knocked down on all fours.  
As the bombs whistled down, things just seemed to morph.  
Into carnage and hell and with utter despair,  
For the first time in my life, I saw at first hand,  
The impossible odds that is modern warfare.  
Mans warm flesh and blood that could not withstand,  
The bombs and the shrapnel that rained down galore.  
And I asked myself then and so many times since,  
Why, please just tell me why, does man go to war  
All that gut retching horror, it still makes me wince.

When back at our camp, I looked for the time  
I realized my watch wasn't there to my touch.  
Though battered and bruised and covered in grime.  
It was the loss of that watch, which hurt me so much.  
Inscribed as it was, nineteen forty-one, to Joe from Elaine.  
But war gave no time for self-pity, remorse.  
For our Battalion was off on our first real campaign.  
Led by Sam Templeton, a veteran warhorse,  
"We'll be marching up the Track to Kokoda," he said,  
"About a hundred miles and the scenery just great."  
We had no comprehension of what lay ahead,  
The exhaustion, the hell, or our shocking death rate.

As we slogged up the track through the mud and the rain,  
With blister farms on our feet, and dam little to eat.  
A special spirit of mateship we seemed to attain,  
Which fortified strength and staved off retreat.  
We soon learnt that breakfast was that of the Dingo.  
A quick drink of water and a good look around.  
This larrikin bunch who coined their own lingo,  
With wit and good humour they seemed to abound.  
This ragtag collection of just ordinary blokes  
Made up of farmers and miners, bus drivers and clerks  
Sharing compassion and wit, their rations, their smokes.  
Some called us the choccos, but they were the jerks.

Then out of the mist, through the grass and the trees,  
Throwing grenades as they charged with Jukis, dub,dub,dub.  
Japs shouting "Banzai Banzai" like screaming Banshees.  
As the mortars rained down and lead stripped the scrub.  
Then a larrikin voice from the flank to my right  
Up there Cazaly, cop this you bastards  
We've come to show you one hell of a fight.

It was the spirit of men, who would die to make yards,  
Knowing that hell was a hundred miles wide.  
Through all of my life and unto this very day,  
I'm privileged and proud to have fought by their side.  
For unlike their bodies, their deeds will never decay.

We fought for our children and their children fair;  
But first and most of all we fought for each other.  
For he who spilt blood with my blood up there,  
Then for ever and ever he is my brother.  
The strength of this mateship cannot be denied  
For we fought far removed from exhaustion and fear  
And without it we all would have buckled and died.  
We fought in a spiritual realm of values held dear.  
For the carefree spirit, the freedom we love,  
For the cobbers we lost in the hell of this battle  
For our wish was their wish, we felt from above,  
That blood wouldn't flow in the land of the wattle.

Though outnumbered, outgunned and poorly supplied  
We inflicted on our enemy great loss for his gain  
For the back-up and ammo on which we relied  
Didn't always arrive and it was retreat once again.  
We limped into Menari, pallid scarecrows of men.  
The proud thirty-ninth, reduced to so few.  
Colonel Honner called parade." At ease gentlemen.  
Brigadier Potts has said that congratulations are due  
As you stand here before me propped up by your mates.  
You are heroes, ragged bloody heroes standing tall.  
For your valor, your courage, recognition awaits,  
Because in the face of disaster, you gave it your all."

But regrouped and reinforced it was back to the front  
To push those murdering Japs right back to the sea.  
General Blamey arrived and said, acerbic and blunt.  
"You've all been defeated and that reflects upon me.  
It's the rabbits that run that are most likely shot'."  
We had more respect for the Japs that we fought  
Than this arrogant General who knew about jot  
Of the mayhem, the carnage and hell that was wrought,  
When ill equipped, raw recruits, were sent to defend,  
The land that they loved, on a track of blood and mud  
He in polished boots that would never attend,  
The God awful squelch of another mans blood.

I lost my best mates in the Gona campaign,  
The bloodshed and carnage, the worst of the war.  
I began to doubt if ever again I would see my Elaine.  
When suddenly it was over and war was no more.  
Back home to Melbourne, a parade down the street.  
How life raced away as I worked once again.  
Two daughters, what joy, then Grand daughters sweet.  
Each imbued with qualities from my lovely Elaine.  
But as they grew up, they hounded me so.  
Joe Joe, tell us what did you do up there in the war  
You must write it all down, we just need to know.  
Tell us all about Kokoda and all that you saw.

It was a task I began with enthusiasm naught  
That memory of the sacrifice and stupidity;  
For that's what it was and it made me distraught.  
Seeking the names, the deeds it seemed an eternity  
Then the memories flowed like tropical rain,  
But so did the tears and they blotted the page.  
FitzSimons came up and we went through it again.  
For his book called Kokoda he did not want to assuage

## BOOK RELEASE:

As part of Seniors Week at Ulladulla, on the NSW South Coast, a Healthy Wealthy and Wise Expo was held with over seventy organizations taking part.

On Saturday 17th March, the guest speaker Dr. Jeff Brownrig, a freelance cultural historian with special interests in Australian film and sound recording, and the history of the performing arts, launched "*A Bushman's Tale*", with the subtitle "*The Way I See It*" written by south coast poet John Davis.

Dr. Brownrig headed Sound and Radio Collections and Research and Outreach over twenty years at the National

Film and Sound Archive in Canberra.

In launching Mr. Davis' book, he said that it was disappointing that not enough schools continue to teach the iconic works of our past masters but complimented the Australian Bush Poets Association Inc for its efforts in keeping their work alive. He said it was gratifying to see today's bush poets writing in the same format with good rhyme and meter, and congratulated John Davis on his efforts in bringing more of our bush history to life in that manner. He highly recommended "*A Bushman's Tales*" with its hundred pages containing sixty-three interesting poems and four-

teen short stories

During the launch John performed two of his poems to a large and much appreciative audience after which he spoke to many interested persons about the ABPA and membership and created further interest in the Milton-Ulladulla Bush Poets Rhyme and Yarn-spinners Group.

### JOHN DAVIS

#### About the Author:

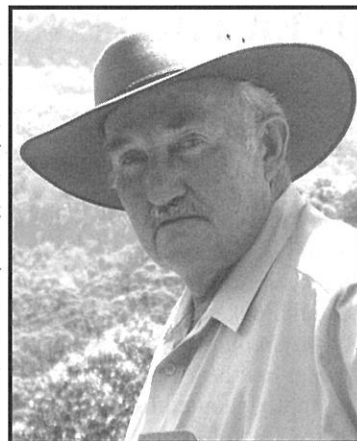
John Davis is one of Australia's emerging bush poets. He was born in Broken Hill in 1937 and was educated at North Broken Hill Primary School then Black Friars correspondence and finished at Yanco Agricultural High in the Riverina.

He has also worked with cattle on large stations in the Northern Territory, The Barkley Tablelands and the Queensland Gulf country in varying capacities as horse breaker, shearer, rouseabout, stockman, wool classer, station manager and contract stockman.

During this time he lived with and met many of the characters depicted in the poems and stories in this book. You will meet them when John takes you on a fascinating trip through his life

John has spent more than half his life in outback Australia, mainly in the western division of New South Wales where he experienced life in the outback with the people who worked the land and lived in this beautiful but sometimes harsh landscape. Much of his working life was spent in the more arid regions as well as owning his own property and having partnerships in several grazing properties. Ill health forced a reluctant retirement from the land in his mid sixties, and later taking up residence on the south coast about three years ago.

With the support and en-



couragement from his friends and family he is now recording his experiences over the last sixty years in "*A Bushman's Tales*" for the enjoyment of all who come across his work.

John is a member of the South Australian Bush Poets and Australian Bush Poets associations and has been successful in competitions held Australia-wide for Bush Poetry. He is now working on his second book, as there are many more tales to be told.

*"John Davis has provided a fantastic look at outback Australian life. His poems are inspirational and whilst reading them I had great visions of our country. I can highly recommend this book and wish John every success with this great collection of poems and stories"* Adam Harvey  
Multi Golden Guitar Winning Artist

For a personalised copy of John's book you can contact him by phone 02 4455 2013 or write to him at 37 George Ave. Kings Point NSW 2539.

Another project in hand for John at the moment is the Milton-Ulladulla Escape Art-fest 2007 which will be held from 23rd September to 6th October with a Bush Poets Competition on 30th September with prize-money to the value of \$1,000.

More information in the next issue.

The hardship, the courage of us ordinary blokes,  
His mission was as mine to put history right  
That for future generations, Kokoda, always evokes,  
A muddy, bloody track where we saved our birthright.

Then one day in October I just answered the phone.  
To some guy named Bill Franks, who said he'd just read.  
"Kokoda, and was I, the Joe Dawson in FitzSimons tome?"  
I replied that I was and he raced on and said.  
"I was a digger in Moresby back in forty two,  
When there in the grass by the side of the road,  
I picked up this watch with its band all askew."  
"At the end of the war, it and souvenirs I stowed  
Deep in the bottom of an old chest of draws."  
"I think there's some names inscribed on the back."  
"I will send it on up, it just could be yours,  
If that's not the case, then just send it on back."

Now the package arrived by registered post  
With trembling hands and a lump in my throat  
It felt like Elaine and I were unpacking a ghost  
As we tore back the paper, it seemed so remote.  
That after sixty odd years, it just couldn't be true.  
That fate or my God had somehow returned  
From up in New Guinea, from out of the blue.  
That watch from my girl for which I still yearned  
But there in the tissue was my watch once again  
Inscription so real to my sight and my touch.  
Nineteen forty one- To Joe from Elaine.  
The return of that watch, it just meant so much.

[Proudly written for Joe Dawson.

And in memory of my Uncle Mac (Tuckett) who was also there. And another digger, Ted Taylor whom I worked beside when I left school.

Ralph Honner was later to say of this campaign;  
"They died so young. They knew not loves touch  
They gave up their lives and did not complain,  
Greater love hath no man, we owe them so much.]  
*Pikey.*



## OVER THE FENCE

by Ron Stevens 2006

Winning entry,

Written Humorous Section, 2007

National Bush Poetry Championships.

It's not that I'm a whinger but

I find it hard to keep

a stoic silence at affronts

would make an angel weep.

My neighbour seemed a decent bloke

when first he swaggered in.

I promptly shouted him a beer;

his wife preferred a gin.

They've never offered me so much

as water, even though

the way things stand at present, I

would tell them where to go.

We're not conversing, not at all.

My wife made sure of that

by putting out the aspirin milk

that killed their Persian cat.

Of course we feigned due sympathy

about the beast's sad end.

I'm sure our backyard wrens regard

my missus as a friend.

Our neighbour's wretched dog was loath

to leap in my car boot.

I had to tempt him with a steak,

then drive to dump the brute.

He'd sleep by day, then bark all night,

and mostly near the fence

beside our bedroom window, full

of canine eloquence.

That spot is where their barbecue

ensures our bedroom gets

at party time abundant fumes

and drunken epithets.

A little further down the fence

they planted vines that spread

to clutch with whipcord tentacles

toward my house and shed.

*My Whipper snipper* failed to cut

this green invasion short,

*so Rogor* by the bucketfull

became my next resort.

It fixed their vines, and pumpkins too,

which caused a deeper chill

to blighten our relationships,

already deathly ill.

For instance, I'd complained

about his gravel on my lawn,

her baby's napkins slipped into

my bin at early morn.

They're minor gripes, I will admit,

when set against the toll

of grievances that plague my life

in dizzy uncontrol.

Why, when I park, do four-wheel-drives

encroach upon my spots?

At supermarket check outs, why

are mine controlled by clots?

There's no relief on reaching home

to watch the telly screen:

a choice of gormless sporting types

and less than *haute* cuisine;

then intervals soliciting

through loud and smutty ads',

plus news of coy *celebrities*

and latest fashion fads.

I've shouted 'Liar!' at a host

of polliwogs who've explained

it's not their fault some scandal broke

and how they're deeply pained.

I flinch when newshounds over-use

and misuse fabulous

and icon, give *adrenalin*

another gushing *rush*.

Repeating, I'm no whinger but

we patently have lost

respect for language, truth and - worst

of all - we've calmly tossed

aside our Aussie *mateship*, *so*

revered by us old folk.

Small wonder if I should become

a slightly grumpy bloke.

## SA Notes RIVERLAND FESTIVAL

The President of the South Australian Bush Poets, Ann Rogers, has certainly been busy ensuring a successful poetry event as part of this year's Country and Music Festival at Barmera from June 4th to 11th.

She has secured the judges for the performance championships, and has organised workshops for schools in the Riverland area.

This year the SA Poets will also be holding workshops for adults in the Barmera Library.

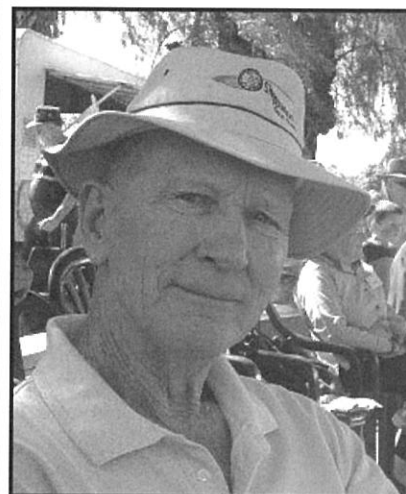
The usual Poets Breakfasts and Poets Showcases have also been organised. It is great to know that so much has been organised so early.

All venues have been booked and the RSL will again host the Performance Championships and supply bar and meal facilities.

Further information available from Maurie O'Brien Ph 08 8382 1504  
radio@chariot.net.au



In the days when Banjo Paterson wrote The Man From Snowy River, horse racing in country Australia was more about pride than money. It was a thrill to be able to beat your neighbours and outside challengers at the local race meetings. The Upper Murray region was always renowned for its horsemanship and the quality of its horses. This little poem tells what might have happened to The Colt after he was recaptured in that thrilling ride as told by The Banjo In The Man From Snowy River.



Jack O'Connor

## THE COLT

© Jack O'Connor - Shepparton V. 2007

In the Upper Murray ranges where the horsemen are renowned,  
They still talk about a colt that got away  
And they tell of that great ride  
On the rocky mountainside,  
And the part that young Jack Riley had to play.

That colt from Old Regret was a picture to behold,

He was barely fifteen hands so it was said -

But that plucky little bay  
Could either sprint, or stay all day;  
I guess it was the way that he was bred.

He was broken in by Riley around Tom Groggin's slopes

And he took the eye of everyone who saw him;

Then the Boss of Bringenbrong  
Who had admired him all along  
Finished paying what they say was plenty for him.

His wife and daughter rode him as a hack around the hills,  
He was used to muster bullocks on the flats -



For further information on Workshop, Accommodation availability and more, please contact us at . . .

**Contact Details:**

John and Isabella Bailey

C/- Bailey Electrical Specialists  
7/1 Pitt Street

Singleton NSW 2330

Phone: Work 02 6571 2669

Home 02 6573 3873

Fax: 02 6571 1037

Jim & Heather Searles

Phone / Fax 02 4938 1264

# SINGLETON BUSH POETS & WRITERS ASSOCIATION

## JIM HAYNES WEEKEND WORKSHOP

With Special Guest Poet & Tutor . . Noel Stallard

Writing and Performance Techniques

At Beginner and Advanced Levels

**\$50.00 per Person - Bookings Essential**

**Friday Evening 13th - Saturday 14th & Sunday Morning 15th July 2007**

Buffet Lunch (Cost not Included) following Sunday Morning Session

Informal Get-together after Lunch

See article for further information

**A HUGE SUCCESS LAST YEAR - NOT TO BE MISSED!**

**\*\*\* Friday Night – Bush Poetry at its Best! \*\*\***

**A Tribute to CJ Dennis - John O'Brien**

**& Other Aussie Greats**

**Presented By**

**Jim Haynes and Noel Stallard**

**\*\*\* Saturday Night - Entertainment \*\*\***

**'A Swag of Aussie Humour'**

**\$20 per Person (Free if attending workshop)**

**A Great Night of Bush Poetry**

**With**

**Jim Haynes - Noel Stallard**

**John Bailey - Heather Searles - Isabella Bailey**

Email: [bailey.electrical@hunterlink.net.au](mailto:bailey.electrical@hunterlink.net.au)

He was out in all the weather  
And was tough as old boot leather,  
But could mix it with the best aristocrats.

He won ribbons at the shows in the led  
and ridden classes  
And he blitzed them in the barrel races  
too -

When it came to the show jumping  
He would set your heart a-thumping  
He could fly where old Mosstrooper  
never flew.

Then the races came to Towong, nestled  
by The Jerimal,  
There were entries from the hills of  
Jindabyne;  
They put fifty guineas up  
For the winner of the Cup  
But more importantly their pride was  
on the line.

There were well credentialed stayers  
from Cudgewa and Towong Hill  
And some from far afield as Omeo -  
But the favourite was a grey  
From out Tumbarumba way,  
And of course, we brought The Colt to  
have a go.

Well the betting ring was strong with

big money going on,  
And the bookies layed the favourite six  
to four.

They had The Colt at twelves  
So we took fifty for ourselves  
And the Boss's wife and daughter took  
some more.

When starting flag went down the Colt  
was turned the wrong way round  
And the field had left him twenty  
lengths behind,  
But, though his face was red,  
That little jockey kept his head  
And he asked The Colt to see what he  
could find.

Well he galloped with a will and he  
slowly reeled them in;  
Then he settled for a breather at the  
rear;  
But the favourite was out front  
With an engine full of grunt,  
And it seemed he didn't have too much  
to fear.

But when they turned for home The  
Colt found another gear  
And he rattled round the outside of the  
throng,  
That little bay could really go;  
He was putting on a show,

He was racing for the pride of Bringenbrong.

With the favourite in his sights, he  
stretched out in full flight  
And he raced up on the outside of the  
grey;  
When he reached that horse's flanks  
He said, "Cheerio ---- and thanks"  
Then he just poured it on, and blew the  
field away.

Well The Colt became a legend right  
throughout the countryside;  
He was known from Bringenbrong to  
Walpeup  
And we'll never, never know  
'Cause he didn't ever go,  
But they reckoned he'd have won a  
Melbourne Cup.  
So it was worth that well known day  
when they 'gathered to the fray'  
And when Clancy and 'the old man'  
came along;  
Jack Riley take a bow,  
You and The Colt are legends now,  
Thank you Banjo, you've made us  
mighty proud at Corryong.

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

### APRIL

- 29 Mar 1 April **CORRYONG The Man From Snowy River Festival** (March 29-April 1)  
Contact Jan Lewis 02 6076 1992 mfsrbf@bigpond.com Closing date 9th February (\$7.00 per section)  
1 **KATHERINE NT** - CM Muster. Written comp. Closing date - SSAE PO Box 8211 Bargara Q.  
3-4 **WINTON Q** Waltzing Matilda Junior Bush Poetry Festival - Wednesday and Thursday 3-4 April. SSAE PO Box 120 Winton Qld 4735  
6-9 **ROMA** Easter In the Country, Chris & The Grey's Bush Poetry, Ballads and Yarns Show -  
Email thegrey@tpg.com.au or <http://www.users.tpg.com.au/thegrey>  
12-15 **TENTERFIELD Oracles of the Bush** SSAE PO Box 372 **TENTERFIELD** 2372 - 02 6736 2900  
20-22 **CASINO VILLAGE** - The Bushmen's Heritage - A celebration of Bush Poetry - Ph. Anne Noble 0408 269 075 [www.casinovillage.com.au](http://www.casinovillage.com.au)  
20-22 **BOONDOOMA HOMESTEAD** Spirit of the Bush Heritage Weekend - Poet's breakfasts <http://www.durongonline.com/penday.html>  
22-27 **St. ALBANS Folk Festival NSW** - Cec Bucello festival@ccbdma.org 02 4325 7  
30 Closing date. **BRONZE SWAGMAN AWARDS** Winners announced at Outback Festival 30.9.07 SSAE PO Box 120 Winton Qld 4735

### MAY

- 1-3 **CHARTERS TOWERS Qld.** Ph 07 4787 3211 harold.jackson8@bigpond.com  
4-6 **KATHERINE (NT)** CM Muster - [www.kcmm.com.au](http://www.kcmm.com.au) Ph. Merv Webster 07 4159 1868  
13 **TARALGA NSW** Poets Breakfast Ph 02 4832 2323 Jenny Cee  
25-27 **CASINO NSW CECIL HOTEL** - Bush Poet Breakfasts - Ph Ray Essery 02 6644 8285

### JUNE

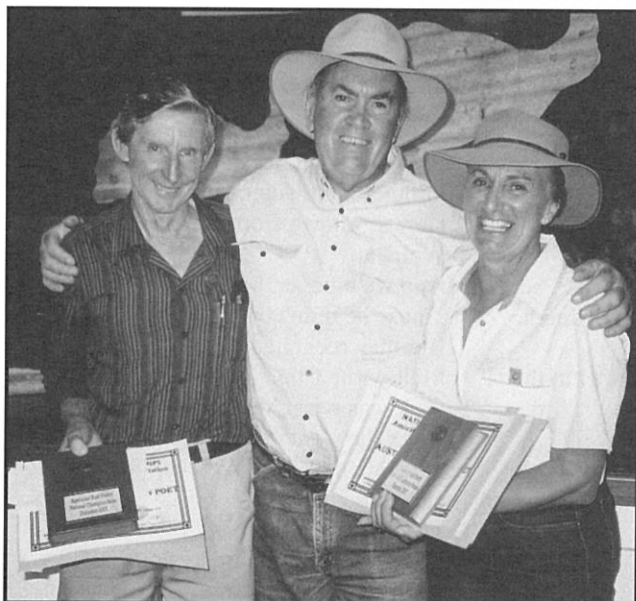
- 1 Closing date. **BUNDABERG Bush Lantern Written Competition** (See June 23rd and page 11)  
10 Long w/end **COONAMBLE NSW** Bush Poets Breakfast 8am. Liz Markey 02 6824 1550 markey5@bigpond.com (plus 3 day rodeo)  
9-11 **GRENfell** Henry Lawson Festival. Written competition. Closing date 10th March. SSAE PO Box 77 Grenfell NSW 2810  
9-11 **GULGONG NSW** Henry Lawson Festival - Cheryl Peters henrylawsongulgong@yao.com.au  
SSAE Henry Lawson Literary Awards PO Box 235 Gulgong NSW 2852  
9-11 **BEAUDESERT Q. - QUEENSLAND STATE CHAMPIONSHIPS** - Pamela Fox 07 5541 2662 pamelafax@bigpond.com (Page 15)  
4-11 **SOUTH AUSTRALIAN STATE CHAMPIONSHIPS - Maurie O'Brien** Ph 08 8382 1504 Maurie & Di O'Brien [madio@chariot.net.au]  
23 Closing date. **BUNDABERG Q.** The Bundy Bush Poetry Muster. Bundaberg Bush Poetry Society. (See page 11)  
Ph. 07 4151 4631 - lees@interworx.com.au PO Box 4281 Bundaberg South 4370

### JULY

- 1 **DERBY WA** Poets Breakfast Robyn Bowcock [robowco@optusnet.com.au](mailto:robowco@optusnet.com.au) 08 91991 1611  
1 Closing date. **NORTH PINE WRITTEN COMPETITION.** (See page 17)  
16-15 **SINGLETON RSC Club** Jim Haynes Writing Workshop and Concert  
Ph. Isabella Bailey 02 6573 3873 email:bailey.electrical@hunterlink.net.au (Page 21)  
21 **BOWRAVILLE THEATRE** Bush Poets Soiree Phone 02 6564 7828 (Page 9)  
27 Closing date **IPSWICH Poetry Feast** \$3,800 Written competition. Ph. 07 3810 6761 [library.ipswich.qld.gov.au/poetryfeast/index.htm](http://library.ipswich.qld.gov.au/poetryfeast/index.htm)  
28-29 **Mt. KEMBLA Mining/Heritage Festival.** SSAE Cate Stevenson 9 Araluen Avenue Mount Kembla Village 2526  
Ph. 02 4271 3737 - kemblamh@tpg.com.au [www.mtkembla.org.au](http://www.mtkembla.org.au)  
30 Closing date **Nandewar Open Written Comp.** SSAE PO Box 55 **NARRABRI** 2390  
31 Closing Date **DUSTY SWAG (Written Awards)** Adults - Students SSAE MHR 7 Vickery St. Alexandra 3714 [www.dustyswag.zoomshare.com/](http://www.dustyswag.zoomshare.com/)

### AUGUST

- 3 Closing date **NORTH PINE PERFORMANCE COMPETITION North Pine Poetry Festival.** SSAE Manfred Vijars. (see page 17)  
4-6 Far North Bush Poetry Festival, Performance & Written competitions 07 4159 1868 Download <http://www.msc.qld.gov.au/content/view/451/2/>  
11 **BRISBANE.** Ekka Bush Poetry Competition. Trisha Anderson Ph. 07 3268 3624 trisha.spencer@bigpond.com  
17-19 **NORTH PINE Q.** Written and Performance Competitions. Contact Manfred Vijars. PO Box 701 Morningside 4170 Ph. 07 3399 8343 (p.17)  
21-26 The **GYMPIE MUSTER BUSH POETS** Contact Marco Gliori - PO Box 999 Warwick Q. 4370 - 07 4661 4024 gliori@in.com



Three Champions at Dunedoo 2007.  
Terry Regan - Frank Daniel - Carol Heuchan

## Eastwood/Hills F.A.W. BOREE LOG AWARD

The Eastwood/Hills Fellowship of Australian Writers advises that entries in this years Eastwood/Hills F.A.W. Boree Log Award for bush verse will close on 31st May. Ballads should be written in perfect rhyme and metre with an Australian bush theme. There will be a maximum of 80 lines with a limit of three entries per entrant.

First prize will be \$200 plus a trophy and certificate. Certificates will be presented for Highly commended and Commended places.

The trophies are very handsome and hand crafted

by Brian Beesley.

Entries to be the original, unpublished work of the entrant and not to have won a cash prize in another comp as at 31.5.07.

Entry fee: \$5 per entry (chqs or money orders in AU\$ payable to: Eastwood/Hills FAW)

No entry form required but entries must include a cover sheet with the poem title, entrant's name & contact details (no name on entry).

Include S.S.A.E. for results sheet.

Entries to: Competition Secretary - Boree Log  
Eastwood/Hills FAW, PO Box 4663 North Rocks 2151  
Contact: 02 9871 8470



## 2007 NATIONAL BUSH POETRY CHAMPIONSHIPS - DUNEDOO NSW

### OPEN WRITTEN

Max Merckenschlager  
*Along the Murrumbidgee*

### PERFORMANCE SECTIONS CLASSICAL

#### Female

- 1st. Carol Heuchan –  
*The Amateur Rider*,  
(AB Paterson)  
2nd Claire Reynolds –  
*How the Fire Queen Crossed  
the Swamp*, (Will Ogilvie)  
3rd Kathy Edwards –  
*The Drover's Sweetheart*,  
(Henry Lawson)

#### Male

- 1st Terry Regan –  
*Father Riley's Horse*,  
(AB Paterson)  
2nd Gregory North –  
*The Poetical Linen Draper*,  
(Thomas E Spencer)  
3rd Graeme Johnson –  
*A Bush Bred Youngster*,  
(Thomas E Spencer)

### MODERN TRADITIONAL

#### Female

- 1st Carol Heuchan –  
*Bronco Harry's Last Ride*,  
(Jack Drake)  
2nd Pamela Fox –  
*A Waltz Without Matilda*,  
(Veronica Weal)  
3rd Claire Reynolds –  
*The Darkest Hour*,  
(Carmel Randle)

#### Male

- 1st Terry Regan – *Where the  
Eagle's Shadow Falls*,  
(Veronica Weal)  
2nd Gregory North –  
*The Beauty of the World*,  
(Denis Kevans)  
3rd Ken Jones – *The Most  
Popular Bloke in the Bar*,  
(Neil MacArthur)

### ORIGINAL SERIOUS

#### Female

- 1st Carol Heuchan –  
*The Last Pit Pony*  
2nd Pamela Fox – *The Ship to  
Australia is Leaving the Shore*  
3rd Claire Reynolds –  
*The Special Rosebud*

#### Male

- 1st Gregory North –  
*Gundungurra Man*  
2nd Terry Regan –  
*Bullfrog Creek*

3rd William Lasham – *The Vet*

### ORIGINAL HUMOROUS

#### Female

- 1st Carol Heuchan – *Cruising*  
2nd Pamela Fox –  
*The All Female Circus*  
3rd. Claire Reynolds –  
*Well Conditioned*

#### Male

- 1st Gregory North – *Fully Sick*  
2nd Terry Regan –  
*Roadside Signs*  
3rd Peter Mace – *Courting Mary*

### AUSTRALIAN NATIONAL BUSH POETRY CHAMPION

2007 (MALE) -

**TERRY REGAN**

### AUSTRALIAN NATIONAL BUSH POETRY CHAMPION

2007 (FEMALE) -

**CAROL HEUCHAN**

### NOVICE

- 1st Roger Knight –  
*Old Time Rhyme* –  
(Veronica Weal)  
2nd Megan Knight –  
*Rugby League* – (Janine Haig)  
3rd Don Kennaugh –  
*Spirit of the Bush* –  
(Bruce Venables)

### INAUGURAL

### BILLY HAY MEMORIAL YARN SPINNING

- 1st Frank Daniel —

*Crutching the Rams*

### JUNIOR POETRY UNDER 7

- 1st Amelia Meler  
2nd Zoe Watts  
3rd Eleanor Tilse

### 7 – UNDER 12

- 1st Amelia Douglass  
2nd Nick Pritchard  
3rd Sophie Hinde

### UNDER 16

- 1st Dylan Cartledge – *Bingo*,  
(Bobby Miller)  
2nd Bethany Brown –  
*Law of the Land*,  
(Neil MacArthur)  
3rd Helen Knight –  
*The Wayward Cow*,  
(Wilbur G Howcroft)

### THE JOHN O'BRIEN

### BUSH FESTIVAL

### NARRANDERA NSW

### Open Performance Bush Poetry Competition

- 1st Lisa Quast - Narrandera  
*To a Child* (Also winner of the  
Jim Angel Memorial Award for  
Best Original Poem)  
2nd Don Anderson - Leeton  
*Where the Bush School*  
*Used to Be*  
3rd Garry Lowe - Berkeley Vale  
*Yee-Haa Grandpa*

## REMEMBER AND HONOUR THEM ALL

© John Davis 3.11.06

In nineteen fourteen they left this land  
On foreign shores they made a stand  
Through Europe and the sands of Gal-  
lipoli  
And they went to fight or die  
Beneath a far off foreign sky  
Against the tyrant and for democracy  
When war came again in thirty nine  
Australians once more stood in line  
For freedom and their belief in right  
And for the next six long years  
They shed blood sweat and tears  
Never once did they give up the fight  
Then when peace came in forty five  
Those of them were left alive  
Came back home to work our land  
again  
Every year these men march past  
And every year will be the last  
For some, because they'll go to join the  
slain

We must be sure to honour too  
Those women in the dress of blue  
Who nursed the wounded in their hour  
of need  
For their courage was no less  
Than the men whose wounds they'd  
dress  
And they kept on until the world was  
freed  
Honour too, the brave, not damn  
Veterans of Timor, Korea and Vietnam  
For who are we to judge them wrong  
or right  
The young men leave and some will  
die  
Their friends will mourn and families  
cry  
For every one that's lost in ANY fight  
And those who've gone to their final  
rest  
Salute them, they are the very best  
Never let the memory of them fade  
We pray please Lord don't ever let  
Us, the citizens of this land forget  
The sacrifice, these brave people made

## ADVERTISING RATES

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PO Box 16 Canowindra NSW 2804  
email. fda70930@bigpond.net.au Ph.

- \* Stealing an idea from one book is called plagiarism, stealing ideas from many is called research.
- \* Since light travels faster than sound, isn't that why some people appear bright until you hear them speak?
- \* Why do they call it the Department of Interior when they are in charge of everything outdoors?

Closing date: 31st May 2007

Eastwood/Hills F.A.W.  
**Boree Log Award**  
for  
**Bush Verse**

**1st Prize \$200**  
plus trophy and certificate

For entry guidelines, send a  
S.S.A.E. to

Competition Secretary – Boree Log  
Eastwood/Hills FAW  
PO Box 4663  
North Rocks 2151  
Contact: 9871 8470

**PALMA ROSA POETS**

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**MILTON TAYLOR**

Five times Australian  
Bush Poetry Champion  
**Anzac Day Eve**

**Tuesday 24th April**  
7.00 pm for 7.30 pm start

**\$20.00** (including supper)

BYO Drinks

**BOOKINGS ESSENTIAL**

Contact:

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& Singer

**DIANE SANGER**

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by **JOHN DAVIS**

Finalist: 2006 South Australian Bush Poetry  
Championships

**\$22.00 Posted**

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*Question:*

What do Bush Poets like Jack Drake,  
Marco Gliori, Milton Taylor, Ray  
Essery, Gary Fogarty, Carol Heuchan,  
John Major, Carmel Randle, Bill Scott,  
Max Jarrott and Stuart Nivison have in  
common?

*Answer:*

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*Sheepshit on the Brain*  
**THE TRIALS & TRIBULATIONS  
OF A WOULD-BE GUN SHEARER**



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Short stories and poems \$10.00 pp

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**Just a few comments from the  
media on Ken Prato's new book,  
'Sheepshit on the Brain'.**

*"But there is another force which  
drives him to work ever harder and  
harder – an irresistible compulsion to  
shear more sheep in the day than  
someone shearing alongside, or ulti-  
mately, to be a 'gun', and 'ring the  
shed'.*

*"The competitive world of the shear-  
er is revealed in the language of the shed."*  
**Monica Jackson, Weekly Times**

*"Will help the non-shearing world bet-  
ter understand what goes on in the mind  
of a shearer."*

**Ray Frawley, The Courier, Ballarat**

*"Forty years of shearing in sheds across  
Victoria and interstate has given Ken  
plenty of stories to tell"*

**Phoebe Stewart, Hamilton Spectator**

*"An entertaining anthology"*

**Geoff Adams,**

*Country News, Shepparton*

More about Ken Prato in the next issue.