RDA

The Australian Bush Poets Association Inc.



Volume 15 No. 4

August - September 2008

Magazine - (since 1994)



Cate Stevenson was a worthy crusader, even in her final moments she was busy organizing. All those who knew her marvelled at Cate's courage and determination to carry on despite the ravages of the bone marrow cancer which had cast a shadow over the past seven years of her remarkable life. She lost that battle last on 2nd April, aged 57.

Catherine Mary Stevenson was born in Bathurst on June 14, 1950. She pursued a career in banking and later the building industry, but it was in the high-end of the car market where she broke new ground. In 1985, she became the first woman in Australia to sell prestige brands Mercedes-Benz and Saab and was sales manager at Illawarra Star Motors for many years.

She once said "As one of four girls it never occurred to me that I couldn't sell cars, which then was still considered a male domain, so I just went out and did it."

But it was her commitment to go out and do it for community and charity groups where she really made her mark.

Since her diagnosis, Mrs Stevenson worked tirelessly to raise almost \$500,000 for cancer research and Vision Australia.

She was named Wollongong Rotary Citizen of the Year in 2005, and a year later was acclaimed in the Queen's Birthday Honours List, receiving the Order of Australia Medal for her charity work. P.22.



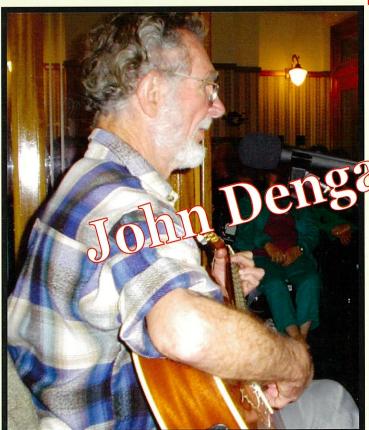
John Dengate is one of Australia's best known folk revivalists. His songs have travelled further than most poets would ever dream.

John Dengate has been singing, reciting, yarning & busking for over 40 years, has a love of Australian history and is a master of satire and parody. Poems and songs drop from his pen in reaction to the doings and sayings of our political leaders and would-be leaders.

He talks frankly about his family history, inspiration as a writer, frustrations as a humanist and also of his life as a busker on the streets of Sydney. He is fiercely proud of his working-class battler origins reflected proudly in his many political satirical songs where the dividing line between satire and libel becomes perilously thin.

John Dengate is a deadly opponent in the debating arena and never pulls his punches when it comes to bagging politicians. By any reasonable standard, John Dengate is both an organisational shambles and a living national treasure.

Steeped in the Irish-Australian tradition this retired primary school teacher finds fulfilment these days as a busker in the busy streets of Sydney. He has a deep loathing of pretence and cant, he has for over forty years been writing songs and poems to give vent to his feelings about politics and history.



SOMEBODY'S DARLING

© Milton Taylor

Winner Bush Lantern Award 2008

With foam flying forth from her nostrils whilst escaping her serpentine course, The monster disguised as a river had exploded with breathtaking force. And she visited vengeful destruction on those who would harness her might, Puny mortals who'd ponded and dammed her, fled her fury in terrified flight.

And the buildings that stood within flood reach, each one cradling an optimist's dream

Soon yielded in hopeless submission to the brown serpent's onrushing stream. All the symbols of Man's domination like mere matchsticks were carried away As the playthings of Nature's rebellion and were scattered like toys on the clay.

With the dawn, when her rage had subsided and her damage was clear to assess, Stood the gold miners, settlers and families in grim postures of hollow distress, All surveying the shards of ambitions and hopes now encrusted with silt. Some sorrowed, some shrugged off their turmoil with plans for an empire rebuilt.

And my family responded with sureness which reflected the creed of their roots. Dour Scots folk observing the chaos, flexed their muscles and laced up their boots To tackle the muck-laden debris and digested the curse of the rain With stoic acceptance; determined to chase after rainbows again.

In the process of wreckage inspection, as we searched for a possible use For flotsam deposits aplenty, (and for kids, a delightful excuse To live out imagined adventures as a trail-blazing, fear-nothing band) We found Granddad, crouched over a body face down in alluvial sand.

A young man, no older than twenty, with the brand of an immigrant's face, Blonde haired and fair skinned, such a pity to be drowned in this desolate place Far away from the land of his birthing, and Granddad cried, "What has he done? He must have been somebody's darlin'. He must have been somebody's son."

At the urging of detailed instructions we then carried that beautiful lad To a spot where he might rest untroubled, where Grandfather whispered, "'tis bad. So bad that you're here, bonny laddie, and 'tis sad that your family's in pain, But you're safe with me, Somebody's Darlin'; the water won't get you again."

So we laid him to slumber in reverence with those words often used in the kirk, Then the family resumed reconstruction; rolled their sleeves up and went back to work,

For survival came first in their thinking and the future belonged to the bold, Not an unknown, unfortunate digger who had perished in searching for gold.

But the old fellow, secretive, silent, had focused the strength of his toil
On a timber slab salvaged he'd crafted and posted down into the soil
At the head of the grave of his foundling, and in language we all understood
Were the simple words, "Somebody's Darling" carved deep in the grain of the
wood

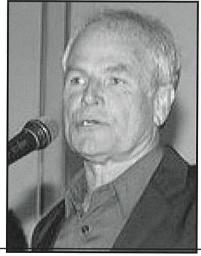
And he tended his little shrine daily, often asking the question of God, Why the surrogate son he'd adopted should lie closeted under the sod. Came the day we we found him, just sleeping, so it seemed, lying down at the side Of the bed of his precious companion; at his sacred spot, Granddad had died.

When the boom times of gold heard their death knell and where little remained there to find,

Like others, we sought greener pastures and we left our failed venture behind. And the worst thing of all in my leaving were two graves overlooking the glen, With their poignancy etched in my psyche that years after, still come again.

And when wild tempests waken the serpent and she slithers in search of her prey, While paying scant heed to men's protests and exacting the price they must pay, Out of reach, quite secure from the monster as its flanks gouge the sides of the hill.

Is where Somebody's Darling lies sleeping, and old Grandfather tends to him still.



Milton Taylor of Hartley NSW was successful in taking out the 2008 Bush Lantern Award at the Bundaberg Bush Poetry Muster with the accompanying poem 'Somebody's Darling'.

The Twins

Henry Sambrooke Leigh (1837 - 1883) was an English writer of light verse.

He wrote this piece in 1869.

In form and feature, face and limb I grew so like my brother That folks got taking me for him And each for one another It puzzled all our kith and kin It reached a fearful pitch For one of us was born a twin, Yet not a soul knew which

One day, to make the matter worse Before our names were fixed As we were being washed by nurse, We got completely mixed And thus, you see, by fate's decree Or rather nurse's whim My brother John got christened me And I got christened him

This fatal likeness even dogged My footsteps when at school And I was always getting flogged For John turned out a fool I put this question, fruitlessly To everyone I knew "What would you do, if you were me, To prove that you were you?"

Our close resemblance turned the tide
Of my domestic life
For somehow, my intended bride
Became my brother's wife
In fact, year after year the same
Absurd mistakes went on
And when I died, the neighbours came
And buried brother John



PRESIDENT'S REPORT

G'day Members,

Since the last Newsletter Frank Daniels has contacted me to rescind his resignation as Editor of the Newsletter. He explained that he was feeling better and by rearranging his schedule he felt he tralian Popular Rhymed Verse and could well be the bush poetry was experiencing less stress and would like to continue as editor. I reiterated my concern for his health but he assured me that this was ok. We are very grateful to Frank for the work he is doing as our editor and hope his good health continues. It did make me aware how vulnerable we were to continue young people in your areas aware of this flagship of our communication when the editor takes ill as we have no tion will close on Friday October 17

ously agreed to wor understanding the proproducing our newslet few months Frank wil updating her on the pr

Andy Schnalle, w great work with our vinced me to run a N line Bush Poetry Cc writing of bush po mean that all entries by email to our abp judging would be emails. This process of-the-future for wr This initial competiti able to students in tw dents who in 2008 w to 12 and (b) 13 thro prize in each sect Haynes' new book,

second and third prizes other bush etry books for young people.

NAC

3-9-08

Members, many of you have wonderful written competitions encouraging our young Aussies to capture their stories in rhythmed and rhymed verse. Could you please make these this On line Competition. The competi-

Unfortunately we had a tragic death of one of our members of The North Pine Bush Poets. Bruce Tye, who was doing some repairs to the rafters of his shed at Brookfield, a western suburb of Brisbane, was fatally injured when he fell to the concrete floor. Bruce was a very enthusiastic member of our North Pine poets' group and just two weeks prior had run a poets' breakfast at Brookfield as a fund-raiser for the upcoming Australian Championships at Bray Park. He was a very keen horseman and weekly would ride the bush tracks around Brookfield. Bruce did his military training at Duntroon with the current Governor General, Michael Jeffery who presented one of the eulogies at the funeral. I was invited on behalf of the Australian Bush Poets to present a tribute to Bruce and selected two poems. Because of his great love of horses and his military connection I chose, Ownerless by John O'Brien and my own tribute poem, Bruce the Budding Poet. We extend to Gill our deepest sympathy and continued support.

Bush poetry comp for under 18s

AS ONE of the organisers of the two most prestigious bush poetry competitions in Australia, the Country Energy Tamworth Bush Competition for performers and the Blackened Billy Verse Competition for written works, I am aware that there are many young people who are interested in writing bush verse.

The Australian Bush Poets' Association Inc is conducting a junior bush poetry competition online which may be of interest to them.

To access information about the competition, go to http://abpa.org.au/ bushpoetry/competitions/junior bush poetry competition.html

I would like to encourage any person between the ages of six and 18, or any teachers of this age group, to investigate this competition.

The junior writers of today could well be the bush poetry champions of tomorrow.

> WEST TAMWORTH of today champions of tomorrow.

hill chase Jan Morris 28-8-08 West Tamworth

And while Kev tried to disconnect the power with his whip,

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He couldn't stop our Bruce completing Snowy River's trip.

That morning was so typical of what this Bruce would do,

To benefit a group or cause with funds he could accrue.

He'd volunteer his time and skill to help some club or track,

That someone else would benefit was all he wanted back.

While Gill we feel inadequate expressing grief to you,

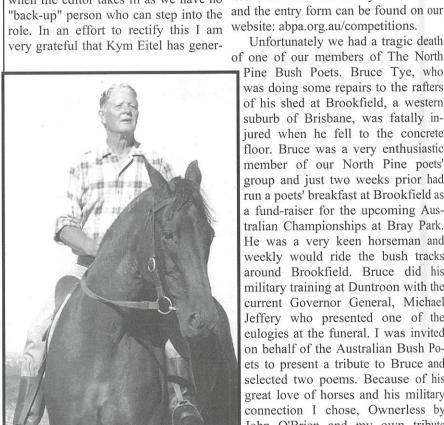
We're grateful that you shared your Bruce with this Pine Rivers' crew.

Noel Stallard 2008

August is a big month for bush poetry in Queensland with the Ekka competitions, The Australian Bush Poetry Championships and the Gympie Muster. This gives me the opportunity of congratulating and thanking all groups involved in these promotions of bush poetry which is becoming more and more recognised as a genuine form of entertainment.

With gratitude,

Mod Stallar 1



Bruce & Magnus

From The Old Bulletin Book of Verse. The best verses from the Bulletin 1880-1901.

THE SHOE

Battered and worn on the wayside lay A shoe, unseen by the busy throng Of passers who, through the dusty way, From morn to eve had hurried along.

The sight of that shoe to me has brought A host of fancies, merry and sad, Of a heart that struggled and toiled and wrought, I With never an hour of its life made glad.

Of a joyous and happy and winsome maid, With mind all free from thought of guile: Of a soul with sin's black sorrows lade, Of a face that ne'er was lit by a smile.

Had the shoe been worn by any of these? Was the wearer of it young and fair? The answer is one, I hope, will please — It was torn from the hoof of old Brown's mare. J.M.L.

On the week-end of July 11th, 12th & 13th the Bundaberg Poets' Society Inc. held their 14th Bundy Bush Poetry Muster. This was well attended with over 40 poets reciting poetry in the performance competition on the Friday & Saturday.

The walk-up poetry concert on the Friday night was attended by close to 200 people with poets competing in two teams in a State of Origin poetry con-The Queensland team finished ahead of the New South Wales team by 4 points. Marco Gliori, Melanie Hall & Gregory North kept the audience entertained with their limerick introduction of each contestant.

The Saturday night concert was a 'night that should not have been missed' and it wasn't by over 330 people who were walking out saying "what a wonderful night of entertainment - we will be back next year." Marco, Melanie & Gregory kept the audience spell-bound and in stitches with their very professional performances.

Sunday morning started with an open mic session followed by the duo per- Nerang on the Gold Coast was the over-Bundy Rum One Minute Cup.

the crowd tapping their feet and singing Hartley, NSW won the Bush Lantern

BUSH POETRY AT BEAUDESERT

number expected arrived at the Kevin Dean of Strathpine. start of a great day of poetry and

Ron Selby and Ron Liekefett pro- Poet-In-Training". vided side-splitting entertainment while brilliant poetry perform- won the Alison Lingard "Themed ances made the judging difficult Poem" prize for adults and Blaire during the

Merckenschlager of the student prize. Max South Australia and Ron Stevens of Dubbo took out the major writ- erick competition which ran in the ten poetry awards.

ance competition was the num- way to draw attention to the ber of novices who took part, proving that that bush poetry is becoming increasingly popular. Poets and supporters started arriving late Friday and stayed for the whole week-end.

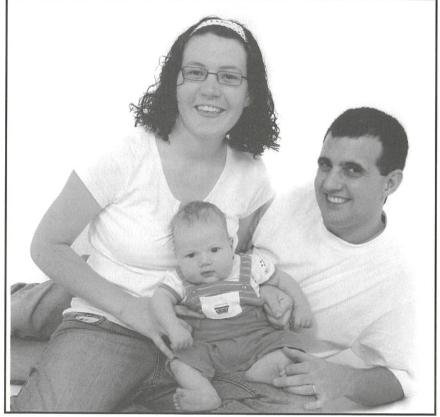
A "loaves and fishes" effort Champion prize went to Cay was required from the cooks at Ellem of Murrumba Downs who the Poets Brekky. Double the was only one point ahead of

Canungra teenager, Shannon laughter on Sunday, 8th June. Iedema was presented with the Shirley Friend, Glenny Palmer, Jan Hackett award for the "Bush

Kym Eitel of Rockhampton competition. Robinson of Rathdowney won

Caroline Heather won the limlocal newspaper leading up to One feature of the perform- the event. It proved to be a great event.

On Monday, prizes were presented to the winners of the student competition which was restricted to schools of this region. Over thirty entries were received. The performance competition Pamela Fox, Beaudesert Bush Bards



along during the concert.

Carmel Wooding (nee Dunn) from poem "Somebody's Darling". formances, yarn spinning and the all champion poet for the week-end and Pictured: the first lady in 14 years to be named Carmel, Adam and nine months old Members of a local bush band had overall champion. Milton Taylor from James Wooding of Nerang Q.

Award for Written Verse 2008 for his

Australian \$10 note

The \$10 note features Andrew Barton Paterson C.B.E. (Commander of the Order of the British Empire) on the obverse, and Dame Mary Gilmore on the reverse.

A.B. ('Banjo') **Paterson**, was born near Orange in New South Wales on 17th. February 1864, and was the author of such Australian classic verses as the fiercely adventurous, 'The Man from Snowy River', and the reflective, 'Clancy of the Overflow', and 'The Man from Ironbark'.

Paterson is also credited with being the author of the accepted words to the famous song, 'Waltzing Matilda', which has been heard around the world and is regarded as being as Australian as the kangaroo and koalas. To some people, it is considered to be Australia's true National Anthem.

He first worked as a lawyer's clerk and then as a solicitor and finally a journalist and editor of the Sydney 'Evening News', the 'Town and Country Journal' and the 'Sportsman'. He served as a war correspondent in the Boer War and the Boxer Rebellion.

He had a love and understanding for the bush and its people, which helped him create the images that many of us who have read his works will never forget!

Paterson was awarded his C.B.E. in 1939, and even though his verses had sold hundreds of thousands of copies and probably made his publishers rich, when he died two years later on 5th. February 1941, in Sydney, all he left his wife was his total fortune of 215 pounds.





The Man From Snowy River on the Ten Dollar Note

Recently, in a discussion with fellow poets the subject came up of Banjo very few of the words that are hidden in Paterson's "The Man From Snowy the first instance are visible in the next River" poem being on the ten dollar two instances. The third instance only note. I was assured by one of our party goes as far as the beginning of the third that the entire poem was on the note. I stanza. disagreed, saying that only part of it desire to prove my theory correct, I

an etching of Paterson wearing his hat. The rectangular background to this etching contains words from "The Man From Snowy River" poem, but only on Gregory North

the left side of the rectangle. The right side contains only cross-hatching.

The poem has been modified a little in that all the words are in upper case (i.e. capitals), all the punctuation has been removed, each line runs into the next and the words "TEN DOLLARS" have been repeated in all the spaces between stanzas.

All of the poem would be there, if it were not covered up by Paterson's hat and head.

In fact, the poem begins three times - once at the very top left of the rectangle, a second time on the left edge about one third of the way up from the tip of Paterson's nose, and a third time on the left edge just below where his collar meets his jacket. However, most of the words are hidden behind Paterson. Probably less than one quarter of the words are visible. Furthermore,

So, for anyone with a big magnifywas there. My opinion was met with ing glass hoping to read the whole of strong disagreement. In the interests of the poem to an enthralled audience curiosity, the pursuit of trivia and a gathered around a ten dollar bill, I'm afraid your reading will be rather dishave made a thorough investigation and jointed. Similarly, any reciter hoping it seems neither of us were entirely for a prompt from the contents of their wallet will likely be disappointed, In the centre of the ten dollar note is unless the part of the line they are searching for happens to be visible. They'll still need the big magnifying glass too!

Dame Mary Gilmore

began writing at the age of 18 and was still putting pen to paper in her 90's and was recognised as a leading poet of her time.

Born Mary Jean Cameron at Cotta Walla near Goulburn, NSW. on 16th. August 1865, she often played with children of the local Waradgery aboriginal tribe, and she never forgot the squalor and the ill-treatment that she saw as a child.

She left Australia in 1896 for the illfated New Australia Colony of Cosme (in Paraguay), where she met and married an ex-Victorian shearer William Gilmore, but after four years of hardship and disenchantment they returned to Australia, with their son, and settled on a farm in Victoria.

During the next few years her radical

poetry started to appear in the 'Bulletin' and, by 1908, she was editing the women's page of the 'Sydney Worker', a newspaper that devoted itself to socialism and its aims of equality.

Her talents in fighting for women's rights, aboriginal welfare, treatment of prisoners, health, pensions etc., plus her encouragement to young writers, her poetry and other writings, were recognised by the Australian Government of the day and, in 1937, she was awarded the title of Dame of the British Empire.

Dame Mary Gilmore died in Sydney on 3rd. December 1962, at the age of 97, and was given a State funeral attended by all members of the N.S.W. Cabinet. As a final honour she was selected to take her place on our currency.

The TALE OF AN OLD GUM-TREE

by Jim Grahame (J W Gordon)

I've waited and watched for a hundred years,
And my limbs are twisted and bent:
There's a wound in my trunk that the bushfires made,
And a scar that the lightning rent.
There is many a hole in branch and bole
Where wood-ducks find a rest
As they halt at night on a southern flight
From the dried-out spaces west.

There's a foam-stained rim on my knotted trunk, Flood-height of an olden year, And a nippled knob that has overgrown The head of a broken spear. There are lines rough-cut on my naked butt That tell of a mate that died And a crumbling mound on the broken ground With a fallen cross beside.

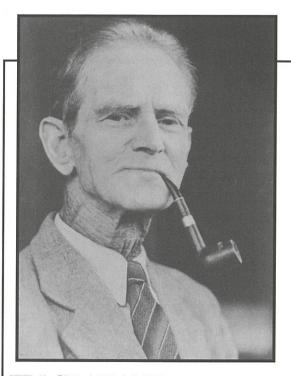
The river is one of my oldest friends;
The drought is my oldest foe;
And I watch and wait when the rains are late
As the seasons come and go.
I've a word to say to the Milky Way
In the calm of the summer night.
The Southern Cross is a friend of mine,
And I bow to the Southern Light.

I have seen the wild tribes trooping in From the country further out, Where the creeks had dried and the game had died 'Neath the test of the heat and drought; here the woman slept where my shadows crept, while the children danced in glee, or the hour was bright in the camp-fire's light with a gay corroboree.

I have watched the black man spear the fish When the flooded creeks were deep; And my seedlings grew when the flood withdrew Ere the white man came with sheep. I have sheltered birds and beasts of the bush From the rays of the summer's sun; But they've disappeared since the bush was cleared With axe and fire and gun.

There came the bearded, mounted men With the cattle and sheep and gear, And I said to the wind as it wandered past I felt that the end was near. The sun sank red as the cattle fed And the emus ran in fright; The camp dogs growled while the dingo howled In the dead hours of the night.

I've waited and watched for a hundred years, And I'm good for many a score – The white men come and the white men go, But the black men come no more. And my seedlings grow on the overflow Till they're eaten down by the sheep; And the sun sinks red where the cattle tread And the black man's children sleep.



JIM GRAHAME 1874-1949.

"Jim Grahame" was the pen-name of James William Gordon, one of Henry Lawson's mates. He met Lawson at Bourke in 1892 and remained friends with him throughout his life. He contributed bush verse to the Bulletin under his pseudonym, which he claimed was given to him by Lawson.

Lawson, one of Australia's best known poets, was invited to Leeton in 1915 to be given two guineas a week and a house in return for articles and poems publicising the MIA. He accepted and lived at Leeton from January 1916 to September 1917, publishing a number of articles, which were not always favourable. He spent much of his time there revising early work for publication in Selected Poems (1918).

While there he remet J.W. Gordon (aka 'Jim Grahame') who is thought to be the model for one of Lawson's central fictional characters, 'Mitchell'. The two had first met during Lawson's celebrated outback trek in 1892-93.

At that time there were 'drunks' express' trains taking the likes of Lawson to watering holes at Whitton and Narrandera.

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

"Health is merely the slowest possible rate at which one can die." Anonymous.

"Marriages are made in heaven. But so again, are thunder and lightning." Anonymous.

I'm not offended by all the dumb-blonde jokes because I know that I'm not dumb. I also know I'm not blonde - Dolly Parton

"In America anyone can become president. That's the problem"

Kellogg's Australia

Dr Dan O'Donnell, 2003

I was panning for gold way back-o'beyond in a makeshift old tent close by a big pond where I fossicked each day right around the clock till I woke one morning to a terrible shock. I could hardly believe it! My larder was bare of my scrumptious, delicious breakfast fare! In the night some villains had inflicted big troubles by stealing my stock of Kellogg's Rice Bubbles! I sprang to the stirrup with single intent: I would race to the market and bring to my tent - across swollen creeks and dangerous bogs a fresh supply of nutritious Kellogg's. Good fortune was with me: they had not run out of the priceless product! I gave a loud shout: "O thank you, Kind Grocer, for solving my troubles! I'll take very pack of your Kellogg's Rice Bubbles!" They crackled and popped as I poured on the milk! I felt like a king clad in robes made of silk! I'll savour that taste till the day I expire! I was King of the Castle in my little empire! O what did it matter if I struck no pay dirt? To be out of my Kellogg's was a far greater hurt! Today I am wiser, though I am now quite old and I know that my Kellogg's rates higher than gold

AFL or ANL?

YOU WILL LOVE THIS!

- 36 have been accused of spousal abuse
- have been arrested for fraud
- 19 have been accused of writing bad cheques
- 117 have directly or indirectly bankrupted at least 2 businesses
- have done time for assault
- 71 cannot get a credit card due to bad credit
- 14 have been arrested on drug-related charges
- have been arrested for shoplifting
- currently are defendants in lawsuits and
- 84 have been arrested for drunk driving in

the last year

Can you guess which organization this is? AFL? NRL?

Neither.

It's the 535 members of the

AUSTRALIAN PARLIAMENT IN CANBERRA The same group of Idiots that crank out hundreds of new laws each year, designed to keep the rest of us in line.

Convict poem by George Barrington

From distant climes, o'er wide-spread seas we come, Though not with much eclat, or beat of drum, True patriots all, for it be understood, We left our country for our country's good: No private views disgraced our generous zeal, What urged our travels was our country's weal: And none will doubt that our emigration Had prov'd most useful to the British Nation.





PETER MACE

GOSFORD BUSH **POETS**

June 2008, marked the third anniversary of Vic Jefferies and Peter Mace being invited to coordinate the Gosford Bush Poets and since that time the informal poetry group has become a major monthly Gosford community event that has introduced many enthusiastic newcomers to the art and appreciation of the spoken word and "bush poetry."

From a humble beginning of eight bush poets and supporters meeting in a small corner of the Gosford Hotel, the evenings now regularly attract audiences of between sixty to one hundred people and the groups most pressing problem is one of providing sufficient space for all of those wanting to attend!

The GBPs marked their third birthday by presenting one of Australia's best known folk artists, John Dengate, as their featured guest.

John who is (amongst many other talents) a noted singer, songwriter, poet, musician, raconteur, satirist and folklorist, absolutely enthralled the audience of more than sixty with a masterful performance of traditional and original poetry, song and music and received an enthusiastic standing ovation at the completion of his hour long performance.

However, not only were the 0296394911 crowd treated to John's wonder- or Peter Mace at 43693561. ful talents but one of Australia's foremost exponents of the spoken word, Murray Hartin, paid an unexpected visit to the GBPs and

VIC JEFFERIES

was "persuaded" to perform his classic poems "Rain" "Turbulence."

Both John and Murray were ably supported by twenty of the very talented poets, yarn spinners and versifiers who regularly attend the Gosford Bush Poets evenings which are held from 7pm on the last Wednesday of each month (with the exception of April and December) at the Gosford Hotel, corner of Mann and Erina Streets, Gosford.

A featured artist appears every second month and over the last three years many of this country's best "bush" poets have played to very appreciative audiences at the GBPs.

In keeping with this tradition August will see Australia's most often quoted and most popular contemporary poet, "Blue the Shearer" return as the GBPs very special guest artist.

On his previous appearance at the Gosford Bush Poets, Blue drew a record crowd of one hundred and one people, with many others being turned away due to lack of space.

Entrance is absolutely free and everyone is invited to come along and present their own or their favourite poetry, verse or yarn and to enjoy the wonderful talents of some of Australia's best poets and a grand night of fun and friendship.

For further information con-Vic Jeffries tact at jeffries@tech2u.com.au or



NEW STATE REPS

Filling vacancies left open in Victoria and Western Australia since the Fax: (07) 4657 1541 AGM in January will be Irene Connor and John Peel.

Irene Connor has taken over from Brian Langley as State Delegate for Western Australia. Contact details:

Irene Conner PO Box 584 JURIEN BAY WA 6516 0429 652 155 iconner21@wn.com.au

John Peel of Ballarat will be the State Delegate for Victoria.

His details are:

John Peel 613 Havelock St BALLARAT Vic 3350 03 5342 6305

johnp@goldacres.com.au

State delegates are appointed to keep the ABPA head office informed of details and changes in their state.

Little Swaggies written awards have years rolled by the powers that be in

been posted on page 19.

conjunction with the 14th Annual Junior guesswork for the Editor. Performance Awards on Tuesday 7th and Wednesday 8th April 2009

For further information please contact Louise Dean, Waltzing Matilda Bush Poetry Awards P.O. Box 120 WINTON. QLD. 4735 Phone: (07) 4657 1296

E-mail: wooka2@bigpond.net.au

Congratulations to Narrabri's very own Max Pringle who was awarded an OAM for services to Agriculture and Aged Care amongst other things in the Queen's Birthday honours. It's great news when a real contributor like Max is recognised.

POETS CALENDER

How many readers noticed the absence of the Poets Calendar of Events supplement from their June issue?

Obviously none, as there were no

In the 'good old days' secretaries and committees were ever keen to have The results of the Winton Q. Junior their event listed but, I'm afraid, as the

each organization, bar a few, decided to The Awards for 2009 will be held in leave their 'event dates' as a matter of

> In compiling the calendar of events over the last three years I have virtually had to beg for information from almost 90% of the committees, and even then without a lot of success. So far this year only seven committees have informed me of their correct event dates.

> Both the Secretary and myself are constantly asked by non members for copies of the poets calendar, which we supply gratis, and sometimes in return gain a few new members and hopefully new visitors to numerous bush poetry events throughout the country.

> In this issue I have included a partial calendar on page 21 and would like to see a big response for with updates etc for the December-January issue keeping in mind that the closing date will be November 20th.

Regards, Editor, Frank Daniel.

Congratulations and best wishes to John and Ruth Davis of Ulladulla NSW who will be celebrating their Golden Wedding Anniversary on the 18th October.

2008 UPPER LACHLAN BUSH POETS

Crookwell Services Club

WOOL WAGON AWARDS

Goulburn st Crookwell

FRI 14 TH & SAT 15TH NOVEMBER

OVER \$4,000

IN PRIZES & TROPHIES PERFORMANCE COMPETITION

MALE & FEMALE

TRADITIONAL SECTION & JUNIOR COMPETITION ORIGINAL SERIOUS & ORIGINAL HUMOROUS

ENTRY fee \$10 per poem

UNDER 7-12 year old \$1 per poem

13 - 18 year old \$ 2 per poem

Nomination close

WRITTEN 10th OCT

Performance 31 th OCT

CONDUCTED UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE AUSTRALIAN BUSH POETS ASSN.

email hallbw@bigpond.net.au

Barry Murphy 02]48321004



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Chasing Your Dreams

© 2003 Veronica Weal

There's a weary young boy swimming lap after lap On a cold windy day after school; But the grandstand is empty, there's no one to clap When he finally climbs from the pool. But his mind remains focused, he blocks out the cold, And he thinks of a future that gleams With a brightness reflected by medals of gold -He's a boy who is chasing his dreams.

There's a waitress who works in a run-down cafe In the town that she always called home, And she dreams, as she's clearing the dishes away, About London, and Paris and Rome. In the evenings she works in the pub, serving beer, With no time to herself, so it seems; But she cheerfully strives for a goal that is dear -She's intent upon chasing her dreams.

On a street in the suburbs a young couple stare At the house they are hoping to buy. It is old and neglected, but what so they care? They are young, and their hopes are set high. Though the mortgage and bills wont be easy to pay, And misfortune may wreck all their schemes, They are planning extensions, and children one day -And together they're chasing their dreams.

There's a man who lies still in a hospital bed, And his body is blackened and burned. He's a volunteer firefighter, left there for dead When the wind unexpectedly turned. And his wife prays to Heaven to keep him alive, As her world falls apart at the seams; But the staff are amazed at his will to survive -Single-minded, he's chasing his dreams.

On a drought-stricken property out in the west Starving sheep dig for roots in the dirt. And the owners push scrub - they are doing their best -But they're beaten, they can't stand the hurt. Then the rain tumbles down, and their weak new-born lambs Are submerged by the fast-rising streams; But the rain keeps on falling, it's filling their dams -So they'll stay, and rebuild all their dreams.

You need strength when misfortune must be overturned. You need courage when put to the test. When the things that you want are not easily earned, That's the time for producing your best. And the bravest are those who will never give in, For tenacity often redeems; So they fight to the end, and quite often they win -For they never give up on their dreams.

There are times when those dreams will be hard to achieve, There are times when you'll stagger and fall; But you'll pick yourself up, if you truly believe You can triumph in spite of it all. For the goals that you reach for can only be won If you carry the fight to extremes, So refuse to give in; Never say that you're done -And don't ever stop chasing your dreams.



Veronica Weal has been writing bush poetry for over twenty years. During this time she has won many awards, including the Australian and NSW Championships, two prestigious Bronze Swagman Awards, the Blackened Billy Award, the Bush Lantern Award, Henry Lawson Diamond Shears, and the Camp Oven Award. Her first book, "The Crack Of The Whip" was a finalist in the Australian Bush Laureate Award Book Of The Year 2002. Horses played a large part in Veronica's early life, and her love for them is apparent in many of her poems. In recent years her traditional bush verse has been used regularly by other poets, for both competitions and performances. In Veronica's poems - some humorous, some serious - the outback and its characters, both two and four legged, come vividly to life.

HORSES

by Veronica Weal

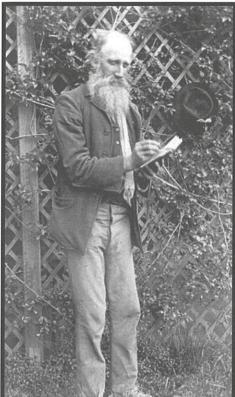
There's a love that is more like a passion! It can flow like a fire in your veins. And it lifts up your heart in a fashion That's unmatched by the fizz of champagnes.

It's the love of the horse! They enslave you With their strength and their beauty combined. It's the love you were born with. God gave you This emotion which captures your mind

There is nothing to equal the feeling When you're cantering over the plains, And you know that your steed will go wheeling Left or right at a touch of the reins.

And the world of the horse is enthralling, From the sweet satin smell of its hide, To the crack of the whip as it's falling, And the galloping beat as you ride.

To the addict a horse brings elation Hoofbeats sound like a sweet lullaby. And your joy in this lovely creation Will remain in your heart till you die!



PHILLIP DURHAM LORIMER (1843-1897)

border into Queensland, and with about a dozen overlanders took 5000 sheep paraplegia in Rookwood Asylum on 5 and 1000 cattle from Warwick to the November 1897. He was known to gulf country. There he caught 'Gulf thousands as 'Old Phil the Poet'; and fever' early in 1866, moved to Port perhaps he was, from some points of Denison, to Cloncurry and to Burke- view, the only true bush poet of them town, where he saw two-thirds of the all. inhabitants die of fever.

poem which begins:

Queensland: thou art a land of pest: From flies and fleas we ne'er can rest. It was frequently reprinted as a leaflet sketch by E.A.Petherick. and sold for a few pence. Despite his decision he remained in Queensland for another three years, part of them on the Darling Downs.

In Sydney he wrote some poems Any reader with knowledge of his was a vice-chairman of the 'Excelsior' Phillip D Lorimer, wanderer and Loyal Orange Lodge in 1872 and wrote poet, was born on 3 June 1843 in Ma- a poem for recitation at its meeting on dras, India, son of Alexander Lorimer, 29 August, lost in unfortunate business assistant-surgeon, dealings some money remitted from and his wife Charlotte (Phillipa), née England, and then set out in the early Henderson. A sister Charlotte was born 1880s on his travels up and down the on 18 July 1841 and a brother Peter east coast, across the ranges, to digabout 1844. Philip was educated at the gings, stations, homesteads and town-tured left, formed the nucleus of the

course. His brother went to the same settlers, diggers, and even editors, and Commonwealth of Australia through school in 1855-59 and took classes 1-4. repaid the hospitality with verses that the Petherick Collection Act of 1911. A fellow-student was Andrew Lang. E. he could produce with no great diffi-A. Petherick, who had access to the culty. Sometimes he took odd jobs and collector and bibliographer who be-Lorimer papers, states that Philip at- occasionally may have settled for short gan to assemble a collection relating tended the University of Edinburgh; the periods. His life must have been most to Australia, New Zealand and the university records do not mention him. uncertain and much hardship slowed Pacific some thirty years before Fed-Although seemingly intended for the him down. Ill health attended his last eration in 1901 in the hope that it

Unmarried and intestate, he died of

In 1859 Lorimer's sister Charlotte In mid-1867 on Bowen Downs he married (Sir) Peter Nicol Russell, a finally abandoned all hope of prosper- benefactor of the University of Sydney. ing in north Queensland and decided to She commissioned E.A. Petherick to return to New South Wales. There he edit a volume of Lorimer's poems and composed the half-comic, half-satiric to provide a biographical introduction. This was privately printed as Philip Durham Lorimer, Songs and Verses (London, 1901), with a biographical

> Upon this volume any writer on Lorimer is heavily dependent.

> Finding poems by Lorimer has proven difficult.

addressed to real or imagined loves, work is asked to please contact the

editor@abpa.org.au



Petherick Collection: some 16,500 titles from the collection of Edward Augustus Petherick (1847-1917),

National Library's collection of Aus-He was apparently welcomed by traliana when it was acquired by the

Petherick was a book-seller, book

Edinburgh Academy in 1854-59, at- ships. tending classes 1-5 out of a seven-year

army, he migrated to Sydney in 1861. years: he was occasionally in hospital, would become part of an Australian As a wanderer he went to the New and at the end he probably became a national library. England District first, then crossed the little deranged.

WHY BUSH POETRY?

© Frank Daniel

Poetry? With the emphasis always rhyme. placed on 'Bush'?

because it is poetry written about Aus- life in the 1980's. Had they bothered to well and is performed in schools, potralia, Australians and the Australian study our heritage they would have etry festivals, local shows and even way of life, having good rhyme and found the answers many times over country pubs. meter, and bush poetry has been part of with no need to question the authenticour culture and history virtually since ity of either the Bush Poet or Bush Po- well over a hundred years ago and were the first settlers.

Bush Poetry stems from the tra-

etry.

Australia has a proud tradition of ditional and though much of our bush poetry. Poems can be happy, modern poetry is of a contemporary funny, sad and drawn from everyday nature, the old tried and true exam- life, the city or the bush. In earlier days I have often been asked 'Why Bush ples are still the best, because they poems by Banjo Paterson, Henry Lawson and Dorothea Mackellar provided Many people have argued that the entertainment and education. Today the My answer has always been the same, terminology Bush Poetry only came to tradition of bush poetry is alive and

> Examples of Bush Poetry existed found in many newspapers including

The following is a notice published in the Daily Telegraph dated 15.11.1897

DEATH OF A BUSH POET:

Mr Phillip D Lorimer, whose death was advertised in the "Daily Telegraph" on Friday, was known right through the country and Queensland and Victoria as "the Australian bush poet."

"Old Phil," as he was called, was known to pretty well in every country newspaper office in New South Wales. And his poetry published in nearly all the provincial papers secured him an audience that more ambitious versifiers might envy. He led a romantic, roaming life.

When he was tired of hawking his poetic wares from one country town to another, he betook himself to an exclusive cave near Bowenfels (Lithgow) NSW and rested there for weeks. The deceased was a son of Dr. Lorimer of the East India Company's service, and was educated at Edinburgh University. One of his brothers-in-law left 50 thousand pound to a colonial university, and his sister owns one of the wealthiest Glasgow pa-

The old man went with M'Intyre's expedition to look for Leichardt, and when M'Intyre and then Slowman, died on the journey, Lorimer was appointed leader, and brought the expedition back to Port Denison.

He had many strange experiences of the bushranging days, in his walks from the seaboard of New South Wales to the seaboard of Queensland, and he related a pathetic incident in the life of Kendall and Adam Lindsay Gordon. Kendall and Lorimer met Gordon one day in Melbourne, and after sharing their fortunes they parted, Gordon going out to Brighton, and Kendall and Lorimer passing the night in the Dandenong Cemetery. That night Kendall wrote "Voices through the Oakes."

Next morning they were surprised to hear the newsboys calling out, "Death of Gordon, the poet."

A day or two after a letter came for Gordon, stating that he had been left 20 thousand pounds. These are experiences which Lorimer himself furnished before his death.

the Bulletin. One prime example being published in newspapers like the the headlines of The Daily Telegraph of Coolgardie Miner, the West Aus-1897, 'Death of a Bush Poet' announc- tralian, and the Sunday Times and ing the passing of Phillip Lorimer. (See enjoyed by thousands of readers.

Forbes (1839-1879), bush balladist, was from all around the State, reflectborn on 13 August 1839 has been re- ing their interests and concerns, corded often as a Bush Balladist and and was described as writing in poet. [ballad: A narrative poem of the manner of a bush poet enterpopular origin]

Further information about him was fire at night. found in Voices from the Bush (Rockhampton, 1869) where he was wrote 'The Bush Poet Speaks' in known locally as 'Alick the Poet'.

He wrote no 'galloping rhymes' but 2008). he deserves his place alongside the likes of Adam Lindsay Gordon, who Bush Poetry in Australia was in wrote 'Bush Ballads and Galloping the second half of the 19th Cen-Rhymes'.

This extract from the racist verse It was at this time that Australia Jingles (1908) by E.G. 'Dryblower' more colonial than sterling. Murphy, the first book of poetry pub- made heroes out of horsemen, tough bush verse. lished in Western Australia by a local shearers, determined gold diggers and poet. His poems were often comical, even 'bold bushrangers'. ble to ordinary people, being regularly Gordon and that great poet, some prefer to think..

'Dryblower' wrote about the William Anderson ('Alexander') experiences of ordinary people taining his mates around a camp-

> Tom Collins (Joseph Furphy) 1898 (ABPA Magazine June

The heyday of the popularity of tury when everyone 'knew poetry'.

According to the article on the previous page, this poem was supposedly written by Phillip Lorimer, but so far I have only found two examples of it, both attributed to Anonymous. It was recorded as a song in 1973 by Folklorist Jack Pobar of Toowoomba Q. Jack said the following curse was written by an immigrant on the Bowendown Station.

THE BUSHMAN'S **FAREWELL TO QUEENSLAND**

Queensland, thou art but a land of pests; For flies and fleas on never rests. E'en now mosquitoes round me revel — In fact they are the very devil. Sandflies and hornets just as bad — They nearly drive a fellow mad; With scorpion and centipede And stinging ants of every breed; Fever and ague, with the shakes, Tarantulas and poisonous snakes; Iguanas, lizards, cockatoos, Bushrangers and jackeroos; Bandicoots and swarms of rats, Bulldog ants and native cats; Stunted timber, thirsty plains, Parched-up deserts, scanty rains; There's rivers here you can't sail ships on, There's native women without shifts on; There's humpies, huts, and wooden houses, And native men who don't wear trousers; There's barcoo rot and sandy-blight, There's dingoes howling all the night; There's curlews wail, and croaking frogs, There's savage blacks and native dogs; There's scentless flowers and stinging trees, There's poisonous grass and Darling peas Which drive the cattle raving mad, Make sheep and horses just as bad; And then it never rains in reason -There's drought one year and floods next season,

Which sweep the squatter's sheep away And then there is the devil to pay.

To stay in thee, O land of mutton, I would not give a single button, But bid thee now a long farewell, Thou scorching, sunburnt land of hell!

A popular rhyme of the later 19th century; also known as "The New Chum's Farewell to Queensland"

'The Alien' is taken from Jarrahland began creating a national identity, one 'Anonymous', provided us with a cata-W e logue of poetry best described as classic

Bush Poetry has gone through a C.J. Dennis, great resurgence and is definitely not sometimes lyrical, and always accessi- Will Ogilvie, W.T. Goodge, J.W. something new or incorrectly titled as

THE WALL of RENOWN - LONGYARD LEGENDS

After a lapse of ten years the once popular Poets Wall of Renown has been re-established at the Longyard Hotel.

Annually at the Fireside Festival held in June each year, bush poets were inducted acknowledging their contribution to bush poetry with eighteen poets added to the list up until 1998.

The ABL Awards were introduced in January 1996 at the Longyard, but because of crowd numbers, that ceremony eventually found a new home at the Tamworth Town Hall.

After 1998 the photographic display was discontinued and eventually removed from the Goonoo Goonoo (pron. Gunny Ganoo) room into stor-

The Gallery will be replaced during renovations in 2008 and will include Photographs of the 2008 inductees Ellis Campbell and the Naked Poets as well as those to come in ensuing years..

The April-May issue of the ABPA Magazine saw the start of a long list of inductees since 1992.

Each short bio is relevant to the inductee as at the time of election.



Championships will be held in bers of a recognised bush poetry Benalla from the 10th to the 12th club. In previous years, the music October 2008 at the Benalla Bowls competition has proved to be a Club, Arundel St Benalla.

Noel Stallard will hold a show on Friday the 10th at 8pm, as a lead a concert will be held. It is bound up to the main competition on Sat- to a great night's entertainment urday.

the Saturday and Sunday from 8am. \$10. Not to be missed! with the competition proper commencing at 10am.

opportunity to see the poets in ac- 'Entry Forms'

tion prior to the competition and for those not competing to get up and present a poem.

Spectators are likely to see the poems run the full spectrum from the riotously funny to tear-jerkingly serious with everything else in between. All levels of experience will be catered for, from novice through to open. A separate junior competition will be held on the Sunday.

In addition a bush music competition will also be held with sections for both original and other Australian song to be contested. The 2008 Victorian Bush Poetry Competitors will need to be memgreat addition to the weekend.

On Saturday the 11th at 7:30pm, with bush poetry, yarns and bush Poets' Breakfasts will be held on music. The cost of entry will be

For further information go to page 17 or the ABPA website at These breakfasts will be a great www.abpa.org.au and look up

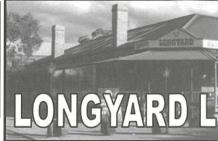
ABOUT 'BLUEY'

For those readers who know Merv 'Bluey' Bostock, the founding President of the ABPA, we are sad to say that this great bush larrikin, bush poet, former welter weight boxer, raconteur, rodeo clown, personal friend of the late RM Williams, and all-round great bloke is suffering from the aftermath of a stroke as well as battling throat cancer and prostate cancer.



Bluey would love to hear from poets on his mobile 0427 328 282.





1996

Our second recipient of the Bush Poets Wall of Renown for 1996 grew up on dairy farms around the Lismore area in Northern NSW. He left school at fourteen and worked in the sugar mill until he joined the navy in 1960. After ten years service and some time as a cellarman in a Sydney pub he moved back north and bought his own dairy farm. His vivid childhood memories of North Coast life, together with his unique style and sense of humour have made him a great favourite with audiences since he began writing and reciting his verse in 1991. He produced his first book in 1993 and his album was a finalist in the Bush Laureate Awards of 1996. He was Champion Poet at the National Country Music Muster in 1995. Elected June 1996. He is THE MULLUMBIMBY **BLOKE** -Ray Essery



Grahame Watt was born in the small Victorian town of Kyabram, has lived and worked there all his life and has been presenting monologues and singing at local functions for a good part of it. He began writing verse around 1980 and won many prestigious competitions with

classic poems such as "Skew Wiff Kelly", "Patches" Australian Limerick and "Gladys". He became Champion in 1991, produced a very successful book and an album of his verse and was first president and co-founder of the Kyabram Bush Verse Group. Grahame has spent many years preserving our heritage and promoting bush verse in Victoria. Elected June 1997.



Frank Daniel was born and raised at Bungendore on the NSW Southern Tablelands. A fifth generation Aussie he was educated by the Sisters of St Joseph and made very

aware of his Irish heritage by his mother.

Frank worked at many jobs such as drover, roughrider and farming contractor before establishing his own trucking business.

Although he had written verse since the 1970s it wasn't until 1993 that a meeting with Col Wilson and Jim Haynes launched his career as a performer. Frank is also known as one of Australia's best story-tellers and has promoted Bush Verse as President of the Bush Poets' Association.

Elected June 1997.





1998

Carmel Randle Carmel Randle was born and educated in Brisbane and spent most of her life in rural Queensland. Until retirement she taught speech and drama, music and English, but she always found time to devote to her family Jay, Sally, Zita, Rachel, Nora, Eylece and Bill in addition to her other great interest, rhymed poetry.

Carmel has travelled extensively throughout Australia performing Australian Bush Poetry -- Traditional, Established and Original. In 1997, 1999 and 2001 she appeared at the Elko Cowboy Poetry Gathering in Nevada USA.

Carmel has won many awards for her writing including the prestigious Bronze Swagman Award in 1996 and in 1999, the 'The 1995 Battered Bugle Award' and the 'Ernie Setterfield Shield'.

At Winton in 1995 Carmel was acknowledged as the Reserve Champion Lady Performer of the Australian Bush Poets Association.

Carmel was a founding member of the Australian Bush Poets Association Inc and worked hard to establish the judging rules and categories for competitions.

Shirley Friend: This very funny award-winning humourist was spotted by Judith Durham of the Seekers in 1986 whilst performing comedy in the Noosa area north of Brisbane.

Shirley, already a 1985 winner of the Noosa National Play Compe-

tition, became a popular performing stand up poet at every major festival across the nation.

Her confidence and experience has taken her to great heights in the Bush Poetry movement having performed throughout the three eastern states from the Gulf of Carpentaria to the southern most points in Victoria.

She is cheeky, she is charming, and presents a collection of the most outlandish poems imaginable. Always the brunt of her own jokes and poetic situations.

Shirley is not backward in coming forward with many of the sometimes-embarrassing predicaments in her life.

Her enthusiasm for the lighter side of life reminds us that 'laughter is the best medicine' and followers of her performances and readers of her books are immediately addicted to her work.

In 1996 Shirley won the coveted 'Pat Glover Story Telling Award" at the premier Port Fairy Festival in Victoria.

In 1998 Shirley was inducted to the Wall of Renown at the Fireside Festival at the Longyard Hotel in Tam-

NSW Open Bush Poetry Championships

Excitement is building up in the town of Morisset in the Lower Hunter Valley. The Hunter Bush Poets (an affiliate of the Hunter Valley Folk Club) will be conducting the 2008 NSW Open Bush Poetry Championships at the Morisset Country Club over the weekend of 17th, 18th and 19th October and organisers, competitors, media and locals are abuzz!

Already entries are flooding in so if you want to be in it, get your entries in pronto, as time restrictions may mean a cut off of entry numbers in the performance section. Beautiful trophies and cash prizes are up for grabs as well as the honour of being the NSW State Champion Male, Female and/or the State Champion in the Written section.

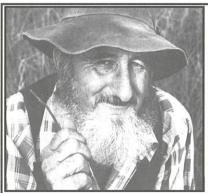
THE NSW Bush Poetry State Championships is being sponsored by Morisset Country Club and Eraring Energy and will be conducted under the auspices of the A.B.P.A.

Performance entries close on 30th September with Carol Heuchan and written entries with Robin Franks 18th September.

Don't forget the Poets Breakfast and Brawl on Sunday 19th.

Bookings are also being taken for the dinner on the Saturday night which is shaping up to be the social highlight of the weekend.

Visit the Hunter Bush Poets website www.hunterbushpoets.org.au/ dnn for map and accommodation details or go direct to the Australian Bush Poets Association Inc. website www.abpa.org.au or, if you're not into computerspeak, phone Robyn Franks 02 49 945926 rfra0155@bigpond.net.au - or Carol Heuchan 02 49 773210 (email carrobity@hotmail.com)



TED SIMPSON -1986

In the Longyard Legends in the June-July issue I asked if anyone could supply a photograph of Ted course, Anonymous. Simpson.

Mr. Pat Browne of Port Macquarie rang to say that he knew night of good old Aussie entertain-Simpson and that Ted conducted a bush band known as the Bush worked out of Wagga Wagga.

dler in the band, a teacher at South dances in the Riverina. Wagga school and for some time Later the group became better Hill. Pat also supplied the photo- The Tin Shed Rattlers. graph.

In a promo the Bush Bandicoots were described as Wagga's premier bush band who provided the entertainment, sing-a-longs and toe-tapping, foot-stomping music for the dances.

Highlights of the evenings was the recitations by the master of bush verse and humorous Aussie Poetry, Ted Simpson. His 'Resuscitations' as he called them included such favourites as TE Spencer, Will Ogilvie, Blue the Shearer, Anthony Jack, AK Harvie, Duke Tritton, Richard Magoffin, Claude Morris and of

The Bush Bandicoots were experts at providing an all round ment and dancing.

The band performed at such Bandicoots Bush Band who places as Tamworth, Port Fairy, the Sydney Opera House as well Pat Browne's son Jeff was a fid- as their usual rounds of bush

the School of the Air at Broken known at festivals far and wide as



Port Stephens Country Music Festival

the June long weekend.

Bush poetry featured promi-Terrace to Tea Gardens and all age to entertain ourselves. points in between, some standing room only.

they included Greg North, Arch about this great country. Carcary, Kathy Edwards, is a keeper of the flame. Graeme Johnson, Bob Skelton, Peter Mace Dylan Cartledge, Ken Jones,

Gabby Colquhoun, Dave Proust, Carol Heuchan, John Dengate and Peter Mace.

Nick Lock, a member of the Gosford Bush Poets performed at four venues, enthralling audiences by singing some of Henry Lawson's most beautiful poems (When your on the same stage as The third Port Stephens Coun- Greg North and Dave Proust and try Music Festival was held over the crowd want more, you must be doing something right)

With many of the poets staynently over four days of the festi- ing at the One Mile Beach Caraval, with venues from Raymond van Park we all seemed to man-

The highlights were Arch's spaghetti boll that would have A fine and varied array of fed half the park and listening to poets performed at clubs, pubs, John Dengates seemingly endless on ferries and out in the open, repertoire of songs and poetry Bishop, Sally Mitchell, Susie As one fellow poet said, he really

BEEF WEEK CASINO Another successful roundup of bush poetry at the Country Energy Beef Week in Casino at the end of May saw four days of packed houses and six shows at the Cecil Hotel with John Major, Murray Hartin and Ray Essery performing.

Guest poets included Jan McDonald of Unanderra NSW and Paddy O'Brien of Murwillumbah NSW with a large number of walk -up poets. The winner of the competition on Sunday 1st June was Paddy O'Brien with Susan Carcary the runner-up.

BUSH POETRY AT DENILIQUIN

Deniliquin is a small country town on the Edward River, a branch of the Murray River, in south-western New South Wales. Deniliquin lies at the centre of the largest area under irrigation in Australia and produces a variety of yields including rice, wool, dairy products, mutton, barley, wheat, vegetables and fruit, cattle and timber.

'Deni' is relatively new as a Country Music Festival but organisers have already included Bush Poetry as a major feature. In July this year, Carol Heuchan performed, compered and judged the walk-ups at the Sunday morning Brekkie before a great crowd in the Deniliquin R.S. L. Club. Many had never been to Bush Poetry before and it was a terrific response from new devotees and well as the died-in-the-wool followers.

Competition was tight in the walk-up, comp. with many hilarious performances but Alex Allett mesmerised the audience with one of the best ever renditions of Banjo's "In the Droving Days" to get Carol's nod for the award which carried a great gift voucher from the local Bookstore. Alex is from Deniliquin and has been on the land all his life so his heart was truly in the poem. Congratulations to Alex and also to the contenders from the poetry group down there who well and truly kept him on his toes. A top festival and one to put on the calendar for next year.



DISTANT DIALOGUE

(on The Bulletin's death, Jan 2008) © Ron Stephens Dubbo 1st Prize, Banjo Paterson writing awards Orange NSW 2008

'Good morning Henry, have you heard the news from down below? I can't believe what's just occurred. It's quite a body blow for those of us who spend our time on Aussie Poets' cloud recalling rhythmic patterns, rhyme in verse that did us proud.'

'I've heard! I've heard! It pains me, Bart and were I back on earth I'd make my way quick-bloody-smart to buy ten dollars worth of solace from the nearest inn to mark this tragic day the once rumbustious Bulletin has sadly passed away.'

'Yes, "passed" is weakly apposite: no protest banners showed; no angered poets set alight the publisher's abode; no week of mourning was declared; no weeping in the street; the city pulse was unimpaired and never missed a beat.'

'Well, in the past we've disagreed on city versus bush, a topic editors decreed would give their sales a push. I'm hoping now some country town where verse retains appeal will have a poet jotting down the misery we feel.'

'The city publishers are now all stubbornly obsessed with finance news, pop-stars at play and snaps of them undressed. Your Faces in the Street wear frowns but no-one paints their fates as you did, Henry; much less crowns your derelicts as mates.'

'It's obvious few writers now concern themselves with verse, yet editors will stoop and bow to smutty tales and worse. I note your Snowy River strikes a chord through suburbs still, while lads are bucked from motorbikes up-dating Mulga Bill.'

'And one or two true gentlemen like Dunn of Nevertire (great portrait from your tribute pen) are rising from the mire of knavery and greed below.

GIPPSLAND BUSH POETS

3rd Annual

AUSTRALIA POST GIPPSLAND WATTLE BUSH POETRY OPEN WRITTEN COMPETITION

\$1,000.00 First Prize

Minor prizes: - \$250.00 and \$100.00 (Also Highly Commended and Commended awards)

Entry cost is \$10.00 per poem or \$20.00 for up to 3 poems.

For an entry form, send an S.S.A.E. to:-

Gippsland Bush Poets written competition, C/o P.O. Box 453 MAFFRA Victoria 3860.

Or email:- bjdraper@netspace.net.au

Entries close on October 31st 2008





Ellis Campbell has agreed to be this year's sole judge.

Who'll laud the lives they've led? Our voices faded years ago; The Bulletin is dead.'

'It's masthead motto was withdrawn, as jingoism lapsed. Then - damnable! - true verse forsworn.

Small wonder it collapsed. Here, floating on these boring clouds, there's little we can do

but wipe the teardrops from our shrouds, recite a verse or two.'

I could recite my latest -Chill Despatches from Irak but we've already had our fill of news that's edged in black. I'd rather hear your Undermined, equating politics with Sydney tunnels serpentined by engineers and tricks.'

Well, thank you 'Banjo' but we've got an urgent job to do. While indignation's surging hot we have to say adieu with fiery pen or subtle spin. Tomorrow we'll compare our tributes to The Bulletin, whose loss is hard to bear.'

NEW VENUE: 2008 PRIMARY SCHOOL STUDENTS BUSH POETRY COMPETITION

For the ninth consecutive year the attend. Midcoast Sundowners Bush Poets

Entry is free and open to all Pri- \$3.00. mary School students who reside in 16th August, 2008.

awarded to the fifteen highest scoring certificate.

This year's presentation of awards 6554 9788. and Poets Breakfast will be held on and Pell Streets, Tuncurry, NSW.

A barbecue breakfast will be availbookings are essential.

recite or read their poems on stage this important local School Children's and will be joined by local and visit- Bush Poetry Competition. ing poets who are cordially invited to

The morning's program will also Group will conduct the Great Lakes include a One Minute Poets Brawl and Taree District Written Bush Po- with prize money to be announced on etry Competition for School Students. the day. Entry fee for the Brawl is

Topic for the Brawl poem will be the above districts. Closing date is available by phone from Reid Begg, one week prior, on Saturday 13th Cash prizes of \$35.00 will be September between 9 am and 2 pm.

Bookings for the One Minute poems and all entrants will receive a Brawl, Breakfast, and other enquiries should be directed to Reid, phone 02

Once again the organisers wish to Sunday, 21st September at a new express their appreciation to their venue, now known as The Loop event sponsors who to date are Coun-Building, (formerly the Girl Guides try Energy and local accountancy firm Hall), located at the junction of South Harrison, Main and Macarthur of Forster who sponsor the Poets Brawl.

The Midcoast Sundowners Bush able at 8 am at a cost of \$7.00 and Poets group are also excitedly looking forward to next year's event which At 9 am the successful entrants will will celebrate the tenth anniversary of

Submitted by Reid Begg,



Adam Lindsay Gordon was Australia's first national poet, paving the way for Paterson and Lawson etc. He was a troubled soul and took his own life at Brighton Beach Victoria in 1870 when he was only 37 years of age. He was a brilliant writer, and acclaimed horseman. Shunning too much contact with people he would climb a wattle tree with a

natural armchair of branches, where he would smoke like a factory chimney and write...and write, often forgetting to eat. His grave is in the Brighton Cemetery and his infant daughter Annie, is interred with him there. The tall bluestone Doric pillar that graces his grave is in need of restoration. To this end a dedicated band of ALG supporters have formed an association to preserve his legacy, and are fund raising to restore his grave to its rightful state. They have an Oz website that is well worth a visit.

One of his most remembered verses says, in part...

'Life is mostly froth and bubble two things stand like stone kindness in another's trouble courage in your own.'

Below is Glenny Palmer's poem 'Kindred Spirits' that won the 2008 Adam Lindsay Gordon Poetry Prize. The presentation was made in Melbourne on June 14th, and was a wonderful event.

KINDRED SPIRITS © 2008 Glenny Palmer

Away! Away! the venturer is forging through the throng; beware the passion looming, set no foot or hoof a-wrong, for man nor beast will conquer haunted genius in flight as onward, on to victory, emblazoned ere the night awaits, with hushed foreboding of discordant symphony from Mistress Melancholia beguiling sanity.

Escape! Escape the madness coursing through the master-mind, and flee to scale the arch-ed limbs of Wattle there inclined, and rest...oh rest the torment, with the pen and pipe alight, in wanton wonder weave your whimsied words with wan delight; there craft for me your rhapsody in posthumous decree, and shed for me compassion's tear for common agony.

Begone! Begone vile spectres, sail the blessed dawning light that ushers fond deliverance from demons of the night, and stroll with me in empathy through lyricism's land, and grant to me a moment's comprehension of the hand and heart and soul you offered us; forgive our faculty embezzling all discernment of your solemn legacy.

Redemption! Oh Redemption, sweet the kiss upon my brow, I kneel in supplication at the sight before me now; the battered bluestone pillar guarding history's bequest, the infant's clay and thine entwined, eternally at rest. This earth-bound kindred spirit bids, beholden, your release, now ride your foaming thoroughbreds of Brighton, back to peace.

Judge's comments:

You have been selected by our Judge, "PHILTON" to be the winner of the open section of our poetry competition for 2008 for your poem "Kindred Spirits"

Philton said that your poem was excellent and by far the best and covered all the facets of Adam Lindsay Gordon, even to the style of his poetry.



GLENNY - A WINNER

Congratulations to Glenny Palmer of Kooralbyn Qld. who won the 2008 Adam Lindsay Gordon competition and travelled to Melbourne for the awards presentation. Glenny's win was announced during the Adam Lindsay Gordon Froth and Bubble Festival on Saturday 14 June in conjunction with The Fellowship of Australian Writers, World Poetry and Federation Square.

The prize for the Open Section was a cold cast bronze statue of an Arabian horse donated by Susan Pender Glenny's winning poem 'Kindred Spirits' can be found adjacent.



Can anybody help with the words to the following poems? Please advise the editor@abpa.org.au. or phone 02 6344 1477

You must not throw upon the ground The food you do not want For wilful waste brings Ills for want And you may live to say Oh how I wish I had that food That I once threw away.

Does any reader have the words to the poems Daffodils and Lace and

Kissing Cup (possibly by Campbell Rae Brown)

The VICTORIAN BUSH POETRY STATE CHAMPIONSHIPS October 10th - 12th 2008

8 pm FRIDAY – NOEL STALLARD IN CONCERT

DON'T MISS THIS SEEING THIS AUSTRALIAN CHAMPION POET

Admission - \$10

Written Section - Entries close 10th September

10 am SATURDAY & SUNDAY

PERFORMANCE COMPETITION

Conducted under the auspices of the ABPA Inc
SEE AUSTRALIAS FINEST BUSH POETS

Entries close 26.9.2008

(Admission: gold coin donation)

7.30 pm SATURDAY NIGHT CONCERT

A GREAT NIGHTS ENTERTAINMENT
POETRY, YARNS, MUSIC, FUN AND LAUGHTER
Admission - \$10

CONTACT:

Victorian Bush Poetry And Music Assoc. Inc.

Secretary, John Peel 0428 312 287 email peel_jg@hotmail.com or send DL sized SSAE to: The Secretary V.B.P.M.A. 613 Havelock St Ballarat Vic 3350

ANSWERS TO EXAM QUESTIONS by Fifteen and Sixteen Year Olds

Ancient Egypt was inhabited by mummies and they all wrote in hydraulics. They lived in the Sarah Dessert and travelled by Camelot. The climate of the Sarah is such that the inhabitants have to live elsewhere.

The Greeks were a highly sculptured people, and without them we wouldn't have history. The Greeks also had myths. A myth is a female moth

Actually, Homer was not written by Homer, but by another man of that name.

Socrates was a famous Greek teacher who went around giving people advice. They killed him. Socrates died from an overdose of wedlock. After his death, his career suffered a dramatic decline.

Joan of Arc was burn to a steak and was canonised by Bernard Shaw. Finally, Magna Carta provided that no man should be hanged twice for the same offence.

In midevil times most people were alliterate. The greatest writer of the futile ages was Chaucer, who wrote many poems and verses and also wrote literature.

The sun never set on the British Empire because the British Empire is in the East and the sun sets in the West.

COO-EE MARCH FESTIVAL



The Cooee Festival commemorates the famous 1915 Cooee March. After the Gallipoli disaster and the first casualty lists were published the number of Australian men enlisting to go to war dwindled.

In an attempt to change this trend, thirty-five men set out on a recruitment drive from Gilgandra to help in the WW1 effort, calling out "Cooee" to encourage men along the way to come and enlist also.

On the 12th December the Cooee's reached Sydney with 277 men. The Cooee March was the first of many recruiting marches in this country, with recruiting marches playing a vital role in Australia's World War I effort.

The Cooee Festival showcases, preserves and celebrates Australian history in a unique and special way.

To celebrate this proud and unique event in Australia's history, Gilgandra comes alive with a jam-packed schedule of events over the course of the days. You'll enjoy days of entertainment with a street parade, roving entertainment, bands, bush poetry, golf, jumping castles, face painting and markets. There is plenty of food and full bar service available. The Bush Poetry Night will be on Friday 26th September Phone 02 6847 2105 for more.

The Hunter Bush Poets (an affiliate of Hunter Valley Folk Club) Present

The NSW BUSH POETRY OPEN STATE CHAMPIONSHIPS

Sponsored by Morisset Country Club and Eraring Energy

October 17th - 19th 2008 Morisset Country Club

Dora Street Morisset

Conducted under the auspices of the ABPA Inc

Closing dates. Written comp. 8th September Performance competition 30th September Friday pm: Meet and Greet & Poets Brawl Topics Saturday: Competition - Dinner and Presentations Sunday: Poets Breakfast and Brawl

Prizemoney

\$300 to first three place-getters in each category CHAMPIONSHIP TROPHIES male and female Dinner in Club Restaurant Saturday night

Contact Written: Secretary, Robin Franks 28 Erin Street, Stroud. NSW 2425 02 49 945926 rfra0155@bigpond.net.au

Enquiries Performance only:

Carol Heuchan 02 4977 3210 carrobity@hotmail.com

website. hunterbushpoets.org.au/dnn
Date Claimed for next year OCT 17 2009

MELROSE PLAINS

To a spot in the west, not too far off, My roving heart has run, For it is lonely sitting idle here, When I know that there's the fun. My spirits sail on the Fifield roads, And down by the sheltered lanes, And there sits down to the welcome cheer. From the friends at Melrose Plains.

That old home stands on a sloping hill, With a view that is grand and free. Where tho' a stranger first I came, They would always welcome me, But now when my heart is crushed and sad, And the world seems full of pain, My Ford would turn to the Fifield road, That leads to Melrose Plains.

I wish them well those loyal friends, So genuine, bright and kind, I've rambled the world over twice, But they are the best I find, Their hospitality and kindly giving, It's pinnacle attains. Oh! but I've never met the best of them. That live at Melrose Plains.

The Winter and Spring will quickly pass, Then Trundle I must leave. It scarcely matters where I go, But for those friends I'll grieve, I must go beck in my motor car, For too far away from trains, To a well known home, that cheers my

With the name of Melrose Plains.

I hope that God will prosper well, And give them all good joys, And bless the dear kind Mum and Dad, And all the girls and boys. May many seasons come to them, To give them worldly gains, May every light that lightens life, Light down on Melrose Plains.

By Rev. W. Gallagher

This was given to me by Barry & Bev Ward of Glenbrook NSW. Barry said a relative had typed it from a handwritten original inside a copy of "Around the Boree Log".

He also said that Father Hartigan, Father Gallagher and Jack Moses often travelled together in the area and loved to sing around the family piano.

Melrose Plains was Barry's father's property - Wards of Trundle/Tullamore/ Condobolin.

Greg North 2008

COMPETITION RESULTS

Waltzing Matilda Bush Poetry Awards:

Winton, Old.

Results of the 13th Annual (2008) Little Swaggies Bush Poetry written Award

OVERALL PRIMARY

First: Coralie Charles, Cambooya State School, Old Second: Macabe Daley, Evesham State School, Qld

Third: Rebecca Iselin, Christian Outreach College, Brisbane, Old

OVERALL SECONDARY

First: Robert Berryman, Year 8, All Souls St Gabriels School, Charters Towers, Qld Second: Jenna-Lee Charles, Year 8, St Saviour's College, Toowoomba, Qld Third: Liam Davison, Year 8, All Souls St Gabriels School, Charters Towers, Old Paige Guldbransen, Year 8, All Souls St Gabriels School, Charters Towers, Qld

2008 BUNDY MUSTER

Novice Traditional

Trent Jenkinson 2nd Jayson Russell 3rd Lis Brown

Novice Modern

1st Trent Jenkinson 2nd Jayson Russell 3rd Dawn Jackson

Novice Original

Arthur Green 2nd Ken Thorne

Intermediate Traditional

1st Dot Schwenke 2nd Jayson Russell 3rd Julie Jenkinson

Intermediate Original

1st Dot Schwenke 2nd Julie Jenkinson

3rd Arthur Green

Bundy Rum One Minute Cup

1st Susan Carcary 2nd Laura Collins 3rd Dean Collins

Duo Performance Winners

Lynden Baxter & Susan Carcary

Yarn Spinning

1st. Ron Selby 2nd Susan Carcary 3rd Dean Collins

OPEN SECTIONS

Traditional - Men

1st Terry Regan 2nd Dean Collins 3rd Ron Selby

Traditional - Women

1st Carmel Wooding 2nd Jennifer Haig 3rd Jan Facey

Modern - Men

1st Ellis Campbell 2nd Terry Regan 3rd Kevin Dean

Modern - Women

1st Molly Sparks 2nd Cay Ellem 3rd Carmel Wooding

Original - Men

1st Dean Collins 2nd Ellis Campbell 3rd Terry Regan

Traditional - Women

1st Jennifer Haig 2nd Susan Carcary 3rd Jan Facey

OVERALL CHAMPION POET

Carmel Wooding

BUSH LANTERN AWARD

for Bush Verse

1st. Milton Taylor

2nd David Campbell 3rd Kym Eitel

HC Max Merckenschlager

HC Ellis Campbell

HC Catherine Clarke

A TASTE OF COUNTRY

There's plenty to see and do in the twin towns of Harden-Murrumburrah and the beautiful, neighbouring Hill- beauty - particularly during the spring tops region of the South West Slopes when a wide variety of grain crops are

of New South Wales. Visitors are always welcome to the glorious Harden Shire, one of the most picturesque areas within the State.

The region is notable for its scenic

in bloom. Combined with the green pastures and rolling hills, they provide a magnificent kaleidoscope of colour

One annual even that has been running for the past fourteen years is the Taste of Country. Originally known as the Hardened Liars, this function is one of the most popular in the south with its proximity to Canberra and the

Riverina.



HARDEN LIGHT HORSE MUSEUM



Open Poetry Competition Write a poem about this hat and win \$200 Prize Money

Entries close 26th September, 2008 Winner announced at **Junee Show 25th October**

No Entry Fee Cover note required with permission to display poem

> Send to Megan Callow 2 Knight St Junee 2663

email to wollac 63@hotmail.com Come and see poetry entries and the unique, hand crafted millinery display at the Junee Show

Want to know more? **Contact Megan Callow on** 0407411735 wollac 63@hotmail.com

'Hey Pollie'

(the week that was #20) © Harry Donnelly 30th May 2008

Hey Pollie – don't insult me, how you know about feeling my pain, from your chauffeured tax funded limmo - as petrol goes up - again. Don't begin to talk of the hardship, each interest rate robbery brings, from your taxpayer funded apartment - and allowance - for everything.

Don't insult the millions of people trying daily to make ends meet, as decent and hard working Aussies find themselves and their kids on the street.

Don't send footage of school fights in Parliament, as you attempt your own self to amuse,

'tis not a good look for those struggling - each night on the six o'clock

Do you feel for the sick and discarded, waiting months for a hospital

or each family left picking up pieces long after their loved ones are

Did you fob it all off on the doctor, or each overworked, underpaid nurse?

as you shrugged off the treasury billions - which you lost from the taxpayer's purse.

Do you care of the plight of the farmer, as he wrestles with family pride?

sinking further in debt and depression – and an option of suicide. Don't talk about feeling the suffering and humiliation that old age can

as you cushion your gifted retirement, with your self given 'gold cardie' thing!

So – in Government – you talk in your rhetoric, using party lines through to the core,

then - when sacked into Opposition - you become what you wouldn't before.

And you ask that I trust what you're saying from your lurk and perk laden perch,

sorry but – this week – I'm hurting, and words really aren't going to

Hey Pollie – I'm sick of your rhetoric, and tired of your 'self giving' stuff.

start earning your lurks with some action, 'cos quite frankly – enough is enough.

Oh yeh – one word on your 'fuel watch' debacle, and that three cents you'll save me - ho ho,

I've had to let go of my internet – so how will I bloodywell know???

An Open Bush Poetry Competition places in each section. (1^{st} \$300 - 2^{nd} with a choice of three poems for non-(male and female combined) and Din- \$250 - 3^{rd} \$150 - 4^{th} \$100 - 5^{th} \$50) original works. Entries will be accepted ner sponsored by the Kruger Trust, will plus three prizes of \$100 each judged on a first-in first served basis with rebe conducted at 6pm on Saturday night by an audience vote at the Sunday funds of entry fees to non successful 25th October and a cooked Poets Break- Breakfast; a total of \$2,000. fast the next morning. Charges for the it's a popular venue.

Contemporary Humorous paying five contact details (phone or email) along

dinner will be \$30 per head and \$10 for cludes dinner for competing poets, and Brown 6386 2555 (B.H.) or Connie the breakfast. Bookings are essential, will be limited closing on 1st October. McFadyen 6386 2575 e-mail There are no entry forms so nomina- conniemcfadyen7@bigpond.com The competition will be conducted tions should be made in writing and (see ad page 20). in two sections either Original or not: 1. include the titles of the selected poems, Traditional or Classical works, and 2. the performers full name, address and

late entries.

Entries, with a fee of \$10.00 in- Bookings can be made with Lorraine

The Australian Bush Poets Association Inc.

(Established 1994)

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Membership: Annual subscriptions \$30.00 Ist January to 3Ist December payable to the Treasurer.

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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

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.

TUNCURRY BREAKFAST 'n' BRAWL

incl. Awards Presentation **Great Lakes & Taree District**

> Written Bush Poetry Competition for Primary School Students

8 am Sunday 21st September The Loop Building

• (old Girl Guides Hall) Crnr. South & Pell St.

Tuncurry NSW

Poets Brawl topic available from Reid Begg on Saturday 16th September from 9 am - 2 pm. Brawl Entry \$3 Barbecue hot breakfast \$6.00 Breakfast bookings essential

Ph. Reid Begg 6554 9788

ST. EDWARDS SHOWCASE CONCERT 2009

Edward Parmenter will once again present the Showcase Concert - St Edwards Hall Hillvue Road, Tamworth Monday 19th & Wednesday 21st January 2009

Concerts will feature M.C.'s Noel Stallard and Frank Daniel Poets wishing to perform at the venue should contact Ed so that details can be published by Rural Press in the Official Tamworth Programme Ph. 6652 3716

email: secretary@abpa.org.au

ADVERTISING RATES

1/3 Column \$10.00 2/3 Column \$15.00 **Full Column** \$20.00 Half Page \$40.00 **Book Shelf** \$ 5.00

Full page ads not available

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

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

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

Send all details in plain text along with payment to The Editor. PO Box 16 Canowindra NSW 2804 email. editor@abpa.org.au Ph. 02 6344 1477

Walla Walla Wagon Wheel Award for Written Bush Poetry

\$5 per poem 3 for \$10

Entries close Oct. 17 2008 Send two copies of each poem with cover sheets and full payment to

> Erica Nadebaum 11/33 Mardross Crt **ALBURY NSW 2640** (02) 60405337

email den53@austarnet.com.au Further enquiries welcome

The annual

National Cherry Festival Bush Poetry Performance Competition Young Golf Club Saturday 6th December

An open competition (Male and Female combined) with limited entries

Section 1. Serious -Section 2. Light-hearted (Traditional, Contemporary or Original) Giving entrants the opportunity to recite two poems each.

Poets Breakfast 8am Sunday 7th Anderson Park

Entries will not be accepted before 15th of September

and should be made with Greg Broderick -Phone 02 6382 2506 email. gbroderi@bigpond.net.au.



AUGUST

- Closing date NORTH PINE AUSTRALIAN CHAMPIONSHIPS Manfred Vijars email manfred@rocketfrog.com.au
- BRISBANE. Ekka Bush Poetry Competition. 8.30am Trisha Anderson Ph. 07 3268 3624 trisha.spencer@bigpond.com
- 15-17 Bushmans Heritage Weekend Casino Village NSW Ph. Dawn Thomas 02 6662 7804
- 22-24 NORTH PINE Q. AUSTRALIAN CHAMPIONSHIPS Pine Rivers Memorial Bowls Club
- 26-31 GYMPIE MUSTER BUSH POETS Marco Gliori PO Box 999 Warwick Q. 4370 07 4661 4024 gliori@in.com.au

SEPTEMBER

- BLACKENED BILLY Verse Competition Opens for entries janmorris@northnet.com.au PO Box 3001 West Tamworth NSW 2340
- 1-2 INVERELL NSW Outback Celebrations Ph Burt Candy 02 6721 1127 Candyb57@yahoo.com
- SPRINGSURE Q. Poets Breakfast. Old Fort Rainworth. Ph Colleen McLaughlin 07 4984 1274
- GUNDAGAI Turning Wave Festival Ph. 02 6944 2200 www.turningwave.org.au 17-21
- RUSTY NAIL BUSH Verse Festival (Marong V.) Ken Jones 03 5441 5121 k-jones@bigpond.net.au www.cgbp.info for details. 14
- 16 Closing date. JUNEE NSW Poetry Writing Competition - See page 18
- 21 TUNCURRY NSW 8am Poets Breakfast 'n' Brawl & Presentations Enquiries Reid Begg 02 6554 9788 (see page 20)
- 26 302009 WINTON Q. Waltzing Matilda Bush Poetry Championships
- GILGANDRA Coo-ee March Festival Poetry Night Elaine Gibson PO Box 171 Gilgandra NSW 2827 Ph. 02 6847 2105 26
- 28 Greenslopes (Brisbane) Bush Poets Breakfast Anita Reid 07 3343 7392
- 29 Winton - Announcement of Bronze Swagman Award SSAE PO Box 120 Winton Q. 4735
- 28-30 MILDURA Festival Daily Brekkies Neil McArthur 0400131852 macpoet@iprimus.com.au

OCTOBER

- Entry forms Country Energy Tamworth Bush Poetry Competition. SSAE Jan Morris PO Box 3001 West Tamworth NSW 2340
- Nandewar Bush Poetry Awards Presentations. Max Pringle [maxpringle@bigpond.com]
- 10 St. ARNAUD Vic. Contact Kath & Ross Vallance (03) 5495 1992
- 10-12 BENALLA VICTORIAN STATE CHAMPIONSHIPS Written closes 10th September Performance closes 26th September Secretary John Peel 613 Havelock St Ballarat 3350 Ph 03 5342 6305 johnp@goldacres.com.au
- Closing Date Walla Walla Wagon Wheel Written Awards 11/33 Mardross Crt. Albury 2640 Ph. Erica 02 60405337 den53@austarnet.com.au
- 17-19 NSW STATE CHAMPIONSHIPS Morisset NSW - K Franks www.hunterbushpoets.org.au Carol Heuchan 02 4977 3210 carrobity@hotmail.com
- 19 Jamberoo Valley Lodge - One-day Festival - illawarrafolkclub.org.au Ph 1300 887 034
- 2008 Rolf Boldrewood Literary Awards. Prose and Verse. Macquarie Regional Library. PO Box 1042 Dubbo NSW 2830 or www.mrl.nsw.gov.au 19
- 23-26 WIDGEE Q. Balladeers Muster Poets Breakfast Lex 07 4129 3145 Merv 07 4159 1868
- 25-26 HARDEN NSW A Taste of Country Performance Poetry Competition Poets Breakfast Sunday Morning 8am Page 1.& 21
- Closing date. GIPPLAND WATTLE \$1000 Written Comp. PO Box 453 Maffra V. 3860 Page 15

NOVEMBER

- Beechworth Celtic Festival Vic. www.beechworthcelticfestival.com.au Poetry and Music.
- 8-10 MAJORS CREEK NSW. Folk Festival Alison Smith 02 4842 2889 asmith@braidwood.net.au
- GLEN INNES NSW Neville Campbell 02 6732 2417 nevillecampbell1@hotmail.com 11
- 14-15 CROOKWELL NSW WOOL WAGON AWARDS (page 8)
- 14-16 DALGETY NSW Snowy River Festival—\$1,000.00 Poets Competition Yarnspinning (page 21-22)
- Closing date BLACKENED BILLY Verse Competition Jan Morris PO Box 3001 West Tamworth NSW 2340 janmorris@northnet.com.au 30 30
 - Closing date. WA STATE CHAMPIONSHIPS Brian Langley www.wabushpoets.com

DECEMBER

YOUNG NSW Competition & Breakfast. Greg Broderick 02 6382 2506 gre.jan@bigpond.com

Due to lack of support and the time involved in preparing the Calendar of Events plus the fact that no-one seemed to notice the supplement was missing from the June issue, I have included this calendar, updated to the best of my knowledge.

The next full calendar will be included in the December issue, provided updates are received from event organizers by November 20th.

TASTE of COUNTRY HARDEN NSW

25th 26th October **Bush Poets Dinner** Performance Competition & Sunday Brekkie

\$2000.00 Prize-money

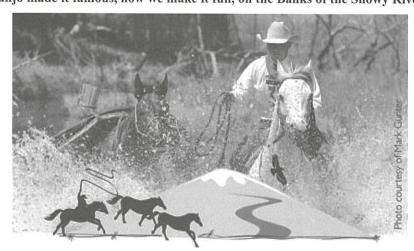
Limited Entries Close 1st October

Lorraine Brown 02 6386 2555 (B/hrs)

Connie McFadyen 02 6386 2575 e-mail: conniemcfadyen7@bigpond.com

> HARDEN ARTS COUNCIL PO Box 205 Harden NSW 2587 (See page 19)

Banjo made it famous, now we make it fun, on the Banks of the Snowy River



The SNOWY RIVER FESTIVAL 14-16 November, 2008 **Dalgety NSW**

Please e-mail info@snowyriverfestival.com for enquiries (see p. 22)

OBIT: CATHERINE MARY (CATE) STEVENSON O.A.M. - 1950-2008



great friend of her life. and supporter when April poet

first festival in 2002 to commemorate fast such notable events. the 100th anniversary of the worst land Mount Kembla Mine Disaster.

than a year to live. She was still plan- named the Cate Stevenson Memorial

The ning this year's festival, the eighth, Poets' Breakfast in her honour. Bush Poets lost from her hospital bed in the last week

Cate poetry and Poets- A Henry Lawson also raised over half a million dollars in Stevenson Poem was read at her funeral, so it was her role as secretary of the Illawarra Mount only natural that any festival she was Chapter of Vision Australia. Kembla passed involved with would have a strong Poaway on 2nd etry component. The 'King/Queen" of seen in Wollongong for years with 2008, the mountain was an annual award many of the regions civic leaders in Though not a (among many others) that were synony- attendance. Her talents will be sorely herself mous with Mount Kembla and was missed. Cate who was 57, is survived Cate was the driving force and organ- awarded for the best poem about min- by her husband, Andrew and a lot of izer of one of the best festivals on the ing or Mt Kembla. Such poetic lumi- grateful festival goers and poets. South Coast of NSW- The Mount Kem- naries as Greg North, Vic Jefferies, Viv (Russell Hannah) bla Mining Heritage Festival. Cate and Sawyer, Zondrae King were among the a small band of enthusiasts initiated the many who made the Mt Kembla Break-

disaster in Australian history- The and from her hospital bed she passed You will never be forgotten and will the baton on to local artists and poets continue to live on in all of us. Love Ironically when she was planning Wendi Leigh and Dave Berry who have always, Cheryl' the first festival in 2001 she was diag- put together the 2008 poets Breakfast . nosed with cancer and told she had less and awards. The poetry has been re-

Nobody ever said no to Cate and she was a great fund raiser. The Festival Cate had a great love of Australian always had great sponsorship and Cate

Her funeral was one of the biggest

On Monday April 7, 2008, Cheryl Commazzetto wrote: 'I thank God for the Gift of Cate, a truly beautiful soul Cate's legacy will live on however who has touched the lives of so many.

Snowy River Festival -**Dalgety NSW**

The historic village of Dalgety on the banks of the Snowy River is the only town left on the Snowy River in New South Wales, after the flooding of Jindabyne and Adaminaby townships during construction of the Snowy River Scheme.

The Snowy River is one of the most val is a three day celebrarecognised icons in the country and communities along the River boast some of the most interesting history and heritage in Australia.

The Dalgety community, situated on the banks of the "Snowy" is proud to announce a celebration of Australian culture and true Snowy River heritage. Read all about it on the Snowy River Festival website.

Previously known as Buckley's Crossing, the township was surveyed in 1874. It was once a major stock crossing at a time when bullock trains were an important mode of transport. There was a punt across the river before the bridge was built in 1888. Dalgety is located on the Snowy River 19 km from Berridale and 50 km from Cooma and is 768 metres above sea level.

In 1902 Dalgety was one of the proposed sites for the nation's capital city.

The Snowy Mountains Hydro-

Electric Scheme made a huge impact on this once thriving town and it is hoped that in time, with the release of more water into the Snowy River that this National icon will again resemble the great river that it once was.

The Snowy River Festition of this unique Australian way of life. It captures the history, heritage and

culture of the 'High Country' with a few modern twists! Imagine flint-stones flying, perspiration flowing, every muscle working to breaking point as horse and rider work as one to utilize every ounce of skill they can muster. The weekend boasts a wide variety of Bush Festival Entertainment, so there is something for everyone.

Wander through the High Country Art Exhibition and see a fabulous display of works from a variety of talented artists. Listen to Bush Poets...'He hails from Snowy River, up by Kosciuszko's side'... When Banjo Paterson's epic poem 'The Man from Snowy River' was first published, it captured the imagination of men and women both here and abroad. Dalgety will keep that legacy alive with the 'Bush Poetry



Competition' and story telling from yesteryear with Frank Daniel at the helm as the chase is on for a thousand dollars in prize-money.

On Sunday the Snowy Mountains Regional Food Fair will offer a delicious range of culinary delights to showcase our regions finest produce and restau-

Visitors will enjoy the Heritage Display, the \$1,000 Bush Poetry Recital, Stockman's Relay, Market and Trade Stalls, Working Clydesdales, Whipcrack Competition, Horse Shoeing, Dog High Jump, Brumby Catch, Snowy River Recovery, Traditional Aussie Bushdance (Saturday Night) and a variety of other entertainment for the kids. (p.21)

COUNTRY WOMEN

© Max Merckenschlager Winning Poem - 2008 Golden Horseshoe Competition

We're delivered by dogs to her generous grin as she opens the screen door to welcome us in. There's a kettle on simmer for callers or kin and we're sure of a seat at her table.

By the sink in a bucket with Steelo and Jex is her morning's collection of dirtied and flecks and a sweep of her forearm is clearing the decks as she asks us to lunch, if we're able.

On her sideboard, a sepia image of gran stares a book-end away from the pioneer man who received all the credit for taming this land and she's hiding their secret of sharing.

For she worked in the wings, copping hardship and pain not a seeker of praises, nor one to complain and if time was recycled, she'd choose to again in their country of heartache and daring

making home between hessian on wattle and mud where she once nursed an accident covered in blood either bagging a fire, or bagging a flood and "recruitments of labour" delivered

making do for her family when prices all fell standing firm, when the bank was determined they'd sell and the pandemic missed her - she had to stay well as her sickened community shivered

where she learned how to handle an axe and a rake either splitting a mountain or clearing a break and dispatching in segments a home-sharing snake with the air and aplomb of a bushie

where she buried the past of a city-bred bride like she buried her face in a pillow and cried on the evening he swept up and took her inside at a hut that made hovels seem cushy

where the scrub was still beating a path to her door and the meat-ants mined hillocks all over her floor and a season could pass between trips to the store there was seldom a nag or a grumble where the trimmings of lace from the gown she had worn for a feminine touch to the windows were torn and the sunshine of laughter that greeted each dawn filled her eyes and her cottage so humble

where the drought-stricken country, once toasted and parched

saw her youngest to oldest all lined up and marched into weekly-bathwater their clothes could have starched saved for mother, and then for her garden

where the orphans in dozens were reared on a teat all her surrogate-shadows of twitching and bleat every cutlet-conversion she chose not to eat because parts of her never could harden

where she battled depression, both mental and real when her man was off droving with dogs on his heel and the Nineties conspired to rob their next meal though they feasted on love at her table

where she faced every element throwing its worst suing peace with her Maker to bury their first for the life which He gave her was bless-ed, not cursed she was queen, and the scrub was her sable.

But the musings are popped, for our hostess-ignored has returned from her kitchen with black-coffee poured. She is wearing both hats of the labour and Board and her rationale's simply survival.

She is often the farm-hand and always the cook and she downloads their data and balances book. All her roles are essential, while farming is crook and the pundits don't fancy revival.

For her kids are in Uni and planning careers that will keep them in cities with most of their peers and she handles the logic, while swallowing tears for the land and its people are wearing.

And those legendary yardings of heavenly hosts mobs of drovers and ringers and glamourised ghosts look below from 'The Muster' on all at their posts and salute country women for caring.



2008 ABPA AUSTRALIAN BUSH POETRY CHAMPIONSHIPS

hosted by

The North Pine Bush Poets Group Queensland 22nd, 23rd & 24th August 2008

\$7,000.00 TOTAL PRIZEMONEY \$7,000.00

New Venue - CLUB PINE RIVERS crnr Sparkes & Francis Roads BRAY PARK
Phone Club Pine Rivers 07 3205 2677

Friday night: Poets Brawl - - Saturday night: Gala Concert (Bookings essential)

Junior - Novice - Open Male and Female - Performance Competitions

Billy Hay Memorial Yarn Spinning - Novelty events

Go to the ABPA Website for further information www.abpa.org.au

Contact the Secretary Manfred Vijars PO Box 701 Morningside Q 4170 or manfred@rocketfrog.com.au

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repeated between stanzas. The highlighted (yellow shaded) words are those hidden by the picture of Paterson. The text in black is the entire poem. The text in red is the entire poem repeated in the second instance and the blue text is the beginning of the third instance of the poem. As you can see (with a magnifying glass), although the poem begins three times, more than three quarters of the words

Note also that line breaks don't always correspond to line breaks in the original poem. For example the third line begins "RIDING WHERE THE WILD BUSH HORSES ARE..." which is half way through the seventh line of the first stanza of the original. Greg North. (Page 5)

the word had ha That the colf A B "BANJO" PATERSO



POETRY PAGES

The Twins Henry Sambrooke Leigh Bruce the Budding Poet Noel Stallard 3 The Shoe JML 4 The Tale of an Old Gum Tree Jim Gordon 6 Kellogs Australia Dr. Dan O'Donell 7 AFL or ANL Unknown 7 7 Convict Poem Georgina S Barrington 9 Chasing Your Dreams Veronica Weal 9 Horses Veronica Weal Distant Dialogue Ron Stephens 14 Kindred Spirits Glenny Palmer 16 Hev Pollie Harry Donnelly 18 Melrose Plains Rev. Father W Gallagher 19 Country Women Max Merckenschlager 23

WILD HORSES READ YET WITH

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AND HE RAIL THEM SINGLEHANDED TALL THEIR SIDES WE RE WHITE WITH FOAM HE FOLLOWED LIKE A BLOODHOUND OF
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WORD TO DAYAND THE STOCKMEN TELL THE STORY OF HIS RIDE TEN DOLLARS TEN DO

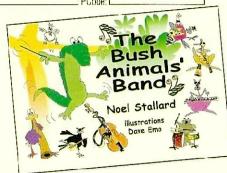
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Suitable for children aged 3 to 12

Noel was a teacher for thirty five years and is now a professional writer and entertainer with bush poetry. His other published works include, "Chalk Dust & Bull Dust" and "My People, My Country". He and his wife Ann live in Brisbane and they have a son Joseph and daughter Elizabeth.

ILLUSTRATOR

AUTHOR

Dave works as a fine artist, illustrator. cartoonist and designer. Newspaper eatures include internationally syndicated "Frontiers of Science" and 'Earthcare". He and his wife Eileen live in the Hunter Valley and have seven grown up children.





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