

ARPA

The Australian Bush Poets Association Inc.



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Magazine - (since 1994)



Gary Fogarty

Lorraine McCrimmon
Kym Eitel

GET THE LOW DOWN ON LOWIE!



MIKI MAAS OAM PHF



BESSIE JENNINGS

MIKI MAAS

She sang on our airwaves - a sweet lilting voice from faraway Europe - Australian by choice. From old post-war Sydney, swapped cultures once more for farming - a lifestyle she'd not known before.

Like Marco Gliori, and Manfred Vijars, and Max Merckenschlager, the name Miki Maas belongs to an Aussie - let's all raise a glass and drink to the health of a lady of class.

Bessie Jennings

BESSIE JENNINGS

of Port Macquarie was taken back to 1957 with the story in the last issue of Mrs. Miki Maas OAM PHF of Gunnedah who accepted the Judith Hosier Heritage Award at Tamworth's ABL Awards on behalf of Gunnedah's Dorothea MacKellar Poetry Society.

Bessie has happy memories of corresponding with Miki when she used to run a Sunday afternoon program on ABC radio. Miki used to sing and accompany herself on guitar, mostly folk songs, and Bessie was more than thrilled when she broadcast a song Bessie had written and sent to her - a song called "Bittercups and Maidenhair" - in September 1957.

Since reading her ABPA magazine, Bessie, through simple investigation, managed to

contact a Mrs. Maas at her Gunnedah home renewing an old acquaintance.

Bessie writes: "I rang Mrs Maas this evening and she knew nothing of the article nor of our ABPA magazine. (The editor has since sent her a copy of the February issue).

She tells me her husband of over sixty years died just recently and she's been feeling dreadful, so to hear a friendly voice from the past was a welcome surprise - and I'm confident she'll be delighted with our magazine."

In 1983, Mrs Miki Maas OAM PHF, orchestrated the foundation of the Dorothea Mackellar Memorial Society Inc. Mrs Maas is a post war immigrant who, after reading 'My Country' was deeply moved by the patriotism displayed in the poem.

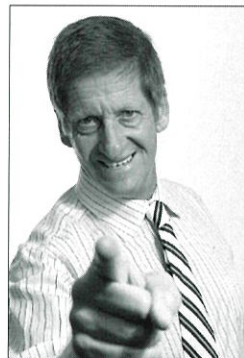
COWRA NSW

BUSH SLAM

Cowra's Japanese Men's Shed, The War Graves Cemetery, the Lachlan Vintage Railway and other places of historic and cultural importance. The voices of the two battling poets spoke of the sadness of losing and burying loved ones on foreign soil, and that it is people that make a town, not buildings.

Bush Slam is being produced by Freehand Productions in association with ABC TV and will examine the multicultural aspects of Cowra, its close links with Japan and its Indigenous culture.

Hosted by one of Australia's favourite rampaging



The Cowra crowd responded to Carol's emotive words describing what she had encountered during her three days, particularly the War Cemetery, and a personal experience. The overall winner will be decided when the programme goes to air . . . about Grand Final Time.



voices HG Nelson, Bush Slam brought to Cowra two poets, Australian Bush Poetry Champion, Carol Heuchan, and Hip Hop Rapper, Joel Ma, aka *Joelistics*, one of Australia's foremost rappers and lead singer and MC of TZU.

After three days experiencing the town and meeting residents, Carol and Joel had to describe, in verse, the spirit of Cowra and its people. The other stars of the series will be the unique towns of rural Australia, locations that tap into the cultural psyche of the nation, its icons and its folklore. Importantly, these towns will not only be defined by their past, but the vibrancy of their inhabitants and the promise of their future.

Filming took place over three days across the town from the POW Camp, the

Joel Ma is a rising star in the poetry and Aussie hip-hop scenes. As well as fronting his band TZU, Joel goes into Melbourne's west and runs hip-hop and theatre workshops in high schools.

Champion Australian Bush Poet, Carol Heuchan (pronounced Hugh-can) needs no introduction to the ABPA. She was born in the heart of Sydney where an affinity for animals saw her enter the world of horses.

After thirty four Sydney Royal shows she turned a hand to poetry with ongoing success as a writer and performer.



PRESIDENTS REPORT



G'day Members,

Our hearts, our tears, our prayers and our assistance go out to the victims of the Victorian bushfires and the north Queensland floods. We all know the extremes our Australian climate can deliver but when huge numbers of fellow Aussies lose their lives, their property and a lifetime of possessions we realise how helpless we can be in averting what nature delivers.

In 2006 the ABPA established a Register of Written Competition Judges that festival organisers could contact knowing that these poets would be competent judges for any written competitions of bush poetry. This year I would like to establish a similar Register of Judges for Performance Competition. The criteria used for the written was that the intended judge had demonstrated their expertise by having won a significant Written Competition. I would like to invite those performers who have won a significant Performance Competition to be included on this Judges' Register. We would all be aware that not all good performers are necessarily good judges but we need some criteria and at least these poets have demonstrated the necessary skills to win. If applicants could email or write to me indicating their successful competition(s) and their agreement to have their contact details made available for festival organisers under Register of Written Competition Judges.

One of our members has emailed me the following suggestion which I would like to present to you.

"In the 80's an organisation was established called The National Foundation for Australian Women. Behests and wills are one of their major sources of income. My idea would be to advertise in the ABPA magazine perhaps twice a year noting that poets may wish to leave a specified amount in their will to the ABPA. They may wish to nominate

how their funds are spent (eg this donation is to encourage young people's written poetry or they may be happy for the funds to go into general revenue. Some may wish to specify a prize, eg, donors who give over \$5000 may be entitled to 'name' the prize, their initial donation would be put into trust and the interest would pay the annual prize money). The ad would state that all monies would be welcome from \$100 up and that donors would be recognised both in the magazine and at the 'event' or 'prize' they may be associated with. This idea worked very well for the NFAW. There was an initial discussion about whether or not it was in poor taste to ask for will behests but in fact it emerged that the true believers were just waiting for such an idea to be proposed (and very keen to donate to something they loved) and no-one was offended or upset at all. The money started rolling in almost immediately."

Please communicate to me your agreement or disagreement with this suggestion.

At the AGM in Tamworth I opened for discussion the possibility that in performance competitions instead of using the summation of Raw Scores that the three judges give to determine places that the summation of the Rank Order of each judges scores determine places.

We know individual judges can vary significantly as to what score they give their top performers and the summation of these raw scores can distort the result. In a 15 person competition the Rank Order indicates a judge's top performer (1) down to their last performer (15)

For example each of the Judges A, B and C give 85 to a contestant whose total = 255.

But this 85 in the Rank Order of each judge can be very different.

For Judge A the Rank Order for a raw score of 85 is (4)

For Judge B the Rank Order for a raw score of 85 is (2)

For Judge A the Rank Order for a raw score of 85 is (1)

Why change? It's a matter of which process is the fairest for the competitors. If members want the full sheet of information that was given out by me at the AGM just contact me.

With gratitude,

Neil Stallard

SMALL WHITE CROSSES

© Zita Horton



Look around you as you travel on the roads that cross this nation- there's a new crop springing up that needs an explanation.

Though I don't know who's the planter, or whose hand dug the hole, this crop of small white crosses brings a sadness to my soul.

Each is a small memorial, a cairn to mark the place where someone else's loved one met their Maker face to face, and the passers-by just pass on by this mournful, solemn sight and ignore the slight reflection from their headlights in the night.

Do they ever spare a sidelong glance, or slow their constant pace to ponder on what tragedy once happened in this place?

Or speculate whose wavering hand inscribed that name and date through tear-dimmed sight, and rage-filled mind, against the hand of fate.

Does a memory pierce a mother's heart each time she passes here, or a farmer on his way to town still shed a silent tear - does the trucker, to his missing mate still bid a last good-bye with a blast upon his air horn, to assail both plain and sky?

For the nightmare keeps recurring for those who have survived - a screech of brakes, a crash of glass - and everything's revived.

We plot our nation's road toll, not on a graph by hand, but in the trail of small white crosses spread about this wide brown land.

Editors new address.
Please direct all mail to
4 Short Street
CANOWINDRA NSW 2804
editor@abpa.org.au

FRONT COVER.

'Since Cheryl Went Feral' in 1996 - Members of the ABPA dressed up for the fun of the Tamworth parade. Main picture Marion Fitzgerald - Garry Fogarty - Shirley Friend.

What do you see, nurses,
what do you see,
what are you thinking when you're looking at me?
A crabby old woman, not very wise,
uncertain of habit, with faraway eyes
who dribbles her food and makes no reply
when you say in a loud voice, "I do wish you'd try!"
Who seems not to notice the things that you do,
and forever is losing a stocking or shoe.

I'll tell you who I am as I sit here so still,
as I use at your bidding, as I eat at your will.
I'm a small child of ten with a father and mother,
brothers and sisters, who love one another.

At twenty-five now, I have young of my own who need me to guide and a secure happy home. A woman of thirty, my young now grown fast, bound to each other with ties that should last.

Dark days are upon me, my husband is dead;
I look at the future, I shudder with dread.
For my young are all rearing young of their own,
and I think of the years and the love that I've known.

But inside this old carcass a young girl still dwells,
and now and again my battered heart swells.
I remember the joys, I remember the pain,
and I'm loving and living life over again.

I think of the years - all too few, gone too fast -
and accept the stark fact that nothing can last.
So open your eyes, nurses, open and see,
not a crabby old woman; look closer --see ME!!

‘I was married twice,’ said the man in the bar, ‘but I will never marry again. My first wife died after eating mushrooms, and my second wife of a fractured skull.’ ‘What a shame,’ said his companion, ‘how did that happen?’ ‘She wouldn’t eat her mushrooms.’

© Garry Lowe

Big of heart' though small in stature, the advice he gave was free,
Like a 'mozzie' comin' at ya, and he fastened on ta me.
"Don't cut into another's time, or do poems that are long,
And just make sure they damned well rhyme,
and don't ever sing a song!"

"Get yourself a sense of humour, try to loosen up a bit.
Tell 'em all it's just a rumour, this cockroach ain't ful ... ly fit,
Just make 'em laugh or shed some tears, take in ev'ry word I say,
And just get rid of them big ears, and I think you'll do OK!"

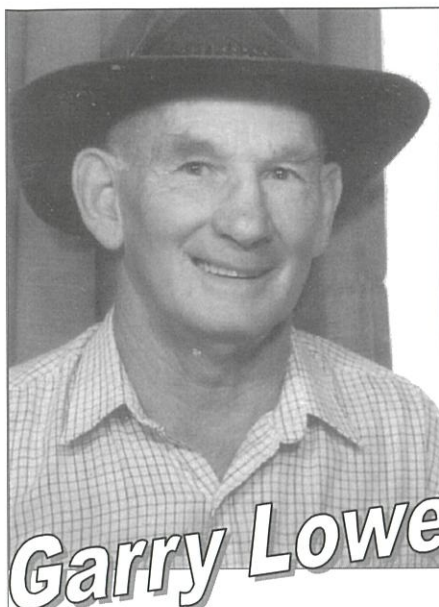
On The Thompson River fishin', down The Barcoo in the rain,
I still find myself just wishin' we could share those times again.
And although I've grown much older, if not wiser through the years,
I still hear him at my shoulder, "Strewth! Ya still got them big ears!"

Fragile body, thin as cotton, life on earth a short term lease,
He's gone now, but not forgotten,
free from pain he's found some peace.
When those Angels came and claimed him and St. Peter let him in,
Then Knew Just Why They'd Named Him, 'Bob Miller, The Larrikin!

I've been a really lucky bloke, to have shared some precious time
and swapped some lies, some yarns, a joke,
I always made 'em rhyme.
He shed a diff'rent light on life; always give the best ya can,
and if you help someone in strife, you'll have been a better man!

The men wrote: "Woman, without her man, is nothing."
The women wrote: "Woman! Without her, man is nothing."

* A dietician was once addressing a large audience in Sydney. “The material we put into our stomachs is enough to have killed most of us, years ago. Red meat is awful. Vegetables can be disastrous, and none of us realizes the germs in our drinking water. But there is one thing that is the most dangerous of all and we all of us eat it. Can anyone here tell me what lethal product I’m referring to? You, sir, in the first row, please give us your idea.” The man lowered his head and said, “Wedding cake.”



Garry went to Nowra Intermediate High School where he excelled in a number of sports and held the record for the eight-eighty and the mile in athletics.

He took up an apprenticeship as a Baker and Pastrycook at Leverton's Bakery in Kinghorn Street. Following this he worked on the construction of the paper mills in Bolong Road Bomaderry and was then employed at the mill when it became operational.

In 1952 he completed his National Service Training at Ingleburn at nineteen years.

A keen surfer, Garry was a member of the Nowra-Culburra Surf Life Saving Club gaining his Bronze Medallion at Mollymook in 1955. He took out the annual South Coast Single Surf Ski Championships in 1958.

Garry played rugby league for the Bomaderry Swamp Rats, 1st Grade rugby league for both the Nowra Warriors (Group 11) and group 7 at Trundle and went to Gulgong NSW as Captain Coach in 1964 and Coolah the next year where his teams won first and second grade premierships in Group 14, with Bob Gibson leading the firsts and Lowie cracking the whip in the Reserves. After the football he became full-time manager of the Gulgong Olympic Pool until 1979 before moving to the central coast where he still resides.

His first festival was Tamworth (1995) His travels were limited by his work but since retirement he has managed to tour over a greater area.

Garry has two sons and a daughter, seven grandkids and two great grandchildren all living nearby. The youngest son still lives with Garry.

In 1994 he won the Red Faces Competition on 'Hey, Hey, It's Saturday' with an original 'How ya Goin' Mate?' - a poem which kick started him into bush poetry. He got involved and became a member of the ABPA, played in the first State of Origin for the 'Blues' at the June 1994 Fireside Festival at the Longyard Hotel.

His first folk festival was at Jamberoo in 1996 and has been a regular at the National in Canberra, Narrandera, Bungendore and all places up and down the east coast. His travels were limited by his work but since retirement he has managed to tour over a greater area. He was runner up to Milton Taylor in the Australian Championships at Winton in June 2001. Other wins of note are at Millmerrin and Stanthorpe in Queensland.

In 1999 he won the 'King of Rhyme' for original work at the Gympie Muster.

A Devout New South Welshman, Garry Lowe is undoubtedly one of the great characters of Australian Bush Poetry. A prolific writer with a memory envied by his peers. He rarely committed his poetry to paper, was able to compose and retain his work without effort, and has only recently put poems eight and ten years old into print for safekeeping. It would be hard to imagine the Bush Poetry scene without him. The originality of his work, both serious and humorous, have endeared him to audiences countrywide.

His larrikin mannerisms, which may have developed even more severely by knocking around with the likes of the late Bobby Miller and the late John Philipson, both Longyard Legends along with Garry, are so fair-Dinkum that he has become an irrepressible character in the Bush Poetry Circle.

Who? Me?

by Garry Lowe

I'm gettin' worse, and this weak verse
explains me situation,
Had no schoolin', i'm not foolin',
no proper education.
Most of the time, me words don't rhyme
me language isn't lawful,
And I should add, me spellin's bad,
in fact it's bloody awful!

I've got no hair, but I don't care,
you just call me what you will,
And you might say, that ev'ry day,
takes me further on downhill.
Mistakes i've made, are now displayed,
right across me ugly dial,
I've lived me life, divorced me wife,
and you question why I smile?

I've been roughed up, and i've stuffed up
almost ev'rything i've tried,
I've loved to joke, i've helped some folk
and been "taken for a ride."
Just done me best, and passed each-test,
through North, East, West and South,
Respect I've earned, but never learned,
when it's time to shut me mouth!

It's time I stopped, it's time I copped a
real baggin' from The Judge,
What? Time to leave? well you believe,
this old bastard here won't budge!
A proper twit, 'cause what i've writ,
as you can see is truthless,
I Must Be Old, 'Cause I've Been Told,
I'm Absolutely Youthless!

~~~~~  
\* Men are like parking spots, the good ones are taken and the free ones are handicapped.

\* Never take life seriously. Nobody gets out alive anyway.

\* Hard work never killed anybody, but why take a chance?

\* The only reason people get lost in thought is because it's unfamiliar territory.

\* Everyone has photographic memory; some just don't have the film.

\* There are three sides of an argument -- your side, my side and the right side.

\* The road to success is always under construction.



## I'm Sorry, Laurie! by Kym Eitel

Winner 'Bronze Spur Award' 2008

Here I sit with husband, Laurie,  
"For the millionth time, I'm sorry!"  
as we're waiting in the crowded x-ray ward.  
See, we had a little "mix-up"  
now he needs a bit of fix-up  
and he blames me, but I still blame the cord.

His eye is bruised and swellin'  
'cos he hit it as he fell 'an,  
yes, it's my fault that he's injured here today.  
He says his nose is broken  
but we haven't really spoken  
since the ambo's came and carried him away.

He was shouting in the kitchen  
and I saw him jerkin', twitchin',  
well, I thought his odd behaviour quite bizarre.  
With distressed enthusiasm  
he was gripped by each cruel spasm  
wailing, "ooh-ee-ooh-nah-nah yeah-ooh-ahh-ahh".

Oh, the pain! His face contorted,  
and his mouth was all distorted.  
He shuddered like a crazy man possessed.  
Some wild, exotic tribal curse  
had torn him from this universe  
and forced him on a strange, spasmodic quest.

He did pelvic gyrating  
like a frantic monkey mating  
as he shuffled back and forth across the floor.  
Like a spastic, psycho chicken  
arms and shoulders kept on flickin'.  
I'd never seen him act this way before.

His temple holes were pulsing,  
he was twitching and convulsing  
as he jerked from fridge to sink, then past the drawers.  
He leapt like he'd touched fire,  
as he spun - I saw the wire -  
ah ha, electrocution was the cause!

No time for feeling sickly.  
I knew I must act quickly.  
We mustn't touch, or I'd get zapped like that!  
I thanked those ambo classes  
as I straightened up my glasses  
then whacked him with a wooden cricket bat.

Laurie cleared the kitchen table  
with that voltage-bearing cable  
still gripping tight to both his head and hip.  
His cartwheel was dramatic  
and his handstand, acrobatic,  
then he flopped across the sink and split his lip.

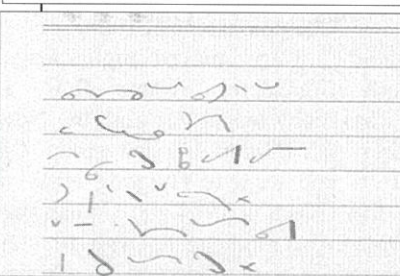
He scored a lovely shiner  
and some other things quite minor -  
he snapped two ribs, we think he broke his thumb,  
his tooth was cracked and hurting,  
from his toenail blood was spurting  
and the bat had left an imprint on his bum.

The ambo's rescued Laurie.  
"For the millionth time, I'm sorry!"  
We're still waiting in the crowded x-ray ward.  
It wasn't electricity  
that caused him all that pain, you see ...  
that "cable" was his stupid i-pod cord!



### KYM EITEL

with her 2008 Bronze Spur Award



## Writer's Rage

by Kym Eitel

Sometimes, in the hush of night  
when everyone's asleep  
my silly brain stays wide awake  
so out of bed I creep.  
I get a poem in my head,  
it bounces in my brain.  
I have to write to get it out.  
It drives me quite insane.  
So down I sit and start to write,  
this poem's real good stuff!  
The thoughts are tumbling way too fast,  
I can't write fast enough.  
But then a strange thing happened and  
my memory returned  
from high school, thirty years ago -  
the shorthand skills I'd learned.  
My hand was flying faster than  
a greyhound round the track  
and funny wiggly lines appeared -  
a hieroglyph attack!  
I wrote a brilliant poem,  
stored it safely on that page.  
I'd found a real fantastic way  
to manage writer's rage.  
The words poured out, the story grew,  
I lost all track of time.  
I wrote the world's best poem -  
perfect metre, perfect rhyme.  
I went to sleep, but then next day,  
I had a heart attack!  
I looked at all my shorthand notes,  
but could not read them back!

## Kym Eitel

When you're born and bred on a family farm and the only thing that matters is horses and life in the bush; your family tree bears lots of nuts; the stories (mostly true) about your family and friends hides nothing to conceal their real identities or protect their reputations or dignity, then you've just gotta be Kym Eitel.

Kym reckons if you're silly enough to do something worthy of writing about, then you should get the glory that goes with it.

The winner of many written awards Kym has published three heart-warming books of poetry choc-a-bloc full of heart-breaking, hysterical, historical or horsey poems. 'Wild Horse Rain' and 'Wild Brumby Heaven' were respective finalists in the 2007 and 2008 ABL Awards and 'You've Gotta Be Kidding' won the children's section in 2008.

Born Kym Jensen in Biloela Queensland, her first job was with the Bank of New South Wales followed by eleven years working in the office of Callide Coalfields advancing from receptionist through to the Secretary to the General Manager.

In 1985 she married a long, tall Texan, Frank Eitel, lived for one year in Texas USA before returning to Biloela and purchasing an irrigation farm.

Kym worked at Mt. Murchison Primary School in Administration for just over two years before giving up work to help out on their new farm. She has three daughters.

In 2004 Kym was diagnosed with Breast Cancer, but two years later she is still around to annoy everyone. Despite operations, chemotherapy, radiation and all that good stuff, she says she still found plenty to laugh about (gotta laugh while you can, hey?).



Stephen Whiteside's third book,  
**"Poems of 2008"**,

like his first two, covers a wide range of themes. These include CJ Dennis and Toolangi, the Victorian High Country, Ned Kelly, sport, domestic life, and life in the ocean. There's even a bit of space fantasy, and a couple of odes to inanimate objects! Some of these poems have won awards. As always, Stephen's poems cover a variety of emotions. There are poems for sober reflection, and poems to rickle your tibs. A must for all lovers of rhyming verse! (p. 21)



## Drinking At The Pub

© Stephen Whiteside 28.11.08

My dearest wife remarked to me,  
 "I stay at home and scrub.  
 I wash and iron and cook while  
 you're just drinking at the pub!  
 I do believe it's most unfair.  
 I'm stiff with indignation,  
 Especially in these modern days  
 of Women's Liberation!"  
 I pondered all these words she spoke.  
 I uttered not a word,  
 But next day, as her chores began,  
 the strangest thing occurred.  
 I put a load of washing on,  
 then hung it on the line.  
 I took the family silver out,  
 and brought it to a shine.  
 Then we both went shopping,  
 to buy some groceries.  
 I carried them inside the house,  
 and helped her shell the peas.  
 I peeled all the potatoes, too,  
 and chopped the pumpkin up,  
 And when she put the kettle on,  
 I joined her in a cup.  
 Next day she had her sewing class.  
 Of course, I joined her there.  
 Both of us were quite surprised.  
 I had a certain flair.  
 That afternoon was tennis,  
 with the mothers from the school.  
 I grabbed my shoes and racquet,  
 though I noticed she seemed cool.  
 Another day or two went by.  
 I trotted by her side,  
 And everywhere she chose to go,  
 I joined her for the ride.  
 At last my wife erupted  
 (as I strove to clean the tub),  
 "Shouldn't you be with your mates,  
 and drinking at the pub?"

## THE NIGHT BIRD

by Valerie Lopez 1933-2008

Two old women sat in the evening light  
 Neither spoke a word  
 No need for talk as they gently rocked  
 Both heard the call of the bird

The Night Bird had been around all  
 week

There was nothing more to say  
 They knew the time was almost here  
 To go their separate ways

They hadn't set out to be friends  
 Nearly sixty years ago  
 When a young girl - black as the ace of  
 spades  
 Met the other who was white as snow

That was back in the days when life was  
 hard

For women both black and white  
 One was the maid the other the missus  
 And everyone thought that was right

But isolation youth and loneliness  
 Set them on common ground  
 They locked that away like a secret  
 When the others were around

Over the years the babies came  
 Though each had a son who thrived  
 Both shared the grief a mother knows  
 For the babies that hadn't survived

But the embryo bond was growing  
 Conceived in the hard life's womb  
 A bond that would span nearly sixty  
 years  
 And would go with them to the tomb

The black one came and the black one  
 left  
 Sometimes for years on end  
 Each time she left the white one felt  
 The parting of a friend

As time marched on the land was de-  
 voured

By the monied and the going was rough  
 The white woman worked the few acres  
 left  
 When survival was only for the tough

But tough she grew as she toiled alone  
 And their paths stepped a different tread  
 Yet she often dwelt on the early years  
 And all she had left unsaid  
 Her man was dead yes, he was long  
 gone  
 Her son, He was long gone too  
 To build a better life' he said  
 So I can care for you

She walked by the graves as the sun  
 dipped low  
 She was tired - too tired to fight  
 Her sadness all consuming  
 When the black one caught her sight

It had been twenty years since she'd  
 gone away  
 Almost to the very day  
 But both women knew - it was written  
 in her eyes

The black one had come home to stay

The harsh sun had weathered the white  
 woman brown  
 And life had weathered the black  
 They knew they had been travellers -two  
 Same journey - different track

Each day they strolled the gardens  
 Fed the hens and ducks and cow  
 They shared the workers cottage  
 That both called home for now

And the old grey heads just nodded  
 When that bird call filled the air  
 Bent bodies seemed to straighten  
 For the last thing they would share

They knew on the seventh night of the  
 bird

One of them would be gone  
 Which ever one - the other knew  
 She couldn't carry on

Both fearless of the afterlife  
 Smiled and their hearts grew light  
 The bird called again and hand in hand  
 They walked out - to the night

But Night couldn't tell which one was  
 which  
 There was only one thing to do  
 When the Night Bird gave his final call  
 Night - gently took the two

## 3WBC 94.1 FM BOX HILL

ABPA member, **Gavin Marshall** writes to tell us that he has been playing regularly the works of Frank Daniel on his weekly community radio show at 3WBC 94.1 FM in Box Hill Vic. He has invited others who have a CD they might like aired to contact him via email [gavinmarsh@hotmail.com](mailto:gavinmarsh@hotmail.com) with their information and details.

~~~~~

An English professor wrote the words, "woman without her man is nothing" on the blackboard and directed the students to punctuate it correctly.
 The men wrote: "Woman, without her man, is nothing."
 The women wrote: "Woman! Without her, man is nothing."



SNIPPETS from ABPA Magazines since 1994



The first issue of the ABPA Inc newsletter was compiled and published by the (acting) Secretary - Treasurer - Editor Mr. Ron Selby (pictured) of Drayton Queensland in February 1994 within a week of the inauguration of the association.

The inaugural meeting was held on 26th January 1994 when an interim committee was formed. The association consisted of twenty-two financial members..

Convener and major force behind the formation of the ABPA was Mervyn 'Bluey' Bostock of Cairns Q. →

Executive members elected were Max Jarrott of Killarney Q., and Geoffrey Graham of Bealiba V.



The inaugural meeting was held at the Imperial Hotel following the finals of the Bush Poets Competition.

Poets successful at this competition were (Original) Mark Gliori, Warwick Q., Ray Essery, Mullumbimby NSW and Bob Miller of Mungar Q. The Traditional section was taken out by Ray Essery, Noel Cutler, Milawa V., and Geoffrey Graham, Bealiba V.



During the Country Music Festival bush poets gained even greater recognition than in previous years when three of Australia's best were invited for the first time to perform at the Australia Day concert. Around 12,000 rose to give a standing ovation when Queenslander Bob Miller (pictured) recited his original poem 'What Makes a True Australian'.

The theme for Miller's poem was that mateship was not just confined to the bush, and that real Australians were everywhere.

In the second issue of our monthly newsletter an elated editor, Ron Selby, proudly announced that we were making great inroads as an association with membership having doubled to 42 within a few weeks, and an influx of news and material, poems and suggestions piling up in his small home office. Word was spreading quickly and newspapers nationally were spreading the word and creating a lot of interest.

Geoffrey Graham, the Victorian Publicity Officer subscribed to the news with his 'Breadcrumbs from the Bulladeer' and noted collector of songs, poems, stories and yarns, Bill Scott opened with a two page article on Poets and People.



Mark Gliori's win at the 'Impy' was his fourth in succession, his winning poem entitled 'Queenie' was closely challenged when only five points separated the first three.

The first of many ABPA members to follow in his footsteps as a writer and subscriber was Blackened Billy winner, Ron Stevens, then of Hornsby NSW, with his poem Tourist Guide, an epic about the plight of outback Koori youth. (March '94)

(Continued p. 12)



Winner - Upper Lachlan Wool Wagon Written Awards - 2008
© Arthur Green. Warana. Qld

FAIRY FEARS AT JUST FIVE YEARS

Down the hallway to my study, with the only light a ruddy glow from embers in the fireplace, casting shadows on the wall, I crept softly as a thief would bent on crime and up to no good, cursing squeaky floorboards creaking at each poorly placed footfall.

I'd awoken just on midnight. Some sixth sense decreed I must write what few lines of brilliant verse my addled brain could still recall, for I knew the poem dawning would have disappeared by morning, though that's often the result when I can't read my midnight scrawl.

In the study's somewhat dim light from reflected outside moonlight, some small movement in our unfenced, bush lined back yard caught my eye.

One small wallaby stood frozen; could it be the spot he'd chosen, somehow threatened unseen danger? Should he feed, perhaps, or fly?

As I sat to watch and wonder, there came sounds of distant thunder, with the wallaby deciding he'd be best advised to flee, coinciding with my knowing that his audience was growing, as my five year old, small daughter, wide eyed, climbed up on my knee.

Then her whisper came, concerning her most fervent, ardent yearning to know certain things I'd felt, 'til then, were better left unsaid. "Are there fairies, Daddy, really, or just you and mummy merely playing make believe tooth fairies after I'm tucked up in bed?"

Having lost her tooth, she's very apprehensive the Tooth fairy, whose been known to be forgetful, might well need this little chat, for our Tess, like all her gender, knows the worth of legal tender and her tooth out in the kitchen, was mute evidence of that.

With my poor brain madly straining through the few brain cells remaining still awake at this ungodly hour to help resolve my plight, I assured her, "I'm not lying. Cross my heart," while somehow trying to drum up some facts on fairies she'd not heard before that night.

"As required for their protection, and to help escape detection, their existence is a secret every fairy tries to keep." As I added just a few more, fancy facts on fairy folk lore, Tess relaxed and when I'd finished, she was once more fast asleep.

Bed for both, while not forgetting that damn tooth or I'd be getting 'please explain' looks from my daughter who, the instant she awakes, would be out to check her molar had become a cash payola and had better find a shiny fifty cents for all our sakes.

On awakening next morning, I found recollection dawning of young Tess with all her 'fairy' doubts and fancy fibs I'd told, with those lines of verse so very, absolutely necessary, lost forever while I reassured a gap toothed five year old.

Joyful squeals that emanated from the kitchen indicated little Tess was giving vent to fifty cents of sheer delight, and for me, her glee will ever, linger longer than those clever words could hope to, and I knew at least I'd got the main thing right.

Black is all I see

Where green and gold once cloaked the land
Where eucalypt and pine did stand
Where man did live and lay his hand
Now black is all I see

Where horses grazed and cattle drank
Where grasses lined the river bank
Where stood a house and water tank
Now black is all I see

There was a town with store and hall
Which proudly stood 'neath ridges tall
Now nothing moves or lives at all
And black is all I see

There stood a home and there another
Where lived a daughter, father, mother
A sister, cousin, niece or brother
Now black is all I see

Our nation grieves and holds them tight
Throughout the darkness of the night
Till daybreak brings an ashy light
And black is all I see

'Poor fella, my country'
N.D. 11 FEB 2009

GIFT BOOKS

Readers and writers who would like to donate books to the Victorian Bush Fire victims are asked to contact

MAURIE FOUN
CORRYONG
Vic.
Phone
0429 100 279

The above poem came to my hand at the end of February. All attempts to contact the author failed. Can anyone help? Editor.

SPECIAL OFFER TO ABPA MEMBERS

'THE BOOK OF AUSTRALIAN POPULAR RHYMED VERSE'
WINNER 'BOOK OF THE YEAR' at Australian Bush Laureate Awards 2009

This is the largest collection of Aussie rhymed verse ever published with 1000 recitable, traditional AND modern poems & verses. It weighs 1.5 kilos and retails for \$49.99 so with postage and handling that's usually \$65 by mail.

BUT ...here are TWO SPECIAL OFFERS to ABPA members

OFFER 1 – Buy

'THE BOOK OF AUSTRALIAN POPULAR RHYMED VERSE'
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Simply send cheques

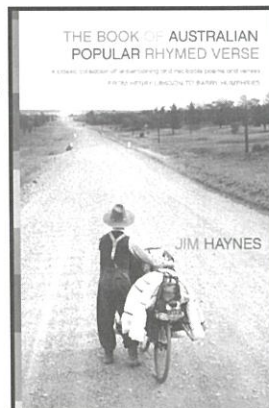
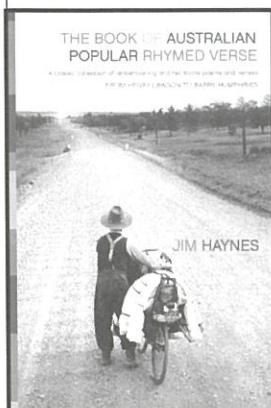
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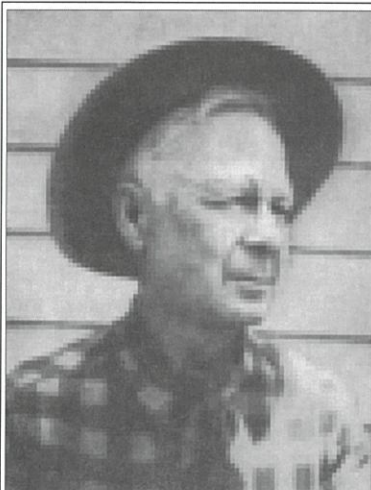


I CAN'T REMEMBER GRANDPA

© David Campbell, 2003

I can't remember Grandpa,
he died when I was small.
I've seen him in the photos...
moustache, gray hair, and tall.
They say he was a soldier
who went away to fight...
my Gran still lights a candle
to honour him each night.
My Dad has kept the armchair
in which his father sat,
a corncob pipe, a toolbox,
an ancient cricket bat.
He also has his medals;
he says they are a sign
of what our country stands for...
and one day they'll be mine.

I can't remember Grandpa,
but sitting in that chair
I get an eerie feeling
that maybe he's still there.
I sense a smile, a murmur,
a voice so soft and low,
a touch, a wink, a gesture...
and then somehow I know
that, though I cannot see him,
his presence is still strong,
his hand is still there guiding
and teaching right from wrong.
To me it sends a message
that all our hopes and fears
live on when we've departed...
and echo down the years.



BRUCE KISKADDON

Bruce Kiskaddon would be the perfect example of a Cowboy Poet. He was born in Pennsylvania in 1878 and started life as a cowboy in the Picket Wire district of Colorado in 1898.

During his time working 'around horse and cow outfits' he often amused his fellows by writing parodies of songs and making rhymes of the daily work and happenings around the ranch and on the trail.

He joined the army for the first world war after which he remained overseas and spending some time in Australia working as a Jackaroo on cattle stations. Returning to the U.S. he went to work for well-known and successful cattleman Tap Duncan, always amusing his fellow cowboys by rewriting songs.

Age is an issue of mind over matter.
If you don't mind, it doesn't matter.
Mark Twain

Age is not a particularly interesting subject. Anyone can get old. All you have to do is live long enough. Don Marquis

When you become senile, you won't know it. Bill Cosby

Wrinkles should merely indicate where smiles have been. Mark Twain

Unisertivy Rscheearch

Aoccdrnig to a rscheearch at an Elingsh uinervtisy, it deosn't mttar in waht oredr the lteers in a wrod are, the olny iprmoentn tihng is taht the frist and lsat lteer is in the rghit plae. The rset can be a toatl mses and you can sitll raed it wouthit porbelm. Tihs is bcuseae we do not raed ervey lteter by it slef but the wrod as a wlohe. ceehiro

Encouraged by his employer he began writing Western verse just as it really happened which proved popular not only among cowboys but with a more general audience. His poems were published on the Los Angeles Union Stock Yards calendars for many years and his stories in the Western Livestock Journal. His first of four books appeared in 1924 with many revisions since 1989.

Widely acknowledged as the cowboy poet laureate his poetry appeared widely in publications throughout his life. He died in 1950 before seeing the revival of cowboy poetry as a folk art, but his books and his legacy of hundreds of cowboy poems lives on and with the birth of the Cowboy Poetry Renaissance in the 1980's.

In 1926, Kiskaddon left his cowboy life for the allure of the silver screen. He and several friends travelled to Hollywood to audition for a job as an extra, driving chariots in the movie Ben Hur. He remained in Hollywood the rest of his life, occasionally working as an extra or taking bit parts, but mainly supporting himself as a bellhop in Hollywood hotels. He continued to write, publishing his poetry and reminisces of life on the range in Western Livestock Journal, and in collections of poetry.



WHEN THEY'VE FINISHED SHIPPING CATTLE IN THE FALL

Bruce Kiskaddon

Though you're not exactly blue, yet you don't feel like you do
In the winter, or the long hot summer days.
For your feelin's and the weather seem to sort of go together,
And you're quiet in the dreamy autumn haze.
When the last big steer is goaded down the chute, and safely loaded;
And the summer crew has ceased to hit the ball;
When a fellow starts to draggin' to the home ranch with the wagon—
When they've finished shipping cattle in the fall.

Only two men left a standin' on the job for winter brandin',
And your pardner, he's a loafing by your side.
With a bran-new saddle creakin', but you never hear him speakin',
And you feel it's goin' to be a quiet ride.
But you savvy one another for you know him like a brother—
He is friendly but he's quiet, that is all; For he's thinkin' while he's draggin' to the home ranch with the wagon—
When they've finished shippin' cattle in the fall.

And the saddle hosses stringin' at an easy walk a swingin'
In behind the old chuck wagon movin' slow.
They are weary gaunt and jaded with the mud and brush they've waded,
And they settled down to business long ago.
Not a hoss is feelin' sporty, not a hoss is actin' snorty;
In the spring the brutes was full of buck and bawl;
But they're gentle, when they're draggin' to the home ranch with the wagon—
When they've finished shippin' cattle in the fall.

And the cook leads the retreat perched high upon his wagon seat,
With his hat pulled 'way down furr'wd on his head.
Used to make that old team hustle, now he hardly moves a muscle,
And a feller might imagine he was dead,
'Cept his old cob pipe is smokin' as he lets his team go pokin',
Hittin' all the humps and hollers in the road.
No, the cook has not been drinkin'—he's just settin' there and thinkin'
'Bout the places and the people that he knowed
And you watch the dust a trailin' and two little clouds a sailin',
And a big mirage like lakes and timber tall.
And you're lonesome when you're draggin' to the home ranch with the wagon—
When they've finished shippin' cattle in the fall.

When you make the camp that night, though the fire is burnin' bright,
Yet nobody seems to have a lot to say,



BALDY

© Michael Lloyd - Lake Grace WA Feb 2007

I've noticed that my hair of late was getting rather thin.
On top of that, the beard I've had has gone from off my chin.
So after many, many taunts from family, foes and friends,
A hair transplant was needed now to try and make amends

I found a place, not far from here, in fact just down the street.
I rang his phone and made a time and date that we could meet.
But as I waited at his door, another chap came out.
His head of hair was something else. Fantastic, there's no doubt!

I asked if it was all his own - his smile assured me so,
And then he started to explain some things I ought to know.
He said: "The thick dark hair on top came from my very chest.
I think it's great and I can feel it makes me look my best".

"But what about that down the back? It's long and shines so bright."
"It comes from underneath my arms." He said, his voice so light
But then I noticed something else, his sideburns thick and dark
They seemed to have a quality that gave his eyes a spark.

He saw that I was looking at the sideburns on his cheek.
His smile grew slowly broader then as he began to speak:
"You've noticed both my sideburns, then? They make me feel just fine,
And I've been told the curly bits will straighten out in time"

In the spring you sung and hollered, now you git your supper swallowed
And you crawl into your blankets right away.
Then you watch the stars a shinin' up there in the soft blue linin'
And you sniff the frosty night air clear and cool.
You can hear the night hoss shiftin' as your memory starts driftin'
To the little village where you went to school.
With its narrow gravel streets and the kids you used to meet,
And the common where you used to play baseball.
Now you're far away and draggin' to the home ranch with the wagon
For they've finished shippin' cattle in the fall.

And your school-boy sweetheart too, with her eyes of honest blue—
Best performer in the old home talent show.
You were nothin' but a kid but you liked her, sure you did—
Lord! And that was over thirty years ago.
Then your memory starts to roam from Old Mexico to Nome.
From the Rio Grande to the Powder River,
Of the things you seen and done—some of them was lots of fun
And a lot of other things they make you shiver.
'Bout that boy by name of Reid that was killed in a stampede—
'Twas away up north, you helped 'em dig his grave,
And your old friend Jim the boss that got tangled with a hoss,
And the fellers couldn't reach in time to save.

You was there when Ed got his'n—boy that killed him's still in prison,
And old Lucky George, he's rich and livin' high.
Poor old Tom, he come off worst, got his leg broke, died of thirst
Lord but that must be an awful way to die.

Then them winters at the ranches, and the old time country dances—
Everybody there was sociable and gay.
Used to lead 'em down the middle jest a prancin' to the fiddle—
Never thought of goin' home till the break of day.
No! there ain't no chance for sleepin', for the memories come a creepin',
And sometimes you think you hear the voices call;
When a feller starts a draggin' to the home ranch with the wagon—
When they've finished shippin' cattle in the fall.

BUSH POETS MUSTER UP

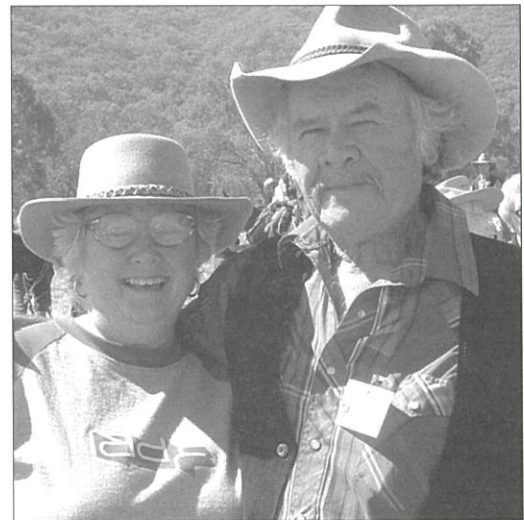
The 2009 Toyota National Country Music Muster will be on again at Amamoor State Forest via Gympie in 2009. Host of the Bush Poets Camp will once again be Marco Gliori, having run the Poetry events at The Muster for over a decade.

With six-two hour feature concerts from Tuesday 25th – Sunday 30th, August performed before thousands of loyal Muster fans, Bush Poetry is a major feature of this diverse music festival.

This year at The Muster The Naked Poets will be performing their final concert (together) in Queensland, culminating in the Queensland launch of their 5th comedy album, *'Loose Ends and Wobbly Bits'*. What a ride it has been for this mob. If you are going to The Muster, The Musterbeenbloodygood Poetry Award is on again with \$1000.00 cash plus prizes. Check out the ABPA website for competition details.

Anyone wishing to apply for the Muster Camp 2010 can send photo and bio to Marco Gliori... gliori@in.com.au. The focus for selection is on originality of material and entertainment value. The 'Gympie' Muster is six days of music, laughter, and fresh mountain air. It has a distinct bush camp feel to it, with toilets and showers close by to all campsites. Poets attending are welcome to saddle up in, or near to the Poets Camp.

This year Bill Gordon from Boyup Brook WA, will be attending his first Muster, as well as last



year's Musterbeenbloodygood Comp winner, Carmel Lloyd, possibly this year outshining her hubby John (pictured). If you can't find the Poets at The Muster look to the treetops and perhaps you will spy Long John Bests grinning dial, or listen out for Gary Lowe's Gum Leaf, Marion Fitzgerald's laugh, Greg North's imitations, Brad Maclean's shocking guitar playing, or Neil McArthur knocking over a rum bottle at 3am, but warning, if you see The Naked Poets actually naked, try not to slip over on the saggy bits. Saddle up, and let's get this Muster moving! Marco Gliori

Saddlesaw Productions www.saddlesaw.com
P O Box 999 WARWICK QLD 4370
07 4661 4024 saddlesaw@bluemaxx.com.au

CATASTROPHE - VICTORIA

Maurie Foun Corryong V.



As the sky draped with an eerie glow
turned daylight into night,
I searched the heavens and galaxies
seeking answers blind to my sight;
I questioned my part in the overall plan
as the Universe made its decrees,
for why was the sun so fiercely hot,
why were flames engulfing the trees.

The tragedies we all must face
are seldom a part of our vision,
time answers only some of our woes,
is it God who makes the decision;
or is it Allah, Vishnu, Bhudda or Christ
who determine the course of our fate,
and is it one, or all of these
deciding our scores on the slate.

The independence to which all of us strive
so often carries a cost,
as nature's forces fiercely conspire
ignoring whatever is lost;
for when one is stricken with hopelessness,
unimaginable personal grief,
traumatised in soul destroying despair
how huge is the hand of relief.

And who is to blame when our hearts are low,
why must we endure this grief,
we've learnt from childhood we shouldn't complain,
compassion our only relief . . .
for time is our healer, and patience and love
are the virtues in which to believe,
the spirit and strength within our hearts
our solace when we grieve.

*The author sincerely hopes that this poem, will
afford those and their loved one's who survived
the bushfires, some sense-of reason and comfort.*

FLORIDA to CORRYONG

Mr. Jack Jackson, an MFSR poetry entrant from Florida (USA) and his family donated US\$1000 to foster Bush Poetry amongst children and youth at the Corryong festival in honour of the spirit of mateship shown by so many during the 2009 Victorian bushfires.

Because Dorothea MacKellar's 'My Country' poem has been mentioned so often in reference to the Bushfires, the committee decided that the under twelves and under eighteens should record and submit their version of this iconic poem. Three finalists from each section have been asked to recite in the finals on Sunday 5th April.

In addition the winners will receive cash prizes, perpetual and personal trophies as well as Jim Haynes' latest poetry book for their schools.

A SONG OF ANZAC – C J Dennis

from "The C J Dennis Collection from his 'forgotten' writings". Edited by Garrie Hutchinson.

When I'm sittin' in me dug-out with me rifle on me knees,
An' a yowlin', 'owlin' chorus comes a-floatin' up the breeze –
Just a bit o' 'Bonnie Mary'
Or 'Long Way to Tipperary' –
Then I know I'm in Australia took an' planted overseas..."

So we sang in days remembered – fateful days of pain and war –
When the young lads went forth singing, ship-bound for an unknown shore.

They were singing, ever singing, careless lads in careworn days,
Sturdy youths, but yet unblooded to red war's unholy ways.

From a land untouched by slaughter
Fared they forth across the water:
Some to Destiny's grim gateway where the scarlet poppy sways.

"They were singin' on the troopship, they were singin' in the train;
When they left their land behind them they were shoutin' a refrain.

An' I'll bet they have a chorus
Gay an' glad in greetin' for us
When their bit of scappin's over an' they sail back home again..."

So we sang to dull the aching that was looming even then
When the boys went out to battle, to come back stern fighting men.
So we strove to keep hope buoyant while they lived untouched by war,
But they came back, not with singing, when those anxious days were o'er
Disillusioned and war-weary,
And, for all their smiles were cheery,
Some came bitter, some came broken, some, they came back nevermore.

And today 'again they're marching, rugged veterans, grey and grave,
These, who joined the carefree chorus, shouting many an olden stave
To the tramping cohorts' motion;
To the rolling of the ocean;
In their singing seeking kinship that high youth must ever crave.

Aye, today again they're marching with old faith and fellowship;
Grave and grey, with memory marching, but no song lifts to the lip.
Year by year the Boys are gathered; year by year the count grows fewer;
But the flame, new-lit on Anzac, goes before them burning pure;
And the Song of Anzac ringing
High above them, sounding, swinging,
Tells that memory of Anzac shall endure while these endure.

They are marching with the old days, with the singing in their hearts,
With the memory of mateship that for not one hour departs:

Silent men, with sober faces,
Marking now the vacant places
Yearly growing, yearly showing where life ends and hope re-starts.
That triumphant Song of Anzac that the living Anzac hears –
Hears imperfectly and dimly,
As he tramps on gravely, grimly –

Haunts the old familiar roadway he has trodden thro' the years.
Done are these with youth's vain dreaming who have yet to pay earth's price,

These who harked to young mates singing,
These who saw their young souls winging,
Ever singing, blithely singing, to the gates of Paradise.



(from page 8)

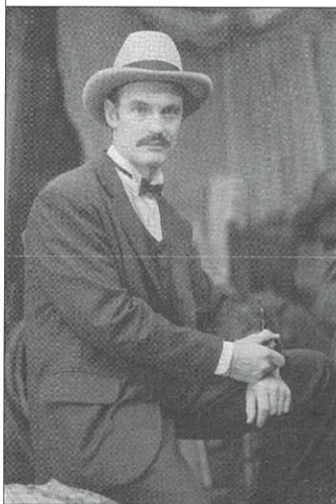
INAUGURAL MEETING -

ABPA Inc.

The inaugural meeting was held on January 28th 1994 following the finals of the Imperial Hotel Competition. Convenor Merv. 'Bluey' Bostock welcomed those present outlining his vision of a unifying representative association for Bush Poets. A proposal that such an Association be formed was passed unanimously on a show of hands.

Nominations were called for an interim committee. Those nominated and elected were: Acting President. Merv. Bostock, Acting Secretary-Treasurer Ron Selby. Executive members. Max Jarrott and Geoffrey Graham. Of the following twenty-nine present, twenty-two became financial members with an initial membership fee of \$20.00. Those present were:

1. Mervyn Bostock, Cairns Q. 2. Ron Selby, Drayton Q. 3. Geoffrey Graham, Bealiba V. 4. Tiny Hall, Tamworth. 5. Bob Magor, Myponga SA. 6. Reid Begg, Forster NSW. 7. Pauline Begg, Forster NSW. 8. Bob Miller, Mungar Q. 9. John Major, Baralaba Q. 10. Campbell Irving, Truro SA. 11. Ray Essery, Mullumbimby NSW. 12. Carmel Randle, Preston Qld. 13. Doug Broad, Cooma NSW. 14. Frank Daniel, Canowindra NSW. 15. John Philipson, Tamworth NSW. 16. Max Jarrott, Killarney Q. 17. Janet O'Brien-Vise, Rockhampton. 18. Phillipa Powell, Tamworth NSW. 19. Noel Cutler, Milawa V. 20. Billy Hay, Chinchilla Q. 21. John Rennick, Forbes NSW. 22. David Walker, Forbes NSW. 23. S. Edwards, Bilgola Plateau NSW. 24. B. McConnell, Sheldon Q. 25. B. Dickman, Chinchilla, Q. 26. Johnny Johanson, Wynnum, Q.



Geoffrey W Graham

was an executive member of the inaugural ABPA committee and posted a regular article *'Breadcrumbs from the Bulladeer'* in the early magazines.

Having seen many one man shows over the years Geoffrey's vision was to produce a one man show of 'The Banjo'

This he did and took his first of many to come, *'The Man from Ironbark'*, to the Waltzing

Matilda Centenary at Winton in 1995. His performance was specifically devised for the centenary and it was here that Australians voted overwhelmingly for the Banjo and for Geoffrey.

The show struck a chord in people, so much so that Geoffrey has been touring ever since.

A schools version of the performance was also devised and accepted throughout Victoria, New South Wales and Queensland.

(to page 17)

Winner Gippsland Wattle Written Awards 2008

OUTBACK MORNING

© Catherine Clarke - Singapore



Through the haze of heavy dreaming
I can hear the curlews screaming
and I know the sun has just begun to rise.
Though I cling to blissful slumber
I can feel the light encumber
as persistent orb assaults reluctant eyes.

As I boil the blackened billy I feel tired and
mildly chilly,

yet appreciate the silence that's immense.

Where the eucalypts are standing

there's a mynah bird just landing -

all is still and hushed - but suddenly I tense . . .

Through this burning outback morning

there pervades a subtle warning -

though its nebulous my hackles start to rise;

and old Blue is softly growling,

for there's something out there prowling,

so I grab my gun and calmly scrutinise.

Now my horse has started champing on the spot,

and tensely stamping -

I approach and offer reassuring pat.

But he neighs in gentle caution, dips his head in odd contortion,
so I quickly scour our short term habitat.

Though it's nebulous, the feeling in its strength alone's revealing
as I cast my eyes around to find the source.

Now the cockatoos are screeching;

for the sky they're swiftly reaching,

and a reason for my caution reinforce...

There's a roo, alert and shaking; by the billabong it's quaking,
and I stand alert, awake, for now I know!

As I'm silently entreating that it quickly start retreating
it appears to shake itself and turn to go...

In a flash the water's splashing and the roo is caught and thrashing
in the fatal grip of something I can't see;
yet I know without a sighting that its desperate panicked fighting
will be fruitless, as it struggles to be free.

In a blinding rage I'm leaping to my feet, then softly creeping,
with my gun aimed high and poised beside my ear.

Yet despite the abject terror I soon realise my error -
this is nature and I shouldn't interfere.

Though I long to stop the slaughter of this creature in the water,
there is little I can do to ease its pain.

In an instant it's all ended, with its death gone undefended,
and the billabong grows tranquil once again

As the evidence of killing disappears with speed that's chilling,
I stare mutely at deceptive peace and calm.

Then a movement in the corner draws my eye,

frustrated mourner -

as a shadow breaks the surface I disarm . . .

Rising quietly, all knowing, there's a piece of hide just showing
as a prehistoric sated beast returns,
and its yellow eye is gleaming as the curlews

cease their screaming -

whilst above my head, the morning sun still burns.

SHIRLEY V. WILLIAMSON

b. 9.3.1922

In the April/May issue of 2008 I printed a copy of a poem by Shirley Williamson of Longwarry Victoria called *'The Empty Room'*, a poem about her late mother and the room in which she spent her last three years. Shirl mentioned in one of her letters that she would be 87 years old in March 2009. I asked her for a few notes on her life for the magazine and she followed up with eight hand-written pages. In the last magazine I erred with Shirl's age and also her address which should have read 360 KooWeeRup – Longwarry Road, Longwarry Vic. 3816.

Shirley Williamson was born at *'The Manor'* in Latrobe Tasmania on 9th March 1922, the youngest of four girls and four boys born to Bowen and Linda Keene.

Her father was an orchardist and later a business agent and secretary of gold mines in Bendigo and a lay preacher. Her mother was the eldest of nine and her father's *'right hand man'* on his property at Gawler, Tasmania; she was a very good horsewoman, an excellent cook, played the piano, sang in public, was a Sunday School teacher and a charity worker all her life. Shirley's parents were both Christian people; Grace was always said before meals in their home.

Sunday night were spent around the piano singing all the old songs and hymns. Shirl's mother told her that her father had the only male voice that she knew of that could sing in any male capacity – alto, baritone, tenor or bass and it seems that Shirley's eldest grandson has inherited a similar talent.

Shirley had a total of five and a half years schooling and was sent to Melbourne at twelve years to find work. Over the years she tried many jobs but couldn't settle for long, working in various shops, factories and pubs. She was married at nineteen and had one daughter.

It was a traumatic marriage in which she suffered much abuse, assaults, attempts on her life and subsequent divorce. Her second marriage was to a policeman which gave her and her young daughter much wanted security.

During her career Shirley has owned a café, a guest house and then went into a pre-school centre for five years where she looked after twenty-four children ranging in ages from under two years.

From here she went into a pick-up and delivery dry-cleaning round which she maintained for three and a half years before driving a Radio Taxi for just under five years.

She retired at fifty six years and went to live on a property owned by her daughter and son-in-law.

Shirley has a love for horses and dogs, can ride, is a lousy milker and has raised 'turkeys, chooks, bantams, lambs and calves.'

A firm believer in God, Shirley has seen the work of the Lord having received signs and help in difficult situations. She spends her time today with crochet work, knitting and writing poetry.

Pictured: Shirley, far right, with her sisters in 1945.

BIGGER, SHARPER SPURS

© Garry Fogarty - Milmerrin Q.

Now there's something in the waters out beyond the Great Divide,
That sees folk make the most of life and take things in their stride.
Where philosophers are common place and wisdom keenly sought,
Where bush kids reap the harvest of those lessons freely taught.

And we each will have our favourite, we recall in times of strife,
That will guide us like a beacon through the trouble spots of life.
With wise authors, oft rewarded for their commentary on life,
By a swift and brutal culling, at the hands of memory's knife.

So to balance up the ledger, or at least, to make a start,
I will share a bush philosophy that's set my life apart.
A gem of bush lore, shining, like a diamond in the rough,
A hope to hang your hat on, when the trials of life turn tough.

"Bigger, Sharper Spurs", old mate, three words that say it all,
Three words to bet your life on, when your back's against the wall.
Three words that speak in volumes, to those with ears to hear,
Three words to spark the courage, that will see you face your fear.

Now there's those who'll misinterpret and cast these words aside,
As a joke, badly delivered, from us boys who like to ride.
But when defeat is like a demon, reaching out to snatch your dreams,
The call for, "Bigger, Sharper Spurs", is much more than it seems.

It's the call to dig down deeper, for the strength to try again,
It's the call to not surrender, though you're buckling from the strain.
It's the call to just try harder, when the odds have damned your fate,
It's the call to front the Devil, when he's knocking at your gate!

There's a teenage typhoon blowing through a city cancer ward,
Whose strength to fight on every day, wins morphine for reward.
But her smile is infectious for all those who walk her beat,
And it's, "Bigger, Sharper Spurs", that will help her scorn defeat.

A learner shearer's floundering in the footsteps of the "Gun",
And his tomahawking tactics cop a ribbing, every run.
But he sets his jaw determined, he'll one day match their pace,
And it's, "Bigger, Sharper Spurs", that will keep him in the race.

"Bigger, Sharper Spurs", old mate, they fuelled an Anzac charge,
In a hell-hole called Gallipoli, they scorned the Turk barrage.
And, "Bigger, Sharper Spurs", dear friend, unfurled Eureka's Flag,
In a spirit that has long outlived that battered piece of rag.

"Bigger, Sharper Spurs", that's it, just three words set apart,
They're there to strap on every heel and guide the willing heart.
"Bigger, Sharper Spurs", three words to shape their author's fame,
But he's just a bush philosopher, and he didn't leave his name.



Gary Fogarty was born on 27th November 1958, the second and last son of John and Joy Fogarty. At that time his father was supporting the family as a horse-breaker, drover, station-hand and shearer.

At four years of age Gary and his family moved onto their first property, 160 acres of Darling Downs black soil in the Ryeford area, later acquiring another 320 acres. This was to remain the family home until Gary staggered past his grade 12 exams with outstanding marks in Rugby League, Cricket, Tennis and Athletics. Believe it or not, those very short legs carried him to great sporting heights, representing and captaining the Toowoomba Clydsdales, and earning a significant second income from rugby league and hitting the winning runs as a wicket-keeper-batsman in Nobby Cricket Club's first premiership in thirty years. He represented Back Plains Cricket Association averaging 118 with the bat when they won the prestigious Country Week carnival; was then the youngest player to reach A Grade level in the strong Clifton Tennis competition, and was the only Clifton SHS athlete to ever win all flat races from 100m to 1500m in the same year, a feat accomplished twice.

On leaving school Gary spent all of four days at University, before scoring a cadetship with the Department Of Primary Industries working in the Wheat Breeding team for nearly six years. During this period he continued to play rugby league at a high level, but his love for the country kept him from taking up contracts with Brisbane and Sydney Clubs.

Gary resigned from the DPI and returned to the family property to assist his father who had sustained a severe back injury. This change also allowed Gary to spend more time developing the Shorthorn cattle Stud that he and his brother, Shane, had started while they were still at school. The stud went on to win 10 Royal Show Championships and set a then Queensland record price for a shorthorn female. Gary was fortunate to win the Queensland Junior Judges Competition, before going on to become the Australian Champion winning a trip to America.

In 1985 while working for agricultural research company, Cargill Seeds, Gary was involved in a serious car accident leaving him with five fractures to his spine. A double bone fusion failed to relieve the pain and after six months in a neck to knee body cast it took a further three years to rehabilitate himself back into the workforce.

Since a small child Gary has been a long time fan of bush poetry, especially poems about horses and his father often read to him the works of Will Ogilvie and Banjo Paterson.



It was this forced lay-up that turned Gary to try his hand at writing bush poetry to keep his mind occupied and focused away from the pain. His first effort 'The Akubra Poem' is still part of his repertoire today. Gary has no doubt that his interest and ventures into bush poetry assisted greatly in his recovery, giving him another focal point and allowing him to express some of his emotions through writing.

On returning to the workforce he operated his own cattle property north of Chinchilla for nearly four years before the type of work required adversely affected his old spinal injury. He sold out and took up a position in Goondiwindi as one of Queensland's first Drought Relief Workers. In this position Gary became the only individual member of the Industry-Government Working Party on Drought, addressed The Queensland press Club, gave evidence to a Senate Standing Committee on The Effects of Drought and led depositions to Government that were instrumental in seeing the Drought Worker program expanded and continued past it's original six-month brief to be still operating today.

During this period in Goondiwindi, Gary took his first steps into performance bush poetry when a couple of mates secretly entered him in the Gympie Muster's poetry competition.

"I remember in those days you had to recite two poems, which saved all confusion for me because I only knew two. Marco Gliori was compere and had to assist me up the two steps because my legs wouldn't hold me. I was well beaten by Bobby Miller 1st, Bill Hay 2nd, and Mark Thompson 3rd, but by then I had caught the disease and I went back to Gympie next year(1994) and won."

Gary spent only a short time as a competitor having his fair share of wins such as at Woodford, Toowoomba, Jondaryan and Tamworth culminating in the Inaugural Open Australian Championships at Winton

Q. in 1995 against ninety-four male and female poets from all over Australia and one from New Zealand. From there on he gave the competitions a miss and took his first steps to becoming a semi-professional performer. His first paid gig was the Woodford Folk Festival.

Gary has produced three books of bush verse 'You'll Find It In The Bush', 'Unleashed' (both out of print) and more recently 'Three Hats Later', as well as three recordings 'No Apologies', 'Bigger, Sharper Spurs' and 'The Tartan Saddlecloth', all of which are still available through his website

www.garyfogarty.com

At the Australian Bush Laureate awards in 2003 Gary won a Golden Gumleaf for Single Recorded Performance Of The Year for his poem 'Bigger, Sharper Spurs' and won the Album of the Year in 2009 for 'The Tartan Saddlecloth'. In June 1996 he was inducted into the Bush Poets Wall Of Renown (now the Longyard Legends).

Considering himself predominantly a performance poet Gary boasts a career with fewer than ten actual entries in written competitions, winning the Henry Stuart Russell Award, coming second in the Ipswich Poetry Competition from 3,000 entries, a highly commended in the Bronze Swagman, The Battered Bugle and the Silver Brumby Awards.

Gary is continually improving his poetry performances and perfecting his talents as a compere becoming a regular at many major Queensland festivals and events. He fills in between festivals with a combination of Corporate Events, Writing and Performance workshops composing customized poems and guest appearances at a huge range of events.

"I believe very strongly in the ethics of entertaining and I am a strong advocate that each and every poet and our Association has a strong moral obligation to introduce quality bush poetry to new and varied audiences, forever striving to increase the size of the poetry pie and continually striving to elevate the payments for quality poets to an acceptable level. I count amongst my best achievements in poetry, the fact that I have introduced bush poetry to events such as, The Australian Camp Oven Festival, Mud Bulls and Music, The Tara Festival of Culture and Camel Races and The Crackerjack Carnival all of which have resulted in ongoing employment for poets."

Gary credits his long suffering family for much of his poetry success, "My wife Cindy is so amazingly supportive and our four girls Kelly, Shannon, Shareene and Danica have all endured hundreds of poetry shows and rushed trips to all parts of this great country of ours."



An Evening of Australian Literature

MINYA POETRY AND YARNS COMPETITION

The Minya Vineyard and Winery at Connewarre Victoria is proud to announce its inaugural Bush Poetry and Yarns Competition.

Established in 1974 by Jeff and Sue Dans the name 'Minya' was chosen from the Aboriginal name meaning "*Place of Many Birds*" to preserve the heritage of the area. Minya is the Surfcoasts finest venue for fine wines and relaxing entertainment, overlooking a tranquil and picturesque billabong making the winery an ideal setting to enjoy a light meal, to attend the summer concert series at the outdoor amphitheatre or to utilize this ideal venue for your function, party or

conference. www.theminya.com.au.htm

Minya Vineyard and Winery are proud to present the 2009 Minya by Moonlight concerts series, situated in the vineyard's tranquil outdoor amphitheatre overlooking a beautiful billabong and island.

The Minya concert series, offers a diverse range of entertainment. Opera, Jazz, Comedy, folk, blues and other shows, and this year, on 6th June in the 200 seat Amphitheatre, will present an evening of Australian literature with a Bush Poetry and Yarns Competition.

1st Prize \$200 - 2nd Prize \$100 - 3rd Prize \$50 Entry costs \$10 (non refundable) 1 Poem or Yarn per entry,

The material must be original and performed on the night. Poems approximately 5 minutes or less Yarns 8 minutes or less.

For return of poem, yarn please enclose stamped self addressed envelope. Entries to 'Minya Poems and Yarns' 245 Dans Road Connewarre 3227.

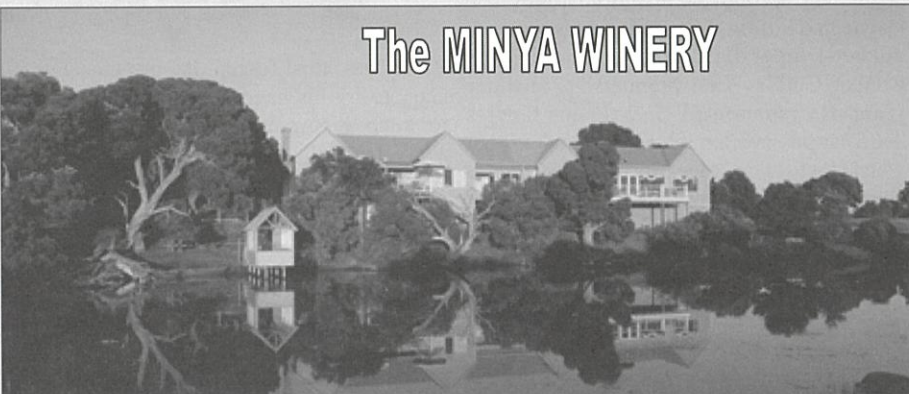
Original poems and yarns submitted by May 22nd.

Successful competitors will be notified by May 28th.

Judges decision is final.

Minya is only fifteen minutes drive from Geelong.

(to page 21)



BUNDABERG POETS' SOCIETY INC.

BUSH LANTERN AWARD

2009



2009

Written Competition For Bush Verse

1st Prize ~ Bush Lantern Award Trophy + \$200-00

2nd Prize ~ Certificate + \$100-00

3rd Prize ~ Certificate + \$75-00

This written competition is for bush verse and each poem must have good rhyme and rhythm and an Australian theme ~ maximum 100 lines

- Entry Fees : \$6-00 per poem or three (3) for \$15-00
- Closing Date : May 29th, 2009
- Entry forms (a)
- SSAE to: Bush Lantern Award Bundaberg Poets' Society Inc.
- PO Box 4281
- BUNDABERG SOUTH. 4670
- Entry forms (b)
- website: abpa.org.au/bushpoetry/entry.htm

All phone or e.mail enquiries:
 Jayson Russell .. 0411360922
blanata@bigpond.net.au
 Sandy Lees .. 07 41514631
lees@interworx.com.au
 Dean Collins .. 07 41591705
nutbutts@gmail.com

*Celebrate 142 years since the birth of Henry Lawson in Grenfell
to honour his achievements*

The 52nd Grenfell Henry Lawson Festival of Arts



June 6-8 2009



*Activities and exhibitions for all ages and all interests
Highlights including the awards dinner and announcement of winners
bush poetry recitations with campfire - billy tea and damper -*

Dramatic Society performances

*The 30th Anniversary of Guineapig racing in Grenfell,
street stalls, procession, antique machinery displays, car show, guided heritage walks, open gardens,
children's rides and entertainment, art, craft and photography exhibitions,
live music and dance - festival concert
Grenfell Historic Museum, Men's Shed*

Street stall entries are invited for both Saturday and Sunday.

For all enquiries contact the Tourist Officer on 02 6343 2855
or check the website <http://www.grenfell.org.au/henrylawsonfestival/>



(from page 13)

...ABPA from 1994

The Land and Queensland Country Life sponsored Henry Lawson Literary Awards announced \$2,000.00 in prize-money for short stories and poetry, including juvenile events.

ABC Radio's David Anderson interviewed Merv Bostock en-route to his home in Cairns with a request to follow up with more news and poetry. This was followed by half page write ups in the North Queensland Register (Townsville) and the Courier Mail again with requests for more poetry.

We were well and truly on the road with our newsletter having expanded from eight A5 pages to sixteen inside four weeks.

At the original Longyard performance competition (held on the back of a truck in 1987) John Philipson won the Traditional section taking home a book of Australian Folklore for his effort. John had a life-long interest in Australian Bush Poetry and was a master reciter of the Traditional poets with a huge repertoire from the serious to the humorous.



He later played a vital part in the bush poetry events at the Longyard.

The judge was Dr. Jonathon King, noted historian and inveterate re-enactment organizer. ('Waltzing Matilda' Centenary, Winton 1995; 'The Man from Snowy River', Corryong 1995).

The next meeting of the ABPA was held in the Old Brewery adjacent to the Longyard Hotel during the fourth Fireside Festival which was conducted by Jim Haynes in June. It was at these Fireside Festivals that the Longyard Wall of Renown was established. Inducted in 1994 was Bobby Miller, Col Wilson (Blue the Shearer) and the late Ted Simpson.

Special guest at the meeting was Dr. Jonathon King who outlined preparations for the Centenary of Waltzing Matilda celebrations planned for Winton in April 1995 and an open invitation for ABPA participation. Projected events included the Waltzing Matilda Award for bush



poetry with ten days of poetry leading up to a Final and the Swaggies Walks into Winton.

It was moved at this meeting that the 1995 Australian Championships be held during the Winton Celebrations. Marco Gliori and Jim Haynes (pictured) assisted the executive in forming a sub-committee.



Carmel Randle of Prestons Q. got the ball rolling as poetry coordinator, organizing judges, comperes, timekeepers and adjudicators working in with the Queensland Events Corporation to make it one of the biggest bush poetry events to that date.



As well as Winton, new and previously unheard of festivals were coming to light celebrating the spoken word. There was Bundaberg, Maleny, Jondaryan, Gympie, Charlton, Bungendore, Illawarra, Canberra, Corryong and a host of others. Before we knew it we were a year old. Bluey Bostock was re-elected as President with Vice-presidents Bob Miller and Frank Daniel; Ron Selby took another term as Secretary Treasurer.

TOO MANY WORDS?

On ABC Radio National's (1/11/08) *Lingua Franca* program the subject was raised about the plan to retire some 24 old words from the next print of the complete Collins English Dictionary because of their lack of usage.

Some public figures in the UK have 'adopted' some of them, to promote their usage in an attempt to save them. Stephen Fry has taken on 'fubsy', for example, and poet laureate Andrew Motion has adopted 'skirr'. Collins is very interested to get feedback on these words from Australia as well. What do you think?

The list of words found on the ABC RN website are as follows:

abstergent: cleansing or scouring

agrestic: rural, rustic, unpolished, uncouth

apodeictic: unquestionably true by virtue of demonstration

caducity: perishableness, senility

caliginosity: dimness, darkness

compossible: possible in coexistence with something else

embrangle: to confuse or entangle

exuviate: to shed (a skin or similar outer covering)

fatidical: prophetic

fubsy: short and stout, squat

griseous: streaked or mixed with grey, somewhat grey

malison: a curse

mansuetude: gentleness or mildness

muliebrity: the condition of being a woman

niddering: cowardly

nitid: bright, glistening

olid: foul-smelling

oppugnant: combative, antagonistic, or contrary

periapt: a charm or amulet

recrement: waste matter, refuse, dross

reborant: tending to fortify or increase strength

skirr: a whirring or grating sound, as of the wings of birds in flight

vaticinate: to foretell, prophesy

vilipend: to treat or regard with contempt

The following poem is what Gregory North sent in and eventually recorded for a follow up program aired on 7th February 2009:

Save the Last Word

by Gregory North, Linden NSW.

I heard it on the radio and screamed, "It cannot be!

They surely must be lying. No... It is the ABC."

With this news that Collins Dictionaries were planning to delete some twenty-four "old" words, next reprint, calling it complete, I hurried to the meeting of the English Speaking Club to be thwarted by what seemed to be a patron from the pub!

An agrestic, fubsy woman with a mop of griseous hair prevented my ingress and she did not seem to care. Her caducity was evident through the continuous exuviation of her skin in the curving, sinuous caliginosity of her embrangled, sloppy gown. The image that confronted me would make a Salvo frown!

Although she looked a niddering, with hints of mansuetude, her skirring speech was roborant against all consuetude. This din unleashed the malison that poured out as her breath. The efflux was so olid that it brought me close to death. A stench one only could concieve compossible, I'm sure, with bodily-type recrement that issues from the poor!

With all of this, she did possess an apodeictic style of muliebrity which almost started to beguile and counteract my instinct, which had been to vilipend. Since it's always been my periapt, I thought that I'd depend upon my nitid tolerance as tough, abstergent wipe to stop opinions taking hold, before such fruit was ripe.

Such steps would prove fatidical, at least that was my hope, but all my boldest efforts could not push that envelope! It seems her exhalation, that had put me in a daze, had earlier vaticinated her oppugnant ways! I never made it in the club to warn them of the hearse with twenty-four dead words, so, sent this epitaph in verse.

CROOKWELL WOOL WAGON AWARDS

Barry and Denielle Murphy of 'Spud Murphy's Inn' Crookwell NSW wish to show their appreciation to the many poets and writers who supported the highly successful Upper Lachlan Wool Wagon Written Awards in 2008. (Results p. 21)

Prize-money in the written section was awarded in uncirculated brand new \$10 notes issued by the Reserve Bank of

Australia. The ten dollar note of course features a portrait of Dame Mary Gilmore, Australia's foremost female bush poet who was born in the Crookwell district.



The 2009 Written Wool Wagon Awards will have total prize money of \$800 to be awarded in eight categories; serious, and humorous.

The 2009 Upper Lachlan Bush Poets Wool Wagon Awards will be held at the Services Club, Crookwell, on the 27th, 28th, & 29th of November 2009. Sponsorship negotiations are underway and details will be advertised in the ABPA magazine and posted on its website when confirmed. Keeping with tradition the Wool Wagon trophies, hand carved by Ron Evans, will be presented to the 1st Prize Winners of adult performances.

'Spud' and Denielle have acclaimed the 2008 entries as excellent and eagerly await the poets participation to make 2009 even greater. (Dates to be advised)



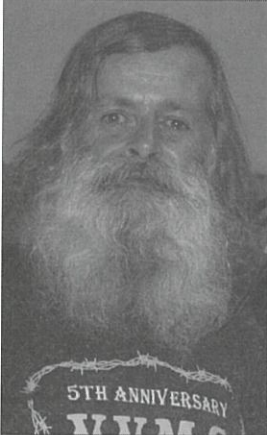
Host and hostess of 'Spud' Murphy's Inn at Crookwell NSW, Barry and Denielle Murphy.

There's never a dull moment at Spud Murphy's Inn. Go to

www.spudmurphysinn.com.au
Better still, come to the festival.



Gary Lowe - Susie Carcary - Melanie Hall - Bill Kearns



Mark Thompson



Heather Searles



Peter Mace

the winners trophy and a purse of \$950.00.

Third place in the Non Original section went to Heather Searles from Branxton with Claire Reynolds from Gloucester taking out third place in the Original Works. Peter Mace who also entered the written verse competition took out first prize in the Humorous section.

The Junior division Non Original competition was dominated

Bush Poets rode wave after wave of popular approval as they went 'Surfin' the Verse' at the inaugural 'Poets by the Sea' event held at Harrington on the Mid North Coast of NSW.

The Coastal theme of the weekend saw events such as 'Bait the Poets', 'Bait in a Bucket' and a 'Berley in a Bag' breakfast events, attract good crowds. A Braggers Breakfast, a Church in Verse worship service and a Pippies and Poets luncheon were just some of the events.

The success of the weekend has been attributed to the professionalism of the engaged poets; Melanie Hall, Bill Kearns, Gary Lowe, Susie Carcary, Balladeer Peter Pratt and compere Sam Smyth, all exceptional in giving those in attendance an experience to remember.

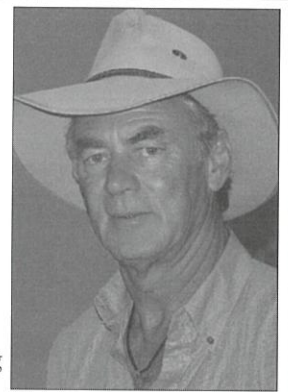
A blackout during the Saturday night concert put an end to the power but with emergency lighting, the group entertained a full house to rave reviews.

A survey form was circulated among the 821 paying customers at the fifteen event programme with the 55% returned bearing positive feedback and comments prompting the organizers and sponsors to run again in 2010.

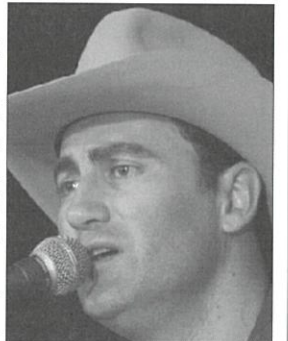
The competition aspect of the Poets by the Sea event provided great entertainment across all Heats and Sections. In the 'Tooheys 1000' Open Division, Non-Original and Original Verse, competition was of a very high standard with Peter Mace and Mark Thompson vying for the top prizes offered. Mark took home

POETS BY THE SEA

Harrington NSW



Sam Smyth



Peter Pratt

by one family with 1st prize going to Georgina Grissold, and 2nd prize going to her brother Michael from Taree.

Emily Breckell/Smyth from Kempsey took out 3rd prize.

An interesting observation was that locals dominated the Written Verse section titled 'Coastal Life' with all prizes going to Harrington entrants in Joy Cooksey, Claire Brown and Mike Parson.

Other place getters in the Humorous section were K Smith from Wingham and Chris Infield from Taree. In the Junior Written division a remarkable young talent from Upper Lansdowne by the name of Jack Young received high praise and a special encouragement award for his efforts.

Judges comments have led the organizers to believe that there is a lot of poetic potential in the Manning Valley and if effectively nurtured could become a repository for Bush Poetry and Verse for the future. To this end, plans are being made to hold a mid year workshop on the art and skill of performing and writing Bush Poetry and Verse. As a result of the success of this year's event, major sponsors have agreed to fund the event for next year.

Harrington is a superb venue with great facilities, plenty of accommodation, and spectacular coastal scenery. It has all the facilities for a great 'Poets by the Sea' weekend or a holiday, with Golf, Bowls, Estuary & Blue Water fishing. Great drives, National Parks, and in excess of 150 klms of navigatable waterways for boating enthusiasts.

Harrington, Manning Point and the Lower Manning are being rediscovered as Holiday destinations.

Thank you to all Poets who entered.

The Dalton Genealogical Society held its annual get-together in Orange NSW on Saturday 14th March. This is the first time this event has been held in Australia. The Society was founded in the UK in 1970 and the Australian branch is twenty-one years old giving an extra reason to celebrate.

The Dalton family of Orange made their mark in Australia in the mid 1800s and the family is very much a part of the city's history. A large number of family members attended the weekend events with several other Dalton families represented from around the world as well.

With Orange being the birth place of Banjo Paterson, the Daltons thought it appropriate to celebrate with a bush poetry theme and hired the services of an 'almost local' poet Frank Daniel to entertain between courses at the Heritage House dinner.

The Australian Bush Poets Association Inc.

(Established 1994)

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Arbn 104 032 126

Website: abpa.org.au

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

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

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

ADVERTISING RATES

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

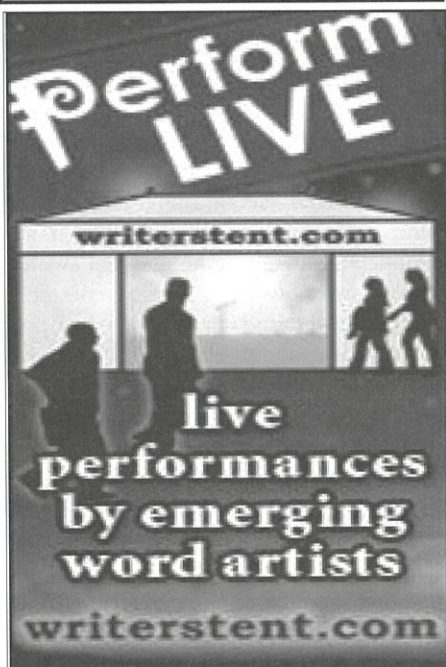
Poet's Calendar and Regular Events free.
(One line only) - Poets Calendar Booklet free. (Deadlines Apr 30 and Oct 30)
To allay costs, copy regarding a festival or event would be appreciated if accompanied by a paid advertisement.

Terms strictly C.O.D. with ad.

Send details in plain text along with payment to: The Editor.

4 Short Street Canowindra NSW 2804
email. editor@abpa.org.au

Ph. 02 6344 1477



Huge four days of bush poetry Casino Beef Week

CECIL HOTEL

Guest Poets Include
GARY FOGARTY
BILL KEARNS
RAY ESSERY

28th - 31st May 2009

11am. Walk up Poets

6.30 - 8pm Bush Poetry Show

Friday 11am-1pm Walk up poets

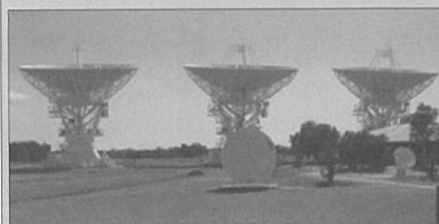
11am -1pm Poets Competition

Friday - Saturday - Sunday

ALL WELCOME

Enquiries to Ray Essery on
(w) 0266448285 or (h) 0266843817

Seventh Annual NANDEWAR POETRY COMPETITION for WRITTEN BUSH POETRY



Conducted under the auspices of the
Australian Bush Poets Association Inc.

First Prize:
\$150 plus Trophy
Second Prize \$100
Third Prize \$50

Closing Date
July 30th
2009

Winners
and
Presentations
at a date and venue
to be announced.

Entry Forms:
Send S.S.A.E. to
The Secretary
Narrabri & District
Historical Society Inc.
P. O. Box 55
Narrabri NSW 2390



COMPETITION RESULTS

APOLOGY:

In the last magazine on page 9 I reported that Catherine Clarke won the Gippsland Golden Wattle Written competition with 'Outback Morning' which is correct, and that she took out third place with 'The Wisdom of a Child' - incorrect.

The Wisdom of a Child took out second prize and was written by David Campbell.

Third prize went to Catherine Clarke for her poem 'Fallen Majesty'. The correct report is on page 13 in the February magazine.

My apologies to David and Catherine.
Editor.

YOUNG NSW Cherry Festival 2008

1st Greg North - Linden NSW
2nd Gary Lowe - Berkeley Vale
3rd Peter Mace - Empire Bay
HC Alex Allitt - Ted Webber - Robyn Sykes - Warren Bishop.

CROOKWELL Wool Wagon Written Awards 2008

1st Prize Arthur Green
'Fairy Fears At Just Five Years'
HC
Arthur Green
'Halley Through the Ages'
Ellis Campbell
'One Day At A time'
Ellis Campbell
'Cash & Compassion'
Ellis Campbell
'The Dingo Hunts Alone'
Elizabeth Egan
'Ellouise & Christomail'

POETS by the SEA Harrington NSW

Open Division
Written Verse (Humorous)
1st 'The Surrogate Dad' - Peter Mace - Empire Bay
2nd 'Thank you' - K Smith - Wingham
3rd 'Vacation with Dad & Dave' - Chris Infield - Taree
Written Verse (Coastal Life)
1st 'The Toads of Sutherland Shire' Joy Cooksey - Harrington
2nd 'This is where I live' - Clare Brown - Harrington
3rd 'Morning Surf' - Mike Parson - Harrington
Junior Division
Written Verse (Original Works)
1st 'Eagle Eye' - Jack Young - Upper Lansdowne
Open Division
'Tooheys 1000' Performance Verse (Non-Original Works)
1st Mark Thompson - Qld.
2nd Peter Mace - Empire Bay
3rd Heather Searles - Maitland
'Tooheys 1000' Performance Verse (Original Works)
1st Mark Thompson.
2nd Peter Mace.
3rd Claire Reynolds - Gloucester
Junior Division
Performance (Non- Original)
1st Georgina Grisold - Taree
2nd Michael Grisold - Taree
3rd Emily Breckell / Smyth - Kempsey

DUNEDOO

Written Competition 2009.
Junior Written Competition - 1st. Mathew Campbell - Dubbo
OPEN SECTION
1st Allan Mackay, Gerringong NSW 'Old Moses'
2nd Ellis Cambell Dubbo NSW 'Beechley Calling'
3rd Ron Stevens Dubbo 'An Ordinary Man'
Most Humorous Poem
1st David Campbell Beaumaris 'A Day At The Op'ra' New section to encourage humorous written poetry. \$100.
Highly commended - Graeme Johnson, North Ryde
'Graystar'
Ron Stevens
'Barrigun Belonging'
Allan Mackay 'The Demon Of The Drought'
Judge - Max Merckenschlager

DUNEDOO PERFORMANCE

Novice. 1. Ken Tough - 'Clancy of the Overflow' AB Paterson.
2. Des Kelly - 'My Favorite Hat'. Original
3. Lois Sanders - 'The Convicts Daughter' - SE Sibley
Encouragement
Katie Hall - 'Bloody Hot' Original.
Classical
1. Susan Carcary - 'A Pound a Mile' - Louisa Lawson.
2. Graeme Johnson - 'The Road to Hogan's Gap'. AB Paterson.
3. Ken Tough - 'Saltbush Bill's Second Fight'. AB Paterson
Encouragement - Bernie Keleher
'The Coachman's Yarn' - EJ Brady
Original
1. Susan Carcary 'Enough'
2. Claire Reynolds 'Unsung Heroes'
3. Heather Searles 'The Meeting of Truth'
Encouragement - Peter Mace
'Lost with all Hands'
Contemporary
1. Susan Carcary 'The Bridge at Crooked Creek' - Alec Rayner
2. Gary Lowe 'Murrarji Mick' - Bruce Simpson
3. Ellis Campbell 'Pale Rider' - David Campbell
Encouragement
Jan Lock - 'Wife of a Cockie Farmer' - Richard Dean
Yarns Winner
1. Claire Reynolds

LITERARY AWARD

Poets are invited to submit an original bush poem that captures the essence of Australia, Australians or the Australian way of life for the 2009 Australian Unity Bryan Kelleher Literary Award.
Entry is free and the competition closes on 30 June 2009. Winners will share in over \$2,500 worth of prize money. Application forms are available online www.australianunity.com.au/literaryaward or by calling (03) 8682 6778.

Poems of

2008



Stephen Whiteside

\$13.00 posted

from the Author

STEPHEN WHITESIDE

15 Hilltop Avenue

GLEN IRIS Vic 3146

03 9885 9415

swhiteside@netspace.net.au

The Minya Winery Presents

JUNE 6th

7.00 - 10.00 pm

AN EVENING OF AUSTRALIAN LITERATURE

Bush Poetry and Yarns Competition

\$25 Includes Dinner

No BYO - Food or Drinks

Full bar facilities available.

Tickets. Phone GPAC 52251200,

More info 0408312865, 0419137567

Email jeffdans@theminya.com.au

Entry forms at

www.theminya.com.au

Special thanks to Thrive solutions
For supporting The Alfred burns unit.

DATES to REMEMBER

APRIL

7-8 Winton Q Junior Bush Poetry Awards & Little Swaggies Written Comp. SSAE PO Box 120 Winton Q. 4735

April 30 Closing date Bundy Muster Bush Lantern Written Awards Sandy Lees 07 4151 4631 lees@fastel.com.au Dean 07 4159 1705 Jason 07 4155 0778

30 Closing date. 38th **BRONZE SWAGMAN AWARDS** SSAE PO Box 120 Winton Qld 4735 www.wooka2@bigpond.net.au

MAY

7-9 **THANGOOL Q.** Charlee Marshall Golden Cockatoo Budgie Awards. Recreation Reserve - Trevor Shaw Ph.07 4995 8108 trevshaw@tpg.com.au

13 Closing Date - **BEAUDESERT Written Competition** - PO Box 242 Beaudesert. Qld 4285 - Forms ABPA www.chfest2@bigpond.com

JUNE

6-8 **GRENFELL** Henry Lawson Festival. Written competition. Closing date 27th March. SSAE PO Box 77 Grenfell NSW 2810

5-8 **GULGONG NSW** Henry Lawson Festival - Cheryl Peters henrylawsongulgong@yahoo.com.au - Literary Awards PO Box 235 Gulgong 2852

13 **BEAUDESERT** - C & H Festival Brekkie - Performance Competition and Rodeo. Ph. 07 5541 4355 chfest2@bigpond.com Forms ABPA website





GOLD CITY BUSH POETS INC.

WRITTEN BUSH POETRY COMPETITION

INCLUDING THE OPEN GOLD NUGGET AWARD



Under 12's - 12 to 15 years - 16 to 17 years

ENTRIES CLOSE 30th JUNE 2009

Prize Money:	Under 12	\$20	\$15	\$10
	12 to 15 years	\$30	\$20	\$10
	16 to 17 years	\$50	\$40	\$30

Open: 1st Prize - Gold Nugget & \$200
2nd Prize - \$100
3rd Prize - \$75

**Entry forms and enquiries from Secretary,
PO Box 620, Charters Towers Qld 4820**

Telephone: 07 4787 7830

Email: kneehi@dodo.com.au

REMEMBER THEM © Suzanne Honour *III. Lone Pine 6th August*

One early August evening at the plateau of Lone Pine
a solitary pine tree stood behind the Turkish line.
The Anzacs raced o'er 'no-mans-land' then stopped be-
fore a roof
of earth and timber Turks had used to make their trench
bombproof.

The Anzacs, strung out in a line like at a cricket match,
were fired on at point blank range. They searched to find
a hatch
and forged ahead through manholes, breaking through
the logs and mud,
then fought the Turkish hand to hand as tunnels filled
with blood.

No room to raise their rifles, (hundreds boxed in under-
ground)

they clambered over corpses, and the wounded on the
ground.

In cramped and dark conditions they fought hard with
sword and fist.

New waves of reinforcements came behind them to as-
sist.

By six the trench was taken but the price of victory high,
as several thousand Anzacs died and bid this earth good-
bye.

No time to spill their sorrow our young diggers could
not grieve
for early on the morrow they were given no reprieve.

Face the west at sunset, hear the bugle's final call.

The spirit of the Anzac code will live on in us all.

*At the dawn of each new day please turn and face the
east,*

*then pray for those who died for us. Remember the de-
ceased.*

ANZACS AT LONE PINE

The Australians attacked the Turkish
trenches at Lone Pine in the late after-
noon of 6 August 1915. They had a rare
victory at Lone Pine, but at great cost.
After four days, in an area the size of
two football fields, 2000 Australians and
7000 Turks lay dead. Fighting was in-

tense and close, often hand-to-hand. It
was at Lone Pine that Charles Bean re-
corded an Australian soldier's poignant
request, '*Can you find room for me be-
side Jim here? Him and me are mates
an' we're going over together*'. **Seven of
the 10 Victoria Cross medals awarded
Australians for bravery at Gallipoli
were won at Lone Pine.**

Charles Bean's article on the 6 Au-
gust offensive at Gallipoli recounts many

of the events of battle as Bean witnessed
them, but also gives us an insight into
the censorship to which every despatch
from Gallipoli was subject. Though we
know that the 6 August offensive was
one of the bloodiest and most wasteful of
the Gallipoli campaigns, Bean's account
falls short of conveying the true horror
or failure experienced by the troops dur-
ing battle, as such details were not al-
lowed.

LORRAINE McCRIMMON

Performance poet Lorraine McCrimmon was born in Sydney and lived close to Channel 9. She and her sisters were always up at WIN TV talking to the anchor men, going to Quiz Shows, or sneaking in to Saturday Date.

When quite young she moved to Queanbeyan where she has two lovely daughters and four grandchildren. She later moved to Bungendore which has been her home for the past twenty-two years.

At the invitation of a bushpoet she had her first taste of Aussie Bush Poetry at the Waltzing Matilda Centenary Celebrations at Winton, Queensland in 1995.

It was there, among the eighty or more poets attending, that she has such fond memories of meeting up with the likes of Bruce Simpson, the late Billy Hay, the late Bobby Miller, Frank Daniel, Glenn Palmer, Bluey Bostock and many more.

Returning home she was more than inspired and her transmission into bush poetry was like that of many others, 'just, quite by accident'. She learnt a poem for the second annual Bungendore Poet's Breakfast and competition on the lawns of the Light Horse Cottage in January 1996; organized by Miles and Toni Flanagan as part of the Bungendore Country Muster.

Encouragement by master of ceremonies, Frank Daniel, saw her prepare another poem for the 1997 muster.

Lady competitors were a rarity on the Southern Tablelands in those days and at one particular country music festival when they added bush poetry to their programme, with Frank as host, Lorraine found herself as one of two female poets amongst a group of males over a two-day festival. A big ask when you only know two poems and have another in the launching stages.

The 1997 Poet's Breakfast was held at 'Elmslea' Homestead under the beautiful old elm trees with another competition incorporated as well. The stage was the tray of a wagon pulled onto the grounds by two lovely Clydesdales.

This was the last of the competitions as so many poets had told Miles and Toni that they felt this format stopped many budding poets from getting up on stage to 'have a go'. From then on everyone had an opportunity to recite and it helped to reduce the nervous pressure.



Lorraine joined the BATS, the Bungendore Amateur Theatrical Society which helped take away a lot more of her nervousness. Full of confidence Lorraine attended the Merimbula Country Music by the Sea and won the performance competition.

She has written several topical poems for the locals at the Harp Inn, for friends weddings, a poem for the Centenary of the Bungendore Tigers rugby league teams, and has gone on to make appearances at Gulgong, Cobargo, Jamberoo, Bulli, Gundagai, Uranquinty, Kangaroo Valley and the National in Canberra.

Now with an extensive and varied repertoire Lorraine has been the organizer and compere for the monthly Music and Poetry in Bungendore.

To her, the most wonderful part of reciting poetry is the many friends she has met on her way and the reaction from the audience. A Psychic once told her 'she was a healer, and that if you can make people listen and laugh then you're healing them in your own special

THINGS I KNEW YOU KNEW?

- 'Stewardesses' is the longest word typed with only the left hand... and 'lollipop' is the longest word typed with your right hand.

- Babies are born without kneecaps. They don't appear until between 2 and 6 years of age.

- Our eyes are always the same size from birth, but our nose and ears never stop growing.

- TYPEWRITER is the longest word that can be made using the letters only on one row of the keyboard.

- A 'jiffy' is an actual unit of time for 1/100th of a second.

THE BACK PAGE!

After a rapid climb up through the charts Jim Haynes first single 'Since Cheryl Went Feral' from his new album 'It's Nothing Serious' reached number one on the Country Music Charts (December 22nd 1996). To celebrate this and to promote bush poetry even further, the 'Longyard Poets' rallied to enter a float in Tamworth's annual parade.

The State of Origin was another big attraction at the Fireside Festival in June each year, even carrying over to the January event playing to more than packed houses. The Longyard audiences were so great that extra speakers had to be incorporated and the windows opened wide so that those crammed onto the side veranda and walkway could hear.

Dressing up in team colours was all the go, though the rules were somewhat 'sus' with Queensland borrowing players from NSW. It was always agreed that the 'Ref' be an outsider using Victorians, such as Geoffrey Graham or Grahame Watt, or South Aussies Bob Magor and Greg Champion just to keep things on an even keel.

WHERE IS NORTH PINE?

You won't find it on a map, although you might find the North Pine River, after which the district and the markets were originally named. It's about 16 kays north of the Brisbane CBD and it's where you'll find the North Pine Bush Poetry Championships at Club Pine Rivers 21-23 August 2009.

That's where North Pine is, and it's also a place where poets gather, where the bush poetry family comes together, where you can meet old friends and new and, at the Australian Bush Poetry Championships, enjoy the performances of many of the best bush poets in Australia.

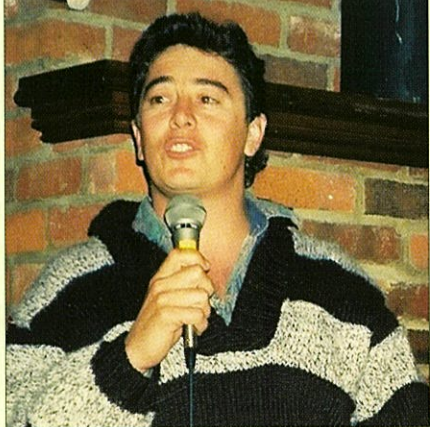
Written and Performance entry forms are available from

www.abpa.org.au
or by sending an S.S.A.E. to
Manfred Vijars - PO Box 701
Morningside Qld 4170 or phone the
President, Cay Fletcher 07 3482 0268 or
the Secretary Dot on 07 3203 6681 for
further information.
email anita.reed@bigpond.com for more
directions or phone Ron (07) 3285 2180,
or Anita (07) 3343 7392.



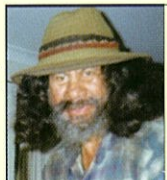
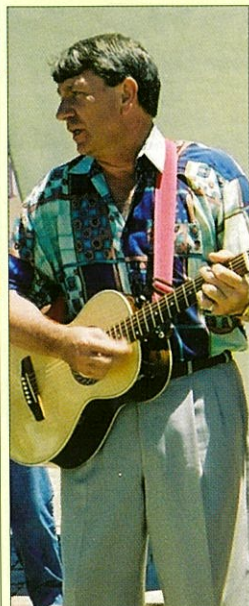
The GOOD OLE DAYS!

When the kids were terrific and the audience wouldn't be left out!



In 1996 CHERYL WENT FERAL

(Left from top) Des Lee, Ray Essery, Gary Lowe, Carmel Dunn, Frank Daniel & Paddy Ryan, Jim Haynes. (Above) Alli Ryan and Marco Gliori. Top row. A handful of our inaugural members.



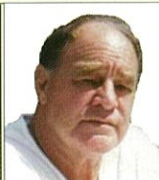
Campbell Irving



Philippa Powell



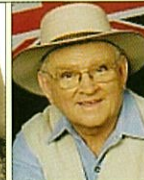
Billy Hay



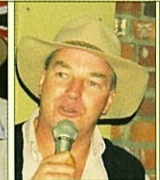
Johnny Johanson



Carmel Randle



John Major



Noel Cutler



The First State of Origin Teams 1994 (above) NSW: John Philipson, Vivienne Sawyer, Frank Daniel, Gertrude Skinner, Jim Haynes, Lee Brown and Col 'Blue the Shearer' Wilson.

(below) Queensland - Carmel Randle, Bobby Miller, Ray Essery and Marion Fitzgerald (both on loan from the Blues) Gary Fogarty, Charlee Marshall and Glenn Palmer.



1994 FIRESIDE FESTIVAL LONGYARD HOTEL

Gary Fogarty

Bobby Miller

Frank Daniel

Bluey Bostock

