

A.B.P.A.



Volume 16
No. 4.
August - September
2009

The Australian Bush Poets Association Inc.

Magazine - (since 1994)

Over the years ABPA member Chris Woodland has made field recordings of many bush personalities. His collection is housed in the Oral History section of the National Library of Australia, Canberra. (P12)

Chris Woodland



CHERYL PETERS

MORE REPORTS FROM GULGONG AND GRENFELL



CARLY BROWN

THE SHAME OF STAYING PUT

© Ron Stephens - Dubbo NSW

1st Prize Bush Poetry Section 2009 Banjo Paterson Writing Awards - ORANGE

I've read *The Shame of Going Back*
perhaps a dozen times,
appreciating Lawson's knack
of probing wounds through rhymes.
Today my latest browsing brought
an unexpected thrill,
occasioned by a vagrant thought:
the shame of standing still.

Depends upon each circumstance
and options that exist.
When peers go chasing rainbows,
chance
their luck with coin or fist,
the cautious mate who stays behind
might well need cheering up
from being sneeringly assigned
humiliation's cup.

A poster during World War One

had bellowed *I Need You!*
so if a target dad or son
held back while bugles blew
he risked a feather, craven white,
to mark his painful choice.
Had ailing wife or parents' plight
impressed with softer voice?

Mob-rule's a dark phenomenon
which sometimes clouds this land.
When ugly crowds go raging on
who makes a passive stand?
Who calls for reason, rule of law,
as slogans flail like hail?
An elder fearing race-hate war,
lest petrol bombs prevail.

A child who's urged to *have a go*
because all others do,
might swim against the current flow

of driftage termed true-blue.
Yet such a child ought not be shamed
for clinging to the bank,
rejecting drugs and vessels claimed
as buoyant but which sank.

We've changed a bit since Lawson's
day,
though no-one's held to blame.
Tycoons who safely fail to pay
their debts don't suffer shame.
Their cups have nicely overflowed
with Bollinger and greed,
while battlers trudge the circuit road
through failure, guilt and need.

Upon the backs of battlers ride
the Canberra elite,
aloof and proud, self-satisfied,
no blisters on their feet.
They hold no fears of slinking
back to penury or shame,
for super beckons down the track
- - a selfish stay-put aim.

THE MAGNIFICENT SEVEN

© Max Merckenschlager Winner Gulgong Written Awards

I stood in awe as the land beneath me trembled,
and waited where the furrow-horse would draw my father's
plough,
to watch the finest working team assembled,
erupt in bold precision on the green and chocolate brow.

Eight bodies glistened brightly under tension;
with traces taut, their massive pistons drove the mouldboard
on.

I stepped aside in trepid apprehension,
and passed the midday nosebags up, as eyes of liquid shone...

....that scene from yesteryear is sadly burning;
an adult now, my thankless task awaits me in the shade
of redgum; seven left won't be returning -
old veterans, who'll shuffle as they make their last parade.

With dry and dusty harness from the stable,
I walk the mile to slip their headgear on for one last time.
Five more the team must plod - I pray they're able;
a distance they'd have swallowed, had they walked it in their
prime.

Behind me on their tragic trek they stumble,
and pass the heap of ashes where some twenty months before,
old Harry dragged their honest mate and humble;
his death the last surrender, for we had a team no more.

We pensioned off those faithful, ageing horses,
to pasture out their final days. so easy at the time,
but found ourselves at odds with other forces;
a lingering and painful death was far the crueller crime.

They lift their heads and look toward the stables,
where father and his father swear the years they spent were
best;
blue ribbons on the walls of teamster fables,
a place of warmth and harmony, of energy at rest.

Now watching their retreat in silent witness,
the cold blue-metal Fordson stands in passive victory.
They had its measure while they passed the fitness,
but time became their nemesis, to snatch supremacy.

It tears at me to see these legends falter,
their idle days and ageing made them limping casualties;
high-steppers during working days in halter,
their nostrils flared and blowing, as they challenged soil and
breeze.

The schoolhouse to our right has stopped my dreaming;
ahead a railway loading ramp reminds me why I'm here.
An engine waits. its boiler boxes steaming;
the horses are unsettled and they toss their heads in fear.

I walk them in and stand there looking, checking,
and gently stroke their outstretched heads with loving words
and pride.
Old Carb is close beside me on the decking;
I slide an arm around his neck - he taught the boy to ride.

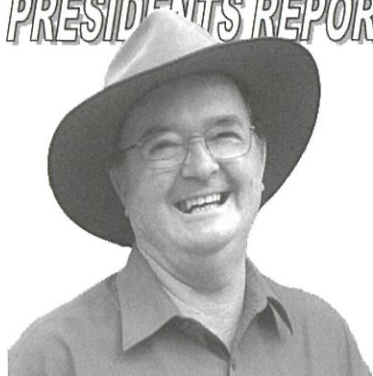
The whistle blows and wheels are slowly turning;
with shoo, shoo, shoo and hiss of steam, a farm tradition ends.
I watch them disappear, my tummy churning,
and shed a tear for noble hearts of seven, more-than-friends...

... I like to think they're grazing now in Heaven;
my father wouldn't cash the cheque for lifetime servants sold.
He passed it on, in memory of seven;
donated to our local home, where human friends grow old.

REMINDER:

**The NSW OPEN BUSH POETRY
STATE CHAMPIONSHIPS
16-18 OCTOBER - MORISETT NSW
Enquiries: Carol Heuchan
02 4977 3210 carol@carolpoet.com.au**

PRESIDENTS REPORT



G'day Members,

Since our last Newsletter Ed and Marg Parmenter have informed me that they will be standing down from their roles as Secretary and Treasurer of the Australian Bush Poets Association at the conclusion of 2009. We thank Marg and Ed for the time, talent and dedication they have brought to these roles over many years. No incorporated organisation can function without competent and reliable people in these roles and both Marg and Ed have provided these.

Members this means that at our AGM you will need to elect a new President, Secretary and Treasurer. As I mentioned in a previous newsletter I will not be standing for re election in 2010 but I believe that a changeover of administrators in any organisation is a healthy sign. Many of us have benefited from being members of the ABPA and now is the time to contribute to the administration.

Included on this page is a Register of Judges for Performance Competitions. This is not an exclusive list but it contains the names of those members who informed me they were interested in being on this list and have demonstrated their competency to performance competitions. Some have contacted me and declined the invitation. I can only presume that those who did not respond to the invitation do not want to be on the list. If there are interested members, not on the list but would like to be so please contact me with some indication of credentials.

Since the last Newsletter several members have contacted me concerning Written Competitions

and the criteria being used to judge. I am of the opinion that the current criteria used is balanced and ensures that we preserve the best elements in the genre of bush poetry. The criticism that it is too academic and puts more emphasis on the structure than the matter is hard to justify. I acknowledge that you could have a gripping original yarn but if there is not consistent metre and accurate rhyme it would not be awarded First Prize in a Written Competition. Our demand on consistent metre and accurate rhyme is not unrelated to the understanding of the gripping material. Inconsistent metre and inaccurate rhyme distract the reader from the ideas, action and emotions being expressed. If we jumbled up sentence structure when writing prose then the events being expressed would be difficult to comprehend. The same theory applies to bush poetry. Our appropriate structures (metre and rhyme) allow the ideas, events and emotions being expressed to flow uninterrupted. We modern bush poets have a responsibility to ensure that this genre is not corrupted and we maintain the high standards that have been passed on to us by the Patersons, Lawsons, Ogilvies and O'Briens of pioneering days.

Over the last two months I have been involved in evaluating hundreds of bush poems submitted in written competitions. I applaud the entrants for capturing their experiences in this bush poetry genre. No doubt they will have shared their writings with others and given joy through the sharing but when it comes to being held up as an example of excellence with a First, Second or Third then we have to ensure that not only have their ideas, events and emotions grabbed our attentions but they have embedded these in appropriate metre and rhyme.

With gratitude,

Noel Stallard

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POSITIONS VACANT: ABPA

After continuous faithful service to the ABPA over the past few years, the current President, Secretary and Treasurer have announced they will not be seeking re-election in 2010.

*Interested persons should contact the Secretary Ed Parmenter on 02 6652 3716
email: coffsmixture@hotmail.net.au*

2009 HENRY LAWSON HERITAGE FESTIVAL - GULGONG



heard, be they verse or short stories.

Geoff Sharp (patron of the Henry Lawson Society) gave a Workshop on the art of Performance Poetry on the Saturday afternoon, sharing his considerable knowledge and experience with anyone who cared to partake of it.

Ellis Campbell was the 2009 "Festival Guest of Honour". Ellis was born in Gulgong in 1926 and lived there for 50 years.

The Festival was also visited by Henry's 'alter ego' James Howard from Melbourne who has Henry's mannerisms and quirks 'down to a tee'. James entertained not only in the set venues but also dallied around the town falling into conversation with many a layabout and drunken rascal. A wonderfully engaging personality to have at such an event.

Those in the right place at the right time could also participate in the cutting of Henry's 142nd Birthday Cake or join in Old Time and Highland Dancing (not at the same time of course). The Gulgong Community Singers warbled away on various street corners and those wanting a walk could join in the guided tours of the town's points of interest.

Of course the highlight of the weekend (for lovers of Bush Poetry) was the Literary Awards Presentation at the Opera House on the Sat night. It is here that the winners of the Henry Lawson Adult Literary Awards and the Short Story Competitions are announced. The eleven finalists from the Leonard Teale Memorial Spoken Word Award also strutted

their stuff for the judges who had their work cut out for them with a very strong field of competitors indeed.

All in all the Henry Lawson Heritage Festival 2009 was of great credit to those involved and Cheryl Peters and her Committee should be heartily applauded for their collective efforts.

G Johnson

ADDENDUM:

Taken from a letter submitted by Jenny Markwell of the Hunter Bush Poets which covered much of the Gulgong news.

"Gulgong, as always, has to be one of the friendliest country towns I have come across. The workers, mostly volunteers, should be awarded medals, for they are the ones responsible for making the Henry Lawson Festival the outstanding success that it is! For these tireless folk of The Henry Lawson Centre and The Prince of Wales Opera House, no question or request is too silly or impossible. Not only have they become poetry colleagues but treasured friends.

ELLIS CAMPBELL 2009 Festival Guest of Honour



L-R Ellis Campbell, Dubbo (Guest of Honour at the Festival), Helen Oakley, Gulgong (local identity) and James Howard, Melbourne (Henry Lawson Impersonator & Performer) Cutting Henry's 142nd Birthday cake.

Ellis Campbell was born in Gulgong in 1926, and lived here for 50 years. When he was 54, he began writing poetry seriously. Ellis has now written more than 700 poems, published six books of poetry, and won more than 600 awards.

Ellis has been an FAW Writing Fellow, has been published in the US, has simultaneously taken first, second and third prizes in Narrabri's Nandewar Competition, and has been made a Legend of the Longyard at Tamworth's Country Music Festival.

PARKES ELVIS FESTIVAL

The Parkes Country Link Elvis Festival held its first Poets Breakfast in January this year.

This event proved very popular with visitors who enjoyed an entertaining morning with Graham Johnson, 'The Rhymer from Ryde' as M.C.

In keeping with the festival the competition was conducted with poetry precluding to Elvis and his life and the life and history of the festival which is in its seventeenth year attended by over 9000 visitors.

A Bush Poets breakfast will again be added to the 2010 programme with other traditional competitions. It will be held at the Parkes Bowling Club at 7am; the main feature will be original Elvis Poetry.

Prizes are available in both the Humorous and Serious categories, plus an overall winner. Entry forms can be downloaded from www.parkeselvisfestival.com.au - Enq: Anne Steel 02 6863 4349. Entertainment from MC Graeme Johnson aka 'The Rhymer From Ryde'.



The Grenfell Henry Lawson Festival of Arts Proudly Presents "Poetry on the Boards"

Henry Lawson would certainly be raising that signature moustache gently at the sides, to know, that The Grenfell Henry Lawson Festival of Arts is lifting the curtain on the freshest inclusion to a grand weekend of artistic events and creative pursuits. We speak of the lively two year old called "Poetry on the Boards," a walk up poetry event that's primary focus is to hand the reigns of the realm of poetry back to the people. As our revered Henry Lawson would have always wanted. The people's response to "Poetry on the Boards" thus far has been jubilant. Poets and audiences alike are keen to relay rave reviews from their experiences at "Poetry on the Boards".

The rolling fog was broken with the ceremony of The Grenfell Town and District Band, paving the way for a whole host of poetic imagery. Grenfell and its many visitors were taken on a journey from the humorous to the touching, and were privy to a nostalgic coal fire and Grenfell Rail History power point presentation. An apt combination of poetry and rail history have opened the door for "Poetry

on the Boards" to expand the connections of Henry Lawson, and revisit the many rail references in his stories and verse.

Geoffrey W Graham who has been a part of the Festival for some years says: "The push behind the latest wave of verse at The Grenfell Henry Lawson Festival of Arts is Carly Brown. Carly is a passionate addict, not only on traditional verse, but avidly writing her own. What better person to create "Poetry on the Boards", a two hour session on the restored railway platform at Grenfell. Complete with wool bales to sit upon. The platform is a most appropriate setting, along with good old fashioned soup, tea and coffee that are well appreciated on that wintry morning.

Ably compared by Ted Webber, there were poets from some distance as well as locals all combining to give a variety of verse to the appreciative audience. We all look forward to building on this for future years."

Too right Geoffrey; Grenfell is proud that we are the Birthplace of Henry Lawson, and through "Poetry on the Boards" at the festival we

intend to honour his memory and his great legacy by actively practising and promoting Australia's love of reading, reciting, performing and listening to verse.

Event MC, the wonderful Ted Webber from Young, kicked off the Poetry with 'An Old Mate', and the healthy crowd embarked on an emotive poetic journey. Bernie Kelleher hit the Boards with 'Rum and Water' followed by local entrant Mikla Lewis who shared a poem written by her Mum, titled 'The Little Brown Mouse'. After which we heard from Sydney poet Leslie Barham, who shook up the mix and hit us with 'The Loaded Lawson'. Leslie never fails to inject an insight into Henry the man, and the event organisers are thankful for the diversity that his work brings to the morning.

Another in town girl, and poetry junkie Chris Ivins shared an original 'No Sweeter Memory'; Chris was also an entrant in this year's written verse at the HLF and received a highly commended for her efforts. Returned local lad Nigel Brus delivered a similar servicemen's theme paying respect with 'Anzac Day'.

Visitors and locals combined to present original and traditional verse with the likes of the inimitable local Frank Freudenstein, Batlow's John



Peel and Greg Broderick of Young; smiles and laughter were certainly the order of the day for poets and audience alike.

An added bonus was John Hetherington and Bruce Robinson with their Sunday morning Lawson readings at Henry's birthplace; this great union of History and Poetry was treated to a consummate performance by Geoffrey W Graham, who presented his insightful one man show, 'Bards and Bushrangers'.

We'll see you all on the Saturday morning of the June Long Weekend in 2010. Welcome back Henry.

Carly Brown

Victorian Championships

This year's Victorian Bush Poetry and Music Association's Open Bush Poetry Championships will be held in Benalla from the 16th to the 18th October. The championships will include a yarn-spinning competition as part of the Australian concert on Friday 16th at 7.30pm.

A review of the prize money in the performance bush poetry competition has seen some big changes made. This year each section, includ-

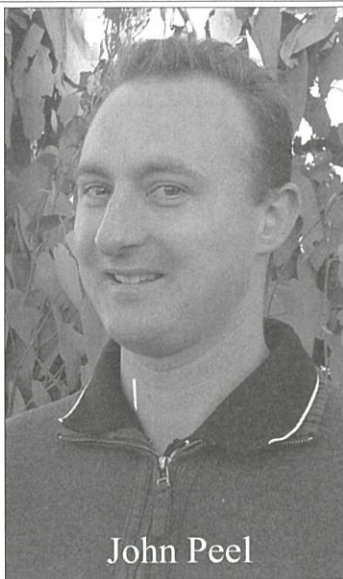
ing the music, will pay three places instead of first only and the highest ranked novice in each section will also receive a prize.

In the written section, the option of having a full critique on any of your poems entered has been made available for an additional fee. The fee that the judge has offered to do this service for is much less than what would be charged for a commercial critique through a writers' group for example.

In an effort to encourage the development of the poets of the future, junior competitors will not be charged an entry fee to their respective sections this year. This is a big improvement on the single category in each of the performance and written categories of previous years.

Poets' Breakfasts will be held on Saturday October 17 and Sunday October 18 from 8am. The poetry competition will commence from 10am on each of these days.

John Peel
Secretary VBPA



John Peel

A JOURNEY DOWN MEMORY LANE

© John Davis -

During a trip to the far west, I travelled a long dusty track
That opened my mind to the past, brought many old memories back
Of flood plains, scrub and sand hills,

some of the wondrous sights that I've seen
Through the interior of Australia, of the places where I have been
The stations that I worked on, the many jobs that had to be done
The freezing cold of desert nights, burning heat of the summer sun

Yarding cattle at Tiltabrinna where the work was hot and hard
Many times I branded clean skins there, in the big wire bronco yard
Bill Johnson from Cunnamulla was the man we had on the knife

I never worked with a better man at any time during my life
A well known dingo trapper, known as, Dogger Bill by one and all
When ever there were calves to mark, Dogger Bill was the man we'd call
Mustering stores through Birogilpa to the camp at Number One

Where we handed over a thousand head to walk to another run
Moving cattle out past the death trap to the Urella station yard
We were young and full of life, with never a day too long or hard
And I mustered on Old Yantara; [that's where Higson was the boss]
He was one of the very best men that I ever came across
Then a year spent working for Wrights, six thousand calves they branded there
In my mind I see those cattle still and can smell the burning hair

The dusty smell of the sheep yards and the noise of the shearing board
The rattle of hooves on grating, the cheer when a bare belly's scored
The clickety clack of the wool press as the presser bales up the wool
And the thump when it lands on the floor, whenever a bale is full
There's the steady beat of the engine that's driving the shearing gear
Big mobs of sheep and sheep dogs as the musterers are getting near
The laughter in the huts at night and the tales that the shearers told
Mostly lies about tallies they've shorn, women they've been able to hold
Marking lambs long before daylight with light from a good mulga fire
Three thousand marked by midday, I don't know where tallies were higher
Bringing sheep in for shearing, moving five thousand head in one flock
Of bush fires droughts and dust storms, starving cattle and dying livestock

Bush pubs away out in the donga, good times and fights I had there
And how we enjoyed the music, the echo of songs on the air
Green horses we took to bush races, each race we put one of them in
How we saddled up and rode like Cossacks, doing our best to win
Cheering one for the other, with our mates riding hard down the track
How I'd love to do it all over, able to turn the clock back
Though I know that's not an option, I can never do it again
But I can always see it once more, travelling down memory lane

MATON GUITAR RAFFLE

VBPMMA President and promoter Colin Carrington reckons that Aussies will buy a raffle ticket in anything! Perhaps it's no surprise that organisers of the Victorian state championships are raffling a Maton guitar with case.

Maton guitars are Australian made and well known for their quality. However, this will be no ordinary guitar. It will be 'unique' in a yet to be determined way.

Last year Maton made the guitar 'unique' by inlaying a polished 1911 Australian penny. Making it a collector's item conservatively valued at \$1,500, as this year's is.

The Victorian Bush Poetry and Music Association Inc who conduct the annual championships, that also include music/song, and for the first time this year yarn spinning, are registered with the Victorian Commission for Gambling Registration to legally conduct raffles. There are stringent requirements – so purchasers may buy with confidence. There are three minor consolation prizes. Raffle drawn 18 October.



THE MINYA POEMS AND YARNS

On June 6th winners of Minya Written Poems and Yarns comp were announced at a dinner the profit from which was donated to the burns unit at the Alfred Hospital. Melbourne. It was a was a written comp and winners were not announced until the end of the evening.

A selection across a range of the entries was made and those selected were notified by mail and asked if they were prepared to perform their poem as part of the nights entertainment to be combined with Aust folk music preformed by David Lumsden and Martin Everly. Prize money was donated by Andrew Sinclair of Thrive Solutions.

The night was a resounding success with a very appreciative audience and some good poetry. Proprietors, Jeff and Sue Dans had to expand the seating arrangements several times to accommodate the audience and even then had to turn a lot of potential guests away.

Jeff and Sue donated a mixed dozen bottles of wine from their winery which was raffled and the winner very generously donated it back to be auctioned. The bidding was very spirited and a couple of hundred more was added to the burns unit total.

The tone for the evening was started and set by Bec Sutherland [The Minya chef] reading Banjo Patterson's *The Man From Snowy River*.

Jeff is considering making poetry at Minya Winery an annual event among the many other charity events they put on.

The successful writers were 1st John Davis [*A Journey Down Memory Lane*].

2nd Brad Pigeon [*Me Lady*] 3rd.

David Cambell [*The Ballard Of The Minya*].

A total of \$745 was paid to Burns Unit Alfred Hospital Melbourne.

Not a muso? Think what a wonderful gift the guitar would make. Or you could put it on Ebay and make a killing if you were the lucky winner. So how about 'kicking the tin' cobbbers and spending a few dollars to help a good cause.

Refer advert on page 20 to obtain tickets.

MAWSON'S ICE CREAM

© Stephen Whiteside 21.03.09

Mawson loved his ice cream. At home in Adelaide,
He'd have a dozen flavours, and every one home-made;
Apricot and strawberry, raspberry and peach,
And sometimes, to be wicked,

he would have a scoop of each!

So when he went to Antarctica, he packed a large supply.
He laughed, "I will not need a frig!"

You know the reason why.

"The air down there is cold enough.

My ice cream cannot melt!"

A never ending ice cream diet! Imagine how he felt!

Alas, it wasn't quite that simple. Mawson got a shock.
Within a week his precious treat had set as hard as rock.
He bent a spoon. He broke a knife. His finger-nails he tore.
He punched the ice cream with his fists.

He cursed. He yelled. He swore.

At last he found the primus stove,
the one they used for cooking,
Would melt his yummy ice cream and,
so when his friends weren't looking
He'd take some chunks of blubber
from a seal they'd not long killed,
And he'd feed the little primus.
Thus his ice cream need was filled.

Imagine, though, the fury
when his friends unearthed the scheme.
They were chewing pemmican, while he scoffed soft ice
cream!

And he was stealing blubber, too, his stomach for to fill,
And seals are big and strong and fast,
and pretty hard to kill!

Of course, he lost the men's respect.

They planned his overthrow,
And appointed a committee to direct his polar show.
He could have been a hero, but he sacrificed his dream
On the altar of a vast supply of beaut,
home-made ice cream!

Stephen Whiteside has won Second Prize in the "Humorous Verse Australian Theme" section of the Grenfell Henry Lawson Festival of Arts poetry competition with his poem, "Mawson's Ice Cream".

Judge's Comments: "A poem that imagines a comic situation of the explorer Mawson with a fatal flaw: a love of ice cream. The idea of Mawson going to Antarctica with loads of ice cream, not being able to eat it because it froze and being forced to heat it on a primus stove fuelled by whale blubber is hilarious. This is a 'tall story' taken to the nth degree - 'he could have been a hero, but he sacrificed his dream/On the altar of a vast supply of beaut, home-made ice cream.'"

Stephen's results in the Grenfell competition have gradually been improving over the years. In 2006 he received a "Special Mention" for one poem. In 2007 three of his poems were "Commended", and in 2008 one of his poems was "Highly Commended".

WATTY'S NEW BOOK



master of the pen in cartoonist and illustrator Kevin Lindberg of Brisbane to give his picture-writing expertise a boost with some carefully crafted drawings. Assistance with the layout and design came from Neville O'Dell of Perth WA. The combination is without doubt a tour de force. (Not France).

Grahame Watt was born in the small Victorian town of Kyabram, lived and worked there for the greater part of his life where he was constantly presenting monologues and singing at local functions. With his wife Janice he moved to Toormina on the 'Coffs Coast' in February 2006 and still carries on the tradition of Bowling and story-telling.

He began writing verse around 1980 and won many prestigious competitions with classic poems such as "Skew Wiff Kelly", "Patches" and "Gladys". He became Australian Limerick Champion in 1991, produced two very successful books and an album of his verse and was first president and co-founder of the Kyabram Bush Verse Group. Grahame has spent many years preserving our heritage and promoting bush verse in Victoria.

He was inducted into the Poets Wall of Renown at the Longyard Hotel in June 1997. (Now The Longyard Legends). He was a top five Finalist in the Asthma NSW Bush Poetry Awards in 2000 conducted in conjunction with the Australian Women's Weekly and has gained honourable mentions in many written competitions.

Watty's book is just like him. It's plain and simple, not too much over the top, is easy to read and is 'Skew Wiff' all over, you won't want to put it down.

It is an honour indeed to be asked to forward a foreword prefacing 'Skew Wiff's' latest offering, "*I Likes a Laugh!*"

What an apt title; one could hardly expect less than a laugh coming from the pen of one of Australia's best known writers of short stories, limericks, jokes, quips, monologues and bush poetry.

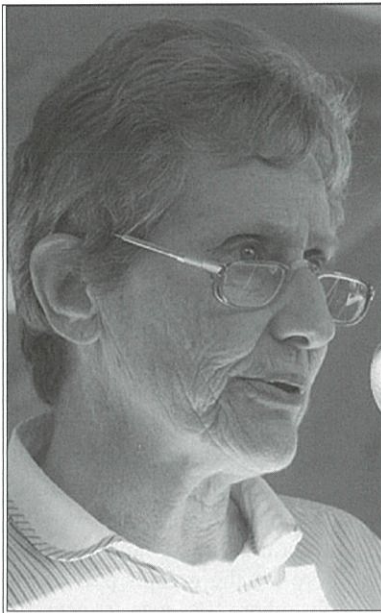
In writing an introduction to a major work of art - as I am sure this one is - or will be - it first requires that the *introducer* need to know something about the *introducee*, and some assistance from the latter is often helpful in compiling facts and figures to do the author some justice.

Grahame offered help with the correct spelling for the following words; exceptional, brilliant, mesmerizing, contemplative and pathetic just in case I found them beyond my capabilities, and, in case I should find need for them in praising his work. And so I did indeed, all in this one little paragraph.

Grahame turned 80 on the 8th day of the 8th month in the year 08; other than being the opening date for the Beijing Olympics, I don't know what that's got to do with this prologue, but rest assured he won't turn ninety on the ninth of the ninth in '09, he'll be eighty-one and a bit, so that gives him at least another nineteen years to go until he reaches his use-by date.

'Watty' contacted another

Frank Daniel, Canowindra NSW
Editor ABPA Inc magazine



DULCIE McLEAN

Dulcie McLean has always enjoyed poetry, jotting down a few little bits and pieces, writing Limericks; sending gifts with appropriate verses attached.

At Christmas time in 2008, her daughter, Jeanette Clarey and husband Don of Dubbo NSW, sent her a subscription to the ABPA magazine. This was the beginning of her bush poetry 'affair'.

Dulcie worked in Cooma on the Snowy Mountains Hydro Electric Authority in the fifties and sixties - married one of the engineers - had two sons and two daughters and now have ten grandchildren. She is a devout Christian - not religious. (There is a vast difference!)

For many years Dulcie has read books, both Christian and secular onto tapes for the blind and vision impaired. In her hometown of Orange she is a narrator for Vision Australia and reads news items from the local papers onto cassette tapes. Another great passion of hers is singing, either solo items or in choirs and has maintained a quite strong soprano voice. Dulcie enjoyed many years in amateur theatricals in Cooma and later in Warwick Q.— musicals, dramas and melodramas. She found the melodramas lots of fun, always getting the part of the scarlet woman!

Other interests include painting in water-colours and has been trying to master the art over the last few years. Quick sketches in ink with a splash of colour here and there seems to work rather well for her at the moment.

She has been writing poetry for about ten years and made her debut as a performer at Dunedoo on 8th March and placing second at Narrandera on the 23rd.

CROSSROADS

© Dulcie McLean Orange NSW

I'm at the crossroads. Dear, oh dear!
I must decide - that much is clear,
but which way to turn is the big debate,
for the way I choose will seal my fate!
If I turn to the left, there's danger there,
with gorgons and dragons!

'twould make the hair
on the back of my neck

stand up in terror!
Oh dear! I'm in such a dilemma!

To my right there's a slippery slope.
One false step and I'd lose all hope
of achieving my goal.

Oh! What a shame!
It's quite a risk, but - am I game?

If I went back I'd admit defeat,
admit the whole thing had got me beat.
Could I live with myself

if I felt third-rate?
No! I must press on
with this tough debate!

What lies ahead?
It looks dark and overgrown,
deep mysteries - the great unknown!
Am I ready to step out
and go straight ahead,
take the good with the bad,
having 'made my bed'?

I think I will! It's worth a try!
I'll do it now, not by and by!
Who knows this well might be
the beginning of happy days for me!

PASSING THE BUCK

© Dulcie McLean

If there's blame to be laid down
at somebody's feet,
have you noticed how quickly
they say, with much heat,
that it's somebody else
with the blame should be stuck?
And that's what's known
as - 'Passing the Buck'.

JUST THE TWO OF US

On Saturday night the 13th June, Paddy and Glori O'Brien, 'The Irish Trio', headed to Inverell to do a fund-raiser show for NEVAT, (New England Voluntary Air Transport) at the East Inverell Bowls Club.

NEVAT was formed and incorporated in 2006 to help relieve the tyranny of distance for community members who need to travel long distances to medical appointments in such places as Tamworth, Armidale and Toowoomba. NEVAT is a truly volunteer organisation and has no paid staff.

David and Sue Roach and their volunteers run a Non Government funded air transport service transporting patients of the outback to their chemo and radiotherapy in various centres.

The 'Trio' hasn't had much time to spare this year, just enough to catch a breath between appearances.

During their Queensland tour they took in the Q150 Celebrations at Yarraman in May and then the long haul out to Nardoo Station, Cunnamulla where they celebrated 'Music in the Mulga' for the second year. This four-day event is set to become an annual event. This year saw Adam Kirkpatrick, Amos Morris (Golden Guitar Winner, Tamworth 2009 for the second time) and many other well known artists.

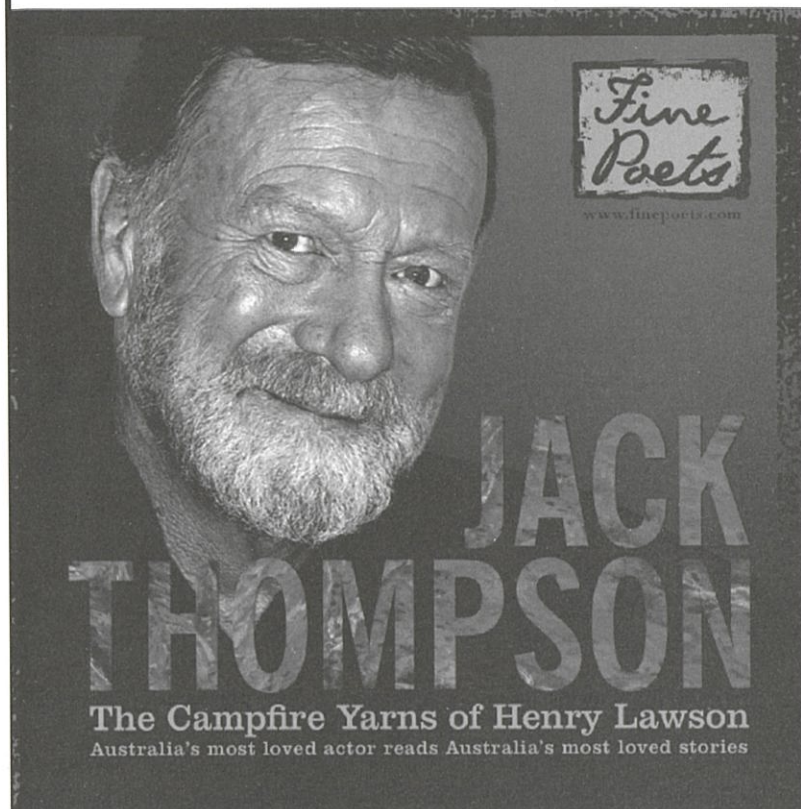
A quick trip home saw the birth of another grand-daughter, Akalia Hope, before rushing off to Beef Week in Glen Innes where Paddy was successful in winning the performance competition.

Paddy and Glori are planning another attack on the Apple Isle in the near future returning to a number of their established Tasmanian venues.

Picture: Emma Christensen, David Roach, Daniel Roach, Paddy O'Brien, Front: Glori O'Brien, Sue Roach and Thea Batterham.



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POET'S PERFORMANCE

Jacqui Warnock

For the many poets at St Edward's Hall in January 2008

It's a funny thing about performing
Reciting lines in verse
Because I know to do it well
We have to rehearse

Memorise the words and phrases
Pauses, actions too
Make sure we won't forget the thing
While we're up in front of you.

And so I think it's funny
When our poem does conclude
That poets do the thanking
For their poetry interlude

Cause we're the one who're up here
Quaking in our shoes
Risking embarrassment
And confidence to lose

While you sit there all comfortable
Listening to the spin
The stories, jokes and clever lines
Just taking it all in

So we poets need not say 'thank you'
I tell you this because
We'll just tip our hats or curtsy
And listen for your applause.



Originally from Sydney, Jacqui moved to Moree in North West NSW as a high school teacher, married an aspiring farmer and settled near Narrabri. She and husband Jack have built up a successful cotton growing enterprise which is now involving the next generation.

Mother of two sons and twin daughters she has loved seeing her children grow up and has written poems about the stages they go through. She enjoys writing poems for family gatherings and occasions. As well she loves to surprise people with a poem at the end of a day long excursion or long trip away, sort of a diary of events or funny happenings. Jacqui has been writing poetry for about ten years now and she knows the first poem she wrote. It was titled 'I Wonder' and it was written for her daughter Carlie who died of SIDS in 1983.

Twice named best local poet in the

Nandewar Written Poetry Competition, she was a finalist in the Golden Damper Awards in Tamworth in 2009 with her own poem 'Ssssnake'

Having gathered a fair number of poems in folders she thought 2009 was time for a book. Daughter Julia who is studying to be a graphic designer offered to put it together and the result of her efforts, 'Wanderings at WariBri' should be available in print before the end of the year.

While enjoying the traditional bush poets like Banjo for many years it wasn't until word got out that she penned a few lines herself that she was invited to take part in the Narrabri Show Poet's Breakfast in 2004. There began her love of modern bush poetry and its characters and she hasn't looked back.

Jacqui spent her early childhood on a farm at Matcham, near Gosford on the NSW Central Coast and attended a two teacher school at Holgate. As a child she rather fancied performing and used to put on singing and dancing shows for family and friends. Perhaps taking to performance poetry is realising those early ambitions to be an entertainer!

Receiving a small amount of success at Harden's 'A Taste of Country' competition, and a little bit of prize money, which she promptly spent in town, inspired Jacqui to travel outside her local area and she says it is the people she gets to know by being one of the performers that's makes it so worthwhile. "And the applause, that's nice too!"

Hearing beautiful poems and seeing the different styles of performance makes it all so interesting and entertaining.

Despite admitting to the usual nerves, Jacqui loves performing for an audience of any kind. "There is nothing like holding an audience captive until the last

IN MEMORIAM

Our lovely poet

June Redmond of Blacktown
passed away on the afternoon of
Saturday 11th July.

June was laid to rest at the Pinegrove Cemetery, Minchinbury on
July 15th.

She will be sadly missed

RUDD'S PUB

Thirty-eight kilometres south of Toowoomba is the small village of Nobby where you will find Rudd's Pub. It was established in 1893 and has all the charm of that era, with loads of memorabilia and pictures. Country-style lunch and dinner are served in the restaurant every day and there are bar snacks available.

An old railway cottage has been restored to create romantic accommodation for two. It has a leadlight window and

light shades, beautiful wallpaper and a veranda overlooking the crops of the Downs.

For such a tiny place - it has a population of just 350 - Nobby has some interesting history. It was home to Sister Elizabeth Kenny and author Steele Rudd.

Sister Kenny was a polio pioneer who laboured long and hard before the discovery of the Salk and Sabin vaccines. Her first clinic was in a backyard under an awning in 1933. She is buried in the Nobby Cemetery and in 1998

a memorial building displaying her history was established.

Arthur Hoey Davis was born there as well, and under the pseudonym Steele Rudd wrote humorous accounts of country life. His main characters, Dad, Dave and Mabel, became household names in Australia as the stories were adapted for radio. His stories have been dramatised and filmed many times.

Based on the characters created by Steele Rudd in his book "On Our Selection", the

radio serial began its marathon run on Sydney's 2UW on 31st May 1937.

It was broadcast 4 nights per week in 15 minute episodes, and ran for 15 years



word.....and then a bit!" With husband Jack who enjoys caravanning and the opportunity to travel Jacqui has performed poetry in Glen Innes, Dunedoo, Harden, Corryong, Port Campbell and Port Fairy. She hopes one day to be in Winton at the right time for the poetry festival there.

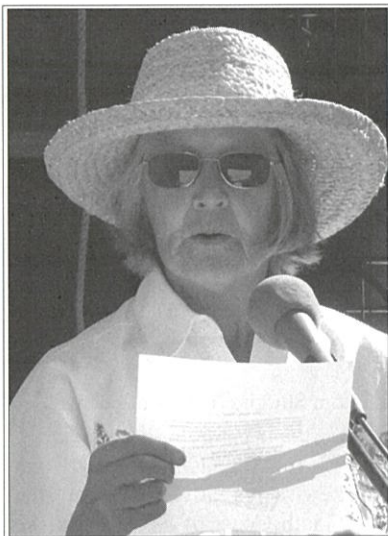
She says she likes bush poetry competitions for the camaraderie and the feedback she receives from the judges. "Judges comments can be quite helpful."

For the same reasons, she has taken to competing in the Narrabri Eisteddfod. Along with Max Pringle, Narrabri's Mr Poetry, she has competed in the 'Poems-for-Two' section for two years, to great acclaim. Both times she and Max were chosen for the Adjudicators Choice Concert. The poems they have

performed were written by Glenny Palmer, 'Waltz...in the Courtroom' and Ron Stevens 'Distant Dialogue'. She is on the lookout for another suitable poem for next year's Eisteddfod!

Ever the teacher Jacqui is involved in fostering young writers and performers through her involvement in the local Eisteddfod and school visits. She encourages school children to read the traditional poets like 'Banjo and Henry', learn a poem off by heart and try writing a poem to keep and look back on in the future.

Jacqui is well known around Narrabri for her involvement in entertaining at functions and never turns down an offer to perform. She is a regular performer at aged care both in Narrabri and Sydney.



PAMELA LAWSON-KERR

Pamela Lawson-Kerr has made her home in Australia for the past forty-five years. Before that her life was divided fairly evenly between Argentina, England, and Chile, where her birthplace, Punta Arenas, is the Administrative centre of the starkly beautiful and inhospitable southern region. Her British and Norwegian pioneer grandparents settled there in the late 19th Century.

Pamela has vivid memories of her early years; of running free as the winds which whipped up white horses on the Magellan Straights, and raked the land; of cobalt blue skies and scudding

clouds; crystal streams and shy wildflowers; of fields blanketed with snow, icicles hanging from the eaves, and the strangely beautiful designs 'Jack Frost' sculptured overnight on the windowpanes. Her early schooling began there in Spanish: then in 1938, at age of eleven, it was off to six years of boarding school in England. In hindsight, reading for Pamela was a form of escapism from homesickness; of passive juvenile resistance to circumstances beyond her control - and before long she was hooked.

The outbreak of World War II had disrupted plans for regular family reunions and both her parents had died when, in 1948, with her sister, she sailed, at last for home. It was a sad homecoming. For Pamela, a shipboard romance culminated, two years later, in marriage to Charles, and a new life in Buenos Aires. Her four children were born there in the troubled 1950's. Then, after much soul-searching, she and her family immigrated to Australia in early 1963 and, overcoming soon the initial strangeness, settled contentedly into their new adoptive country. Pamela, now widowed, lives in the rural subdivision of Carwoola, east of Queanbeyan NSW.

THE SOURCE

© Pamela Lawson-Kerr

I pulled him up, my tall grey steed,
to pass the time of day;
and the man with the sun-browned face
looked up and said, 'Good day'
He was small and wrinkled;
I tall and young on my handsome grey.
With simple tools he toiled,
all alone on a stretch of rural road:
wizened and wise, in simple guise,
he adhered to the countryman's code.

I well remember that sparkling day
for the perfume of flowers and of fresh cut hay;
but most of all for the lofty lore
embedded that day in my innermost core
by that sun-browned man with the humble mien,
for the words he spoke echo now and them -
artless, reflective, unclouded, plain -
'I likes t' part so's we c'n meet again.'

DAYDREAMS

© Pamela Lawson-Kerr

As I peel the potatoes, scrub the floor,
My heart is away out the kitchen door
Riding in sunlight, the wind and the rain
Seat firm in the saddle, hand firm on the rein.

It's far away on a dashing grey,
Riding to hounds on a misty day;
Standing and waiting by copse and by spinny
A pawing hoof, an impressive whinny.

With a sudden dash and a 'tally-ho'
Away the hounds and the huntsmen go.
We follow them at a rollicking pace
Thrilled to the core by the speed of the chase.

Wrapped now in the love of a good, true man,
My own love for him has placed a ban
On the dash and the dare of yesteryear -
It's hurting him, not the spills that I fear!

Still, my thoughts steal away to a rolling plain
Where I ride a gay mare with a flowing mane:
Four sure hooves pound the rain-soaked turf,
Only she and I on this sun-flecked earth.

And my heart goes out to the horse abused,
Neglected and starved and sorely misused:
With care and with tact I would mend his pride
And he'd carry me gladly on many a ride.

Where flannel flowers bloom and birds eggs are laid,
Along rock-strewn paths
through the mottled shade;
For deep in the bush, just
riding for pleasure,
There's peace to be found,
and joy without measure.



DAMES OF THE DEUA

by J.H. 'Jim' Sturgiss (the Man From the Misty Mountains)

From the Dame of the Deua came the word
Inviting us down to muster the herd.
An honour indeed, for the run was rough,
And the boldest riders but good enough.
Though her bullocks were wild
We must not fail,
As she had booked them for the Braidwood sale.
And of time we had scarcely half a week
When we rode one morning up Woolla Creek,
Where, kissing the feet of the climbing hills,
A river of silver, the Deua spills.

The peaks of the mountains were golden kissed,
That smiled down on valleys of fleecy mist.
The cabin asleep on the grassy hill,
And our tent by the river, white and still.
The thundering hoofs and the whips that crashed
Through splintering scrub and through rattling rocks,
With a heeling dog on their steaming hocks,
And the restless gallops were rife with thrills
Where in floods of silver the Deua spills.

When the Leopard bullock, a spotted streak,
Broke away from the mob up Woolla Creek
We raced at the heels in the filling dust,
Then pulled on our horses and wheeled and cussed.
"Let the blighter go and we'll hold the rest:
For the time at least we must give him best."
With a reckless curse on his curly hide
And a promise, when next we come to ride,
To finish the duel to-day begun,
Where the waters of the Deua roll and run.

We chatted at night by the cheery blaze,
With the circling heavens a starry haze,
While the tumbling mountains beneath night's charms
Enfolded the river with mighty arms.
We spoke of the way that the cattle came,
And we awarded praise and apportioned blame,
And yarned in the cabin upon the hill
When supper had finished, as good friends will.
And our laughter out on the still night rang
Where the voice of the Deua sighed and sang.

At radiant morning the gold peaks gleamed
Over fog-drowned valleys that drowsed and dreamed
Beneath lifting mountains of gold and green,
Whilst the singing river ran down between,
And the wise winds whispered, as on they went
To the lone little homestead, calm and content..
And a sweet assurance that coming years
Would bring more of laughter and less of tears,
And our camp smoke curled and the day was born
Where the song of the Deua met the morn.

Lone pinnacles lift to the larkspur sky
As time and the river go rolling by;
And good friends part, but to gather again
To follow the scrubbers with foam-flecked rein.
For again we'll meet, to muster and ride
With Nita* and Myrtle, their nags beside,
Whilst the Dame of the Deua's chestnut hack
Leads the party up on the Bima* track.
With Top* and Billy* and galloping Jim*
We'll take many a ride ere lights grow dim,
And soft, ere sleep bonds on our souls draw tight
Hear the silver Deua singing "Good Night."

Sent to me by Ruth Leahy, Jim Sturgiss's daughter, October 2004.
It appears from my copy that the poem had been published in the
Braidwood Dispatch. - Chris Woodland, October 2004.

Deua: Pron. Jewie. Nita: Spelt Neta. Bima: Also spelt Beamer. Local entities: Top Hassal - Bill Turnbull - Jim Sturgiss (author of poem).

Chris Woodland



Chris Woodland (cover picture) has had a life-long interest in Australian folklore. His early years were spent at

Kempsey, where he was born, then at Taree. His father, also Chris, was the NSW Railway timber inspector for those areas and passed on to him a passion for the Australian landscape, its traditions and people.

In late 1952 and early '53 he was privileged to spend time on Melville Island with the indigenous Tiwi people in the Northern Territory. While his hair was still dark brown he worked on outback cattle and

sheep stations and still maintains those earlier associations.

Over the years he has made field recordings of many bush personalities, including (indigenous and non-indigenous) drovers, shearers, isolated women, bush poets and songwriters, war veterans and others. His collection is housed in the Oral History section of the National Library of Australia in our National Capital.

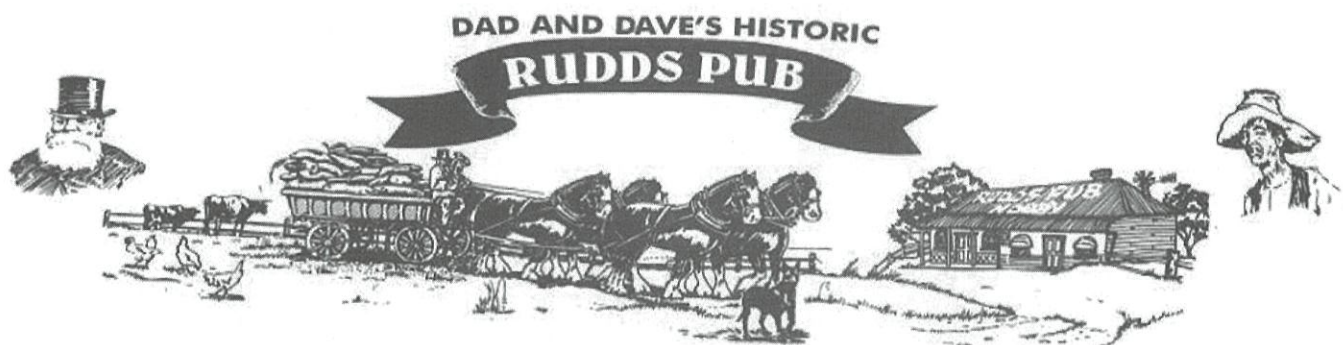
Over the years Chris has been an active member of the Bush Music Club, a co-founder of the Wild Colonial Days Society which mainly concentrated on centenary bushranger re-enactments in the 1960s. He was also an office bearer of the Monaro Folk Music Society and was a program presenter for over twenty years on community radio 2XX in Canberra.

He has published innumerable articles on Australian folklore, personalities and the Australian English language, amongst other topics, often relying on the transcripts from his oral history collection. Chris has a passion for the language of his country and an equally passionate dislike for Australians who use the language and accent of another country, mostly learned by viewing a flickering screen or listening to commercial soundwaves. Irrespective of the tune, Chris abhors Australians singing in an accent in which they don't speak.

In the Year of the Outback Chris produced a workshop/concert on The Droving Days and later produced a very successful concert on the life and works of the universal bushman, the late Duke Tritton.

In 2002 Chris retired to a few acres at Termeil on the South Coast of NSW where he mistakenly thought he would do more writing than he actually has.

Since his retirement Chris has been tutoring at the Milton-Ulladulla University of the Third Age on Australian folklore, sessions he calls Wallaby Stew. To his surprise the course has proved very popular. It contains most things Australian – with poetry, songs, yarns, prose, interesting personalities and language, being just some of the topics. The course is punctuated with poems and songs by Chris, who often accompanies himself with the button accordion and mouth organ. He does, however, find difficulty singing while playing the latter!



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AUSTRALIAN FESTIVALS

continue to flourish

(Dave de Santi and Zondrae King)

What a great Festival. The first ever Snowy Mountains of Music Festival from the 11th to the 15th June was a great success. Over 2,500 people attended the event at eleven venues - Perisher Valley, Smiggin Holes and Guthega as well as forty-five acts and a hundred and fifty concerts.

Mother Nature played her role and provided a rich blanket of snow which brought a sense of magic to the event. Friday was spent travelling with a bus load from the Illawarra Folk Club. The organizers were more than happy with the turn-out, when sixty-eight enthusiastic musicians and poets travelled via a double-decker bus to the Snowy region. What a trip with forgotten luggage and bus breakdowns aside.

The travellers woke on Saturday to the first fall of snow for the season which only got heavier and continued to fall day and night for the long-weekend.

The venues were intimate and it was 'up close' to the performers all weekend.

Entertainment was first class with Enda Kenny most outstanding with three sets and two numbers in the final concert.

The poetry events were a highlight and the Broken Ski (Written) Award (thirty entries) was won by Lee Taylor-Friend from Jindabyne with a beautifully crafted poem about the dying Snowy River. Zondrae King of Corrimall won the performance section with her 'Uncle Clyde' taking home the inaugural Snowy Cup. Jennifer Lees was second with Mike Martin placing third.

Dave de Santi advises that another such trip is planned

for the 11th-14th June next year.

Entries for the 25th Illawarra Folk Festival 2010 close on July 31st 2009.

www.illawarrafolkfestival.com.au

Pictured:

Zondrae King with the inaugural 'Snowy Cup'.



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Glennys Rowe and Jack Thompson were present at the Mulga Bill Festival at Yeoval NSW on 25th of July to dedicate a new seat alongside Banjo Paterson Walk and Jack planted two commemorative trees at the site.

www.finepoets.com

NETA DAVIS:

Deua River Woman

© by Chris Woodland

The Deua River begins its U-shaped course to the coast in the wild mountain ranges that finger out from the tablelands towards the NSW south coast. The clear descending waters commence their seaward voyage in the area of the Bendethera caves, once an isolated farm, now part of a national park. The Deua (pronounced by the locals as 'Jewie') runs over water-polished stones and rocks, dropping in elevation every so often as it tumbles over bubbling white water rapids to the waterhole beneath. On its journey seaward the river picks up the waters of smaller, often not flowing, tributaries.

When the Deua joins with the Araluen Creek it takes the name of the town near its entrance to the sea - it becomes known as the Moruya River.

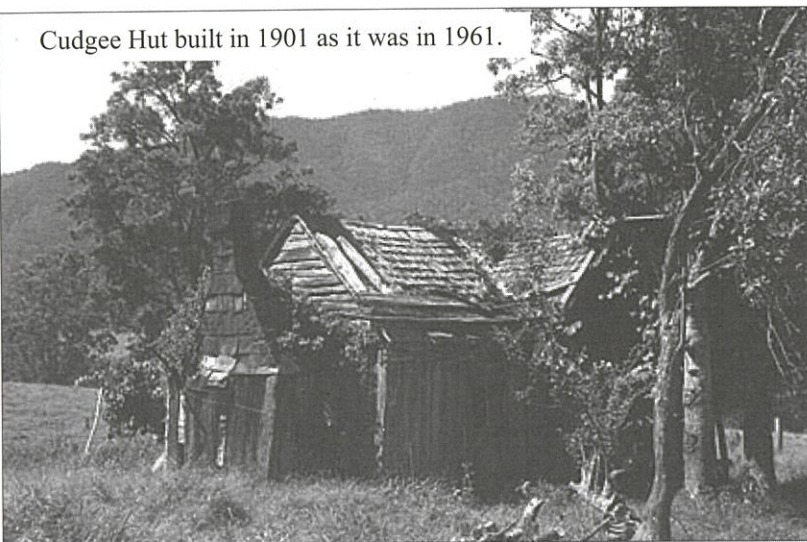
A few rugged kilometres upstream from that confluence is Moodong Creek, a tributary that generally keeps flowing after the many smaller feeder streams stop, that runs into the Deua.

However, dry times even see Moodong become a chain of small leaf and bark-stained waterholes. Going up this creek one finds that the stream is fed by very high and steep mountains, in places too steep for cattle and horses.

After many kilometres the V-shaped valley opens up into a Y-shape, providing many protected acres suitable for grazing. This area was known as Cudgeegamah, shortened in recent years to Cudgee. The sheltered valley is surrounded by towering mountains that reach up to the high country of the tablelands and in earlier days was connected by a bridle track that ran from Dempsey's *Emu Flat* station all the way down through Cudgee valley and along to the Deua.

While rearing her two-year-old son Everett, Helena Eliza Davis (commonly called Nellie) built a vertical slab

Cudgee Hut built in 1901 as it was in 1961.



house in that remote valley in 1908. With the assistance of her father Harvey Davis, an L-shaped house was constructed consisting of split slabs for the walls and flooring, and shingles for the roof. The slabs and shingles were split from local timber, and it was said by the infrequent visitor in those early days of the dwelling that the shingles cut from red gum made the roof look like red tiles. A grapevine was planted there in those early days. The old vine is all that survives today.

By the late 1960s the ravages of time and termites saw the old house reduced to a remaining single room, the kitchen. Iron roofing replaced the shingles, the walls were patched up, fencing wire strained between a kurrajong tree and a corner post corrected the lean of the structure for a while, but the inevitable happened sometime in the late '70s or early '80s when the place was no more.

Nellie's daughter Neta was born in that secluded valley in 1909. Later she would recall how, as a child, she would excitedly attempt walking around the top rail of the stockyard. With no permanent human company other than her mother and brother, Neta's development was centred on the day to day activities of a bush block cattle run. Occasionally there would be the excitement of a visitor. Always there was the surrounding bush, mountain slopes and wild animals. Such a remote area was forever under

threat from rabbits and dingoes. It would be much later that kangaroos found their way down from the higher, more level country and became a problem. Then the redneck and black wallabies were also threatened to some marked degree by their larger relative.

Neta became familiar with horses and cattle at a very early stage, as she and Everett were the only constant support her mother had. The only way in and out of the valley was by horse or foot and all supplies were carried in by packhorses. It would be the 1950s before a rough steep track was formed by later owners to carry four-wheel drive vehicles into Cudgee, replacing the old bridle track.

By that time Neta and her mother were living at Woolla, a place on the Deua River several rough kilometres above its confluence with Moodong Creek.

In 1919 Nellie gave the bush away and tried life in the city of Sydney. Two years later she and her two children headed back to the bush.

At one stage she lived at the junction of Moodong Creek and the Deua River. Here, as at Cudgee, and later at Woolla, kurrajongs trees were planted and still survive. They were probably planted near the houses to provide some shade for both horse and human, as the peppercorns of the inland were.

Before the Davis family acquired their first motor vehicle in 1950 (which had to be left in a shed on a neighbouring

property some rugged five kms away) all loads in or out were by packhorse. In earlier times Neta would ride down the Deua River to Waddell's on the Moruya Road every three or four months to meet the mail then pack supplies back to Woolla. To supplement their income wattle bark was cut, dried and also packed out. Wattle bark was used in great amounts by the tanneries in those days.

Other than riding, Neta became adept in the shoeing and handling of horses. The Davis women - Nellie, Neta, and later Myrtle, Neta's daughter, - became renowned for their horsemanship, and respected by all in the district. Vern was a

rider but never the horseman that the female members of his family were. A very tall, lean and gentle mountain man, Vern's long legs earned him great respect by all able bushmen that knew him. His long easy strides would leave many good walkers well down the slopes as he headed up those steep hillsides along the Deua.

At one stage sheep were tried on Woolla and Neta found them an exciting challenge, including the shearing of them with hand shears. Mutton was also a welcome change to their diet. The experience with sheep was short-lived however as dingo attacks drastically reduced the sheep numbers, bringing that venture to an early conclusion.

Other than a visit to a dentist on one occasion, Neta actually spent thirteen years of her life without going to Braidwood, the nearest town. (During those years Neta did visit the Araluen valley, which was more of a spread out community than an actual town.)

The Rankin sisters of Bendethera would ride their horses up over the mountain to Gundillion on the upper Shoalhaven, change for a dance then ride home the following day. Nellie denied Neta this enjoy-

ment; subsequently her main socialising occurred during cattle musters and kangaroo drives when people would come together, as folk of the mountains do when extra hands are needed.

A 'gather up,' Neta would call the get-together, 'it was always a sort of playtime, mustering time,' she said. Other than new faces, mustering brought the excitement of shoeing horses, repairing yards and preparing packsaddles and other gear. The evenings would be spent around a crackling fire in some mountain hut.

Colourful incidents of past musters would be retold, more recent news would be shared, joyful laughter would travel out beyond the lamp-lit camp into the dark bushland and dissipate along the gullies and creeks and echo back from the steep slopes towering overhead. Following the muster cattle would be walked out to sales somewhere. These were sociable and exciting times for Neta.

Life was often difficult. In later years Neta said that life was more difficult than it had to be because of her mother's austere ways. However, fighting bushfires, driving their cattle across the tablelands during times of drought, lopping scrub for feed, battling the dingoes, rabbits and 'roos that threatened

their existence were, like others who know the bush life, experiences that had to be accepted. There was no stove in the Woolla kitchen; the open fire with its large cast iron kettles and camp ovens was her life-long cooking facility. Kangaroo skin rugs lying on beds and bunks were not uncommon sights in the huts along the Deua. Neta's skills also included the tanning of hides by using the time-tested wattle bark method.

At one stage Neta joined a cantankerous Anglo mare of hers with an Arab stallion hoping to breed out the disagreeable nature of the mother. Unfortunately the gelded offspring retained the trait of the mother. Riding the grey gelding and leading another saddled horse through the mountains one day when she was in her early 50s, the horse started bucking wildly then bolted madly down a gully and threw Neta into the rocks and uneven ground. Then, in her own words: *'... and when I hit the ground it busted my head open and the horse turned then and backed onto me and kicked me underneath the eye with his back foot, breaking one of the bones in my face and splitting my lips off. I came to after some half-an-hour or two, an hour or so I laid there. The ground was covered with blood*

all around me. I scrambled to my feet and went and caught my horse and made for home.'

Suffering shock and losing blood Neta led the horses up a hill where the recalcitrant gelding played up again when she tried to lead it through an improvised gate which was little more than a brush panel in a fence. Mounting the quiet horse and leading the rogue, Neta made for Moodong hut (where she and Myrtle lived for many years), where she let the horses go, tied up her dogs, washed herself and changed out of her blood soaked cloths. There were some wattle bark cutters there who took her to neighbouring Yang Valley station, from where Kevin Griggs rushed her to Braidwood hospital. Over time the facial injuries became less apparent, fine scars being the only obvious evidence of a terrible experience.

Nellie died in 1977 at the age of 92. Everett, who served in the RAAF during WW 2, then resided in Sydney, passed away in the mid-1980s. Myrtle has her own well-managed, improved cattle property in country not so far from Woolla in distance, but light years away in terrain and productivity. Vern passed away in the Braidwood nursing home in 2004 aged 76, where he enjoyed the constant company of other resi-

dents, visitors and the comforts of the town. There now stands a double brick residence in Cudgee.

Neta, a woman who lived in a pioneering environment all her life, died in 1991. No more will the staccato reports caused by the crack of her whip or the firing of her twenty-eight inch double-barreled shotgun resound throughout the gullies and crags of the mountains. She is remembered fondly by those that had the good fortune to have shared experiences with her and she would rest easily to know that her beloved Woolla has changed little since her passing. The lyrebirds still call in the gullies, the odd dingo sometimes trots furtively across the flat below the house in the early morning shadows, cattle still graze across the small river flats and scatter along the sides of the hills, as do the wallabies. Riders using the river bridle track call in as they pass to yarn to the new owners. The eels, bass and platypus still feed in the river and the wedgetail can still be seen soaring in the air currents above. Neta would be happy to know that the present owners of Woolla intend to maintain the original home and out buildings and keep the memory of that pioneering woman alive, a tribute respected by all who knew her.

FORSTER/TUNCURRY STUDENT COMPETITION

School students who known bush poet, Greg reside in the Taree and North of Linden NSW. Great Lakes districts are reminded that entries close on 28th August, 2009 for the tenth Great Lakes and Taree District Written Bush Poetry Competition for School Students. Entry forms are available from all schools in the competition's geographical area or from Reid Begg, 02 6554 9788. Competition entry is free.

This year students will be receiving workshop material to assist them which has been generously made available by author and well

Hall), located at the junction of South and Pell Streets, Tuncurry, NSW.

A barbecue Poets Breakfast will be served from 8 am and award presentation and performances will follow at 9 am. Local poets are also welcome to come along and perform their own work or the work of another poet.

The Sundowners would like to express their sincere thanks to the many local school teachers, who, over the past ten years, have made time in their busy schedules to encourage and assist students to learn the art of writing Bush Poetry.

POETS BREAKFAST

incl. Presentation of Awards
Great Lakes and Taree District
Written Bush Poetry Competition for
Primary School Students
8 am Sunday 28th September, 2009

**The Loop Building,
Cnr. South and Pell Streets
Tuncurry, NSW**

Please book for your
hot barbecue breakfast.
Ph. Reid Begg 6554 9788

BENAMBRA

by John Bond aka Evan Elpus

Where shop and showroom crowd
 upon a token wedge of green,
And balustrade-encrusted mausoleums dot the scene,
There stands a dismal office where I worked,
 but not from choice,
And daily sipped a bitter cup, until a thrush gave voice.

I put aside my dreary task, intrigued to hear his note
(That perky, liquid phrasing from
 a small dun-coloured throat),
He sang, it seemed, of further east,
 where forest borders farm,
And beckoned me to timbered slope,
 and valley floor--- and calm.

I told the tyrant boss I meant to work for him no more,
And then he got abusive, so I piddled in his drawer
Went down the local waterhole, attempted karaoke,
Drank far too deep and fell asleep
 face down upon a pokie.

The rising sun encompasses Benambra like a gown,
Alighting first on Leinster and The Brothers,
 then the town
The little airfield's windsock fills
 with breeze from nor-norwest,
And somewhere in the morning air,
 a magpie gives his best.

Today I walk the tablelands, through pasture like a park,
Ringed round with stands of Peppermint
 and ancient Candlebark,
Then down into the gorges,
 where a sleek Red-bellied black
Coils snugly on a lichen'd rock
 to warm his handsome back.

The reedbed and the manna gum by sandy-bedded
creek
Will be my daily touchstones for the comfort that I seek

As here, by ridge and river, feeling robust and serene,
I'll be shot through with cobalt blue
 and clothed in golden green.

Biographical note - Evan Elpus

As an annoying seven-year old, Welsh-born John Bond, aka Evan Elpus arrived in Australia with his family in 1955 and grew up wandering the foothills of the Dandenongs with his mates. A lifelong focus on Australian flora and fauna, colonial history and geomorphology assisted his becoming Australia's first 'Mastermind' on the ABC TV programme of the same name (1978). He is married with two adult children, works in the aged/disability field and lives in the Yarra Valley, east of Melbourne. His main hobbies are landcare, ornithology, music and poetry. He would like to see a revival of the cabbage-tree hat in opposition to the current 'Stetson' style.

THE ALTAR OF THE HOOF

by John Bond aka Evan Elpus

Because I didn't duck and weave, or think a little quicker
I spent a dreary year one night, amongst the Friends of Flicka
How strangely alienating to be 'midst a people who
See themselves as disadvantaged, for their legs just number two!
And so, shuttled to the sidelines, yet content to be aloof
I was witness to their worship at The Altar Of The Hoof

And I learned that hoof disciples spend their lives in that dimension
Where just Dobbin and Black Beauty

 are deemed worthy of attention
While beneath the laughter manic and the conversation loud
Were the diagnostic features that define the horsey crowd:
The lanky female trainers, more like sun-bleached surfer boys,
The hefty barking matrons, lifting rafters with their noise,

The kiddies, waiting, waiting, to be carried home to bed,
While their Mummy talks rope-plaiting
 till there's buzzing in your head
The spectrum of complexions, leather-brown through to magenta
And that fixed, unswerving focus on an equine epicentre.
Soon this attitude myopic would become a driving force
And the evening had one topic--- and that topic was the horse.

So hour on hour untiring went the same fixated natter
Not diverging by a whisker from the same old subject matter
(Question; when the evening's over, do they rush to lock the doors
Open up a bale of clover, and then eat it on all fours?)
I looked across at Ladyfriend, who'd brought me to this place
But 'love me, love my friends as well', was written on her face.

Dear audience, conjure up a fate as ugly as you'd wish;
Stranded on a penguin's ice-floe where they only talk of fish;
All the works of Leonard Cohen for your birthday, or, alas,
Hogtied in a Gaza basement, to be lectured by Hamas.
Have you had an invitation? It is up to me to warn yer
If the gathering is horsey, you're in Hotel California!

Bush Poet's Breakfast

at the
Village Fair at Comboyne

Sunday 20th September 2009

This annual event is holding a Bush Poet's Breakfast for the first time and organisers are looking for reciters, poets and lovers of bush poetry to attend this inaugural event.

For more details please contact Graham and Angela by phone on 6550 4366 or

email angelajane@westnet.com.au
<<mailto:angelajane@westnet.com.au>>

Comboyne, on the Comboyne Plateau, is situated on the mid-North Coast in the Taree, Wingham, Forster, Laurieton, Wauchope and Port Macquarie area.

TURNING WAVE FESTIVAL

When the Turning Wave Festival gets under way from 16th - 20th September in Gundagai this year, poetry and poets will be well looked after.

Each year the festival has been slowly expanding its poetry and spoken word events and this year will see the inaugural TWF "Tuckerbox" Reciter of the Year award. This will be held as part of the two poets' breakfasts (Sat & Sun mornings) at the festival and every poet who attends can enter and there's no fee. The competition will be judged by the featured festival poets, who will not be eligible to take part.

TWF "Tuckerbox" Reciter of the Year will be awarded for the best performance of a poem (contemporary or traditional) over the two days. The winner will be announced at 2.15pm at the "Many Coloured Land Concert" in Carberry Park where they will be invited to recite their poem. The winner will also receive a 2010 Festival Pass, a certificate, and have their name recorded on a perpetual trophy to be displayed each year during the festival's poetry events.

For those who want to take part the rules are simple: (1) You must recite (rather than read) your poem; (2) You may recite whatever you please, but the performance must not be longer than 8 mins and the material must be suitable for a general family audience.

More opportunities for poets to be heard: There are a number of events right through the five days of the festival where poets can get involved including, poets' morning teas, Poetry in the Park and the Thursday night Dinner with the Festival Poets. This year

it will kick off at 7pm in St John's Hall and will cost \$20 which includes a BBQ meal, desert and tea or coffee (BYOG).

There will also be workshops and performances by the feature poets and the dynamic duo of Mockett & Power have two new shows which will be featured over the weekend. For more information on all poetry events contact the festival's poetry co-ordinator

Vic Jefferies

jeffries@tech2u.com.au

Turning Wave Festival early - bird tickets are on sale until 28th August or until sold out. Telephone 02 6944 2200

Email

info@turningwave.org.au or visit www.turningwave.org.au



CABOOLTURE URBAN COUNTRY MUSIC FESTIVAL 2009 Festival Review

Caboolture's Urban Country Music Festival 'hit the ground running' in early May this year to present its biggest and best show yet. Four days of food, Markets, Art and Entertainment and liberal lashings of good old fashioned Bush Verse.

Bush Poets Breakfast were held at the Caboolture Historical Village starring the lovable Wally 'The Bear' Finch,

John Major and Glenn Palmer who had the crowds rolling in the aisles over the three mornings. 'Walk-ups' were also held on Saturday and Sunday in the Town square for locals eager to 'play their hand' and 'have a go'.

The Stockman's Arena also hosted some fine recitations of poetry along with displays of whip-cracking and horseman-

ship demonstrations given by the master, Guy Mclean.

Aspiring Buskers lined the main street vying for the 'Best Busker of the Festival' title entertaining the crowds morning, noon and night. A written Bush Poetry Competition was held plus a Talent Search for those who fancied themselves as the 'next big thing' in Country Music with a total prize package of \$15,000 up for grabs.

Bush Balladeers Graham Rodger and Matt Manning held concerts that laid testi-

mony to the beauty and harshness of the Australian landscape and artists from New Zealand were also showcased.

The main concert featured Lee Kernaghan, John Williamson, Adam Harvey, Jonah's Road, Travis Collins and many others and the Urban Blaze event light up the night sky with massive bonfires setting the backdrop for a spectacular fireworks display.

Information on entering the 2010 Written Bush Poetry Competition can be found at www.urbancountry.com.au

HARDEN NSW

One annual even that has been running for the past fifteen years is the Taste of Country bush poetry competition and dinner, one of the most popular in the south with its proximity to Canberra and the Riverina.

An Open Bush Poetry Competition (male and female combined) and Dinner sponsored by the Kruger Trust, will be conducted at 6pm on Saturday night 31st October and a Poets Breakfast the next morning. Charges for the dinner will be \$30 per head with a gold

coin donation for the breakfast. Bookings are essential, it's a popular venue.

The competition will be conducted in two sections, original or not: 1. Serious Traditional and 2. Contemporary Humorous paying five places in each section. (1st \$300 - 2nd \$250 - 3rd \$150 - 4th \$100 - 5th \$50) plus \$150.00 for the Brawl and three prizes of \$50.00 judged by audience vote at the Sunday Breakfast; a total of \$2,000.

Limited entries with a fee of \$10.00, which includes dinner for competing poets, close on 15th October. There

are no entry forms so nominations should be made in writing and include the titles of the selected poems, the performers full name, address and contact details (phone or email) along with a choice of three poems for non-original works. Entries will be accepted on a first-in first served basis with refunds of entry fees to non successful late entries.

Bookings can be made with Frank Daniel 02 6344 1477 or Connie McFadyen 6386 2575 e-mail conniemcfadyen7@bigpond.com see p. 20

JUNEE NSW

The Rural Women's Network has been overseeing the states Women's Gathering since organizing the first in 1993. Junee is hosting the 17th Annual Women's Gathering and is hoping you will be making tracks to attend the valuable, fun and interesting event.

Women in Junee are working busily on your weekend to ensure all preparations will be in place by 18-20 September this year, when women from across the state converge on Junee for creativity and connection, fun and friends, laughter and learning.

CALL ME WHEN THE CROSS TURNS OVER

(The Southern Cross Constellation)

© Colleen McLaughlin - 'Burnside' Springsure Qld.

PROLOGUE.

Day was done, the dark was falling, there were shadows all around,
We were camped, the quarts were cooling, and our swags were on the ground.
We were yarning - riding rough 'uns - throwing bulls and who knows what,
And the old bloke sat and listened. Thought we talked a lot of rot.
Drained his quart and lit a durry- spoke across the fire to Ned -
"Check the stars to change the watches. I sleep light," he softly said.
"Call me when the Cross turns over, then I know the dawn is near,
Though the dark is thick around me and the stars are shining clear."

Then.

We can hear the horse bells ringing, hear the clink of hobble chains,
Know that horse boy, Jim, has risen long before the darkness wanes.
Smell the smoke, the fire is glowing and the cook is on his feet,
Tucks the damper in the ashes, stirs the coals and checks the heat.
Sees the billies boiling briskly, time to throw the tea leaves in.
"Breakfast's ready." Roll the bluey, let the day long tasks begin.
Grab a bridle, check the horses, there's a long hard day ahead
Need a mount whose heart will take me over plain and watershed.
Saddle Sox - he's tight and spooky - "Mate just pull the girth up tight,
Call his bluff, or he will beat you, have you stiff and pale with fright."
Thirteen miles to reach the bound'ry and the mobs are feeding out,
We'll be riding hard this morning, I have not the faintest doubt.
There are pockets full of suckers, when we reach the other side,
Where the laggards like to loiter, and the cranky cows to hide.
Hours go by, and dust clouds eddy, dinner camp is far behind.
Mob is steady, sun is setting, when the holding yards we find.
We are hot and tired and dirty, but it makes a fellow laugh
Thinking back how Ned was flattened by that charging bawling calf.

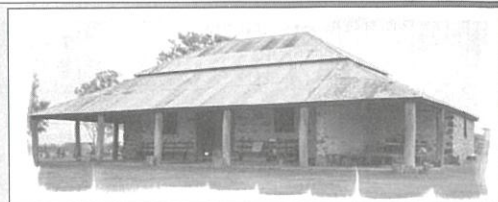
Now.

Generator's running smoothly, cook van lights a golden glow,
Warmth and comfort all around us, steak, and onions on the go.
But there's silence. We are list'ning for the far-off distant whirr
Of the chopper blades rotating, setting all the bush astir.
Bikes are waiting, fuelled and ready, "Here he comes," so climb aboard,
Kick the starter - gun the motor. Overhead the chopper soared.
'Bout a thousand head were yarded in the time we took to ride
From the breakfast camp at daylight, to the fence the other side.
Motors roaring- bikes backfiring - bawling mothers calling calves.
Time's the essence of the contract. Nothing can be done by halves
Gas emissions fill our nostrils with the dust of scuff'ling feet.
Wheels and wings create the breeze that breaks the enervating heat.
Not a drover now is waiting for a mob to hit the road,
But by sundown trucks are leaving taking out each drafted load.

Epilogue.

Call it change or call it progress - call it what you think is best.
Times we knew, and bush traditions now are gone and laid to rest.
Men whose hands were light as feathers when they held the bridle reins,
Grip the handlebars with passion as they scout the hills and plains.
Men whose days were long and weary - droving - tracing stock routes down,
See the road trains, full of cattle roaring through the outback town.
Roads were rough and long and dusty leading to a far off place.
Now they're sealed and greyhaired nomads drive in search of camping space.
Still.

Call me when the Cross turns over and the dawn wind stirs the air,
And the bush begins to waken, for my heart will still be there.
When I see the daylight breaking, see the stars put out their lights,
Then I know that time's unchanging, whilst the Cross turns through the nights.



OLD RAINWORTH FORT
SPRINGSURE Queensland
POET'S BREAKFAST
Sunday 20th September 2009
Visiting and local performers
All welcome
Phone 07 4984 1274

The accompanying poem 'When the Cross Turns Over' was written by 81½ years old Colleen McLaughlin of 'Burnside', Springsure, in Queensland's Central Highlands.

It was her entry in this years Beef Week 2009 competition at Rockhampton.

Second place went to Ellis Campbell of Dubbo with 'Cattle Country' and third prize to Doug Berry of Ravenshoe Q. with 'Kidman's Ghost'.

Old Rainworth Station is part of the original Burnside Station now owned by sisters, Colleen McLaughlin and Lorna Smith since 1973.

Old Rainworth Fort is a historical complex located 10km from Springsure. It includes the original fort building, the relocated Cairdbeign homestead and school building from the 1800's, as well as a fascinating collection of historical artefacts. Rainworth Fort was built in 1862 after the Wills family were massacred in the country north of the Minerva Hills. The owners are a mine of local history.

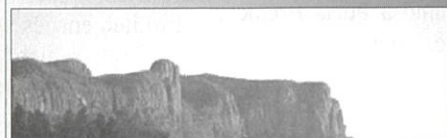
Springsure is a small town in Queensland, 66 km south of Emerald on the Gregory Highway. The area was first explored by Ludwig Leichhardt and his favourable reports encouraged settlers to move in.

Springsure saw a massacre of Europeans by the Aboriginal Australian people, the Kairi, who resisted encroachment on their lands (Known as the Wills massacre or Cullin-La-Ringo massacre). At least 19 are known to have perished.

Today, Springsure is a pastoral settlement serving cattle farms as well as sunflower, sorghum, wheat and chickpea plantations.

A cliff face in the hills surrounding Springsure is known to the area as Virgin Rock, has perished the natural formation which once looked like the Virgin Mary cradling the baby Jesus.

It is also a staging point for expeditions to the Carnarvon National Park.



GONE BUT NOT FORGOTTEN

© Ellis Campbell

Four poets somehow chanced to meet, somewhere beyond the sky –
and boiled their billy on a log amidst the clouds nearby.
Of course the topic soon became the Rhyme and Rhythm thing
and each one had a tale to tell-and this I gladly bring.

Bill Glasson said, *"A Few Remain "* of all *"The Drovers Now.*
The Stock Squad spoilt *The Come Back then, with old Pat Toomey's Cow.*
The Bora Ring is Still The Same, despite the toll of years,
us Youngsters had A Change Of Mind, recalling pioneers.

Pamela's Letters gave *The Sovereign* views to help his schemes
A Golden Song, remembered still, runs through *An Old Man's Dreams.*
The Days Of Cobb and Co. return, and *Granddad's Mutton Stew -*
A Happy Memory unleashed of *Our Kids and Paroo."*

Dud Mills replied, *"The Kookaburras* laugh at all I say -
My Little Skewbald Mare and I have seen a better day.
We'd watered at *The Woolpack Trough* a hundred times before -
but cross the *Belinfante Bridge* along *Our Road* no more.

The Brumbies stir ***Our Fantasy***-*The Stockwhip And The Spur -*
The Chance He Lost for Friendship and the *Sunset Mem'ies* blur.
And I must make ***Reply To Jack - The Novice On The Gate -***
At Rainbow's End you'll find *McCoom-I'll* set the record straight."

Then Charlee Marshall said, *'I've been Across The Condamine*
to Wash The Dog beneath *The Waterfall.* There was no sign
The Breaking Of The Drought was near - you all know what that means -
The Cold Hard Facts are certain for *It's Something In Me Genes.*

'Where Are The Swans?' The *Sniper* asked. *'They've left McEwans Beach.*
There's none along the Cooma Road. Please tell me, I beseech?"
The Last Great Rumble's died away, since Ossie saw *The Snake*
The Pontiffs Eyes were opened wide to see us at *The Wake."*

The Larrikin Bob Miller said, *"My Best Mate Gave Up Booze*
The Prince, it seemed, had lost *The Will* and didn't care to choose.
The Volvo Driver stuffed it up - became *The Highway Curse*
The Bachelor was *Overdue* and *Raymond* even worse.

The Doctor was my *Granddad* and a very worthy sage -
The Green Hills Of Kiama are *Two Hundred Years* of age.
The Waiter spoke of ***Days Gone By - The True Blue Aussie*** maid -
Beyond The Gate there stands *The Shed* where *Bingo* oft is played.

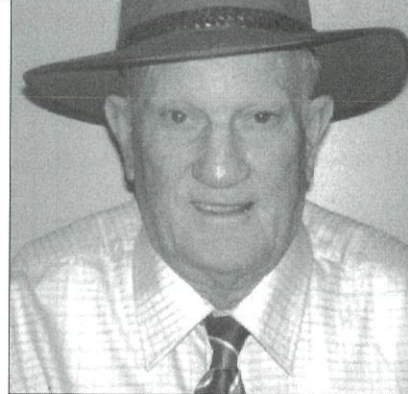
My Mate, *The True Australian* was sampling *The brew -*
in *Days Gone By* ***My Purple Pills*** were used as pick-ups, too.
The City Bushman left his home to view ***The Great Outback -***
he suffered under *Blue's Revenge* and *Julies* help was slack."

Thus spoke the masters of the pen - their talent never dies -
they entertain a welcome flock among the starry skies,
And here on earth their talent lives - their mem'ry lingers still -
The Larrikin, Bob Miller, Charlee, Dud and Clifton Bill.

The words in italics are the names of poems written by these four poets. Bold italics are used
where the names of two poems follow each other to demonstrate it is not the name of one
poem only. Below—Left to Right Bobby Miller, Bill Glasson, Charlee Marshall, Dud Mills



NEIL HULM



NEIL HULM was born in Wagga Wagga in 1930. He attended school at Tumburumba. In 1938 the family moved to Mannus where Neil spent his early years on the family property assisting in general farm work with sheep, cattle and horses.

In 1943 his father took out a grazing lease in the Kosciuszko National Park near Kiandra and Neil was engaged in attending to the cattle and sheep during the summer months and then moving them down to the lower regions for the winter. This continued until 1960 when the "Park" was closed to summer grazing.

A keen follower of the rodeo circuit, Neil was a very successful saddle bronc rider and in the mid-50's was one of the top bronc riders in Australia.

He turned his attention to rodeo judging for a further fourteen years. His love for horses took him to Polocrosse and he was captain of the Tumburumba team in NSW taking out the state title in 1958.

In 1972 he, and his family, moved to Albury and he turned his talents to racehorse training through to 1984. Neil's words: "As others, a few winners and a lot of losers".

Since then he has spent his time recording in prose and verse the events and memories of the past. This work, acclaimed by many, has now made Neil Australia's most successful living poet. His first publication, "Where the Snow Grass Grows", went into a fourth print inside twelve months; his next book, "Aussie Bush Yarns" (went into a sixth print) was followed by "The Pub and The Scrub", "Aussie Style Mate", "Tales of the Bush", "Aussie Ettamogah Pubs", "The Rivers Roar No More", "Country Comedy", "Yams Around the Camp Fire", "Aussie Bush Comedy", "Bush Humour", "Yams Of The Bush" and now "Aussie Country Comedy No. 2".

The Australian Bush Poets Association Inc.

(Established 1994)

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Commercial Printers

43-47 Keppel Street,

Bathurst NSW 2795

Tel: (02) 6331 4822

Membership: Annual subscriptions \$30.00
1st January to 31st December payable to the Treasurer.

POSITIONS VACANT AGM 2010

See page 3

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Secretary

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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

Walla Walla Wagon Wheel Award for Written Bush Poetry

\$5 per poem 3 for \$10

Entries close Oct. 17 2008

Send two copies of each poem with cover sheets and full payment to

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ALBURY NSW 2640

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email den53@austarnet.com.au

Further enquiries welcome

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361 Cheyenne Drive
Lavington NSW 2641

Ph/fax. 02 6025 3845

(see p. 19)

Poet's Breakfast

7th January 2010

CountryLink Parkes

Elvis Festival

Parkes Bowling and Sports Club,
Parkes NSW 2870 at 7am.

**Prizes in
Humorous and Serious
categories**

plus an overall winner

Entry Forms from

www.parkeselvisfestival.com.au

Enquiries:

Anne Steel 02 6863 4349

Entertainment: MC Graeme Johnson aka
'The Rhymer From Ryde'.

TASTE of COUNTRY HARDEN NSW

31st Oct & 1st Nov

Bush Poets Dinner

**Performance Competition
Brawl**

& Sunday Brekkie

\$2000.00 Prize-money

Limited Entries

Close 15th October

Phone. 02 6344 1477

Connie McFadyen

e-mail: conniemcfadyen7@bigpond.com

HARDEN ARTS COUNCIL

PO Box 205 Harden NSW 2587

(See page 17)

COMPETITION RESULTS

Refer to insert this issue

A DECADE ON THE TRAIL

The two Henry Lawson Festivals, Grenfell and Gulgong have been sharing an event for the past ten years. Each year to coincide with the June Long-weekend some fifty or so people make the long trek between each festival in horse drawn vehicles; alternating in direction year apart.

For the past decade horse drawn vehicles have made the trip from Gulgong to Grenfell or Grenfell to Gulgong for the Henry Lawson Festival. This year the move was from Gulgong to Grenfell.

Henry Lawson was born in Grenfell and was educated in Gulgong so both towns hold a festival to his memory. The trip is roughly 330 kilometres, and each time the group takes a different route.

"One year we travel from Gulgong to Grenfell, the next we travel from Grenfell to Gulgong," president of the Gulgong Heritage Harness Association John Hetherington said.

This year 55 people have made the trip. In the past up to 100 people have joined in.

"It is very popular and we believe it will continue to become more popular," Mr Hetherington said.

The trip starts a fortnight before the long weekend.

"Sometimes we camp in the scrub, sometimes we stay in towns or shearing sheds, or just camp.

"Everyone really enjoys it," Mr Hetherington said.

Gulgong (33 years) and Grenfell (52 years) have a proud association with Henry Lawson. The increasing numbers attending each festival annually show a good measure of success. See you at G in 2010.

Why do scuba divers fall backwards from the boat into the water?
If they fell the other way, they would still be in the boat!

MAKING TRACKS 2009 WOMEN'S GATHERING 18-20 September

Poets Breakfast
at the BROADWAY - JUNE
Saturday 19th Sept. 7.30 am

Barbeques - Wine Tasting -
Workshops - Trade Exhibits

Entertainment from the
Limping Poet and his mum Eileen

Neil Smith
The Limping Poet
26 Goulburn Street,
JUNEE NSW 2663
Phone: 0428 243 228
Email: openarms@bigpond.com

BUNDABERG BUSH LANTERN WRITTEN AWARDS

The Bundaberg Poets' Society have once again conducted their written competition, The Bush Lantern Award for Bush Verse 2009.

The competition attracted 218 entries from all over Australia as well as overseas. The winner receives a chrome dipped kerosene lantern mounted on a wooden base as well as a cheque for \$200-00. Second prize attracted prize money of \$100-00 and third received \$75-00. Congratulations to all place-getters and thank-you to all who entered. Enquiries have already been received from persons wanting to be placed on the Bush Lantern mailing list for next year's competition. The results for the 2009 Bush Lantern Award are listed on the results page inserted in this magazine.

NARRABRI NSW

Poetry is alive and well in Narrabri, 'just a severe shortage of poets and helpers to share the workload' say the organizers.

Jacqui Warnock performed at the Sesquicentenary dinner for the proclamation of the site of Narrabri on the 15th July. Prior to white settlement the area was inhabited by the Kamilaroi peoples.

The name 'Narrabri' is derived from an Aboriginal word meaning 'forked waters', 'forked stick' or 'meeting of the waters'.

With Max Pringle, Jacqui performed at the Back to Wee Waa celebrations on the weekend of the 27th July. See insert for competition results.



JOCK, THE KELPY

© Trinity Pilley

He owns the farm,
He is the boss.
Annoying pups,
Make him cross.

He knows the gates,
On all the farm.
He barks at snakes,
To sound the alarm.

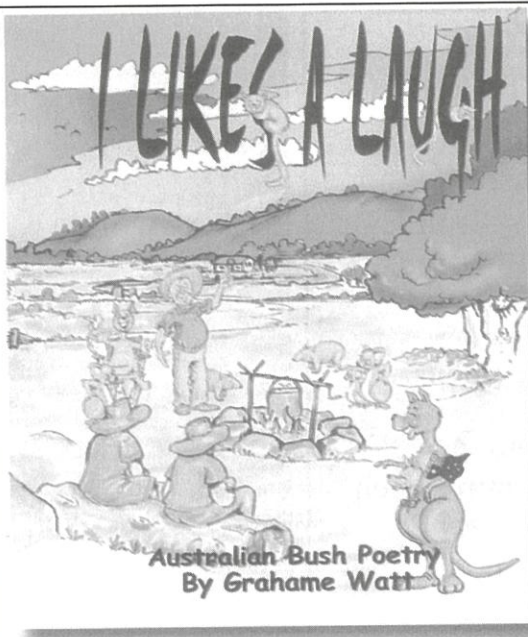
He's always loyal,
To his mate.
When called for dinner,
He's never late.

To the old wooden yards,
He musters sheep.
Under the wool table,
He likes to sleep.

On the whistle,
He knows what to do.
He's one in a million,
There's only a few.

He's fierce on cattle,
With bark and bite.
To his kennel,
He sleeps all night.

He's tougher than most,
He is the best.
When his work is done,
He has to rest.



A delightful collection of humorous bush verse, limericks and quips as well as a touch of nostalgia from the prolific writer of Bush Poetry

GRAHAME WATT

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116 pages

\$19.95 (including post and packing)

I like to embellish a story
and never do things by half,
and the reason I write this nonsense?

It's because **I likes a laugh!**

— 'Skew Wiff' Watt

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REMINDER:

**The NSW OPEN BUSH POETRY
STATE CHAMPIONSHIPS**

16-18 OCTOBER - MORISETT NSW

Enquiries: Carol Heuchan

02 4977 3210 carol@carolpoet.com.au

BUSH POETRY ON TV

Corryong and Tintaldra will star in a new ABC TV series, BUSH SLAM which was filmed in March and will be screened Sept/Oct 2009. Corryong and Tintaldra were chosen from hundreds of locations around Australia for its beauty and connection to Australian Bush Poetry. It's a six part series so

watch your guide for details.

Tintaldra will once again be promoting Bush Poetry for Juniors after a very successful performance in Dec 2008. This encouraged a splendid Junior Poetry at the 2009 M F S R Festival. The venue this year is at Tintaldra on Sat. 21st November 9.00 a.m. to 12 noon. It is performance poetry only and all under 18yrs are encouraged to "give it a go".

SSSSSNAKE!!

Jacqui 3.05.08

Nb. A pole saw is a chain saw on an extendable arm, designed for reaching hard to get at places, or, as in this case, something you didn't want to get too close to!

Everyone living in the bush has at some time
Had an encounter with a reptile of the slithering kind
Fear comes over people with the exclamation "snake!"
And the bird cage log and pole saw in this tale I will relate

Though there's children in the family it falls on mum to feed
The budgies, finches, quorrians with endless bowls of seed
But this day when I ventured in I was unprepared to see
A giant, healthy six foot brown waiting there for me

In truth not me, but finches or the bigger budgie birds
He was sizing up for dinner when I shrieked out my words
It didn't take me long to retreat the way I came
So fleet of foot to get away I could have earned Olympic fame!

But the snake was swift, he recognised the danger he was in
Exposed he was, so up the log, as around I did spin.
So I didn't see him go up there but I knew he couldn't squeeze
Through the tiny space underneath the wire and escape with ease.

Did he think he was onto a 'good thing' feasting on this prey?
Well by now he'd grown too fat to exit the same way!
Peering in I noticed birdie numbers had decreased
And from the threat of being 'et' they should be released.

So there we were, predicament, big snake inside the cage
And us outside and shaken and not feeling very brave.
I knew without encouragement snake wouldn't reappear
And likely only a dead snake would allay my fear

See at first the boys were not convinced the snake was holed up tight
But they weren't real keen to get so close and risk a brown snake bite.
The hose and water treatment didn't flush him out
So for some inspiration we began to scan about

The younger son had the idea to spearhead an attack
The pole saw extended and, and the door ajar a crack
By sawing through the log, snake's safe haven would decrease
And once exposed the shot gun could restore the peace.

Snakes have very tiny brains when hiding out of sight
They're patient too, the 'Drover's Wife' waited the whole night.
But more than that was needed here with chainsaw biting in
And he stayed too long in his hidey hole and the saw itself got him!

There are morals to this story like don't keep a hollow log
Inside your birdcage waiting for a snake to come along;
(and from the snake's point of view)
A 'good thing' won't last forever,
found out will be your fate;
don't outstay your welcome;
and it's best to watch your weight!



Gallipoli!



© Keith Lethbridge - Armadale WA. 2009 - Winning poem Bronze Swagman Awards - Winton Q. 2009

They came from the south and the great nor' west
Where the brolgas dance and the eagles nest,
To scrape their boots on a city mat,
And to warm their skull in an army hat.
They were timber cutters and diggers of wells,
With never a thought for the Dardanelles,
But to join their mates from across the land
And to march to the beat of an army band.
They cleaned their rifles and trained to kill
And to carry a pack in an army drill,
To force down rations and not complain
Of the blazing sun or the driving rain.
They came from the farm and the shearing pen,
The wide-eyed boys and the whiskery men,
From the mining camp and the factory floor –
And a prayer went out as they left this shore:
Come back!

Then into a thundering cloud they ran
And the ship was tossed as the storm began,
But the tough old sergeant had trained them well
And they'd follow him straight to the jaws of Hell.
So the gear was stowed in a canvas sack
To be carried up high on a soldier's back,
And the sergeant bellowed: Button your lip,
We didn't come here for a fishing trip!
Then the night grew dark and the moon was gone
And the scuttlebutt said that the fight was on,
And the sergeant issued a sharp command,
To head for the boats and prepare to land.
Then over the edge to the landing craft
To be suddenly spun from the fore to aft,
And the sergeant yelled: You heard the plan!
Were you hopin' to live forever man?
Let's go!

Then the Turkish armoury roared again
And it ended the lives of a dozen men,
And somebody shouted: Be steady now!
As a body went spinning across the bow.
No place to run and no place to hide,
It was on to the shore or over the side
With the battered bodies, and cries of fear;
There was never a moment to shed a tear.
Then the beach came up with its sand and rock
And they looked for a leader to ease their shock.
And they knew that the sergeant would set them right,
But his body was buffeted out of sight.
So now they were left with a leader gone,
And nobody ready to guide them on,
But the battle went on at a hectic pace
And another man rose to take his place.
Lead on!

So they dug their cover and inched ahead,
With a thousand maimed and a thousand dead.
With the cliffs above and the beach below,
And the mid-day sun with its searing glow.
Then the flies descended, as flies will do,
To cover the dead and the living too,
While destruction rained from the cliffs above
In a battle that only a fly could love.
Then many a soldier buried his mate –
But prayer and sorrow were forced to wait,
For the battle raged and the toil was hard
To advance for an inch or defend a yard.
Then day after day and night after night,
Bloodied and battered with no respite,
Though many a wounded comrade fell,
They stuck to the task and performed it well.
Fight on!

After weary months of fear and doubt,
Then came the order: We're moving out!
So the walking wounded limped to the shore
And those who could travel went home once more.
Back to the mothers who shed a tear
And the wives who waited in hope and fear;
Back to the lovers, loyal and true,
With the spirit to start their lives anew.
But many returned to a different fate,
And the pain of a lover who didn't wait.
With crippled body and shattered mind
And a war that could never be left behind.
Not the cutting of cane in the blazing sun,
Nor the loneliest camp of a cattle run
Could ever escape the mournful plight
Of a soldier's tears in the dead of night.
She's gone!

You can speak of the glory, if that's your way,
Or march at the dawn of an ANZAC Day.
You can flash your medals with national pride,
Or preach up a storm on the mountain-side –
But all I ask is a moment's thought
For those who suffered, and those who fought,
Who travelled as boys, but returned as men,
And prayed it would never occur again.
For there's neither triumph nor peace of mind
To think of the thousands left behind,
And with every battle a terrible cost,
Regardless of whether it's won or lost.
Those shearers, labourers, teachers, cooks,
The singers of songs and the writers of books,
They ask no pity and no regret –
Just take good care that we don't forget,
Gallipoli!



Top: Neta Davis (1909-1990) in the old kitchen at Woolla. (Note, the walls lined with newspapers which were replaced annually at Christmas time).

Above left: Myrtle Davis (left) and her mother Neta arriving back at *Woolla*, having picked up their stores and mail from Waddell's on the Araluen-Moruya road 1948. Until recent times all stores and materials could only be taken into or out of Woolla by packhorse.

The Deua River is an east coast drainage in southern New South Wales. The Deua River rises in rugged and thickly forested ranges south of Braidwood. This catchment is in a rain shadow, so the Deua River is on the whole a small river, and naturally experiences periods of very low flow. The village of Araluen lies in the valley of Araluen creek, that joins the Deua River at roughly the mid point in its course. The name 'Araluen' is reputed to mean 'water lily' or 'place of the water lilies' in the local aboriginal dialect. At the time of European settlement Araluen was described as a broad alluvial valley with many natural billabongs covered with water lilies. Go to page 14. Pictures: Chris Woodland.