

BILLY HAYES

It was a real bush send off for a real bush bloke when nine hundred mourners farewelled well known Central Australian stockman Billy Hayes at the Alice Springs Convention Centre early in May 2011.

Bill Hayes was an iconic Central Australian personality and pastoralist from Deep Well Station, south of Alice Springs, who was killed in a quad bike accident.

He was a skilled stockman who loved working with horses and was well known nationally as the hero in Murray Hartin's famous bush poem 'Turbulence'.

Friends and family travelled huge distances to attend the funeral.

Amongst those speaking at the service were family friends Andrew Smith and Gary King, Bill's children Billy, Jenny and Matthew and several of his grandchildren.

"Just gazing around this room gives you an appreciation of the extent to how Billy touched so many lives. Billy never

thought of himself as somebody special, just an ordinary bloke. But what a wonderful tribute to this ordinary bloke," said Andrew Smith.

Gary King spoke of the many achievements of Mr Hayes including his induction into the Stockman's Hall of Fame in Longreach in 2009.

"Billy has, unknowingly to some, done a lot of things during his life that made others look upon him as an absolute legend. For myself and his mates here today we are very proud to have known someone like Billy," said Gary King.

While many of the speeches included stories and yarns that brought laughter to the congregation, it was Murray Hartin's flawless rendition of his famous poem about "Billy Hayes from out near Alice Springs, a wild young ringer in his day, he's done some crazy things" that caused the most enthusiastic response and applause from the crowd.

It was a fitting farewell for a bloke who entertained so many in his lifetime.



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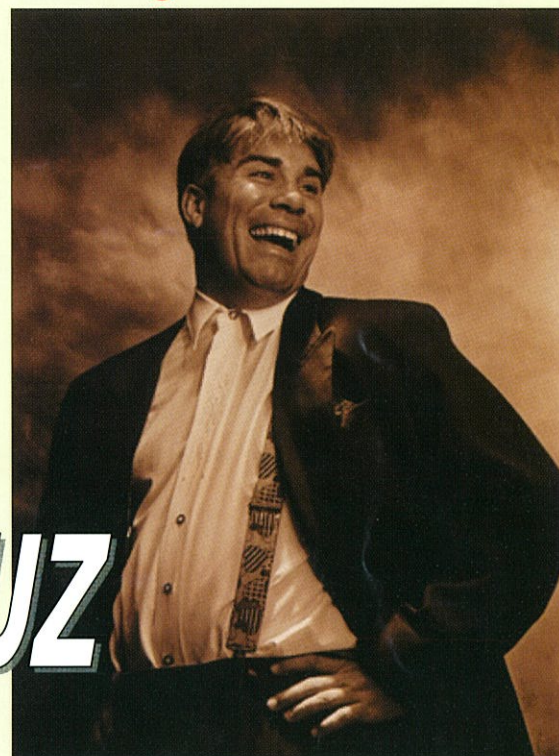
June - July

2011

A.B.P.A.

The Australian Bush Poets
Association Inc.

Magazine - (since 1994)



MUZ

For years Murray Hartin has been making audiences laugh, cry and visualise the spoken word with his unique style of Australian storytelling. The former Barker College boy grew up in the Northern NSW town of Moree and is a country journalist by trade.

Through his extensive travels around Australia Muz has met a vast and varied collection of remarkable Australians. They are the inspiration for his stories. One being NT station owner Billy Hayes.

His story "Rain From Nowhere", written in February, 2007, addressing the issue of rural suicide, has touched the hearts of people Australia-wide. It is already being spoken of as one of the most significant pieces of Australian verse in recent memory.

Murray's poem "Turbulence" is arguably the most popular spoken word piece since "The Man from Snowy River."

His stories epitomise mateship. Muz will remind you and the family how lucky we are to be Australian.

The Upper Lachlan Bush Poets
WOOLWAGON AWARDS

18-20th NOVEMBER 2011
Crookwell Services Club
 Compered by "The Rhymer from Ryde"

Fri 18th, 7pm-Open Mic. Variety Concert
(Frank Daniel Tribute Night)

Sat 19th, from 8.00am
Bush Poetry Performance Competitions

Students 9-17 years & Novice,
 Adult Traditional & Contemporary
 Original Serious & Humorous

OVER \$3000 in PRIZES

(Incl. trophies by Ron Evans)

Also Adult Written Competition

Original Serious & Humorous

\$900 Prizemoney & Certificates

(Written entries close 31/10/11)

Entry forms all sections write to B&D Murphy

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12 Goulburn Street Crookwell NSW 2583
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Sharing a vision

Well known Snowy Mountains Bard Maurie Foun (pictured) has been developing an outdoor entertainment area on his property, "The Resting Place".

In the short term his development will comprise a natural amphitheatre, a performance stage, sessions area and an ablutions block.

He is also developing thirty campsites in a stand of pine trees and undertaking extensive planting and landscaping.

Maurie has shaped the amphitheatre using the natural terrain and is currently working on the ablutions block.

More than 90% of the materials are re-cycled and he will be planting more than a hundred tubes of plants supplied by Landcare plus many trees that he has propagated himself.

"The Resting Place" is just outside Corryong on the Khancoban road. It was originally owned by the Mitchell family of Towong Hill and was known as the Resting Paddock where cattle were spelled overnight on the long haul from the mountains to the rail-head at

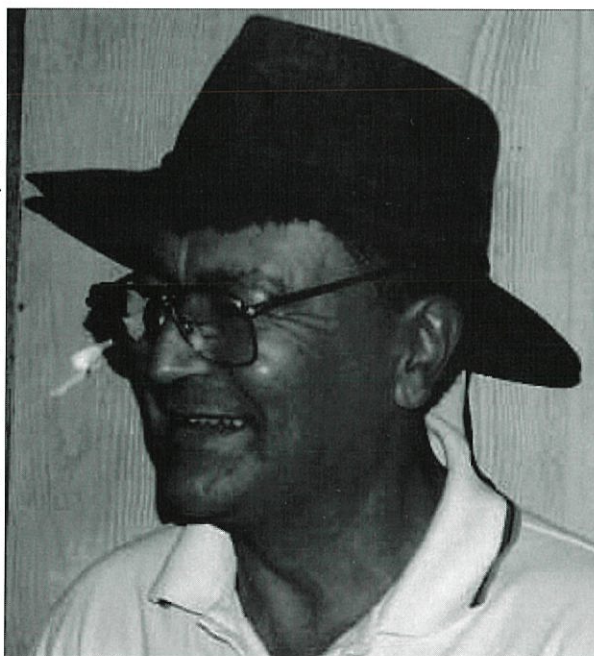
Cudgewa.

The Snowy Mountains Bush Poetry Club sent a contingent of poets to the Mount Beauty Music Festival. The group included Barry Tiffen, winner of the 2011 MFSR poem recital at Corryong, and who placed third in the Clancy's Choice Award. Included in the Snowy mob was Maurie Foun, Annette Roberts, Jan Lewis and Carol Reffold.

The Poetry team delivered a range of traditional, contemporary and original poetry with lots of laughter and audience participation.

Betty Walton and the local club have kept the bush poetry flag flying at a number of events along the Murray, in Victoria and also the National Folk Festival in Canberra.

They have been raising money during their travels to aid the running of the Victorian State Championships at Benalla in October this year.



For further information re the Victorian poetry and "The Resting Place" contact Jan Lewis 02 6077 4332 and Maurie Foun 02 6076 1228



LAGGAN PUB

Old Times Relived at Laggan Pub

Around 45 patrons, enjoyed a great night of good old Aussie bush poetry and music at the Laggan Pub, on Wednesday, April 6th. The Laggan Pub lent itself effortlessly to playing host to such a gathering and the Campbell family is to be thanked for their friendly, country hospitality. Many felt the spirits of past identities were sitting in the rafters, showering their approval on the evening's proceedings.

Compere, Mike Delaney kept the evening rolling along and around 9 local poets strutted their stuff to entertain the crowd. This was interspersed with musical items by Mike, Elaine and Jill on guitar, harmonicas and spoons, with singing and even birdcalls thrown in the mix. All were thrilled and delighted to have a surprise visit from bush poet legend and Vice President of the Australian Bush Poets Association, Frank Daniels.

Frank skilfully performed some of his crowd favourites and is to be thanked for his tireless commitment to bush poetry in driving down from Canowindra to join the gathering, and then drive all the way home again. Other poets who answered the call to entertain on the night were Marty Boyce, Spud Murphy, Ian McFaul, Noodles, Trevene, Mike, Elaine and Boof, who not only recited some moving poetry but unaccompanied, sang a couple of emotive songs.

The challenge to complete the little verse Elaine wrote to promote the evening, saw some very cleverly constructed poems and choosing the most popular was not easy. A prize was

kindly donated by the Laggan pub to the winner and a special prize awarded to a young lad visiting with his father and grandparents, who penned a delightful few lines, which showed a very promising turn of mind for the future of bush poetry rhyme, rhythm and humour.

A second gathering of poets at Laggan on May 4th saw a similar crowd of talented enthusiasts plus musicians from Binda (just up the road a bit), Peter Painter and Ian Baxter, on accordion and banjo with some great old numbers.

There's nothing like bush poetry to draw people out of the woodwork adding to the entertainment.

The enthusiastic crowds wholeheartedly joined in the spirit of the evening and only wanted more, which bodes well for future gatherings. Well done one and all.

On Sunday 29th May sixteen Queanbeyan poets gathered at the Laggan Pub for a luncheon, swelling the ranks to forty-five.

A future event coming up will be a Bush Poets Dance with some real old fashioned music and singing.

So dust off the guitars, spoons, washboards, tea chests and voice boxes; drag out those old poems, spread the word, and come along and join in another great night of entertainment at the local Laggan pub.

For further information, contact Mike and Elaine Delaney on 02 4837 3397.

FAMILY TREES

© Frank Daniel Canowindra NSW 7.7.98

Family trees are funny things, they grow from many roots.

Some grow tall and thin and lean, some spread lots of shoots.

The favoured trees all blossom, groomed perfection as they grow;

The dead wood soon forgotten, overshadowed by the glow.

The cultured trees stand stately in the ordered orchard rows,

Their tendered lives are fertilized by goodness only knows.

The fruit they bear is polished and stands out in market place;

They can't afford a blemish and will stand for no disgrace.-

The wilder woods grow far and wide and fight for pure survival;

Compete with weeds and undergrowth amid unwanted rival.

Their limbs untrimmed are gangly, they bend and twist awry,

The fruit they bear is burdened by the carrion and fruit-fly.

The weaker limbs are shattered, lay defiant on the ground,

Their fruits condemned to gutters in the race of life unsound.

But the frail grow strong and battle on with fortitude and fervour,

They never fail in wind or gail, noticed by the keen observer.

The weak are strong, and linger on and never bend or sway

Distinction shown by independence, forever and a day.



President's Message



G'day ...

The Year is now half over - where did it all go?

It's highly unlikely that we'll have an ABPA Performance Comp this year. However the ABPA Written Comp will be going ahead, hosted by the Hunter Bush Poet's Group. Details will follow. There has been much debate about involving the youth in bush poetry. Many of our Poets are consistently hard-working in this area and report mixed results. We look around and our ranks are ageing. I'd like to put up for debate, a new approach to engage the youth through You Tube. You Tube is a popular social website for uploading videos. Here is a rough outline for a proposed ...

YOU-TUBE STUDENT'S PERFORMANCE COMPETITION for 2012

Open to all School students, primary and secondary Performing their own

Original works in two categories, Serious and Humorous

Judging criteria (to be determined)
Judging panel (invitations from existing list)
Sponsors/funding (pending)

For Administration, we have software for accepting, recording and tracking of entries.

Entrant's validation to be via snail-mail of an ORIGINAL letter from their respective Schools, including the student particulars and parent's permissions. A file naming convention will be issued to each entrant to identify the year and entrant as well as providing optimised searching for judges and the public.

The ABPA can create a different opportunities for youth to perform and be seen by fostering original (rhyming) works and exploit existing technology. In the process extend the bush Poetry audience, lift ABPA Profile and keep our culture strong.

We welcome your thoughts and comments.

ABPA-ABLA Letter of Agreement

There has been considerable movement between the ABPA and the Australian Bush Laureate Awards (ABLA). We have responded to the ABLA Proposal with an ABPA Letter of Agreement.

A 'Letter of Agreement' (LoA) is not a legal document, but it does spell out the areas of offer and co-operation between the two organisations.

The main points of the LoA are ...

ONGOING CONSULTATION

The ABPA Sub-Committee and ABLA management will meet to discuss

any items within the scope of running the ABLA Event. Inputs for discussion are not necessarily limited to, Categories, Rules, Judging, and Presentation of Awards.

ENTRY COMPLIANCE

The ABPA will supply a scrutineer to confirm that all entries meet the ABL Awards criteria for that year.

RESULTS VALIDATION

The ABLA and ABPA will each put forward the names of two Tamworth based independent auditors. One each to be considered for acceptance. They would audit nominations, judge's returns and collation of results. They would audit the announcement of winners (check releases etc.)

REVIEW

The ABPA sub-committee will meet in review with the ABLA after the conclusion of the year's event to discuss the successes, address areas of concern and pre-plan for the following year to enable continual improvement of the ABLA event.

An initial trial period for the arrangement would be for a minimum of twelve months from the date of an exchange of letters of agreement. Either party has the right to drop out at any time of the agreement should they wish to, after meeting with the other party to discuss the situation.

Meetings are continuing with the ABLA as this newsletter goes to print. Travel safe and write well ...

Cheers,

Manfred



Billy Mateer Competition

tion of Henry Somerset of Caboonbah Station in the Brisbane Valley, performed a world-class ride of over forty miles in cyclonic conditions. This entailed riding across the rugged D'Aguilar Range to North Pine (Petrie) to wire a warning to Brisbane of severe oncoming floodwaters.

Given the floods of 1974 and of January this year which devastated Brisbane, Billy's ride is as relevant today as it was in 1893.

Entry forms may be downloaded from the ABPA website, or obtained from 1/560 Old Cleveland Rd, Camp Hill, Q4152 (send SAE). Prizes \$250, \$100, \$50 plus certificates. Closes 31/08/11.

The Third Billy Mateer Competition for Bush Verse (any setting, old or modern) which was regrettably cancelled in 2010 due to circumstances beyond our control, has been resumed under different (and the original) organisers.

The competition honours the memory of Billy Mateer, the stockman and drover who, in February 1893, under the direc



Marco Gliori entertaining at the 'Oracles' in Tenterfield.

Three generations of Outback Reciters

Gloria Hitson is a real outback character. Whether she's tanning 'roo' skins, whipping up a batch of rosella jam or spinning a great yarn, Gloria is the genuine article. She's lived in this harsh, dry country all her life and she loves Winton. Gloria has been reciting bush poetry in western Queensland for many years. Gloria's son, Jesse, his wife Cathy and their children all recite bush poetry.

Gloria began reciting over twenty years ago. She cooked camp oven dinners and recited for tourists in her home town of Winton. Gloria has always loved poetry, she wrote her first poem at the age of 10 when she fell in love with Dorothea Mackellar. In 1984 Gloria entered the Gladstone Harbour Festival

for poetry and yarns. It was the only competition she ever entered, and she won.

Gloria's son, Jesse Hitson and his wife Cathy, own and operate the Ilfracombe caravan park, a must stop for any

bush poetry fans. Jesse, Cathy and their 3 children, Holly, Khloe and Jaxon all recite for their guests. Jesse wrote his first poem at age 15 but "didn't really get into it 'cos it was my mum's thing", he explains. "But when Cathy and I bought the park in 2004 we started to do poems, yarns and jokes. The kids really enjoy it and I think it has helped to improve their social skills and their public speaking and confidence" Jesse said.

The Hitson kids are a hit. Both of the girls are natural performers and extroverts by nature. Jaxon is only 7, he's a great performer but he hasn't hit is straps yet, though he certainly has his dad's twinkle in his eye. All three competed in the Winton Junior Bush Poetry Festival held annually in early April. For the second year running Holly Hitson took out the coveted 'Clover Nolan' prize for the best junior reciter, and both Khloe and Jaxon placed in their sections. The Winton competition attracted 40 junior reciters from Ilfracombe alone.

Jesse and Cathy Hitson also run competitions for local juniors and organise workshops with guest presenters. They are actively involved with their local community, they promote bush poetry and encourage young locals to get involved with performance.

It's wonderful to see three generations of reciters, a family tradition of yarns and old bush stories, with new stories being added all the time. Don't forget to call in if you are heading up through Queensland, and you can catch Melanie Hall and Susan Carcary just up the road at the Matilda Country Tourist Park in Winton. With a bit of luck Gloria will be at the Matilda and willing to recite or make you some of her famous scones and jam.

Gloria Hitson prepared campfire meals and recited poetry for tourists 20 years ago in the Matilda Caravan Park and there has been a resident poet in the park ever since.



THE HITSONS - Jaxon - Khloe - Jesse (dad) - Kathy (mum) -

Gloria (granma) and Holly

Sad Eyes

There's sadness in your eyes of green,
a distant look I've never seen;
a distant look, a vacant stare,
where is the you that once was there?

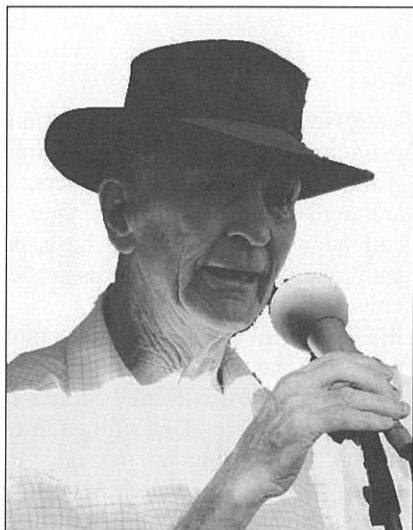
A restlessness, a broken heart,
and loneliness that's worlds apart;
the emptiness that dwells inside,
creates a rift, a great divide.

A melancholy fills your heart,
and tears they well but will not part;
a chilling dullness numbs the brain,
while to the world a smile you feign.

You hide behind your eyes of green,
where wretchedness remains unseen;
and to the world it seems as though
you're still the one
they think they know.

I wish the sparkle would return,
the inner glow, that's what I yearn;
for happiness to light your face,
for love once more to fill this place.

©Heather Knight



RIVER MEMORIES

by Jack O'Connor, Shepparton V.

I must go down to the Lachlan
and walk its banks again
when the wind is in the gum trees
as it blows from the open plain.

A kingfisher might dart from a broken limb,
a hawk might hang in the sky.
I might surprise these failing eyes
as old ghosts come floating by.

I must go down to the river
and sit there by the stream,
to relive once more my childhood days
that are now but a faded dream.

Perhaps the years will roll away
as I sit by the water's side,
and I'll see with the eyes of a boy again
old scenes so long denied.

I might hear again the haunting call
of the Mopoke's plaintive song
in the gum trees by the river
on a bend near Euabalong.

OUR COMMON GROUND

by Jack O'Connor Feb. 2007

Of our young and vibrant country we have reasons to be proud,
but there have been mistakes and troubles on the way:
though it wasn't of our doing, we must try and make amends
as we seek to right the wrongs of yesterday.

There will be no quick solutions in our quest for better things,
the pathway will be long on which we're bound.
And when we reach a chasm, then we'll build a little bridge
and cross over it on Common Ground.

There are more things that unite us than there are things that divide
we must learn to work together side by side:
for we both love this country and if we're to make things right
we must steer our course with dignity and pride.

In the forging of our nation we will have some birthing pains
as the bugle blows a multicultural sound:
but we'll never be united on the seaboard, hills or plains
if we don't all strive to find some Common Ground.

And when we fulfil that promise and we're sharing equally
in the good things of our country that abound,
then we'll look back at the struggle and remember thankfully
that day when justice dignified our Common Ground.

EUABALONG

on the Lachlan River is another town which owes its
History to the Cobb & Co coach network as a coach changeover station. The town
had the added attraction of being the first crossing point west of Condobolin, lead-
ing to coaches converging on the
town from both sides of the river.

Its importance as the crossing
point outlived the stage coach era,
with the remaining at its present
location even after the introduction
of the railway and the creation of
Euabalong West. Today that tenac-
ity lives on. Euabalong continues to
provide a centre for the immediate
area and its residents have opti-
mism for its future.



MAKE SURE IT'S YOURS

Correct title and author unknown.

Young Mary comes home to her mother
and cries 'Oh my poor mother dear,
I've been out with the boys drinkin' whisky
and I'm pregnant, I'm sure, that I fear.

We started just drinkin' plain singles
then, it 'twas doubles and triple's', she cried,
'then we started to drink from the bottle,
until we was totally fried.

I got hot, then removed my attire,
and the others, did the same just as I,
and we started to play hide the sausage,
but we stopped, when our priest he came by.

He told us to dress and be decent,
and to stop or we'd all go to hell.
But I fear, dear mother, that I'm pregnant'
Mary cried as her tears they did swell.

'Just wait till you hear from your father'
her poor, dear old mother did scream.
'You'll wish that you never drunk whisky
and those games that you played were a dream'.

When her father got home he was livid,
he ranted and slammed all the doors,
and he said as he yelled at poor Mary,
'JUST MAKE SURE IT'S BLOODY WELL
YOURS'.



Victoria's inaugural Bush Poet's evening **The BIG AVOCA DO** was held on Saturday 26th March at the Avoca Town Hall.

It was a very successful evening of Bush Poetry presented by well known local poet Col Driscoll and his mates to support the community following the recent floods.

Also during the evening budding bush poets were given the opportunity to present their literary works.

The inaugural 'Pyrenees Poet' Written Bush Poetry Competition was held in conjunction with the BIG AVOCA DO as a way of promoting Bush Poetry in the Pyrenees region.

The winner, Carol Reffold, was announced during a super concert that featured Maria Forde, Neil McArthur and Dennis Carstairs and a some county music artists. The theme was 'the Pyrenees' which is the range of hills nearby. Coincidentally the region was celebrating 150 years of settlement.

The Pyrenees – a sesquicentennial ode

by Carol Reffold

Many changes have occurred since the Djadja Wurrung clan lived hereabouts in the Dream time, before the white man's plan. Yes, white man came and with him towns, and railway lines and such a huge leap from a pristine land bereft of human touch.

When Tom Mitchell explored down South he saw those wondrous tors which ran down South from the Great Range. He took a lengthy pause, named the area "Pyrenees", after the ones 'back home'. and called the river "Avoca", noticed the deep rich loam,

then wrote back to folk in Sydney of the richness of his find and back in eighteen thirty four this land started being mined, both by squatters and prospectors, all in search of a new life where independence was the goal (and staying out of strife!).

Using wheel ruts marked by Mitchell, some Sydney folk came south, and squatted on rich Western Plains, at first, was 'hand to mouth', but years passed by, there were good years, and soon, they realised the opportunities they had were to be richly prized.

The best wheat in the countryside, the best wool in the land the finest greens, the best forests, 'twas better than they planned, And then, in eighteen fifty three, gold was found in those parts and many people flooded in. With many different arts,

and crafts required to make a town it wasn't long before some folk who'd come to mine for gold knew that they'd make much more

if they went back to trades they learned, as butcher, or as baker, as tailors, blacksmiths, glass-blowers, even candle maker,

and some, not talked about so much, like ladies of the night a necessary service then, though not considered 'right'.

Though this was in the long ago, before the age of sewers before the vineyards were put in, long before the brewers!

And now, the Pyrenees we know – a jewel in Nature's crown, the hills, the dales, the sweet 'soul food', the country or each town, the food, the drinks, the atmosphere, the feeling of 'she's right' Another sesquicentury on – we'll trust the future's bright!

Carol Reffold The "Patchwork Poet"

CAROL REFFOLD



Carol is a Writer, Reciter, Patchwork Quilter and Researcher. She is passionate about Australian Bush Verse (rhyming, metered, ballad-style poems both poignant and silly) and is a great fan of her fellow poets and performers. Carol was born in the small village of Chilworth, Surrey, England, UK. She emigrated in 1960 and she began to write Bush Verse in 1994.

Subsequently she joined the "Bundy Mob Bush Poetry Group" and thus began her journey to become a Bush Poet. She soon began performing her original poetry and the traditional works of Australia's great bards with regular performances at the many bush poetry events and festivals throughout the country including Monto, Charleville, Hungerford, Millmeran, Brisbane & Emerald in Queensland.

In Victoria she has performed at Maldon, Corryong and Melbourne's CBD, including a recent showcase performance for Victoria University and Melbourne's Fringe Festival. Performances in NSW culminated with her being awarded Overall Ladies Performance Champion in the NSW Bush Poetry Championships, 2001. She has also performed at several bush poetry events during Tamworth's annual Country Music Festival. Carol offers a charming and often humorous presentation on stage where she shows to perfection her obvious love of the craft and dedication as a performer.

In South Australia Carol has performed at Angle Vale, Andamooka, Murray Bridge and the CBD - In August, 2005 she was awarded Champion Poet at the Stumpy Festival in Murray Bridge - a most prestigious competition where people were invited Australia wide.

Carol has the amazing ability to take you along in your mind's eye to the Heart of Australia, with its many trials, tribulations and triumphs which this patchwork land or ours revels in.

Carol can be seen performing regularly at many diverse events, festivals, hobby groups, schools, churches, theatres, university classes, private parties, pubs, clubs, restaurants, radio and TV and competitions. She also is commissioned to write for special occasions. She is equally at home performing, or MC'ing, a show.

The other love of her life is patchwork and she has performed at the Queensland Patchwork and Quilt Convention in Bundaberg with some of her patchwork quilt stories.

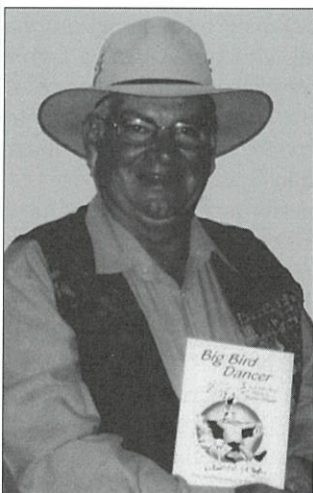
CHARLEE MARSHALL BUSH POETRY COMPETITION

Judges report.

The annual Charlee Marshall Written Bush Poetry Competition, which incorporates the Golden Cockatoo Award in the open class, and the Silver Budgie Award for juniors (under 16), was judged in time for presentations to be made on Australia Day. An audience of approximately seventy-five enjoyed breakfast and poetry presentations as poets from four to sixty-four presented their items.

This year the competitions virtually became the "Campbell and Webster Show". Ellis Campbell's entries gained first prize, a two way tie for second place, and two commended awards.

Sarah Webster's entries gained first and second prizes, while little brother, Justen, gained an encouragement award.



Regular judge for this competition, Trevor Shaw (pictured), expressed his delight at the support this event continues to enjoy, especially as Charlee was heavily involved with the resurgence of Australian Bush Poetry, twenty-plus years ago.

"Ellis Campbell has been setting the bar in written and spoken events Australia wide, so it is fitting that he has achieved so supremely in this competition. Sometimes I wonder how much success Banjo, Henry and Will might have enjoyed had they had to compete with the quality Ellis consistently produces," Trevor muses.

"The commendable efforts of Sarah Webster indicate that our form of poetry will be in excellent hands for many years to come. Her entries could well have gained recognition in the open section, so well is she perfecting her craft," the judge reported.

All other awardees are to be congratulated on the quality of their entries, as well, and encouragement to continue supporting this, and other competitions is extended.

WHAT PRICE PROGRESS?

© Ellis Campbell Dubbo NSW



We revel in technology-it rules each person's life-
we need its vast assistance to avoid eternal strife.
Computers, faxes, television, scanners-Internet-
text messages and Email, too, much faster than a jet.

With calculators, mobile phones and I-pod, too, of course -
world wide commuting passengers are travelling in force.
Communication's instant and finance controlled with ease -
how clever is technology-how cool such things as these!

Jim glanced around the gorges and the mountains that he'd crossed -
with faint alarm he sensed a fear that maybe he was lost.
Grey showers screened a timid sun and made directions vague -
without a compass he was slewed and fog loomed like a plague.

He cursed himself for foolishness-he'd come here on his own
and not expecting weather change, he'd left his Mobile phone.
No way to indicate concern and state he was perplexed -
if he could only phone someone or maybe send a text!

Smoke signals were beyond his ken-so primitive he knew -
and none could read those, anyhow-as natives used to do.
He longed to light a fire though, to keep the cold at bay,
but without matches hope was lost-there was no other way.

The Aborigines, of course, would use their fire sticks -
an art beyond the white man's skill-like many native's tricks.
He spent the night in misery, hunched cold behind a rock -
he knew he was completely lost-the night sounds rose to mock.

Jim stumbled on in morning light, confused by everything -
the hunger pangs began to gnaw, he felt the frost-bite's sting.
Without a gun he could not kill an animal to eat,
or catch a fish without some gear-he faced complete defeat.

The natives used their boomerangs, their nullahs, slings and spears
to fish and hunt in plenitude for many thousand years.
If he accomplished catching game by means of skill or force -
without a fire cooking was impossible, of course.

He heard a helicopter, churning through the misty sky,
and waved his arms in frenzy but it kept on droning by.
He blundered on in senseless mode-directionless he trudged -
he cursed the folly of his quest and distance he'd misjudged.

Three sleepless nights and days of hunger left him quite distressed -
he knew that searchers would be fazed by problems manifest.
But still he stumbled gamely on, determined to survive -
the thought of rescue bolstered him and kept his hopes alive.

Without a compass, safety matches, gun or mobile phone
the Aborigines survived and made this land their own.
The wonder of technology that modern men must know,
falls short of what our natives knew ten thousand years ago!

A SUDDEN SWITCH

by Sarah Webster

Winner—under 16's Charlee Marshall 'Silver Budgie' Award 2011

My sheets are nice n' comfy and my room is all pitch black.
I've got on my pyjamas so that I can hit the sack.
My teddy bear is ready and my toothbrush, put away.
And as I tuck myself in bed,
Prepare to sleep and rest my head,
I hear a funny, drilling sound,
I sit up and look all around,
It's Bernie and he's drilling through a hole in his driveway.

I take off my old sleeping cap and put my slippers on
And run across the street to see what could be going wrong.
I said, "Bernie, watcha doing son?" He then stopped and stared;
"Hey listen, it's a secret mate,
I bought it at the country fate -
A treasure map it is, I say!
It And 'X' is here, so if I may...
He kept on drilling as, with eyes wide open, I just glared.

Poor Bernie was delusional, and loved to play these games,
His house, named 'Treasure Island' - an example of his aims.
So off I walked back to my home and upstairs to my room,
To try to fall asleep again,
All was going well, but then
I heard a loud and throbbing noise,
I'm certain that no one enjoys,
That resonated 'round my walls like
BOOM BAM DOOF BAM BOOM!

I got up from my bed again and yawning, walked outside
To see the whirl of blaring music failing to subside.
A herd of tough, young hooligans were dancing to the beat.
The lights were jumping, green and blue.
The blaring could have made me spew!
I yelled as hard as I could hound,
But no one seemed to hear a sound.
With fingers in my ears, I lumbered back across the street.

It seems sleep is against me and I've simply got no hope.
Although I am so drowsy I could sleep on a tightrope!
A light bulb seemed to flicker on, an idea came to mind;
"I'll eat the Eucalyptus leaves!
That hang over the fence at Steve's,
I'll do what the Koalas do,
They seem to sleep well all day through!"
So off I went to Steve's with Eucalyptus leaves to find.

I woke up the next morning with a runny, freezing nose.
I must have slept real well because I'd had a decent dose.
My arms did feel quite stubby and my
fingernails were long.

I walked up to my mirror and
Just dropped it with a shaking hand,
The horror lingered in the air,
For I was downed with thick grey hair!
I woke as a koala and I hope it's not lifelong!



Young Poet!

Sarah Webster is currently in Year 11 at High School.

Her favourite subjects are English and Modern History. In terms of sporting interests, she enjoys a number of recreational sports including rock climbing and water polo and has been ice skating for the past twelve months. Her hectic school life restricts her participating in a great deal of sporting activities. AA

Sarah loves literature and feels that it is a wonderful medium for communication and self-expression. She recently began composing a collection of poems that she hopes to finish by the end of the year. Sarah says she is in the process of 'finding her voice' as a writer and is experimenting with a variety of different texts. So far she claims that Bush Poetry is the most fun to create.

Sarah discovered Australian Bush Poetry when she was eleven; her uncle was a big fan of Banjo Paterson and bought her a book of his various works for her birthday.

She had no idea that there were so many bush poetry events and competitions taking place annually throughout the country, and it was not until 2010 that she realised the opportunities that these various competitions provided. Hence, she began participating in bush poetry competitions.

Some of Sarah's Bush Poetry Credits:

2011

Charlee Marshall Bush Poetry Competition 'Silver Budgie Award': 1st
Dunedoo NSW Bush Championships, Junior Written Competition: 1st

2010

Bundaberg Bush Poets Inc. Bush Lantern Award: 1st & 2nd
Gold City Bush Poets Junior Written Bush Poetry Competition: 1st
North Pine Bush Poets Junior Written Competition: 1st, 2nd, 3rd
Winton's Waltzing Matilda 'Little Swaggies' Bush Poetry Competition for secondary students: 1st & 2nd

Sarah says "I love bush poetry as I feel that it is an excellent way to celebrate Australian culture, whilst telling an interesting story that you know can make somebody happy!"



While working on Wake Island during the mid 70's, my short wave receiver would occasionally pick up an Australian radio program sponsored by a fellow selling camels.

I was never quite sure if he was serious or it was just a ruse, but either way, funny as all get out for he mimicked the loud, boisterous commentary spouted by most used car dealers while expounding on the qualities of Camels over Four wheelers for Outback touring. This story idea is from those broadcasts, the words are my own.
Sam Jackson, Utah, USA.

Camel Lot

G'day all you packers and other bush trackers
who travel the outback beyond city fence.
I'll make you a bargain in plain Ausy jargon,
a travel idee makin' bloody good sense

Should interest you drovers who wrestle Land Rovers
and other four wheelers that's drainin' yer poke.
Come see what I offer to build up yer coffer,
I'll back up with facts every claim that is spoke

Come trade that four wheeler with this camel dealer
for somethin' that's tried and true tested outback.
One trip you'll be braggin', bout dumpin' that wagon
an' tell'in yer friends 'bout this new way ta track.

This latest sensation that's sweepin' the nation---
A stout dromedary's the talk of the day.
And once you test drive'em you'll surely hi-five'em,
an' countin' down hours 'ta be on yer way

No changin' of oil er that sort'a toil,
upkeep will now hardly be costin' a nat.
And when the sun's shinin', you'll hear little whinin'
'bout engines a heatin' 'er tires gone flat.

A horse they'll outdistance with much less subsistence.

Can carry the load of a Rover ta boot.
Blokes still usin' mules will seem to be fools
a huffin' and puffin' behind you in route.

Though sounding bombastic, the mileage -- "fantastic!"
Kilometers? fifty per liter I'd say,
not petrol we're talkin', to keep the beasts walkin'
jist common ol' water an' desert grass hay

No license required, that oft gets expired,
nor vehicle tags er that Gov. ballyhoo.
They come multi-color, some brighter, some duller,
an' two different models with "One hump or two".

Now say you wuz smarter and wanted ta barter
fer cow and a bull so's ta start yer own fleet ?
At night loose their tether so they get together.
'fore long ya got three, that's a tough deal ta beat !

So, tourists and drovers of Jeeps and Land Rovers
don't wait 'till tomorrow—we're dealing today!
It's Honest John's Camels—the finest Oz mammals
--- and ---
ya gits in a pinch—steaks ta please the gourmet' !!!



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DISCOUNTED ABPA MEMBERSHIP FOR MEMBERS OF POETRY GROUPS

At the ABPA committee meeting of 11th May 2011 it was decided to offer discounted membership for those who are members of a poetry group.

The poetry group must pay a full membership fee to join the ABPA and then members of that group can join the ABPA for the discounted rate of \$25.00. There must be a minimum of six members subscribing to the ABPA and it must be done as one transaction before 1st January.

For example, Upper Cumbuckta West Poetry Group has 10 members who also want to be members of the ABPA. The club pays \$33 for standard ABPA membership and then \$25 x 10 members (\$250 + \$33 = \$283 total). The club sends a cheque for \$283.00 along with the names, postal addresses, phone numbers and email addresses for their

10 joining members to the ABPA Treasurer and voila! The club and the 10 members will each be full members of the ABPA and receive the year's magazines.

If your poetry group doesn't keep funds, then an alternative is to divide the club's membership fee amongst the joining members. So, if 10 members want to join, then it is \$33 divided by 10 = \$3.30 + \$25 discounted rate = \$28.30 for each member – still cheaper than \$33 standard membership. The more members who join up, the cheaper it becomes. The ABPA only grows with membership and the committee hopes that through this scheme clubs will encourage their members to be part of the ABPA. So please bring it up at your poetry group.

Juniors remain at \$20.00 pa.

from JOE:

The Boxer stood in the ring corner
Blessed himself with the sign of the cross.

Does that help asked one drunk to another
No, not if the bugger can't box!

The reason some men stay so long in the bars
Is because they have no wife to go home to.
The reason others stay so long in the bars
Is because the poor fellows do!

The prelate argued to the man in vain
attempts to make him think
'There's no greater evil in this world
than the lowly demon drink'
The drinker argued with the priest of a
demon he considered worst.
'The most evil of evils in the world is
that lowly demon — thirst.'

The CJ Dennis Society Inc. Comboyne 2011 Poet's Breakfast

C.J. Dennis, one of Australia's greatest poets and writers died in 1938. A group of Australian Poets believe Dennis deserves more recognition than he currently gets, and have formed the C.J.Dennis Society as an incorporated Society. Patron for the society is Ted Egan AO.

Dennis died less, and perhaps is one reason why a writer who in his lifetime out-sold Banjo Paterson and Henry Lawson is not as well known as he should be.

What will make this Society unique is its meeting place - Dennis' home at Toolangi, in the Yarra Valley, about 100k East of Melbourne. This is a beautiful piece of bushland beside the Yea River which Dennis transformed into what he called the "Singing Gardens" where he wrote a poem of that name.

This is one of the few places where anyone who loves Australian Poetry can wander round the gardens he planted, and where he penned his greatest work like *The Sentimental Bloke*, *Ginger Mick* and others. The current owners Vic and Jan Williams who manage delightful tearooms on the property are passionately committed to keeping Dennis' memory alive and are keen supporters of project.

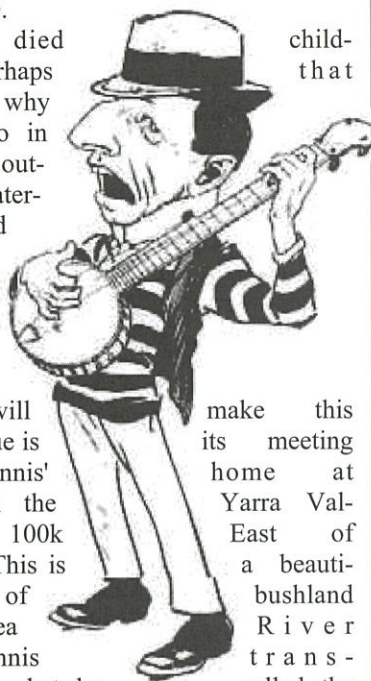
The website www.thecjdennissociety.com is still a work in progress, but is up and running.

Annual membership is \$20. Organisers see the Society as having a national appeal - anyone can join.

The inaugural meeting of the Society was Saturday 21 May 2011.

Office bearers are Daan Spijjer (President), David Campbell (Vice President), Jim Brown (Publicity Officer and Secretary/Treasurer). The committee will be expanded at a further meeting.

For further information contact Jim Brown
Phone 03 9870 2809 Mobile 0438 339 459
e:- jimbrown@alphalink.com.au



The third Poet's Breakfast was held on Sunday 20 March at the Comboyne Showground. (Actually the second event was a luncheon). The annual Comboyne Show was held from Friday 18 March for three days, the last day, Sunday, being for horse events. This suited the poet's gathering and the loudspeaker covering outside activities was quite acceptable from the Comboyne Agricultural and Horticultural Luncheon Pavilion where the recitations were held. Breakfast was ably provided by the Comboyne Football Club.

In all, there were sixteen reciters including the compere ABPA member Chris Woodland, who was impressed by the quality of several of the original poems presented. After one round most reciters fronted for a second performance.

Reciters were: Ernie Sharkey (*Piddling Pete* and *The Cremation of Sam McGee*), John Grono (*In the Droving Days* and an original, *Massacre in the Fowl House*), Jean Hegarty aired two of her late cousin's [Peter Crawford] works, (*Billy* and *Blood of an ANZAC*), John Prosdocimo's two originals (*Honest Fred* and *No Wallaby for Me*) went over well, as did Chris Dacre's two originals (*Around the Yard* and *Life*). Rod Fisher did one of his own and, when asked for the title he said, 'Fair Dinkum Aussie or whatever.'! Mary Nelson appeared in a distinctive Aussie hat for her first poem (*Waratah and Wattle*, then later, *Jabberwocky*).

community radio is a very entertaining performer (*The Local Elder's Man* and *Mulga Bill's Bicycle*). Polished performer Russell Churcher's *The Two-Hole Dunny* went over well, as did his delivery of the more traditional and also humorous *The Man from Tumberumba*. Charles Paton read *Doreen* and Chris Bell delivered a little ditty after a necessary long preamble, dwarfing the poem! Graham Caldersmith, also a great deliverer of his own poetry, produced a poem that had the audience in stitches (the title of which borders on the edge of unacceptability). The compere presented *The Ballad of Mick O'Bree* and *Snakes*. Finally, Brian Hurrell recited the moving bush ballad *Looking Back*.



The appreciative audience came from near and far, including Martina Chapman (above) from County Wexford in Ireland. Martina said that she was thrilled with the event, wishing there were such poetry gatherings in the Emerald Isle.

The event was acclaimed as a success and participants are looking forward to the fourth Comboyne Poet's Breakfast.

by Chris Woodlands



Janice Downes, (above) who hosts a Thursday morning poetry session on Port Macquarie's 2Way-FM, 103.95

Duhh!

A blonde calls Delta Airlines and asks, 'Can you tell me how long it'll take to fly from San Francisco to New York City?'

The agent replies, 'Just a minute.' 'Thank you,' the blonde says, and hangs up.

MAX MERCKENSCHLAGER of Caloote

SA has received notice that four entries of his Gulgong's June awards are among the shortlist of ten poems. All are historically based, three SA specific and the other about the tragic Burke & Wills expedition. The poem genders are balanced evenly, and what gutsy ladies we've had in our SA colonial history (the women of Hahndorf and police mare Ariel p.18). All four of Max's poems are included in this issue. Whether any goes that extra step and takes the statuette or not, Max is thrilled to have so many accepted by the adjudicator. Another historically-based poem of his which won at Gulgong in 2009 is also attached, for horse lovers. Background information for "The Magnificent Seven" (which also won the national written championship for bush poetry that year) came from Angela Goode's wonderful book 'Great Working Horse Stories'.

Hugh Proby, third son of an English Earl, had little hope of inheriting the family title and estates. He set out to make his own way in the Flinders Ranges of South Australia and he was drowned attempting to cross the flooded Willochra Creek with stray cattle. Proby's grave is marked by a granite headstone, which his blue-blood family shipped to the colony from England.

AN EARL'S SON

Beyond his stepped society of peasantry and peers
where lineage gave title to estate,
a colony was founding on the rule of sweat and tears
and heritage was secondary to fate.

So Proby followed siren voices calling on the breeze;
a fortune and adventure shaped his plan.
He set a course from Plymouth Dock, survived the raging seas
and looked around, an optimistic man.

From Bendigo and Ballarat where golden riches seamed,
like wildfire strikes were spreading on the news
and men of all professions caught the madness as they dreamed
and ships remained in port from lack of crews.

But Proby was pragmatic choosing land instead of rush;
did this display a yearning for estate?
Perhaps he fell a victim to the hypnotising hush
that prostituted freedom as its bait –

two hundred miles of leasehold where he often rode for days
to check on cattle unrestrained by fence;
the outback northern Flinders treated beast *and* boss as strays,
but offered up her soul in recompense.

Her methods are unsubtle – every bushman knows her ploys;
they're addicts to her pleasures and her pains.
The hardships are forgiven as they drink their fill of joys
in country where the outback spirit reigns.

And Proby learned that solitude's a lonely two-edged sword,
when one has loving family to grieve.
He hungered for dispatches, over every page he pored,
while jealous bush refused to grant him leave.

Her tyranny is famine, working poison in the blood;
and cattle are the hostages and pawns.
With throw of dice she trapped him playing pestilence or flood;
he served his willing sentence for her dawns.

But fate decreed an outcome to their deadly game of chance
and thunderheads came rolling back his luck,

till heavens split asunder and the rains began to dance,
an isle of cattle shrinking where they struck.

Then swapping love for hatred as a torrid lover can,
she drowned in flood her noble-blooded mate;
an episode of passion in the broad Willochra's span
that records simply call an 'act of fate'.

Now Proby haunts the gorges with their dry ephemeral creeks
and sleeps beneath eternal starry skies.
His spirit trails contentedly those wanderers he seeks
and understands the mournful dingo's cries.

THE WOMEN WALKERS OF HAHANDORF

There's a tapping at my window as the midnight hours strike –
'tis the gentle form of Thekla in the frame.
We shall join a dozen neighbours on a routine mountain hike;
cupping eyes and peering in, she mouths my name.

So I slide the wooden door-bolt back, admitting her with smiles
and she turns me round to help me strap my load,
near a hundredweight of produce I will carry twenty miles
into Beaumont on the rutted bullock road.

We are blessed this summer evening by a full moon in the sky,
streams of light from Heaven's lantern flood the floor.
'tis treacherous the narrow track our group shall travel by;
pinch the candle-flame and softly close the door.

At the gathering the women wait, each laden with her wares
and their thoughts are on the villains in *The Tiers*.
We'll draw for straws to lead or tail and offer silent prayers,
for the bush is but a backdrop to our fears.

In single file and shoeless, soon we've left the valley floor,
as our leader has a strong and honest stride.
We praise the Lord for bringing us to worship on this shore
and we're coursing with our Prussian blood and pride.

Giant stringybarks engulf us, swords of Themeda grow rank,
there are scurrings and rustles in the grass;
the howling of a native dog, a zephyr foul and dank,
and we marshall our emotions as we pass.

The track winds down to Cox's Creek;
we pause to drink and rest
feel its cooling waters salve our burning soles.
Then roundelays and hymns are wrung from every pilgrim's
breast,
for His witnessing is central of our roles.

They're stirring in the loggers' camp
approaching Breakneck Hill
slipping naked from a cloud, the moon is blue.
A wisp of camp-smoke teases in the early morning chill,
as she makes a dash and garbs herself anew!

The dawning is upon us; down below the city plains
run a patchwork to the oceans in the west.
We marvel at the sweetness of the patchwork of refrains,
as the feathered creatures call our world from rest!

So on we'll walk and market, ever-lightening our loads,
then retrace our steps this evening to the hills.
Within the week again we shall be conquering the roads
in His providence, if God our Father wills.

Footnote: Hahndorf in the Adelaide Hills was first settled by practicing Lutherans from Prussia who were forced to flee religious oppression. They were led by their pastor and formed a close-knit, hard-working and successful farming community. Many of the young women carried produce for sale on their backs as they walked, often barefoot, through the night to Adelaide. They did this as a group for safety. The region of Mt Lofty Ranges between Bridgewater and Stirling, known then as 'The Tiers', was haunted by unsavoury characters making use of the many illicit grog shops and avoiding attention from the metropolitan police force.

The Magnificent Seven

*I stood in awe as 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 harsher crime.*

*They lift their heads and look toward the stables,
where father and grandfather 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 innards 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.*

DIGGING O'HARA BURKE

Beyond the southern colonies and rugged northern ranges,
beyond the baptised rivers running names of English peers,
a continent of promise hinted spoils to match the dangers,
in heartlands of seduction that could turn a head from fears.

O'Hara Burke was "peeler" during Irish years of famine,
when overlords of England reapt their pound or two of rent.
They feasted fat on pheasant and their brooks
were stocked with salmon,
while poachers filled their rotting hulks, then overseas were sent.

Police Inspector Burke regretted chances missed for glory;
he'd served the king of Belgium and the feted Royal Hussars
either side of the Crimean – not a martyr in its story –
so off he sailed for nuggets, or a place among the stars.

The saga of his journey when he dashed beyond the Cooper
to shores of Carpentaria, like none before had done,
can't wipe the tragic images of men behind their trooper,
who paid for immortality and perished, one by one.

For Burke was not a bushman. Though his fierce determination
and his courage are unquestioned, *his decisions all were wrong:*
if lovely Julia Matthews had been happy with his station,
perhaps he'd not have lifted pen and asked to go along,

if Burke had known his rival's expedition was aborted,
or Gregory was heeded and their mission was delayed,
or Wright was more reliable and orders not been thwarted,
or Gray was left unburied and his death was left unprayed,

if only Brahe had waited eight more hours when retracing,
or Wills had pressed O'Hara Burke to follow in his tracks,
or Brahe had checked the cache of food,
they could have been embracing.
Ah, if Burke had but befriended and entrusted Cooper's blacks!

Should we invite the censure from embellishers of history,
or lay to rest the beating breast of passion for our land?
Shall we deny romantics their created dreams of mystery,
if reasons all are questioned and if answers all are scanned?

Our venerated elder gives a rustle and a sighing;
the cicatrice upon it is a message all should mind.
Let's ponder on the foibles of the man without denying,
O'Hara Burke, explorer, was *a* GIANT of his kind.

MAN FROM SNOWY RIVER BUSH FESTIVAL

Performers from all states except Northern Territory gathered on Banjo's Block over a weekend of many and varied bush poems and songs at the Bendigo Bank Poetry & Music Competition.

Some people even made time to see the rest of the festival – horses, dogs, street parade, Bush Idol etc. and the weather smiled.

The Lions' Youth Hall looked 'bushy' and welcoming and was full of children, teachers, parents and grandparents on Thursday for the Junior Competition. who set the standard for a great weekend's entertainment. Sacred Heart school children also charmed the audience at Friday's Breakfast.

Albion Park Camp Cooking Club kept the great tucker coming, through three Poets' Breakfasts, Gum Leaf playing, Jaffle making and other events held there, through to the late night campfire music sessions.



Jan Lewis

Lovers of Banjo' Paterson's 'Man From Snowy River' poem were treated to 3 great performances from finalists W R (Bill) Boyd, Maurie Foun and Barry Tiffen, with Barry from Albury winning the coveted MFSR Recital trophy. It was great to see & hear Bill make his debut at Corryong in such resplendent attire too!

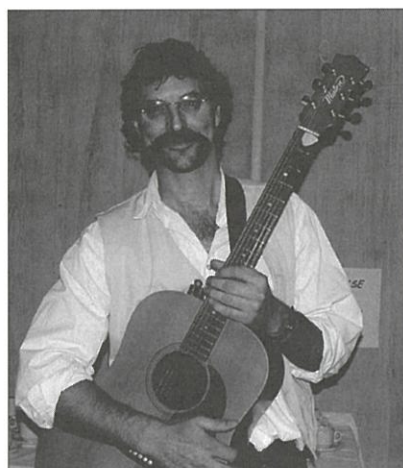
Another newcomer to Corryong was Ken Tough, who won both the Jack Riley Heritage Award for original poem and the prestigious Clancy's Choice Award for best overall male performer with Maurie Foun second. Jenny Markwell from Wangi Wangi NSW repeated her last year's win by claiming the Matilda Award for best overall female, with Annette Roberts second.

A moving event was the 'Anzac Horses & Faces' concert in the RSL hall, combining guest poets, slide shows and DVD telling the story of Banjo and his involvement with the Light Horse in war-time.

Judged before the festival, the 'Silver Brumby' Written Award in memory of the late Elyne Mitchell was won by well-known Queenslander Kym Eitel, with David Campbell (Vic) runner-up. The Larrikin Award for Humour went to Brenda Joy, with David Campbell runner-up again.

Geoffrey Graham found time to squeeze in some performances at the block between his other festival appearances. Carol Heuchan was a favourite at Sacred Heart school and the concert. Annette Roberts' winning Comedy piece 'Moving Forward' with alter-ego Julia Gizzard, made a few pointed political statements.

We like to encourage our poets and singers so there were many encouragement awards given.



Consistent festival performer Peter Klein (above) won the Outstanding Singer section and Peter's four year old daughter Isabella took judging the Bush Hat comp very seriously indeed. Niam Foxcroft, runner-up in the Junior Idol, sang 'My Country' to his own musical arrangement and the crowd eagerly leapt to their feet in a standing ovation.

An amazing job by all participants for the Poetry & Music segment of MFSR. Thanks to Carol Reffold, MC, and judges Carol Heuchan, Colin Milligan and Helen Begley and special thanks to my poetry and bush music 'family' both local and far away. Thanks to all our sponsors and National Folk Festival.

To go on MFSR poetry & music email list: poetfarm@corryongceec.net.au
Jan Lewis



ANOTHER CROSS

Tomas Hamilton 24.3.2011

Another cross beside the road
Another parents grieving load
A smiling face we'll never see
Staring from eternity

The wilting wreath by the scene
A tribute to what might have been
Flowers wither before their time
When youth is cut down in its prime

You were not felled by nature's whim
Or a cancer that struck from within
You'll never hear your loved ones cry
There was no reason for you to die

Closest friends will shed their tears
A haunting memory through the tears
The photo in your empty room
Once full of life is now a tomb

The god of speed made you a fan
Of a deadly beast made by man
As safety gives way to haste
You become our greatest waste

Another cross beside the road
Another parents grieving load
Brother sister lover friend
Will this carnage ever end

TOMAS HAMILTON

Tomas Hamilton was born in Dublin, Ireland. He came to Australia as an infant with his parents in the early fifties. His parents claim it was for a bit of a look, but Tomas did not make it back to the 'ould sod till 1990. He grew up in various country towns in the Hunter Valley in the days when 'the parishes were run by Irish priests', so it was easy to embrace the Aussie way of life but still be regarded as an Irishman by his mates. Tomas joined the RAAF at 17. He finds it amusing when he sings "I was only 19" at gigs and he had already been in the forces for two years.

Tomas was a product of the 60's folk scene. He bought a guitar and hung around the folk clubs near the bases he was stationed at. He married his wife Betty in 1969 and the pair of them had a week's notice to move to another base. After five children and 40 years marriage Tomas claims the learning curve goes vertical. After 21 years Tomas resigned from the RAAF and spent 17 years in a job he'd rather forget about. Tomas started serious song writing in 1996 after the army Blackhawk tragedy and the RAAF Boeing 707 crash which took the life of a close friend. He had the honour of performing songs he had written at services for those lost in both tragedies and in 1997 released a tape of 8 songs self compositions on an album titled Remembrance.

About this time he started a monthly Irish session in the Hawkesbury and it now has grown to a weekly gathering. A new tape Shamrocks and Wattle followed in 1998 and Barbwire and Bullshit in 2000. His ballad "The Long Tann Hymn" has been used throughout the Hawkesbury on Vietnam Veteran's Day since he wrote it in 1999. After a change in career in 2004 and pressure from fellow musicians Tomas put down his first CD "Further down the Track" and re-released Barbwire as a CD. After writing "Sydney in the Rain" and with the encouragement from fellow muso's he released yet another CD of 16 self compositions titled "Hamilton's 5th" in November 2006.

In 2007 while on a visit to England he popped over to Dublin for a week and did several gigs, a highlight of which was performing at Darky Kelly's inn Dublin on Easter Sunday and Ned O'Shea's Merchaynt the following week. Before Tomas left for Dublin his mother remarked that he had never written a Dublin Song.

While waiting to fly out from Dublin he wrote The Grey Walls Of Glasnevin. Ten months later he performed it at his mother's funeral. In 2009 he released his sixth album "Glasnevin's Grey Walls" The album contains 14 tracks of self compositions which reflect his Irish heritage and experiences in life.. Tomas has been a Hawkesbury resident since 1991.

Tomas Hamilton, leader of this folk troupe, will win no awards for his rough, dissonant vocals. It's not as raucous as the lead singer of the Pogues, probably



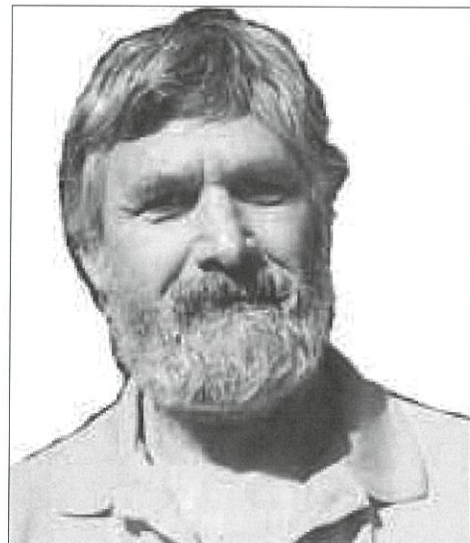
because Hamilton quite often sings at a much slower pace and much more gently (or softly!) However despite this, his & his band's cd has a certain charm that transcends this criticism. His vocals are well supported by backing and harmony vocals of band members.

He is already noted for his anti-war songs or songs that reflect the tribulations of soldiers and returned veterans – his song "The Long Tann Hymn" has already reached a similar status to that of Redgum's "I Was only 19" or Eric Bogle's "The Band Played Waltzing Matilda" among the folk clubs of the Hunter Valley. On this album, "Did You Know Joe Murphy" relates the story of a soldier leaving behind a pregnant wife and then being killed in action.

"Traditionally, most of Australia's imports come from overseas."
Kep Enderby. QC.

Test your Knowledge Compiled by Archie Powers Answers p. 18.

1. Who is recognized as the first Australian born poet ?
2. What was Steele Rudd's baptismal name ?
3. Name the "Banjo" Paterson poem which contains the following verse
"And they scarcely seem to wonder
that the river, wide and deep,
never woke him with its thunder,
never stirred him in his sleep."
4. Who wrote the poem "The Stirrup Song"?
5. Henry Kendall wrote the poem "On a Street" – True or False ?
6. A member of the Australian Constitution Committee wrote the poem "Solitude" – who was this ?
7. Dorothea Mackellar was a wealthy Sydney socialite – True or False ?
8. Name the Australian classic poem of which the last two (2) lines are –
"Charming to slumber the pain of my losses
with glimpses of creeks and a vision of mosses."
9. Who wrote the poem "Marsupial Bill"?
10. "The Swagman" was written by C.J. Dennis – True or False ?



Max Merckenschlager

seriously. . .



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TENTERFIELD Oracles of the Bush

The 15th Oracles of the Bush in April attracted crowds from around the country to four days of poetry and art events – and chalked up a first for the festival. Poet Claire Reynolds became the first person to win both the Looming Legend and the previously published poetry section. Claire, an Oracles of the Bush stalwart, was delighted with the win.

The Gloucester poet has added the double win to competition success at Wauchope, Beaudesert, Killabakh, Benalla, and Tamworth. She won the Ladies NSW State Championship in 2005 and 2006, - Queensland State Championship in 2007 and was placed in all sections at the 2007 Australian Championships.

Full-time bush poet Marco Gliori who has performed at eight Oracles of the Bush events, was joined this year by fellow featured poets Col Driscoll, Ray Essery, Peter Mace, and bush balladeer Errol Gray,

Mr Gliori said Oracles of the Bush prize money was equal to any poetry event in Australia, including the Australian Bush Poetry championships.

On Saturday Night, Marco himself was presented with a specially hand-crafted award from the committee for his efforts in helping steer the festival over the years. Pat Pount from Newcastle, who has attended at least six Oracles of the Bush festivals, said the 2011 event had been the best yet. “I have enjoyed it the most,” she said.

Saturday night's Poets' Concert attracted about 450 people, with 260 at the Sunday Poets' Brawl breakfast, a record crowd at the Children's Concert, and many more attending markets, breakfasts, lunches, the Bling in the Bush dance, the poetry competitions, a quilt show and the Centenary Museum display.

Winner of the Novice “Patsy” Wilson Award was Tess Rowley.

Tenterfield's Oracles of the Bush is a four day cultural event encompassing live performance of Australian Bush poetry, music and art. The timing of the event is set to coincide with Tenterfield's brilliant autumn - April is resplendent in a cloak of red, orange, gold and yellow providing the perfect backdrop for a truly unique Australian event.

Tenterfield's Oracles of the Bush

Committee finds inspiration for the district's premier event in the spirit and character of the region's people, places, history and scenic beauty. Each year the committee honours one person by naming them 'Oracles of the Bush Local Legend'. Volunteer members are keen to embrace fresh ideas from other community organisations who share the vision of working together to create an event that is truly unique for both visitors and locals.

The Looming Legend Bush Poetry Competition is a significant and very popular component of Oracles of the Bush - offering cash prizes for both writing and performance of bush poetry. The senior sections are open to all non-professional poets. In the junior competition the written sections are restricted to students of Tenterfield Shire with a junior performance section open to all school students in the country.

Marie Low

Tenterfield Oracle's of The Bush

Claire Reynolds



UNFINISHED BUSINESS

By Claire Reynolds

My Joe is a collector of machinery you know...
A wife who had less patience would have shot him long ago.
Around our yard and all heaped up in splendid disarray
A million ibts of rusty junk that he "might use some day".
And if he ever used them, that's a miracle for sure
They are all so wrecked and rusty that you can't tell what they're for.

The shed is overflowing with the stuff he buys at sales.
There are drums and bags and boxes crammed with nuts and bolts and nails,
And screws and wire and metal things in every shape and size,
And bits of gear and gadgets to delight a junk man's eyes.

The wrecked remains of old machines no longer any use
Just multiply around our yard... they've learned to reproduce!
Although I know that some increase is from the local tip –
Because the trailer's always fuller when returning from the trip.

There used to be some planks of wood collected by my spouse;
But termites cleaned those up, before they started on the house.
Now – If I could get some metal-eating white ants on the go
They could eat up all the rusty junk collected here by Joe.

The piles of junk are home to hordes of snakes and mice and rats
And yesterday I counted fifty-seven feral cats!
I only want a garden that is nice and neat and clean
But gardening is hard work and my Joe is not that keen.

I asked him once to mow the lawn, which made him swear and mutter
And bits of junk hid in the grass got caught and wrecked the cutter,
So now the mower's with the rest, just rotting where it broke.
The place looks like a rubbish dump I tell you it's no joke –

With crumpled shells of utes and cars, old engines and odd wheels.
You don't live in a junkyard, so you don't know how it feels!
I've suffered it for forty years but now I've had enough.
I told him: "Joe, I've had it – so get rid of all this stuff!"

Well now he is retired, and it shouldn't be too hard
To sort it, and dispose of it and tidy up the yard.
All those rusty bits and pieces that he thought he'd use some day
Well, Joe has not used one of them as years have ticked away.

I said in no uncertain terms: "Now listen, Joe my dear
Don't you **ever** go and die on me and leave that junk still here!"
If Joe **doesn't** get this task complete before he goes to glory
I warned him that his end will be both violent and gory!

He should not expect to lie there sleeping calmly in the ground
And leave me with that wretched junk still piled up all around...
I warned him... **and I'll do it...** if it takes my final breath.
I'll dig the rotten blighter up and then kick him back to death!

How long have we got left in this world - the calendars days are numbered.

Teacher: Did you father help your with your homework?

Student: No, he did it all by himself.

John and Kathy Edwards have been on the road for the past six or seven weeks. Their first main point of call was Deniliquin in the Riverina where the motorhomers held their 25th Anniversary rally. With many of her unpublished poems on a memory stick, she had her fifth poetry book published and printed at The Pastoral Times Newspaper office while they were in town.

Kathy then launched her fifth book at the Deniliquin Library where the administrators suggested the book be launched in combination with a big morning tea which they had arranged for volunteers as it was the start of Volunteers Week. It was a great success as Alex Allitt arranged for the Deni poets and Sing Australia to be there. The library staff were amazingly helpful as they had brochures printed and distributed around town. Sixth class from St Michael's school also attended, and everyone had a terrific time.

Kathy's new book is called *Love & Laughter, the Best Medicine*, and contains some of the 'One Minute' poems she has done over the years. Whilst in the Central West of NSW the Edwards spent three freezing nights in the City of Orange taking in their grandson Cody playing soccer and finding time for Kathy to perform at a couple of old folks homes.

At Wontama Nursing Home Kathy found a lady named Nancy Thompson who had been writing poetry most of her eighty years,

She only had one book left of her poems, as the 28 or so other books had been accidentally destroyed when entering the Home. Kathy read some of Nancy's poems to the audience and they were well received.

Books \$10.00 each plus postage
Available from Kathy Edwards
PO Box 27 THE JUNCTION NSW 2291
(02) 49292840 0408.228710
kathy-johnny@hotmail.com



POLICE MARE ARIEL (Max Merckenschlager) a true life story from the history of the SA Mounted Police

We struggled through the forties finding mounts to seat the law; demand was fuelled by circumstance to fight a foreign war, supply was sapped by prejudice against our noble greys – the racing world was blinkered by a love affair with bays, and buyers struck a problem when it came to raise their bid; ‘The Bill’ would balk at paying more than five and twenty quid.

But Army had a preference for coats a shade of night to join the fray then slip away – too chancy on a white! This carried in our favour, raising hopes to purchase greys that bred on northern stations in those tough and leaner days. Finke River had some gelded greys they trucked to southern sales and with them came a special horse, a mare among the males.

Our Brigadier had given his expressed authority to check the horses offered and, if suited, purchase three. Three geldings bought as riding stock soon satisfied our goal, but there she stood, a small grey mare and heavily in foal – a five year old unbroken dame, a brumby wild and wise, with Arab in her chemistry and courage in her eyes,

a smidgeon over fifteen hands, too short to service needs policing the community in step with taller steeds, but maybe holding promise as a brood mare in the team, with touch of class, intelligence and limpid knowing gleam. Besides, “the man’s” prediction was a pet-meat destiny; I gambled that my Brigadier would feel the same as me.

Until she foaled we paddocked her among the older greys; in forty acres Ariel was left to quietly graze and after her delivery, with gangly nuzzling foal, she stood apart mid-paddock like a watchful, wary soul. We cornered them to give the two some necessary care – a grave miscalculation, for the geldings soon were there.

And streaking past us, Gellibrand was frothing white in cream, his body fraught with frenzy as he shrilled an angry scream. This placid, senior gelding turned to banshee in disguise who struck the foal, with fury in his hateful blazing eyes. Then on his knees the gelding fell to savage and destroy the helpless new arrival, like a trashed unwanted toy.

Maternal instincts well-aroused, the mare was more than match, ignoring us she tore at him, this monster on her patch and burrowing her head and neck beneath the raging hack, she reared and threw the larger gelding neatly on his back. But Gellibrand was not dismissed, he scrambled to his feet; their battle lines were clouded by the bedlam and the heat.

We watched in admiration as our feisty Ariel faced off with cold conviction the assassin sent from Hell. The strength she summoned once again was greater than the male’s; that tiny mare re-flipped him, knocking billow from his sails and while the troubled gelding paused, in thought perhaps to yield, she dashed away with trailing foal for safety of the field.

As time goes by the memory dims, but records clearly show that Ariel was not a mare to cross or take in tow; she never held a bit in mouth or rider on her back, her progeny were feted on the showgrounds and the track. And now when old constabulary are singing words of praise, the legendary Ariel is queen among their greys.

Police Greys (The Mounted Unit): SOUTH AUSTRALIA

They're a familiar and very welcome sight at our 'big ticket' occasions. For decades, the beloved Police Greys have led parades like the Credit Union Christmas Pageant and ANZAC Day. At other times you might see them on patrol around the city, the parkland and into the suburbs. The Police Greys operate from the Thebarton Police Barracks - and what a life - they are doted on and rightly so - after all they are fully-fledged members of the force. But they don't 'live the life of Riley' all the time - like their riders, they work for a living undergoing years of carefully planned training.

Snr Cont Kelly Taylor-Wilson: "On a normal day at the Police Barracks members are allocated about three or four horses to work. They'll bring them out to the sand menage and work them from anywhere between 20 minutes to an hour at a time depending on the horses they're given for that day."

The Mounted Unit has about 50 horses in all - about half of them in work at the barracks - the other half spelling at SAPOL's agistment centre at Bolivar - they get annual leave too. At the height on the mounted police era in the 1920s there were more than 250 horses in service - not to mention 50 or so camels in far northern centres like Oodnadatta.

They reckon a good horse and rider is the equivalent to 10 police on foot. Obviously the horses are carefully screened - a minimum of 16 hands high and a temperament able to deal with cheering crowds, countless patting at public events like the Royal Show to the sometimes hurly burly of public order. And of course, they have to be grey. After a good work out it's time for a wash down and some well-earned breakfast in the stables the Mounted Unit has occupied since 1917.

Snr Cont Kelly Taylor-Wilson: "The most common question we get asked is why are all our horses grey? The answer goes back to World War One. When the Light Horsemen went overseas to fight in battle they needed the darker coloured horses to blend in like the bays, the browns and the chestnuts. So they left the greys at home and we ended up with a surplus here in South Australia.

The Mounted Operations Unit members like greys for exactly the opposite reason - we want high visibility, we want to be easily seen out there on the roads with all the traffic and so stemmed the tradition that is carried on til today."

The horses are in modern loose boxes today but at one end of the Barracks you can see some of the original open stalls. And up on the wall a list of police horses through the years.

General patrols, crowd control, search and rescue to ceremonial duties - the Police Greys have a special place in South Australia's history. And a police horse's lot can be a happy one. At the age of 22, Festival is the oldest and is semi-retired but there's a good chance you'll see her at the Pageant.

Keep an eye out for the Police Greys at the head of the Credit Union Christmas Pageant each year. And if you want to look around the barracks keep an eye out for their Open Days - they are well advertised.

Charlee Marshall Bush Poetry Competition

Results List, 2011

Golden Cockatoo Award

Winner - Ellis Campbell Dubbo NSW

'What Price Progress'

Tie Second - Third Place -

Ellis Campbell

'The Typical Bloke'

and Ellis Campbell

'Missing'

Highly Commended -

Terry Piggott Canningvale WA

'The Call Of The Outback'

Highly Commended -

Valerie P Read Bicton WA

'The Black Pearl'

Commended -

Ellis Campbell 'Universal Moon'

Commended -

Ellis Campbell

'For The Love Of Linda Lees'

Encouragement -

Zondrae King East Corrimal NSW

'The Whale Boat'

Silver Budgie Award (under 16)

Winner -

Sarah Webster Green Valley NSW

'A Sudden Switch'

Second Place - Sarah Webster

'The Fishing Trip'

Highly Commended -

Isabelle Peters Carindale QLD

'Girls and Shops - A Perfect Match'

Highly Commended -

Trae Quinlan Jambin QLD

'Down The River I Sat'

Encouragement -

Justen Webster Green Valley NSW

'The Aussie Adventure'

Encouragement -

Chloe Stewart Carindale QLD

'I'm Hungry'

Encouragement -

Charlotte Gray Carindale QLD

'Good Night'

CORRYONG MFSR FESTIVAL

Silver Brumby Award Written Serious

1st. Kym Eitel 2nd David Campbell

Corryong Larrikin Written Humorous

1st. Brenda Joy 2nd David Campbell

Written Novice Encouragement Award

Bill Witham

Banjo Paterson's MFSR Performance

1st Barry Tiffen 2nd Maurie Foun 3rd

Bill Boyd

Original Photostory with sound

1st Sharon Roberts Gayl Sullivan

Original song poem or yarn

1st Ken Tough 2nd Jenny Markwell

Aussie Poem Performance

1st Barry Tiffen 2nd Maurie Foun

Non Original Performance

1st Maurie Foun 2nd Ken Tough

Aussie Comedy Performance

1st Annette Roberts 2nd Tom O'Connor

Matilda Award (Women)

1st Jenny Markwell 2nd Annette Roberts

Clancy's Choice Award (Men)

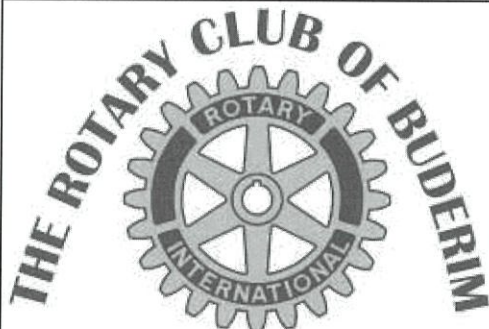
1st. Ken Tough 2nd Maurie Foun

Poets Breakfast Reciter Award

Tom O'Connor

One-minute poem

1st Peter Klein 2nd Barry Tiffen



Bush Poets Concert 2011

The Buderim War Memorial Hall

Cnr Gloucester Rd and Main St

Buderim - 18th June

MC: Manfred Vijars

TICKETS (www.buderimrotary.com)

Laurence O'Keeffe

PO Box 1670 Sunshine Plaza

Maroochydore, QLD, Australia, 4558

M: + 61 414 507 347

Answers to the questions – p.15

1. Charles Harpur (1813 – 1868)
2. Arthur Hoey Davis
3. "How M'Ginnis went missing"
4. Harry "Breaker" Morant
5. True
6. Henry Parkes
7. False
8. "Bellbirds" by Henry Kendall
9. Brunton Stephens
10. True.

2011 DERBY

BUSH POETS BREAKFAST

Derby CWA Cottage Grounds

Sunday June 26th

from 7am.

Contact:

Robyn Bowcock

PO Box 67

DERBY WA 6728

Phone: 08 9191 1782 (A/H)

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 and more...

HUNTER BUSH POETS

Message from the
President.

Hello everyone,

Five months into 2011 already and I hope it finds all of you in good health. Physically and financially, in all matter of things Australia over, nothing is quite as vibrant as it was a few years back and Bush Poetry is no exception. However, thanks to the passion of hardworking groups of people, it is still 'alive and kicking'.

Some professional poets are still making a full time living from it and I for one can say that it's pretty hectic (only four days off since Boxing Day). However many of the top poets are taking to other part time employment to subsidise the poetry work. We are all finding that while sales are down at festivals (where people have to pay a large price to even attend), CD's and books are still selling elsewhere and Bush Poetry is popular although more so with older, country audiences.

Individual groups like Dunedoo, Corryong, Gosford, etc. are flourishing but it is a sad situation when for the first time, no group has come forward to run an Australian Championship or Queensland Championships this year.

Although our Annual Competition

has been highly successful and is held in high regard by the Australian Bush Poets' Association Inc. and by poets from many parts of Australia, our own club members do not seem to be as keen to support it. With this in mind and also considering the unsavoury amount of poor sportsmanship in today's world (in poetry too) we have decided to run a Poetry Festival instead!

We have found a marvellous venue – the World Evangelical Camp and Conference Centre set in picturesque forty four acres at Morisset. It has cabins and bunkhouses, fantastic dining room, and concert hall etc.

The Hunter Poetry Fest is a very exciting concept. Scheduled for 28-30th October, there will be workshops on everything imaginable and for all levels and interests. From reading poetry to lyrics to yarn-spinning to publishing! There'll be Walk Ups and Word Games and Team Poetry Trivia and entertainment and Sing-around-the-Campfire. Wonderful poets like Milton Taylor and Greg North have already been procured and speakers outside poetry circles will also be there.

We have procured the Albion Park Camp Cooking Club to do **all** the food. Jenny and I sampled their fabulous fare (extraordinarily reasonable prices) at Corryong and were thrilled when they agreed to come.

Here's the best part. For only \$100 per person you can **stay** for the whole weekend! From Friday evening to Sunday afternoon! (It's bed only so you'll need to bring pillow and bedding). Your food is extra of course but that \$100 will

cover all entertainment and workshops etc.

If you don't want to stay (you'll be sorry) there will be session tickets on sale later.

A fifty dollar non refundable deposit is needed as soon as possible to ensure your accommodation/booking.

Ring Secretary Trevor Harragon on 02 4956 5543

or email tharragon@bigpond.com deposit \$50 to Hunter Bush Poets

c/- T. Harragon 6 Delmeny Place,
Macquarie Hills 2285

We will also advise in due course re camping, caravans etc. Volunteers to assist will be needed and we can work out some rec

Hope you are as excited about the idea as we are. And there's MORE. We have been awarded the **Australian Bush Poetry National Championship Written Championship**. This will take the place of our regular competition and will be announced on the Saturday night at the Festival. Entry Forms for Serious and Humorous etc will be available soon on the HBP and ABPA website www.hunterbushpoet.org.au www.abpa.org.au or from Secretary (above) Entries to close 30th September. Don't forget – do come along to our regular poetry night at Teralba Mining Museum second Tuesday in the month 7pm. (never fear – we have heating now!)

Stay well, keep writing, reading, reciting and...listening to poetry.

Carol Heuchan

See p. 23



AUSTRALIAN BUSH POETS ASSOCIATION Inc. OPEN WRITTEN AUSTRALIAN CHAMPIONSHIPS 2011

TO BE CONDUCTED BY THE HUNTER BUSH POETS

Open Original SERIOUS SECTION

Open Original HUMOROUS SECTION

Trophy and Prizemoney to **OVERALL CHAMPION**

Entries and Info: HBP and ABPA website www.hunterbushpoet.org.au www.abpa.org.au

Or SSAE / contact Carol Heuchan 456 Freemans Dr. COORANBONG NSW 2265 02 4677 3210

carol@carolpoet.com.au



National Folk Festival - Easter-2011



Report
from Zondrae King.

As usual over Easter, the National Folk Festival was held in Canberra. There were over 55,000 early bird tickets sold. That is even before the gates opened. There was a great line up of poets on the programme. Victoria was the featured state this year. Listed for the spoken word were Geoffrey W Graham, 2011 State Champion, Jenny Markwell, David Campbell, Jim Brown, Peter Mace, Keith McKenry, Zondrae King, Barry Lake and The Victorian Bush Poetry & Music Assn. This included John Peel, Jan Lewis, Carol Reffold, Ken Preto, Stephen Whiteside, Annette Roberts and Betty Walton. The winning reciter from last year Len Morris, was on duty every morning to judge the Champion reciter

2011, and had a difficult task.

Friday morning saw the Troubadour packed out. Peter Mace was MC and during the Poets Breakfast he conducted a brief memorial for David Meyers and various friends recited some of Dave's favourite poems. Then Zondrae read a poem she wrote about her memories of Dave and Peter read the title poem from the book that has been produced of David's works "Monaro Morning". All 20 of his books we had there were sold. Then it was on with the show.

The members of Vic BPMA were the MCs on Saturday morning. They announced on Friday there was to be 'a one minute poem contest' on the theme of "Breakfast at the Troubadour". There were quite a few entrants and the time keeper was brutal. This was won by Bev Stewart by public acclaim. This took some 40 minutes. As usual the marquee was packed out and several poets were held over to the next morning. Sunday

morning the MC spot was shared by Jim Brown and Zondrae King and was just as hectic and again there were many people who missed out on performing.

On Sunday afternoon at the big concert in the Budawang, the winner of the 'Reciter of the Year' was announced and Zondrae King then had to repeat her performance of "Strike Me Pink" before a crowd of approx 3600. Now Zondrae will have the unenviable task of judging next years winner.

Being the last day of a fantastic festival the crowd was slightly smaller on Monday and MC duties were shared by David Campbell and Zondrae King. A

total of 33 poets presented. This was almost a challenge to Frank Daniel's record of 37 in one two hour breakfast. All in all a most successful series of Poets Breakfasts.

There were also workshops and concerts:

Geoffrey W Graham held a master class pre-festival on performing. Geoffrey also presented his own show and joined in the Anzac tribute concert. Both Jim Brown and David Campbell held workshops on poetry. Jim's being about performing poetry and David's on writing poetry. The Victorian Bush Poetry and Music Assn: held a concert on Saturday evening and Sunday afternoon as well as a workshop on Monday.

Apart from being a little chilly on Saturday and Sunday mornings, (I heard in the minus 2-3 range) the weather was most kind to us. All in all, it was a fantastic Festival.

Yarn Spinning.

The Yarn Spinning at the National Folk Festival has been a bit of a lost soul over the past four years. It now has, we hope, a permanent home in the new venue the 'Scrumpy Bar'. This stage was well suited to story telling as it is slightly removed from the main thoroughfare and therefore the noise. There had been little advertising of this event and, apart from the noon timeslot, was not mentioned in the Programme booklet. Being aware of this happening last year, Zondrae King had made some flyers and brought them with her to stick up around the festival. After lots of 'plugs' at the Poets breakfasts, there was a decent turn up and at one session had an audience of 65. The heats were run from Friday to Sunday with the final on Monday.

The six finalists took their turn with a strict time limit of 8 minutes. The winning 'Yarn Spinner' from last year Pete Griffith was sole judge and brought his own criteria. Our usual MC, Barry 'Bluey' Lake, was incapacitated and the duties fell on Zondrae King.

The yarns covered everything from a Family treasure of a 'Chinese Bunyip' to a competition between a couple of Shearers. The winner was a very surprised young lady from Tasmania, Yvonne Gluyas. Who wins two session tickets for next years Festival. She can also have her name engraved on the trophy and bring it back next year when she will have judging duties to fulfill. Lets hope we get some more interest in this area next National Festival.

Big Breakfast and Performance Bush Poetry Competition

Saturday 29th October 2011

Over \$1000 in Prizemoney

Professional Sections 7.30am-10.30am

School and Novice Sections 1.30pm-3.30pm

Five Competitions

- Open Original Works
- Open Traditional Works
- Primary School Section
- High School Section
- Open Adult Novice Section

Contact Kelly Walters
Ph. 02 6778 4192
PO Box 4 Uralla NSW 2358
enquiries@urallabowlo.com.au

Get your entries in!

Our Mate Dave

Zondrae King (Corrimal) 04/11

He was known for his bushy ginger moustache and his easy laconic way.

His departure was so very sudden there were no goodbyes to say.

Just when and where I first met Dave I can't make the pieces fit

but I know I heard him reciting with his laid back, Aussie wit.



Most probably he was MC -ing he was always landed with that. He was never afraid of the spotlight, and mostly he wore his hat. He was a willing to offer a helping hand with problems that arose. His talents included singing, writing Poetry, history and prose.

As I was leaving the stage one day, this memory is very clear Dave commented, over the microphone, how my poem had brought a tear. "He listened", I thought and it touched me. I know that not all MCs do. This gave me a sense of belonging and a bit of encouragement too.

Another time when I was alone, he came and sat in the next seat. He said "G'day" with a casual smile, then a wait, 'til the act was complete. He asked "That poem you did today, is it one you usually do?" I asked him what he thought of it and told him that it was new.

You could see that he was considerate cause he paused before he spoke. He looked at the ground for a moment then he gently cleared his throat. "Went well." he said, "You'll do OK, if you keep on writing like that." As he rose to return to his partner, he gave my shoulder a pat.

I never did get to say thank you or tell him what that meant to me. How he'd made me feel some acceptance in the festival 'fraternity.' So from then on at any occasion, when I saw his smiling face I knew that his wit and his welcome would make me feel part of the place.

Quite often, I'd hear Dave in concert, when he struck his favourite pose recite that poem by Col Wilson of a vet pill and dog it should dose. With his typical perfect timing, he'd deliver each line with ease and he'd have the crowd in stitches. And they're not that easy to please.

His talents and his intelligence were concealed by a modest smile He played guitar and he sang a bit, this too, in his own special style. He wrote history books and satire for those Shiny Bum Singer folk and all I can say is - the David I knew, well - he was a bonzer bloke.

POLITICALLY CORRECT!

Apparently it's no longer politically correct to direct a joke at any racial or ethnic minority, so try this one:

An Englishman, a Scotsman, an Irishman, a Welshman, a Latvian, a Turk, an Aussie, a German, a Yank, an Egyptian, a Jap, a Mexican, a Spaniard, a Russian, a Pole, a Lithuanian, a Swede, a Finn, an Israeli, a Romanian, a Bulgarian, a Serb, a Swiss, a Greek, a Singaporean, an Italian, a Norwegian and an African went to a night club.

The bouncer said, "Sorry, I can't let you in without a Thai"

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18 POEMS over 2 CD'S
100 mins long
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Contains the **2011 Golden Dampier Award**
Winning poem
"Barangaroo & the Pontiff too!"

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Leonard Teale Memorial Spoken Word
Award
Banjo Paterson Award
Bobby Miller Memorial Award

Please send cheque or money order to
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P.O. Box 655
West Ryde, NSW, 1685

Hunter Poetry Fest!

MORISSET NSW

October 28-30

Wordgames! Poetry Fungames! Workshops - Writing,
Reading, Performing, Publishing, Lyrics, Yarnspinning - Walkup Poetry - Team Quiz and 1 Min.
Comp. Sing-around-the-campfire.

TOP ENTERTAINERS and SPEAKERS

Full Weekend Fee, *including* accommodation - \$100 per person (food extra)

Booking essential, phone Trevor (02) 49 56 5543 or email tharragon@bigpond.com

Session tickets available

Check out www.hunterbushpoets.org.au or www.abpa.org.au/

Further information phone Carol (02) 49 773210 or email carol@carolpoet.com.au

also 2011 Australian Bush Poetry Written Championships

(SEE PAGE 20)

JULY
8th, 9th, 10th

2011 - 16th BUNDY BUSH POETRY MUSTER

JULY
8th, 9th, 10th

Across the Waves Sports Club Inc. Sails Function Room 1 Miller Street BUNDABERG

Performance Competitions

- Under 8 - Recite favourite poem
- 8 years to Under 16 years
- Open - Traditional, Modern & Original
- Intermediate - Traditional & Modern
- Novice - Traditional, Modern & Original
- Yarn Spinning
- Duo Competition
- One Minute Cup

Doors open 8.00 am for competitions to commence at 8.30am



ENTERTAINMENT = Sails Function Room at Across the Waves Sports Club

7.30 PM Friday Evening: Walk-up Poetry/Variety Concert Admission: \$3.00

7.30 PM Saturday Evening: \$15.00 - 'The Concert' - Featuring

Neil McArthur

All phone and email enquiries:

Gregory North

Bill Kearns

Bette Shiels 07 4155 3293 bette.shiels@bigpond.com Sandy Lees 07 4151 4631 lees@fastel.com.au

Jan Facey 0418 152 777 janfacey@bigpond.com.au Concert Bookings: Phone or email Sandy Lees

Entry Forms available on ABPA Website abpa.org.au/bushpoetry/entry.htm



Over the Easter weekend Ilfracombe was host to a bush poetry competition for junior reciters as part of their annual Easter fair. Twenty-seven young locals competed in three sections, with reciters aged between 5 and 13 years. The competition was organised by Kathy Hitson and judged by Melanie Hall and Susan Carcary. Mel and Susie also held workshops on writing, memorizing and performing bush poetry where the kids penned the marvellous tale “The Zombie from Ilfracombe”.

kombie”.

It was great to see such numbers in both the Under 8 and Under 12 sections. The overall standard of reciting was extremely high. The Under 8 first prize was awarded to stand out performer Cameron McMillan, (below right) while the Under 12 section was presented to Ethan Medill. (Top left)

Holly Hitson (above) won the Under 16 section with her recital of “An Old Bush

School”. Congratulations to all the place getters and winners, and thanks to Kathy for all her hard work - it really pays off when you see the standard of reciting by children in the bush. And congratulations to the parents and citizens of Ilfracombe for encouraging their kids to hop up and recite and for ensuring that these young Australians have access to their birth right – bush poetry



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