

# The Australian Bush Poets Association Inc.

## NEWSLETTER

Volume 13 No. 5

October - November 2006



### GYMPIE MUSTER POETS 2006

The Silver Anniversary Celebrations began in 2006 with the Poets on stage to a packed house at The Muster Club. With the hilarious Dave Proust, Neil McArthur, and Col Milligan warming the crowd up, it was the perfect opportunity for Carol Heuchan to drop in a couple of her more sentimental poems and offer the appreciative crowd something special. First timers Gabby Colquhoun, Dion Cross and Johnny Lloyd fired up well, but on Wednesday morning when Greg North got a standing ovation it was pretty obvious the bar had been raised for the rest of the week.

Lucky Bluey The Chook lowered it again quickly and of course The Bullshute Bar Bards with special guests Pat McCrutch and Bobby Cashmere really gave the audience another glance at how ridiculous the Poets could become. Fairdinkum, what happened to the 'foot on the yard rail image'? My hazardous guess is that it will always be there, somewhere, appearing on stage every now and then to remind folks of our roots.

Milton Taylor lied more than usual and Melanie Hall blushed, several shades of red more than we thought possible. We're not sure if it was because of their association with Shirley

Friend, or because of Darren Colston's sexy singing, or as a result of Dan Thompson and Jack Drake's corny campfire jokes...or perhaps because Bill Kearns came on stage in his underpants, which we noted Ray Essery found particularly arousing.

Gary Fogarty compered the final of The Musterbeenbloodygood Poetry Award, which was won by Dean Collins of Bundaberg. Increased entries in the heats throughout the week were first class and developed quite a following in the Tavern.

Seeing I'm writing this I had better give myself a plug for the honour bestowed on me to write and narrate the opening concert on Main Stage for the Silver Anniversary. It was a special occasion incorporating The Webb Brothers, Anne Kirkpatrick, Chad Morgan and evolving through to the opening act Troy Casser-Daley. The organizers love the Poets, and they know how rich our following is, so to ask me/us to contribute in such a way was a sentiment much appreciated.

The camp was a ripper again this year, and I suspect the yarns we spun, will be as unbelievable in another 25years as they were in 2006.

Cheers,  
Marco Gliori

### VALE: BILL HAY

28.5.1919 - 7.9.2006

The Father of Bush Poetry



### WILLIAM HOLT HAY

Billy Hay was born on the 28th May 1919 in Charters Towers to Grace Georgina and Alfred Onslow Hay; the second of four children. Some of his early days were spent at 'Wattlevale', his grandfather's sheep and cattle station, but he grew up and went to school at Prairie where his father was the local publican.

As a young teenager his father sent him to school for three days and the other days he drove the mail coach with it's horse team to deliver mail to Muttaborra returning to Prairie with a load of wool. Bill's father and Uncles owned racehorses and he often took the reins as a young jockey in the Prairie Country races.

When Bill was still quite young, his father sent him out west to work for a family friend on a boring plant but the so called 'family friend' treated him more like the camp dog than a young man giving him only the scraps left over after everyone had eaten tea. After deducting money for his keep, his pay was sent back to his father in Prairie.

(Continued p. 16)

**The Australian Bush  
Poets Association  
Inc.**

(Established 1994)

Abn: INC 9877413

Arbn 104 032 126

Website: abpa.org.au

**President: Noel Stallard**

11 Cestrum St, Arana Hills Qld. 4054

Ph 07 3351 3221

heritagepoetry@dodo.com.au

**Vice President: Frank Daniel**

PO Box 16 Canowindra NSW 2804

Ph. 02 6344 1477

fda70930@bigpond.net.au

**Secretary: Ed Parmenter**

1 Avenue St Coff's Harbour 2450

Ph/fax. 02 6652 3716

Email: edandmarg@hotmail.net.au

**Treasurer: Margaret Parmenter**

1 Avenue St Coff's Harbour 2450

Ph/fax. 02 6652 3716

Email: edandmarg@hotmail.net.au

**Editor: Frank Daniel**

PO Box 16 Canowindra NSW 2804

Ph 02 6344 1477

fda70930@bigpond.net.au

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

© Copyright belongs to Short Street Productions and the, Australian Bush Poets Association Inc. unless otherwise stated. All rights reserved. Reproduction in whole or part by any manner or method whatsoever without written permission is prohibited.

Poems and/or articles (Inc. photographs) appearing in this newsletter are the sole copyright of the publisher and the authors themselves.

Copying, performing or using such poems otherwise without the express permission of the authors is not permitted.

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

**Deadline for copy**—20th of month preceding the month of issue.

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



## PRESIDENTS REPORT...

Dear Members,

Our condolences go out to the family, relatives and friends of Billy Hay. The Bush Poets have lost another icon. He was an unforgettable character whose yarns, performances, jokes and flirtations made him a loveable larrikin and it is most fitting that the Australian Yarn Spinning award will be known as the Billy Hay Memorial Award for Yarn Spinning. Billy, rest in peace.

Thank you for the support you have given to our membership drive. Since the new brochures have been in operation we have signed up over forty new members. Please continue to request these application forms and have them available at your various performances.

I was very impressed with the quality of our August-September Newsletter. The variety and high standard of articles and poetry were among the best I have read. Frank does a great job in presenting this newsletter so please keep supplying him with high class material as this is the only way we will keep our current membership and attract new members.

You will see with this Newsletter a new draft of the ABPA's Criteria for Written Competition. Over the past few months I have fielded numerous complaints about the criteria and judging standard of some of our written competitions. In an effort to address these legitimate complaints I contacted some twenty five writers who had won significant written competitions and requested they comment on the current criteria sheet and also if they would be interested in having their names and addresses on a Register of Judges and be willing to judge no more than two written competitions a year. We need to be careful that we do not overburden our top writers with constant demands to be judges as we need these quality poets to be writing in our competitions so as to ensure a high standard is maintained. The Register is designed to provide competent judges as well as share the judging burden. Some eighteen writers have generously accepted the invitation and you will find their names and contact details in this Newsletter. These writers of proven quality should ensure that the standard of judging is high and that mediocre poetry does not gain status beyond its deserts. Would members please study this Draft Criteria Sheet and judging process and contact me with your comments before November as I want to have the Criteria for Written Competition finalised for the December-January Newsletter. I follow the old Latin phrase, *qui tacet consentire*, silence gives consent. So if you have objections voice them while there is time. A similar review of the criteria of Performance Competition will follow over the next few months.

Andy Schnalle continues to do a great job with our ABPA website. We are gradually building up poems and profiles of modern writers. Check out the poets that have recently been added.

Could I recommend any member who has not read Bruce Simpson's new book, *Where the Outback Drivers Ride*, to buy, beg or borrow a copy and have the pleasure of being captivated as I was. We are most fortunate to have not only someone who has lived the life of a drover but also one who has the literary skills to vividly capture this lifestyle in both prose and verse. Aspiring writers would do well to study the ease at which Bruce conveys his ideas, actions and emotions through regular metre and accurate rhyme. This book should be a compulsory read for all Australians who are proud of their heritage.

With gratitude,

*Noel Stallard*

### CATNAP

Curled up ball, my blissful cat  
sleeps; I'm envious of that.  
But her toileting by lick  
is a less-admired trick.

Max Merckenschlager SA

## THE CROCODILES ARE CRYING

© Rupert McCall 2006

Endless visions fill my head - this man - as large as life  
And instantly my heart mourns for his angels and his wife  
Because the way I see Steve Irwin - just put everything aside  
It comes back to his family - it comes back to his pride

His animals inclusive - Crikey - light the place with love!  
Shine his star with everything he fought to rise above  
The crazy-man of Khaki from the day he left the pouch  
Living out his dream and in that classic 'Stevo' crouch

Exploding forth with character and redefining cheek  
It's one thing to be honoured as a champion unique  
It's one thing to have microphones and spotlight cameras shoved  
It's another to be taken in and genuinely loved

But that was where he had it right - I guess he always knew  
From his fathers' modest reptile park and then Australia Zoo  
We cringed at times and shook our heads - but true to nature's call  
There was something very Irwin in the make up of us all

Yes the more I care to think of it - the more he had it right  
If you're going to make a difference - make it big and make it bright!  
Yes - he was a lunatic! Yes - he went head first!  
But he made the world feel happy with his energetic burst

A world so large and loyal that it's hard to comprehend  
I doubt we truly count the warmth until life meets an end  
To count it now I say a prayer with words of inspiration  
May the spotlight shine forever on his dream for conservation

... My daughter broke the news to me - my six year old in tears  
It was like she'd just turned old enough to show her honest fears  
I tried to make some sense of it but whilst her Dad was trying  
His little girl explained it best... she said "The crocodiles are crying"

Their best mate's up in heaven now - the crocs up there are smiling!  
And as sure as flowers, poems and cards and memories are piling  
As sure as we'll continue with the trademarks of his spiel  
Of all the tributes worthy - he was rough...but he was real

As sure as 'Crikey!' fills the sky  
I think we'll miss ya Steve...goodbye

Reference. Rupert McCall Website [www.rupertmccall.com.au](http://www.rupertmccall.com.au)

## A WORD (or several) FROM YOUR NSW REP.

G'day everyone.

What a great year it has been for Bush Poetry; still enjoying a huge continuing resurgence. At Tamworth in January, for ten days in a row, two thousand people a day went to Bush Poetry. And the popularity of poetry is spreading, popping up all over the place. I've just been to my 70th venue this year! Of course the big ones that I was lucky enough to take part in - Tamworth, Port Fairy Folk Festival, the National Folk Festival, Gympie Muster etc. - are booming but there's a multitude of little ones, too.

Talking of Gympie Muster, how fantastic was it? Not just the great atmosphere (120,000 people camped in a forest) not just the amazing audiences, not just Melanie Hall's great cooking but imagine camping for ten days with about twenty of the craziest poets in the country! They're like naughty little school kids when they get away from home.

Big things happening within the administration of Bush Poetry also. Fixed rules (so we all know where the goal posts are) in performance comps. Now, similarly in written competitions, with an accredited panel of judges about to be announced.

For NSW, our anxiously awaited chance to host the Australian Championships.

The little town of Dunedoo has taken on the huge task - so please help in any way you can. They may be small in quantity but high in quality and dedicated. The committee already runs a super festival and the Australian Champs, first weekend in March 2007, promises to be unbelievable! They are honoured to call the Yarnspinning the "Billy Hay Memorial Australian Yarnspinning Championship." If you're coming, book EARLY.

The world of Bush Poetry has lost some wonderful exponents in recent times and it's testimony to the 'family' closeness of the ABPA that you have so honoured their memory and remained stalwart supporters to the families left behind.

May we all keep writing, reciting, reading and enjoying Australian Bush Poetry to the end - and beyond.

Carol Heuchan

## Steve Irwin arrives in heaven . . . .



God says 'Steve you've been a nice bloke, did nice things and made everybody feel welcome, you can have something in Heaven that you treasure from Earth.

Whatever it is I'll get it up for you'. Steve leans over and whispers in Gods ear.....

Next day it arrives in heaven.

Steve's jaw drops.

He looks at God and says: 'Crikey God, look what you've done now!

I said CROC,

not BROCK.'

## I SAW THE SOLDIERS MARCHING

© 2004 A. Lawrence Vaincourt

I saw the soldiers marching, one drear November day,  
Those heroes bold, from wars of old, in countries far away.  
I heard the drums like thunder, the sound of marching feet,  
As men of ancient valor marched down our little street.

I heard the skirl of bagpipes, the blare of brasses bold,  
As heroes from another time relived the days of old.  
The old, the halt, the lame, the slow, they marched with solemn pace,  
To honor comrades fallen at another time and place.

I felt the tightness in my throat, the tears that burned my eyes,  
As I watched the quiet dignity of old men marching by.  
The fine young men, and women too, in battles long ago,  
Who gave their youth and some, their lives, to fight our country's foe.

On this day will be remembered by comrades who remain,  
And by the heavens, weeping, with softly falling rain.  
The medals softly jingling on every passing chest,  
In memory of companions who've long been laid to rest.

There are some unfit, and some who sit, in wheelchairs, row on row,  
While they recall what price was paid to turn our country's foe.  
And some will stand with tear-dimmed eyes, and some with faces grim,  
While all repeat the solemn vow,  
'WE WILL REMEMBER THEM.'

web site at: [www.vaincourt.homestead.com](http://www.vaincourt.homestead.com)



### *A Poem for Remembrance Day*

#### **The inquisitive mind of a child**

Why are they selling poppies, Mummy?  
Selling poppies in town today.  
The poppies, child, are flowers of love,  
For the men who marched away.

But why have they chosen a poppy, Mummy?  
Why not a beautiful rose?  
Because my child, men fought and died  
In the fields where the poppies grow.

But why are the poppies so red, Mummy?  
Why are the poppies so red?  
Red is the colour of blood, my child.  
The blood that our soldiers shed.

The heart of the poppy is black, Mummy.  
Why does it have to be black?  
Black, my child, is the symbol of grief.  
For the men who never came back.

But why, Mummy are you crying so?  
Your tears are giving you pain.  
My tears are my fears for you my child.  
For the world is forgetting again.

Author Unknown

#### **VALE:**

##### **BOB SENNETT**

It is with deepest regret that I convey news of the passing of Bob Sennett.

Bob and his wife Esther were the original co-ordinators of the Gosford Bush Poets and for many years the driving force behind the continuation of this important community celebration of traditional Australian bush poetry.

Bob was renowned for his devotion to, and almost limitless knowledge of 'The Banjo's' works and will be remembered not only for his ability in reciting Paterson's magnificent poems but also his unfailing encouragement of newcomers to the bush poetry scene.

On a personal note, I would like to acknowledge the invaluable advice and encouragement that Bob and his wife Esther gave me over a my early years in bush poetry and convey my deepest sympathy to Esther and the Sennett family.

Vale Bob Sennett, a truly wonderful Australian and a friend sadly missed.

Vic Jefferies

#### **VALE:**

##### **JIM O'CONNOR**

Word also arrived at the editors desk of the passing of James (Jim) O'Connor of Longreach.

Jim was a taxi driver in Longreach for many years, and as a wordsmith with a vast knowledge of Australian poetry, and a repertoire of bush yarns and an unlimited knowledge of western Queensland, travelled annually to the Tamworth CM Festival where he competed in the Imperial competition for a number of years.

He was a regular performer at the Oasis Hotel during its heyday as a poets venue and could be found enjoying an ale and a yarn with the likes of his western Queensland mates such as Ab Teece, Bruce Simpson, 'Bluey' Bostock, Billy Hay and Robbie Gough.

He had been battling cancer for the past few years and passed away early in September.

Jim produced a booklet of his poetry and an example of his work from the Bronzed Swagman book of verse, 1994, can be found on page 16.

### **BUNDABERG POETS SOCIETY AGM**

The Bundaberg Poets' Society Inc. held their AGM on September 9th with the election of office bearers for the next 12 months.

Those elected were:

President: Sandy Lees

Vice-President: Laree Chapman

Secretary: Dean Collins

Treasurer: Sam Dye

Publicity Officer: Sandy Lees

Committee Members: John Lees & Jayson Russell

Advance planning is well in hand for the next Bundy Bush Poetry Muster for July 2007 to be held at Across the Waves Sports Club and for the Bush Lantern Award for Written Verse 2007. For more information contact Sandy & John on 07 41514631; Laree on 07 41527409 or Dean on 07 41591705.



'... for this place becomes a part of you its branded on your soul with every ridge and gully that you ride. As you recall deeds and heroics, such awe inspiring feats, when you rode so boldly on the great divide. . . '

*History & Heritage, Legacy & Legend*  
— Lee Taylor Friend

## Dalgety NSW SNOWY RIVER FESTIVAL

17th - 19th November 2006

Relive the Snowy River Legend on the banks of the Snowy River at Dalgety, with a variety of Bush Festival Activities, the Snowy River Stockman's Challenge, the Bush Poetry Challenge, Art Exhibition and the Regional Food Fair.

The Snowy River Festival is located at Dalgety the only remaining town in New South Wales to be located on the banks of the Snowy River it is a Festival not to be missed. There is such diversity that there is something for everyone. The Festival appeals to people from all walks of life, young and old. It is a celebration of the connec-



tion that exists between our past and our present.

For three days we relive our Snowy River heritage. The competitors in the Stockman's Challenge replicate the skills required by our early pioneers and gain an insight into the 'grit' that was integral for their survival.

We celebrate the High Country of

today and its cultural development through the Art Exhibition, Snowy River Heritage and Food Fair. We aim to educate and promote the health of the Snowy River through Snowy River Rehabilitation. And we create a fun and entertaining atmosphere with the Bush dance and Bush Poetry.

The new Bush Poetry format this year offers cash and prizes to the value of \$1000! and all are invited to enter the 'Snowprint Book Shop' - Bush Poetry Competition.

**Entries close 17th October 2006.**  
(See advertisement page 17)

Poets will be required to perform their work at Dalgety Saturday the 18th November 2006 with a winners circle on Sunday 19th November 2006.

This year a 'Spin-A-Yarn' Competition directly following the Bush Poetry will be judged on the day by crowd appeal.

The Stockman's Challenge is a uniquely Australian Stockman's Event. The six preliminary events display skills that Stockmen and women needed to have in order to successfully work and live in the harsh Australian Outback and rugged Mountain Ranges. Very few horsemen use packhorses these days and the Stockman's Challenge gives our younger generation the chance to see how it was done before the 'Tray-back truck' made them obsolete!

The Horseshoeing event is always a tough one; the Whip-crack event is an event demanding accuracy of the whip



and control of the horse to cut targets with a lot of talent required in the free-style section; the stock-handling event is a test of horse and rider of their cattle handling skills, a variation of traditional camp-drafting skills as used in mustering; the Cross Country event is an event which tests more the skills of a modern day horseman; the Bareback Obstacle course and the Brumby Catch.

Guy McLean will again be one of the festival's major features. Throughout the weekend visitors will enjoy his amazing horsemanship demonstrations.

On Friday afternoon, Guy will demonstrate how he claimed the 2005 Equitana Horsemanship Challenge title, with a young horse starting clinic. He will also show why he has picked up many awards for his poetry writing and reciting, with various performances on Saturday and Sunday.

## DROUGHT

by Mary Finnin (b Geelong 1906)

The great breath shudders,  
Coolamuns are drained  
Billabongs go walkabout,  
Moons since it rained.

Stone man gathers  
For corroboree,  
Chants harsh word-shapes  
To narrow melody.

Parrot-feather images  
Of blood and sweat,  
Weave their antic ritual  
Which the whites forget.

Bull-roarer calls them,  
Warriors thirsty-lipped,  
Dancing fire-enchanted  
Through the eucalypt.

Serve a timeless priesthood,  
Final mystery,  
Making magic rainstorms  
By corroboree.

## MEMORIES

© Neil Carroll

Some things we remember  
from childhood,  
While others we quickly forget,  
Like Gran's apple tart,  
Or an old billy cart,  
Or the ferret we had for a pet.

One thing will remain in our memory,  
While another one soon disappears,  
Like the kangaroo dog,  
Or the noisy green frog,  
Who lived on our verandah for years.

But I'll never forget when Grandfather  
Sat me on his knee for a nurse.  
He'd light up a smoke,  
Give the fire a poke,  
And recite for me this little verse.

'Some people think dogs are a nuisance,  
Just something to bark, and annoy.  
But I pity the boy  
Who hasn't a dog,  
And the dog who hasn't a boy.



The Warialda Go Bush Show John Lloyd - Marion Fitzgerald -  
Greg North - 'Double-Decker' Dave McCallum

## 'GO BUSH' WARIALDA 2006

The seventh annual 'Go Bush' show continued its established entertainment format in Warialda with some new talent that was well received by another capacity crowd.

Staged at the local Golf and Recreation Club and directed by Marion Fitzgerald for the Rotary Club of Warialda, the proceeds of the evening

were pledged to support the proposed extensions to Warialda's frail/aged hostel 'Naroo'.

The club catered for the audience with some great bush tucker consisting of stew and damper followed by a sticky-date pudding.

Marion led the way into the 2006 show with a number of original works and featured well-known bush poets John Lloyd and Greg North with the return of 'Double-Decker' Dave . . . . .



## 2007 Bush Laureate nominations invited

Nominations are now being called for the 2007 Australian Bush Laureate Awards to be presented in Tamworth, Country Music Capital, on Tuesday January 23.

There are six categories in the Awards, four judged, one voted and one determined by the organisers from nominations received.

The four judged categories are Book of the Year, Original Verse Book of the Year, Album of the Year and Single Recorded Performance of the Year. The voted category is being introduced this year and is for Bush Poetry Performer of the Year.

Voting can be done online at <http://www.bushlaureate.com.au>, or a voting

form can be requested from the organisers (these are also being circulated to get as many people involved in the voting as possible).

The final category is the Judith Hosier Heritage Award (named after the Awards founder) and is presented for services to bush poetry.

Objectives of the Australian Bush Laureate Awards are to recognise excellence in Australian bush verse and to encourage and promote the publishing, recording and performing of traditional Australian rhymed verse.

Nomination forms can be downloaded from the website, or requested by telephoning 02 6762 2993.

**Nominations close on**

**Friday, October 13**

Finalists in the Awards are released in December with winners announced at the gala presentation concert in the famous Tamworth Town Hall during the January country music festival.

## From Janine O'Callaghan Swan Hill Vic.

Why does a round pizza come in a square box?

What disease did cured ham actually have?

Why is it that people say they "slept like a baby" when babies wake up like every two hours?

If a deaf person has to go to court, is it still called a hearing?

Why do people pay to go up tall buildings and then put money in binoculars to look at things on the ground?

Why is "bra" singular and "panties" plural?

Can a hearse carrying a corpse drive in the carpool lane?

Why do you put in our two-cents worth when its only a 'penny for your thoughts'?

> p. 23

## AN ORDINARY MAN

© Ron Stevens - Dubbo NSW 2005  
(Runner-up 2005 Stumpy Awards - SA)

The world continued turning the night my uncle died.  
No news flash broke the progress of television's  
tide of advertising, movies, affairs of glossy folk,  
to toll his lonely passing, this humble country bloke.  
Of course he'd never stolen a fortune from the poor,  
was not a rock star silenced by fate's uncertain score.  
The death was not stage managed to grasp post mortem  
fame:  
no children slain by rifle, or suicidal flame.

My Uncle Harry left us the way he'd lived his days  
with dignity, forbearance and self effacing ways.  
I organised the service, a simple one in town.  
The church, like Harry's mourners, was slowly running  
down.

For youth has fled the townships now fading in the west,  
so stubborn seniors, mainly, walked Harry to his rest.  
Heads bowed beside the coffin, two dozen maybe more –  
were symbols of a life style that nothing could restore.

The stories at the grave side and later at the Grand  
all focused on how Harry would always lend a hand:  
'He often gave me pumpkin and oranges and eggs.'  
'Once fixed my leaking roofing, despite his gammy legs.'  
'I bought a ute on credit and he went guarantor.'  
'We cricketers were grateful for Harry keeping score.'  
'Nobody gave more freely to Legacy than him.'  
'He bailed me out and helped me when things looked really  
grim.'

I savoured all these tributes, then someone softly said  
'As long as you're still living, old Harry won't be dead.'  
The family resemblance was doubtless what he meant.  
By any other measure, I'm not like Harry Kent.  
My mother's only brother was someone in the bush.  
I'm just a faceless number among the city's push.  
Those city ways have tarnished this one time country lad,  
seduced by greed, possessions and every fleeting fad.

No changes at my uncle's; his home remains the same.  
A bachelor by choice? Or perhaps his being lame  
from polio in childhood reduced romantic hope.  
Whatever reason, Harry was never one to mope  
or whinge about his lot and remained until the last  
as graveside words extolled him of strong but gentle cast.'  
At ninety, Harry failed to awake at morning's light.  
The windowed sunlight bathed him upon his endless night.

Last night I bunked at Harry's, upon the sofa hard  
with horsehair stuffing, ancient but still in high regard.  
I'd listed his possessions and tried to keep a rein  
on sentiment but sometimes an item struck a vein:  
a cobbler's last that served as a doorstop now, evoked  
a tub of blackened water where leather sheets were soaked,  
which Uncle Harry used to re sole the neighbours' boots;  
old harness sent me floating along his mailman's routes.

He'd prop me up beside him upon the sulky seat  
to spend the day he working, while I enjoyed the treat.  
I hadn't started school yet, perhaps was four or five.  
As Harry's little cobbler, no prince enjoyed a drive  
through rich domains as much as my joy at setting out  
on Uncle's outback contract, with tales to share throughout.  
Sometimes beside a mailbox a leathered farmer leant  
with parcels for the township and 'Thank you Mister Kent.'

Politeness was a feature of Harry's circle then  
and he was judged a member of Nature's gentlemen.  
I'm heading for the city, my work is finished here.  
I'll leave the clearance sale to the local auctioneer.  
Mementos of my visit include a crocheted quilt  
that once belonged to Grandma, and nagging sense of guilt  
for never writing Harry those forty years apart,  
to thank him just for having no ordinary heart.



Grahame and Janice Watt

## A GOLDEN NIGHT FOR THE WATTS

It's not every day your golden anniversary comes around, and Grahame and Janice Watt made the most of it. Mr. and Mrs. Watt celebrated their 50th wedding anniversary in style with a family party at Coffs Harbour's Windmill Restaurant where they made the most of their night, enjoying time with family and friends.

The Toormina sea-changers moved from Kyabram in Victoria in early 2005.

Mr. and Mrs. Watt were married on August 18, 1956, in St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church, Rockhampton, but moved to Kyabram in Victoria, where they lived for 48 years before moving north again to the Coffs Coast.

Guests gathered from several States for the golden anniversary, including Mrs. Watt's twin sister, Jean, and sister, Margaret, both of whom were bridesmaids at her wedding half a century ago.

Other guests included Mrs. Watt's sister, Shirley, and Mr. Watt's cousin Hec McLeod, his wife, Dora, and eight of Mr. and Mrs. Watt's 10 grandchildren.

Their daughter, Jenny Sutherland, said a fantastic night was had by all.

Extra Note - A few days after the party Grahame was in hospital having a hip replacement. Following a hiccup in his recovery which meant extra time in hospital, Grahame is now recovering at home.

## A John O'Brien Centre is to be built at Narrandera NSW

This is a unique opportunity for the poets of Australia to celebrate one of their own. A pioneering priest, Monsignor Patrick Joseph Hartigan, who wrote poetry under the pseudonym of John O'Brien has earned his esteemed position in the annals of early Australian literature. Unfortunately there is no place at present that tells the story of this significant Australian.

In March of this year the Narrandera Shire Council gave permission to Noel Stallard to raise funds in order to build a John O'Brien Centre attached to the Visitors' Centre at Narrandera. Who is this John O'Brien and why build a Centre? Well Noel has written a poem that goes some way to answering these questions.

### THE JOHN O'BRIEN CENTRE

They tell me Mr Stallard that from Brisbane you've come down to build a John O'Brien Centre in Narrandera town.

Who was this John O'Brien and what is his claim to fame?  
If I'm to give some funds I need to know more than his name.

'Well John O'Brien's a pen name for a pioneering priest whose name was Patrick Hartigan now many years deceased. His books, *Around the Boree Log* and *Parish of St. Mels* are poems of the early days, whose imagery excels.

He captures Aussie life back then, for us who were not there, the generous hospitality, the fight against despair. The countryside whose colours changed like some chameleon, the Irish with their characters; a way of life now gone.

This Centre that we plan to build will help reveal the truth of Aussie life in early days for aged as well as youth. If we're to know now who we are and who we will become, we need to know our origins; ancestral dad and mum.

And that's what John O'Brien does, he helps us see our past, and contribution that you make will help our history last. Let's build this John O'Brien Centre, so in future years, Australians know what life was like for all our pioneers.

## SPARE TIME

© Grahame Watt.

Have you ever wondered what fellas do in the Outback all alone?

Well! Some of us talk to horses when we're bored right to the bone.

At times we plait some leather, making whips or fancy reins, sometimes we play Mouth-Organ to pacify our brains.

At other times we sit and dream about a girl or two we knew,

or scratch the dust with a forky stick when there's nothing else to do.

I've seen some fellas go real crazy but that's not the go of me.

You see! I go completely mad, I start writing poetry.

## JOHN O'BRIEN CENTRE

Monsignor Hartigan died in 1952 and as there are still contemporaries alive with memorabilia of his times Noel was concerned that these relics would go into deceased estates and end up on some rubbish heap. The proposed Centre will provide security for such memorabilia and tell the story of this pioneering poet-priest who made a significant contribution to the poetic annals of Australian literature. Some of his well known poems would include, *Said Hanrahan*, *Tangmalangaloo*, *The Little Irish Mother*, *The Old Bush School* and *The Old Mass Shandydan*.

One of his contemporaries, C.J. Dennis wrote about Fr. Pat's verse; 'They are Australian first - bush Australian: they are Irish-Australian or course, but they are pure Australian too: good mates, good workers, full of healthy humour and a capacity for enjoyment that most of the world just now seems to have lost.....' *The Bulletin*, 29 December 1921

Noel has often described Fr. Pat's poetry as, 'timeless homilies in verse'.

In the past twelve years Australians have flocked in their thousands to Narrandera in March to celebrate the John O'Brien Festival. The ever increasing numbers at this festival demonstrate the interest there still is in this man's poetry. Noel, who performs the poems in the persona of John O'Brien, appealed to the Council to construct a Centre where the public could be informed of the story of this great Australian. When the Council said they had no funds to build such a building Noel took it upon himself to fund raise to have it constructed. Subsequently, with his seven member committee, Noel has obtained Incorporated Association status from the Office of Fair Trading and the relevant taxation concessions for donations that will assist him in this venture. The Centre will be attached to the current Visitors' Centre. This has the advantage that no extra staff are required, it provides security for memorabilia and the public has access seven days a week.

To build and furnish the Centre with appropriate displays will cost somewhere between \$500,000 and \$900,000. The committee hopes to raise this over the next three years. These funds will come from relevant grants, donations and fund-raising concerts that Noel will perform throughout Australia. We need this type of Centre constructed so that the significant contribution of an Australian pioneer can be celebrated, so that valuable memorabilia is not lost and so that the John O'Brien story can be told to current and future generations of Australians. The way you can contribute is to be the organizer in your home town of a Noel Stallard Fund -Raising Concert to contribute any relevant John O'Brien memorabilia to make a tax deductible donation.

The Fund-raising Launch will be held in Narrandera at 2pm on Saturday the 21 October. Send any of the above to Noel Stallard PO Box 131 Arana Hills Q 4054 or phone on 07 3351 3550 or email [heritagepoetry@dodo.com.au](mailto:heritagepoetry@dodo.com.au)



## ANITA REED



Anita Reed got involved in Bush Poetry per chance following a performance of 'The Glugs of Gosh' (*CJ Dennis*) by John Derrum at Brisbane's Palma Rosa. At a following workshop by Derrum, she met up with some North Pine Poets who invited her to present some poetry with them.

Anita has lived in Brisbane all her life, left school at 15 and worked in an insurance office until her marriage. While her children were young she studied for matriculation by correspondence and later had some interesting experiences working door to door on a government Immigration Survey and Professor Henderson's Poverty Survey where people were asked how much they earned, in a slightly strange area on the edge of Brisbane, not country, not city, where it seemed that every property had at least one very unfriendly dog, the record being eight at one place. This was to earn the money to pay off her little second hand Morris Major.

The year her youngest child went to school the Government made tertiary education free and off she went to Teachers' College. There was a slight hiccup when the principal of the college made her feel quite unwelcome by telling her among other similar things, (Anita being still married at this stage), that 'The only married women who contribute anything to society are the ones who stay at home and raise money

for the Red Cross.' At the time it was not funny at all, but those were the days, and she can laugh about it now. Later she completed a B.A. going to evening lectures. Anita will always be grateful for the opportunity she had to receive free tertiary education for her Diploma of Teaching, because there was no other way she would have got there.

After 23 years teaching at primary school level, Anita retired, having joined the North Pine Bush Poets four years earlier when she started to work part-time. She received encouragement early on with a second in the Brisbane Ekka Competition in 1999, and gained the first prize of \$500 at a competition at Tweed Heads. Over the years she has won many awards at Bundaberg, Milmerran and North Pine, was the winner of the Modern Verse Performance section at the Australian Championships in 2003 at Mulwala, and has been placed in categories of the Australian Championships at Charters Towers, but winning the Queensland Championship was a special thrill.

Anita writes poems primarily about people, and has made a C.D. (*The Hall at Apple Tree Creek and Other Poems*), named after one that is extremely popular with audiences.

Since retirement Anita has been performing for various clubs such as National Seniors, and for Historical Societies, Australia Day Awards Ceremonies, and regularly for the Karawatha Forest Protection Society, as well as with a concert party at retirement villages and nursing homes. She wrote a poem about one of the founders of Cleveland and performed it in a musical presented about the history of the Redlands area, and has recited poetry in the Irish Club in her choir's concerts, and also under the stars at a weekend get-together of a number of bushwalking clubs, somewhere out from Gatton, in a howling wind, with an echoing sound system, and trees glowing beautifully red on the nearest hillside, from a hopefully subsided bushfire.

The Greenslopes Bowls Club is the venue for a Bush Poets' Breakfast organised by Anita with various guest poets, including on 6th August, the very successful presentation of a melodrama in verse about the First Fleet, written, produced, directed and narrated by Shirley Friend, with parts played by nine members of North Pine.

Today Anita's main interests are

grandchildren and family and bush poetry, followed by trying to stay healthy, and singing in her Celtic choir. She says that she has met many delightful and friendly people through bush poetry that she would have never met otherwise, and she has found it a tremendously rewarding experience that she wouldn't have missed for anything. As well, her recent experiences performing in the melodrama show that it's never too late to try something new!

### PRODUCT PLACEMENT -

The practice of product placement in motion pictures is hardly new nor can it be blamed entirely on Americans.

Needless to say, there are a number of variations of Paterson's original 'Waltzing Matilda' written in 1895.

*'Who'll come a-waltzing Matilda my darling?*

*Who'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me?*

*Waltzing Matilda and leading a waterbag,*

*Who'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me?'*

A new chorus rang out in 1903 which has gone on to become more famous, and was composed by musician Marie Cowan.

*'Waltzing Matilda, waltzing Matilda  
You'll come a waltzing Matilda with me.*

*And he sang as he watched and  
waited 'til his "Billy" boiled.*

*You'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me'.*

Have you ever asked why Paterson's swagman was 'leading a waterbag' and why Cowan, in 1903 had the swagman waiting 'til his "Billy" boiled'?

Noted Australian historian, the late Richard Magoffin, tells us that in the early 1900's a tea merchant, the Billy Tea company secured permission to use the poem.

Cowan was commissioned to "re-jig" *Waltzing Matilda* to refer to Billy Tea and, in possibly the first product placement ever, the "Billy" boiling scene was crammed into the chorus to remind the listener of those finely brewed tea leaves from Billy Tea. The 1903 sheet music clearly shows "Billy", not only with a capital B but in inverted commas to signify its product status.

## NORTH PINE CAMP OVEN FESTIVAL CONCERT

Set among the gum trees at Old Petrie Town (where koalas can at times be seen swiftly clawing their way up the sturdy tree trunks) is the Pioneer Village Country Music Hall where the North Pine Bush Poets held their eleventh annual Camp Oven Festival. Poets and devotees of Bush Poetry gathered from as far afield as Charters Towers and Townsville in North Queensland, the Blue Mountains and the coastal districts of New South Wales. Competition was keen and of a high standard with the task of judging not to be envied.

After a light meal prepared by the Pioneer Village Country Music Group the children opened the festival. Parents and teachers accompanied these young people from Bundaberg, Ipswich and the local areas. These young poets paved the way for the weekend with excellent performances. Judges for the evening were Terry Regan, Gabby Colquhoun and Greg North. Pine Rivers Mayor, Yvonne Chapman, (who over the years has been a great supporter of children's poetry competitions) attended the evening and presented prizes to the winners.

All who attended the competition on Saturday and Sunday would have been in awe at the variety and standard of poetry presented. The competitors with their performances were able to take the audience to many realms of the imagination and one could almost hear a feather fall when the poetry was presented. This really confirms that Bush Poetry in Australia is alive and well and more and more becoming an accepted form of entertainment. During lunch and tea breaks people were able to catch up on happenings since they last met, or form new friendships with those who have more recently embraced the art of Bush Poetry. Thank you to the judges, Sandra Harle, Carol Heuchan, Ron Liekefett and Noel Stallard and the collators, Glennie Best and Jill Neville, who worked tirelessly over the two days. All involved were glad of a short break on Saturday afternoon before returning for the concert in the evening.

Prior to the Festival Rita Dean put together many items to be used as part

of a multi draw raffle. She wrapped and very artfully presented them at the Raffle Table and she and her helpers sold tickets at each session of the Festival. Her efforts resulted in raising over seven hundred dollars for the club. Many thanks Rita. Thanks also to all our friends and fellow poets from other clubs who assisted in many ways during the Festival.



Shirley Friend

The Saturday night concert drew a great crowd; eager to see Shirley Friend, Carol Heuchan, Ron Liekefett and Noel Stallard perform, and they certainly had their expectations fulfilled by the hilarious goings-on with an occasional serious piece for contrast.

There were villainous villains, a hero and a maiden in distress, and sometimes signs that asked the audience to boo or hiss. Written, produced, directed and narrated by the inimitable Shirley Friend, the melodrama, *TRIP FOR A LIFETIME - STARK HORROR FOR BONNIE T. BAY*, had as its theme a trip on a ship in the First Fleet, with a young convict girl with an enormous, mysterious diamond around her neck, as one of the travellers.

Nine members of North Pine Bush Poets played their parts with gusto - Ron Liekefett (marine major HERO), Noel Stallard (ship's captain), Anita Reed (captain's wife), Suzanne Honour (convict MAIDEN IN DISTRESS), Rob Spence, (marine major VILLAIN), Dot Schwenke and John Pampling (convicts), Mark Lutz (first mate), and John Best (surgeon and convict).

The audience enthusiastically enjoyed the whole show tremendously, and there has been a lot of great positive feedback about it, although nobody has actually been offered a contract to

SING (yes, there was singing in it too). The cast wants to know when they are going to do it all again!

Many friendships were rekindled before and during the Festival as North Pine Poets shared their homes with visitors, while others chose to camp in the bush setting adjacent to the Pioneer Village Country Music Hall.

As Sunday was market day people had the opportunity to visit the country style market held each Sunday at Old Petrie Town.

A Sausage Sizzle on Sunday evening at the home of John and Glennie Best was a perfect opportunity for contestants and all involved in the Festival to unwind, chat, be entertained and sing along with guitarists and singers Manfred Vijars, Richard Hall (Melanie's husband) and local folk singer Maxine Chishold. A good night was had by all and it was a fitting conclusion to a weekend of great competition, entertainment and friendship.

The 2006 North Pine Camp Oven Written was won by Don Adams of Paraparaumu Beach NZ followed by Graham Fredriksen of Kilcoy Q and Ron Stevens of Dubbo NSW. Highly commended awards went to Ron Stevens, Arthur Green and Graham Fredriksen. (Results page 23)

### A SONG of LIGHT

by John Barr (In the Bulletin)

There are plenty songs been written,  
Of the moonlight on the hill,  
Of the starlight on the ocean,  
And the sun-flecks on the rill.  
But one glorious song has never  
Fallen yet upon my ear,  
'Tis the royal song of gladness,  
of the gaslight on the beer.

I have watched an amber sunset,  
Creep across a black-faced bay;  
I have seen the blood-flushed sunrise,  
Paint the snow one winter day,  
But the gleam I will remember  
Best, in lingering days to come.  
Was a shaft of autumn radiance,  
Lying on a pint of rum.

I have seen the loves stars shining,  
Through bronze hair across my face,  
I have seen white bosoms heaving,  
'Neath a wisp of open lace,  
But resplendent yet in memory -  
And it seemeth brighter far -  
Was a guttered candle's flicker,  
On a tankard in a bar . . . .

## **INVERELL'S 'CELEBRATION OF THE OUTBACK'**

Inverell's 'Celebration of the Outback' was once again held on the second weekend in September and attracted a large number of visitors from all over New South Wales and Southern Queensland. It's amazing how far people will travel to see a good 'country' show with top Australian poets and musicians. And they weren't disappointed.

True to the form of the past three years, Inverell turned on beautiful sunshine on Saturday and beautiful rain on Sunday. But nobody was daunted and the visitors rolled in for the Sunday Poets' Breakfast in sporadic drizzle. They were the lucky ones, as they listened to Dave Dehugard sing the original lyrics of Banjo Paterson's 'Waltzing Matilda' and a song by 'Scrubby Gully' dedicated to Donny

Lloyd, who penned the words – it pulls the heart strings and will be out on CD for Christmas.

The Poets' Pub Crawl on Friday night had the biggest roll-up ever, with over fifty people following the poets and musicians around the seven pubs as they collected donations for the Rescue Helicopter Service. One sixty-five year-old from Sydney said she'd fulfilled a life-long dream of hers - to go on a pub crawl.

Saturday saw the first Poets' Breakfast in the beautiful grounds of the Pioneer Village, followed by the competitions. There was a free concert in Campbell Park in the afternoon, followed by a Performance Night at the RSM Club. Under the stewardship of Jimmy Brown's emceeing, Marco Gliori, Ray Essery, Dave Dehugard, 'Scrubby Gully' and 'The Rabbit Trappers Bush Band' strutted their stuff to a big audience. During the night, the final of the competition for Best Original Poet was held. Ellis Campbell collected the 'Golden Angel' trophy, an abstract of a helicopter on a glass base, with Paddy O'Brien and Max Taylor taking out second and third places respectively. Entertainment continued to almost midnight.

The inaugural Song Competition proved to be popular with over 20 entries. Max Merkenschlager took out first place with 'Farewell My Heart' and third place with 'King of the Land'. John Norman took out second prize with 'Old George Mitchell'. It's good to know that there are plenty of poet/musos out there keeping the tradition alive.

In the Written Competition, first place went to Donald Crane with 'A Funny Breed of Cattle'; second place to Ellis Campbell with 'My Future's Bleak Monique'; and third to Joyce Alchin with 'The Shearer'. VHC went to Donald Crane ('The Old Timer') and HC to Don Adams ('Darky's Day'), Ellis Campbell ('Jack Simpson's Grave') and Graeme Johnson ('Juggernaut').

Ellis Campbell took out his second 'Golden Angel' in the Traditional Poetry section, with Paddy and Glori O'Brien filling the minor placings. Calvin Grogan, 'The Tenterfield Kid', won the Junior Poet section for the second year running.

It was another great weekend and the numbers keep increasing. Plans have already started for next year's event

*Take my hand, my baby brother, do not cry.  
Take my hand and I will sing to you,  
I'll sing a lullaby.  
We must wait beside the Roses for our  
mother to come by.  
Take my hand, my baby brother, take my  
hand.*

## **THE ROSES OF MONAL**

© Linden Baxter

See the roses, gnarled and time scarred  
Pretty roses in the graveyard  
They're the markers for the children  
The 'lost' roses of Monal

Read the roll upon the sandstone  
You might hear a voice soft windblown  
Feel the sadness touch your shoulder  
Walk a mile into your past

Mountain cattle graze the bluebells  
They tread shyly 'mongst the tangles  
Of the broken rails and crosses  
And the tall forget-me-nots

On the breeze, the softest whisper  
Baby brother calls his sister  
As the perfume of the roses  
Drifts on down the waterway

All the valley knows the story  
Why these roses bloom in glory  
Why the petals fall so softly  
Where the sleeping babies lie

Thirteen children, born and bush-bred  
Sleep forever by this creek bed  
Their short lives have paid the ransom  
For the quartz reef in the hills

Pretty names, all tender ages  
Lost when Scarlet Fever rages  
Through the Township, like a fire  
Help was far beyond the range

Names like Susan, John and Arthur  
Thomas, Catherine, Pearl and Sarah  
Names all written for the record  
A high price for mountain gold

Take some time beneath the Box shade  
Try to reconcile the price paid  
For this moment in your history  
For the town the bush reclaimed

Only roses, gnarled and time-scarred  
Pretty roses in the graveyard  
Mark the passing of the children  
The 'Lost Roses' of Monal

with some changes to the format that will make it even better for visitors. Anybody wishing to go on the mailing list can send their details to Burt Candy, e-mail:

candy57@yahoo.com

## **ANZAC COVE**

by Leon Gellert January 1916

There's a lonely stretch of hillocks:  
There's a beach asleep and drear:  
There's a battered broken fort beside  
the sea.

There are sunken trampled graves:  
And a little rotting pier:  
And winding paths that wind unceasingly.

There's a torn and silent valley:  
There's a tiny rivulet  
With some blood upon the stones beside  
its mouth.

There are lines of buried bones:  
There's an unpaid waiting debt:  
There's a sound of gentle sobbing in  
the south.

## **THE OLD BLACK BILLY AN' ME**

Louis Essen

The sheep are yarded, an' I sit  
Beside the fire an' poke at it.  
Far from talk an' booze o' men  
Glad, I'm glad, I'm back agen  
On the station, wi' me traps  
An' fencing' wire, an' tanks an' taps,  
Back to salt-bush plains, an' flocks,  
An' old bark hut be th' apple-box  
I turn the slipjack, make the tea,  
All's as still as still can be —  
An' the old black billy winks at me,

## PROFILE: GREG NORTH

Linden's Greg North is breathing new life into traditional Australian bush poetry.

Greg North looks more like a schoolboy than a wizened old spinner of yarns; that is, until his bush poetry performances bring out the many real-to-life characters in him.

Such talent has helped this quiet Blue Mountains Resident win a swag of national awards including most recently his two first prizes in the Australian Bush Poetry Championships at Beaudesert in Queensland. Along the way Greg has won many awards for his poetry and yarn spinning.

Yet most Australians aged forty or less cant tell bush poetry from burnt damper.

"It's poetry with rhyme and rhythm, about Australia or the Australian way of life" explains Greg.

"It could be anything from sport to shopping to bodily functions to politicians. Bush poets of today write about issues of today.

"They are usually humorous, but there are some wonderful serious poems and performances going on too."

Gregory North (35) has a passion for performing. As a writer and performer of Australian Bush Poetry and Yarns (tall stories) he loves to entertain. Since his first performance in 2003 Greg has received great encouragement from fellow poets and is now a regular at many Bush Poetry events. Greg's quirky humour and obvious gift for entertaining are apparent whenever he takes the stage. He also has a wonderful gift for accents, which makes him unique among bush verse entertainers.

Greg lives in the beautiful Blue Mountains of New South Wales where he enjoys the outdoors through bush walking and cycling. He is also active in his local Toastmasters Club.

Bush Poetry is now a big part of Greg's life. He performs regularly, has recorded an album, and presents the Blue Mountains Community Radio program "Bush Verse, Comedy & Worse" on BLU FM 89.1 alternate Mondays from 10:00 till midday.

Australian Bush Poetry Association Past-President, Frank Daniel, calls Gregory North a 'great new talent' and writer-entertainer-producer Jim Haynes says, 'Greg is the most original talent to

appear on the Bush Poetry scene for a long time. I heard him perform just once and immediately offered to produce an album of his work.'

Launched at the Hats Off Festival in Tamworth the CD 'Gregory North is Fully Sick Mate!' has been a big success. It is a great introduction to the many moods and voices of this talented performer.

At the 2006 Australian Bush Laureate Awards in Tamworth, 'Fully Sick Mate!' was a finalist in 'Album of the Year'. Track 11, Banjo Paterson's The Man From Snowy River, (in 14 different accents) was a finalist for Single Recorded Performance of the Year.

Produced by Jim Haynes, the album contains 14 tracks, which provide listeners with a wide variety of humorous, original poetry featuring an amazing range of accents. Greg's album also contains four traditional poems as well as his stirring original 'The Murray, Mate'.

From the serious, to the funny, to the really ridiculous, with something for everyone, this collection has certainly changed the way some people think when it comes to Bush Poetry.

From humorous to serious, poignant to ridiculous you'll be taken on a memorable journey of dinkum Australian heritage. Greg's repertoire includes traditional poetry from Banjo Paterson, Henry Lawson, C J Dennis, John O'Brien and others, as well as modern works from Denis Kevans and Charlee Marshall plus Greg's original poems too.

Greg, for instance, has written a not-so-politically correct tale about a Lebanese youth moving to the outback with his 'fully sick' new ute.

He also writes about whingeing old men and indolent tradesmen and has shocked the Akubras of audiences by performing The Man from Snowy River in fourteen foreign accents.

'I've never been known as controversial before,' he laughs but, indeed bush poetry and controversy are not usually uttered in the same breath – except in Corryong Victoria where Greg's unusual per-



formance earned him the 'Clancy's Choice' Award at the Man from Snowy River Bush Festival

Greg himself was introduced to bush poetry by a primary school teacher. Decades later he rediscovered it in the bookshop at Parliament House while driving a tourist bus for a job, and the rhythm then took hold while driving long distance trucks.

He now travels to competitions most weekend and his eventual aim is to be the Australian champion.

And from Corryong to the Outer Barcoo, it seems the word is passing round about Greg North.

"Performing is something that makes me come alive, and making people laugh is good fun."

"Once people get over the word 'poetry' and all it conjures up in their heads, and see a bush poetry performance, most of them enjoy it.

For more information on Greg North and his album go to his web page [www.gregorynorth.com.au](http://www.gregorynorth.com.au)



The Tradesman

## I've Been in the Wars

© Gregory North 2005



I've just come out of hospital; oh I've been in the wars.  
I've got these awful aches and pains, so just you hold those doors!  
Oh, I've had such a dreadful time, its lucky I'm alive.  
Its only through my wits and skill I managed to survive.  
You say you've had a bad time, well that's nought compared to me.  
Be quiet while I talk will you, and where's my cup of tea?

They left me waiting fifteen months before I got a bed.  
If waiting any longer, then I may well have been dead!  
Then when I got admitted, they made me feel like a crim,  
By asking stupid questions, like they thought that I was dim.  
With gloves and swabs they gave me some obnoxious kind of test,  
And treated me as if I was a common garden pest!

They took away my clothing in a most distasteful way,  
And put me in a ghastly gown – my rear was on display!  
And then for more embarrassment, the ward they put me in,  
Was full of men with noxious gas and no self discipline!  
At night they all made noises – grunts and groans and snoring too,  
And one would leave the TV on, just trying to outdo.

When finally I got to sleep – the nurses did their rounds.  
They shone their torches; gave out pills and made disruptive sounds.  
Those cursed beeping test machines for BP, temp and pulse,  
Were bad enough to hear, but made the bloke next door convulse.

## COPYRIGHT AND THE POET

As soon as you put pen to paper to write an original line of prose, your work is covered by copyright. You don't need to register, be published or assign a copyright notice to have your original work protected by copyright – the protection is free and automatic and usually for the term of your life plus 70 years.

It is a fundamental right provided to all creators including poets. It helps you to maintain some control on the digital and hardcopy use of your work and can provide you with the opportunity to be paid for that use.

This is where Copyright Agency Limited (CAL) a not for profit Australian copyright management company can help. CAL represents Australian poets, authors, journalists, visual artists, photographers and publishers in the copying and communication of their published works.

Membership of CAL is free. By becoming a member, you authorise CAL to license the use of your published works by third parties including schools, universities and TAFEs.

**Copyright Agency Limited (CAL)** is an Australian copyright management company whose role is to provide a bridge between creators and users of copyright material. CAL represents authors, journalists, visual

As a member, you don't grant an exclusive assignment of your copying rights to CAL. You continue to control your rights, and can give copying permission to users directly or market your work in any other way.

CAL simply collects licence fees from a variety of licensed institutions, conducts surveys to establish whose works have been copied and to what extent, and distributes the money accordingly.

In fact, since 1989, CAL has paid over \$350 million in copyright payments to its creator and publisher members for the digital and hardcopy use of their published works.

CAL also provides support to poets through its Cultural Fund, a philanthropic Fund to support cultural initiatives and programs for Australian creators. Individual poets can also apply to the Cultural Fund for professional development grants for attendance at conferences and professional workshops within Australia or overseas.

For more information on the Cultural Fund, copyright and CAL membership visit [www.copyright.com.au](http://www.copyright.com.au) or phone CAL on 02 9394 7600.

artists, surveyors, photographers and newspaper, magazine and book publishers as their non-exclusive agent to license the copying of their works to the general community.

Then just before the change of shift, like seagulls as they dine,  
The nurses gathered just outside to gossip, bitch and whine.

At crack of dawn, the new shift came and drew each curtain back.  
The whole thing was a cruel joke; an unprovoked attack!

"Good morning dear, how are you?" the nurse bellowed in my ear.  
"Not deaf thank you, just sleep deprived from being stuck in here!"  
"Oh never mind, we're short on beds, you won't be here for long.  
Your operation's on today – provided nothing's wrong."

They wheeled me into theatre and the questions came again:  
"Now what's your name? Where are you? What's your operation then?"

I thought, "My goodness. Don't they know? My life is in their hands!"  
You'll find that they're all hopeless, stupid, no one understands!  
And through my operation, well, they did not have a clue!  
I had to wake myself up and then show them what to do!

It's just as well I did that, or I'd not be here today.  
Oh, I'd be pushing daisies up if they'd had it their way!  
Now I take thirty pills a day, I rattle when I walk.  
And you all think you've got it tough, good heavens, you should talk.  
None of your operations, medications, scars or sores,  
Compare with my experience, oh I've been in the wars!



## THE

### MAN OF MANY HATS

© Duncan Williams. (Tamworth)

Now the words of Banjo Paterson,  
With his stories humour bold,  
Like, The Man From Snowy River,  
And of other poems he told.  
It was often said that Banjo,  
Was a brilliant Horseman too,  
You'll all remember 'SaltBush Bill',  
And Clancy's visions true.

I have heard them been recited,  
By the poets on the stage,  
And felt such great enjoyment,  
By this latest Banjo rage.  
Gregory North who hails from Linden,  
Is an act, that you should see,  
And is really now quite popular,  
With his new-age poetry.

With his fourteen changing accents,  
Expressed in verse and theme,  
These poems by favourite authors,  
Are held in great esteem.  
The echo sound of 'Corryong',  
To our, Man From Snowy River,  
Words penned by those old masters,  
Greg truly can deliver.

You'll laugh till your in stitches,  
He can really make the day,  
And has such a sense of humour,  
Of talent too I'd say.  
At the festivals round the country,  
As you travel back and fourth,  
You'll enjoy the entertainment,  
Of our poet, Gregory North.

### CICADAS by Claude Morris

I have heard cicadas singing  
in the oak trees on the hill  
when the sun is shining brightly,  
and the air is warm and still.  
At first it seems to deafen,  
but if you've come to stay  
it will merge into the silence  
and slowly fade away.  
And if you come to love the bush,  
sometimes, the sunlit air  
will start them singing in your heart  
when you are far from there.

## I SAW THE SOLDIERS MARCHING

by A. Lawrence Vaincourt 2004

I saw the soldiers marching, one drear November day,  
Those heroes bold, from wars of old, in countries far away.  
I heard the drums like thunder, the sound of marching feet,  
As men of ancient valor marched down our little street.

I heard the skirl of bagpipes, the blare of brasses bold,  
As heroes from another time relived the days of old.  
The old, the halt, the lame, the slow, they marched with solemn pace,  
To honor comrades fallen at another time and place.

I felt the tightness in my throat, the tears that burned my eyes,  
As I watched the quiet dignity of old men marching by.  
The fine young men, and women too, in battles long ago,  
Who gave their youth and some, their lives, to fight our country's foe.

On this day will be remembered by comrades who remain,  
And by the heavens, weeping, with softly falling rain.  
The medals softly jingling on every passing chest,  
In memory of companions who've long been laid to rest.

There are some unfit, and some who sit, in wheelchairs, row on row,  
While they recall what price was paid to turn our country's foe,  
And some will stand with tear-dimmed eyes, and some with faces grim,  
While all repeat the solemn vow,  
'WE WILL REMEMBER THEM.'



### New Bush Laureates category

In 2007, the Australian Bush Laureate Awards will recognise for the first time the performance of Australian bush poetry with the introduction of a new category.

Since they started in 1996, all Bush Laureate awards have been made on the basis of recorded or published material.

A spokesman for the organisers said that over the years there had been a significant increase in the popularity of Australian bush poetry. This had been both encouraged and reflected by expanding public performance.

"The time has come for the Australian Bush Laureate Awards to recognise and salute the talented artists who, in the true oral tradition of the bush, are taking Australian bush poetry back to an ever-widening circle of enthusiastic followers," the spokesman said.

Called Bush Poetry Performer Of The Year, the new trophy will be presented to an individual performer whose public performance of Australian bush poetry over the current 12 month period (December to November) on stage, radio, television or any other public forum, is judged to be outstanding.

Criteria for the award will include frequency of performances, reach of performances, professionalism, popularity and entertainment value of performances and originality and Australian character of material used.

Judging for the Bush Poetry Performer Of The Year will be based on a system, which combines a panel of individuals who have a significant involvement in Australian bush poetry, including bush poets themselves and a popular vote conducted through the Australian Bush Laureate Awards website and other specialist media outlets and events to be announced.

Judging forms will be distributed through the year. The winner of the inaugural Bush Poetry Performer of the Year will be announced at the annual Bush Laureate Awards presentations on Tuesday, January 23, 2007.

**Vote** on line at <http://www.mycountry.net.au/vote/voting.html> or send for a voting form via post PO Box 73 Tamworth 2340 or via email

Email: [info@bushlaureate.com.au](mailto:info@bushlaureate.com.au) Ph. 6762 2993 Fax 02 6766 9918

Only one vote per person.

Voting for the 2007 Award closes November 30, 2006.



**TAMWORTH  
COUNTRY MUSIC FESTIVAL  
TUESDAY 23rd JANUARY 2007**

**NOMINATION FORMS  
NOW AVAILABLE**

**The Australian  
Bush Laureate Awards**

recognise excellence in Australian bush verse, encourage and promote the publishing, recording and performing of traditional Australian rhymed verse based on Quality of verse - presentation and production quality - Australian character of verse - Entertainment value - Variety of styles and moods - Quality of illustrations and artwork.

To be eligible for the ABL Awards all nominations, books and recordings, must be commercially released for the first time between October 1st and September 30th of the current award year

Finalists advised in writing in December  
Winners announced at the  
Awards Ceremony in Tamworth  
23rd January 2007

Five categories.

1. Book of the Year
2. Original Verse Book of the Year
3. Album of the Year
4. Single Recorded Performance of the Year
5. The Judith Hosier Heritage Award

**Nominations must include  
\$11.00 for cats 1-4 plus 5 copies of  
each book or CD (no cassettes)  
regardless of number of entries plus  
current bio and a clear photograph  
Closing date 13th October 2006**

**NEW AWARD**

**6. INAUGURAL BUSH POETRY  
PERFORMER OF THE YEAR**

Go on line to vote - See story page 14  
Voting closes **NOVEMBER 30th 2006**  
**NOMINATION FORM FOR THE 2007  
AWARDS NOW AVAILABLE**

**ABL AWARDS**

PO Box 73 TAMWORTH NSW 2340  
email: info@bushlaureate.com.au  
Phone 02 6762 2993 Fax 02 6766 9918

**MARCO GLIORI**

Marco Gliori has been a full-time Performance Poet since 1991, supporting his wife Julie, three daughters Amy, Sophie and Grace, and for the past 2 and half years their foster daughter Margie. He lives on his 32 hectare picturesque property east of Warwick on the Darling Downs.

In 2002, Marco stopped his major touring for the Queensland and Victorian Arts Councils, having performed in the vicinity of 3000 shows over the previous decade.

Since 2002 Marco has continued to conduct Writer In Residency programs at schools, as well as appearing at major Literary Festivals at the Whitsunday's, The Gold Coast and Toowoomba, sharing the bill with some of Australia's most popular children's authors like Paul Jennings, Morris Gleitzman, Andy Griffiths and Matt Reilly. When at Schools, Marco performs for children from Pre-School Age through to Year 12. In November this year Marco will tour through western schools as part of a domestic violence initiative.

Marco has completed over 2000 shows for young Australians courtesy of both the Queensland and Victorian Arts Councils Artists in Education Program.

He regularly travels to isolated communities writing poetry with school children and then performing adult comedy shows at night. How's that for diversity!

As well as co-ordinating the Poets Breakfasts at the National Country Music Muster for many years now, Marco continues to perform with The Naked Poets troupe whose CD *The Naked Poets ...lie...v!* may well be the biggest selling Contemporary Poetry Album in Australia, and who have won two album of the year Awards at Tamworth Bush Laureate Awards. As well as being nominated for several other awards, Marco himself has won the 2001 Single Recorded Performance Of The Year Award and two Book of The Year Awards for 'Bobby Miller's Book' which was edited and published through his company Saddlesaw Productions co-run with his wife Julie.

More and more these days Marco is appearing as guest speaker at private and corporate events, as well as



Education Conferences such as the Junior Schools National Principal's Conference and at various festivals which this year include The Gladstone Harbour Festival, The Bowen Fishing Classic, Tenterfield Oracles of The Bush, and Bush Poetry Events at Charters Towers, Bundaberg, Beaudesert, Inverell, Ipswich and many others.

He has found time this year to publish a collection of children's poems called 'Rise n Rhyme' 130 poems for those of us forever young, and is presently working on a new book for adults and a CD which will be released in Tamworth in 2007.

***THE LIARS* by Marco Gliori**

*Who are these great poets and what wisdom can they know*

*They dwell beyond reality - no tangibles to show.*

*They lust for pain - their purpose seldom ventures very far*

*Such strange and restless creatures - I wonder who they are?*

*We poets are the divers delving deep beneath your skin*

*Searching for the treasure chest of passion locked within.*

*Declaring that mere mortal wealth is nothing to behold*

*For they who tap the soul of man shall have their pot of gold.*

*We are they who tempt you as our spirits rise to speak*

*Revealing through our humble veils the fame we surely seek.*

*Leaving you the listener with a sparkle in your eyes*

*And the knowledge - dare we doubt it - that a Poet never lies!*



## OUR BUSHIE

Dennis Scanlon ©

There's a quality found in our Bushie,  
You notice right away:  
The steely strength of the handshake,  
And the quietly humble 'g'day.'  
Content to let you do the talkin',  
But intent on every word,  
With a short, but appropriate answer,  
That shows he really has heard.

No claim to be master or expert,  
In anything you may discuss,  
But share with him your special problem,  
He'll find the solution, no fuss.  
If it's weather, mechanics or finance,  
That's causing confusion or grief,  
He'll quickly quote an example:  
The answer, a few words: so brief.

When the season's turned hard against you,  
And the feed for the stock's running out,  
He'll drive you down to the nine mile,  
And find some grass, on the route.  
When the header's broke in the paddock  
And the new part's a full week away,  
He arrives with the tie wire and bale twine,  
And you're back in the crop the same day.

If it's bushfire, hailstorm or flooding,  
Cyclone, dust storm or drought,  
Our Bushie'll stand right beside you:  
Do what he can, to help out.  
When the emergency's over  
And you turn to say 'thanks old mate.'  
He's already said 'goodbye' to the cook,  
And he's headin' for home, through the gate.

He's a nat'ril resource, our Bushie:  
Worth more than silver, or gold,  
And his qualities really are timeless,  
No matter how young, or how old.  
When God cast the mould for our Bushie,  
He got what he tried to achieve:  
A strong, a quiet, and a humble man,  
Whose word, you can 'dead set' believe.

**BILLY HAY** (from p.1) Bill was anxious to get away from this position and when he was about fourteen, joined a droving plant working in the Diamantina country.

Eventually Bill returned to Prairie and was employed as a a jackeroo on 'Aberfoyle', a sheep station south of Prairie, where he met and married Margaret, the owner's daughter in 1939.

At age twenty Bill joined and worked for the Queensland railway until his retirement to Toowoomba in 1976. His railway work took him from Townsville, to Hughenden where he hauled stock from Dajarra which in those days was the cattle-trucking centre of the outback. He worked the line from Duchess, Cloncurry, Julia Creek, Richmond, Torrence Creek, Charters Towers and Townsville.

Bill was 'driver in charge' of the shed the day the last steam engine rolled through the Wooloongabba Five Ways in Brisbane, not long before his retirement.

## THE DESERT

© James O'Connor - Longreach.

There's a yellow sun with a big red  
eye  
Not far away in the Eastern sky  
An hour from now will be hot, I  
think  
For the sky's already turning pink  
And the night is flitting by.

Out here on the edge of this desert  
land  
There's spinifex, gibbers and burn-  
ing sand  
There's no local pub round the cor-  
ner here  
No frosted glasses and ice cold beer  
And seldom a helping hand.

Dick's lived out here for half his life  
With an old blue dog and a half-  
caste wife  
A trip to the station twice a year  
For tea and flour and beef and beer  
And maybe a skinning knife.

So he sets out now by the morning  
star  
To check his traps, they're not so far  
But a man must travel before the  
heat  
Or he'll find himself and his horses  
beat  
And a tongue as dry as tar.

There are seeps and soaks in this  
barren land  
If a man just knows where they may  
be found  
But many a journey ends in strife,  
And many a traveller lost his life  
With water near at hand.

For it's just ten miles as the black  
crow flies  
Cross the spinifex plain where the  
bush track lies

Where the tourists drive in the dust  
and heat

Like a Sunday drive on their city  
street  
And often the foolish dies.

Then out of the glare of the rising  
sun  
A black shape moved as the day  
began  
'Twas the movement caught the trap-  
per's eye  
And he knew as the minutes gal-  
loped by  
That a life was nearly done.

'Neath an old white gum in a bed of  
sand  
That passed for a creek in this tor-  
tured land  
The trapper dug, till at four feet deep  
He felt the life-giving water seep  
Into his strong brown hand.

Then sucking it up through a hollow  
straw  
He filled his quart as he'd done be-  
fore  
And sponging the cracked and swol-  
len lips  
He trickled the water in cooling sips  
Till life returned once more.

Now that traveller's recovered and  
back on his feet  
Back on his old familiar beat  
And he thinks of the man who held  
his life  
In his hand out there, with his half-  
caste wife  
At home in the desert heat.

He offers a heartfelt, silent prayer  
To God and to bushmen everywhere  
While the neons flash in the street at  
night  
And the desert sky's ablaze with  
light  
From a big white moon out there.



During World War 2 Bill served as a medic in the RAAF and was in Darwin during the bombings.

Bill was an accomplished speaker and entertainer from an early age. When stationed in Roma with the railways he stood as a candidate with the ALP and was happy (even though he didn't win) to recover his costs for the campaign.

When stationed in Milmerran, he joined the Christian Business Men's Committee and travelled throughout Australia speaking at dinners, functions and meetings about his encounter with Jesus Christ.

Once he retired, Bill became a regular tour guide with the Royal Geographical Society of Queensland, and Polly's coach tours and spent many weeks at time touring while telling yarns, setting up camp and cooking damper for the passengers.

Bill was a founding member of the Australian Bush Poets Association, won numerous competitions for yarn spinning and reciting bush poetry and demonstrated whip cracking and damper cooking. He flew to Canada with the Bush Poets to attend the Calgary Stampede and was an official ambassador for the Longreach Stockman's Hall Of Fame, a job which he considered an honour and a privilege.

Bill never wanted to miss a Stockman's reunion at Longreach and people were so sick of him winning all the competitions that one year some mates stole the damper from the quart-pot and replaced it with a stone. The judges and spectators might have laughed but you can bet Bill didn't. He took his campfire skills very seriously indeed.

Bill was diagnosed with Parkinson's disease and gradually, over a period of time, the disease became noticeable when his writing and walk started to change. Friends and family cared and watched over Bill, (not that you could keep him pinned for very long) until he moved into Casna Gardens, where he was cared for until his passing. (Bill's wife Margaret had passed away 11 months earlier).

In Bill's travels he crossed the Tanami Desert, drove the Bridsville Track and has seen the entire Australian coast line and just about most of the interior.

He was generous and delightful to be with. He enjoyed laughter and a good game of cards. He was deter-

# SNOWY RIVER FESTIVAL



Photo courtesy of Mark-Cul

'On the banks of the Snowy River' Dalgety NSW

## 17-19 November 2006

Relive our Snowy River Heritage

- \* Guy McLean \* Food Fair \* Bush Dance \* Art Exhibition
- \* Snowy River Heritage \* Stockman's Challenge
- \* Bush Poetry \* Stockman's Relay and exciting bush activities

New Bush Poetry format

Enter the 'Snowprint Book Shop' - Bush Poetry Competition

### \$1,000.00 Cash and Prizes

Entries close 17th October 2006

For further information see page 5 or contact:

**Bush Poetry Manager - Lee Taylor-Friend**

**Phone. . . . 02 6456 7310**

**Download entry forms from [www.snowyriverfestival.com](http://www.snowyriverfestival.com)**

mined and stubborn. He would never give in and had enormous strength. He was a remarkable man who loved life, friends, the bush and the outback. He was kind and compassionate.

Marco spoke to Bill the night before he passed away. He said Bill sounded tired and was obviously frustrated that his communication skills had suffered due to Parkinsons, "but in true style he still called me clobber, he still reckoned he was doing OK, and he was still looking forward to tomorrow."

"I first met Bill the very first time I performed at The Stockman's Hall of fame 16 years ago, and the words of

encouragement he gave to me then have reverberated through each and every one of my performances, as they have for many other poets who honed their craft, while adding a little slice of this authentic bushman to their own character."

His good mate, Hank Cosgrove mentioned at Bill's funeral, how appropriate it was that Bill Hay choose to pass during the same week as two other Australian Icons, Peter Brock and Steve Irwin, for our Billy was certainly as Australian as they come, having brought joy to so many lives.

(From the Bill Hay eulogy by Marco Gliori)

CD Review by Jenny McHenry

## THE MURPHY FAMILY

### *A Little Bit of Land*

This earthy CD of poetry is a pleasure to listen to and review. It contains favourites by Banjo Paterson, C J Dennis, D H Souter and Thomas E Spencer amongst others. It is reminiscent of a time when families entertained each other with great yarns, yet the performances make the material entertaining across generations. Such poetry is timeless.

Maggie Murphy, an entertainer and lovely traditional singer grew up in the Mallee, near the Murray River. She is joined on this CD by her brothers, daughter, niece and great nieces and great nephew, making the album a true family affair. The Murphys demonstrate that traditional metre still has pride of place when poems are recited aloud, and that poetry can be executed brilliantly by women, men and children. They demonstrate, too, that poetry is fun and like song can be performed and celebrated in groups.

Maggie gives brilliant renditions of Clancy of the Overflow, Maloney's Cockatoo, O'Toole & McSharry and Rum and Water. The younger reciters break up the longer ballads with short, humorous pieces on frogs, tadpoles, rabbits and sheep and the fictitious triantivontigongolope.

The brothers round the collection off with old favourites like Tangmalangaloo, Kitty O'Shea and When the Army Prays for Watty.

This CD belongs not only in private collections but also in schools and libraries. You can obtain directly from Maggie, PO Box 199 Heathcote Vic 3523, Ph. 03-5433 3783.



## DREAMING OF MEG

© V.P. READ – Bicton WA 11.8.2002

At night, in cool of evening, I sit by the windowsill.  
The countryside turns golden as the shining moonbeams spill  
on purple leschenaultia Meg planted years ago,  
I'm thinking how I miss her, and of how I love her so.  
And then I see a shadow standing near the pepper tree,  
and hear a sweet voice calling, like my Meggy called to me.

Her horse begins to snicker, and her faithful dog stands up.  
She brought that horse into the world, had Blackie as a pup.  
When I smell lovely perfume drifting on the balmy air,  
I'm absolutely certain that my darling wife is there.  
She'll kneel beside the gravestone where we buried little Dan,  
and croon a mother's lullaby to soothe her little man.

Sweet memories assail me; I weep tears of grateful joy.  
Again my loves are with me, my dear wife and baby boy,  
'The stars shine high above me, and I hear a night bird's trill,  
a lonely dingo howling from that yonder rocky hill.  
From bushes all around me I hear little creatures roam,  
and feel the peace surround me in the comfort of my home.

I'm young again, with Meggle, on this vast and barren place.  
I've got my arms around her and there's rapture on her face.  
She plans our future homestead and the things she'll have inside.  
Such wondrous dreams they were then: she was such a lovely bride.  
We worked so hard together and we built a prosperous run,  
then just on two years later came a handsome baby son.

Then years of drought we suffered, but she always said we'd win.  
Whenever hardships threatened she would face them with a grin.  
So full of optimism, she just never knew defeat:  
the flock would always prosper, and we'd have bins full of wheat.  
So now and then a setback, we could beat it, wait and see.  
So strong were her convictions that they were conveyed to me.

When wearing shearing clobber she looked like a rouseabout.  
She never made gun shearer, but her tallies had some clout.  
She baled the wool and cleaned the shed and served up morning tea,  
our home was clean and sparkling, and she was so good to me.  
Whenever we went in to town, she looked just like a queen,  
with red curls glinting in the sun, and eyes so startling green.

When Dan was born, she blossomed then, and life was truly blest.  
She always said in all the world, God loved us three the best.  
Dan grew to be a sturdy boy, the hard times came and went,  
but then one day the worst of all our tragedies was sent.  
Dan climbed the ladder on the tank and suddenly fell in.  
Our world came to an end that day; Meg lost her happy grin.

We never left our tragic home; our son was buried near.  
Although our love was just as strong, no longer was there cheer.  
And Meggie tried. How hard she tried, but slowly pined away.  
I found her near Dan's dusty grave; she'd gone with him to stay.  
Now forty years have slowly passed, it's been a lonely life,  
the only happiness I know is thinking of my wife.

I see her by the creek in flood, a sight we rarely saw,  
and hear young Danny shriek with glee to hear the waters roar.  
The heavy clouds hang overhead, the rain is pouring down.  
We hadn't had a storm in years, Meg's laughing like a clown.  
She knew that fences would be down, and livestock washed away,  
but now we'd see the miracle that comes from skies of grey.

## THE MELODY OF RAIN

© Richard Magoffin

There's sweet music in the falling of the raindrops when they're calling

With their patter on the gables of an iron roof at night;  
I can hear the rhythmic drumming of the downpipes softly humming;  
There's sweet music in the raindrops on an outback roof at night.

With a whisper of the breeze as it murmurs through the trees  
Comes the chorus of the bullfrogs as they come to life again;  
And the melody that's ringing from those thousand voices singing  
Is a hymn of praise to Heaven for the steady soaking rain.

There's a musky scent of moisture from the parched and blackened pasture

As the cracked and beaten paddocks feel the freshness of the rain;  
There's the chorus of the crickets from the Oleander thickets  
As they play the background music for the bullfrogs' glad refrain.

In the brief but brilliant brightening from the intermittent lightning  
'There's the white and ghostly glimmer of the water on the ground;  
As I stand and look in wonder, there are rolling claps of thunder  
And the power of Nature echoes in the vastness of it's sound.

Now the drought is surely broken and these lines are but a token  
Of the measure of my pleasure at the coming of the Wet;  
It's a joy that's shared by others of my western grazing brothers  
And we'll all take up new courage for the squaring of the debt.

When the Mitchell grass is growing and the inland rivers flowing,  
When they're swollen with the run off from the great monsoonal rain,  
When the Flinders grass is seeding and the stock are fat and feeding,  
We'll forget about the hardships and we'll praise this land again!

Yes, those mystic notes entrancing of the raindrops softly calling  
Are the rhapsody of Nature that's the grazier's delight;  
As I hear the rhythmic drumming of the downpipes softly humming,  
I give thanks to God and Nature for an outback home tonight.

**And remember...**

**Don't take your organs to heaven,  
heaven knows we need them here.**

Our sandy place would be ablaze with wildflowers everywhere.  
The birds would come from miles around to banish the despair.  
They'd nest above the billabongs where frogs and fish abound.  
Green leaves would sprout on trees again, sweet grass upon the ground.  
'It's heaven, Johnny,' Meg would say. 'God's wonders all about.  
Who'd ever think we've been through hell in all those years of drought?'

I see her rounding up the mob with Blackie at her heels,  
her horse is working without rein as bleating sheep he wheels.  
Mirages dance, dust devils whirl, the sun is blazing down,  
but underneath the harsh blue skies she works in paddocks brown.  
I watch her from the shearing shed, so full of utter pride.  
That dog knew every thought she had, and oh, how she could ride.

I hear a mopoke's mournful dirge; it rouses me from pain.  
Hot tears are streaming down my cheeks, I cry for Meg again.  
I long to see my little boy, to watch him run and play;  
I long to hold Meg in my arms, but watch her fade away.  
One night she'll come and take my hand, I'll touch her auburn hair,  
and with our little son beside, we'll climb the golden stair.

## McBeth's Breath by Marco

Run for your life it's McBeth  
With a 'pig's bottom' tang to his breath  
He kills when he kisses  
and maims when he misses  
No doubt he would love you to death.

## The After-Shearing Dance

© Wilbur Howcroft

With shearing all completed and  
The wool sold in advance  
The outback shed was emptied for  
The after-cut-out dance  
The shearers and the rouseabouts  
All came to see the show —  
Among those standing at the door  
Were Tom and Lanky Joe.

The squatters and their womenfolk  
Plus people from the towns,  
The menfolk in the fancy suits,  
The women in their gowns,  
Had gathered there to celebrate  
The cutting of the clip —  
The local MP and his wife  
Had also made the trip.

The talk between the visitors  
Was genteel and refined -  
A town-based firm of caterers  
Served drinks for those inclined.  
The shearers and the station-hands  
Preferred to stand and gaze  
And comment on the actions of  
The dancers and their ways.

Now shearers Tom and Lanky Joe,  
Awash with rum galore,  
Decided they would join the happy  
Couples on the floor,  
Tom approached the MP's wife:  
'Let's trip the light fantastic.  
Let's 'ave a prance around', he said  
'Stretch out some elastic.'

The member's wife was horrified,  
And turned away her head,  
Her well-groomed husband clenched his fists  
And flushed an angry red.  
Tom hitched his pants, then lit a fag  
And wandered to the door.  
'I think the lady's shy', he said,  
'I won't ask 'er no more!'

His tipsy cobbler, Lanky Joe,  
Stood mutely by his side,  
His bleary eyes fixed firmly on  
A couple's swanlike glide.  
'There's plenty partners left', cried Tom  
'If I'm not mistake'.  
' 'Tain't no use', his mate replied,  
'The weaners is all taken!'



Life has been good to the Irish Trio, (yes, both of them) Paddy and Glori O'Brien with a couple of successful years of travelling throughout Queensland and New South Wales.

Poetry has certainly helped open the doors to their shows; showing the need for variety in entertainment. Being of both Irish and Scottish descent has played a big roll in their performances in bringing out the traditional heritage of many Australians.

Theirs is a comedy variety show of song, dance, music, poetry and stories of actual events that 'haven't really happened'.

Paddy and Glori both hit the big six-o this year and to celebrate they have made some dramatic changes to Flatterly's River Dance without breaching copyright laws and introduced their version of Dry Gully Dancing.'

The Trio (The Two of Us) will be leaving the mainland on a tour of the Apple Isle early in the new year, with five pre-booked shows on their calendar; a big contrast to the Tamworth CM Festival. With this behind them they expect to be in Dunedoo for the Australian Championships in March.

They shouldn't get lost en-route as Paddy always carries a map of Ireland in case of emergencies. Sadly though, one report has him asking directions

back to the main road from the McDonalds parking area during country music week last year in Tamworth.

Pictures. Paddy and Glori above and Paddy hisself below.



## GOSFORD BUSH POETS

Fifty nine people, twenty one poets, yarn spinners and a wonderful singer, joined together for another incredibly enjoyable evening of fine verse, good humour, a great song or two and heaps of good fellowship, at the fabulous Gosford Hotel when the Gosford Bush Poets gathered for their monthly meeting.

As promised, our featured poet, the very talented and entertaining Mr Dave Proust, reduced many in the audience to tears of laughter with his wacky sense of humour and tales of proctologists, mothers-in-law and the perils of eating curry.

Dave was supported by: 'Gumleaf' Gary Lowe, Carol Heuchan, Jack Dewbury, Roger Whelan, 'The Reverend' Bob Wellard, Brian Bishop, Liz Corp-Hodges, Shirley Hotchkiss, Mark Snell, our new duo act, Mike and Dawn Richter, Doug Slatter, Keith Graham, Jan Lock, Frank Bulgin, Terry Moriarty, Pat Briton, newcomer Jack Lyle, Peter Mace, Nick Lock and Vic Jeffery.

It was particularly pleasing and encouraging to welcome the many new people who came along and to experience their unbridled enthusiasm for what to many of them was their first experience of such an event.

Congratulations and a very happy fortieth wedding anniversary to Noreen and Doug Slattery, and bon-voyage and safe return to Gwen and Liz-Corp Hodges soon to depart on a cruise to Alaska.

The featured artist for September will be the song writer; singer; musician; poet; folklorist; author; raconteur and all round fantastic performer Mr. John Dengate!

## BUNGENDORE NSW POETS GATHERING

Now one of the biggest walk-up bush poets breakfasts in the state, the 13th Annual Bungendore Bush Poets Gathering will be held at the Bungendore Bowling Club Saturday and Sunday 3 - 4th of February 2007 in conjunction with the 22nd Bungendore Country Muster.

Daily cooked breakfasts from 7am  
Contact Frank Daniel 02 6344 1477

## HELP PLEASE!

The Editor's office has received the requests for help with the following.

Alan Phillips of Charters Towers has attached a short ditty found written on a piece of pad paper held inside an old book. He suspects it was written in the Golden Days of Charters Towers and Cooktown; some of the words are indecipherable and what Alan thinks are the words are here in *italics*.

It is headed 'Original' and on the reverse side bears the name AH Sheffield, Mt Cook, Cooktown.

*I'm an absent minded beggar,  
and my 'weaknesses' are great,  
But you and he must take me  
As you find me,  
I've come south from Cooktown  
To wipe something off the slate,  
and I've 'left a lot' of little  
ones behind me.*

Ken Paddon is looking for two poems, the first about a Ringer driving south from Darwin in which the words '*but the Ford is doing well*' and his second one is about a fisherman enticing a snake with rum to supply him with frogs to use as bait.

Tim Michael is desperately trying to find the name of the author of a series of book that he read at University, about life in the bush from around 1900 to 1914 and also at least one book of poems. One of the poems was about drawing an analogy between galahs and people on the dole. The characters in his books included 'Black Jack Carmody', 'Crocodile Jones' and 'Limpy Lynch' amongst others. They were stockmen, bullock drivers and rogues !!

It is believed the author was an elderly gent living lived in northern NSW.

## YOUNG NSW CHERRY FESTIVAL BUSH POETRY COMPETITION

3rd and 4th December 2007  
\$1,000.00 PRIZEMONEY

Phone Greg Broderick  
02 63822506 after hours

Below: A condensed example of the proposed judging criteria and assessment sheet for written bush poetry competitions.

\*(NAME OF FESTIVAL)

**WRITTEN BUSH POETRY COMPETITION**

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

\*(NAME OF COMPETITION, TOWN, DATE)

**GUIDELINES:** Bush Poetry is verse in a traditional rhymed form, with regular rhythm. Subjects are not limited to the Outback but include modern concerns of the bush or city. Although this competition is for written poetry the quality of the entry should make its reading aloud enjoyable.

Because entries might be read aloud in public or published in the ABPA Newsletter, entries must not contain offensive language or situations. Ensure terminology, particularly outback, be Australian rather than American.

**TITLE OF THE POEM** .....

**ASSESSMENT DETAILS**

**JUDGE TO PLACE A TICK IN RESPECTIVE COLUMN**

(It is incumbent upon the judge to discern if the variations in metre and rhyme are apt.

Needs Attention (Tick)	Satisfactory (Tick)	Very Good (Tick)	Outstanding (Tick)
---------------------------	------------------------	---------------------	-----------------------

RHYTHM/METRE Regular throughout

RHYME Consistent pattern throughout, avoiding laboured changes to normal speech patterns

GRAMMAR

PUNCTUATION Consistent, conventional usage avoiding any unintentional ambiguities

SPELLING

LANGUAGE Compelling. Effective use of imagery. Melody of words, appropriate to the subject.

STORYLINE Flows smoothly from arresting title and/ or opening lines.  
Progresses logically through stanzas to a forceful, appropriate conclusion.

OVERALL An original concept or a novel approach to a well-worn subject.  
A poem that, within the guidelines, impacts greatly upon the reader. Has that "Wow" factor.

JUDGE TO GIVE ONE OVERALL RESULT.  
(indicators only 0-40-50 5-40-65 66-40-85 86-40-100)

RESULT ..... / 100  
JUDGE'S COMMENTS

JUDGE'S SIGNATURE .....

**REGISTER OF JUDGES FOR WRITTEN COMPETITIONS**

Joyce Alchin 1/27 Underwood Street  
Corrimal NSW 2518  
joyceal@bigpond.com

Brian Beesley 4 Keith Street  
Cherrybrook NSW 2126  
bbeesley@bigpond.com

David Campbell 1 Spicer Street  
Beaumaris Vic 3193  
davcampbell@iprimus.com.au

Ellis Campbell 1 Lawson Street  
Dubbo NSW 2830 - 02 6884 1726

Ken Dean 9 Koora Street  
Marrangaroo NSW 2790 02 6351 3343

Kelly Dixon PO Box 502  
Gatton Qld 4343 - 07 5462 7179

Kym Eitel PO Box 15  
Thangool Qld 4716  
kymeitel@yahoo.com

Graham Fredriksen Monsildale Road  
Kilcoy Qld 4515 - 07 5497 1045

Janine Haig "Moama" Eulo Qld 4491  
janinehaig@bigpond.com

Carol Heuchan 67A Crawford Road  
Cooranbong NSW 2265  
carrobity@hotmail.com

Graeme Johnson 1133 Victoria Road  
West Ryde NSW 2114  
therhymerfromryde@bigpond.com

Bob Magor c/- Post Office  
Myponga SA 5202 - 08 8558 2036

Max Merckenschlager RSD 2077  
Caloote SA 5254 - 08 8532 6483  
stumpy@lm.net.au

Peter Moltoni PO Box 195  
Northam WA 6401  
petermolt@hotmail.com

Ron Stevens 14 Eden Park Ave  
Dubbo NSW 2830 - 02 6884 6184

Milton Taylor 126 Cullenbenbong  
Road Hartley NSW 2790

Veronica Weal 13A Mowbray Road  
Herberton Qld 4887  
weals2@bigpond.com

Mervyn Webster PO Box 8211  
Bargara Qld 4670  
thegrey@tpg.com.au

These award winning writers have agreed to be available to judge up to two written competitions per year.

**HARDEN NSW**

**OPEN BUSH POETRY COMPETITION**

**Poet's Dinner**

**6 pm Saturday 21st October**

**\$1,500.00 Prizemoney**

(Sponsored by the Kruger Trust)

**Mechanics Institute**

Contact Frank Daniel  
PO Box 16 Canowindra NSW 2804  
Ph. 02 6344 1477

Welcome to  
**MIA PAGE BRIGGS**  
born 9am 28th September  
Narrandera District Hospital  
9 lbs 6 oz.  
a daughter for  
Chris and Tracey Briggs  
first grandchild of  
Julie and Dexter Briggs

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

### OCTOBER

- 6 Closing date **VICTORIAN STATE CHAMPIONSHIPS** performance competition. (See above) colmandy@bigpond.net.au  
1 **GILGANDRA NSW** - Coo-ee March Festival SSAE Elaine Gibson PO Box 171 Gilgandra NSW 2827  
1 **STAWELL V. Poets & Singers Breakfast.** Charles Kerr 03 5358 2917 crkerr@bigpond.net.au  
3 **HAMPTON NSW** - Written and Performance Competition. Ph. Michelle Duff. 02 6359 3395  
7-8 **NSW STATE CHAMPIONSHIPS** - SSAE PO Box 372 **TENTERFIELD** 2372 - 02 6736 2900  
8 Rusty Nail Festival - **WEDDERBURN Victoria.** Ric Raftis 37 St. Arnaud Rd Wedderburn 03 5494 3404 ric@bushverse.com  
21 **HARDEN NSW** - A Taste of Country Performance Competition. Ph. Connie McFadyen 02 6386 2575  
21 **ARIAH PARK NSW** 2nd Annual Mary Gilmore Music Festival Ph. Shirley Bell 02 6974 1016 0428 741 016  
21-22 **BENALLA - VICTORIAN STATE CHAMPIONSHIPS** Ph. 03 5762 6616 colmandy@bigpond.net.au  
27-29 **WIDGEE** Bush Balladeers Muster [20k from Gympie], includes poet's breakfasts Ph. Lex 07 4129 3145  
31 Written comp. Original Verse to 40 lines \$10 for 3 poems. Coastal Writers 13 Rockford St **Mandurah WA** 6210 rosieq@westnet.com.au  
31 Closing date **GIPPSLAND Wattle Written Award.** SSAE Des Bennett P.O. Box 466 Morwell 3840 - 03 5166 1532 bydraper@netspace.net.au

### NOVEMBER

- 11-13 **MAJORS CREEK NSW.** Folk Festival Alison Smith 02 4842 2889 asmith@braidwood.net.au  
12 Central Goldfields End of Year Concert **BENDIGO** Colin Carrington 03 5441 2425  
13 **GLEN INNES NSW** - Neville Campbell 02 6732 2417 nevillecampbell1@hotmail.com  
12 **WALLA WALLA Wagon Wheel** Written Competition. 11/477 Union Rd Nth Albury 2640 Ph. Erica 02 60405337 den53@austarnet.com.au  
17-19 **DALGETY NSW - SNOWY RIVER FESTIVAL** - \$1,000.00 Poetry Contest - see ad on page 17  
30 Closing date **BLACKENED BILLY Verse Competition** Jan Morris PO Box 3001 West Tamworth NSW 2340 janmorris@northnet.com.au

### DECEMBER

- 3-4 **YOUNG Cherry Festival** Competition and Breakfast. Greg Broderick 02 6382 2506 gre.jan@bigpond.com.au

### JANUARY 22nd - 30th 2007 TAMWORTH Country Music Festival

- Longyard Hotel Bushpoets - Neil MacArthur 0412 608 745  
Naked Poets Golf Club - Marco Gliori 07 4661 4024 gliori@inet.com.au  
Sex, Lies and Poetry Golf Club - Gary Fogarty 07 4695 1228 fogarty@hotmail.com  
Jim Haynes - The Big Bush Brekky - Wests Diggers Peel St. Bookings Ph. 02 6765 7588  
The Biggest Bloody Bush Poets Show - Grant Luhrs - Wests Leagues Club from 7.30am  
Sam Smyth's Poets - City Bowling Club Ph. 02 6562 6861 - 0407 974 833  
Tamworth Poetry Group Golden Damper Awards - Wests Leagues Club -  
Jan Morris PO 3001 West Tamworth 2340 janmorris@northnet.com.au  
22-30 Chris & The Grey's Bush Poetry, Ballads and Yarns Show - Outside Target - Em. thegrey@tpg.com.au or <http://www.users.tpg.com.au/thegrey>  
22 & 24 January **TAMWORTH NSW** - 1.30 pm - St. Edwards Hall Hillvue Street - **Walk Up Bush Poets** - with Noel Stallard & Frank Daniel \*\*  
25 January **ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING - ABPA - 2PM - St. Edwards Hall - Hillvue Street Tamworth Ph. 02 6652 3716**  
28 The Bush Poettes with Trisha Anderson - Masonic Hall Peel Street 3pm  
29 ABPA Annual General Meeting. St. Edwards Hall. Hillvue Street Tamworth. 2pm  
28-29 The Hunter Bush Poets Concerts 7pm - Masonic Hall Peel Street -  
Ron Brown 02 4926 1313 ntp@kingnet.com.au

### FEBRUARY


- 1 **CHINCHILLA** Melon Festival Bush Poetry Competition. Ph Ena Brown 07 4662 7088  
3-4 **BUNGENDORE NSW** Poets Gathering. 8am Bowling Club.  
Contact Frank Daniel 02 6344 1477 [fd70930@bigpond.net.au](mailto:fd70930@bigpond.net.au)  
**SHEPPARTON** Vic. Ph Ph 02 6375 1975  
26 **BENDIGO** Poets Concert Ph Colin Carrington 03 5441 2425 colincarrington@mydesk.net.au  
28 Midlands Literary Written Competition SSAE PO Box 1563 **Ballarat** V 3354

### MARCH

- 1-4 **DUNEDOO NSW - AUSTRALIAN CHAMPIONSHIPS** SSAE PO Box 1 **Dunedoo NSW 2844**  
3 **BUSH POETS RALLY** at **RALEIGH** Ph Ed & Margaret Parmenter 02 6652 3716 edandmarg@hotmail.net.au  
10 Henry Kendall Written Awards Central Coast Poets PO Box 276 Gosford NSW 2230  
14 **GULGONG** Closing Date Henry Lawson Short Story & Performance Competition. Contact SSAE PO Box 235 Gulgong NSW 2852  
16-20 **NARRANDERA NSW** John O'Brien Bush Festival & Competition - [www.johnobrien.com.au](http://www.johnobrien.com.au) Ph. 1800 672 392  
23-25 **NOOSA NORTH SHORE** - More news in December issue  
31 Closing Date. **Bronze Swagman Award.** PO Box 120 Winton Q. 4753

**DON'T FORGET: TENTERFIELD - BENALLA - HARDEN - GIPPSLAND - DALGETY - YOUNG - BUNGENDORE - BENDIGO**

**ABPA Inc. BADGE**



It's Copper  
It looks like a  
penny  
It's the colour of  
a penny  
It's the size of a  
penny  
- It looks great -  
It's only \$5  
post paid

Ideal gifts Send payment to the  
Secretary - ABPA Inc. Ed Parmenter  
1 Avenue St. Coffs Harbour NSW 2450

The **BLACKENED BILLY VERSE COMPETITION** entry forms are now available from Jan Morris, PO Box 3001 West Tamworth NSW 2340 or email [janmorris@northnet.com.au](mailto:janmorris@northnet.com.au)  
The competition closes on **November 30th 2006.**

\*\* **WALK-UP POETS** at St. Edwards Hall January 22nd and 24th will be on a first in first served basis. Book early, contact Ed Parmenter. 02 6652 3716

January 25th **ABPA Inc. ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING**  
2pm - **St. Edwards Hall - Hillvue Street Tamworth Ph. 02 6652 3716**

## COMPETITION RESULTS

### Ekka Bush Poetry Competitions

'Best three performers'

#### Established Section (18 competitors)

Paddy O'Brien, Peter Mace, Geoff Sharp.

#### Original Section (15 competitors)

Peter Mace, John Best, Manfred Vijars

#### Student Section (12 competitors)

Evangeline Shaw, Tim Rowe.

#### Novice Section (2 competitors)

Jeffrey Gaudy, Dot Schwenke

The Bobby Miller Memorial Award for the most Humorous Poem Peter Mace.

### North Pine Bush Poet's Group Camp Oven Festival 2006

#### Junior (12 or under)

1. Amy Collins 2. Laura Collins

3. Lachlan Ball

#### Junior (13 to 16)

1. Bethany Brown 2. Matthew Collins

#### Novice

1. Dot Schwenke

#### Serious - Non Original (Male)

1. Gregory North 2. Terry Regan

3. Dean Collins

#### Serious - Non Original (Female)

1. Anita Reed 2. Jean Lindley

3. Jan Facey

#### Humorous - Non Original (Male)

1. Paddy O'Brien 2. Dean Collins

3. Gregory North

#### Humorous - Non Original (Female)

1. Anita Reed, 2. Suzanne Honour, 3. Gabby Colquhoun

#### Serious - Original (Male)

1. Dean Collins, 2. Gregory North

3. Terry Regan

#### Serious - Original (Female)

1. Anita Reed 2. Gabby Colquhoun

3. Laree Chapman

#### Humorous - Original (Male)

1. Dean Collins 2. Gregory North

3. Peter Mace

#### Humorous - Original (Female)

1. Gabby Colquhoun 2. Jean Lindley

3. Anita Reed

Duos 1. Matthew and Dean Collins

#### One Minute Cup

Leanne Jeacocke

#### Camp Oven Written Competition

1. Don Adams - Paraparaumu Beach NZ:

2. Graham Fredriksen - Kilkoy Qld

3. Ron Stevens - Dubbo NSW

#### Overall Camp Oven Champions:

Female - Anita Reed

Male - Gregory North

### Far North Bush Poetry Festival

#### Under 12 years

1st Kate Callaghan 2nd Jayden Chambers

3rd Tamara Callaghan 4th Coby Maisel.

#### 12-17 years

1st Jordan Maisel 2nd Tamara Callaghan.

#### Local 18 years and over

1st Melanie Hall 2nd Denise Piccone

3rd Jean Lindley.

#### Traditional

1st Geoff Mann 2nd Terry Regan

3rd Jean Lindley.

#### Original

1st Melanie Hall - 2nd Terry Regan

3rd Veronica Weal.

#### Written competitions

##### Under 12 years

1st Branyon Apel 2nd Monique Simms

##### 12-17 years

Chantelle Pedersen

##### Open

1st Ellis Campbell - *Who Cares?*

2nd Kym Eitel. - *The Man from Up tom Grogin*

##### Highly Commended

Ellis Campbell - *Cultural progress*

Joyce Alchin - *Combaning Harvest*

Ron Stevens - *Public Phone Boxer*

Joyce Alchin - *Deserted*

Ellis Campbell - *Destiny Unknown*

Terry Regan - *Blackbeard's Leap*

Jean Lindley - *His Hands*

Carol Heuchan - *Mark of Courage*

Carol Heuchan - *Keepsakes*

### Commended

Ron Stevens - *The Kids Next Door*

Ron Stevens - *The Jinglestirrup Singles Club*

David Campbell - *Slanguage*

Kathryn Apel - *Hogwashed*

Terry Regan - *Roadside Signs*

Kym Eitel - *Our Wild Bushranger Boys*

Kym Eitel - *Bazooka Bob And The Chicken Snatcher*

### East Hills/Boree Log Award for Bush Verse

1st. *Mission Accomplished* - Ellis Campbell

#### Very Highly Commended

*Legend of the Flame* - Catherine Clarke

#### Highly Commended

*Regan's Ride* - David Campbell

*Deserted* - Joyce Alchin

#### Commended

*The Ballad of the Old Gun Shearer* -

D.G. (Don) Adams

*Combaning Harvest* - Joyce Alchin

*Over the Fence* - Ron Stevens

## CECIL THE SEWAGE SUCKER AND HIS SUSPECT STOPWATCH

Written by a disgruntled poet after being disqualified for going one second over in the 'one-minute' competition at the Gympie Muster.

The timekeeper and the Mullumbimby poet who gave Neil the eyewash will remain nameless.

If you're looking for a man, a simple job to botch,

Just go find our Cecil with his suspect stopping watch.

I blame the organizers; you think they would have known,

A shearer, stroke, shit carter whose reflexes are blown

Put in charge of timekeeping at Gympies annual muster

Had about as much success as his hero General Custer,

Now any normal bloke would have thought a bit and reckoned,

Disqualification seems too rough for just one lousy second.

I suggest next year, the job be put to tender

Give it to MacArthur, post his nightly barroom bender

Even with his eyewash of cardboard chardonnay

He's bound to do a better job than----no I dare not say.

Peter MacE

## ADVERTISING RATES

1/3 Column \$10.00

2/3 Column \$15.00

Full Column \$20.00

Half Page \$40.00

Book Shelf \$ 5.00

### Full page ads not available

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

Poets Calendar Booklet free.

(Deadlines Apr 30 and Oct 30)

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

### Terms strictly C.O.D. with ad.

#### (Invoiced with Receipt)

Send all details in plain text along with payment

The Editor.

PO Box 16 Canowindra NSW 2804

email. fda70930@bigpond.net.au Ph.

02 6344 1477

## More from Janine . . .

Being Australian is about driving in a German car to an Irish pub for a Belgian beer, then travelling home, grabbing an Indian curry or a Turkish kebab on the way, to sit on Swedish furniture and watch American shows on a Japanese TV.

Oh and..... Only in Australia ... can a pizza get to your house faster than an ambulance.

See p. 6

## Memories of Gold



**John Major**

presents

### Australian Bush Verse

\$ 23.00 post paid

CD - 17 Tracks

Humour - Wisdom and Wit  
from 12 artists

PO Box 312

Mapleton Qld 4560

07 5445 7701 0418 751 226

majorjohn@bigpond.com



Poems by

**MARCO GLIORI**

130 Poems for those of us forever young

\$20.00 pp

PO Box 999

**WARWICK Qld 4370**

07 4661 4024 www.saddlesaw.com

## POEMS FROM GRENFELL (CD)

22 Spoken Poems and  
Sung Australian Songs including

2006 Aust Written Champs winner  
2006 Inverell Aust Song winner  
2006 Inverell Aust Song 3d placed  
2006 Grenfell Awards winner  
2006 Adelaide Plains Awards winner  
2005 SA Written Champs winner  
2005 Grenfell Awards winner  
2004 Katherine Muster winner  
2003 Grenfell Awards winner  
2003 Sunshine Coast Lit Awards winner  
2002 Victor Harbor Folk Fest winner  
2001 Victor Harbor Folk Fest winner

All words are downloadable as doc files



**\$20 posted into Australia**

**Max Merckenschlager**

**RSD 2077 Caloote SA 5254**

email. treetops@draget.com.au

## WALLA WALLA WAGON WHEEL AWARD

for

Written Bush Poetry

Open Section

and

PERFORMANCE SECTIONS

1. Traditional 2. Original

Two copies of all poems to the  
coordinator by

**27th October 2006**

Part of the Walla Walla Lions Club

Heritage Festival

Walla Walla Sports Ground

**Sunday - November 12**

Further information: Erica Nadebaum,

PO Box 22, Walla Walla NSW 2659 -

(02) 60405337 -

den53@austarnet.com.au

## POETRY in this ISSUE

<i>Catnap</i>	Max Merckenschlager	2
<i>The Crocodiles are Crying</i>	Rupert McCall	3
<i>A Poem for Remembrance Day</i>	Author unknown	4
<i>I Saw the Soldiers Marching</i>	Lawrence Vaincourt	4
<i>Drought</i>	Mary Finnin	5
<i>Memories</i>	Neil Carroll	6
<i>An Ordinary Man</i>	Ron Stevens	7
<i>The John O'Brien Centre</i>	Noel Stallard	8
<i>A Song of Light</i>	John Barr	10
<i>The Roses of Monal</i>	Linden Baxter	11
<i>Anzac Cove</i>	Louis Essen	11
<i>The Old Black Billy An' Me</i>	Louis Essen	11
<i>I've Been in the Wars</i>	Greg North	13
<i>The Man of Many Hats</i>	Duncan Williams	14
<i>Cicadas</i>	Claude Morris	14
<i>The Liar</i>	Marco Gliori	15
<i>Our Bushie</i>	Dennis Scanlon	16
<i>The Desert</i>	James O'Connor	16
<i>Dreaming of Meg</i>	VP Read	18
<i>The After Shearing Dance</i>	Wilbur Howcroft	19
<i>The Melody of Rain</i>	Richard Magoffin	19
<i>McBeth's Breath</i>	Marco Gliori	19
<i>Cecil the Sewage Sucker</i>	Peter Mace	23

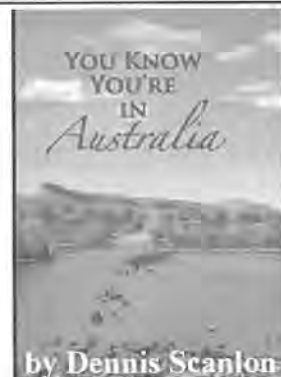
**DON'T FORGET -**

**NEW DATE FOR AGM**

**Thursday 25th January 2007**

**St. Edwards Hall - Hillvue Road**

**Tamworth**



A hard cover - cello gloss  
double bound tribute to Australia,  
the Country and its people

128 Pages, 32 in full colour,  
3 original paintings, 30 photographs,  
35 original poems

A well presented quality book balanced with  
Humour, Pathos and good Aussie fun

**\$30.00 pp.**

(\$35.00 pp. for credit cards)

**DENNIS SCANLON**

**6 Laura St. Cleveland Qld. 4163**

**Ph. 0427 328 633 - 07 3286 3346**

email. denscan@bigpond.com

*Gold City Bush Poets Inc.*

## Charters Towers

Presents

### BUSH POETRY 2007

1st - 2nd - 3rd May

*In World Theatre*

Written Gold Nugget Award

Closing date 29th February

Performance Competition

Closes end March

Contact Harold Jackson

Phone 07 4787 73211

email: harold.jackson8@bigpond.com

PO Box 620

**CHARTERS TOWERS 4820**