

The Australian Bush Poets Association Inc.



Monthly Newsletter

No 8 Volume 6

August 1999

THE LAST WORD ON MILLMERRAN

This is the last word on the Millmerran Bush Poet's Round-Up prior to the event. The time has flown since planning started (last November) and now it's up to you, my friends and poets to come here and make this competition a success as you have in the past. I have been to a number of competitions this year, including Stanthorpe, Warwick and Bundaberg. The organisers strive to set an example to others, it's great! We all learn from each other and try a little harder next time. As our poetry performances improve, so to our competitions. The standard of which is becoming, if not already, first class. New categories like the Duo are now very popular.

I have picked up some great ideas, plus I've had a few suggestions tossed at me for the next Round-Up in the year 2000, but that's in the future.

The Cancer Fund is hoping for a BIG cheque from us this year and because of our many sponsors, poets and audience I'm sure we won't let them down. Some of the "Locals" who missed last year's event assure me that will be here this time and if half the poets that I've given entry forms to turn up, there will be a sizable crowd. I can guarantee that poets like Bobby Miller, Shirley Friend, Gary Fogarty, Noel Stallard and 'Arch' Bishop will provide top entertainment, and with competitors like Wally 'The Bear' and, wait for it, "The Balmmain Tiger" there won't be a dull moment all weekend!

Trophies, certificates, prizes and cash are up for grabs for the competitors, and 'Door' prizes and 'Give-aways' and the odd RAFFLE will be there for all to win (including me!!) I hope everyone has booked their accommodation, now get those entry forms in.

Now, for the last time ... Sat 4th Sept. NOON is the starting time. A Sausage Sizzle in the Millmerran Lions Park, (cost \$1.00 and drinks are available) Junior and Novice competition, live country music, line dancing. Alternative venue, in case of wet weather is the Millmerran Cultural Centre. Sat. 4th at 7.30pm is our concert, "Laughter Lives On" in the Millmerran Cultural Centre with a supper of Billy Tea and damper available for a gold coin and a bar will operate. Tickets are \$10 adult, \$5 school student, \$25 family.

Sunday 5th 9am, Fathers Day Poets Breakfast \$3 per head, hot tucker, bacon, sausages, eggs, tomatoes, toast, coffee or tea. Millmerran Lions cooking, 'Arch' Bishop and 'The Legend' to host!! The open competition will follow and will include Yarn-Spinning, Duo and Brawl. Fees: Junior and Brawl Free. Novice and Open \$5 per section entered (Max \$10). Over-All Champion will be selected from the Open Category.

See you all at 'The Millmerran Bush Poets Round-Up', 4th and 5th September.
'The Legend', Kev. J. Barnes

BIG REWARDS FOR BUSH POETS

The big news from festival co-ordinator Frank Daniel in Canowindra NSW is the addition of two new Performance Bush Poetry competitions to the ABPA Inc. calendar.

Both competitions will be held in September which might suit some poets in the mood for a pleasant holiday in the Central West of NSW.

Gulgong Country Music Fest. President, Daryl Jackson announced recently an increase in the proposed prize money of \$700. This competition will be held Sun. 12th Sept. at 9am at the local RSL Club.

Likewise the Trundle Bush Tucker Day committee will be offering a total of \$1000 in prize money for their competition which will be held over two days on 25th and 26th Sept.

Frank indicated that both festivals will be conducting the same type of competition. Open Traditional Bush Poetry (over 50 years old), Open

THE GREAT AUSTRALIAN DUMP

© Kev J. Barnes, "The Legend", Millmerran Q.
from his book "Legendary Stuff"

He pushed his old Akubra back, as he sat down next to me,
He joined me in some damper and a pannikin of tea.
He said he'd trudged the highways from the Outback to the Reef,
And worked down through the Centre, as a stockman, herdin' beef.

He'd been South pickin' cherries and up North cuttin' cane,
He'd been stranded by the Cooper, "That year we got the rain!"
He told me how he'd burnt his feet on Simpson Desert sand,
And at the Birdsville races, gave the publican a hand.

He talked to me for hours, yet I didn't know his name,
Then he moved his hat, it seemed to me, to hide his face in shame.
The twinkle in his eyes had gone, and his shoulders seem to slump,
He said, "Ya know, I've seen enough of this Great Australian Dump!"

He said "I love this country — I've lived here all my life,
From the bush down to the beaches, and I love the wildlife.
But a swaggie on today's highways, has to hang his head in shame,
'Cause we've got too many Aussies, who just won't play the game.

What happened to our ancestor's Aussie sense of pride?
It seems that it has left our shores, like some ebbing tide.
From the cities on our coastline, to beyond the Old Black Stump,
This country is becoming, one great big rubbish dump.

There are bags full of the flamin' stuff rottin' in the sun,
Seems every road I travel is a rubbish dump to some.
There's bottles, cans and papers and flamin' plastic too,
I wonder how it gets there, 'cause it's not from me or you.

What sort of people are they, who desecrate our land?
They're surely not an Aussie. Always there to lend a hand!
What sort of people are they, who throw rubbish from their cars?
Are they the ones you work with, or meet in clubs or bars?

Our rubbish-strewn country, is getting into strife,
Our rivers are polluted, and kill our wildlife.
and on our golden beaches, it's no longer safe to swim,
What will our kids inherit? — The future's looking grim.

It's not our native animals who make the flamin' mess,
We humans have that problem, and it's one we must address.
Our highways and our byways are an absolute disgrace,
And it's up to everyone of us, to clean up the flamin' place."

So if you're a true blue Aussie and you love this sunburnt land,
Put your rubbish in the dump, 'cause an Aussie lends a hand,
The wildlife will thank you, and the Swaggie of today
Won't have to hide his face in shame, as he walks along his way.

Original and Open Humorous (any poets work) sections.

Gulgong will be a one round event without a final, paying three places in each section, whilst Trundle will see heats conducted on the Saturday with finals on the Sunday morning. Again three places will be awarded in each section (see adverts P 14).

To be part of one or both of these competitions, send your name and details to Frank Daniel as per advertisements, ensuring that you indicate which section or sections you intend pursuing. Please nominate 3 poems per section entered.

Make a holiday of it and visit Historical Canowindra and the Age of Fishes Museum in between festivals.

Australian Bush Poets Assoc. Inc.

email: bushpoet@lisp.com.au Home page: www.lisp.com.au/~bushpoet

President:

Ron Selby

P.O. Box 77,
Drayton North. QLD. 4350
Phone 07 4630 1106

Secretary/Treasurer:

Mrs. Olive Shooter

"Willow Bend" M.S 765
Talgai West Road,
Allora Qld. 4362
Phone / Fax. 07 4666 3474

Vice Presidents:

**** R. J. (Bob) Miller**

Lot 2 Pilerwa Road,
Mungar. QLD 4650
Phone / Fax 07 4129 6422
Mobile 015 741 336

**** Elizabeth Ward,**

P.O. Box 61,
Mt. Perry, QLD. 4671
Phone / Fax 07 4156 3178

**Editor: Maureen Stonham, 2/8 Salamander Parade,
Nambucca Heads, NSW 2448 Phone / Fax 02 6568 5269**

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**A.B.P.A. Membership - \$25 p. a. January to December
OR JULY to DECEMBER 1999 now \$13.00
PLEASE SEND ALL MONEY TO SECRETARY / TREASURER**

POSITION OF EDITOR AVAILABLE

Because of pressing family commitments I will be vacating the Editor's Chair of our ABPA newsletter following the publication of our **SEPTEMBER Newsletter**. I have enjoyed the job and it is with both reluctance and regret that I pass the torch to another dedicated Bush Poetry lover.

It is a rewarding position, right at the heart of our Australian cultural heritage.

The Editor's position in our Association carries a high degree of autonomy in controlling the format and coping with the constant challenge of change.

It has been a mind-expanding experience for me as I am sure it will be for my successor. Any ABPA member interested in assuming the mantle of "The Editor" should contact me or our Secretary, Olive Shooter or President, Ron Selby. *Maureen Stonham, Editor*

EARLY DEADLINE for SEPTEMBER EDITION WILL BE 23rd AUGUST COMPETITION / EVENT ORGANISERS -

Please ensure that your results and reports are sent to the Editor prior to this date.

Thanks for your assistance, Ed.

CLONCURRY BUSH POETRY MUSTER REPORT & RESULTS submitted by *Liz Ward*

A really great weekend though not as many poets as the energetic organising committee had hoped to see. A pity, as Cloncurry is a warm and friendly town and the weather was perfect. Prize money was generous and the locally made trophies will be treasured by those who won them. The committee would like feed back from poets to assist them in preparing for next year's Muster. Results were as follows -

Junior: 1st Corinne Whitman, 2nd Melissa Lennar

Novice Traditional & Original: Both won by Corinne Whitman

Open Trad: 1st Milton Taylor, 2nd Terry Regan, 3rd Ted Webber.

Open Original: 1st Terry Regan, 2nd Milton Taylor, 3rd Ted Webber.

One Minute Poem: 1st Milton Taylor, 2nd Corinne Whitman.

Yarn Spinning: Won by Milton Taylor

Written Poem About Cloncurry

Open: Liz Ward **Junior:** Aaron Mitchell

PRESIDENTS REPORT.

Congratulations to all the winners of the many and varied competitions over the past month.

Bundaberg was a huge success and very well controlled by the Bundy Mob as was the comp. at Esk, organised by Roy Briggs and Liz Banting.

Although there were only a handful of poets in attendance the quality was outstanding, maybe a few more poets will support this event next year.

End of July saw the engagement of Guy McLean and Melissa at Susan River homestead and a lot of their relatives gathered for a grand party also a few poets gathered to wish them all the best.

Coming up soon will be Surat and I believe that almost all accommodation is booked so there should be a good roll-up of poets to ensure the success of another great day in Surat.

Nth Pine, Gympie, Millmerran and Mapleton are next on my list for attendance but there is still a lot of competitions all around the country. Enough for the most avid poet or poetry follower to attend.

All competitions need support to ensure their success and I hope members will give them the support they deserve.

RON SELBY

Secretary's Notes



Dear Members,

The finances are keeping healthy. The reduction in printing costs has helped and at the end of the first half year we are showing a reasonable level of expense as to the membership fee.

I thank the committee for assisting with the choosing of the venue for the Australian Championships. I am still waiting on a couple of answers. I will notify the applicants as soon as I get a result.

Our Editor is resigning after the September issue. If there is anyone who is interested, could you please let me know. It is a purely voluntary position and we have been lucky to have had the services of Maureen as she does it so expertly.

Olive Shooter, Secretary.

THE MAN FROM IRONBARK ON TOUR

Victorian Bush Poet, Geoff Graham will commence a tour of the east coast in the near future. Most of his itinerary will be presentations of "The Man From Ironbark" show which details the life and works of Andrew Barton Paterson, or 'Banjo' as he is known to most Aussies. Enquiries regarding the listed performances should be directed to Geoff, Mob 0412 725 470 or to the performance venue.

17.8.99 - 10.30 am Gladstone Q. RSL Club - The Man From Ironbark

19.8.99 - 6.15 pm Gladstone Rocky Glen Hotel - Ratbags & Romantics

21.8.99 - 8 pm Rockhampton Heritage Village - The Man From Ironbark

23.8.99 - 11.15 am Toowoomba Grammar School - " " "

" - 6.30 pm Toowoomba High Cafe - " " "

24.8.99 - Toowoomba - Workshop

25.8.99 - 7.30 pm Fitzy's Convention Centre - The Man From Ironbark

26.8.99 - 6.30 pm Nambucca Heads Bowling Club - " " "

4.9.99 - 10 - 3 pm Big City Muster - Details P 14

5.9.99 - 11.30 am Balmain Leagues Club - The Man from Ironbark

6.9.99 - Balmain Workshop

17.9.99 - 7 pm Yass Soldiers Club - The Man From Ironbark

18.9.99 - 11 am Cooke Park, Parkes NSW - Australian Festival

19/26.9.99 - Melbourne Show Performances

29/30.9.99 - Mildura Country Music Festival - Poets Breakfasts

HE WOULD OFTEN CHUCK A SICKIE

© Ellis Campbell, Dubbo NSW

1st Prize Most Humorous Verse, Henry Kendall Competition 1991

He would often chuck a sickie - stay away from work all day;
though he said he'd never shirk a job or claimed dishonest pay.

And he talked of stark amnesia, lumpy acid round the bile;
while his haemorrhoids and heart attacks came every little while.
He had gout and fallen arches - born the pain of spondylitis -
while he suffered long and silent fourteen strains of hepatitis.

He would claim he caught distemper from a neighbour's mangy dogs;
and a dose of swine swamp fever when he hunted feral hogs.

There were bouts of scarlet-fever, lumbago and chicken-pox
and his gall-stones every summer grew moss like basalt rocks.
He had middle-ear infections, blocked arteries growing worse -
with his knees throbbing thrombosis that would make an angel curse.

At the Church of England ball he's caught severe St Vitas dance
and his thirteen huge carbuncles met with surgeon's shiny lance.

He was bitten by a bull-ant so he took a fortnight off,
then contracted bovine rickets, pleurisy and whooping cough.
When the kidney-stones became his lot, with positive results,
he blamed the Blunt street hoodlums with their power catapults.

He'd been bitten by a six foot brown and stung by swarms of bees,
till the poison wrecked the cartilage in his cramped and swollen knees.
to the hornets fierce and centipedes he's long become immune,
and convulsions wrenched his body every year in middle June.

And consistent tonsillitis racked his short sciatic spleen;
while a ruptured vertebrae once turned his lungs and liver green.

But succumb he did - one summer's day - right back in eighty-three;
his demise from which disorder still remains a mystery.

And he winged his way to Heaven, racking pain in every joint;
there St Peter stood to greet him at the Golden Gate check-point.
Of his hell on earth he wished to speak - have punishment deferred;
but the laryngitis gripped him and he couldn't say a word!

LETTER TO THE EDITOR

Dear Editor,

My wife and I have just returned from Mulwala - Yarrawonga and we were struck by the enormous talent displayed by the competitors.

Being the new kid on the block could I ask members, organisers and competitors their thoughts on an idea that may increase the performing ability of all entrants.

I noticed that if a microphone was on a stand it committed the performer to one particular area, and therefore nullified to an extent, the performer being able to use the stage to his or her best advantage.

By using the entire stage it would give the performer greater scope to extend themselves way beyond what they would normally be able to do.

This brings me to the second point. A hand-held microphone gives greater scope to use the stage area similarly to the above, but with one exception. The hand holding the microphone is kept continually in place close to the mouth, meaning that the hand itself is unable to aid

in the presentation of a performance.

This brings me to the third point, and I ask members for their input and or debate on the following:

Performers, i.e. singers etc are using head-set microphones giving them the mobility to use the stage to their greatest advantage.

Hands, eyes and body were able to communicate to the audience, thereby enhancing the performance of that person, and giving the audience greater value for money and greater enjoyment!

1. Are venues able to provide this?
2. For those who already have one, would this be considered an unfair advantage to other competitors?

3. Would organisers of an event allow personal microphones to be used in preference to their own?

Please don't misunderstand, my intentions are not to rock the boat, but merely to enhance the performances, of poets and to further enjoyment and participation of bush poetry.

Bill 'Lobo' Lasham,
North Rocks NSW

AUSTRALIAN HERITAGE MUSIC FESTIVAL 1998

The Australian Heritage Music Festival at the Annandale Neighbour Centre last year set a benchmark for a friendly, full-spirited and significant acoustic music festival that is truly Australian. More than 100 poets and performers at five separate venues in the centre and grounds ran non stop from midday to midnight with not a cross word spoken, and the standard of presentation was excellent throughout.

Because no-one was there for the money - performers had been warned there probably wouldn't be any, and that was how it turned out, as the festival barely covered costs - egos were left at the door and all put their best face forward in a spirit of co-operation and creativity that left a warm glow in the hearts of all who attended.

From the wonderful spirit of the Poets Brunch hosted by Ted Webber and 'Arch' Bishop and the well-attended Bodhran Workshop by Alison Boyd, the opening concert by Voices from the Vacant Lot, to the magic of Ecoppella, Triantan, Tursachan, Solidarity Choir ending the night, through Wongawilli, dances and workshops, Us Not Them, Roaring Forties, Greg Hastings, Far Fetched, John Dengate, Bernard Bolan, Karen Burton, Wollemi Pine Band, far too many more to mention, the festival ran without an overt hitch to its goodwill and charm.

And there were hitches aplenty. Three days before the event the local scoutmaster got a better offer, and the entire ground crew evaporated. Jack Chapman saved and ran the day outdoors singlehandedly with an incredible display of good nature and extremely hard work, and a slim list of helpers to erect and service three tents or marquees, and apportion space to about fifteen stallholders. The night before the event the boss volunteer called in sick, and the entire festival, door, instrument safe space and Uncle Tom Cobley was run by helpers who turned up and pitched in on the day, vaguely directed by Sandra Nixon and Chris Robertson who had too much to do themselves anyway ... I'm not going to mention names, because I'd be sure to leave someone out - you know who you were, and you have my unstinted thanks.

I believe this event had already left its imprint on the Australian folk and bush poetry scene, and it is my hope that it will continue as a benchmark of goodwill, fun, and Australian Acoustic Musical Culture into the Olympics year and beyond, to place something real alongside the plastic boomerangs and rubber kangaroos.

Richard Mills

EXPRESSIONS OF INTEREST

Australian Heritage Music Festival

Saturday November 27, Annandale Neighbourhood Centre, Sydney, seeks expressions of interest from performers and volunteers, both on the day and in preparation, for this very warm and satisfying fully acoustic festival. Ideas for participatory and presentation workshops and concerts welcomed. Poets Brunch, Absent Friends concert. Payment by door after expenses. Contact Richard Mills, Phone/Fax 02 9568 5596, Snail Mail 6/39 Herbert Street, Dulwich Hill NSW 2203 or email Ausfest@excite.com.

MAPLETON YARN FESTIVAL 1999

This long established festival to be held this year on 16th and 17th October offers a day and a bit of performance, workshop, light-hearted competition in a friendly environment. After an unbelievable track record of bringing rain, this years organisers are heading INDOORS to the Mapleton Hall in the beautiful Queensland Sunshine Coast hinterland. This festival is run entirely by volunteers from the Red Kettle Folk Club, keen members of the community plus many generous sponsors.

Jacqueline Bridle, Creative Director of the festival is sending out a call for interested parties and spoken word performers who can offer support this year. This unique festival has become a special occasion for those blessed with the gift of the gab, who gather together for a fun weekend celebrating the art of the spoken word, meeting new people, and having a good laugh. Competitions to date are The Ernie Setterfield Club Cup Challenge, King of the Liars, The Great Australian Whine and Charlee's Angels. Please send expressions of interest to Jacqueline Bridle, PO Mapleton Q 4556, ph 07 5478 6263

THE BRIDGE AT CROOKED CREEK

© 1997 Alec Raymer, Trinity Beach Q

3rd Prize, Blackened Billy Competition 1998

Just outside of town it wandered through the eucalyptus scrub
And supplied the water for the thirteen houses and the pub,
Such a gentle little watercourse that zigzagged here and there
With a wooden bridge across it where the banks reared high and bare.
But his season had been different and the swollen stream flowed fast
With the water that had fallen from the savage storms that passed,
And they swore that they could irrigate the Simpson for a week
From the water that had raced beneath the bridge at Crooked Creek.

Still the storms kept up, relentless, and the blue-white lightning flashed,
While the rain came down in torrents and the rolling thunder crashed,
And inside the Hotel Royal all the locals laid their bets
On how long the storms would last and how much rain the town would get.
In a corner of the bar room sat a stranger, dealing cards,
In his eyes the far horizons, on his hands old battle scars,
As he sat there, calm and quiet, one would almost think him meek,
But he soon would prove his mettle on the bridge at Crooked Creek.

As the darkness fell, the news came that made all the people pray,
For the bridge was undermined and half the deck had washed away,
And there, clinging to the half that stood above the water wild
Was the saturated figure of a very frightened child.

It was verified in moments and the information passed
That a wagon tried to cross the bridge just as it broke in half,
Both the adults make it safely but their daughter, cold and weak,
Was left clinging to the remnants of the bridge at Crooked Creek.

Said the publican, "Get lanterns, boys, and mind you get them fast,
"For we'll need to get there swiftly 'cause that broken bridge won't last,
And I'll never have it said we left that young'un to her fate!"
Get some ropes and get them quickly, and then pray we're not too late!"

Then the stranger at the table rose - his face had gone quite pale -
And he said, "I'd like to help if you could use another male."
"You'll be welcome," cried the publican, "for even as we speak,
That poor child could be a victim of the bridge at Crooked Creek."

So they hurried to the creek bank, some with lanterns, some with ropes,
And they stood beside the broken bridge, their hearts still filled with hope.
In the lightning's flash they saw her, hanging grimly to the wreck,
But they also saw the danger in the wildly swinging deck.
"It's no use!" a local shouted. "There's no way that bridge will last!
See the way the structure's swaying? The collapse will come quite fast.
Hear the groaning and the creaking? Mate, the future's looking bleak,
We're about to lose what's standing of the bridge at Crooked Creek."

But the stranger pushed his way through the front of the small crowd,
And he said, "I'd like to have a go, that is if I'm allowed,
All you people here have families, but me, I'm all alone,
And besides, I've made mistakes and it's my chance now to atone."
Then he reached into his pocket and took something made of gold,
That he smiled upon then handed to the publican to hold.
"Now, I think I'd better hurry, man, for even as we speak,
I can hear the timbers parting in the bridge at Crooked Creek."

Then he turned and darted swiftly out upon the twisted deck,
Grabbed the child around the waist and threw her arms around his neck.
As he started back across the bridge, a lightning flash revealed
The tall figure of the stranger with disaster at his heels.
For the bridge was shedding timbers at a quite alarming rate
As it swayed and groaned and twisted, now succumbing to its fate,
And as nature's pyrotechnics seemed to reach their awesome peak,
Came the full disintegration of the bridge at Crooked Creek.

Just before the structure vanished in the raging stream that night,
Loomed the outline of the stranger with the young girl holding tight,
But the spectators all realised he'd never make it back -
The collapse was far from rapid - then another lightning crack
showed them inching ever closer to the safety of the shore
So they urged the stranger homeward with a loud resounding roar.
Through the thunder and the lightning and the rain falling in sheets
They all urged their hero home across the bridge at Crooked Creek.

Still the stranger battled onward, but two metres from the shore
He could feel it give beneath him and he knew he could do no more,
And in anger and frustration then, he shouted to the skies,
"You have taken one before, by God, but this one will survive!"
Then he ripped the child from round his neck and flung her through the air
To the safety of the waiting arms of all the watchers there.
Then the stranger, having saved her from the vengeance Nature wreaked,
Disappeared into the wreckage of the bridge at Crooked Creek.

If you wander here today, my friend, beside the stream you'll find
There's a plant of timber that the raging flood had left behind,
And upon that timber you will find a plaque that's made of brass,
It's in honour of the stranger, but it's covered up with grass.
And inside the Hotel Royal, friend, you'll notice without fail
There's a child's small bracelet, made of gold, left hanging on a nail.
It was placed there by the publican, who waits there as I speak,
To return it to the man who braved the bridge at Crooked Creek.

BUNDY MUSTER REPORT

from Liz Ward

The Bundy Mob's Bush Poetry Muster on 2nd, 3rd and 4th July 1999 was the Fifth Annual Muster held in Bundaberg.

As in previous years the event was a huge success attended by top class poets from far western Queensland to the Blue Mountains of NSW. The Free-For-All on Friday night gave all poets a chance to let their hair down and just have fun. The Saturday night Concert was well attended by the public and we'll bet our reputation that no one went home disappointed.

In Bundaberg we separate Traditional Poetry from Contemporary Poetry as we believe it takes time to form a tradition. This means that both novices and open performers have three chances to pick up a trophy - Traditional, Contemporary and Original work.

Throughout the weekend the poetry and the performance thereof was a very high standard and we felt proud to host such talent.

Though not large in numbers, our committee make up for that with enthusiasm and hard work.

I would liken the Bundy Muster to a large jig-

saw. everyone put in their piece and the co-ordinator had only to fit the bits together.

We sincerely thank all our helpers and sponsors and our many well wishers and mates. Here is a list of our winners and place getters of the various sections.

1. **Junior:** Equal 1st - Sunny Mutton and Melisa Lathouris, 3rd - Stuart Nivison.
2. **Novice Traditional:** 1st Maxine Ireland, 2nd - Carol Stratford, 3rd - Bette Sheils.
3. **Novice Modern:** 1st - Carol Stratford, 2nd - Colin Sheils, 3rd - Maxine Ireland.
4. **Novice Original:** 1st - Maxine Ireland, 2nd - Beryl Wallace, 3rd - Bette Sheils.
5. **Open Traditional:** 1st - Roderick Williams, 2nd - Tony Strauss, 3rd - Guy McLean.
6. **Open Modern:** 1st - Milton Taylor, 2nd - Guy McLean, 3rd - Wally Finch.
7. **Open Original:** 1st - Milton Taylor, 2nd Wally Finch, 3rd - Terry Regan.
8. **Dark and Stormy:** 1st - Ron Selby, 2nd - Eva Davies, 3rd - Milton Taylor.
9. **Duo:** First - Guy McLean and Stuart Nivison.

Overall Champion - WALLY FINCH

NEW SPOKEN WORD & FOLK CLUB VENUE

The Pheasants Hut Folk Club in Bundeena is up and running. It's on every second Friday and is run by that master of the tall and mysterious tale, Yuri the Storyteller and his fellow Bundeenaite, Duncan Chalmers. Yuri says you can "sing a song - tell a story - play an instrument - recite bad poetry badly - juggle geese - embarrass your parents - chant meaningless slogans or just be an audience. Want to know more, give Yuri a ring on 02 9527 0995 or Mob 041 941 2093

POSTCODE POEM

© Ellis Campbell, Dubbo NSW

2837 3216 saw a 4702, fifteen 4415 from 4477;
he'd 2395 to 2633 with his 3145 2795.
4702 2320 was a 2281 living out from 2350;
in 6530 7330, dark and 7215, he saw some 3922 up for 3850.
3216 he sought, in 3770 waters free of 3391;
but 7250 6434 tangled 2606 and 2264 6028 were rather grim.

2799 6110 trained a 6210 at a 2618 near 2776
4570s and a 3781 he'd bought from 3311 at 2834.
2290 2398 4455 4426 lured 2594 2799 to romance;
a 4416 2786 he gave her, bought one time at 2832.
2144 4455 wasn't 2583 though she had to join the 3101;
left poor 2799 in 2371, going 7310 with no 5085.

3560 3345 stalked a 3958, past 2799 and 2750;
saw the 2630 and the 2065 where the 7249 stark remains.
Like a 6472 his old 6052 chugged away to 2831,
where 3754 waited on the 2320 - a 4215 beside her knee.
And 3084 2786, his faithful 2164, was 2583 once at 2880 -
dished out 3496 2627 and 7256 down at 3912.

He'd 2112 or 2800 behind 3310s down the road to 2289;
and 7320 loud to 2142 or 0832, "Bring the other weaners down.
Tell 7310 and 2290 of our 5082 - all looks 3741 at 4170.

There's feed 2652 at 3424 5201 - 2850s at 2153."
"4491 down skunk," he yelled at 4214, "where's our driver, 2538 2470?
Is he down with 6076 3927 eating that 4702 cake?"

POSTCODE POEM SOLUTION

© Ellis Campbell, Dubbo NSW

Albert Marshall saw a Dingo, fifteen Miles from Augathella;
he'd Binnaway to Delegate with his Darling Isabella.
Ambrose Farley was a Blacksmith, living out from Armidale;
in Broadfields Forest, dark and Gray, he saw some Cowes up for Sale.
Anglers Paradise he sought, in Coldstream waters free of Brim;
But Riverside Reid tangled Lyons and Sunshine Burns were rather grim.

Barry Martin trained a Falcon at a Hall near Falconbridge;
Corellas and a Cockatoo he'd bought from Maude at Lightning Ridge.
Readhead Gurley, Roma Jackson, lured Young Barry to romance;
a Condamine Bell he gave her, bought one time at Come-By- Chance.
Auburn Roma wasn't Laggan, though she had to join the Kew;
left poor Barry in Deep Water, going Forth with no Clear View.

Hunter Gordon stalked a Buffalo, past Brown's Creek and Emu Plains;
saw the Gilgai and the Crows Nest where the Sandhill stark remains.
Like a Beacon his old bedford chugged away to Armatree,
Where Doreen waited on the Lorn - a Labrador beside her knee.
Rosanna Bell, his faithful Cook, was Bigga once at Broken Hill -
dished out Stewart Jindabyne and Currie down at Somerville.

He'd Ryde or March behind Merinoes, down the road to Adamstown,
and Cooee loud to Clyde or Mitchell - "Bring the other weaners down."
Tell Don and Dudley of our Prospect - all looks Bright at Cannon Hill.
There's feed Galore at Rainbow Meadows - Running Streams at Kellyville."
"Eulo down skunk," he yelled at Earnest, "Where's our Driver, Milton Drake?
Is he down with Carmel Somers eating that Banana cake?"

**HAPPY BIRTHDAY
BOB and DAVE**

Over 80 guests attended the 60th Birthday party of twins, Bob and Dave Skelton of Minmi NSW.

The function was held at the home of Bob and Kay Skelton on June 26th. Throughout the night the Skelton families were kept very busy catering for the visitors.

Songsters with guitars, Brian and Shirley Appleyard from Newcastle with their popular old time country songs received plenty of encouragement from the audience.

Neil and Jill Hulm travelled up from Lavington. Neil recited his two winning poems, Bradley Bullocks and My Ferret. Len Thompson from Adamstown, recited his own poem on the life of the twins and their 60th Birthday. This poem was all quality. Others to recite were Bob Lockett, a retired timber cutter, who now resides in Seahampton, Bill Jameson of Putty, Ron Brown, Secretary of the Hunter Bush Poets, Reg Wade of Paxton and Bob Skelton.

I had a great talk with Jackie Mann, President of the Trail Riders Association, who has been with trail rides through lots of different areas of Australia. One area in particular we discussed was the Rules Point, Long Plain and Currango regions, which I am fairly familiar with.

A big thank you to the Skelton families and best wishes to Bob and Dave. *from ... Neil Hulm*

DEVIL'S ROCK (Burrageurra)

© Bob Skelton, Minmi NSW

Oh, let me tell of a time we travelled,
to a place called Devil's Rock
Where the Darkinung tribe once wandered,
in a land that time forgot
Hidden in the Wollombi country,
where the stunted Hardwoods grow
Guarded by the secret gullies,
and the spirit of big Yengo.

We saw the sandstone smooth and weathered,
by the wrath of endless time
Saw the scattered primitive drawings,
of an ancient vanished tribe
Then a few miles further Northward,
on a bare ridge scarred by a lightning storm
The image of a strange space traveller,
in that self same style was drawn.

Oh, if the bush could tell her secrets,
of the stories carved in stone
Of the days before the white man,
when the dark tribes used to roam
Would we then perhaps be wiser,
would life's mysteries unlock
Did someone back in the Dreamtime,
come like us to Devil's Rock.

So now I ask you to pause and ponder,
on the mystery of our human race
Was man born of the Garden of Eden,
or was it somewhere deep in space
Well that's one question yet unanswered,
on history's page it remains a blot
Perhaps some day we'll find the answers,
at a place like Devil's Rock.

So come with me, again we'll travel,
through the wild bush, dark and wide
Where the ancient tribes once wandered,
through the dawn of first mankind.

HELLO FROM THE HUNTER

Over the past six months, the Hunter Bush Poets have been flat out like lizards drinking and as busy as a one-armed barmaid !!

This started with a big effort at Maitland Show, followed by four days of continuous performance in the Hall of Industry during the Newcastle regional show. Here we were exposed to thousand of people daily.

Hunter Poets also entertained the large crowds at the Tocal Small Farms Field Days. This included special on stage performances by Ron Brown and Bob Skelton aka 'The Minmi Magster'.

Another big day for the poets was at Draytons Hunter Valley Vineyard. The day was held to raise money for the NBN Westpac Rescue Helicopter Service. Again it was the 'Magster' and fellow club member Bob Cummings reciting flat out all day while Dave 'Damper' Skelton kept the billy boiling and cooked up plenty of his famous dampers for the enthusiastic crowd.

The next major shows on the agenda will be -

Sat. 28th & Sun. 28th August: Intermittent open mike sessions through the two days of the Wildflower Spectacular to be held at the Shortland Wetland Centre (near Hexam). Performers invited to participate at this very picturesque place and a good opportunity for all to see birds in their natural setting (feathered kind that is).

Thurs. 9th September, The Budburst Festival held in conj. with Cessnock District Leagues Club 7.30pm.

Sat. 17th & Sun. 18th September - The Minmi Magster at Hunter Valley Botanical Gardens Spring Fair.

Sat. 18th September. 9am - Various other members of the Hunter Bush Poets will perform at Wollombi Folk Festival Poets Breakfasts.

Further details can be found in "What's On Around The Traps" on page 14 & 15 of this issue.

So as you can see, we really have been flat out over the last six months. During all of this the 'Magster's' bearded face keeps popping up on the television. *from ... Bob Skelton*

CONFESSIONS © 1997 Milton Taylor, Portland NSW

Poor Rebecca lay in agony, about to breathe her last,
As visions came to haunt her, memories of her past.
She feebly tried to utter words to loving husband there,
He gently pushed her backwards and kindly smoothed her hair.

"Relax, my dear," he told her, "You really should be still,
Lay back, don't move, my darling - you're too weak dear, too ill."
"I know", his pale wife answered, "I know I'm ill and weak,
But there's something I must tell you - Daniel - let me speak."

"Don't speak Rebecca darling, I just don't wish to know,
It's painful for you dearest, if you must speak, say it slow."

"Daniel, I must tell you, my lovely precious man,
I was unfaithful darling - I cheated on you Dan!"

Dan knelt with face all tearstained and whispered to his bride
In sorrow and in sadness as he nestled at her side.
"I know you were Rebecca, that fact was always clear,
But I forgave you from the very time the poison worked my dear!"

TO THE KID WHO HAD A GO

© Milton Taylor, Portland NSW

It takes a lot of courage when you're only starting out,
To face the stares of strangers and the sound of yell and shout,
To feel you're under scrutiny, like a bird within a cage.
As you take a breath and take your place on competition's stage.

It's hard to lock intrusions out, to stand and concentrate,
With the timer ticking downward while your hand rests on the gate.
'First time' nerves are screaming as you wait and call to go
and almost uncontrollable the urge to rush a blow.

You try to take it calmly, but the crowd begins to yell,
And there's eyes that focus on you, you can't see, but you can tell
As you force yourself to settle, treat it like another job,
You're distracted by the P.A. and the roaring of the mob.

But you carry on and do it. Slow it down and make it count,
Conquer fears and worries, run your blows, the right amount
To do the job the way you want, and the feeling is sublime
When you finish with a flourish and you're just inside the time.

And it's lovely, yes it's beautiful, to know you've won the day,
Proved your worth and done the job, you know you've come to stay,
Your colours now are flying and your future's looking clearer,
You're not a learner - Not a girl - You're Jilly Hancock - Shearer!

ELLIS on the MOVE

Ellis and Maureen Campbell report having spent a couple of weeks on Lord Howe Island visiting their daughter Carolyn. While attending the "Morning Tea for Cancer Appeal" at the local police station the morning after their arrival, a lady recognised Ellis' name and remembered his poetry on 'Australia all Over'. He was besieged with invitations to perform his poetry at the Lions Club night at Lord Howe Golf Club and a Sunday afternoon performance for the P & C at the Anglican Hall. It was the locals first taste of performance bush poetry and Ellis was awarded a wonderful reception on both occasions.

The island's sole poet, Bill Retmuck, was present and Ellis made a point of visiting him next day for a yarn. After returning to the mainland the Campbells spend a few days with Terry and Dulcie Regan at Blaxland, where, it goes without saying, a few poems were hashed over.

POET PROFILE - MILTON TAYLOR

Milton Taylor, born in Longreach, Qld., was raised in a family exposed to Australian verse by his father Godfery, who wrote and recited frequently.

His interest in bush poetry was further deepened in his early days in the shearing industry when reciting was still considered to be an art form.

He wrote sporadically from his teens to 1993 when he was privileged to watch Marco Gliori perform at a concert in Longreach. Mark's enthusiasm and talent inspired him to resume writing and also to perform at performance poetry competitions, achieving extraordinary success.

His work is not exclusively reflective of shearing or rural life and lifestyle. He has drawn on his observations of life as he has encountered it from his experiences in many forms of employment and personal interests.

He holds a strong belief that the verse of the great traditional Australian poets should be retained as part of our cultural heritage and that modern poets, particularly children, should receive acknowledgement and support to continue to produce similar works.

Milton, in his quest to share the magic of the spoken word, on stage commands the attention of the audience with his strong and powerful delivery. It is this attribute which has commanded a string of awards which his peers can only try to emulate.

In 1994 he was awarded the position of 'Poet Performer in Residence' at Banjo's Outback Theatre in Longreach, where to this day, he shares stories and poetry relating to Australia's pastoral and shearing industry, coupled together with practical demonstrations of his shearing shed skills.

Milton, believing that the younger generation's enjoyment and knowledge of traditional bush verse is integral part of their heritage, has recently conducted teaching tours for Queensland's outback schools via the Priority Course Area Program.

He is the author of a book of verse and cassette tape, entitled "My Ute" and in recent times has released a second cassette, "It Doesn't Get Much Verse" on which, in addition to his own recitations, popular rhymsters Trish Anderson and Terry Regan are featured reciting Milton's poetry.

Pivotal in Milton's career would have to be his success as a three time winner of the Male Australian Bush Poetry Championship. His prizes included a visit to Elko, Nevada to represent his country at the annual Cowboy Poets Festival where he received great acclaim.

He is highly respected within the industry and by his peers for his willingness to assist and advise. An enthusiastic and dedicated entertainer, Milton has employed his outstanding talents to contribute to the substantial interest which has been shown by audiences and entrepreneurs alike in the current resurgent wave of popularity which Bush Verse is experiencing throughout Australia.

THE BUNDY MUSTER

© Corry de Haas, Helensvale Q.

The Bundy Muster's over for another year,
And holding-pens have emptied out again.
The paddock-gates are closed behind the stragglers
While quiet reigns once more across the plain.
The poets - heading home to paler pastures -
Still carry deep inside the warming glow
Of friendship, of merriment and laughter
So great a part of every country show.

"Across the Waves" the haunting song will echo
In every heart of those who celebrate
The essence of a country and it's people,
Which only bush-verse has the power to create;
And when the sad goodbyes fade in the distance
Another voice is heard that's loud and clear
Will state a solid promise of returning
When the Bundy Muster will be held next year.

*To The Bundy Mob - Thanks for the memories
Corry de Haas*

!!! ATTENTION !!! PERFORMERS & ARTISTS

Folk Alliance Australia is now planning to set up a National Performers Database and would like your participation.

It is hoped that this will become a full working DB with password access; but, in any case we do request your approval in listing your name, contact, phone, address, and short 'Bio'. In the future this should become the source for anyone searching for an artist/performer. Included in these plans are the annual publication of a NPD Directory. Subscription to this DB will be a very small annual fee plus a first time registration. Any member of FAA of course will be listed at no charge. If you wish to be part of the mailing list now being compiled and are willing to grant permission that you be listed, please contact Jim MacQuarrie, 17 Crest Cres., Moruya Heads, NSW 2537 Ph 02 4474 2736 or email: iimfaa@sci.net.au

THE WIGGLYWOO

© John Harris, Kalang NSW

There is a certain mystery about the Wigglywoo
And I see you've raised your eyebrows, as all the sceptics do,
But the Wigglywoo are out there, they really do exist,
They're living in the city of Eternal Fog and Mist.

They can't stand to be in sunshine, they suffer if it's dry
So they've been known to stand in teardrops whenever people cry,
They will jump and splosh in puddles, and they'll swim in any creek,
But they'll only stand in sunshine, if it's very, very weak.

The Wigglywoos all work for Percy, the keeper of The Light,
Who is blind, so they must tell him if it ever gets too bright.
Every day they get up early, long before the day's begun,
To regulate the filters, between Earth, and that hot Sun.

And it's not a job that's easy, it takes an age to learn
Because you have to get it perfect, or all of us will burn,
But those filters don't just save us from getting way too warm,
They also change the colours, adding different light and form.

They've got filters that are morning pink, and filters daylight blue,
Plus filters for all sunsets, in every shade and hue,
They've got filters for MORE sunlight, to bring us much more Sun
Plus filters for a little storm, or ever DAMPER ones.

They've got filters for a deluge, and filters for a flood
Even filters that turn everything to squishy, squashy, mud,
It's these filters that they love the most, that bring them great delight,
But the one that they all dread to use, is the one that causes Night.

Who can use their artistic talents when everything is black?
When they hand The Light to Percy, so that he can take it back
And when Percy put the covers on that secret, sacred light.
It's the Wigglywoos who tell him when it ceases to be Night.

They measure out the darkness, so that everyone can sleep,
Then try to get the timing right, so the Moon can take a peep,
Each night we get more moonlight, 'til a full Moon's shining forth,
So the Wigglywoos must get it right, for it's different in the North.

It's here that I must interrupt, I really must digress,
To tell you of the night that caused the Wigglywoos distress,
In the South, it was December, and it was the longest day,
So long, they almost didn't put the Sacred Light away.

Someone mixed up the filters, turned up the wrong moonlight,
Then, when things were quite chaotic, they tried to set things right,
The timing was all horrible, the Moon and Sun aligned,
Then the Sun got stuck behind the Moon, with all it's light confined.

It was the blackest black of blackness, the deepest darkest, dark,
And because it happened suddenly, the dogs began to bark,
The roosters started cackling, the cows began to moo,
The animals were so confused, with no Sun or Moon, in view.

The alligators changed their gait, the brolgas had to dance,
Only glow worms were real happy, because at last they'd got their chance,
Oh they put on quite a light show, and the fireflies did glow,
But was it really Day or Night? well, no-one seemed to know.

All those nocturnal animals could move about quite free,
But a lot of Daylight animals were bumping into trees,
Every kind of animal seemed lost, or so confused,
While some of them were ending up all black, and blue, and bruised.

Children started crying, all adding to the din,
While the Wigglywoos could not decide, should Day, or Night, begin?
Disaster joined catastrophe, confusion reigned supreme,
The din was so almighty, Percy woke up from his dream.

Old Percy had a heart attack, and nearly cashed his chips,
When he found there'd been a mixup, and they'd brought on an eclipse,
The Wigglywoos were kicked out, for getting in a muddle,
Percy banished them for six long months, and make them live in puddles,

Some of them are still there, they didn't get back home again,
So try to keep them comfortable, and give them lots of rain,
Before your step in puddles, PLEASE TAKE CARE, I beg of you,
Because puddles are the places ... where you find the Wigglywoo.

POET PROFILES - S.A. Bush Poets by Peter Chapman

TOM PENNA. Ya-got-ta-gettoknow this bloke, Flurio's famous Bush Poet and Yarn Spinner with several published books and cassettes. Tom'll tell ya about the bush in this typical "dingo lingo" style and is regularly heard on the SA ABC Country Hour.

JEFF COOK. A one man walkin' talkin' bush poetry show, just like Burger Paints, Jeff 'just keeps on keeping on'. One of South Australia's Bush Poets, Jeff has just about done the lot with Bush Poetry from the telly to meeting Her Majesty, a firm believer in God, his country and good ol' down to earth fun, Jeff is one man not to miss.

PETER CHAPMAN. Launched SA Bush Poetry with Bob Magor and is El Presidente of the group. Pete still doesn't know what he's done, but people are just flocking across the state to join. His poetry is based on fun and bush philosophy (which means more fun). If you're interested or want to get more involved, Pete's the one who you need to tackle.

GAYNOR BOWDEN. Bush Poetry's gift to Kangaroo Island, Gaynor won her

first competition at the Victor Harbour Folk Festival in 1998 and now is booked on the ABC Country Hour throughout the year. She is a farmer's wife who's not afraid to put on her RM's and Akubra to extenuate her poetry style. On her farm, her husband, between harvest and shearing, will demonstrate the fine art of Kangaroo Karate, Wallaby Whacking and Koala Kissing. For more info, just ask Gaynor because it's her family that gives her the material which she writes about.

TERRY ANDERSON. Once Riverland's favourite cop. Now residing in Seaford, Terry is coming back with a vengeance. He's bound to arrest you with his bush verse and have you locked up for laughter. When it comes to reading you your rights, don't be surprised if it comes out rhyming. Terry is also Secretary of SA Bush Poets Inc. and just the right guy to sign you up.

MARY MEEHAN. Watch out 'Pam Ayres', we have the Aussie equivalent. Mary has written a book in verse all about nasty things to do with 'French Frogs' and is involved with the Folk Federation and SA Bush Poets. If you want wit, Mary is it!

HAVE VAN, WILL TRAVEL

Mosman is a little town just north of Port Douglas and has some nice tourist spots including the beautiful Mosman Gorge. It also has "Clancy's", a restaurant/bar, which is well worth a visit from anyone interested in any sort of poetry, singing etc. Mine host is Mark Griggs, also known as Clancy. Mark is a poet, singer, songwriter, chef, barman and probably cleaner. Each last Thursday of the month in the busy season, Clancy's put on a Poetry and Pasta night. All are welcome and a local poet, Helen Ramoutsaki, acts as MC. On the night we were there we saw three poets, several singers took the floor and even the local ladies Irish Dancers group. The highlight for June and I was a chap called Jim, who sang "Now I'm Easy" by Eric Bogle. Give Helen a call on 07 4098 8363, if you are up that way.

Back down to Townsville and another visit to the Writers in Townsville. This active group, well worth a visit, impresses us, ring Phil 07 4773 4223.

Then on to Cloncurry for the poetry competition held there over 16th-18th July. It was nice to catch up with Terry & Dulcie Regan, Laveen and Milton Taylor and Liz Ward. Also met Pat Fennell, Kelly Dixon, Ron Selby and Bill Hay for the first time and put faces to names. Liz will be submitting a report elsewhere in this issue so I will confine myself to just thinking up ways to nobble Milton and Terry next time. We are off to Camooweal, where I hope to meet Kelly Dixon again, then on to Katherine and Darwin. Hey! Calling all NT members, I've not heard from anyone yet but would really like to make some contact and share a bit of poetry fun. Our Mobile is 0414 844 831 or Email: juneted@yahoo.com **Ted & June Webber.**

NEWS FROM THE SNOWY MOUNTAINS

In addition to hosting the Australian Bush Poetry Championships in May at Yarrowonga-Mulwala, the Snowy Mountains Bush Poetry Club managed conducted or supported five other venues and the following reports of some of these come from their June quarter newsletter.

YACKANDANDAH HOTEL - 13th March, 1999

Poets, songsters and yarn spinners entertained a crowd of eighty people in the beer garden of the Yackandandah Hotel at a Poets afternoon held in conjunction with a very successful Yackandandah Festival. Our very own President, Reg Phillips, acting as MC welcomed the visitors and then went on with "Murphy's Clearing Sale" to open the afternoon's entertainment.

BEECHWORTH - 4th April, 1999

Over 40 people attended the Nicholas Hotel in Beechworth on April 4th to contest the main prize, "The Golden Horseshoe" which was produced and donated by Geoff Jackson from the Beechworth Stage Co. and no doubt will be the Beechworth Bush Poetry Prize for many years to come. It was won by John Memery of Beechworth with Johnny Johanson of Mulwala a very close second.

Others reciting were Laurie Sheridan, Corryong, Geoff Jackson, Beechworth, Darren Sutton and Colin Scott, Hamilton Vic. The publican from the Nicholas Hotel added goods to the raffle, which

was then won by Irene Jones of Albury. The night was considered to be very successful.

TUMUT BUSH POETRY DINNER - 23RD April, 1999

Neil and Jill Hulm accompanied by Reg Phillips, journeyed to Tumut for this event which was held at the Butter Factory Information Restaurant and organised by Jack Woodbridge.

Reg was the compere for the evening and kept the show rolling between courses of home made soup and damper, thick beef stew and sumptuous pavlova. Reg kicked off the evening with a yarn and a poem followed by Neil with Kiandra Diggings. Jack Bridle then recited Saltbush Bill's Flight, Piddlin' Pete and the '56 Olympics in his own inimitable way.

Mick Donohue, a local bloke, got us laughing with some of his own work, The Race Horse, The Dangers of Fishin', and The Pig. Ray Dodd, another local, recited the sad poem, The Day They Pulled The Old House Down, and Ralph Bridle did a great job of I'm The Man. We finally got Jack Woodbridge up and he recited A Man's Prayer.

Reg finished up with Mick O'Neil The Trapper and Murphy's Clearing Sale to wrap up a great night enjoyed by almost 70 people.

COMING EVENTS

Bushranger Hotel, Collector NSW. 8pm, Friday 10th September. Everyone is welcome to come along and participate for a great evening's poetry. Meals and accommodation available.

Marnuka Services Club (Canberra). 7.30pm, Saturday 11th September. Come along and enjoy or share your work with us.

Enquiries for the above to Neil Hulm 02 6025 3845.

RESULTS 1999 BUSH LANTERN AWARD

Conducted by the Bundaberg Poets' Soc. Inc.

1st - Bush Lantern Award + \$100.00 to Brian Beesley - 'Sarah's Place'

2nd - Certificate plus \$50.00 to Brian Beesley - 'Our Flagging Pride'

3rd - Certificate plus \$25.00 to Milton Taylor - 'Prejudice'

Congratulations to the Winners who are all

Members of The Australian Bush Poets Association.

BIG CITY MUSTER BOOK LAUNCH

Brian Beesley of Cherrybrook NSW, a major prize winner of the past two Big City Musters will launch his first book "The Ringer's Last Defence and Other Verse" at 7pm on Saturday 4th September at this years NSW Writers' Centre "Big City Muster" being held at the Writers Centre's home in the old Rozelle Hospital grounds on the same day.

He has also achieved recent successes with his verse in the Bush Lantern Award, John O'Brien Festival and Grenfell Henry Lawson Festival.

His book brings together about 50 poems - made up of traditional rhyming and bush verse sprinkled with sonnets, sestinas and free verse selections. This well presented hard cover book of 100 page, bound in black cloth with the title gold blocked on the front cover will sell for \$20 pp and is available from Brian who lives at 4 Keith Court, Cherrybrook NSW 2126.

"1834"

The Song of the Tolpuddle Martyrs

© Tom Stonham, Nambucca Heads NSW

*Six farm-labourers sentenced to seven years transportation
for attempting to form a trade union.*

Seven years hard labour, Guilty under law,
Sailing to Australia ... 1834.

Sailing to Australia, battered down below,
thirteen thousand miles, far as ships can go,
We love Mother England, she hates us .. and so ..
were sailing to Australia, cast out from all we know

Sailing to Australia, hell-hole New South Wales,
men and women convicts from the hulks and jails,
Pris'ners weighed, found wanting, whose had held the scales?
Nobs, landlords, judges, magistrates ... beaks, hard and sharp as nails!

Sailing to Australia, men who asked for bread,
feed our wives and children as they should be fed,
"Crafty, scheming scoundrels!" "Greedy Louts!" they said,
We asked them for the staff of life ... they gave us stones instead.

Sailing to Australia, workmen must not speak,
six poor Dorset farm-hands might infect the meek,
All we asked was justice ... just ten-bob a week ..
but Justice is for gentlemen and not for us to seek.

Sailing to Australia, Sunday morn we sing,
soldiers, sailors, convicts ... hear massed voices ring,
Praising 'Christ our Saviour' then 'God Save the King'
but the muskets, bay'nets, leg-irons and
LORD LASH RULES EV'RYTHING.

Seven years hard labour, Guilty under law,
Sailing to Australia ... 1834.

EARLY DEADLINE FOR SEPTEMBER EDITION IS 23rd AUGUST

POETS OF '99 © 1999 Neil Hulm, Lavington NSW

We were talking in the bar room
In the Collector Pub one night,
To find the top bush poets
Was the quest we had in sight.

We called upon our Snowy Club
To meet and lead the way;
We wrote a note to A.B.P.
To run the 'Champs' in May.

Then we met down at Mulwala
On the Murray's northern shore,
There were poets by the hundred
And yarn spinners by the score.

The trophies were real beauties,
Two 'wild brumbies', silver grey,
And a couple of 'Dinkum Aussies',
The would steal your breath away.

And laminated 'A3' boards
As a picture frame to show,
A title here, an author there
And a poem down below.

Scrolls and cards and coffee mugs
To remind us of great days;
And numerous first class prizes
That went many different ways.

The 'written' prizes went off first,
One went to the north of Louth,
To a little place called Eulo.
The other one stayed down south.

Then came the great performers,
The cream of our Aussie land;
Their stories told of mountains,
Of black plains and desert sand.

Of hardship in the drought years;
How the weeping willows wave;
Of the ladies in the outback;
Of a lonely silent grave.

And snow drifts in the mountains
Where starving live-stock strayed'
And wild dogs howled in protest
Where the dogger's traps were laid.

There were stories of the drovers
On the stock routes dry and wet;
A wild ride in an aeroplane,
The wildest yarn told yet.

The words and rhyme and rhythm
were really something grand,
As the poets surely guided
us throughout their stretch of land.

The 'brum' mare to Eulo went,
Where the old Paroo comes down,
The brumby horse went further north,
Up to Maryborough town.

How we listened, watched in wonder,
To the glory of it all,
As we heard the great performers
In Mulwala's 'Audi Hall'.

A LETTER FROM MURRURUNDI, NSW

Fellow A.B.P.A. members and supporters,

Unfortunately, the kids at Murrurundi Primary were unable to enter any written verse in the "Country on the Tweed" competition. We were foiled by the school holidays. A shame, because it was a good opportunity for the twelve and under kids and a beaut prize of \$1,000 for the school.

Whilst on the subject of competition, I would love to see the newsletter carry a 'Junior Poets Calendar of Events'. I know this would mean more work and I would willingly help wherever possible.

I'll explain why I think this would be a great adventure. If children's events were listed on a separate page, stating type of competition, written or performance, 12 yrs and under, Junior 12-17, prizes, trophies etc. then that page could be photocopied by you and me and distributed to the schools in our respective regions. Then they would have the years list of events (specifically for the young 'uns) pinned on a board in class.

I'm sure that it would only be a matter of time before more kids, teachers and parents realised that these events are taking place and help to bring more participants and their friends to the various festivals. It would be good to hear any ideas on this matter.

Lastly ... on 26th July, the young 'uns (4th, 5th and 6th grade from M'di Primary) will meet the oldies at Murravale, home for the aged in Murrurundi. We are going to have an afternoon of fun and poetry. Poems the kids have written for the day. I'll let you know about our afternoon and hopefully include a couple of the children's poems.

I'll try and get word out earlier when a similar event occurs, because it would be great to welcome visitors (if anyone is in the area) and you could be part of the entertaining troupe, or just attend and enjoy yourselves. My phone is 02 6546 6757 and I would also appreciate any feedback regarding Junior comps etc. or make it known via the newsletter.

Farewell for now and travel safely, **Rod Williams**

PARROT PIE

© Roderick Williams, Murrurundi NSW
1999 Winner Leonard Teale Memorial
Spoken Word Award

I'll be eating Parrot Pie,
if they insist on coming by,
When waiting till I've gone to town,
they swoop upon my orchard's crown,
Devouring ripening fruit from trees,
colouring in the summer breeze.
For Golden Delicious apples they come,
For nectarines and Satsuma plums.
They strip the Santa Rosa's bare,
and into my apricots they tear.
My Briggs peach and my Bartlett pear,
there's not a single tree they spare.

But I'll be ready next fruiting time,
I'll make a net from bales of twine.

Above my orchard it will lie -
and on the east side, stretch up to the sky.
That wall I'll make from invisible thread,
with trapchords to pull, just overhead.
So when they descend from young western hill,
I'll be sitting there quite calm and still.
As they tug at the nets for the fruit below,
I'll stand upright and yell 'HULLO!'

Away they'll dart into the east -
and then I'll trap the hungry beasts.
I'll pull the rip-cord in the sky
and trap them for my parrot pie.

Then every night I'll dine and feast,
and have the amazing treats.

Crimson Rosella with Apricot Jam,
Bronzwing with plum sauce and ham,
Stewed apple and Lorikeet gently baked,
Grilled Cockatoo strips with figs on a plate.
King Parrot sliced with nectarine jelly -
I'll stuff them all into my belly.
I'll invite my friends around to dine,
We'll have Corella Stew, almonds and
Cherry Wine!

TRADITIONS

© 1999 Saul Veriwell

Old droving days are over,
Cursing bullock-drivers .. dust ..
Cruel spurs are now illegal,
horse-shoes, harness buckles rust.

We mostly live in cities,
It's high-time to understand,
More Aussies live in cities
than have ever worked the land.

Road-trains shift sheep and cattle
caught by choppers, motor-bikes,
C.B. communications,
lap-computers and the likes.

Whip-cracking is for showman,
riding horses is a sport,
dressage, posh polo, racing -
What I'm saying is, in short ...

Take Paterson and Lawson,
(Here I tread on hallowed ground!),
Both revered as Aussie poets
but, remember, they are bound
to the time, now gone forever,
we can study, but not stay ...
We must move on, creating
our 'TRADITIONS' of today.

**** DON'T FORGET ****
EARLY DEADLINE SEPTEMBER
23RD AUGUST, 1999

OWED TO A POETASTER

Sir,
This letter of thanks ...
I'm a Major in France,
Whilst reading your book
orders came to advance.

Less than two seconds
was the time that it took,
Top-left breast-pocket,
buttoned-down, held your book.

Then, 'over-the-top',
stick and pistol in hand,
I led my brave lads
into hell ... No-Man's Land!

We'd charged fifty yards
when my whole world went black,
Fell in a shell-hole,
came-'round, flat on my back.

I'm hospitalised,
Briefly out of the war,
My three broken ribs
are so awfully sore.

Hit by a bullet,
point-blank, over the heart,
Your volume of verse
stopped it, right at the start!

I owe you my life,
soon be back in my prime ...
Nothing could get through
Your poor Meter and Rhyme !!

© Major Think

MAN FROM IRONBARK ON TOUR

As part of his extensive tour of the northern parts of the land, Geoffrey Graham will perform his very professional "Man from Ironbark" one man presentation at Nambucca Heads Bowling and Recreation Club at 6.30pm on Thursday 26th August.

Geoffrey created this show, which details the life and works of A.B. 'Banjo' Paterson for the centenary of the writing of *Waltzing Matilda*, celebrated in Winton, north Qld in April 1995 and has been performing it in many areas since then.

His show, 'Like a Platypus' is a real mixture - part play, part drama, part theatre, part comedy. It combines many facets of performing with music. Yet it is more. According to Suzanne MacKenzie of Channel 10.Q STV "The show brings Paterson the man and poet alive".

Prior to the performance, a three course dinner will be served, the cost of which is included in the admission price of \$15.00.

THANK YOU from Wally 'The Bear'

Many thanks to all who generously responded to my request for a copy of the poem made last month. In spite of poor clues given by me - two lines and an incorrect title - everyone who responded gave me a useable version of "The Banks of the Condamine". It is a folk song and has many versions and those received will be sent to Bruce Babe in New Zealand. For me this has been a rewarding exercise in the spirit of good will and co-operation that makes the ABPA so *great*.

POETS AND MATES

September Poets & Mates is shaping up to be a beauty. Well, one third of our guests fit that description, i.e. the lovely Chris Webster. You couldn't call the two Mervs beautiful - not with the wildest imagination, but you could call them all very talented bush poets and polished performers and be 100% right.

The talented, dynamic Websters are coming; family patriarch Merv Webster Snr., the brilliant anchorman Merv Webster Jr., and the pretty one adding glamour to the group, Chris Webster. Each one a multi award winning poet/performer in his/her own right. You'll hate yourself for missing this one. See you there at 7.30pm Friday 10th September at the Kallangur Community Centre, 1480 Anzac Avenue, Kallangur. More details on P 14. **Wally Finch.**

THE GRAVY LADLE

© Frank Daniel, Canowindra NSW

'Some mothers do have 'em' we've heard it said.
But all good mothers forever dread
The thought of their good sons living in sin
and the pain and the horror held within.

Now Jamie's poor mother, widowed and all,
Was continually worrying Jamie would fall
To the whims of the first girl he'd lay eyes upon,
And would lose him forever, alas and anon.

When Jamie left home as young men mostly do
He rented some rooms to accommodate two.
He took in a young partner to share the expenses
A lovely brunette: so the story condenses.

Were they sleeping together mum wanted to know,
Town gossip upset her and stories did grow.
The widow had doubts and was much aggravated
Hoping the young couple slept well separated.

Of course young Jamie dispelled her concern,
Invited her round where the truth she could learn.
The brunette cooked dinner, served soup in a ladle,
The old girl felt comfy, like a babe in a cradle.

The lass showed finesse, expelled lots of grace,
With naught to be faulted, not a thing out of place.
And the son assured mother they lived not as one
But the mother suspected a lie from her son.

Two weeks passed on by then the son rang his mum,
'The ladle was missing since the day that she come'.

The widow was shocked but she so smugly said,
'The wench would have found it, had she slept in her bed!'

CASINO BEEF WEEK

Casino was another great promotion for Australian Bush Verse, with four days of packed attendances at the Cecil Hotel, and with Murray Hartin, Col Hadwell, Bobby Miller, Glenly Palmer and yours truly in full flight, we all had a great time.

The Bush Poets at the Cecil Hotel has now become one of the main attractions at Casino Beef Week, which is very gratifying for me as we only started there five years ago.

I must mention also how pleasing it was to see so many other bush poets turn up to make the four days so successful.

The competition held on Sunday morning 30th May, also proved very entertaining, with Stewart Nivison from Brisbane winning the major prize and Ed and Margaret Parmenter as runners up. Overall, Bush Poetry was the winner.

So now it's on the road again until next year and as Jack Moses said

"I've cracked my jokes and has my fun
and I've don my share of toiling,
and I only hope my mates that follow on
will keep the billy boiling."

'The Mullumbimby Bloke'

Ray Essery

THE CITY'S NOT FOR ME

© Geoff Fortune, Mt. Newman W.A.

I 'aven't walked a city street,
For nigh on sixty years;
I hate the place, without the space,
And all the city's fears.
There's rushin' 'ere, rushin' there,
And in each face, the lack of grace,
And not a look of pleasure.

Each person there must live for self,
And life moves ever quicker,
And so in me, much pity be,
For the city slicker.

The pressure there too much to bear,
For me a country bumpkin,
I'd rather be beneath a tree,
With billy tea and somethin'.

At least the company of me dog,
Gives more than all those people,
And in the bush there's none to push,
And in the sky, no steeples.

There ain't no 'orses or no carts,
No trains or Penny Farthings,
And though the tucker isn't rich,
In the bush, there'll be no starvin'.

So I'll never be, and none will see,
Me walkin' in the city,
Not even if I get too crook,
And that will be the pity.
I'd rather die just where I lie,
Out in them open spaces,
With stars o'er head, the bush around
Without them city faces.

SALAMI JOE © Noel Cutler, Wangaratta Vic. from his book "Whipcrackers Eat Humble Pie Too"

It came again, that time of year when frosts prevail at night.
When pigs that live 'round Myrtleford might suddenly take fright.
For barrows and the pregnant sows, (at least those in the know)
Will end up as salami meat if caught by farmer Joe.

So Joe and all the family were up before the sun.
And drank a pint of grappa each to start a day of fun.
The pig was slain and cleaned of hair, and trotters cast aside.
The head and tail were taken off, the gut was now outside.

The best of meat was cut away, more grappa was consumed.
While Mamma turned the mincer on before the work resumed.
Now comes the part where Joe excels, he has the expertise
To add the right amount of salt and tasty bits to please.

"And now the secret to success," Joe told his oldest son.
"As taught to me by your grandpa - the way he's always done.
The right amount of salt is used, then drink a glass of gin,
Then stir and mix in peppercorns and let your sweat drip in.

Red capsicum in form of sauce will give the colour red;
And half a dozen garlic cloves give odour, so it's said.
The mincer now will do the job, if Mamma's cleaned the bungs.
We'll sown another grappa boy, to moisten up our tongues."

Salami mince now packed in gut is pricked to let out air.
And hung in special baskets made with string and lots of care.
These prized and individual 'snags' with recipes unique,
Will now be hung out in the shed for three months and a week.

Though Joe who came from Italy, is now an Aussie bloke,
He still prefers salami cured without the aid of smoke.
With prizes won at Melbourne Show, his methods must be right.
So you'd best hope Salami Joe, ain't entered here tonight.

AN INVITATION TO SUBMIT

"Funny Poems" Volume 1 will be a collection of poems gathered from poets throughout the land. Whether you're a seasoned poet or a newcomer who's written just one, I'd love to receive your work for consideration.

The style is not as important as the 'laugh factor'. Poems that induce anything from a smirk, to a giggle to a belly laugh to a roll around the floor are all welcome!!

If you want to be a part of this project, please forward your poems (no limit) to me, Arcadia Flynn at PO Box 1577, Sunnybank Hills Q 4109. Phone 07 3272 8567, Fax 07 3272 8601 or email: flynnda@ozemail.com.au

The deadline is 30th September, but as the name suggests, there'll be further volumes if you miss out on this one. I'll be in contact in October to keep you up to date with progress.

With much support from Jacqueline Bridle, Funny Poems Vol. 1 will be launched at Woodford Folk Festival at the end of December this year.

In case you were wondering, the copyright of your work remains yours and there will be the opportunity to purchase books wholesale for gifts or to sell to your friends at gigs.

I look forward to your participation and welcome any questions or ideas.

Yours in laughter,

Arcadia Flynn

RESULTS - CAMOOWEAL DROVERS REUNION

9th, 10th, 11th July, 1999 from *Kelly Dixon*

Bronze Spur Award for written verse. 1st - Ellis Campbell for 'Wanda Jill', 2nd - Veronica Weal for "Where Eagle's Shadow Falls", 3rd - Jim O'Conner for "The Mulligan Stag".

Original Performance: 1st - Milton Taylor, 2nd - Veronica Weal, 3rd - Bob Magor.

Traditional Performance: 1st - Ian Tarlington, 2nd - Veronica Weal, 3rd - Milton Taylor, Very Highly Commended - Terry Regan.

Humorous Performance: 1st - Bill Hay, 2nd - Bob Magor, 3rd - Milton Taylor.

Talent Search Winner: Karl Lloyd of Mt. Isa.

SARAH'S PLACE © 1999 Brian Beesley, Cherrybrook NSW
Winner - 1999 Bronze Lantern Award

Ted removed his weathered hat and held it gently to his chest -
 a sombre feeling maimed his kindly face.
 Searching for some fonder mem'ries down the pathways of his mind,
 he travelled to the heart of 'Sarah's Place.'

He squinted over yonder where the paddocks met the slopes
 of the heavy wooded ranges to the East;
 Where he ran with brother Billy and his cousin Jimmy too -
 with sixteen years between them all at least.

Ted mimicked 'Johnnie Gilbert,' with a 'pistol' in his belt
 and a hat three sizes large upon his head;
 Cousin Jimmy and his brother were the 'troopers' chasing hard,
 wherever sound or covered footprint led.

But children grow up quickly where the big beef cattle run
 out along the winding Lachlan River's side,
 And they learn the curse of nature with her fickle minded ways,
 as swiftly as they learn the art to ride.

Then he saw the sweeping pasture where the cattle used to run,
 when striding fetlocks flicked the damp green grass;
 But the red dust blurs his picture and the cattle roam no more,
 through paddocks where a greener tinge is sparse.

Then a teardrop crowded briefly in the corner of his eye
 when he spied the blackened homestead to his right;
 It was then his mem'ry chorused to the beating of the heart
 and wondrous recollections of - that night.

He attended, more against his better judgment, he recalled,
 The local dance in town on New Year's Eve;
 How his lonely heart had quickened when their searching glances met
 and tingled when she brushed against his sleeve.

The danced away the evening and rejoiced to Auld Lang Syne,
 then he leaned and whispered sweetly in her ear,
 And invited her to come and see his station some day soon -
 they married in the spring that very year.

Sarah turned the run-down cottage to a peaceful country home,
 with touches of her earthly charm and grace,
 And the folk around the districts, north and south and further west,
 referred to Ted's old run as, 'Sarah's Place.'

For there never was a drover or a swaggie passing through,
 at evening when the western sun was low,
 Denied a meal or shelter when a long day's shift was done
 or a yarn around the burning fire's glow.

Sarah often entertained them with amusing anecdotes
 and her laughing eyes indulged them more and more.
 Ted relaxed in blissful pleasure quite aloof to her discourse,
 contented like he'd never been before.

He enjoyed the times when Harry and his droving mate called in
 and reminisced to old Australian ways;
 They had carried swags together when the droving game was tough
 and camped at Grenfell through the 'Roaring Days.'

Then a flurry from a scorching wind that blustered from the west,
 roused him from his dreamy interlude,
 And he asked why fate had dealt him the darkest card of all,
 then retired to a melancholy mood.

He remembered how he noticed in his daughter's soft brown eyes,
 the afterglow of Sarah's loving face,
 But the station bears no witness to the wealth of cheerful days
 and he curses what he now calls, 'God's disgrace.'

He was on the Queensland border moving cattle further south
 when he heard the wrenching news about his run;
 And he rode all day and evening over creeks and sweeping ground
 till he saw the drifting smoke against the sun.

The local population, he was led to understand,
 had fought the hungry flames like souls possessed;
 But when the fire had feasted on the shingled roof and walls,
 the ruins testified to their distress.

From the blackened shambled remnants that they once called 'Sarah's Place'
 they retrieved the charred remains of wife and child.
 In a hastened solemn service they committed them to rest
 where the epitaphs of country life are filed ...

A teardrop trickled slowly from the corner of Ted's eye
 and tracked a pathway down his dusty face;
 The he reined his horse and walked him where the lonely crosses stood,
 above the rocky graves, on 'Sarah's Place.'

BRISBANE VALLEY BUSH POETS FEST.

Well, after a lot of hard work, mentally and physically, mainly on the very capable shoulders of my mate Roy Briggs, the curtain came down on a very pleasing note.

Despite the wet and cold weather, all went well in the main for our festival, held 23rd-25th July. The only disappointments, as we have found at almost all other venues we have attended, was the lack of local attendance and support.

Esk Primary School students participated in the Junior Section, with one lass from the Linville Primary, who had worked very hard to compose and perform her own work, and performed well, the fine effort her Mum made to get her there through the wet conditions.

All Juniors deserved credit for just being there and doing their bit. Our thanks to them and their parents all.

Though the public attendance was not there in quantity, the poets were of sound quality. Thanks to them for that too.

The Poets Brekkies were enjoyable and entertaining, in spite of the weather Saturday.

The quality of poetry and performance shone through the gloom of the weather, making it a fair task for myself as a first-time judge, but apparently I pulled through.

It was a pleasure to be judged by the head judge Roy Briggs and Bill Glasson, joined by Ron Selby, and a privilege to receive their approval.

Roy handed over part of his judging to Ron Selby to allow me to sit in as one of the three judges in the finals, for which I thank him. I was

proud to receive my diploma, signed by Bill Glasson, Ron Selby and Roy Briggs at the presentations.

Our sincere thanks to Peter and Rosemary Baguley for their excellent scoring job. Also to Rob, Elaine and Stuart Nivison for coming to our rescue at the tea and coffee bar, and again Stuart for a good job done on writing up the events board, and also to Boulia Bates, as M.C. Thanks to all who kept the ball rolling. Our competition results are listed below.

We are going to toddle off for a few days rest in the bush. Where else !! Our sincere thanks to all, from the heart.

from Liz Banting, Co-ordinator.

COMPETITION RESULTS

Junior: 1st Stuart Nivison, 2nd Veronika Linins, 3rd Terri Steel.

Female Novice: 1st Mary Finch.

Male Novice: 1st Dave Edwards, 2nd Ken Boyne.

Male Original: 1st Wally Finch, 2nd Noel Stallard, 3rd Dave Edwards

Female Original: 1st Maxine Ireland.

Male Trad: 1st Noel Stallard, 2nd Wally Finch, 3rd Bill McClure

Fem. Trad: 1st Carol Stratford, 2nd Mary Finch, 3rd Maxine Ireland.

Male Humor's: 1st Wally Finch, 2nd Noel Stallard, 3rd Bill McClure.

Fem. Humor's: 1st Anita Hendry, 2nd Carol Stratford, 3rd Maxine Ireland.

Yarn Spinner: 1st Wally Finch, 2nd Bill McClure.

Cut Out: 1st Bill Glasson, 2nd Ron Selby, 3rd Anita Hendry.

Overall Points Winner & Winner of Bush Deer Annual Award
WALLY FINCH



NEWSLETTER COPY IS DUE BY 1ST DAY EA MONTH

POET'S CALENDAR OF EVENTS AND COMPETITIONS

Aug 21-22	Camp Oven Bush Poetry Festival. North Pine Country Park. Written & Perf. Comp 07 3886 1552 P 14
Aug 24-29	Gympie Muster. Gympie Q. Perf. Comp., Poets Brekkies, Naked Poets Show. Ticket Enq 07 5482 2099 P14
Aug 26	Man from Ironbark Show. Nambucca Heads (NSW) Bowling & Rec. Club. Dinner show \$15. Enq. 02 6568 5269 P9 & 14
Sept 4	Big City Muster. NSW Writers' Centre. Rozelle Hospital Grounds. Poets Brekkie, Comps & Brawl Details P14
Sept 4-5	Milmeran Bush Poets Round-Up. Qld. Concert, BP Perf Comp, Brawl, Y'sning, Ph "The Legend" 07 4695 4209 P1 & 14
Sept 5	Palma Rosa Poets. Evening of Bush Poetry and BBQ Supper. \$18.00 ea incl supper. Bookings required P 12 & 14
Sept 8	Bush & Brisbane Poets. 7.30pm Club Sangria, Mt. Gravatt Q - feat Graham Fredriksen & Anita Reed P14
Sept 9	Budburst Festival. 7.30pm Cessnock (NSW) Leagues Club. Performance Poetry & Tall Yarn Comp. ph Bob 02 4953 2751 or Mob 018 668 795 P5 & 14
Sept 10	Poets & Mates. 7.30pm Kallangur Comm. Centre, Kallangur Q. The Websters. Ph Wally Finch 07 3886 0747 P 8 & 14
Sept 10	Bushranger Hotel. Collector NSW. Open Mike Session from 8pm. Ring Neil Hulm 02 6025 7245 P 8 & 14
Sept 10-11	Bards of the Outback. Hungerford, Qld. Perf. C & Yarns Accom & Transport Ph Bob McPhee ah 07 5466 5269 P14
Sept 11	Talwood Community Centre. Performance Poetry Trisha Anderson & Mark Tempany P 14
Sept 11	Marnuka Services Club ACT Open Mike Session from 7.30 pm. Ring Neil Hulm 02 6025 7245 P 8 & 14
Sept 11-12	Gold Diggers Derby. Gulgong NSW Bush Poets Breakfast and Performance Comp 9am Sunday 12th. P1 & 14
Sept 12	Poets Breakfast. in conj. with CM Fest. Kempsey NSW at Netherby House featuring Ray Essery and Russell Churcher. Walk up poets welcome. Ring Maureen Garner 02 6568 5269 P 14
Sept 17-18	Wollombi Folk Festival. Breakfasts, storytelling and more. Ring Ron Brown for details 02 4951 6186
Sept 18	Hunter Valley (NSW) Botanical Gardens Spring Fair. From 9am. Perf. Poetry by "The Minmi Magster". ph Bob 02 4953 2751 or Mob 018 668 795 P 14
Sept 18	Scarecrow Festival. Grosevale NSW. 12.30 pm Perf. Poetry, Concert, Bush Dance, BBCue Gary Regan 02 4572 1863 P14
Sept 25-26	Trundle Bush Tucker Day Trundle NSW. Breaky & Performance Comp. \$1000 in prize money Details P 1 & 14
Sept 29	Palma Rosa Poets. 7 for 7.30pm feat. Noel Cutler & Bill Hay. \$15.00 per head incl supper. Bookings required. P 12 & 15
Sept 30	Closing date. Nambucca Dist Comb. Services Museum Written Essay & Poetry Comp. P 15
Oct 1	Entries Close. Calliope (Q) CM Fest. Poets Breakfast and Performance Competition. Details P15
Oct 1-3	"Big Doo" at Brymaroo, Q. Performance Comp. Entry forms from Gwen Bowtell Ph. 07 4692 1347 P15
Oct 1-4	Wagga Wagga Folk Society Festival. Uranquinty NSW. Poetry, Music, Sessions, Concerts Ring Tracey 02 6920 2533 P15
Oct 16-17	Mapleton Yarn Festival. Mapleton Q. Perf. Comp, Yarnspinning etc. Enq. Jacqueline Bridle 07 5478 6263 P3 & 15
Oct 17	Calliope (Q) CM Fest. Poets Breakfast and Performance Competition. Details P 15
Oct 23	Bush Poetry Perf. & Concert. Urunga NSW / Time and admission cost TBA Details P 15
Nov 1	Closing date. Brunswick Heads Written Competition. Details P 15
Nov 3	Palma Rosa Poets. 7 for 7.30pm Graham Fredriksen Book Launch & Michael Darby \$15.00 per head incl supper. Bookings required. P 12 & 15
Nov 5-7	Majors Creek Folk Festival. Braidwood NSW. Breakfasts, Performance Poetry. Ph Peter Gillespie 02 4842 2443 P15
Nov 7	Land of the Beardies Fest. Glen Innes NSW. Poets Breakfast & Performance Comp. P 15
Nov 27	Aust. Heritage Music Fest. Annandale NSW Expression of interest sought. Richard Mills P/F 02 9568 5596 P3 & 15
Jan '00 6th	Bush Poetry Perf. & Written Comp. Brunswick Heads Fest of the Fish & Chips & Woodchop Festival. Contact Judiann Schults, Ph/fax 02 6685 1599 Email: woodchop@nor.com.au OR journo@linknet.com.au. Details P 15
Feb '00 12-13	High Country Poets. Stanthorpe Q. Performance Competition Ph Jack Drake 07 4683 7169 Fax 07 4683 7069
Mar '00 6-8	Redgum Festival. Swan Hill, Vic. Bush Poetry Performances. Arts Swan Hill, Box 488, Swan Hill Vic. 3585.

PALMA ROSA POETS

from *Trisha Anderson*

Once again we had a marvellous evening of poetry and song on Wednesday 30th June. One of our stars, Marion Fitzgerald had to pull out at the last minute which was a great disappointment, but with their usual flair, Ray Essery and Mark Tempany 'soldiered on'! As a surprise guest, we invited young Stuart Nivison up on stage to do a couple of poems- he did a great job and it is exciting to see these young performers doing such good work.

The 'Mullumbimby Bloke', Ray Essery as usual kept everyone entertained with his wonderful, laconic wit - it's always a pleasure to have him at Palma Rosa.

Mark Tempany, (our very favourite singer songwriter,) with only two days to go before his departure for the USA and Europe was kind enough to come and entertain us with his beautiful voice and haunting lyrics.

Our next show will be at 6pm on Sunday 5th September when there will be a BBQ and bush poetry evening as a finale to the World Conference of the English Speaking Union. There will also be an address by Justice Ian Callinan and a heritage address by David Gibson, Curator of another heritage listed home in our area, Newstead House.

It should be an exciting evening of Australiana. Cost is \$18 and BYO. Bookings please to ESU 07 3262 3769 or Trisha 3268 3624.

On Wednesday 29th September we are proud to announce the dual Australian Champion Whipcracker and 'Poet Extrordinaire' Noel Cutler from Victoria will be here to entertain us. Backing Noel will be our own patriarch of Bush Poetry - Bill Hay. Bill, who has won countless prizes over the years for poetry, yarnspinning and harmonica playing will certainly be an entertaining performer. Cost, including supper is \$15, BYO, and bookings can be made to the above numbers.

SUCCESSFUL BOOK LAUNCH

Over 150 bush poetry enthusiasts crowded into the Red Steer Hotel at Thangool, Q., on Saturday night July 10 to support the launch of Trevor Shaw's first book, *A Valid Excuse - Bush Poems and Other Verses*. The title poem won the inaugural Charlee Marshall Golden Cockatoo Award in 1997. Needless to say, Trevor was quite overwhelmed with the response, considering the event was only advertised three days before.

Mine Hosts, Butch and Kaylene, provided a special book launch meal, while Trevor threw a few free drinks.

A concert highlighting the excellence of local talent was well received and included items from local school students, while Trevor belted out a few poems from his book. The evening was capably compered prominent local person, Mr. Kerry Munster. See details of his book P15.

REGULAR MONTHLY EVENTS

- - - - If you happen to be passing through these areas, tell 'em Joe sent ya!

- 1st. Monday** Don Amici's Restaurant & Coffee Shop. Margaret St., Toowoomba Q. Ron Selby 07 4630 1106
- 1st Tuesday** Kyabram & Dist. Bush Verse Gr. Every 2nd mth., Kyabram Fauna Park at 7.30 pm Ph. Mick Coventry 03 5853 2265
- 1st Thursday** Tuggerah Lakes Poetry Group. (except January) 7pm The Entrance Leagues Club. 3 Bay Village Road, Bateau Bay. Contact Joan Johnson - 02 4332 5318 and Judy stantonn 02 4388 5972
- 1st Saturday** North By North West Poetry & Folk Club. 7.30 pm Uniting Church Hall, North Ryde. Ph Graeme Johnson - 02 9874 7653
- 1st Sunday** Red Kettle Folk Club. Mapleton Hotel, Mapleton, Q. 8.30-11pm. Poetry and Music. Enq. Jacqueline Bridle 07 5478 6263
- 2nd. Monday** Poets & Musicians at Eumundi Markets (Q) in courtyard outside Rob's Bakery. Ph. Elizabeth 07 5449 1991
- 2nd Tuesday** North Pine Bush Poets Breakfasts. North Pine Country Park, 9 am at Dad & Daves Billy Tea and Damper
- 2nd Wednesday** Ph. 07 3285 2845 or 07 3886 1552
- 2nd Thursday** Poets in the Making, 12-4pm Performance Workshop, Casula Powerhouse, 1 Casula Rd, Casula Ph David Price 02 9825 0402 or Mob 018 971 2264
- 2nd Friday** Parakeet's Poets, Katoomba. Parakeet Cafe at 7pm, Katoomba St, Katoomba, NSW Everyone welcome. Phone Denis Kevans 02 4757 3119
- 2nd Saturday** Hunter Bush Poets - 7pm - Tarro Hotel, Anderson Dr., Tarro NSW. Bob Skelton 02 4953 2751
- 2nd Sunday** Bush and Brisbane Poets. 7.30 pm Club Sangria, Mt. Gravatt Q. Phone Anita Reed 07 3343 7392
- 3rd Wednesday** Tamworth Poetry Reading Grp. 8pm 4 Illoura St. Sth T'worth 02 6766 4164 or 026765 6067
- 3rd Thursday** Golden Pen Poets. Old Gympie Town Hall, Gympie, Q. 7 pm Ph Phil Morrison 07 5486 1171
- 3rd Friday** The Monaro Leisure Club. 7 pm, Vale St. Cooma. Bush Poetry and Country Music. Mrs. Elaine Schofield "Green Hills" Jerangle, 2630 Ph 02 6454 3128
- 3rd Saturday** Poets & Mates 7.30 pm Kallangur Com. Centre, 1480 Anzac Ave, Kallangur Q Ph Wally Finch 07 3886 0747
- 3rd Sunday** Poets in the Club, Urunga Golf Club. 1.00 - 4pm Ph 02 6568 5269 or 02 6655 6835 ah.
- 4th Tuesday** Bundaberg Poets Society Inc.
- 4th Wednesday** 'Interludes' Ashfield Civic Centre, Ashfield - Joye Dempsey 02 9797 7575
- 4th Thursday** Sth Aust. Bush Poets. 7.30 pm Alma Pub Long Room, Willunga SA, Ph/Fax 08 8370 2460
- 2nd Last Mon.** Wollondilly Regional FAW Writers in the Pub 7.30pm George Hotel, Old Pacific Hwy, Picton. Liz Vincent 02 4677 2044, Vince Morrison 02 4684 1704 or Jenny Pilotos 02 4631 1419
- Last Tuesday** June Bush Poetry Group. 7.30pm, June Community Centre, Brian Beasley, PO Box 82, June, 2663 Ph. 02 6924 1317
- Last Wednesday** North Pine Bush Poets Breakfasts. North Pine Country Park, 9 am at Dad & Daves Billy Tea and Damper
- Last Thursday** Ph. 07 3285 2845 or 07 3886 1552
- Last Friday** Poets in the Pub with Grafton Live Poet's Society. Roches Hotel 7.30pm Ph 02 6642 2772
- EVERY WED.** Inverell Wednesday Writers. 7.30pm, Empire Hotel. Ph Ida Morse 02 6722 2425
- EVERY 2ND FRI.** Golden Pen Poets. Old Gympie Town Hall, Gympie, Q. 7 pm Ph Phil Morrison 07 5486 1171
- EVERY 3 MTHS -** Queanbeyan Bush Poets. Poets Lane, Queanbeyan. Phone David Meyers 02 6286 1891
- EVERY 2 MTHS** Live Poets Society of Great Lakes/Manning Valley. Meet at 7.30pm in private home - Ring Jackie 02 6555 3720 or Reid 02 6554 9788 for details of venue each month. See poets calendar
- EVERY 2 MTHS** Spaghetti Poetry Group. Gee Kwong Restaurant, 197 Mann St., Gosford. Dinner at 6.30, Poetry at 7.30 Ph. Bob & Ester Sennett 02 4325 2590
- EVERY 2 MTHS** Millmerran Bush Poetry Group Q. 7pm. Millmerran Bakery. Ring "The Legend" Kev Barnes 07 4695 4209.
- EVERY 2 MTHS** Writers on the River, 7pm Caddies Coffee Shop, 2-3 Castlereagh St, Penrith, NSW. Everyone welcome, come and recite, read or just listen to the poets. Ph. Brian Bell, 02 4739 2219
- EVERY 2 MTHS** Kangaroo Valley Folk Club. Bush Poets welcome. Phone Carl Leddy re venue 02 4465 1621
- EVERY 2 MTHS** Aust Christian Writers Fellowship, Hunter Div. Morisset Baptist Church Hall 1.30 - 4pm. Contact J. Bray - 11 Rhodes Pde, Windermere Pk. NSW 2264
- EVERY 2 MTHS** Writers in Townsville. 7.30 pm, Hodel Room, City Library, Thuringowa Dr., Thuringowa Q 4817. Phil Heang 07 4773 4223
- EVERY 2 MTHS** Pheasants Hut Folk Club. Bundeena NSW. for poets, singers & musicians. Ph Yuri 02 9527 0955 or Mob 041 941 2093
- EVERY 2 MTHS** Poetic Folk 24 Finisterre Ave, Whalan 2770. Ring "Arch" Bishop (02) 9625 7245 Check Poets Calendar for next meeting.
- EVERY 2 MTHS** Cornucopia Cafe. Poets & Folkies Get Together. Old Gladesville Hosp Grounds, Punt Rd. Enq Jenny - 02 9887 1856 or 0412 222 690, or Graeme 02 9874 7653. Check Poets Calendar for dates.

NOSTALGIA FOR THE OUTBACK DUNNY

© Leo Keane, Hughesdale Vic.

Since man first walked upon the earth

So history has traced
It's always been a problem
To dispose of human waste.

Some did it in the grasses
Some went behind a tree
Some did it in the open
With complete impunity.

And as the world grew larger
With an increase in the species
There was a risk the earth could be
Some ankle-deep in faeces.

Then some deep-thinking human
With ideas sane and sound
"For the safety of the world", said he
"Let's put it underground."

And so here in Australia
A brand new country this
We came up with a notion
That couldn't really miss.

In the States they called them privies
We'd never copy that
The Brits called them an outhouse
A word that's quite old hat.

So we had to find a title
"Convenience" we found funny
As were bog and toot and toilet
So we just called ours a dunny.

The dunnies of our outback
Are part of our tradition
Built of strange materials
And some in strange condition.

The dunny of my childhood

Was set upon a farm
It leaned a little sideways
But it had a lot of charm.

It had the famous saw-tooth door
You know that's what it takes
to keep the inside private
And to keep out sun and snakes.

It swayed in willy-willies
And once it blew away
We found the thing in tatters
But re-built it right away.

It had a seat of rough old wood
That went from wall to wall
Newspaper hung upon a nail
I think I read them all.

I got some education
From papers that I read
It was far more comfy sitting there
Than in the old chook shed.

When dad was in the doghouse
And didn't give mum money
He'd take his pipe and paper
And take refuge in the dunny.

Ah, times have changed, the
dunny's gone
I don't know how you feel
But it isn't quite the same with
Porcelain and stainless steel

With toilet paper, dual flush
I spose it had to come.
It's clinical, and don't relax
When sitting on your bum.

Oh what I'd give to go once more
I'd pay out real good money
to sit in a good 'un, dear old
wooden

Genuine Aussie dunny.

WHAT'S ON AROUND THE TRAPS

NORTH PINE BUSH POETS CAMP OVEN FEST.

Sat 21st & Sun. 22nd August, 1999

WRITTEN COMPETITION Closes 31st July, 1999

1st Prize - \$150 plus trophy

Junior (17 and under) Encouragement Award + \$50

PERFORMANCE COMPETITION - Junior, Novice, Original,

Serious, 10 minute Humorous, Duo and Yarns

For Entry Forms write to Carol Stratford

PO Box 6105, Woodridge East, Qld 4114

"MAN FROM IRONBARK" Performance

by Geoffrey Graham - Thursday, 26th August at 6.30 pm

Nambucca Heads Bowling and Recreation Club,

Nelson St., Nambucca Heads.

Admission \$15 includes 3 course dinner. Enq 02 6568 5269

GYMPIE MUSTER 1999

Tuesday 24th - Sunday 29th August.

PERFORMANCE COMPETITION 27th & 28th

Traditional & Original Sections - Ent. Box 999, Warwick Q 4370

or on the day - Good Cash Prizes

POETS BREAKFASTS EVERY DAY - POETS BRAWL Fri. 27th

NAKED POETS ALBUM LAUNCH and PERFORMANCE

Ticket Enquiries Phone 07 5482 2099

3rd Annual "BIG CITY MUSTER" 4th September, '99

NSW Writer's Centre - Rozelle (NSW) Hospital Grounds

Guest Presenters: Geoffrey Graham, Milton Taylor, Adrian

Bryden and Joye Dempsey.

10am - 1pm BUSH POETS BREKKIE

Original and Traditional Spoken Word Performance Comps.

1pm - Lunch (\$7.00) & Poets Brawl at Balmain Leagues Club

7pm - Book Launch by Brian Beesley at Writers' Centre

Enquiries to Joye Dempsey - Ph 02 9797 7575

MILLMERRAN BUSH POETRY ROUND-UP (Qld)

Saturday 4th & Sunday 5th September 1999

Concert featuring Bob Miller, Gary Fogarty, Shirley Friend, Noel Stallard - Tickets \$10.00

PERFORMANCE COMPETITION: Junior, Novice and Open

Sections, Poets Brawl and Yarnspinning

Proceeds to Aid Qld Cancer Fund

Enquiries and Entry Forms form "The Legend", Kev Barnes.

PO Box 64 Millmerran Q 4357 or Ph 07 4695 4209

PALMA ROSA POETS

9 Queens Road, Hamilton. Q. 4007

6 pm, Sunday, 5th September, 1999

AN EVENING OF BUSH POETRY AND BBQ SUPPER

\$18.00 per head - including supper - BYO

Ring ESU 07 3262 3769 or Trisha 07 3268 3624

BUSH AND BRISBANE POETS

Mt. Gravatt Q. 1407 Logan Rd. Opp. Photo Continental

7.30pm, Wednesday 8th September, 1999

featuring Graham Fredriksen and Anita Reed

Entry \$6.50 incl. glass of wine and something to eat

Phone Anita Reed - 07 3343 7392

383 Nursery Road, Holland Park, Q 4121

BUDBURST FESTIVAL - Cessnock NSW

7.30pm Thursday 9th September, 1999

Presented at an by Cessnock Dist. Rugby League Supporters Club

ANNUAL BUSH POETRY & TALL TALES CONCERT

and PERFORMANCE COMPETITION

Free entry - Enter on the Day

Contact Bob Skelton, Old School Hill, Minmi NSW 2287

Ph 02 4953 2751 or Mob 018 668 795

POETS AND MATES

Kallangur Community Centre, 1480 Anzac Ave., Kallangur Q.

7.30pm Friday, 10th September, 1999

feat. "The Websters", Chris, Merv and Merv Senior

\$10 including supper. Please book for catering

Phone Wally Finch - 07 3886 0747

SNOWY MOUNTAINS BUSH POETRY CLUB

Present open mike sessions at

Bushranger Hotel, Collector NSW. 8pm, Fri. 10th Sept.

Marnuka Services Club (Canberra). 7.30pm, Sat 11th Sept.

Come along and enjoy or share your work with us.

Enquiries for the above to Neil Hulm 02 6025 3845.

3rd BARDS OF THE OUTBACK

Fri. 10th - Sat. 11th September, 1999 Royal Mail Hotel - Hungerford, Q.

Yarnspinning & Performance Poetry Comp. - Accomodation and

Transport available. Phone Bob McPhee - Ah 07 5466 5269

PERFORMANCE POETRY - Talwood Community Centre

Just 1 hour west of Goondiwindi on St. George Road

Saturday 11th September, 1999 - Time & Cost TBA

featuring Trisha Anderson & Mark Tempany

Ring Trisha 07 3268 3624

THE GOLD-DIGGERS DERBY

Performance Bush Poetry Competition

In conjunction with GULGONG COUNTRY MUSIC FEST.

Sat. 11th & Sun. 12 September, 1999

\$700 PRIZEMONEY - Bush Poetry Performance Comp.

9am, Sunday 12th September, 1999 - Gulgong RSL (NSW)

Send your name, address and phone number to

Frank Daniel, Short Street Prod., PO Box 16 CANOWINDRA NSW 2804

Phone 02 6344 1477 Fax 02 6344 1962

www.bushpoet@lisp.com.au OR URL: http://www.lisp.com.au/~bushpoet/

BUSH POETS BREAKFAST - KEMPSEY NSW

in conjunction with Kempsey Country Music Festival

9 am - 11.30 am, Sunday, 12th September, 1999

at Historic Netherby House on the banks of the Macleay River

FEATURING RAY ESSERY AND RUSSELL CHURCHER

ADMISSION PRICE TO BE ADVISED - INCLUDES BREAKFAST

WOLLOMBI FOLK FESTIVAL (NSW)

Fri. 17th - Sun. 19th September, 1999

Poets Breakfasts - Champions of Verse - Storytellers Supper

Entry information & Enq. Ron Brown 02 4951 6186

PERFORMANCE POETRY

at Hunter Valley Botanical Gardens Spring Fair

9am, Saturday 18th September, 1999

feature Poet Bob Skelton aka 'The Minmi Magster'

Enq. to Bob Ph 02 4953 2751 or Mob 018 668 795

SCARECROW FESTIVAL - Grose Vale NSW

Saturday, 18th September, 1999 from 12.30pm

BBCue, Concert, Poetry, Bush Dance

Guest Compere - Warren 'Arch' Bishop.

Enquiries Gary Regan 02 4572 1863

TRUNDLE (NSW) BUSH TUCKER DAY

Saturday 25th & Sunday 26th September, 1999

TRUNDLE BUSH POETRY STAKES - \$1,000 Prizemoney

Open Performance Bush Poetry Competition

Heats 11 am, Sat. 25th, Finals Sun. 26th 9am

Send your name, address and phone number to

Frank Daniel, Short Street Prod., PO Box 16 CANOWINDRA NSW 2804

Phone 02 6344 1477 Fax 02 6344 1962

www.bushpoet@lisp.com.au OR URL: http://www.lisp.com.au/~bushpoet/

WHAT'S ON AROUND THE TRAPS

PALMA ROSA POETS

9 Queens Road, Hamilton. Q. 4007

7pm for 7.30pm, Wednesday, 29th September, 1999

featuring NOEL CUTLER and BILL HAY

\$15.00 - including supper - BYO Ring ESU 07 3262 3769 or Trisha 07 3268 3624

NAMBUCCA DIST COMB. SERVICES MUSEUM

WRITTEN ESSAY AND POETRY COMP.

Subject should relate person who has served in armed services and lived in the areas of Coff Harbour, Bellingen, Dorrigo, Nambucca Valley, Kempsey, Port Macquarie NSW - CLOSING 30TH SEPTEMBER - NO FEE OR LIMITS

Details from NDCS Museum Inc. PO Box 247, Bowraville NSW 2449

Phone 02 6564 7339 OR Email: withco@midcoast.com.au

PERFORMANCE POETRY COMPETITION

Fri. 1st - Sun 3rd October, 1999 in conj. with Dalby Country Music Festival

THE 'BIG DOO' at BRYMAROO RODEO GROUNDS

Entries Close 18th September, 1999

Novice, Traditional and Original Sections

plus a chance to be in the Winner's Concert - \$1300 prizes

Entry forms available from The Secretary, Gwen Bowtell

M.S. 444, Quinalow, Q. 4403 or Phone 07 4692 1347

MAPLETON YARN FESTIVAL

Sat. 16th & Sun 17th October, 1999 - Mapleton Hall Q

Performance Competitions - Yarnspinning - Work Shops

Enquiries to Jacqueline Bridle, C/- PO Mapleton Q. 4556. Ph 07 5478 6263

WAGGA WAGGA FOLK SOCIETY FESTIVAL

1st - 4th October, 1999 at Uranquinty, NSW

Poetry, Sessions, Concerts, Workshops, Markets

Call Tracey for information - 02 6920 2533

BUSH POETRY PERF. COMP. & BREAKFAST

in conj. with CALLIOPE COUNTRY MUSIC FESTIVAL

Sunday, 17th October, 1999 - Port Curtis Historical Village

on the banks of Calliope River, Bruce Highway, West of Gladstone Q

JUVENILE, JUNIOR AND OPEN SECTIONS

Entries Close 1st October, 1999 and no late entries will be accepted

Enq. Margy Mac, 18 Emperor St., Gladstone Q 4680

Ph 07 4979 0909 or Mob 0413 978 748

BUSH POET PERFORMANCE & CONCERT

Saturday 23rd October, 1999

URUNGA Golf and Sports Club, Morgo St., Urunga NSW

feat RUSSELL CHURCHER - Bush Poet and Folkie

Open Mike Session with special guests and segments

Time to be advised next issue - Possibly may be dinner show.

Enquiries to Maureen Stonham - Phone / Fax 02 6568 5269

or Keith Haycraft - Phone / Fax 02 6655 6835

PALMA ROSA POETS

9 Queens Road, Hamilton. Q. 4007

7pm for 7.30pm, Wednesday, 3rd November, 1999

featuring NOEL CUTLER and BILL HAY

\$15.00 - including supper - BYO Ring ESU 07 3262 3769 or Trisha 07 3268 3624

MAJORS CREEK FOLK MUSIC FESTIVAL

Friday 5th - Sunday 7th November, 1999

Poets Breakfasts & Performances

Enq Peter Gillespie 02 4842 2443 - Jim Macquarie 02 4474 2736

LAND OF THE BEARDIES FESTIVAL

7th November, 1999 - Glen Innes, NSW

Poets Breakfast and Performance Competition

Sect. 1 - Original. Sect. 2 - Traditional or Established Works

Prizes per section: 1st - \$150, 2nd - \$100, 3rd - \$50.

For entry forms and accommodation information write to

Nell Perkins, Flat 3, 125 Church St., Glen Innes NSW 2370

DON'T FORGET TO TELL THE EDITOR **WHAT'S ON**

THE PRODUCT SHELF

PRODUCT SHELF ADVERTISEMENTS



\$5.00 for TWO MONTHLY
NEWSLETTER SPOTS !!



ABPA ANNUAL BOOKS OF VERSE

1995, 1996, 1997 - 1998 NOW AVAILABLE

Members Price - \$3.00ea

Post - \$1.10 for up to 4 Books, 12+ Post Free

PLEASE CONTACT THE SECRETARY

LAUGHTER & TEARS FROM THE BUSH

by Merv Webster

'The Goodndiwindi Grey'

A Book of Bush Verse incl.

* The Curing of Young Fred McAlpine

* I'll Not forget That Day Old Mate

* Sarah plus

* Let's Keep alive the Drover's Day

* Sweet Madeline

* The Ballad of the Blowfly

* Waltzing Matilda - An Allegory

Yarns & Many More

CHRIS & THE GREY

present

A Cassette of Bush Verse incl.

* Basher Brogan's Pride

* For I've His Blood In Me

* An Ethereal Encounter

* Reminiscing With Henry

* Crazy Kate * Racing Widows

* The Wife's Revenge

* The Tragedy of Emma's Dream

* Bush Justice * Bitter Sweets

* The Curing of Young Fred McAlpine

* To Have Loved a Friend

* Piccanniny Dawn * Women of the West

Book - \$12 pp, Cassette - \$17 pp, Both \$22 pp avail. from
Chris & Merv Webster, 8 Hawaii Court, Bargara Q. 4670

PARADISE REVISITED

The new book by GRAHAM FREDRIKSEN

featuring "BEYOND THE FARTHEST FENCES"

1998 Winner of the Bush Lantern Award

plus "BATTLE OF ST QUENTIN CANAL"

1998 Winner of Bronze Swagman Award

and 45 new poems - To be Launched at Palma Rosa 3.11.99

also still available - his first book

ANOTHER DAY IN PARADISE

Send \$12.00 pp for one book or \$20.00 for both books to

G. Fredriksen, Monsildale Road, Kilkoy Q 4515

A VALID EXCUSE - Bush Poems and Other Verses

by Trevor Shaw

\$15.00 pp. PO Box 61, Thangool Qld 4716

WHAT'S ON AROUND THE TRAPS

AUSTRALIAN HERITAGE MUSIC FESTIVAL

Annandale Neighbourhood Centre, Annandale NSW

Saturday 27th November, 1999

EXPRESSIONS OF INTEREST SOUGHT FOR

WORKSHOPS, CONCERTS AND PARTICIPATION

Richard Mills, Snail Mail, 6/39 Herbert St., Dulwich Hill NSW 2203

Phone/ Fax 02 9568 5596 or email: Ausfest@excite.com.

BRUNSWICK VALLEY BUSH POETS BREAKFAST

8am Sun. 6th January 2000 - Host Greg Champion

Appearances by Ray Essery & Col Hadwell

PERFORMANCE PERFORMANCE COMP.: Open -

Secondary - Primary School - All Original & Traditional Sects.

WRITTEN COMPETITION: Entries Close 1st November

Humorous, Serious, Romantic and Bush Sections for

Open, Secondary and Primary School. PRIZES: All Sections

- 1st - \$100 + Trophy, 2nd - \$50 + Cert., 3rd - \$25 + Cert.

Enq. Brunswick Heads Festival 2000, Written/Perf. Poetry Comp.

PO Box 41, Brunswick Heads NSW 2483 or

Phone/ Fax Judiann Schultz - 02 6685 1599

or Email: woodchip@nor.com.au OR journo@linknet.com.au

Australian Bush Poets Association Inc.

2/8 Salamander Pde., Nambucca Heads NSW 2448 Ph/Fax 02 6568 5269

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August, 1999

**SURFACE
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Thank You to Our Contributors

Trisha Anderson	John Harris
Liz Banting	Neil Hulm
Kev Barnes	Leo Keane
Brian Beesley	Bill Lasham
Jacqueline Bridle	Richard Mills
Roy Briggs	Alec Raymer
Ellis Campbell	Carol Reffold
Neil Carroll	Ron Selby
Peter Chapman	Trevor Shaw
Noel Cutler	Bob Skelton
Frank Daniel	Tom Stonham
Corry de Haas	Milton Taylor
Kelly Dixon	Liz Ward
Ray Essery	Ted & June Webber
Arcadia Flynn	Rod Williams
Geoff Fortune	
Geoffrey Graham	

THE BOOK SHELF - Free Listing for Members Products Only

"Keep the Billy Boiling" Book \$12pp Bob Skelton, Old School Hill, Minmi, NSW 2287
"Lend Me Your Ear ... Or I'll Steal It". Tape \$15pp, "Laughs, Larrikins & Lovely Ladies" Tape by Glenny Palmer, book \$12pp, 43 Samantha Road, Cedar Vale, Q.
"The Ringer's Last Defence and Other Verse", Book \$20 pp by Brian Beesley, 4 Keith Court, Cherrybrook, NSW 2126
"A Valid Excuse - Bush Poems and Other Verses" Book \$ 15 pp from Trevor Shaw, PO Box 61, Thangool. Q. 4716

THE LAST WORD FROM THE EDITOR



By the time you receive this issue, my time as your editor will be drawing to a close, the September edition will be my last.

As yet my successor has not been determined and therefore I would ask that you check with our Secretary, Olive Shooter to ascertain where future copy should be sent for October and subsequent issues. Despite the fact that it has taken many, many volunteer hours sitting at my old 486 IBM and 8 meg of ram, my term of some 21 months has been great fun, and I trust that my contribution has been an effective part of our Association's recent growth. Please continue your support with those great and informative reports. **Maureen Stonham.**