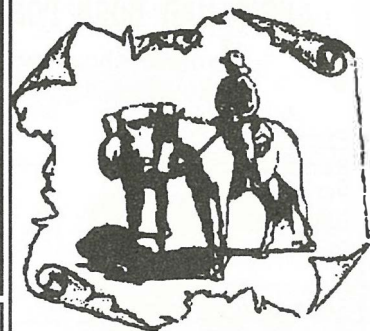


The Australian Bush Poets Association Inc.

Monthly Newsletter

No 7 Volume 7

July 2000



A ROVER

© *Dangerous Dan*, 1998

Maybe I am but a ship of life
Afloat on the sea of time,
But I've lived before
And I'll live again in every age and clime;
And you with your polished fingernails,
With your diamonds and pearls and such,
Where would you be if it wasn't for me
And the rest of the roving bunch?

It's great to lie beneath the spread
Of a lonely desert tree,
But be sure that I would not change with you
Any more than you'd change with me;
And less I dream of the things that were
Or than of things to be;
For the world is wide
And there still remains a million things to see.

A beckoning song in the whistling wind,
Patter and thrash of the rain,
A wind-whipped cloud in a stormy sky,
A thought - and we're off again
To God knows what or why or where,
To devil or drought or flood,
For we must go in search of the source
Of the song in the rover's blood.

In the hazy hills of the far outback
Are a thousand mysteries deep;
And there they have lain for a million years
In quiet, unbroken sleep;
Till one with an understanding heart
Shall seek and find and cry:
"Awake! Awake! For the time has come!"
And we wonder, "Will it be I?"

Most men will only dream of things
That are sold or bartered or bought,
But rovers dream of the things that lure
Or of things that need to be sought;
For the tang lies deep in the search for it,
In the depths of the restless trough
That bars the way to achievement's goal,
Though the end be bubble and froth.

For I'm but a ship on the sea of life;
And maybe I talk too straight;
But where would you be except for us,
What matter your rank or state?
So polish the shine on your fingernails
And posture and play the crowd;
At the end of the game, we finish the same -
The smooth and the rough
in a shroud.

Vale Daniel Francis Smith "Dangerous Dan"

Cunnamulla, Qld 1931 to 2000

Dan took over the management of "Thyangra" in the Thargomindah area in 1952, his parents having settled there 20 years earlier when Dan was just six months old. He learned to shear, break in horses, sink bores, do a bit of fencing and stock yard building, erect windmills and repair open artesian wells. He was a drover.

And a poet.

Love him or hate him, which many people did at different times during his lifetime, Dan was a colourful character with his signature rolly, battered hat and grin.

Buried in Cunnamulla on Friday 16 June, his "send off" would have pleased him. His children and life-long friends exchanged many "rat-bag" tales in the church, there was poetry at his grave-side and drinks at his local watering house.

His poems and stories have been collected and will be published later this year. Convincing Dan to hand over his work was a difficult task because he was always adding "just one more verse" or "just one more paragraph" to everything he had written. Now they're finished.

"Old poets never die," Dan often quoted, "They just decompose."

P.S. from Dan

There are some born pound foolish
and some born penny-wise,
But six feet of dirt
makes us all the same size.

The Dying of the Cheer

© Marilyn Roberts

I hate those media barons, I hate those eco-rats
And the corporate headhunters and big fat Canberra Cats
For they have stolen all my childhood, and my favourite footy memories
They've taken all the best teams and merged and merged a spree.
Tigers, Tigers, Tigers
From other teams are found
To keep the mascot running for the boys out on the ground.

I looked upon the corporate boxes, with their bosses so old;
I looked upon their champagne, and wives' all dripping gold.
And I thought about the days long gone when upon the hill we'd crowd
Or sit upon the wooden planks and for our town feel proud.
Souths, Souths, Souths
How I'm going to miss that sound
'cos we'll never see the Rabbitohs upon that hallowed ground.

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DEADLINE: 20th of Each Month

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Olive Shooter, Secretary

ABPA Membership - \$25 per annum January to December
PLEASE SEND ALL MONEY TO SECRETARY/TREASURER

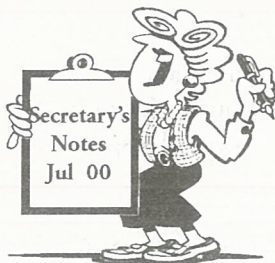
WANT TO JOIN THE ABPA?

**JUST SEND A CHEQUE OR MONEY
ORDER FOR \$25, MADE OUT TO
"ABPA", TO:**

**OLIVE SHOOTER,
SECRETARY/TREASURER
(ADDRESS AS ABOVE)**

**BE SURE TO INCLUDE YOUR NAME,
ADDRESS AND PHONE NUMBER!**

**MEMBERSHIP BENEFITS INCLUDE
RECEIVING THIS NEWSLETTER 12
TIMES A YEAR!**



Things are coming along all right. We have 368 financial members, a fair number less than last year. I have sent a reminder to people who have been members for three years or more in case they have just forgotten to renew their membership, thirty-eight in all, and I have three already who have paid up wishing to continue membership.

It brings another point to the fore. I have been asked to remind in November for next year, but we already put it into the Newsletter on a regular reminder basis. However, if there is anyone who really needs a postal reminder, then

I am willing to send it. Just let me know. I have received two expressions of interest in holding the 2001 Championships and have had a couple of other enquiries. We should have a venue chosen by early August to give time for the organisation of the competition. A committee of nine members who have no particular interest in any of the venues who have applied will be asked to give their preferences.

Last month I forgot to say what a good speech our President made in Mulwala on the presentation night. He said he'd rather say poetry, but you all would have been proud of the job he did so capably.

Not much other news.

Fond Regards, Olive Shooter

PRESIDENT'S REPORT



July already! Time just seems to be slipping away. Not much happening with poetry events around this end of the country lately but Bundaberg is shaping up to be another top event. Hope to see a lot of members there.

Olive Shooter has indicated she will be standing down as our secretary this year. She has put a lot of work into keeping the association on an even keel over the past four years and even though the position can, at times, be very demanding it also can be very rewarding. I'm sure any member willing to nominate for secretary will find 100% cooperation from Olive in the transition.

July is also the time to start thinking about this year's Annual. Poems are wanted from any member who would like to be included. Poems of around 350 words or 8 to 9 - 4 line verses are suitable. All poems are considered and should reflect the idea of 'Bush Poetry'. That is poems about Australia, its way of life, people or animals.

Poems for the Annual are not necessarily poems that have appeared in our news letter.

We would prefer poems, published or unpublished, that reflect the changing moods and styles of our very diverse membership.

Please mail your submissions to
**'A.B.P.A. ANNUAL P.O. Box 77
DRAYTON NORTH QLD 4350.'**

Past Annuals are still available from Olive at only \$3.00 each to members and they make a great present for any occasion.

Quote of the month.

"Excuses are worthless. Your enemies won't accept them, and your friends don't need them."

Ron Selby

AND NOW PRESENTING, CENTRE STAGE.....

KEN DEAN

Ken was born in Newcastle, NSW in 1937, his family moving to the Barrington River area soon after. His education was mainly in one teacher bush schools, plus that provided by the bush men and women who seemed to take an interest in the 'little city kid' and taught him to ride and to love the mountain country.

His final two years of high school were spent in Sydney, and apart from sport it was a dismal time. He then ran into an English teacher, who for punishment would send students off to the library to copy out poems by Lawson or Paterson. Perhaps he wasn't as silly as they thought!

An apprenticeship followed, then work as a building foreman, but most important of all he met a girl with naughty eyes, Jeanette, his wife for the last forty years.

Ken joined the Electricity Commission as a Construction Inspector in 1967, supervising the building of Power Stations and he and his family moved around NSW.

During the building of the Wallerawang Station he met a bloke from Portland, Milton Taylor. When that job finished they lost contact for a number of years, but met again in 1996 when Milton published his book. They now discovered a mutual interest in poetry. With encouragement from the Taylors and his wife, Ken began writing poetry.

Now retired (that means not getting paid), he lives with Jeanette at Marrangaroo (between Bowenfels and Lidsdale), teaches woodwork three days a week, then works as a housewife's labourer, surrounded by their four daughters and six grandkids and somehow still finds time to write a little.



What are you reading at the moment?

A letter from a Newsletter Editor in Queensland who is asking a series of strange questions.

What is your worst habit?

My wife will be sending you a list, as soon as we can save enough to pay the postage.

What do you consider to be the most important invention of the last century?

The plunger coffee pot.

What is your dream job?

Quality Control Officer at a brewery.

What is your least favourite food?

Hamburgers made by a Scottish-American clown.

What one item would you want if you were stranded on a deserted island?

A set of car headlights, because someone always comes around the corner when you flick them onto highbeam.

What started you writing Bush Poetry?

It's like any other disease, some people get it, the lucky ones don't.



Max

© Ken Dean

*He walks with a wondrous waddle, his belly's hanging low,
His legs seem short and stumpy as he rambles to and fro -
On feet the size of dinner plates, he ploughs across the land.
Those sad eyes, soft and solemn, make you want to lend a hand
And fill up those loose loops of skin, all dangling from his frame,
Seems he could fit two bodies in, if he were really game.
But when he lifts his voice to speak, what a noble sound!
You're in the presence of a king, he's Max, the Basset Hound!*

REVIEW - Broken Waratahs (book)

"Broken Waratahs", the first book of Ken Dean's poetry, was self-published in 1998, and contains 27 of Ken's poems, with a foreword by fellow poet, Milton Taylor.

This selection of poetry reflects the mind of a deep thinker, with an equally deep urge to express those thoughts in writing. His use of language is lyric and descriptive, and readers will find their imaginations soaring as Ken verbally paints the background.

A deep love for this country and for his local area is manifest, along with a sense of concern over the environmental issues

that threaten the beauty of the Australian bush.

He also writes of the average man's view of the political games; the frustration and the cynical outlook that is so much a part of many Australian lives. In all his poems, Ken demonstrates an intellectual and emotional depth, as well as a dry, subtle humour.

Ken is a wonderful emerging poet. His poetry is still evolving, as his grasp of rhythm is developing and improving, but he already has potency in his language - a power to cause the reader to visualize the scene and to contemplate the issues. Keep at it, Ken!

Hi all

Had a phone call from the Thargomindah School (that's even Westerer than Eulo). The students and community are madly fund-raising to attend the Paralympics and need to raise quite a bit of money. In August they are holding a dinner and celebrity auction. They have received generous donations including some Ian Thorpe swimming gear, some football jersey's (signed) etc. I promised to pass on a request for some books/tapes of poetry to set up as a bundle (or even two or three if the poets feel really generous!!) to be auctioned as well.

I have already received promises from a few of the poets.... if anyone else is feeling generous and wants to help a bunch of Bush Kids make it to Sydney, any donations will be gratefully received.

Please send to: Janine Haig, Poet, Eulo. Qld. 4491
Yes, that *will* find me.

Thank you, Janine

Dear Editor

It was wonderful to read the comments expressed by many on the Australian Championships at Yarrawonga/Mulwala. The Championships rang out with tunes of success because of the positive contributions throughout the entire festival by poets either competing, performing in 'special' shows, or at the Friday night 'warm-up' and especially at the daily Brekky Shows.

Unfortunately our journalistic ability lacked the skills to limit our report last month to less than 300 words, so the committee's thanks to individuals who were involved in Yarrawonga/Mulwala couldn't be featured in the Newsletter.

Once again, we salute all of you, poets, performers, entertains, guests, followers of Bush Poetry and Verse for bringing in as well as sharing the 'magic' that was in our midst in Yarrawonga/Mulwala. Hope to see you all back very soon.

Cheers and heartfelt thanks,

Trevor, Johnny, Karen, Barb, Yarrawonga/Mulwala

Dear Jennifer

I had the pleasure of performing last January with Anita Reid and Col Hadwell at the Nazareth Home for aged citizens. They really appreciated our presentation of traditional and modern bush poetry, which brought back for many rich memories of pioneering days. Among the audience was the legend of rodeo riding and member of the Hall of Fame in Longreach, Jack Stanton.

After our show, I talked at some length to Jack and was sorry that other commitments did not allow me to chat longer. But a few days later I did buy his biography at a local bookshop and subsequently penned a poem. I sent a copy to Jack and in his letter of appreciation he said, among other things, "I was very impressed with the poem. It was perfect down to a tee."

All the best, Noel Stallard, Arana Hills, Qld

Ed Note: Noel's poem appears on page 7

Dear Editor

I am interested in contacting Sandra Martin who wrote in about the poet Phillip Lorimer. Could Sandra please contact me on 02 6344 1477?

Regards, Frank Daniel

R.N.A. Ekka in August

I hope everyone has entered for the big R.N.A. Competition in August. Enquiries R.N.A. 3852 1831 (Nan Dwyer). If any poets wish to do a "spot" at our poetry performances during the ten days of the Ekka, please contact Trisha Anderson on (07) 3268 3624

On My Soapbox

Your contributions to "On My Soapbox" are welcomed. Please keep to a maximum of 300 words, and include your full name. Preference will be given to short, neatly typed letters or emails. The opinions expressed in this Newsletter are the opinions of individuals, and not necessarily that of the Australian Bush Poets Association



Dear Friends

I would truly like to thank the bevy of beauties and all their friends, poets and non poets that looked after my clever man so well at the Matilda Caravan Park in the Champions cabin and during the whole Festival in April 2000.

I know it just wouldn't have been the same without me there but I know you all had fun and I really missed being with you all, especially when I saw the Festival photos at Ken and Jeanette Dean's last Tuesday night. I was snow/ice bound at their home so they had to put up with ME for a WHOLE night - God help them you probably all think.

I can't wait to see the photos of Trish!! as a Sumo Wrestler. Someone should put them in the newsletter!! God what a thing to miss and also Carmel's "This is your life". Hope someone has a video of all this. This is what Nan's have to give up when daughters have babies in early May.

By the way both Jared John and Mum are really well especially Jared, but she has promised us NO MORE BABIES so I won't miss another Festival.

You may have worked out who is writing this letter and that I have once returned to my old self - God help you all!!!

See you soon if you don't hear from me first,

Loveen (Lovey) Taylor

PS. Have just read new issue and really got a laugh from some of the poems and tears from others - wonderful stuff.

Dear Jennifer

I'm attaching a poem by "Dangerous" Dan Smith. I'd really appreciate it if you could fit it into the mag. I have permission from his daughter to include it and feel it's quite a fitting "last say". Dan had cancer and last year was told he wouldn't make it to Christmas. Last time I spoke to him he said: "See mate, I've lasted six months longer than they reckoned I would."

I have been asked to read this poem at the funeral service.

All the best, Janine Haig, Eulo, Q

Ed Note: Dan's poem (and an obituary written by Janine) appears on page 1

Dear Jennifer

Many thanks for giving favourable consideration to my poems. As I am on the way to 85 years, I don't bother with competitions now, but do get a kick from appearances in the ABPA Newsletter.

Kindest regards, and keep up the good work - the Newsletter has really been given a facelift with your editorship.

Leo Keane, Hughesdale, Vic

Dear Jennifer

I must say how much I enjoy the content of the newsletters, and thank you for the work you do in producing them.

Yours, Vivienne Ledlie, Alexandra Hills, Q

Ed Note: Thank you, Leo and Viv!!! It is most assuredly the readers who make this job worthwhile!

Dear Jennifer

I read with my normal interest the June Newsletter, and it caused me to write to you. The first item that shook me was the fact that our Secretary of so many years is retiring from her position. I personally would like to thank Olive for all the help she has been to me over the years, and whoever takes her place will have BIG shoes to fill. Then I read where my good friend Carmel Randle has done her final year for the Winton Competition. Again, I can only hope that the QANTAS-Waltzing Matilda Festival committee can find someone to take on the task who is as dedicated and hard-working as Carmel has been.

I was then dumbstruck to find out, that because some one complained to the Blackened Billy Competition committee, the rules are being changed. Now entries will only be accepted if they have NOT been ENTERED in another competition, whereas it was WON another competition. I agree with Ron Selby, you must play by the rules of the organisers of these events, if you don't like the rules, don't enter. Thanks for making that competition harder, for me anyway!

I then read Bill Whitman's article in regards to the Poets Breakfast at Nambucca Heads Bowls Club on Easter Sunday. Maureen did a fantastic job as usual, but Carol Reffold was NOT there, it was Carol Stratford from Brisbane. I know, I was there.

Kev J Barnes "The Legend"

Ed Note: It was the Bronze Swagman competition that was referred to in the June edition, not the Blackened Billy.

Dear Jennifer

We have been forced to cancel the 2nd Annual "Country on the Tweed" festival due to the eleventh hour withdrawal of the venue for the Country Champion of Champions singer (male and female), and the "Country Music Talent Quest". The organising committee has searched for an alternative venue, been offered many, but either date or necessary equipment needed are not available. Besides, all the relevant printing of entry forms and fliers was completed.

We have returned the Tweed Shire Councils' Grant of \$2500, which was to have been used towards prize money, and suggested it be donated to the Tweed Heads Hospital Palliative Care Unit, who were our intended beneficiaries of money raised.

We are sorry to disappoint all the Poets, Singers, and Songwriters who have already registered or who have applied for entry forms. Money will be refunded to them. We apologize to the South Tweed Bowls Club and the Linedancers who were looking forward to their "Extravaganza". We feel a Linedancing event, a Bush Poets Brekkie, and a Song Writers contest alone, does not constitute a Country Festival, for although we had other events to fine tune, this was to be one of our main attractions.

We have decided the Written Poetry Competition "The Olympic Torch" organised and judged by "Poets & Writers on the Tweed" will still proceed, winners will be notified by phone and results published in newspapers. Closing date July 14th.

To the Tweed and Gold Coast public, the Performance Poets, Country Music Clubs, and all contestants and volunteers, and finally our intended sponsors we say – our thanks for your support and faith in us. Thanks also to the 'Daily News' for the great publicity. To the people who let us down, we say – our intention was to promote the Tweed with a Country Festival, you reneged on your commitment, and Tweed Heads lost it's Country Festival!

Yours sincerely, Lorraine Richards, Bilambil Heights, NSW

BUNDABERG POETS SOCIETY, INC

**BUNDY MUSTER JULY 7TH, 8TH & 9TH
COMPETITIONS: OPEN, INTERMEDIATE, NOVICE,
JUNIOR & UNDER 12'S. ENTRY FORMS AVAILABLE
FROM: BUNDABERG POETS SOCIETY INC.,
P.O. BOX 4281, SOUTH BUNDABERG QLD 4670
ENQUIRIES: JOAN 07 41529624 OR
SANDY 07 41514631**



FROM OUR ROVING REPORTERS

Hi there

Greetings from Darwin.

It's a long way from Port Augusta, through Coober Pedy - that contrast now between old and new, the dugout and the international hotel, the corrugated iron shed and the air conditioned shop often side by side, with poetry among the Lions - to the NT border, and the sudden feeling of a home-coming. To Erldunda, resembling a refugee camp of tourists waiting for the fall of the flood waters and the re-opening of the road to Alice.

To Ayers Rock (Uluru), another Lions Club meeting on Easter Monday night, then followed by a frigid dawn service for Anzac Day - 200-300 people rugged to the teeth against a cold clear dawn.

Then to Alice - poetry for the School of the Air and a Lions Club, then a breakfast in Tennant Creek, dinners in Katherine and Noonamah, around a campfire at Pine Creek, and so to Darwin. Relaxing and meeting friends, Lions Clubs, relatives and another school.

Going to Kakadu this week.

There is so much of which to write:

The beauty of the land,
Black/white problems from both sides,
The good the bad and the ugly NT
The wonderful local people, so great when you
get to know them.

But we leave shortly for WA.. I leave you with a Verse:

DAWN SERVICE ULURU, 24/4/2000

We were shiv'ring in the dawning, standing rugged up in the morning,
With the children whining, yawning at an early break of day.
Hundreds standing silent, frozen, heard the bugle call the chosen
As the red-lined wide horizon slowly took our breath away.

And we heard the call to battle, could imagine death's last rattle
'Mongst the children's quiet prattle as they landed on the beach.
All the words recalled the bloody cove, and men in trenches muddy,
How so many lost a buddy as they raced towards the breach.

At the Rock we stand and ponder that somewhere away out yonder
Other people's blood we squander as we face another dawn.
So in cold we feel deep sorrow that these lives we've had to borrow
To secure a safe tomorrow for more children, still unborn.

Regards, John and Gaye Barclay

A Bonza Droppa Juice

© Leo Keane

On a highway heading northward fifty miles from any town
Is a lonely pub in weatherboard in a landscape bare and brown.
And on its front verandah, as a fixture it appears,
Is this solitary figure sitting there consuming beers.

They called him Fred - he's eighty-four - and lives beside the pub
In a little tin roofed shanty where he goes for sleep and grub.
The roof is flapping in the wind, he doesn't even care
'Cause if the pub has beer on tap, you'll always find him there.

They do a bit of business with the travellers on the road
There's tourists drop in for a drink, or truckies with a load.
And everybody says "good day" or tries to talk to Fred
But all they get for 'yes' or 'no' is a nod or shake of head.

But if by chance it starts to rain old Fred begins to chat,
If there is liquid flowing he can't get enough of that.
It makes the man articulate, or that is his excuse
When he describes the raindrops as "a bonza droppa juice".

"A bonza droppa juice" he'll say, if it is just a shower,
The same for heavy rainstorms if they go on for an hour.
Some patrons at the pub can often earn old Fred's abuse
When they run the hose to hear him say "a bonza droppa juice".

When he comes into the bar he gets immediate attention -
The pub gets every penny of the poor old fellow's pension.
His pot of beer earns highest praise in language quite profuse
It's liquid, so he calls the brew "a bonza droppa juice".

For fifteen years he'd graced the pub and sat upon the form
Till one dark day there came that way a fast-approaching storm.
Old Fred just sniffed the atmosphere and toothlessly he grinned
He knew that there'd be lots of rain to come behind the wind.

And rain it did, to Fred's delight, the land just turned to mud
It seemed for sure there's gonna be a God-almighty flood.
The waters raced around the pub, Fred's shack went splashing down
And anyone on lower ground would almost surely drown.

The publican and family all got ready to depart
And no one gave a thought for Fred, their car was hard to start
They put in their possessions, never knew what lay ahead
And nobody considered what would happen to old Fred.

The water rose inside the bar, it came up to his knee
But Fred was quite oblivious - he'd beer on tap for free!
He got himself quite sozzled as he drank and drank and drank
The water still was rising, and at last the beer taps sank.

So drunkenly he splashed outside and found his favorite form
It kept old Freddie floating high and riding out the storm
Saturated in and out and far from waterproof
The water rose to sixteen feet and dumped him on the roof.

A copper came to rescue him before he went afloat
And plucked him off the rooftop in a little outboard boat.
He tied a rope around Fred's waist, a running kind of noose
As Fred in boozy speech declared, "A bonza droppa juice".

The copper said, "You're lucky to be rescued from that spot
I hope you fully realise the lucky break you've got."
But drunkenly old Fred replied when rescued from the drink
"It's a bonza droppa juice and that's exactly what I think."

The water started to recede, I'm happy to advise,
And Fred could not believe the lucky break that met his eyes.
His favorite form was still afloat - he did a quick skedaddle
And floated back towards the pub with just a makeshift paddle.

The last thing that was heard of Fred, so local people tell
He really made the distance to the waterlogged hotel
And when the flood subsided, he was not short of excuse
To drink gallons of his favorite beer, that bonza droppa juice.

But alas, in sodden stupor, not as careful as he oughta
Poor old Fred fell off the bar into three feet of water.
He had no natural buoyancy with all the beer he downed
And in his "bonza droppa juice", the poor old bugger drowned.



The Torch

© Geraldine King, Jimboomba, Qld

Oh, the flame, it burned so brightly
Proudly borne along the track,
And the next one to receive it,
Was Jack, the Pyromaniac!

Well Jack wasn't meant to get it.
No, it was Bill, waiting in the cold.
But Jack snuck up behind him
Yelling, "Yah! Let's go for gold!"

Poor Billy jumped, he was so nervous
Off he ran, no torch, the silly fellow.
So Jack, mistakenly received it
And he shouted, "Go the green and yellow!"

Right into his hometown, he ran,
And ran, then, he ran some more.
He paused a while to light up
The "Wood For Sale" outside the General Store.

The folk thought it part of the proceedings
Until the store caught well alight.
As Jack, with torch, jogged out of town,
He glanced back at the beautiful sight!

Jack changed the route of the torch
For now, he had his heart's desire.
Australia would burn with pride
And Jack would burn it with his fire!

From Jimboomba to Bourke, on to Lightning Ridge,
Jack went blazing through those miles
Leaving haystacks, barns and such
Smoking, like ancient funeral pyres.

Mt Isa, right back to The Rock
Jack's course was clearly marked.
But when he climbed atop Uluru
He found the Devil, firmly parked!

"Why, Jack! You've earned a place with me."
The Devil's wicked grin was quite unsightly
As he and Jack descended "Down Under"
Australia never burned more brightly!

Now the torch is back on track
And Billy, finally, got his run.
Jack, he's busy, in that "other place".
Well, someone has to fuel up the sun!

The Legend – Jack Stanton

© Noel Stallard, Arana Hills, Qld

There's a legend lives in Tamworth, Jack Stanton is his name,
There wasn't horse or bullock that Jack found hard to tame.
He's the king of all rough riders who tamed the tough outlaw,
And his daring ride on Rocky Ned is part of bush folklaw.

A dairy farm his nursery, the cows a daily chore,
Fresh cow pads thawed his frozen toes, but chillblained ears were sore.
School was not his favourite place, he'd often stray away,
Until he felt mum's buggy whip, then classes seemed ok.

Jack learnt to ride on dairy cows, stirred by the cattle dog,
By fifteen he was horse breaking with older men agog.
He seemed to know just how they thought, to them respect he'd shown,
That's why in all the years he rode, he never once was thrown.

Depression saw him on the road, his Wild West Show was slick,
For two bob you could see this champ buckjump, whipcrack, ropetrick.
He was the first to ride one hand, while other "monkey" hander,
And Royalty just sat in awe as he tamed Afrikaander.

"South Africa", Dave Meakin said, "You'll make your fortune Jack."
So with ten horses and two dogs Jack sailed this ocean track.
But quarantine destroyed his dream, all horses were impounded,
And Jack sailed back with pockets slack, his fortune trip had floundered.

So start again this bushman did with what he did the best,
Breaking horses, droving stock, outriding all the rest.
He showed that Aussie Spirit, that says, "You cop the blame."
And became the greatest rider in the Longreach Hall of Fame.

And when his country called on him to go off to the wars,
They had him breaking horses, for the Light Horse needed scores.
Six thousand horses he prepared to carry brave bush lads,
Some live today due to the way Jack trained their saddle prads.

Jack Stanton we salute you, a bushman through and through,
You're one of those fair dinkum blokes we Aussies call True Blue.
You are the greatest rider, the envy of your peers,
And you will be the legend they speak of down the years.

The Old Enamel Mug

© Vivienne Ledlie

While camped at Old Cork Station where the Diamantina flows,
I walked along a barren ridge where burr of copper grows.

I sighted emu tracks not far from where wild pigs had dug,
Then saw beneath a coolibah an old enamel mug.

Though chipped and bent, its handle gone, it struck a chord with me;
I wondered who had used it last beneath this old gum tree.

Perhaps a drover rested, boiled his billy 'neath the stars;
His mob no doubt was destined for the distant abbatoirs.

Or could it be a swagman who, down on his luck, had tried
For work at Old Cork Station which to him had been denied?

Maybe someone in search of gold prospected here in vain,
And made himself a mug of tea which helped to ease his pain.

Maybe two lovers shared this mug as secretly they kissed,
And, fleeing, dropped it when exposed at their idyllic tryst.

Or did it fall unnoticed from an Afghan's saddle bag?
Such thoughts, like prickly copper burr, invade my mind and nag.

The mug's now on my desk where I can look at it and dream,
Conjecture where it came from, envisage every theme.

The Fruit Grower's Lament

© Don Pender

I thought I'd be an orchardist
They all say "Fresh is best"
So I bought myself two acres
In the heart of Wynnum West.

I planted custard apples
And lots of other stuff
And me of the impatient kind
They went in rather rough.

I thought then if I worked real hard
One day I could relax
And being primary producer,
Well - it would cut down on my tax.

My avocados got the root-rot,
You've heard of it no doubt.
The DPI bloke came and said
"You'll have to pull 'em out."



So I hooked on with my tractor
And a heavy snigging chain
I pulled the lot out - roots and all,
Then started off again.

This time I planted lychees
They all said "They're the go.
All you do is pop 'em in
Then sit back and watch 'em grow."

So I stood back and watched 'em grow
The hardest part was done,
But a funny bug thing came along
And stung then one by one.

The fig birds ate my figs by day
I felt broke and bereft.
That night Fred Flying Fox, he came
And cleaned up what was left.



I had to spray my peaches,
I did a first class job.
That night Fred Flying Fox returned,
This time he brought the mob.

My nectarines, they fruited well.
I was pleased with the crop I got.
Until the local kids found out,
One night they pinched the lot.



White cockatoos ate my pecan nuts.
I could hear them having fun.
And when I went and checked the tree
They'd cracked open every one.

Now I've suffered all these set-backs.
Taken all that I can cop.
Now when I want a bag of fruit.
I buy it from the shop.

FROM EULO TO SKEW WIFF

I saw a rhyming rumour
In the Poet's Magazine
That a bloke down South was searching
For the famous Eulo Queen;

He said he went to Brisbane,
Then he turned and headed West?
But he doesn't come from Queensland
So his thinking's not the best!

He claimed he couldn't find us,
Said that Eulo Town was gone,
Which poses now the Question:
Just what Happy Juice he's on?

For he got to Thargomindah,
So the problem is, I think,
That while he passed through Eulo
He chose that time to blink.

Janine and Jennifer

Marrangaroo

© Ken Dean, Marrangaroo, NSW

Where the ranges fold like silken sheets,
dark blue in evening light,
And ancient sandstone ramparts stand,
as a fortress, to guard the night

As peppermint gums and stringy barks,
keep watch on the dying day,
A retreating line on the rock face sulks,
illumed in the sun's last rays.

And a stillness lies on this mountain place,
that can flood my heart and soul,
With joy that comes with a magpies' song,
or the crickets' drumming roll.

As the last of the tufted pigeons rise, to turn
on their homeward track,
They fill the air with that drumming beat, to rise
'gainst the ranges black.

The cooling breezes pause, as they
fondle the she-oak stands.
And fresh cut stars, like tear filled eyes, flood
the skies as by command.

Should a distant flicker of passing light, draw
my eye from a changing hue –
My heart will always with joy, return
home to Marrangaroo.

This poem was the winner at the "Man From Snowy River" festival at Corryong

Save our Man

© Ellis Campbell, Dubbo, NSW

The Snowy Mountains' magnitude looms clear against the sky.
The Man From Snowy River poem is one that cannot die.
The mountain men all love their stock and ride the ranges vast,
where spirit of the River Man still lingers from the past.

The brumbies may be scarcer now than back in Banjo's days,
but lyrics' legends conjure them on every plateau's haze.
The stockmen riding snowy peaks let fantasy roam free,
and dream of brumby chases still that few will ever see.

The modern mountain stockmen still are horsemen of renown
who ride the rugged peaks above to bring their cattle down.
Their hardy mountain ponies might well rival Banjo's steed
while chasing scrubber cattle in a search for winter feed.

The Snowy Mountains Power Scheme and ski resorts as well
all play their part to publicise the mountain's magic spell.
But in some outback wayside pub or lonely drover's camp
The Man From Snowy River's told by stockman, cook and tramp.

The Man From Snowy River reigns supreme in folk-lore tales.
Its vivid images bestir a dream of mountain trails
and love of wild adventure in the ranges' vast expanse –
a glory and excitement etched in early-day romance.

When blazing stars at midnight shine, atop the mountain's rim;
we dream of Banjo's stripling and we ride again with him.
May legends live forever on the Snowy Mountains high;
may we never raise a nation who might kiss the MAN good-bye!

Thanks For The Century

© Judy Trew, Gin Gin, QLD

The strength of our Nation through 100 years
Has grown from the spirit of our pioneers,
And as we reflect on eras long gone,
New challenges beckon – keep urging us on.
Kindle the flame lit by ancestral hand –
Show pride in achievements – new ways understand.

Forget not the sacrifice freedom exacts
Or battles hard-won beside lonely bush tracks.
Reach out, reassure, reaffirm once again

That the fight of our forebears has not been in vain.
Heralds the dawn of a new century,
Enlightening discoveries through technology –

Cultural awareness – acceptance of change,
Environments fragile from river to range.
Nuclear giants impact on our lives,
The humidicribbed "premmie" – once lost – now survives.
Understanding and knowledge a "mouse-click" away
Researchers discover new enzymes each day.

Yes, we are today's pioneers — you and me
So let's hope at the turn of the next century
Descendants may pause for a moment or two
'Neath the flare of a flame fuelled by them ...me... and you.

Missing Words - Can you help?

If anyone knows the words missing in this poem, please contact Trisha Anderson (113 Manson Rd, Hendra, 4011) as she has been asked to help by John Douglas "Springfield", Mitchell. The poem is about the Bradfield Scheme - a proposal to turn the waters of the eastern flowing waters to the west. John believes this was published in the North Qld Register in the late 30's or early 40's.

Australia Reclaimed

Over the range where the drought king rules
As an undisputed Lord
Where grass is more than a monarch's jewels
And rain is a magic word

Here is a land that might be as rich
As any beneath the sun
With irrigation by drain and ditch
Could the rivers only run

But the rivers are dry in these western lands
And their beds are cracked and hard
With dismal desert and surging sands
Creeping forward yard by yard

Can the cities live if the inland dies
With the wharves and mills so still
While dust storms darken the coastal skies
As they surely can and will

(?) A thinker thought of a wondrous plan
Of how these lands might be reclaimed

.....
.....

(?) A dreamer dreamed all his books of lore
Of how these lands might be reclaimed

.....
.....

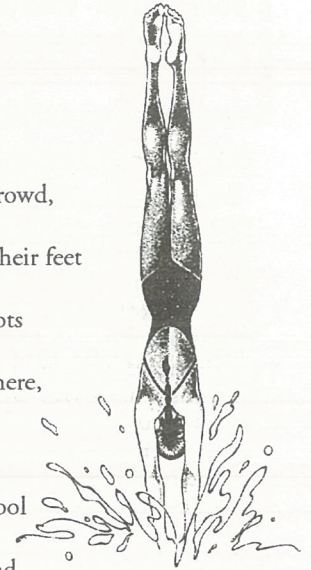
Last two lines:-

Till the dead heart blooms like a desert rose
And wheat fields wave where the sand now blows.

OLYMPIC DREAM

© Anne Cremin, Heathcote N.S.W.

The time is near, I've done the work,
the training and the pains.
I'm going to face the crowd to-day
for my first Olympic Games.
We all walk out in single file,
and my belly starts to squirm,
It feels as though I've swallowed
a big bucket full of worms.
Come on Aussie someone yells,
show 'em how its done.
Then they start to call our names,
and they call them one by one.
My name was called, I salute the crowd,
I'm an Aussie after all.
The crowd they shout and stamp their feet
and I'm feeling ten feet tall.
We're on the blocks, the hooter toots
and everyone dives in,
With arms and legs going every where,
we're off on our greatest swim.
I reach the end of my first lap
and I do a perfect turn.
Then up the pool and down the pool
and my legs begin to burn.
My arms they feel like lumps of lead,
and my belly starts to churn.
And if I win a medal it's one I truly earned.
I'm up there with the leader now,
and the crowd begins to roar.
I reach the turn and push real hard
and I landed on the floor,
The blankets wrapped around my legs
my pillow was near the door.
I'm feeling wrecked I'm all rung out.
That was a mighty swim.
But I think I'll leave the Olympic dream
to Thorpy, Sue and Klim.



Childers Backpackers

© Carol Reffold, Friday 23 June 2000

They sent you off to 'see the world' - before you 'settled down'.
And the night of June 22nd found you in Childers town.
Backpacking around Australia, learning lessons in life on the way,
Perhaps to earn extra for diving was the reason you needed to stay.

Perhaps you sat on the balcony and cursed the noise of the birds,
Perhaps you wrote a letter back home - your final, written words.
We don't really know what caused the fire at the Backpackers, where you stayed,
But Childers' loss is nothing to the price your loved ones have paid.

You were all so full of potential, taking breaks from your 'real' busy lives
Before you settle into conformity, with careers, children or wives.
Our hearts go out to your loved ones, both here and across the world,
Those special flowers of Childers, their petals still unfurled.

Our spirits pause and give thanks for the heros of that night,
The stories that will go untold as Courage vanquished fright.
The Firies and the Coppers, the Ambos, Clean-up Crew,
The Caterers and the Counsellors, we all give thanks to you -

But our hearts go out to the families whose children chose to roam
Know their memory will always be cherished, in this, their final home.



Palma Rosa Poets

Our Palma Rosa Poets night on Wednesday 5th July was a great success. It was the final recording night for our forthcoming album "Palma Rosa Poets Live". We featured Milton Taylor - three times Waltzing Matilda Bush Poetry Champion, and heading for the Cowboy Poetry Gathering in Elko, Nevada in January - Graham Fredriksen, winner of the 1998 Bronze Swagman Award, Anita Hendrie - one of our exciting new poets, and as a special guest - great new young poet from Winton, Sunny Mutton. Combined with the beautiful voice of our own singer/songwriter Mark Tempny, the evening was a wonderful mix of poetry and song.

Submitted by Trisha Anderson, Hendra, QLD

W.A. POETS ALIVE AND WELL!

During my recent 3 month visit to Perth I made contact with many Bush Poets. I attended W.A. Folk Festival at Fairbridge Farm in April. I was the one-and-only female poet performing (and found out that all but one of the 12 women who had 'gate-crashed' the male-dominated Poet's Dinner and put female poets on the map ten years back had moved Interstate!). Met up again with Peter Capp who had visited the Canberra Folk Festival'99. Peter and two mates (one the resident Bush Poet on Rottnest Island) performed alongside stand-up comedians and singers until the early hours of the morning and stole the show!

I attended the performance at the Raffles Hotel - great poets - great audience - great venue! But only one woman again! Bought a book by Bob Mather-Brown - great poems mainly about horses but will contact him for more poems.

Had an unusual experience in a bookstore in Perth City Mall - met the Manager while I was browsing the Poetry section - told him there should be a whole shelf selling just bush poetry - the only book for sale happened to be "Around the Campfire" hot off the press - so he asked me where he could get hold of modern books - I gave him a list of emails etc and he gave me the book for the \$10 all I had in my purse (as you know I've just gone bankrupt so what a gift!)

I made contact with other poets by phone but I don't have their names here at the library (my computer is still in storage!) encouraged them to become a member of the APBA and to send poems and letters to help them feel connected with the rest of the world (The Eastern States).

The highlight of my journey was my return trip via Melbourne and Mulwala/Yarrawonga National Championships - I had no poetry with me in Perth except what was in my head and I had no winter clothes and no money so a trip to the Op Shop provided some suitable performance clothes and I arrived just in time on the Saturday to perform in the Ladies competition after having had no sleep for twenty four hours.

Thanks to Johnny Johansen for free bed and breakfast and to Bruce Taylor for the train fare home to Bellingen and to Bluey Quilty for the drive to Albury to catch the train. Poets are great mates when you're down and out and need a helping hand! Thanks blokes!

Joy Wheat (Bellingen Blabbermouth)

THE CREAM CAN AWARDS

The Monto Dairy Festival Poetry night was again a big success, with 13 poets from Bundaberg, Gladstone, Thangool, Mt Perry and Monto entertaining the crowd in the Monto Golf Club on 2 June. Hosted by the Monto branch of the Queensland Arts Council, the evening was compered by Margy Mac, from Gladstone.

The written competition attracted 25 entries, and was won by Betsy Chape, Bicheno, Tasmania, for Down on his Luck. Runner-up was Lyndon Baxter, Calliope, Queensland, for Images of Cross Fire.

The Cream Can awards, first organised by the late Charlee Marshall in 1994, are run biennially, to co-incide with the Monto Dairy Festival.

Submitted by Betsy Chape

STOP PRESS

Where is Eulo? someone once asked.

Come and see for yourselves.

On the Mother's Day weekend 2001, 12 & 13 May, there will be a written and performance poetry competition in conjunction with the Annual Mother's Day Fair.

A generous amount of prize money has been donated, making an Outback Adventure Trip worthwhile. More details next month.

PS. Eulo is in Queensland!

"KY Bushies", Victoria

Well, what a great weekend at Mulwala/Yarrawonga! It was sensational and the best organised show that I have been to. Like clockwork and the highest standard of performance seen anywhere. The poets, judges, and organisers should be congratulated.

Also congratulations to the winners, Guy and Janine. Our group member, Des Guinane, did well, as did Johnny Johansen. John was not well, and we wish him a speedy recovery. Herb McCrum and Tammy Muir acted as judges as part of the panel. Well done, blokes! Oh! Yes! I nearly forgot - "Skew Wiff" won the written serious section. Yes!! I said serious.

On Thursday, 11th May following the great weekend at Mulwala, the Ky group promoted a chow at the Ky Club. We had Ray "The Mullimbimby Bloke" Essery, and Neil McArthur plus the Australian Ladies Champion Janine Haig to give us a wonderful night of verse and yarns. We had a packed house and a most appreciative audience. We thank Janine for being part of the night.

By the way, Brenda and I sold our house this week. We are now looking for a cottage. Any offers? Hooroo.

Submitted by Grahame Watt, Kyabram, Vic

Casino Beef Week Report

The Bush Poetry during Casino Beef Week was very, very successful, and is now recognized as an important part of that festival --the only problem was that the venue was far too little for the crowds! However, the Cecil Hotel people were marvelous as hosts, and we all had a rip-roaring time.

The guest poets were Shirley Friend and Frank Daniel. It was Frank's first time performing on the North Coast, and he was quite taken aback on just how big Casino Beef Week was - especially when I took him up for breakfast at the butchers', and he found out they gave away six thousand steak sandwiches that morning alone for breakfast.

Bobby Miller was also on the card, and I have great pleasure in telling you that Bobby is looking very

well and performed as well as I have ever seen. The crowds also loved Shirley, and have already asked when she will be back.

The Sunday morning was taken up with the Bundenberg New Voices Competition, which was very successful, and played to a packed house.

The Competition was won by Jack Drake from Stanthorpe, second was John Bird from Lismore, with the encouragement award going to Lincoln Nettleton, a first-time competitor (and I can tell you, we will hear more from this lad).

Ray Halliday from Yamba was with us for the four days, and did a wonderful job with the program - thank you, Raymond.

So until next year, cheerio from the Beef Capital of Australia.

Submitted by Ray Essery, Mullumbimby, NSW

Millmerran Bush Poetry Group

It is with regret that I wish to announce that this will be my last Millmerran Bush Poets Round-Up. I'm afraid my health won't allow me to do it again. The worst part is that no-one else will take on the job of organising the event, so it appears that this Round-Up 2000 will be the last.

I must thank all the sponsors and all the poets who have supported me in three past years, and the ABPA Newsletter, without this support such events don't happen. The sponsors have again come up with goods and dollars, and I know the poets will be here - we always run a good competition (even if I say so myself!). There's always plenty to eat and the coffee/tea flow free on Sunday, until stocks run out.

I must also give special thanks to a few people for their support; people like Maureen Stonham, Gary Fogarty, Terry O'Grady, and to the man who was the Shire Mayor, George Ezzy. It was his encouragement and the councils' dollars that kept things going. It's been a shame some of the "Named" poets have not got here, Marco Gliori, and Bobby Miller, but because in both cases sickness or work has prevented them coming. We have, however, had some great performances by poets like Gary Fogarty, 'Arch' Bishop, Shirley Friend, Noel Stallard, Glenny Palmer, Wally Finch, Merv Webster, Ned Winter, Jack Drake, the list goes on. Young Carmel Dunn won the first championship here in 97, Carol Reffold in 98, then Wally Finch last year. I wonder who'll win this year!!

Without saying too much more, I'll remind you all again, entries close 17th August, 2000. The dates of the Round-Up are 1st, 2nd and 3rd of September. Don't forget to book your accommodation and anyone still wanting entry forms should ring me on (07) 4695 4209. I hope to see you all here in Millmerran for perhaps the last of the Round-Ups!! Final reminder next month.

Kev J Barnes

News from North Pine Bush Poets Group Inc.

At North Pine Country Park, Petrie, Queensland



Organisation of our 5th Annual Camp Oven Bush Poetry Festival to be held on the 19th and 20th of August is well under way. With well-known members of our group such as Coralie Welch, Noel Stallard, Graham Fredriksen, Louise and graham Dean, Wally Finch and other great performers too numerous to mention we have a great group. We are sure to have a terrific 2 day festival at the North Pine Country Park, Petrie, QLD.

Located just half an hour's drive north of Brisbane, amidst the Historical Village in the park with the Country Markets in full swing on the Sunday, we have a new venue this year just 100 yards away from the Country Music Hall we have used the last 4 years. (We couldn't get the hall this year as a wedding is being held there on the Saturday.)

This year the Festival is in the North Pine Lodge, with dormitory accommodation available as well as our usual camping facilities and a camp fire and get-together on the Friday evening.

We have already started to receive entries for the Written Competition, and this attracts good prize money and a trophy. This year, we have three different age groups for Juniors, i.e. 13 to 16 years, 9 to 12 years, and 8 years and under. For Written Bush Verse Entry Forms write or phone/fax John or Patti Coutts at the address

below. Remember the Written Bush Verse Competition closing date is 31st July 2000.

Our Camp Oven Performance Festival starts on Saturday 19th August at 8:30 am with Novice, Junior and Open Serious Categories and culminating in our dinner and concert with Ray Essery, Bobby Miller, Glenny Palmer and Shirley Friend on the Saturday night. After our breakfast on Sunday 20th, we will start on our fun Categories including Open Humorous, Duo Competition and Yarnspinning.

Presentation of prizes for Juniors will be just before lunch on Saturday and for all other categories, approximately 2:00pm on Sunday.

Meals will be available on both days with morning and afternoon teas and it will be a great weekend of fun in the bush with good Australian Bush Poetry performed by the best poets in Australia.

Remember, Festival entries close 31st July, but Late Entries may be accepted if vacancies exist in Categories, but late entries will not be listed in our souvenir program. For festival Brochure, Entry Forms and Dinner, Concert and Accommodation information, please get in touch with the Festival Organisers: John and Patti Coutts, 5 Old Gympie Road, Kallangur Qld 4503 Ph/Fax (07) 3886 1552

POET'S CALENDAR OF EVENTS AND COMPETITIONS

Jul 5	Kilcoy Unplugged with Ian Mackay, Ph Graham Fredriksen 07 5497 1045
Jul 7-9	Bundy Muster weekend Performance and written competitions. Joan 07 4152 9624 or Sandy 07 4151 4631 P14
Jul 14	Closing Date Country on the Tweed written competition. Details page 14
Jul 12-14	Cloncurry Bush Poetry Festival , workshop, concert, poet's breakfast, competition. Ph Nancy 07 4742 1411
Jul 16	3rd Annual Bush Poets Breakfast , followed by Bushdance BBQ and Yarnspinning, Derby, WA. Ph Cheryle Holmes
Jul 17	Closing Date Surat's Battered Bugle written competition. Ph Jan 07 4626 5103 P14
Jul 19	Kilcoy Unplugged with a Tribute to Henry Lawson, Ph Graham Fredriksen 07 5497 1045
Jul 22	Closing Date Hastings Regional 2000 Literary Competition , Ph Gloria 02 6584 1163
Jul 30	Closing Date Dubbo City Church Poetry Competition . Enq Nikki Sinclair 02 6884 1715
Jul 31	Closing Date North Pine Bush Poets Camp Oven Award 2000 written competition. Ph Mary 07 5494 7260
Aug 4	Closing Date Spirit of the Outback Writing competition. Details page 14
Aug 4	Closing Date Newcastle Poetry Prize 2000 , Details page 14
Aug 11	Closing Date 2000 Victor Harbour Folk Festival Poetry Writing Awards Ph Kath or Mike Edgecombe 08 8271 0524
Aug 19-20	Camp Oven Festival . North Pine Country Park, Petrie. Enquiries - John & Patti Coufts 07 3886 1552
Aug 19-20	Trundle Bush Tucker Day . Trundle NSW Ph Frank 02 6344 1477 Fax 02 6344 1962 bushpoet@westserv.net.au
Aug 22-27	Toyota National Country Music Muster 2000 , Amamoor State Forest, via Gympie Qld. Ph 07 5482 2099 P6
Aug 28	Closing Date Coonee Festival Poetry Competition , send entries to PO Box 199, Gilgandra NSW 2827
Sep 1-3	Millmerran Bush Poet's Round-Up , Millmerran Qld. Contact Kev Barnes 07 4695 4209 P15
Oct 7-8	Australian Camp Oven Festival , Millmerran Qld.
Oct 31	Closing Date Dubbo Outback Writers' Centre Literary Competition. PO Box 2994 Dubbo 2830
2001	
Mar 17-18	High Country Poets , O'Mara's Hotel, Stanthorpe, Q. Cash prizes for Original and Traditional Ph Jack 07 4683 7169
May 12-13	Eulo Annual Mother's Day Fair , Written & Performance Competitions.

High Country Poets in 2001

Big News for Traditional Entrants!

The date is set for next year's contest! In 2001, High Country Poets will run on St Patrick's Day, 17th March, with the Poets' Breakfast and Open Mike Session on Sunday 18th.

The big news for next year concerns the Open Traditional Performance Section. The organisers are thrilled to welcome Huddleston Solicitors of Stanthorpe on board as Sponsor of this event. Greg Huddleston has generously offered \$1,000 prize pool, so place getters in the Traditional will receive \$700 for First Place, \$200 for Second, and \$100 for Third. This added to that of Hidden Creek Winery and O'Mara's Hotel, brings the total prize pool up to \$2,650. Worth a trip to Stanthorpe, eh?

Some extra events are planned for the weekend, beginning with 'Meet the Poets' in the Public Bar of O'Mara's Hotel on Friday night. An impromptu session this year, with Ellis Campbell, Neil Carrol and myself was a laugh a minute, so we thought we'd put this in as a feature next year. Other possible events include a heritage display by the Stanthorpe Vintage Machinery Club.

Keep the 17th and 18th March 2001 free, and we'll see you there!

Submitted by Jack Drake 07 4683 7169



TOYOTA National Country Music MUSTER 2000

Location: Amamoor State Forest via Gympie Dates: Tuesday 22nd - Sunday 27th August 2000

BUSH POETRY EVENTS

Bush Poetry Breakfasts hosted this year by Marco Giori, Neil McCarthur, Gary Fogarty and The Naked Poets.

Poets Brawl. 1 minute poetry competition. Enter on the day. First 25 entries drawn on the night perform. Great Prizes.

The Musterbeenbloodygood Poetry Award. An opportunity over two series of heats for Muster campers and Poets to perform a poem in the general format of a Poets Breakfast (1 poem). Three performers from each heat (6 in total) will be invited to perform on the Sunday Musterbeenbloodygood concert where each person will be paid \$50 to perform a two poem bracket, and the performer voted most entertaining on Sunday will receive a cash bonus of \$400 plus the inaugural 'Musterbeenbloodygood Poetry Award' souvenir Trophy. Entries taken at the festival (Poets Breakfasts) from Tuesday 22nd. Those who don't make it through in the first heats are welcome to try again if there is room in the second heats.

POETRY PROGRAM DETAILS

Tuesday - 2 hr Poets Breakfast. Wednesday - 2 hr Poets Breakfast. Thursday - 2hr Poets Breakfast

Friday - 2 hr Poets Breakfast Friday Lunch - Heat 1 Musterbeenbloodygood Poetry Award Friday Night - Poets Brawl

Saturday - 2 hr Poets Breakfast Saturday Lunch - Heat 2 Musterbeenbloodygood Poetry Award Saturday Night - Naked Poets Concert

Sunday - 2hr Poets Breakfast Sunday Lunch - Musterbeenbloodygood Poetry Concert and Award

Muster Tickets and enquiries -: 07 5482 2099

REGULAR MONTHLY EVENTS

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

QUEENSLAND

- 1st Monday **Bon Amici's Restaurant & Coffee Shop.** Margaret St, Toowoomba Ron Selby 07 4630 1106
- 1st Thursday **Red Kettle Folk Club.** Mapleton Hotel, Mapleton 8.30-11pm. Poetry and Music. Jacqueline Bridle 07 5478 6263
- 1st Saturday **Poets & Musicians at Eumundi Markets** in courtyard outside Rob's Bakery. Ph. Elizabeth 07 5449 1991
- 1st Sunday **North Pine Bush Poets Breakfasts.** North Pine Country Park, 9 am at Dad & Daves Billy Tea and Damper
Ph. 07 3285 2845 or 07 3886 1552
- 2nd & 4th Thursday **Golden Pen Poets.** Old Gympie Town Hall, Gympie 7 pm Ph Phil Morrison 07 5486 1171
- 2nd Friday **Poets & Mates** 7.30 pm Todd's Coattage, North Pine Country Park, Kurwongbah Ph Wally Finch 07 3886 0747
- 2nd Saturday **Bundaberg Poets Society Inc.** Contact Joan Lane 07 4152 9624 or Sandy Lees 07 4151 4631
- 3rd Sunday **North Pine Bush Poets Breakfasts.** North Pine Country Park, 9 am at Dad & Daves Billy Tea and Damper
Ph. 07 3285 2845 or 07 3886 1552
- Last Wednesday **Millmerran Bush Poetry Group,** 7pm. Millmerran Bakery. Ring "The Legend" Kev Barnes 07 4695 4209.
- Every Wed **Writers in Townsville** 7.30pm, Hodel Room City Library, Thuringowa Dr, Thuringowa. Phil Heang 07 4773 4223
- 1st & 3rd Wed **Kilcoy Unplugged,** 7.00 p.m. Kilcoy Gardens Motel Restaurant, Gold Coin Entry Ph Graham 07 5497 1045

NEW SOUTH WALES

- 1st Tuesday **Tuggarah Lakes Poetry Group.** (except Jan) 7pm The Entrance Leagues Club, 3 Bay Village Road, Bateau Bay.
Contact Joan Johnson - 02 4332 5318 and Judy Stanton 02 4388 5972
- 1st Thursday **North By North West Poetry & Folk Club.** 7.30 pm Uniting Church Hall, North Ryde.
Ph Graeme Johnson - 02 9874 7653 or Jenny Carter 02 9887 1856 or 0412 222 690
- 1st Sunday **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 Monday **Parakeet's Poets,** Katoomba. Parakeet Cafe at 7pm, Katoomba St, Katoomba. Phone Denis Kevans 02 4757 3119
- 2nd Tuesday **Hunter Bush Poets** - 7pm - Tarro Hotel, Anderson Dr, Tarro Bob Skelton 02 4953 2751
- 2nd Wednesday **Dorrigo Mountain Top Poets,** 7pm April, June, August, October Phone Murray 02 6657 2139
- 2nd Thursday **Tamworth Poetry Reading Grp.** 8pm 4 Illoura St, Sth Tamworth 02 6766 4164 or 026765 6067
- 2nd Friday **The Monaro Leisure Club.** 7 pm, Vale St Cooma Bush Poetry and Country Music. Ph Elaine 02 6454 3128
- 2nd Saturday **Poets in the Club,** Urunga Golf Club, 1-4pm March, May, July and September only. Ring Maureen 02 6568 5269
- 2nd Sunday **"Interludes"** Ashfield Civic Centre, Ashfield - Joye Dempsey 02 9797 7575
- 3rd Thursday **Wollondilly Regional FAW Writers** 7.30pm "The Hideaway" Davison Ln, Picton Liz 02 4677 2044, Vince 4684 1704
- 3rd Friday **June Bush Poetry Group** 7.30pm, Junee Com'ty Cntr, Brian Beasley, PO Box 82, Junee 2663 Ph. 02 6924 1317
- 4th Tuesday **Poets in the Pub with Grafton Live Poet's Society.** Roches Hotel 7.30pm Ph John Walker 02 6555 8122
- 4th Wednesday **Inverell Wednesday Writers.** 7.30pm, Empire Hotel. Ph Ida Morse 02 6722 2425
- 4th Thursday **Queanbeyan Bush Poets.** Poets Lane, Queanbeyan. Phone David Meyers 02 6286 1891
- 2nd Last Mon **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.
- Last Tuesday **Spaghetti Poetry Group.** Gee Kwong Restaurant, 197 Mann St, Gosford. Dinner at 6.30, Poetry at 7.30
Phone Bob & Ester Sennett 02 4325 2590
- Last Thursday **Writers on the River,** 7pm Caddies Coffee Shop, 2-3 Castlereagh St, Penrith Phone Brian Bell, 02 4739 2219
- Last Friday **Kangaroo Valley Folk Club.** Bush Poets welcome. Phone Carl Leddy re venue 02 4465 1621
- Last Saturday **Australian Christian Writers Fellowship,** Hunter Div. Morisset Baptist Church Hall 1.30 - 4pm
Contact J. Bray - 11 Rhodes Pde, Windermere Park 2264
- Every 2nd Friday **Pheasants Hut Folk Club.** Bundeena Ph Yuri 02 9527 0955 or Mob 041 941 2093
- Monthly **Top of the Murray Poets & Bush Storytellers.** Contact Jan Lewis 02 6077 4332
- Every 2 months on 2nd Saturday **Cornucopia Cafe.** Poets & Folkies Get Together. Old Gladesville Hospital Grounds, Punt Rd.
Jenny - 02 9887 1856 or 0412 222 690, or Graeme 02 9874 7653.
- Every 3 months **Poetic Folk,** 24 Finisterre Ave, Whalan 2770. Ring "Arch" Bishop 02 9625 7245

VICTORIA

- 1st Monday **Kyabram & Dist. Bush Verse Gr,** Every 2nd mth, Kyabram Fauna Park, 7.30 pm Ph. Mick Coventry 03 5853 2265
- Monthly, Thursdays, dates vary. **Gippsland Bush Poets.** Rosedale Hotel, Rosedale, 7.30pm Ph Dennis Carstairs 03 5145 6128

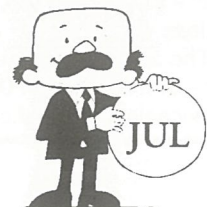
SOUTH AUSTRALIA

- 3rd Wednesday **South Australian Bush Poets.** 7.30 pm Alma Pub Long Room, Willunga Ph/Fax Maurie O'Brien 08 8326 8788
- Last Tuesday **Whyalla Writers Group.** Phone Colby Maddigan 08 86451771

WESTERN AUSTRALIA

- 1st Friday **WA Bush Poets and Yarnspinners,** 7.30pm Raffles Hotel, Canning Bridge. Ph Rusty Christensen 9364 4491

Editors Note: Poets from all states and territories are encouraged to let me know when any local poets gatherings may be occurring. If you have a regular get-together, why not advertise it here, **FOR FREE!!!**



WHAT'S ON AROUND THE TRAPS



THE DROVER'S CAMP ASSN INC CAMOOWEAL
Bronze Spur Award, Written Bush Verse Competition
First Prize - A Wave Hill Spur in bronze by North West Artist
Jaye Daley, Second Prize - \$50, Third Prize - \$35
Entries close **30th June 2000**

Maximum four entries per competitor, Entry fee - \$3 per poem
For enquiries and entry forms, contact Secretary,
The Drovers' Camp, Written Poetry Contest, PO Box 4,
Camooeal Qld 4828

BUNDABERG POETS SOCIETY, INC

Bundy Muster Week-end: **July 7th, 8th and 9th, 2000**
Competitions: Open, Intermediate, Novice, Junior & Under 12's
N.B. Intermediate Category: Any poet who has not been
placed first in any open competition.

Entry forms available from: Bundaberg Poets Society Inc.,
P.O. Box 4281, South Bundaberg Qld 4670
Enquiries: Joan 07 41529624 or Sandy 07 41514631

CLONCURRY BUSH POETRY FESTIVAL

Wednesday 12th July - Adult workshop 7pm

Thursday 13th July - Concert 7:30pm

Friday 14th July - Poets Breakfast 9am

Competition starts 10:30am

Junior section (under 16 years), Novice Open, Traditional Open
Original Open, Duo/Group performance, One Minute Dash
Yarn Spinning. All enquiries to: Nancy Dodd, Post Office
Hotel, Cloncurry, QLD 4824. Ph (07) 4742 1411

COUNTRY ON THE TWEED Written Poetry Competition

Theme "The Olympic Torch". Two sections - Junior (under
16yrs), and Adult (17yrs & over). Limit 40 lines
Closing Date **14th July**. Entry fee \$2 (Junior) and \$5 (Adult)
Send stamped, self-addressed envelope for entry form to -
Country on the Tweed Poetry Competition, 20 Scenic Drive
Bilambil Heights NSW 2486

FELLOWSHIP OF AUSTRALIAN WRITERS NSW INC

Hastings Regional 2000 Literary Competition. Categories:

1. Short Story 3,000 words max, fiction, open theme
 2. Mini Story 1,000 words max, fiction, open theme
 3. Article 1,200 words max, non-fiction, general interest
 4. Poetry Traditional rhyming 60 lines max
 5. Poetry Contemporary free-form, 30 lines max
 6. Poetry Australian Bush rhyming, 80 lines max
- Closing Date **22nd July 2000**, Results 30th September 2000
Entry Fee \$3 per entry

No entry form required, but entries must be author's original
work that has not won any other competition. All entries to be
typed double or 1.5 spaced on one side of A4 paper only.
Include cover sheet A4 showing title, category, author's name,
address and phone number. No name on entry.

For further details, and for all entries or enquiries, contact
Competition Secretary: Gloria Paviour-Smith, PO Box 1693
Port Macquarie NSW 2444. Phone 02 6584 1163

SURAT'S BATTERED BUGLE Bush Verse Competition 2000

Written Competition - Open

Must be 'Bush Verse' with the theme 'Cobb & Co and the
Centenary of Federation'.

Prizes 1st - \$200, 2nd - \$150, and 3rd - \$100.

Written Competition - Junior (under 17 years)

Prizes - 1st - \$50, 2nd - \$30, and 3rd - \$20

Entries close **Monday 17th July 2000**

Send to The Secretary, PO Box 8, Surat Qld 4417

Enquiries - Jan Ritchie Ph 07 4626 5103 Fax 07 4626 5516
email - villacoola@bigpond.com

DUBBO CITY CHURCH POETRY COMP

Two categories: Inspirational and Australian
Humour, Entry fee \$3 payable to Dubbo City
Church, Cash & Award Prizes - 1st and 2nd in
each category, No line limit, but shorter poems
may be preferred for proposed anthology.

Closing date **July 30th, 2000**. Enquiries and entries to
Nikki Sinclair, Dubbo City Church, 91 Cobbora Road, Dubbo
2830, Ph 02 6884 1715

**NORTH PINE BUSH POETS Camp Oven Award 2000 for
Written Verse.** Must be Bush Verse and maximum length of
120 lines. Open Competition - 1st prize trophy & \$150, 2nd
prize \$50, 3rd prize \$25

Junior Competition - 13 to 16 years - 1st prize \$50, 9 to 12
years - 1st prize \$25, 8 years and under - 1st prize \$10. Entry
fee \$5.00, or 3 entries for \$10.00. Entries close **31st July,
2000**

For enquiries or entry forms, contact the Co-Ordinator,
Mary Hodgson, Diamond Valley Rd, Mooloolah Qld 4553,
Phone (07) 5494 7260

BEYOND THE MARGIN WRITING COMPETITION

Two sections -

Poetry - maximum length 20 lines

Fiction - maximum length 2000 words

Entry fee - \$5 for each entered story or poem

Prizes:- 1st \$100, 2nd \$50, 3rd \$25, plus certificates of merit
and encouragement certificates.

Entry form is available, but is not mandatory. An information
pack including entry form and full conditions of entry can be
obtained by sending a stamped self-addressed envelope to -
Beyond The Margin, 15 Forsythe St, Banks ACT 2906
Or email beyondthemargin@regards.net

COOEE FESTIVAL POETRY COMPETITION

Closing date: **28th August 2000**. Entry fee: \$5 per poem

Send entries to: The Secretary, Cooe March Poetry
Competition, PO Box 199, Gilgandra NSW 2827. See page 10
Or e-mail to: cooefestivalgilgandra@hotmail.com

SPIRIT OF THE OUTBACK Writing Competition

An initiative of The Australian Workers Heritage Centre
Entries may be prose, poetry, or short stories (max 2500
words). The theme for 2000 is "A Woman's Spirit". Entries
must pertain to women's working life - paid or unpaid - in the
Australian outback. Entries close **Friday 4th August 2000**

Enquiries, or for entry forms, contact
The Australian Workers Heritage Centre, PO Box 12324,
Elizabeth Street QLD

NEWCASTLE POETRY PRIZE 2000

The \$10,000 Newcastle Poetry Prize will be awarded to an
unpublished poem or group of poems in English to 200 lines.
Entries close **Friday, 4th August 2000**.

Entry fee \$10.00 per entry. For Conditions of Entry, please
send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to The Newcastle
Poetry Prize, PO Box 5276, Newcastle West NSW 2302

THE 2000 VICTOR HARBOUR FOLK FESTIVAL

Poetry Writing Awards. Two categories - Open Verse Style
(for primary school students, high school students, and
adults) and Bush Verse. Entries close **Friday 11th August**.

No entry fee for students, but an entry fee for adults of
\$5.00 for one or two poems.

Each entry must be accompanied by an entry form.

For entry forms, or further details, contact Kath or Mike
Edgecombe 08 8271 0524

WHAT'S ON AROUND THE TRAPS

TRUNDLE BUSH TUCKER DAY, Trundle NSW
August 19th - 20th Spoken Word Competition.
 \$1,000.00 Prizemoney
 Saturday 19th. at 10.00am
 Open Traditional Bush Poetry (over 50 years)
 Open Original Bush Poetry (Serious)
 Open Original Bush Poetry (Humorous)
 Finals same day. Pays three places in each section.
 Contact Frank Daniel 02 6344 1477 Fax 02 6344 1962
 email. bushpoet@westserv.net.au

5th CAMP OVEN BUSH POETRY FESTIVAL

North Pine Country Park, Dayboro Rd, Petrie, Qld
19th & 20th August 2000, Hosted by North Pine Bush Poets Group. Written Competition for Adults, 13-16 yrs, 9-12 yrs, 8 yrs and under. Entries for Written Comp close 31/7/2000
 Performance Competition for Junior, Novice and Open, Serious, Original, Humorous Australian Bush Poetry, and also fun events such as Duo and Yarn Spinning.
 Entry forms for these competitions available from John Coutts, Treasurer, North Pine Bush Poets Group, 5 Old Gympie Road, Kallangur, Qld 4503 Ph/Fax 07 3886 1552

TOYOTA NATIONAL COUNTRY MUSIC MUSTER 2000 22 - 27 August, 2000.

Tuesday - 2 hr Poets Breakfast
 Wednesday - 2 hr Poets Breakfast
 Thursday - 2hr Poets Breakfast
 Friday - 2 hr Poets Breakfast
 Friday Lunch - Heat 1 Musterbeenbloodygood Poetry Award
 Friday Night - Poets Brawl (enter on the day/great prizes)
 Saturday - 2 hr Poets Breakfast
 Sat Lunch - Heat 2 Musterbeenbloodygood Poetry Award
 Saturday Night - Naked Poets Concert and album launch.
 Sunday - 2hr Poets Breakfast
 Sun Lunch - Musterbeenbloodygood Poetry Concert and Award
Muster Tickets and enquiries 07 5482 2099

MILLMERRAN FOURTH ANNUAL BUSH POET'S ROUND-UP

1st, 2nd, 3rd September 2000, in aid of The Qld Cancer Fund, Millmerran Blue Nurses, Millmerran Hospital Auxiliary, Millmerran Volunteer Fire Brigade
 Friday 1st September Yarn-Spinning Competition
 Saturday 2nd September Junior, Novice, Intermediate & Duo Competitions, Poets Charity Dinner & "State of Origin" Show
 Sunday 3rd September Poets Breakfast, Open Competition and Poets Brawl
 Entries close **17th August**

For Enquiries and Entry Forms, contact Millmerran Bush Poets, PO Box 64, Millmerran Qld 4357, Kev Barnes 07 4695 4209

AUSTRALIAN CAMP OVEN FESTIVAL, Millmerran Qld

The second Australian Camp Oven Festival will be held on the **7th & 8th October 2000** in the small town of Millmerran, situated on the Gore Highway some 87kms south west of Toowoomba.

DUBBO OUTBACK WRITERS' CENTRE, Literary Competition

Theme: Outback Australia (factual or fictional).
 Section 1 - short story, article or essay to maximum 1500 words. Section 2 - Poem to maximum 80 lines (any style).
 Prizes in each section: 1st \$300, 2nd \$100, 3rd \$50, five merit awards of \$10, plus commendations. Entry fee \$5 per entry. Any number of entries. For entry forms and details conditions of entry send SSAE to Competition Convenor, PO Box 2994, Dubbo NSW 2830

EULO ANNUAL MOTHER'S DAY FAIR

12-13 May 2001. Written and Performance Poetry Competitions with Great prizes!



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 via Scone NSW 2337

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 Monsildale Rd, Kilcoy 4515 or Ph 07 5497 1045

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Australian Bush Poets Association Inc.

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Email abpanews@hotmail.com

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July 2000

**SURFACE
MAIL**

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Heritage Corner

**This space devoted to
preserving the character of our
Australian Heritage**

Compiled and submitted by Holly de Dikate

There has long been an argument about the origin of the Pavlova – was it created first in Australia, or across the Tasman in New Zealand?

The Australian proponents maintain that the Pavlova was created by a Perth chef, Herbert Sachse, in honour of the great Russian ballerina, Anna Pavlova, when she visited Australia in 1925. The New Zealanders say that a South Island housewife was making the concoction ten years earlier.

From 'Technical Annual', 1937

Care Of Farm Machinery

Endeavour to keep all machinery under cover and always give an occasional coat of paint.

Plough: Always keep the mouldboards clean; they will not turn ground properly if dirty. Give the mouldboards a coat of cold oil when season is finished, so that they will not rust.

Harrows: Take care of the woodwork, and always stack ironwork under cover.

Cultivator: Always paint the tynes to keep the temper.

Combine: Clean the drill-box out after seeding, put the stars into water to soak off the super, and give them a coat of blacklead; fill the tubes with long straw and put them in the seed-box.

1st JULY 1885 - BORN IN SYDNEY, DOROTHEA MACKELLAR, AUTHOR OF THE POEM "MY COUNTRY"

18th JULY 1910 - HARRY REDFORD, CATTLE DUFFER, BETTER KNOWN AS "CAPTAIN STARLIGHT" DIED

26th JULY 1861 - JACK HOWE, RECORD HOLDER FOR A DAY'S BLADE SHEARING (321 MERINOS IN 7 HOURS AND 40 MINUTES), BORN IN KILLARNEY, QLD

Thank you to our Contributors

Trisha Anderson
John & Gaye
Barclay
Kev Barnes
Ellis Campbell
Betsy Chape
John Coutts
Anne Cremin
Frank Daniel
Ken Dean
Holly de Dikate
Jack Drake
Janine Haig
Ray Essery
Leo Keane

Geraldine King
Vivienne Ledlie
Barb Macdermid
Carol Reffold
Lorraine Richards
Marilyn Roberts
Ron Selby
Olive Shooter
Dan Smith
Noel Stallard
Ron Stevens
Loveen Taylor
Judy Trew
Grahame Watt
Joy Wheat

THE LAST WORD FROM THE EDITOR

Dear Members

Winter is upon us, and up here in Queensland we are feeling the blast of the South-Westerlies sweeping across the Australian Alps. Those of our members from the southern climes must *really* be cold!

I am still keen to hear from members who would like to be regular contributors. Yes, you will get a by-line, and even a photo, if you wish. Just send me one. (Along with your news, views, rumour, and innuendo.) Any feedback from readers is also always appreciated, as it can be difficult to determine if the Newsletter contains what the members want to read about unless comments are made. Please consider!

I was saddened to hear of the passing of "Dangerous" Dan Smith, a character who once met, was not forgotten. Many thanks to Janine Haig for the obituary. My one regret is that I see the character of many of our poet members through their writing, but rarely have the opportunity to meet them in person. One of the reasons for the "Centre Stage" page each issue is an attempt to bring the personalities of various of our members to our readers. I do hope that this column is succeeding in that regard.

My thanks this month go to Trisha Anderson, Holly de Dikate, Grahame Watt and Geoffrey Graham for your regular contributions.

Best regards, Jennifer Priest

