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AUSTRALIAN NATIVES' ASSOCIATION

Australian
Poetry
and the
Australian Natives'
Association

By BRYAN J. KELLEHER, B.A., B. Com., F.I.B.A.
(Federal President, ANA)
Melbourne, 1983



AUSTRALIAN NATIVES' ASSOCIATION

When the Australian Natives' Association was formed in 1871 it combined the advantages of a friendly society with those of a mutual improvement and national organisation. Its meetings were open to the public and dispensed with unnecessary formalities. It prohibited discussions on religious issues or questions of a "party political" nature so that its members would direct their attention to matters of national concern.

In its friendly society work the A.N.A. believes that, especially in the days of prosperity, it is paramount to provide against adversity or ill-health; and as a national organisation it aims to attract to its ranks, on an equal footing, those Australians who desire to exchange ideas regarding the welfare and advancement of their native land. It fosters a sincere love of country, encouragement of a high standard of living, the stimulation of Australian art, literature and science, and the development of Australia's resources and industries in a scientific way and to the fullest extent. It believes that Australians should enjoy the highest ideals of social freedom and that Australia should be built into a powerful but peace-loving nation.

Probably there has never been a time when the Australian Natives' Association did not need new members. Most organisations need to maintain the intake of new members and ensure that there is proper representation of the views of all age groups. However, the A.N.A. puts no barriers in the way so far as age is concerned and offers every encouragement to its members to interest themselves in, or better still actively participate in, the decision-making processes within its wide range of activities.

Throughout the 112 years of its existence the A.N.A. has taken a keen interest in national questions. Many of these have, in one way or another, involved the A.N.A. with various committees of inquiry stemming from Australian or State Government action in recent times. It is difficult, if not impossible, to put any definite limits on the scope of the A.N.A.'s work and interest in national questions. Because there are topics sufficient to interest all I appeal to A.N.A. members throughout the length and breadth of this great land of ours to involve themselves more positively now in national matters by participating in their local branches — or by forming a branch in their locality if needs be. I also appeal to others to join the Australian Natives' Association and make their own contribution, as Australians, in their own way, at their own pace, to Australia's advancement. The A.N.A. has seen good times and hard times, the rough and the smooth, but remains an organisation of thousands of ordinary Australians trying to advance Australia and the Australian people. A helping hand is always appreciated.

This booklet makes a number of references to "Anapress" which is an official journal of the Australian Natives' Association. It has been issued quarterly since 1948, from Melbourne. It is not our longest running journal, however, as the "A.N.A. Advocate" has been issued in Western Australia since 1937.

June, 1983

ISBN 0 949484 00 8

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by
BRYAN J. KELLEHER, B.A., B.Com., F.I.B.A.
(Federal President A.N.A.)

The stimulation of Australian Art, Literature and Science has been one of the basic objectives of the Australian Natives' Association ever since its inauguration in 1871, 112 years ago. This objective constitutes, to all intents and purposes, a permanent commitment for the A.N.A.

In 1903, in Victoria, A.N.A. Garden Prizes were awarded for the most improved school garden in each inspectorial district as a means of interesting children in horticulture and improving their own "working environment" and the general surroundings. Some 50 Awards are made each year, involving an outlay of the order of \$3000. The popularity of these Awards shows no sign of diminishing. Vocal Scholarships were awarded in Victoria, between 1904 and 1928, for elocution and music. Essay competitions were also conducted in Victoria from the early 1900's, from about 1937 in Western Australia, and not long after that in Tasmania. Additionally there is now the A.N.A. History Award of \$150 for Senior Scholars and \$50 for Juniors, awarded annually for an essay on a topic related to the Australian History curriculum for the appropriate year. The making of this Award stemmed from a proposal by the Diamond Valley Branch of the A.N.A. in Victoria at the 1981 Annual Conference in Hamilton. (See 1981 Conference Report at page 27).

From 1917 onwards in Victoria scholarships (titled the Wainwright Scholarship) were awarded in Senior Technical Schools primarily to encourage the study of science. Further details on these matters can be found in the publication "Australian Art, Literature and Science — The A.N.A.'s Interest" issued in Melbourne in 1979 by the Australian Natives' Association (ISBN 0 9599842 4 0) and also in "Anapress", the official journal of the A.N.A. in Victoria, of September, 1979 at pages 1-5.

SOME MORE DEVELOPMENTS

On 10 May, 1974 a submission related to the stimulation of Australian Art, Literature and Science was prepared by a Director of the A.N.A. in Victoria and put before the Board in that State for consideration at its May and June, 1974 meetings. It was as a result of this that the Board agreed to accept and support in principle a proposal that the A.N.A.'s Annual Conference be asked to appropriate an initial "pilot" sum of \$9000 from the surplus which it was anticipated would arise from the 1974 quinquennial valuation of the funds of the Australian Natives' Association. The idea was that \$3000 initially would be allocated to an Australian Art Development Fund, \$3000 to an Australian Literature Development Fund and \$3000 to an Australian Science Development Fund. The annual interest which would accrue to each Fund would be available for disbursement as Awards and thus the capital of each Fund would remain intact at \$3000.

The Board also decided to appoint a Committee of three Directors (Messrs. J.E. Menadue, B.J. Kelleher and W.G. Smallman) to investigate the matter in more

detail. On 8 July, 1975 this Committee recommended to the Board that strong and positive support be given to the proposal at Annual Conference in 1976 and, if this proved successful, further detailed planning of the ways and means of achieving the A.N.A.'s objectives in these fields should go ahead. Early in its life the Committee could see that a lot of background spadework would be necessary. It was essential that a firm foundation be prepared right from the outset. There were no prizes for making mistakes and so the Committee preferred to "make haste slowly". It was not prepared to rush in. It wanted to know precisely where it was heading and what was involved for all concerned. It had learned that some of the issues which came up for consideration could turn out to be a little more complex than was apparent at first sight.

The A.N.A.'s 100th Annual Conference at Wodonga, Victoria in March of 1976 endorsed the proposal, as the Committee and the Board had hoped (vide 1976 Conference Report at page 14). By a Board decision of 28 April, 1976 Director H.T. Shannon joined the three other members of the Committee who had been appointed back in mid-1974. On 1 July, 1976 the Victorian Government Statist and Actuary gave his formal approval to the establishment of the three separate Development Funds. Also in July of 1976 a member of the Committee prepared draft rules for these three Funds, plus some detailed guidelines which were designed to assist in defining those particular pursuits and disciplines coming within the respective fields of art, literature and science. (See 1978 Conference Report, page 32). These guidelines could be added to or adjusted as determined by the experience of the Committee. At the same time the Committee went out and actively sought participation and ideas from the A.N.A. membership at large on the basis that "out of the ideas of many comes wisdom" (see "Anapress" of September, 1976 p. 15).

The setting up of a sound administrative base took a lot of time and effort. Detailed thought and work were necessary because of the numerous organisations with which the Committee had dealings. Notwithstanding this the Committee was described by Director W.G. Smallman as "one of the best he had ever worked on". His death on 17 July, 1977 was keenly felt by his colleagues. His contribution to the Committee's work had been made with enthusiasm and distinction. On 30 November, 1977 the Board appointed Director W.A. Cuddihy to the Committee. Director J.E. Menadue decided to retire from the Board on 10 March, 1978. Since that time the Committee has comprised three Directors, ably assisted, as required, by the General Secretary (Mr. J.A. Munro), the Assistant General Secretary (Mr. G. Grimwood) and the A.N.A.'s National Organisation Officer (Mrs. Amanda Duncan). Director W.A. Cuddihy died on 13 July, 1982 and his place on the Committee was taken by Director Les Crofts by decision of the Board 28 July, 1982.

The degree of the A.N.A.'s involvement in the stimulation of Australian art, literature and science increased noticeably from 1974 onwards. The reader who desires to look at this development a little more closely is referred to the following material in "Anapress": September, 1975, page 10; September, 1976, page 15; December, 1978, page 7; March, 1979, page 18, and September, 1979, pages 1-5.

The 1982 Annual Conference at Ballarat, Victoria had regard to the work done by the Committee and decided to allocate a further \$21,000 for the stimulation of Australian Art, Literature and Science (vide 1982 Conference Report, page 12). Thus the capital in each of the three Development Funds was raised from the \$3000 set in 1976 up to \$10,000 — an amount of \$30,000 in all.

WINNERS OF A.N.A. AWARDS IN ART, LITERATURE AND SCIENCE

Award winners in Art, Literature and Science may be ascertained from issues of "Anapress" as follows:—

Australian Natives' Association Art Award, (Valued at \$300).

- 1978 : No Award made. "Anapress", September, 1979, page 3.
- 1979 : Mr. Neil House (for Sculpture). "Anapress", June, 1980, page 6.
- 1980 : Mr. R. Sanders (for Sculpture). "Anapress", Sept., 1981, page 10.
- 1981 : Miss Susan Stamp (for Drawing). "Anapress", Dec. 1981, pages 12, 13, and 15.
- 1982 : Various Winners (Arts and Crafts, Royal Melbourne Show). "Anapress", Dec., 1982, pages 12-13.

Australian Natives' Association Literature Award (Valued at \$300, and from 1982 \$400, for a work of sustained quality and distinction with an Australian theme).

- 1978 : Shared by Jessica Anderson and Ronald Conway. "Anapress", June, 1979, pages 9 and 18; September, 1979, pages 2-3.
- 1979 : Dr. David Denholm. "Anapress", June, 1980, page 2.
- 1980 : Shared by Frank Hardy and Bill Reed. "Anapress", June, 1981, page 12.
- 1981 : Glen Tomasetti. "Anapress", June, 1982, page 10.
- 1982 : Rodney Hall. "Anapress", June, 1983, page 12.

Australian Natives' Association Science Award (Valued at \$300)

- 1978 : "Anapress", December, 1978, pages 7 - 9; March, 1979, page 18; June, 1979, page 17.
- 1979 : "Anapress", December, 1979, pages 1 - 2 and 12.
- 1980 : "Anapress", October, 1980, page 13.
- 1981 : "Anapress", December, 1981, pages 7 - 10 and 13.
- 1982 : "Anapress", December, 1982, pages 14 - 17.

A.N.A. LINKS WITH OTHER SOCIETIES, ETC.

The Australian Literature Society

One of the earliest cultural bodies formed in Australia was the Australian Literature Society. This was established in 1899. Its motto was "Not as the songs of other lands her song shall be" from George Essex Evans' poem "An Australian Symphony". When the Society was established in 1899 one of its four patrons was Mr. E.E. Roberts, then Chief President of the Australian Natives' Association in Victoria.

The Society worked hard and did much to overcome the attitude that Australia has no literature or culture. Nationalism and literature have often gone hand in hand, the one tending to supplement the other, so it is no cause for wonder that the A.N.A. was prepared to lend its wholehearted support to the aims and

efforts of the Australian Literature Society (see "Anapress" of March, 1963, page 19 and October, 1980, pages 8 & 9). The Society's gold medal, awarded since 1928 for the best novel or best book of poems by Australian writers, is eagerly sought in the literary field in this country.

In 1975 the Society began formal negotiations with the Association for the Study of Australian Literature to come to some mutually acceptable form of partnership. Some discussions about this also took place with the Australian Natives' Association in September, 1980, vide "Anapress" of October, 1980, page 9. Arrangements were eventually settled upon between the Society and the Association for the Study of Australian Literature, vide "Notes and Furphies" No. 4 of April, 1980 pps 3 - 5, issued by the Association for the Study of Australian Literature, Department of English, University of New England, Armidale, N.S.W.

Henry Lawson Memorial and Literary Society

Henry Lawson (1867-1922) is perhaps Australia's best loved poet and short story writer. The first of the societies formed to honour the memory of Henry Lawson was probably that which assembled in 1923 at Footscray, Victoria, just one year after Lawson's death — the Henry Lawson Memorial and Literary Society. Its members first gathered at Footscray Hill which overlooks the Flemington Racecourse. The objectives of the Society and its approach to Australian literature are on all fours with the position taken by the Australian Natives' Association. It is really not all that unusual, therefore, to find that members of the A.N.A., particularly from the Footscray area, were also active in the Henry Lawson Society right from its inception. Mr. Bill Peart was a foundation member. Others were Harry Conabere, Wally Smallman, vide "The Lawsonian" of August, 1982, pages 6 - 7. George Punshon and a former A.N.A. Director Jack Menadue were also members. (The writer is at present the Hon. Secretary-Treasurer of the Society). Some more detail regarding the Henry Lawson Memorial and Literary Society is given in "Anapress" of December, 1982, page 5 and March, 1983, pages 5 - 6.



The Memorial erected by the Henry Lawson Memorial and Literary Society in Footscray Hill Park, Victoria. It was unveiled on 7 February, 1960.

17 June, 1983 marked the 116th Anniversary of the birth, at Grenfell, N.S.W. in 1867, of Henry Lawson. The occasion did not pass unnoticed. There is a Henry Lawson Festival held at Grenfell, N.S.W. of course; but in Victoria the Australian Natives' Association held a special function on 17 June in the Board Room, 14th Floor, A.N.A. House, Albert Road, South Melbourne. About 90 guests attended and were welcomed by the writer in his capacity as Federal President of the A.N.A. and as Secretary-Treasurer of the Henry Lawson Memorial and Literary Society. Henry Lawson's father was a Norwegian, so it was perhaps appropriate that one of the guests was the Consul-General for Norway, Mr. M.R. Alstergren.

Also relevant to the day were the addresses which centered upon Henry Lawson, Australian Literature and the Australian Natives' Association. They were given by the Chief President of the A.N.A. in Victoria, Mrs. Shirley Wright, and the Editor of "The Lawsonian", Mr. Harry Pearce. Lawson prose and verse items were given by Mrs. Catherine Mitton, President of the Henry Lawson Memorial and Literary Society. During this function the Secretary of the Henry Lawson Society was interviewed on a radio talk-back programme over Radio 3UZ Melbourne conducted by journalist Patrick Tennison. This lasted some 15 to 20 minutes.

I would ask the reader to consider taking out membership of the Henry Lawson Memorial and Literary Society. The subscription is presently (June, 1983) only \$4 per year, almost a nominal fee. "The Lawsonian", presently issued each month except January, is mailed to members. The Society is now striving to establish itself more strongly so far as membership numbers and geographical spread are concerned. It aims to perpetuate the memory of Australia's great writer and poet, Henry Lawson, by monthly meetings (2 p.m., 3rd Saturday, Room 9, 3rd Floor Y.W.C.A. Building, 489 Elizabeth Street, Melbourne) and an Annual Gathering in the afternoon of the first Sunday in February at the Henry Lawson Memorial in Footscray Hill Park. It also aims to stimulate greater interest in and appreciation of the works of Henry Lawson and Australian native literature, and to foster an Australian sentiment and pride in Australian achievement.

The present \$4 p.a. membership subscription is good value all round. Membership subscriptions and/or enquiries should be directed to me c/o the Federal Secretary, Australian Natives' Association, 14th Floor A.N.A. House, 114 Albert Road, South Melbourne, Victoria, 3205 or to 47 Bowen Street, Chadstone, Victoria, 3148, Phone (03) 568 8594.

Adam Lindsay Gordon

In the Australian Natives' Association library on the 14th Floor of A.N.A. House, 114 Albert Road, South Melbourne is a small booklet written about 1936 by J. Roy Stevens and titled "Adam Lindsay Gordon and other Australian Writers". The author was also a printer and the booklet states that: "The entire proceeds derived from the sale of this Booklet will be contributed to the Fund established by the Gordon Memorial Committee, Melbourne, for placing copies of Gordon's Poems in School Libraries". Some of the links which have arisen between the poet Adam Lindsay Gordon (1833-1870) and the Australian Natives' Association, particularly in South Australia, are mentioned in the booklet.

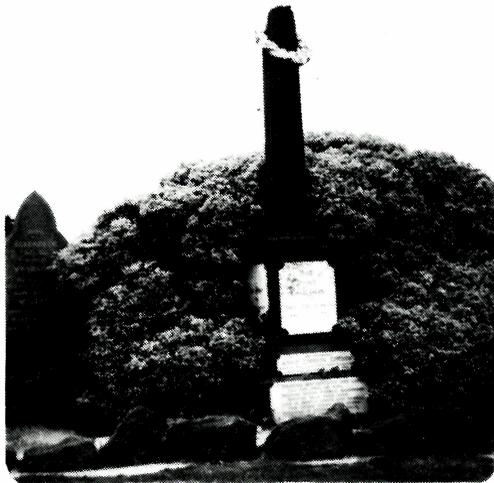
The Brighton Historical Society has some papers dealing with Adam Lindsay Gordon. Arthur Collis a former Secretary of the Brighton Branch of the A.N.A. was

an active member of the Society (See "Anapress" March, 1980 (inside cover) and December, 1981, page 10). At the A.N.A. Board meeting in November, 1982 Vice President Bruce Armstrong was appointed to represent the A.N.A. in the Brighton Historical Society, following discussion between the A.N.A.'s Federal President and the Secretary of the Society in October 1982.

Many thousands of Australians remember the poems of Adam Lindsay Gordon, with his love of open air life. His bust stands in Poets' Corner in Westminster Abbey, London. In about 1900 the A.N.A. made arrangements with the Trustees of the Brighton General Cemetery in Victoria for the proper care and maintenance of the poet's grave. The initial move on this matter was prompted largely by Mr. A.A. Peverill, J.P. of the South Melbourne branch of the Australian Natives' Association who became Chief President of the A.N.A. in Victoria in 1909. As far as can be ascertained the A.N.A. is, nowadays, the only organisation which maintains such payments year by year. (See "Anapress" of December, 1978, page 4; March, 1979, page 26; December, 1982, pages 3 - 5, and March, 1983, page 7. The A.N.A. has made available free to interested persons over 100 cuttings from the diosma shrub (*Coleonema Album*) adjacent to the monument on the grave of Adam Lindsay Gordon.

The Adam Lindsay Gordon Memorial Cottage Fund is still active in Ballarat, Victoria. It awards a prize at the Royal South Street Competitions in Ballarat for the reading of a selection from the works of Adam Lindsay Gordon. The A.N.A. is represented on the Memorial Cottage Committee in Ballarat by Director Geoff Wearne. In South Australia the Australian Natives' Association for many years after 1929 organised an annual pilgrimage to the Adam Lindsay Gordon Cottage, Dingley Dell, near Port MacDonnell, South Australia. The cottage had been purchased by the South Australian Government in 1922 under a trust arrangement.

Unfortunately most of the Adam Lindsay Gordon Societies and organisations seem to have fallen by the wayside since the late 1930's possibly because of World War II.



Monument on the grave of Adam Lindsay Gordon (1833-1870) in Brighton Cemetery, Victoria.

The Poets C.J. Dennis and Henry Kendall

In September of 1976 a number of events took place to mark the centenary of the birth (on 7 September, 1876) of the well-known Australian poet C.J. Dennis 1876-1938. Part of these celebrations took the form of a social function in the Australian Natives' Association's Board Room (then on the 7th Floor at 28 Elizabeth Street, Melbourne) and readings from the works of Dennis by Director Wally Smallman of the A.N.A. Board. The A.N.A. also had something of a personal interest in this because Dennis' wife Olive was a sister of Syd. Herron, a former General Secretary of the A.N.A. in Victoria, (see "Anapress" of July 1964, pages 12 - 13, December, 1971, page 3 and December, 1973, page 5).

The A.N.A. was also well represented at events organised by the Dennis Centenary Committee. These included a pilgrimage to the site of the old home at Toolangi and readings of Dennis' works in the Great Hall of the National Gallery in Melbourne, (see "Anapress" of December, 1976, page 6).

The links between the Australian Natives' Association and the poet Henry Kendall (1839-1882) and his works have been rather tenuous. They probably need to be strengthened if at all possible. In March 1960 the Henry Kendall Cottage Fund was launched by the Brisbane Water Historical Society in New South Wales to purchase and restore the old stone cottage at West Gosford where Henry Kendall wrote some of his finest works, (see "Anapress" March, 1960, page 2). The town of Kendall on the north coast of N.S.W. is named after the poet.

POETS' UNION AND THE AUSTRALIAN COUNCIL OF TRADE UNIONS

A Poets' Union was formed in 1977 following a meeting at the Melbourne Trades Hall, and its membership soon grew to about 200 poets and budding poets. The A.N.A. noted this development and, in discussions with the Poets' Union representatives, indicated its willingness to consider Poets' Union members' works for publication in the journal "Anapress". This move was made to provide some help and encouragement in an area where there was difficulty in having material published, (see "Anapress", September, 1978, page 3 December, 1978, page 5 and September, 1979, page 4).

In 1978 the A.N.A. made an approach to the Australian Council of Trade Unions in Melbourne to introduce an A.N.A. Poetry Award of \$50, for an original written item with an Australian theme, into a poetry competition being conducted biennially by the A.C.T.U. The results of this competition would be announced at the A.C.T.U.'s biennial Congress. The competition was titled the Dame Mary Gilmore Poetry Award Competition. The negotiations between the A.C.T.U. and the A.N.A. were successfully concluded late in 1979 (see "Anapress" of October, 1980, page 6; December, 1980 page 21; March, 1981, pages 8, 18 - 19 and December, 1982, page 5).

DIRECTOR WALLY SMALLMAN OF THE A.N.A.

In March of 1978 the A.N.A. Conference at Bairnsdale, Victoria endorsed a proposal by the Ballarat District Council that an award of a prize for poetry be made to perpetuate the memory of the late Director Wally Smallman of the Australian Natives' Association. Wally Smallman was a Director of the A.N.A. in Victoria between 1947 and 1977. He was elected as a Trustee of the A.N.A. in 1953 and held that office until his death in July, 1977 (see "Anapress" of September, 1953, pps. 7 - 8, March, 1963, page 22 and the 1978 Annual Conference Report at pages 35 and 46).

Wally Smallman was born on 5 December, 1900 at Waratah in Tasmania, the son of J.T. Smallman, and married Elsie Gay on 18 April, 1925. They had one son and one daughter. The 23rd Edition of "Who's Who in Australia" at page 766 mentions that Walter George Smallman was Chairman of the Australia Day Council (Vic.) since 1971; Director of A.N.A. since 1947; Chief President A.N.A. 1951; a foundation member of the Good Neighbour Council 1946 and a member of its Executive 1948-1956; member of the Australian Publicity Council, 1946; Foundation member of the Australia Day Council, 1947; Life member of the National Theatre; a member of the Council of the Royal Melbourne Institute of Technology since 1953 and President in 1963-1964. Recreations were football and angling. He was also a foundation member of the Carltonians club.

Wally Smallman represented the Footscray West branch of the A.N.A. at the A.N.A.'s Annual Conferences from 1934 onwards. He was a very persuasive debater. His recitals of poems from a wide range of Australian authors were highly appreciated by his audiences. He was the prince of story tellers so far as the Australian Natives' Association was concerned and was referred to as the "poet laureate" of the A.N.A. He was a noted member of the Henry Lawson Memorial and Literary Society, (see "Anapress" of March, 1983 at page 5), and did a lot of the early organising and establishment work in connection with the Saltwater River Festival held at Footscray over the Australia Day (26 January) Holiday period. In this regard he worked in closely with George Seelaf, a member of Yarraville A.N.A., ex-Secretary of the Meat Industry Employees' Union and former Arts Officer of the Victorian Trades Hall Council, (see "Anapress" of December, 1978, page 5 and October, 1980, page 6).

On 18 April, 1975 Wally and Elsie Smallman celebrated their 50th wedding anniversary and a reception was given by their son Alan and daughter Dot at No. 26 Nicholson Street, Footscray. As the ex-Chief President of the A.N.A. in Victoria at that time I had the honour of proposing the main toast of the evening. This was supported by Horrie Hughes, Chairman of Trustees of the A.N.A. (See "Anapress" of December, 1971, page 20 and June, 1975, page 10). In responding to the toast Wally Smallman gave us his recipe for a successful marriage "When we were first married we came to an agreement. I would agree to what Elsie said, and Elsie would agree to what she said. So there was nothing to argue about." More than 100 guests were there and congratulatory letters and telegrams were received from many unable to be present, for various reasons, including the State Governor Sir Henry Winneke, the Prime Minister Mr. Gough Whitlam and the Premier of Victoria Mr. Dick Hamer.

It is a matter of great regret that there is so very little on record in

"Anapress" and elsewhere about Wally Smallman's own poems. The editor of "Anapress" (Mr. Harry Shannon) ran a series called "My Friend Wally" which adapted some of the stories related here and there by Wally Smallman. The reader seeking more detail about this particular aspect is referred to the following material in "Anapress" : March, 1971, page 19; June, 1971, page 15; December, 1971, page 9; June, 1972, page 5; October, 1972, pages 4 and 7; January, 1973, pages 8 and 9; December, 1973, page 13; June, 1974, page 4; December, 1974, page 18; March, 1975, page 19; June, 1975, page 10; September, 1975, page 1; June, 1976, page 13; December, 1976, pages 6 and 12; June, 1977, pages 3 and 6; September, 1977 pages 1 and 2; and February, 1978, page 14.

Wally Smallman was a poet in his own right. The A.N.A. General Secretary (Mr. John Munro) and some of the Directors of the A.N.A. in Victoria understood that a goodly number of Wally Smallman's own poems were recorded on tape, along with some of his recitations of poems by Australian poets. Enquiries made of his family and thorough searches of the A.N.A. records have unfortunately failed to locate any of Wally Smallman's own poems. The only ones in "Anapress" are "Our Board" in the issue of March, 1973 pps. 10 and 11 and September, 1977 page 1; "The A.N.A. in Victoria" in "Anapress" of June, 1974, page 4; and "Sixty Five Years" in the issue of December, 1971, page 3 and September, 1977, page 1.

A.N.A. (WALTER G. SMALLMAN) POETRY PRIZES

The 1978 A.N.A. Conference at Bairnsdale, Victoria decided, as mentioned earlier, to make poetry awards to perpetuate the memory of Director Wally Smallman. The Committee dealing with the stimulation of Australian Art, Literature and Science examined the factors involved and submitted a report to the Board meeting of 26 July, 1978. As a result of this a capital fund of \$2000 was established, the interest from which was to be used to provide Awards to be known as the Australian Natives' Association (Walter G. Smallman) Poetry Prize. These Awards would be made for poetry presented either in written form or delivered by way of elocution.

In March of 1979 the A.N.A. successfully concluded its discussions and negotiations with the Royal South Street Society in Ballarat for the inclusion of A.N.A. Awards in the 1979 Eisteddfod. The Society accepted the A.N.A.'s proposal that, in the Speech Section (Senior Division) prizes be awarded (1st \$30, 2nd \$15, 3rd \$5) for a "Prepared reading from the work of an Australian author". The Society also accepted the A.N.A.'s proposal to create a new section for poetry composition with prizes similar to those in the elocution section. These latter Awards are for an original composition with an Australian theme. There is no restriction on the length of the composition, nor on the age of the entrants, (see "Anapress" of Dec. 1978, p. 6; June, 1979, p. 5 and the 1979 Conference Report pps. 55 and 58).

In August 1980 the Committee opened up negotiations with the Bendigo Competitions Society for an A.N.A. Poetry Award to be included in that Society's 1981 Festival under broadly the same conditions as had been agreed upon between the A.N.A. and the Royal South Street Society in Ballarat. These negotiations went

very smoothly and the first A.N.A. Award was made in 1981 (see "Anapress", March, 1981, p. 16 and December, 1981, pps. 11 and 12).

In March of 1981 the Committee decided to make an exploratory approach to the Maryborough Golden Wattle Literary Festival, in Victoria, seeking some further information on that Festival's interest and programs so far as poetry was concerned. The Maryborough Branch of the A.N.A. gave a high commendation to this Festival. It was not until the Committee meeting of 30 June, 1982 that clarification on a number of matters was reached so far as the Committee members were concerned. The organisers of the Maryborough Golden Wattle Literary Festival agreed to establish a separate section for the A.N.A. Award which would be of \$50 for an original written item. Entries would be required to have an Australian theme. The A.N.A. then agreed to make the Award for the 1983 Festival. (See "Anapress" Dec. 1981, p. 11.)

WINNERS OF A.N.A. POETRY PRIZES

Royal South Street Society's Eisteddfod, BALLARAT

1979 : Prepared Reading 1st Prize Eddy Doran (Moonee Ponds)
2nd Prize Julie Nihill (Rosanna)
3rd Prize Mary-Rose Morgan (Ballarat)

Written Poetry 1st Prize Mary-Rose Morgan (Ballarat)
2nd Prize Willem Eilers (South Oakleigh)
3rd Prize Phillipa Leersen (Ballarat)

(See "Anapress" of December, 1979, page 8 and March, 1980 pages 8 - 9)

1980 : Prepared Reading 1st Prize Perce Winter (Seaforth, via Mackay, Queensland).
2nd Prize Diana Turrell (Beaumaris)
3rd Prize Sandra Neate (Seaholme)

Written Poetry 1st Prize Rene Worth (Mulgrave)
2nd Prize Mary-Rose Morgan (Ballarat)
3rd Prize Willem Eilers (South Oakleigh)

(See "Anapress" December, 1980, pps. 14, 19; March, 1981, pps. 8 - 16; June, 1981, p. 7).

1981 : Prepared Reading 1st Prize Mary-Rose Morgan (Ballarat)
2nd Prize Vasilyki Eliades (Footscray)
3rd Prize Bronwen Hanvey (Footscray)

Written Poetry 1st Prize Mary-Rose Morgan (Ballarat)
2nd Prize Willem Eilers (South Oakleigh)
3rd Prize Jacinta Chute (Brooklyn)

(See "Anapress" December, 1981, pps. 6, 11. March, 1982, p. 11).

1982 : Prepared Reading 1st Prize Simon Nette (East Ormond)
2nd Prize Vasilyki Eliades (Footscray)
3rd Prize Lyn Moseley (Toorak)

Written Poetry 1st Prize Ruth Whyte (Chadstone)
2nd Prize Ruth Whyte (Chadstone)
3rd Prize Simon Nette (East Ormond).

(See "Anapress" of December, 1982, pages 10-11).

Bendigo Competitions Society, BENDIGO

1981 : Written Poetry 1st Prize Christina Parker (Bendigo)
Runner-up Katy Haire (Bendigo)

(See "Anapress" of December, 1981, pages 11-12, June 1983, page 13).

1982 : Written Poetry 1st Prize Kerry Watson (Strathfieldsaye)
Runner-up Mark Holsworth (Bendigo)

(See "Anapress" of September, 1982, page 20; June, 1983, page 13).

Dame Mary Gilmore Competition (Australian Council of Trade Unions)

1980 : Written Poetry 1st Prize Stephen James (Leura, New South Wales)

(See "Anapress" March, 1981, pages 8, 16, 18-19; June, 1981, p. 7; also booklet titled "ACTU Mary Gilmore Poetry Prize, 1980" published by the A.C.T.U. in Melbourne, ISBN 0 909791 - 13 - 9).

1982 : Competition not conducted. (See "Anapress" December, 1981, p. 11 and December, 1982, page 5).



Some members of the Chadstone Branch of the A.N.A. in 1983 are discussing the A.N.A.'s involvement in the field of Australian Literature. From left: Ruth Whyte; Ray Kneebone (President) and Bryan Kelleher (Secretary).



A.N.A. VICTORIAN BOARD OF DIRECTORS

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A.N.A. House, 114 Albert Road, South Melbourne, Victoria 3205. This is the headquarters of the Australia Natives' Association in Victoria. The Federal Office of the A.N.A. is also located here.

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF POETS WHOSE
WORKS ARE INCLUDED*

Jacinta CHUTE
William EILERS
Tony FARRELL
Ida GRAY
Katy HAIRE
Susan HATTON
Mark HOLSWORTH
Stephen JAMES
Norma KNIGHT
E.R. KRYGGER
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Allan LLEWELLYN
Mary-Rose MORGAN
Simon NETTE
Christina PARKER
William PASCOE
Karen PRIDMORE
Wally SMALLMAN
Mollie STILLWELL
George L. SYE
Kerry WATSON
Ruth WHYTE
Rene WORTH

* Some poems by David Lee Castleman, Sri Chimroy and Carol Poster have been published in "Anapress" and a reference to these is given in the material which follows.

Mary-Rose Morgan was aged 18 years when in 1979 she won the A.N.A. Poetry Prize at Ballarat. Her interests are drama (in which she hopes to make an acting career), music, art, history, reading, astronomy, ecology and animals. She learned speech and drama from her mother. The youngest of three children she was, in 1979, a student at St. Martin's in the Pines, Mount Clear, Ballarat.

Old Lady

*Old lady,
Who am I to scorn
Or laugh at you –
You, who have done what I have not?
For you have lived—many years.
And I, I have not known time
Or aged memory.
I have seen no change or shattered
dream,
Nor have I longed for time past
Or known the finality of yesterday
I have only seen
Through cruel, ageless eyes,
The suffering I mistook for eccentricity,
The loneliness for pride.
I thought, in the way of all callous
youth,
That your time was done.
I saw no potential, or lingering desire
To be.
There was only age,
And age is old*

*Old lady,
What lives in your brain?
What hopeless dreams or memory
Lie festering within your vision?
“And tell me, Grandma,
(You who have lived the history
I learn)
About the buggies, Grandma,
And the war.
Tell me about conscription
And depression,
And gay Melbourne in the twen-
ties!”*

*And now, who owns the farm of inno-
cence,
And how many tractors do they use
To work the ground once worked by
hand?
And what of the children?
It brings such joy to hear them play*

Mary-Rose Morgan

(1st Prize, 1979, Royal South Street Competitions, Ballarat). "Anapress", March, 1980 page 8.



Mary Rose Morgan (photo by courtesy of the Ballarat Courier).

*The music you walked six miles to
learn.
The hard times—are you glad they
have gone?
And your mind,
That cannot grasp the concept of the
tape recorder,
Does it live always in its childhood?*

*Old lady,
You are the story of my land,
You are a martyr to your time.
And I find my strength in your
strength,
My love in your love,
Me in you.
And I have such dreams.
Old lady
Who am I to scorn
Or laugh at you—
You, who have done what I have not?*

MIGRANT WOMAN

*The migrant woman dressed in black
Walks five miles to Mass
And shrouds her dreams
Beneath a black black shawl
Her greying hair beneath
A thin black scarf.*

*Yes—dark her clothes—as her eyes
That peer reflecting worlds
And counterpointed visions
Of Life, Love, and Reasons,
That mirror wondered fear and mem-
ories of
Home.*

*Home—which land, this land?
Or that, far distant land?
Another land
Where different forests grow
And different different different people
live?*

*And there, away, beyond the barriers
of language and thought
You see the world
And touch the earth
And breathe the sweet fresh air of every
man.*

*What blade of foreign grass was crushed?
What man loved?
What stone worn?
What sacred rite inscribed?
And where?*

*But the time scarred hand
The worried brow
(A dream eluded, vision fleeting?) Betray
you
And the photo that you clutch,
A captured memory in black and white,
Is but a paper reference
To another time and place.*

Mary-Rose Morgan

(2nd Prize, 1980, Royal South Street
Competitions, Ballarat) "Anapress",
March, 1981, p. 8.

*A time that hides its dusky head
Beneath the black black shawl
And thin black scarf
A place that lives only within
The wrinkles of your skin
And the deep deep dark eyes.
And is lost,
Within the obscurity of time
And the imperfection of humanity.
Within an unknown alphabet
That hides a secret garden of delight
And misery*

*Migrant woman
Dressed in black
My world of mystery and romance
You are a far horizon drawing near
You are a new world in my world*

A microcosm of existence.

*And yet you are,
In Black,
A new challenge never met
A new adventure never taken
A new reality never known
You are,
In Black,
Impenetrable.*

CONVICT

*You came ashore
(There was nowhere else to go):
Sand clinging to your feet
Burrowing into festered wounds
And raw red ravaged skin.
Sun beating hard in
Through your lice-ridden hair
And your pale scalp
To lie there
In your brain.
Dirty, hungry and angry
You touched the land,
And walked the beach.*

*A big man you were
Strong, centred, worldly-wise
And yet, how could you ever imagine?
You, a civilised criminal
Refined of all but sin.
Of manicured pastures closely lain
Of castles, heralds and spires,
You came
And hardly saw,
And did not conquer.*

*Arrogant perhaps from fear
You stood – wondering,
The snatched sounds of choirs
Lingering in the air
Among the waves and sand and wind.
And with blisters of hunger and despair
There
Beyond the trees
Did your illusions foster still
A hallowed desire,
A vague belief that God could not
abandon you so?*

*But your vision through sunken shallow
eyes
Of a city for your being,
Of the cobbled streets and filthy homes
Of a million would-be migrants
From whom you'd gone
Was not,
Was but a city of trees that went on
and on
Forever.*

Mary-Rose Morgan,
(1st Prize, 1981, Royal South Street
Competitions, Ballarat). "Anapress"
December, 1981, p. 6.

*And did you despair then of living
Of working
Of believing
Of trying to believe?
Without ever knowing
Of the hills and plains
Of the rivers and rocks
Of the hidden minerals
Slowly consolidating beneath the earth.*

*And yet how could you have known?
A lonely man on a desert island,
How could you perceive that the vision
Lay beyond,
Just beyond,
Those trees?
That the city stood,
That the roads wound,
And men lived
And God cared
Just there,
Past the edge of the sand—
Beyond—those trees.*

Ruth Whyte lives at Chadstone, Victoria. She is a member of the Chadstone Branch of the A.N.A. Ruth has written poetry all her life. It comes easily to her, and she finds it an absorbing mode of expression. She combines her love and knowledge of classical music with that of her poetry, finding delight and inspiration in what she terms "music" in the ordinary speech of others. A widow for 22 years with one son, she has travelled extensively and has varied cultural and charity interests.

MEDITATIONS OF A MOTORIST

*The suburbs flow beneath my wheels –
I love my little car!
She's purring like a kitten –
She's zooming like a star.
I watch my fellow travellers
The sane ones and the mad.
I thank God for the good ones.
I pray God for the bad.
God bless the skilful "truckies",
And keen-eyed traffic cops,
And ladies in their bowling gear
Who come to sudden stops!
I pray for all pedestrians
who cross on "Don't walk" signs –
For all potential suicides
ignoring "Give-way" lines!
I don't like taxi-drivers,
who dawdle at the curb,
but while I wonder what they'll do
I read their advert, blurb!
I love those guys that must pull up
the centre line upon;
then put their right-hand blinker out
when I think they're going on.
I pray God guards the children with
school-bags on their backs,
Who wobble round on bicycles and give
me heart attacks!
I know that I'm not perfect
to sit upon the fence,
and criticise my fellow man
for lacking common sense.
But life is well worth living,
And there's lots of life ahead.
God grant me just that bit of luck
to live to die in bed!*

Ruth Whyte

(1st Prize, 1982, Royal South Street Competitions, Ballarat). "Anapress", December, 1982, page 11.



RUTH WHYTE of Chadstone, Victoria. She won the A.N.A. Poetry Prize (1st and 2nd places) at the 1982 Royal South Street Competitions in Ballarat, Vic. She is a member of the Chadstone Branch of the A.N.A.

OLD RED

*Today I met "Old Red" upon the
freeway!
A trotting bullock free – he'd 'done
a bunk' –
As I braked and sat there praying,
He came towards me swaying,
And I visualised my little car
A tangled heap of junk!*

*"Red's" horns were long and sharp and
full of menace,
His bulging eyes looked wildly side to
side –
And his frame was big and burly,
And his coat red-brown and curly,
And I thought how Texas cowboys
Would have chosen him to ride!*

*"Red" must have felt real terror in the
traffic,
He'd come from rolling paddocks, quiet
and green,
Where the mournful crows a-calling,
And the poddy calves a-bawling
were the only sounds disturbing
That serene and silent scene.
A 'herd' of cars was stringing out behind
me –*

Ruth Whyte
(2nd Prize, 1982, Royal South Street Competitions, Ballarat). "Anapress", December, 1982, page 11.

*'Old Red' approached – my heart began
to pound,
And police, their blue lights flashing
saw the old bull halting, dashing
in and out between the autos
from the city, homeward bound.*

*He passed quite close as I sat numb with
panic –
And when he'd gone I quickly edged
away.*

*Now I'm not inclined to fancy,
But I caught a glimpse of 'Clancy',
And I hope the drover's spirit
guided poor 'Old Red' today.*

*Now "Red" has gone to grasslands
richer, greener,
Than any he had known here on earth –
Where he hears the hoof-beats pounding
of his fellow bulls surrounding
him, and Clancy as they travel
round the pastures of his birth.*

THE SEAGULL

*I saw a Seagull float on the wind
And I heard its mournful cry,
And the grey sea rolled
And the grey clouds bowed
Across a darkening sky.*

*The Seagull battled the force of the gale
Too fettered by wind to fly.
And the sand was whipped
And the currents slipped
Like scythes through a field of rye.
The wind and the salt tears dimmed
my eyes,
As I feared that the bird would die.
For the gale that whirled
was my shattered world,
And the lonely gull was I.*

Ruth Whyte

(This poem won the Ric Norris Award at the Eaglehawk Dahlia and Arts Festival, 1981. The Award is for poems on any aspect of life — from unpublished writers).

Ruth Whyte

(This poem was commended in the 1980 competition for the John Shaw Neilson Poetry Award conducted by the Fellowship of Australian Writers. 341 poems were submitted).

SOJOURN IN HOSPITAL

*How I miss you in this sterile place!
How I long to see your gentle face.
I see bright floors where blood has rested . . . warm,
and walls that have absorbed stark cries, and borne
the images of fear in human minds . . .
White ceilings that have watched like twilight skies
o'er fear-filled hearts and frenzied frightened eyes.*

*I reach out for your hand so warm – and feel
an ice-cold touch, the bed-rail's hardened steel.
I somehow drift to sleep – surprised I see
a nurse's pretty face smile down at me . . .
But in the nights to come when I'm not here,
but safe beside you, home again my dear,
I'll dread that dream as we are growing old
of reaching for your hand to find it cold.*

TO LAN

Ruth Whyte

(Thoughts on meeting a lovely lady)

*In growing old I'd like to be like Lan.
A gracious lady of another time.
Warm with humanity, mature and wise,
Smiling . . . the wrinkle lines like lovely lace
etch soft expressions round her twinkling eyes.*

*I'd like to feel that I could share with youth
when I am old, perhaps a joke or two,
and feel they were not bored, or kind perhaps,
while listening to the simple things I do.
Lan's driven a car for 50 years or so . . .
when roads were all unmade and cars were few.
I thought her very lovely when she said:
"You had to watch out for the horses too!"*

*Dear Lan . . . I think I've always known you!
Somewhere 'way back, not just the other day.
Perhaps our spirits touched and did not smile . . .
Somehow maybe we missed each other then!
I'm very glad this time we paused a while.*

Rene Worth is from Mulgrave, Victoria. Her prize-winning poem was dedicated to Australian prisoners-of-war in Thailand during World War II.

HOMESICK IN ASIA

Rene Worth,

(1st Prize, 1980, Royal South Street Competitions, Ballarat). "Anapress", December, 1980, page 19.

*I tread the sand beside the River Kwai,
Yet never more Australian was the dust
Upon my shoes. For here beneath the
sod
On which I stand, lies flesh and blood
akin
To me and mine. Our fathers, sweet-
hearts, sons
In whom lay all the hopes indeed the
life
Of those who bore them, loved them,
said "Adieu,"
Then dried their tears, and waited for
the day
They should return. And, fear in heart
lay down
At night and tried to sleep, till God's
own sun
Should drive away the shadows and
the dark,
That let the doubts and fears come
crowding in.*

*I made my trip, my pilgrimage, for this,
To see their monument, their bridge
that spans
This mighty stream, Though just a
fragment stands,
The bombs, the shells, the mines des-
troyed the rest.
The Thais patched up the damage best
they could,
With love at heart for men who came
as slaves,
To work and die so far away from
home.
Home! I see it now. I touch strange
trees,
And wish that they were gums, or
wattle boughs,
To drop gold pollen on my hands and
arms.
I watch the lotus, and the lily pink,
Close up their petals in a still lagoon,
And sink, ere noon has scarcely come
and gone.
But in my land, away across the sea,
Some half remembered gully comes to
mind.*

*Wild orchids mingle with the fern and
moss.
Clematis fills the air with sweet per-
fume.
Oh to see a lamb, a field of wheat,
Where now a weary buffalo, knees deep
Into the mud, and stoops to drink. He
too,
Feels the sticky stillness of Siam.*

*It's just a week, and I am homesick
now.
How much more were they who sleep
below?
In all the loneliness of months and
years.
With hunger pain and beatings, they did
dream
Of plains that sweep from mountains
to the sea.
There hand in hand they walked with
sweethearts too,
Or packed a pipe on some verandah,
while a babe
Romped and prattled round their feet,
or climbed
Their knee, to nestle to their heart and
sleep.*

*I stand and watch while fond brown
hands tend flowers,
That bloom around each tiny stone that
marks
The resting place, of every man whom
fate
Has deemed should stay. Three thou-
sand graves in all,
Two thousand for our laughing sun-
burnt sons.*

*God grant one prayer before I say
"Goodbye"
Take me home, "Down under," there
to die.*

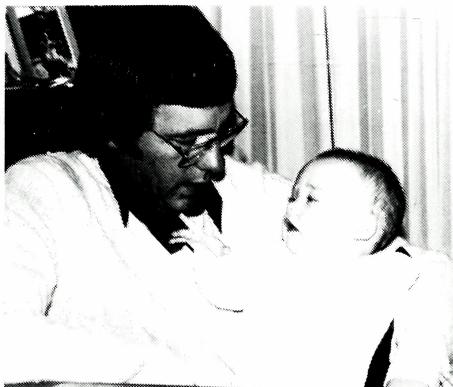
William A. Eilers lives in South Oakleigh, Victoria. He is married and has three children. He was born in Holland and joined the workforce there when aged 15 years. After completing his apprenticeship in a type-foundry he worked as a compositor in a printing shop. Whilst hitch-hiking through France he met his Australian-born wife. They were married in Holland before settling in Australia in 1966.

Australia

*O, my country my country, you're not
really mine
As my birth was on foreign soil,
Do I like you or even love you?
Like a woman loves a man
Like a father loves his children and a
mother her son.
Perhaps . . .
I've seen your cities with her streets and
concrete towers
Your suburbs with fences and brick
veneers.
I've walked your gardens and touched
your flowers
But . . .
My feelings sometimes go beyond your
shore.
Yes . . .
I've seen your beauty your country-side
With your green hills, hidden valleys and
waterfalls blue.
I've touched your whispering winds and
walking tracks,
Your rugged mountains, farms and
deserted towns.
I've felt your thundering waves and
beaches with yellow sand
And I've known the loneliness of man.
For, Australia . . .
In your beauty your countryside
Lies my escape and my freedom
And in your vastness my solitude and for
that I'm part of you*

William A. Eilers

(2nd Prize, 1979, Royal South Street
Competitions, Ballarat). "Anapress",
March, 1980, pages 8 - 9.



WILLIAM A. EILERS. 2nd Prize 1979,
3rd Prize 1980 and 2nd Prize 1981 in
A.N.A. Poetry at the Royal South
Street Competitions, Ballarat.

JOURNEY

*My thoughts were mixed
While I stood at the railing
I felt so uneasy so lost
so lonely, my father waved
my mother just stood there
— staring.*

*The boat blew its whistle
a last farewell, and
slowly I could see the shore
of my homeland disappearing
into the morning mist,
a sadness came over me an emotion
which has never left
even now—*

*Years later
while walking in this deserted old town
here in the outback
the sadness remains.*

*Streets with houses made of sandstone
are they dead or ready to die?
Unpaved roads with growing weeds
and clouds of dust
crossing the main street
a few signs saying.*

"Baker, Grocer and ALL supplies"

*There were families here
hoping and working
for better times
what made them leave?*

*Down the road is an old cemetery
I open that rusty gate
and it is as if a hundred shadows
are following me.*

*Graves and graveyards and mortality
here surrounded by silence
you can feel the presence
of Nature,
but history lies in stillness.*

William A. Eilers
(3rd Prize, 1980, Royal South Street
Competitions, Ballarat). "Anapress",
June 1981, page 7.

*Through the rivers of my mind
I can see this ancient land
this paradise—
so completely undisturbed.*

*My wife and children
were born here
this is their country.*

*They don't understand the old pictures
nor the memories I keep
I had a dream of once returning
so the dream came true—
but it did not fill the gap
of so many years,
my brothers and sisters
all have grown, all have found
their own way in society.*

*We slept in the same house
in the same room
but we don't speak the same language
anymore.*

*We have fallen apart
like a piece of driftwood
which finds its own way
to a distant shore.
I don't belong there
nor do I really belong here.*

*Yet—in the bush
surrounded by gumtrees
which are like guardians of a new horizon
here time stands still —*

I can find myself and can be free.

*Filtering sunlight, tranquility and the
immortal soul of man*

A MATTER OF CHOICE

*My country isn't like yours
when you have summer
and blazing heat,
snow will have laid
a carpet white, in my land.
Our cultures and traditions
are centuries afar.
There's so much difference—
so much uncertainty.
I often asked myself
why, does one leave
his father's land?
Just like birds
who fly North—
to escape the winter.
I travelled, searched
and settled here on a
far off, foreign shore—*

*The years are passing
just like the changing—
of seasons,
one becomes two and two
becomes more—
Without realising it
I'm quietly settling
like a seed which has
been blown into the soil
of this cruel and rugged—
Yet, enticing land.*

*I returned to the house
of my father's, but the dreams
I had, were aged and of yesteryear—
My friends and family
are living their lives—
Just as I am living mine.
My life is of—
what I've left behind
and the present lies,
within myself and mine.
These are not my hands
nor my fingers but
I can feel the touch,
of soft flowing water
through these hands—*

William A. Eilers

(2nd Prize, 1981, Royal South Street
Competitions, Ballarat) "Anapress",
December, 1981, page 6.

*That face isn't mine
and yet, those dark
brown eyes reflecting life,
are windows of my mind—
It's dark, there lies my son
he's asleep as the night—
has softly taken him
in her care and into
his world of dreams
and make-believes.*

*To him I am no stranger
we understand each other
as there is a bond—
between a father and his son.
I wasn't reared beneath
this Southern sky—
as mine was a matter of choice
so my destiny lies within
this great continent—
as here I feel free . . .*

Phillippa Leersen was aged 16 years in 1979 and a student at St. Martin's in the Pines, Mount Clear, Ballarat. There she studied English, History, Drama and other subjects. She was interested in social justice and her sporting interests were in swimming, tennis and dancing. She hoped to undertake studies leading on to a career in teaching or nursing.

AUSTRALIA AS IT WAS!

*Barren, No! Desolate, No! Beautiful,
Yes!
Untouched was the virgin soil of Aus-
tralia in her younger days
Untouched by white man's poison and
careless hate,
The sharp spade edges that cut through
and into the wild untamed soil
The dark silver gleam of the axe's edge
that tore away the pride of the
tall gums,
Yes! the heartless renovation of a virgin
paradise to a rude noisy mark on the
map had begun.*

*Then the discovery of her natural in-
habitants
The black man, he too was a beauty
and pride of the early Australian
heritage,
To lay under the great majestic black-
ness called night
With a thousand stars, but only one
the guardian light,
To hear the world of mother nature
come to life in that small part of
paradise that had not yet been inter-
fered with.*

*Australia is not just a name, she is a
way of life
Not merely a country, she IS a way
of life, and has her own pride
The birds in the trees sing out loud
and strong of her great existence,
And all other bush creatures as though
In Paradise answer to their chorus
Australia! Australia!*

Phillippa Leersen

(3rd Prize, 1979, Royal South Street
Competitions, Ballarat). "Anapress",
March, 1980, page 9.



Phillippa Leersen (3rd Prize, 1979,
Royal South Street Competitions,
Ballarat). "Anapress", March, 1980,
page 9.

*She was beautiful and once too was
proud
She is not yet dead but slowly, her
untamed beauty is fading
Her innocence violated!
And from the violation the materialistic
ugly Australia is rising.*

ANZAC '81

*The memorial flame fades in the dusk,
As the memory that keeps it lit.
The soldiers who fought for this land
of ours
Are older, and now not as fit.
The older have weakened: they pass
through the door
Held open by their comrades—
Blood of the battle a carpet it forms,
For the marchers in the parades.
The notes of the bugles sound the Last
Post;
'Planes fly in design overhead—
And footballers run onto the field,
Cheers rise, they are not for the dead.
The unions have fought the battle and
lost,
We don't get our holiday,
Remembrance has passed away with
our men,
The Government has the last say;
Just as they tried back in 1915
To send all the young men away.
When they gave of their lives and fought
for us,
The memory t'was vowed would stay.*

*But like Collins Street, and oh, so
much more,
The furor is called Progress.
The horror, destruction of Vietnam
From youth's mind does not regress.
When countries, and men cannot curb
their greed,
And feel that a war must be fought,
The leaders in safety and recompense,
For the heart of the land give nought.
They offer the blood of their virgin
men—
Unhealthy elixir to drink—
For the sake of a few square yards of
land
In this senseless horror they sink.*

Jacinta Chute

(3rd Prize, 1981, Royal South Street
Competitions, Ballarat). "Anapress",
March, 1982, pps. 11 and 16. Jacinta
Chute is from Geelong, Victoria.

*The pubs and the bars throughout this
wide land
Are filled with united heroes,
Whose stories become far more heroic
As Bill, the two pennies he throws.*

*In one month or two the Cenotaph
stands
Surrounded by brown autumn leaves.
In Southern Queensland, a digger fast
fades,
Is gone and no one bereaves.*

*Anzac Day it has passed another year;
As the memory of the Boer and Sudan
Have mutated into fiction and film,
And are there joined by Vietnam.*

*Do we need fresh blood to maintain
the flame
Incandescent before our eyes?
Cenotaphs and memorials should loom
As a scar which we despise.*

THE ALMIGHTY IN INDRACOWRA

*The Lord raised his magnificent arms,
Stretched a deep, satisfying, bone
cracking stretch
And settled back into the fading scarlet
club-chair.
He propped his feet on the verandah-
rail
And gazed out from the old mission
station
That huddled deserted and alone,
Sauteed in an atmosphere not unlike
that
Sad, noisy emptiness that fills a room
After the excitement has passed on to
another place;
Or died completely.
His remissive eyes strode across the vast
ochre landscape
And he felt the passionless heat brush
past his face,
He found that he had to close them
Against the dryness of the breeze.
Beside him sat Malachi, a dear old
friend.*

*From whose fifth century lips
Darts of Dyanesque perceptions had
flown
And stung the BC believers like flaming
mosquitoes.
Both knew that this bored and barren
land,
Table-clothed in dust,
Lolling in red and dry-eyed heat
Was different to the date-palmed deserts
of the East.*

*As the Lord gazed, Heaven strained —
Necks craned and ears cocked —
The whole Host leaning,
Poised, waiting.
Praise-filled mouths were silent as they
wondered:
What will he do?*

*The Lord felt the sandy grit between
his teeth*

*As he prepared to speak:
"What do you see?"*

*The Son of Earth found the chin-
stroking question*

Simon Nette

(3rd Prize, 1982, Royal South Street
Competitions, Ballarat). "Anapress",
December, 1982 page 11. Simon Nette
is from East Ormond, Victoria.

*Beetle through his mind
As he recalled his message
Spoken to a religiously slip-shod people
Concerning their clip-winged, lame,
Scabbed and ailing sacrifices.
Somehow he perceived that the call he
knew
Was not the call to be given here
To this bruised, shin-kicked and snide
nation.
To the Lord of Light he answered'
"Nothing".*

*The Lord says to the nation with the
Red Centre:
"My message is to those who can be
bothered.
My Judgement on you is light
For your weariness, your thirst, your
torpor, your anguish
Are judgement enough.
But let those among you who yet have
the strength
To move their weary bones hearken to
my words.*

*I am the Lord God Almighty,
In whom all things have their beginning
and end.*

*I am drawing out from among you a
small band*

*Who are faithful to me.
I am marking them with my Seal
And they will be my witnesses and
declare my message.*

*Many will turn their heads and say from
their beds*

*"Behold, a message from the Lord!
How long it is since we heard Him
speak,"*

*But will roll over onto their other side.
I say to you now — they will be left
behind*

*On the Great and Terrible day of the
Lord*

*To suffer that which I have promised
Since man first had breath.
I, the Lord, have spoken.*

JUST ME

*There she stands
In front of a mirror.
Is she really who she seems?
Or is she some-one else?
A long-lost princess, perhaps
Stolen from her cradle, long ago.
The only heir to a vast fortune.
Or a movie-star in the making.
I can see her now
In a smash-hit movie,
Instant success.
And over there,
Walking sedately, smiling,
To receive flowers from an admirer;
Signing autographs,
Or yet again,
A fabulous dancer, and skater.
See her beautiful figure,
So slender,
As she glides across the ice,
Doing intricate steps and twirls
That only an expert can do.*

Christina Parker
(1st Prize, 1981 Bendigo Competitions Society Festival). "Anapress", June, 1983, p. 13. Christina Parker is from Bendigo.

*There she is in the ballroom,
Her long dress sweeping and swirling
In time to the music.
All eyes are on her –
The belle of the ball.
A singer, on a stage
Acclaimed throughout the world!
Or just a genius would do.
No. She's not any of these.
But she is some-one special,
That girl in the mirror –
ME.*

AFTER MEGAN'S FUNERAL

*The young must not die.
They must grow old and then die
gently,
Quietly in the soft morning.
The young must not die,
And spill their blood before
Their time has come.
Let them grow old.*

*The young must not die harshly,
Roughly in the setting sun and
Glaring headlights through the haze.
Then, broken bodies, splintered glass.
The parents must not see
The body given in birth, given in death.
The young must not die.*

28

SHAMROCK KING

*Pat Murphy bought a mangy colt
With worms an' lice an' fleas;
An' you'd never see such withers
If you travelled overseas.*

*At least a foot above 'is back
Just like a camel's hump,
So you couldn't ride 'im bareback
'Less you sat up on 'is rump.*

*The "Raywood blokes" watched
mockingly
(Behind Pat's back of course)
As 'e paid up all 'is money
And received a worthless 'orse.*

*'E worked and trained that worthless
'orse
An' brushed 'im till he glowed,
Until that longed-for day had come
When 'e took 'im on the road.*

*'E pigrooted an' bucked until
'E foamed around the girth,
An' still 'e kept on bucking
For all that 'e was worth.*

*That horse's head was soaking wet
As 'e slowed down in the heat,
Until 'e barely made a trot
Upon 'is worn-down feet.*

*As Pat entered the Raywood pub
A few weeks after that
Again the blokes watched mockingly
And whispered "'Ere comes Pat."*

*They jeered an' laughed among
themselves
As Pat Murphy swaggered up
An' one said "Ow's ye colt, Pat,
Is 'e in the Melbourne Cup?"*

*As they laughed at 'is sarcasm
Pat took a carefree step,
An' to everyone's amazement
He proudly answered "Yep."*

Kerry Watson
(1st Prize, 1982 Bendigo Competitions Society Festival). "Anapress", Sept. 1982, p. 20. Kerry Watson is from Strathfieldsaye on Emu Creek and about 5 miles from Bendigo.

*'E showed 'em all 'is papers
So not one of them could doubt,
An' the leader of the gang
Sid Peterson stepped out.*

*"Now what's this so-called racer's
name?"
"'E's Shamrock King" said Pat,
Said Sid "If Shamrock King can win
I'll eat me bloomin' 'at."*

*On Melbourne Cup Day Sid looked out
An' recalled that mangy colt,
An' as 'e looked at Shamrock King
'E couldn't find a fault.*

*'Is withers 'ad levelled out quite well
'Is pot belly an' mange 'ad gone,
'Is mane was plaited, 'is tail was
combed
An' 'e was brushed until 'e shone.*

*As the horses raced around the track
(They were all the country's best)
Sid winced as 'e watched Shamrock
King
Thrashing all the rest.*

*Sid never told 'is children
How 'e lost that bet with Pat;
An' how, one Tuesday afternoon,
'E ate 'is Sunday 'at.*

29

ARMAGEDDON

*The sound of fury
echoes in the deserts of death:
the dead have no friends, they drink
dust.
Black birds fly on a black sky.*

*Worlds of ruin
burn in cold, dark space.
Apocalypse in grey cities, war upon war.
Forests of fire, spires of fire.
People in pain, screaming to die.
Red dragon's breath burns the battle-
ments.*

*In the ashes of
our sounds of fury,
echoes cry to the warlords of doom.
Words of warning in old concrete. That is
Pale corpse, mass grave. the sound
Little black ants walk on white bones. Armageddon.*

AUSTRALIAN COUNCIL OF TRADE UNIONS ——— DAME MARY GILMORE POETRY PRIZE ——— 1980

As a result of arrangements reached between the Australian Natives' Association and the Australian Council of Trade Unions an A.N.A. Poetry Prize was awarded within the Dame Mary Gilmore Poetry Competition. The prize-winner for 1980 was Mr. Stephen James of Leura, New South Wales. A letter from Mr. James to the A.N.A. was published in "Anapress" of March, 1981, pps. 18-19.

"DROUGHT"

*His voice crackled out over the air,
resonant, cool, sounding almost happy.
'Here is the weather report— it will
continue very hot and dry with long
sunny periods—a very high fire danger,
no rain is forecast—it looks like a beaut
week-end coming up' . . . His voice
droned on fighting for supremacy
over the dry sweaty air, the buzz of
flies, and the plaintive cry of carrion.
I switched off and walked through
paddocks of ancient Chinese parchment,
dry of text and devoid of feeling,
watered only from my tears and cursed
by my sorrow, past fifty dead carcasses,
stiff, grotesque and angry looking.*

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Mark S. Holsworth

(Runner-up, 1982 Bendigo Competitions Society Festival). "Anapress", June, 1983, p. 13. Mark Holsworth is from Bendigo.

THE AUSTRALIAN NATIVES' ASSOCIATION HALL, BENDIGO

In the early 1890's members of the Australian Natives' Association decided to construct an A.N.A. Hall in View Street, Bendigo. The Hall was opened in 1895. A photograph of the stately building and some details about the land on which it was built can be seen at pages 330 - 332 of John E. Menadue's book "A Centenary History of the A.N.A., 1871-1971" published in 1971 by Horticultural Press Pty. Ltd. in Melbourne. Further background about the A.N.A. Hall and the Bendigo Branch can be found in "Anapress" of June, 1973 page 12, September, 1973, page 14, December, 1974 pages 4 - 5, March, 1980 p. 17, and June, 1980 pps. 3-16. The poem below was written by William Pascoe in 1895 and appeared in "Anapress" of June, 1973 at page 12 adjoining an item dealing with the opening of new A.N.A. offices in Bendigo on 15 March, 1973.

THE OPENING DAY OF THE A.N.A. HALL (BENDIGO)

By WILLIAM PASCOE (1895)

*Ye Sons of Austral's Soil and sunny skies,
The poet greets you on this festal day,
The tears of joy are shining in his eyes,
His heart in touch with all your spirits gay.*

*The opening day of this your stately hall
Is welcomed in with warmth by every breast,
The fathers of our city one and all,
Will rise to greet you and their joy attest.*

*A hall by one of Austral's sons designed,
Where principles of the constructive art,
In outline, form, and colour are combined,
To give a charm of beauty to each part.*

*A hall, designed to foster brotherhood,
And help to make the nation free and great.
One in our aim, as in their birth and blood—
A mighty whole, one undivided state.*

*Hail! happy day, when every feud and strife,
By petty states shall e'er be swept away,
And all shall aim at higher modes of life,
And purer laws this "Sunny South" shall sway.*

*Laws, binding man to man, and heart to heart,
Creating love and brotherly regard,
Uniting those, whose interests seem apart,
By giving each and all their just reward.*

*And, while the southern tides shall lave our coast,
And sun and moon shall in their courses run,
May Austral's sons in all their dwellings boast
That in their aims and objects, they are one.*

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IDA GRAY

Ida Gray lives at Dianella in Perth, Western Australia. In 1946 she joined the Midland Branch of the Australian Natives' Association. At present she is in the Bayswater Branch. For some years now she has been Branch press correspondent for the "A.N.A. Advocate", the journal published bi-monthly by the Australian Natives' Association in Western Australia.

Many of her poems have appeared in the "A.N.A. Advocate" and in "Anapress". In 1982 she visited the A.N.A. Conference in Ballarat, Victoria and met members of the Committee dealing with Art, Literature and Science.



Ida Gray of Dianella, Western Australia. She is a member of the Bayswater Branch of the A.N.A. and press correspondent for the "A.N.A. Advocate" in Western Australia.

"AUTUMN"

*As I stood on the hillside, early today,
I watched as Autumn came this way,
I saw her first - by the old elm tree,
Shaking the boughs and laughing with
glee.*

*In her gown of russet, and bonnet so
neat,
She danced on the leaves as they fell at
her feet,
A lullaby she sang, so the flowers
would hear,
While she tucked them up tightly for
winter is near.*

Ida Gray

("Anapress", February, 1978, p. 8)

*All day she worked, with love and care,
Helping the creatures with wisdom so
rare
As evening drew near - there came a
hush,
Broken at last by the call of a thrush.*

*Dusk had drawn near, daylight had
gone,
The birds filled the air with laughter
and song,
I had seen I knew as here I stand,
The world transformed by a Mighty
Hand.*

AUSTRALIA OUR HOMELAND

*What does Australia mean to you?
What does it mean to me,
A heritage of love and trust, through
all adversity.
I see cattle grazing in the fields, when
day has just begun.
The frolicking of baby lambs in the
morning sun.
Hills alive with music, when birds are
on the wing.
Nature's wonderland around me, these
are the things that bring.
Thoughts of my homeland, my country,
blue skies, the sea.
The tumble of a waterfall. All these are
dear to me.
The chortling of magpies heralding the
morn,
The splendour of sunshine on a field
of corn.*

Ida Gray

("Anapress", June, 1978, p. 16)

*The ring of children's laughter. The
fireside, an easy chair
Where a mother sits to hear her child's
evening prayer.
The strength and courage of our fore-
bears, who have paved the way for
me.
The bravery of all those, who have
kept my country free.
This is our Australia, your sacrifices
have made it ours
Where children wander in freedom,
amongst our bushland flowers.*

SOUNDS OF THE DAY

Ida Gray

("Anapress", June, 1978, p. 20)

*Pause awhile and listen, so that you may
hear,
Sounds of life around you, as the day
grows bright and clear.
The rushing of the tree tops, stirred
by the early breeze,
The chortling of the magpies in the tall
gum trees.
The kookaburra's laughter has its own
special way of
Spreading joy around us, so early in
the day.
Children on their way to school, call
a bright "Hello"
Then you hear them laughing as on their
way they go.
Pleasant sounds like these that come,
from far away and near,
Bringing happiness to all—pause awhile
and you will hear.*

WISHING

*His scuffed little shoes placed neatly on
the floor,
His little red jacket hangs on the door,
His two blue eyes are screwed up tight,
While he wishes and wishes with all his
might.*

*That his bed was a space ship, and he
would fly
Right out of the window, right up in the
sky.
He would land it himself in a place far
away.
Where he would be "King" and there he
would stay.*

*No one would say "no", or take more
care,
There are muddy footsteps on the stair.
It was naughty to give Grandpa such a
nasty fright
When you put your pet frog in his bed
last night.*

*I won't have to say please, and thank
you is out,
When I run indoors I can sing and shout.
There will be no rice puddings or
cabbage for tea,
No baths at bed time, there will be no
grown ups to see.*

*No grown ups, why that is no good at
all,
Who will kiss me better if I should fall.
Mummy was so kind, when I fell from
the tree,
Bathed my arm, and bandaged my knee.*

*Now Daddy was so cross when I bathed
the cat,
But he always bowls and allows me to
bat.
Then there's Mummy cookies—gosh I'm
yawning
I'll snuggle down tight and think again
in the morning.*

Ida Gray

("Anapress", December, 1978, page 19)

BYGONE DAYS

*In my dreams I climb the hills,
To watch the Wattle's golden gleam,
Gather orchids blue and gold
Sit beside the flowing stream.*

*See the shining white clematis
In the hot sun's shimmering rays.
Catch the scent of wild wood flowers,
That speak of bygone days.*

*I weave for me a garland.
Of blossoms bright and gay,
Tie it with sweet memories.
That will never fade away.*

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OLD BROWN TREE

*Oh what are you saying Old Brown Tree
As your branches toss, to and fro.
Are you thanking God for this perfect
day,
Or whispering stories from long ago.
Of when Tribal Fathers gathered at the
forest edge,
To watch the nomad boy pass with axe
and spear.*

*To set out alone his manhood to prove
Suffering hardship and danger, not
daring to fear.
Of rejoicing and feasting the day he
emerged.*

*Thin, spent and ravaged from the cur-
tain of trees,
The light of achievement burning bright
in his eyes
When in front of his elders he would
sink to his knees.*

*You Old Brown Tree if you only could
tell,
Of man who once roamed, happy and
free,
Who gathered around when the camp
fires burned low.
To watch painted warriors dance a wild
corroboree.*

Ida Gray
("Anapress", June, 1979, p. 22)

EARLY SETTLERS

*What were their thoughts as they stood
and watched?
The shores of their homeland fading
away.
Did they shed tears for the green fields
and the coves
As they knelt on the deck to pray.*

*Did they know that never again would
they feel
The touch of a Mother's loving hand.
Or a Father's wisdom to guide them.
When they chose the soil of an un-
known land.*

*When they turned and looked at the far
horizon
Did they pray for faith, and hope to go
hand in hand?
And that their courage would never fail
them.*

*In the loneliness of a distant land.
To those who left homes and loved
ones,
We owe a debt we can never repay.
Undaunted they faced hardship and
death,
To go forth and pave the way.*

35

"SOUNDS OF MY CHILDHOOD"

Loudly or softly on the winter winds
Come the sounds of a closing day.
Cattle lowing in the shed nearby
As they bed down in the hay.
The shrill whistle of the farmer, drifts
Across the paddocks, newly ploughed
He turns his team and heads for home,
With tired feet and shoulders bowed.
The crack of a bullet across the lake,
Frightens the water fowl, the air is
filled with cry,
The flapping of the black swans' wings,
As in single file they fly.
The ever alert sheep dog barks
When the cunning fox decides to prowl
Around the farm yard, at dusk,
Looking for a straying fowl.
The bleating of the motherless lambs
Bedded down by the open hearth.
The children's merry laughter
As they hurry down the path.
The log fire crackles and leaps,
All around a glow is shed,
On the faces of those within,
Giving thanks, for their daily bread.
Later when the fire burns low,
And the embers slowly fall,
Cheery voices can be heard,
As a soft goodnight, they call.

Ida Gray

("Anapress", September, 1979, page 22
and October, 1980, p. 17)

"CROWN OF YOUTH"

She walked in the garden one morning
in spring,
A red rose tucked in her long brown
hair
She broke a spray of honeysuckle from
the bush nearby,
And lovingly placed it on the old cane
chair.
She saw the first daffodil lift its head
from the earth,
Smooth and unwrinkled in its new
frilly gown.
Like her brow, untouched by the trials
of life.
She wore her youth, like a golden
crown.
Then with outstretched hands, she
reached far out.
As if to grasp the years that still lay
ahead.
Or question what was written in her
Book of Life
Or follow the path, she was impatient
to tread.
My dear, don't reach out too far, or
walk too soon.
Your youth is a gift that is never secure.
It is only lent for a time – then it has
gone
The loss is something you alone must
endure.
The Crown of your life is your precious
youth
Wear it with patience, don't push it
away.
Cherish your blessings, stay true to
yourself
For one day your gift will slip quietly
away.

CHRISTMAS GLORY

Crooning to her baby as she knelt there
on the floor,
Heedless of its birthplace, within the
stable door,
Radiant with Mother Love Mary bent
her head to pray,
In that lowly manger, that far off
Christmas Day.

Shepherds watching on the hillside,
saw the rising star,
Turned their faces to the east, they
had to travel far.
Many months they had watched for
the Holy Sign to bring,
A day of great rejoicing, the promised
New Born King.

So to Bethlehem they followed, that
shining ray of light,
Glory to the Heavenly Father, a babe
was born that night.
Looking now at the stable, they bent
their heads in prayer,
Over head the bright light faltered,
paused awhile and pointed there.

THE DAFFODIL FIELD

Slowly she climbed the high wooden
fence,
Then across the field she wended her
way,
Humming a little tune, not a care in
the world,
Making the most of the warm spring
day.
Bright little eyes looked far ahead,
Saw daffodils waving in the morning
breeze,
Their yellow petals reflecting the sun,
Huge clumps growing beneath the
trees.
With a gasp of excitement, she quick-
ened her pace,
To reach the spot where the flowers
grew.

Ida Gray

("Anapress", December, 1979, pages
16 - 17)

Right inside the radiance led them,
past the cattle and the hay,
Yes – there within the manger the
Baby Jesus lay.

"HOME"

What a simple word is "Home" but to
each of us it means,
Dear familiar things, the centre of our
dreams,
Something we can call our own, how-
ever large or small,
The precious gift of love, strengthening
each flimsy wall.
A place where we can find, an under-
standing heart,
In the sharing of trouble and joys, we
all take a part.
To keep this corner of the earth, we
have worked and struggled for,
To give us peace, and happiness, with-
in our own front door.

Ida Gray

("Anapress", March, 1980, p. 16)

Eagerly she gathered the blossoms,
Wet and fragrant from the morning
dew.
Loving little arms cradled them tight,
As she rocked her body to and fro.
Stopping in fright when a stern voice
said:
"These are my flowers, leave them and
go."
With quivering lips and fear-filled
eyes,
Earnestly she spoke as she rose from
the sod.
"I sorry sir, I didn't know they were
yours,
I thought they belonged to God."

150th ANNIVERSARY
(Western Australia, 1979)

*If this is the year of Remembrance,
It must be the year of prayer
To give thanks to those who came,
To this country to prepare,
A new life for the future
In an untamed and hostile land.
Where man survived by the sweat of
the brow.
Faith and trust, in the strength of his
heart and hand.
Where a woman worked at her hus-
band's side,
To build a home, and cultivate the soil.
Braving the elements day after day,
Ageing prematurely through hardships
and toil
With clasped hands, parents sat and
watched,
Their stricken children fade and die,
They had hoped and prayed but all in
vain.
It was not for them to question "Why".
So in this great year of Remembrance,
Show that you really care
For those whose epitaph is courage,
Kneel and say a humble prayer.*

Ida Gray
("Anapress", March, 1980, p. 21)

"SPRING"

*Over the hill she came dancing so gay,
I saw her coming at the break of day,
Woolly lambs knew her and frolicked
with glee,
Baby birds twittered in their nests in
the tree.
As she passed the daffodils she seemed
today,
Wake up, wake up, I bring sunshine
today.
She smiled at the wattles dressed in
their gold,
Helped early snowdrops their petals to
unfold,
She waved to the goslings afloat on the
lake,
And watched the water lilies slowly
awake.
All day she fluttered here and there,
Transforming the world with wisdom
and care.
A mother thought as she watched her
children at play,
Why winter has gone—what a glorious
day.*

Ida Gray
("Anapress", June, 1980, p. 26)

"THE PROUD TREE"

*My leafless old branches are gnarled
and bent
Scarred by the fury of fierce winter
storms
My trunk is blackened by heat and
flames
But proudly I stand as each new day
dawns.
Once I stood tall and straight, with
limbs outstretched
To catch the morning sun at break of
day
Watching baby animals hide at my
roots
When the barking of dogs frightened
them at play.
With love and care mating birds worked
all day,
Carrying twigs and mud to build their
nests,
Begging me to cover them, with my
bright green leaves,
As they plucked the down from their
tiny breasts.
Peering eyed boys, would suddenly
come,
And climb my branches, I remember
so well,
I would be bruised and beaten and
nearly dead
But their secret I guarded well.
Yes proudly I stand bent, weathered
and old.
Cold branches turned to catch the sun's
last ray.
I hear a magpie chortle, a kookaburra
laugh,
The last notes echo, with the fading
day.
I muse as I watch the twilight fade.
Lengthening shadows blend as the
night grows dark.
See my sturdy saplings growing by
my side,
Even a bent old tree can leave its
mark!*

"AUSTRALIA"

*Happy boys and girls, playing in the
sun,
With your love of freedom, you're
having lots of fun.
To those who are in need, lend a help-
ing hand,
And if you find them troubled, try to
understand.*

*The well-being of this country, is
already in your care,
Those who came before you have
already done their share.
With stout hearts and willing hands,
our early pioneers came,
To do their best for this our land we're
proud to bear their name.*

*Then came a greater call, our shores
they must defend,
Far off across the seas, their loved ones
they must send,
And for this land of ours how dearly
they have paid,
For you and for Australia their brave
young lives they gave.*

*Enjoy your freedom girls and boys, in
this land that you belong,
Pray to God for guidance to distinguish
right from wrong.
In your hands lay the power, and with
His help above,
May peace reign forever, in this land,
we dearly love.*

Ida Gray

("Anapress", June, 1980, p. 32)

"MEMORY LANE"

*When I walk in my garden,
I wander down memory lane,
Some flowers may make me happy
Some may cause me pain.*

*Plants that were given by loving friends
Whose faces I'll see no more,
A gift for a happy occasion,
Growing beside the open door.*

*I see a tree for each grandchild,
Which we tend with loving care.
A potted shrub with flower so gay
Beside a rocking chair.*

*Rosemary for remembrance
My mother used to say,
As I stop to pick a sprig
I remember her this day.*

Ida Gray

("Anapress", March, 1981, p. 21)

"A TRIBUTE TO A MOTHER"

*Mother did you in the sweet yesterday,
Sometimes frown at them when they
came from play?*

*Those noisy boys, who with never a
thought*

*Rushed indoors as new interests they
sought.*

*Do you sometimes think of time that
was spent,*

*Washing an' ironing and mending a
rent?*

*When your thoughts have erred from
making a bed,*

*To that book that still has not been
read.*

*Did you sometimes think of time and
leisure*

*To sit in the garden would be a plea-
sure?*

*There was a cake to bake and a hand
to lend*

*At their club evening they would like
to attend.*

*Today as you think of the passing
years*

*Do I catch just a glister of unshed
tears?*

*When over the fence rings a happy
laugh*

And footsteps patter on the path.

You sit and listen, hope and pray

That a cheery face will turn your way,

To smile at you as you patiently wait

*To see them pass through a neighbour-
ing gate.*

*Your thoughts go with them as they
pass along,*

*Their voices are happy and full of song.
You would give at once this idle day,*

*If you could hear again your children
at play.*

*You know that your children are only
lent,*

*Under your care their childhood is
spent,*

*They looked to you for help and love.
You have prayed for guidance to God*

above.

*As you sit there so quietly in the
evening glow,*

*Your thoughts are happy, this I know,
You have given always only your best,*

Mothers like you are heaven blessed.

Ida Gray
("Anapress", June, 1981, p. 13 and
December, 1981, p. 17)

THE HILLS OF HOME

*I have stood and watched the rising
sun,
Turn the dark night to a golden day.
Seen you flooded in early morning
light
As the shadows slowly fade away.*

*A footloose carefree child, I wandered
Amongst the mossy rocks to gather
fern,
Reaching to pick the golden wattle,
Where the gurgling creek began to
turn.*

*I have watched the storm clouds gather,
Then your dry slopes, washed with
soaking rain.
Have seen you touched by a brilliant
rainbow
When the sun peeped through again.*

*I have marvelled at your fiery splendour
When crimson fingers painted the
western sky,
Loved your soft purple mists at twilight
Before the dark of night came creeping
by.*

*You have always held a magic
So my erring thoughts quite often stray
To the tinkling waterfall at sunset
And the beauty of its spray.*

Ida Gray
("Anapress", September 1981, p 15)

FOR THE YEAR OF THE DISABLED (1981)

*I dream that one day there will be
No pain or suffering—a gift to humanity
And the limbs of every child, however
small,
Will grow firm and strong, while he
stands tall.*

*To run with the winds on a winter's
day,
To laugh with friends as they come
from play,
To gather sand-flicked shells down by
the sea.
Doing things that are dear to you and to
me.*

*To see budding flowers open in the
early spring,
As they slowly unfold their beauty they
bring,
To see hilltops shining in the morning
sun,
To watch the glory of a sunset when
day is done.*

*To hear the call of a startled bird poised
for flight,
To hear rain softly falling in the night.
The chortle of magpies as they herald
the dawn,
The rustling of wind in a field of corn.*

*I pray that some day each one will be
Tall and straight—and they can see
The tenderness in a loved one's face
And hear words of love with trusting
grace.*

"MY FRIEND"

*He knelt there, with downcast eyes,
Head bent as if in silent prayer,
But he did not heed the blessing.
His thoughts were quite elsewhere.*

*He hoped that soon his friend would
come,
To sit beneath the family pew.
While two bright eyes would carefully
watch,
To be slipped a crumb or two.*

*Dear Lord, the voice above him said,
Heal the sick and feed the poor.
Oh! do be careful little friend,
I can see you peeping round the door.*

*Help those in need, was the text today.
Those words were said in God's own
House.
So I'm sure I'm doing nothing wrong,
By feeding a hungry little mouse.*

*Dear God, watch over him while we
stand,
Keep my friend from being trampled
please.
And God – next week when Mummy
shops,
Don't let her forget to buy some cheese.*

"A MOTHER'S LOVE"

*She stood and watched her children
come up the garden path.
Smiled when she saw their happy faces
and heard their merry laugh.
Someone asked if there was one she
loved greater than the other.
She looked thoughtful as she said, that
is hard to ask a mother.
I only know that my most loved child,
is the one
Who comes and lays his troubled head
upon my breast,
And until his hurts have all been healed
I love him far more dearly than the rest.
Then there is the one who lies with
fevered brow,
I sit at her bedside to watch, and to
pray
And until she grows well, and strong
again,
My love for her grows deeper every day.
When I quietly sit and look at their
tousled heads
I love them all, and with a mother's
glowing pride.
But the one I love most is the absent
one,
Until he safely returns and stands by my
side.*

GRANNY'S SPECTACLES

*Why can't I wear spectacles like Granny
does?
First over my eyes then down on my
nose.
It's surprising the things that she can
see,
When it comes to a little boy like me.*

*The cookie jar is a long way from where
she sits,
With her head bent over some little task,
As I drag up a chair, I hear her say,
"Laddie, you know that first you must
ask."*

*I climb to my favourite spot in the old
willow tree
To watch all the people pass down the
lane,
Granny shakes her head when she sees
my scratches and cuts,
"Young man, I see you have been climb-
ing again."*

*When she knitted me a sweater in red
and gold
She smiled and said, as she gave it to me,
"It's the colour of your favourite foot-
ball club,
I knew that you wanted one—I could
see!"*

*"Are your glasses magic?" I asked her
one day.
Her eyes twinkled as she tousled my
hair with her hand
"Don't worry", she laughed as she
hugged me tight,
"When you are as old as I am, you will
understand."*

*I watch as she reads her favourite book,
Until her head begins to nod and she
starts to doze
Then I wonder how long that it will
take,
For those glasses to reach the end of her
nose.*

KAREN PRIDMORE

Karen Pridmore was born in Hobart, Tasmania in 1950. She lives at Inglewood, Vic., but prior to that lived in Footscray, Vic. She is a member of the Bendigo Branch of the A.N.A. She married in 1971 and has a daughter, Celeste, born in 1975. Karen studied classical piano under the guidance of her father, a piano and singing teacher, and studied speech and drama under the tutorship of her mother, a speech and drama teacher. Her poems have appeared in "Anapress", and also with those of four other poets in a collection entitled "Five Tasmanians", published in the mid-1970s. Others have been included in various University publications and two were included in a book of poetry and prose titled "Jigsaw of Childhood" which was published in 1979, the International Year of the Child. (Photograph courtesy of "The Age".)

WAR IS BOUND TO COME JOHN LENNON

*Five deadly shots
are
their teen screams
of the past*

Assassinations

*Broken round glasses
are
their seven years
of threats*

Protests

*Macrobiotic food
spilling out
on to the ground
is
their starvation*

Hunger Strikes

*Massive bleeding
in the back of a
NY police car
is
their uncontrollable tears*

Monomania

*The chance for peace
in a closed crematorium
are
their chants of violence
outside a closed courtroom*

Riots



*Carpets from
Communist China
are
their souvenirs*

Plunder

*Sixty million dollars
worth of cows who
won't stop
are
their stampede of bowels*

Pollution

*They will not sing his anthem
without him*

*War is bound
to come*

*War is bound
to come*

Karen Pridmore
("Anapress", December, 1981, page 17)

You can get a high on over the gloss and pedigree of a book shop display wall

(For my Mother)

*The Women's Weekly green-eyed mon-
sters*

*hide behind each other
in health shops
They sidestep
when you pick up
bottles of Apricot Moisturiser
(containing Vitamin E)
and sample spread
your classic cheekbones
and violet-eyed fatigue marks.
"There are no wrinkles"
they whisper with grudging praise
and you place the bottles
back on the shelf
and leave the store.*

*The wombless Philistines
oil their tongues
at lunch-time talent shows.
They nudge each other
as their home-made daughters
disappear into their
sequined skins
like cumbrous contortionists,
they never win.
Then you appear
womb intact
stealing the show
with flashes of bardic laughter.*

*The lyrics of Pink Floyd
you discuss
with your children,
while housebound mothers
vacuum their brains,
each morning
before breakfast.*

HOLIDAY AT SWANSEA

(For my Parents)

*Like conquering tug-boats
we hauled each other
over the seam-bursting dunes
and
the wind,
full of mirth
blew up our dresses
like a fast balloon
whistling
at our rainbow-coloured bloomers.*

*The bracken
whips our ankles
tyrannically
and we swear like troopers
as each lacerating leap
directs me further from
sea-nymphs,
fat-bellied fish
and briny laughter.*

*And now
my wide-eyed leisure
comes to an end—*

*The bus
outside the General Store
awaits its doom—
as the locals appear
clutching their Phantom comics—*

*I can't say goodbye,
so dawdle back
to your weatherboard mansion
arm in arm,
tipsy
from unlimited sniffs
of juicy, intoxicating air
before the salt spray
swindles my eyes.*

"IT'S THE GUILT THAT TAKES THE FUN OUT OF LIVING"

*I keep remembering the cattle
the "Black Hole of Calcutta" cattle
and one particular eye,
a heifer's haunting eye,
and I push the meat pie aside.*

*I keep remembering the cats
the cosmetic cats
without territorial tails
and I put my other face aside.*

*I keep remembering the whales
the winch-drawn whales
without Moby's mortal manoeuvres
and I push the Christian Dior aside.*

*I keep remembering the seals
the skinless seals
and one particular nose
a frozen, blood nose
and I push the fur coat aside.*

*It's the guilt
that takes the fun
out of living . . .*

BISCUIT DRY

*Furnace fever eyes and
sigh with broiling sun
spilling out of the sky.*

*Heaving hay of heart and
bone with begging land
and broken moan.*

*Bolts of bluish-white and
breath gasping
as in cold candid death.*

FADING OUT—THE 3 DIMENSIONAL WAY

(For my Mother)

*ONE AFTERNOON
SOON
WE'LL FIND THAT DESERTED STREET
THE REELS OF FILM EXTINGUISHED
THE SHOWDOWN SHOTGUNS SHOVED
IN THE TORN OFF TRASH CANS
THE AUTOMOBILE
TETHERED TO A STREET LAMP
HUMMING HORSEPOWER
WAITING TO ENTOMB US
AND WE'LL RIDE OFF
TOGETHER
INTO
THE
SUNSET.*

NORMA KNIGHT

Norma Knight lives at Eaglehawk Neck,
Sorell, Tasmania.

DISILLUSION

*I'll never see the sky quite like this again,
not this same infinitude of racy blue
with clouds sprawled in streaks of
white
like teased-out cottonwool;*

*I'll never see the ocean quite like this
again,
not this same floodtide that slowly
revolves
to the gilt-edged sun until its shore-
ruffled green
flashes spangles of opal fire;*

*I'll never see the paddocks quite like
this again,
not this same lushness of grasses deep
in ewes
with their cluster of lambs and
vigilant rabbits
braving the bush-line;*

*I'll never hear the birds quite like this
again;
not this same prelude,
nor these harmonic cadences that
descend
in subtle semitones to a tristful
farewell.*

Norma Knight

("Anapress", March, 1983, page 16. See
also June, 1983, pages 13 and 16)

MOLLIE STILLWELL

Mollie Stillwell is a member of the Henry Lawson Memorial and Literary Society, Victoria (see "Anapress" of March, 1983, pages 5-6). The poem "Chadstone" is from her collection titled "Whimsy Verse", printed by Excelsior Printing Works in Hawthorn East, Vic. in the mid-1970s. Chadstone Shopping Centre was opened in 1960.

CHADSTONE

*Oh, dear me, this Chadstone's a fabulous
place
With arcades and side-walks—just like a
large town,
And great escalators that go up and
down
To wonderful treasures! The old tinkers'
cases
When the ladies of "outback" could
furnish their places
Or the wandering Afghan—with fabrics
and laces
Would seem just an infinitesimal part of
a scheme
To bring all the treasures from brigands
of old,
Persuade buccaneers to hand over their
gold—
Set them up like a Fair—with a Rainbow
the theme,
Have lovely green lawns with little low
fences
So the Fairy Folk would come there for
their dances—
Rub, if you could, the old Lamp of
Aladdin—
Open your eyes—and there you have
CHADSTONE!*

AUSTRALIAN NATIVES' ASSOCIATION, WESTERN AUSTRALIA— POETRY COMPETITIONS

Since 1937 the Australian Natives' Association in Western Australia has conducted Essay and Poetry Competitions among schools in that State. The aim has been to encourage written expression by children. Students in various grades may make their selection from seven or eight essay topics, or else opt for a poetry item with an Australian theme. (See "Anapress" of September, 1979, page 1.) Over 1500 entries are received each year in this competition.

THE BUSH FAIR

*Arriving at the bush fair,
There are many things to see,
The stalls, the noise, and colours,
And the things for you, and me.*

*The home-made jams and produce,
And the flowers in the hall,
The lucky dips for prizes,
And the food for sale at stalls.*

*The many things to look at,
And on which to have a go,
Will make it hard for children,
To spend money at the show.*

*The sheep on farmers' trailers,
And the pony rides for the young,
And ride the bucking wether,
Is a novel form of fun.*

*The heat is dry and sweaty,
And the dust clogs up one's throat,
This crowds the bar with people,
Who are sun-tanned, thirsty folk.*

*The carousels for children,
Who are eating fairy floss,
With parents watching nearby,
To make sure they won't fall off.*

Glen Leighton, Dalkeith Primary School
(1st Prize, Section 4, Years 4-7, 1981.)
"Anapress" September, 1981, page 16.

*A welcome break for adults,
Is the tent for tea and scones,
Or sitting by the ringside,
For they watch the show that's on.*

*The pitching of the hay bales,
Is a sport for stronger men,
While weather-beaten farmers,
Talk in groups or five or ten.*

*The sun sinks slowly downward,
And the barbecues are lit,
The friends sit down together,
While the meat cooks on the spit.*

*The children tired and sleepy,
And their parents worn out too,
They pack their cars up slowly,
Then they've nothing more to do.*

*The bush fair's once more finished,
And the remnants of it all,
Are papers, cans and rubbish,
And a silent, empty hall.*

AUSTRALIA

*There is beauty in our continent Australia
A beauty that uplifts one's very soul
The houses and the gardens, plus the people
Each part distinctive, yet blending in
as a whole.*

*There is beauty in the way we live as neighbours
Giving and receiving with a grace
Ennobling giver and receiver in a manner
That hopes to make this world a
better place.*

*There are flowers around the houses in profusion
And lawns where once scrub bushes grew
Tropic trees in all colourful splendour
Eye-catching with all their multi-coloured hue.*

*Breadwinners wending to their work-places
Having character and purpose in their walks
There's contagion in the way they bid good morning
And plan for the future's progress in their talks.*

*Young people take a pride in their appearance
Considerate, never thoughtless or uncouth
Yes. It makes a real joy in living
That bright flow from these youths.*

*There is mystery in the way this country holds us
As a big spider spinning its ever-widening weave
It just grips you in a manner so entwining
You surrender, and never want to leave.*

Susan Hatton, North Lake Senior High School

(1st Prize, Section 4, Years 8-10, 1981.)
"Anapress", December, 1981, page 2.

WALLY SMALLMAN

Born in Waratah, Tasmania on 5 December, 1900. Director on the Board of the Australian Natives' Association in Victoria from 1947 until his death on 17 July, 1977. He was the prince of storytellers so far as the A.N.A. was concerned. The Editor of "Anapress", Harry Shannon, said "He was a good Australian who loved his country and all that is native to it . . . his was the art which disguised art, making the spirit of the poet and the characters he portrayed live in the memories of his audience . . . He was everybody's friend and a friend to everybody, for which many have cause to be grateful." ("Anapress", September 1977, page 1.) More detailed information is given about Wally Smallman in the earlier material of this volume. The A.N.A. Poetry Prizes are awarded to perpetuate his memory and to make a contribution to the advancement of Australian poetry.

SIXTY-FIVE YEARS

(To Syd and Maudie Herron on their Wedding Anniversary)

*Syd and Maude.
Good Lord.
All of this.
Married Bliss.
Friends Galore.
Rich and Poor.
Lame Dogs and Stiles.
Tons of Smiles.
Kindly Action.
Maude and Syd.
I Dips me Lid.*

Wally Smallman

("Anapress", June, 1974, page 4.)

Wally Smallman

("Anapress", December, 1971, page 3 and September, 1977, page 1. Syd Herron was General Secretary of the A.N.A. from 1946 to 1955.)

THE AUSTRALIAN NATIVES' ASSOCIATION IN VICTORIA

*From Orbost to Mildura, from Wodonga
to the sea
Where Australia's sons are gathered,
determined to be free
There's a band of native born, growing
stronger every day
With 'service' as its watchword, the
grand old A.N.A.
Then hail the A.N.A., since the days of
Federation
Hail the A.N.A., it has helped to build
our nation
Proudly free from party strife, embracing
every creed
Built by men of vision clear, who knew
Australia's need.*

Wally Smallman

("Anapress", March, 1973, pages 10 and 11 and September, 1977, page 1.)

OUR BOARD (1973)

(On surveying the A.N.A. Board of Directors in Victoria in 1973)

*Around our boardroom table sit a lot of
hoary birds,
They're very short of patience but not
so short of words,
They come up for election at the Con-
ference each year,
And failure at the ballot is the only
thing they fear.*

*Of all these would-be statesmen there's
none that can outdo,
At logic or rhetoric, our long Jack
Menadue,
He's a man of many letters, an historian
of note,
When he's a bit obstreperous he can
surely rock the boat.*

*Our Chief is Bertie Murley and he hails
from Bendigo,
He's only five foot two in height but
Lordy he can go,
To every task he faces with enthusiastic
zest,
Of all the Chiefs we've ever had he ranks
among the best.*

*Alf Brisbane did a splendid job when
captain of our ship,
With Bonnie Mary by his side we had a
first-class trip,
We watch with satisfaction as our
membership extends,
Of 90,000 members Alf made 90,000
friends.*

*Harry Shannon is a wily bird and here I
must express,
My praises for the way he masterminds
our "Anapress",
He's a nose for newsy items and he
follows it with vim,
A libel action now and then is all the
same to him.*

*Our two men from the country come
with undisputed valour,
They leave their bees and sheep behind
at Creswick and Springdallah,
Old Sel and Hughie hold the view though
others think it funny,
That the future of our land depends on
mutton, wool and honey.*

*Meet now our trustee-magistrate from
down St Kilda way,
He sits and judges sinners there, he'll
punish them each day,
But he loses at our boardroom all his
judicial poise,
He's not there long before he finds he's
just one of the boys.*

*Civic father Vernon Wright comes up
from Rosebud way,
His pipe contributes to the smog we
suffer from each day,
His ego varies day to day, from strong
to very weak,
According to the way his team at Carlton
play each week.*

*The one who guards our members' funds
is always on the ball,
A gentle-mannered chap is he but one of
strength withal,
Cec Martin from Glen Iris comes, he
makes no tiresome speeches,
But everyone who hears him knows he'll
practise what he preaches.*

*Our bowling expert Ernie Pitts to
Queensland goes each year,
Like the birds he travels north as soon
as winter's here,
His liking for the game is such, he'd go
to San Francisco,
If he thought he could become as good
as Glyn Bosisto.*

*Frankie Capuano's next, we couldn't do
without him,
Like flies around the honey pot he
gathers youth about him,
A tireless worker in his branch with his
captain Doris,
He's doing us a first-class job, succeeding
dear old Horace.*

*Our Harry is an angler bold, he makes
our Tatts investments,
And on our Conference trip each year
he'll supervise refreshments,
He'd register our fallen girls to save us
from diseases,
Heedless of the members whom his
policy displeases.*

*The last addition to our ranks is one we
all admire,
Of a very worthy family and a most
respected sire,
On Brian's welcome to our Board we
were all unanimous,
For Kelleher and A.N.A. are words that
are synonymous.*

*And when our meeting closes at the end
of a long, long day,
When each of us has done our bit and
had a lot to say,
Then gather we in council free and
socially converse,
'Tis like a marriage contract—for better
or for worse!*

GEORGE L. SYE

George Lee Sye is a member of the Australian Natives' Association in Queensland.

THE AUSTRALIANS

*They came from the north, the east and
the west,
The strong and the brave, the fairest and
best,
And settled this land 'neath the hot
southern sun,
They toiled and they strived, lived and
died by the gun.*

*No comforts they knew, but a billy of
tea,
Salt beef and damper, a swag 'neath a
tree,
But this was a land with a promise so
great,
No hardship deterred them, success was
their fate.*

*Through forests and deserts, over moun-
tains and plains,
They perished in the dry, they drowned
in the rains,
But cities they built and the legend has
grown,
These men of Australia, can stand on
their own.*

*But where are they now, we need them
so much,
Great men and good women, with the
pioneer touch,
As sore muscles and blisters go far out
of style,
The unemployed queue, stretches mile
after mile.*

*So to hell and be damned with the
welfare state,
Get off your tails before it's too late,
There's a million opportunities in this
land in the sun,
Don't wait for a job, there's work to be
done.*

George Lee Sye
("Anapress", September, 1979, pages
23 and 24)

THE LAST ANZAC

*See him stand in the sun, with his hat in
his hand,
He came to honour the dead, who gave
us this land,
As he shuffles his feet, he coughs deep
in his chest,
It's hard to believe, that he was once
one of our best.*

*With his eyes on the ground and his
thoughts far away,
He thinks of his mates and the place
where they lay,
Of the price that they paid, those com-
rades so bold,
Cut down in their prime, they can never
grow old.*

*It's hard to remember, all the times and
the places,
But he'll never forget, their names or
their faces,
For mateship like that, has gone far out
of style,
And to hold back a tear, he forces a
smile.*

*The wreaths have been laid and they've
played the Last Post.
The speeches are read and he goes pale
as a ghost,
Is it real, can he hear the roar of a gun,
Or is he just an old man, been too long
in the sun.*

George Lee Sye
("Anapress", December, 1979, page 14)

*He looks at the young ones, who stand
all around,
They don't realise the price, that was
paid for this ground,
They've never seen their mates killed,
as their feet hit the beach,
Nor seen their life's blood, drain away
within reach.*

*Do they care for this land, as men used
to then,
Would they take up arms, to fight for it
again,
Or will it slip through their fingers, this
country of ours,
And sell it piecemeal, to those great
foreign powers.*

*Is a fair dinkum Aussie, a thing of the
past,
Didn't we build a nation, that surely
would last,
The old man lifts his head and there's
blood in his eye,
This is my country and will be till I die.*

*The parade moves away and a woman
walks to his side,
She takes hold of his hand and looks at
him with pride,
This is her man, for whom she has a
great need,
And soon he'll be gone, the last of his
breed.*

ALLAN W. LLEWELLYN

Allan W. (Llew) Llewellyn is a member of the Eaglehawk A.N.A. The Annual Conference Dinner of the Australian Natives' Association in 1980 was held in the Eaglehawk Town Hall and many stories were heard of the early days of the mining boom at Eaglehawk, Specimen Hill, Ironbark and Sailor's Gully. Eaglehawk A.N.A. had an orchestra, conducted musical and elocution competitions and was linked with many organisations in the town. Information on this was sent to "Anapress" by Allan Llewellyn (see "Anapress", October, 1980, pages 2 and 16). He also sent this verse composed in honour of the Eaglehawk Football Club's Centenary in June, 1980.

EAGLEHAWK FOOTBALL CLUB'S CENTENARY (JUNE 1980)

Allan W. (Llew) Llewellyn
("Anapress", October, 1980, pages 2
and 16)

*When you're knocking around with
fellows,
And you're keen to write your name,
In the glory book of records,
Of the good old Aussie game,
So you have a go at footy,
It's a man's game, so they say,
And you learn to stab and drop kick,
And the planned techniques of play,
And you practise hard and often,
Till you win the Club's esteem,
Then at last you earn your guernsey,
You have made "The Two Blue" team,
And you're filing through the gateway,
And you're out there on the ground,
With the whole arena circled
With barrackers around.
Then you do a fancy gallop,
And you jig about a bit,
Just to bolster up your ego,
And to kid yourself you're fit,
Then the bloke in white gets ready,
And he blows his whistle loud,
And holds the footy up aloft,
And waves it to the crowd.
Then a mighty roar comes from the
stand,
And reverberates around,
As he grabs the footy by the ends,
And whangs it on the ground.
So the game is on in earnest,
As you see the ruckmen fly,
With a natty little hit out,
To a rover going by.
Then the ball comes skidding to you,
But it bounces overhead,
And the bloke you should be minding,*

*Leaves you standing there for dead,
But you follow resolutely,
And you give it all you've got,
Then the ball comes spinning to you,
And you have a hurried shot,
And the ball goes floating goalwards,
And your aim speeds straight and true,
Then the "One Eye Hill" goes frantic,
As the ball goes sailing through.
They were filing through the gateway,
When they cheered our first eighteen,
They have filed through days of glory,
In a hundred years between,
They have stirred the town to raptures,
And enriched the town's folklore,
When they thrashed the Melbourne
premiers,
In the Spring of ninety-four.
And back along the seasons,
When the mines worked long ago,
There were scenes of cabbies waiting,
For the shift from down below.
And the tired and dirty miners,
Begrimed with slush and chalk,
Were sped, post haste, and took the
field,
For the pride of Eaglehawk.
So we gather here to honour,
All those stalwarts of the game,
Whose names and deeds, are still en-
shrined,
In the Borough's "Hall of Fame".*

TONY FARRELL

POEM FOR COLO

*O sun that glittered in evening's breeze
That caught the sky
And light that poured on darkling leaves
And wafted we by.
And trees that sheltered the bell-swung
birds
and rustled the calm
And sands that soothed the walking-
spent feet
In peaceful warm.*

*O land that grew soft as shadows
down-drew
As the world was our own
And eyes that were silent in resting
with you
Far away from
"alone".*

Tony Farrell

("Anapress", March, 1980, page 16)

" _ "

*My Liege, I suffer
I know pain and dread its outcome
I know fear—and love.*

*My Lord, I see
I know blindness through solitude* I hear

*Through the deafness that is survival
I see, I sense, I feel
And so surrender . . .*

Tony Farrell

("Anapress", March, 1980, page 16)

JAN LAMBETH

Jan Lambeth

("Anapress", December, 1980, page 19)

AN ODE TO A POWER STRIKE

*If you come to work,
You're sure to be bound
To be stuck in the lifts,
Or down on the ground.*

*Maybe it's me,
Maybe it's you,
Perhaps it's a dozen,
Or perhaps only two.*

*Get out your candles,
Your match or your torch,
Slide down the bannisters,
And land on the porch.*

*If you've landed in style,
You'll get a shock,
Look straight behind you,
For the guy at the back of you
Is wearing a smile!*

DARE TO WIN

*If you think you are beaten, you are.
If you think you dare not, you don't.
If you'd like to win, but you think you
can't,
It's almost certain you won't.*

*If you think you'll lose, you've lost.
For out in the world, you'll find
Success begins with a fellow's will.
It's all in the state of mind.*

*If you think you are outclassed, you are
You've got to think high to rise.
You've got to be sure of yourself before
You can ever win a prize.*

*Life's battles don't always go
To the stronger or faster man.
But sooner or later . . .
the man who wins . . .
Is the man who thinks he can.*

BE A WINNER

np
1821
1938-45

E.R. KRYGGER

N.C.P.

A CHRISTMAS APPEAL

(On Behalf of the Children of
the Homoeopathic Hospital)

*The cry of the children! Is it ought to
you?*

*These sufferers are waiting—what will
you do?*

*In a bed of sickness and racked with
pain*

*For many a day these little ones have
lain.*

*But once a year their lives are made
bright*

*Through the coming of Father
Christmas during the night,*

Pain is forgotten—the ache is gone

*When they see what Father Christ-
mas has brought along.*

*Once again for these sufferers to you we
appeal*

*Will you help for the time their
wounds to heal.*

*And remember to you the power is
given*

*To cheer those of whom the Master
said*

*“Of such is the Kingdom of
Heaven”.*

E.R. Krygger

(“Anapress”, December, 1980, page 19)

OTHER POEMS IN “ANAPRESS”

Other poems have been published in “Anapress” and a reference is made to some of those which have been included in recent years:

June, 1980 pages 25-26. “Song of the Biscuit Kings” (Author unknown. Copy via B.C. Mander.)

page 26. “Bloodstone” by Carol Poster (U.S.A.)

page 26. “After an anonymous Mannerist painting in St Anastasia, Verona” by Carol Poster (U.S.A.)

December, 1981 page 17. “It Steals Into My Heart” by Sri Chimroy.

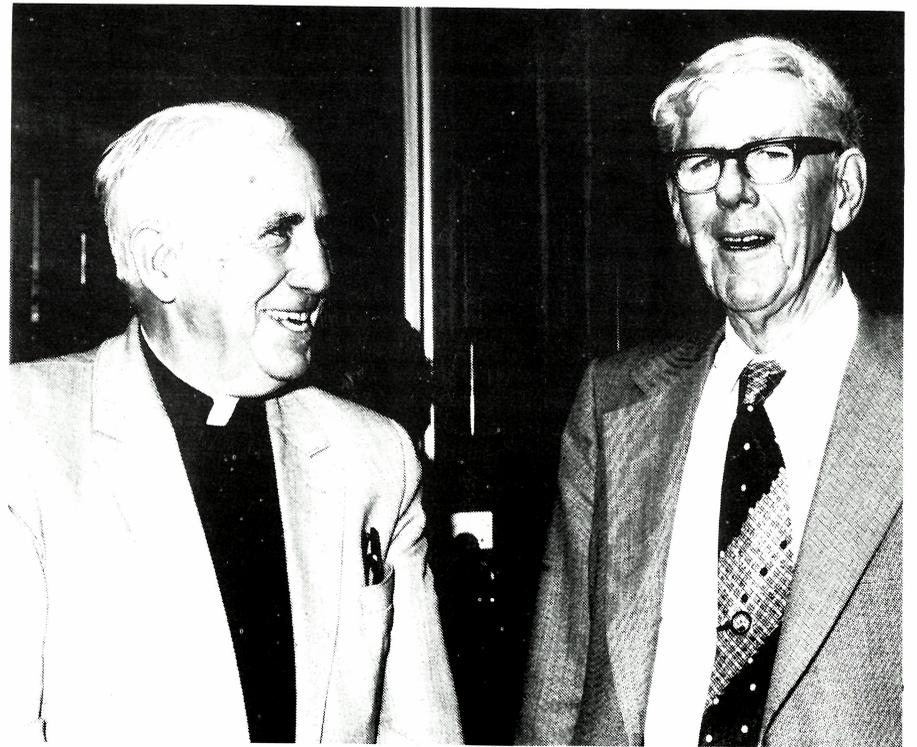
page 17. “I Sing Because You Sing” by Sri Chimroy.

June, 1982 page 15. “This Heart Remains Awake” by Sri Chimroy.

page 15. “Farewell Time” by Sri Chimroy.

page 15. “The Itch” by David Lee Castleman (U.S.A.)

page 15. “Unholy Emanation” by David Lee Castleman (U.S.A.)



Father J. Brosnan (Chaplain at Pentridge) with Mr Bryan Kelleher, Federal President of the A.N.A. and Secretary of the Henry Lawson Memorial and Literary Society. The occasion was a function, on 17 June 1983, in the Board Room, A.N.A. House, Albert Road, South Melbourne to celebrate the 116th Anniversary of the birth of the poet and short-story writer, Henry Lawson (1867–1922).

Some Other Publications:—

- "The A.N.A. — Its Aims and Influence on the Australian Scene"
by Bryan J. Kelleher. (Also published in "Anapress" of March,
1963 at pps 5-10). (1963)
- "A.N.A. — Some Background Notes for Chairmen" by Bryan J.
Kelleher and Bruce C. Kelleher. (1970)
- ISBN 0 9599842 1 6 "The Mineral Springs Spa Waters of
Australia — A Plea for their Development"
by J.E. Menadue. (1972)
- ISBN 0 9599842 2 4 "Afforestation — Australia-Wide Plan
Needed" by Bryan J. Kelleher. (See also
"Anapress" December 1978, pps 10-13). (1978)
- ISBN 0 9599842 3 2 "A.N.A. — A Forum To Advance Australia"
by Bryan J. Kelleher. (1980)
- ISBN 0 9599842 4 0 "Australian Art, Literature and Science —
The A.N.A.'s Interest" by Bryan J. Kelleher.
(See also "Anapress" Sept. 1979, pps 1-5). (1979)
- ISBN 0 9599842 5 9 "Federation and Constitutional Reform —
The A.N.A.'s Interest" by Bryan J. Kelleher. (1981)
- ISBN 0 9599842 6 7 "Salination and Desalination — Some A.N.A.
Thoughts on the Twin Problems" by Bryan J.
Kelleher and Les J. Crofts. (1981)
- ISBN 0 9599842 7 5 "Housing — The A.N.A.'s Interest" by Bryan
J. Kelleher and T. Ray Davey. (1981)
- ISBN 0 9599842 8 3 "Some National Questions — The A.N.A.'s
Response" by Bryan J. Kelleher. (1982)
- ISBN 0 9599842 9 1 "Some Further National Questions — The
A.N.A.'s Approach" by Bryan J. Kelleher. (1983)
- ISBN 0 949484 00 8 "Australian Poetry and the Australian Natives'
Association" by Bryan J. Kelleher. (1983)

An A.N.A. Bibliography has been incorporated in the Report of Proceedings of the Australian Natives' Association Annual Conferences in Victoria in recent years, for example at pages 130 and 131 of the 1981 Conference Report and at pages 164 to 166 of the 1982 Conference Report.

The A.N.A. journal "Anapress" has been issued in Melbourne since 1948. In the issue of September, 1978 pps 27-30 is an Index of subjects covered in "Anapress" between 1948 and 1978. In the issue of June, 1972 at pps 16-17 is an Index of source material relevant to the A.N.A. In the issue of December, 1971 at pps 22-29 is a Branch Index covering items of interest to the individual A.N.A. Branches in the period 1948 to 1971.

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