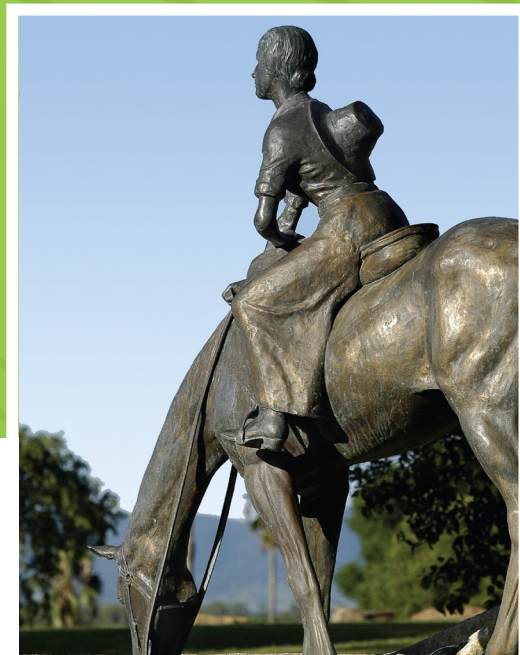




dorothea mackellar poetry awards

# National Presentation Ceremony



# 2010

i hear music



**Winner, Senior Secondary****Jacqueline Krynda**

Merewether High School, BROADMEADOW NSW

*The Sailing Club*

The old clubhouse  
sits  
at the end of the lake  
elbows on its knees  
(peeling white through light blue)  
contemplating the water  
sloshing around its ankles.  
Inside  
the best place  
is in the corner,  
on an up-turned milk crate.  
Above, stairs murmur as footsteps climb them  
(up and down).  
Water runs under salty timber,  
tangled wires  
hang down to rest.  
Warm air finds its way in  
amongst all the odd shapes.  
Milky chalk has settled on the board  
(the same old course).  
Things are taken down then put back.  
Oh, sometimes they get repainted  
and renamed, and we shuffle them around,  
repair bits that fall off,  
track our wet boot marks across the floor  
at the end of the day.  
Hang gloves off the roof beams,  
fill the fridge downstairs with wine  
for the end of season party.  
Someone's soggy wetsuit is left and forgotten;  
the memories are not so good now.  
But they still know the way upstairs  
to salad rolls; beetroot, lettuce and tomato.  
Besides, there's ginger beer in the fridge,  
and bright-coloured lollies in jars.  
The veranda creaks.  
It's made of old roof beams.  
And the wind gauge  
(although few know it)  
has been dropped,  
then put up again.  
Watching everyone examine it,  
frowning and nodding their heads,  
it's hard not to smile.  
The bell in the hall rings  
and oaky voices tell the same jokes.  
Rain scribbles itself across the water,  
so we strap up in red plastic jackets.  
Tell ourselves  
we're not getting old when  
they don't look so bright  
anymore.

But sometimes  
there is money  
there is time  
gathered in the corners  
like shadows.  
Groups and boards and meetings  
Want more rent  
Want our land  
Want a restaurant  
Want

Us

Gone.

And I wonder how long we will be here,  
and what it will feel like  
when this old building  
falls  
and is

gone.

Below, the gentle heave and slap  
continues on and on, and out of reach.

**Judge's Comments**

*This poem is rich in feeling, conveyed with a natural, beautiful rhythm, absolutely unforced, but which takes great skill to achieve. In a tone sometimes conversational, and with affectionate humour, it reminds us of the beauty in our daily lives, the wealth in association and community, the way old communal pleasures are under threat, and the inevitable passage of time, for both people and buildings, with great tenderness and insight.*

*The elegiac final lines, alluding to the timeless mystery of the sea and things we cannot grasp, only makes the ordinary lives lived above, with their inevitable mortality, seem more precious.*

*It is simply outstanding.*

**Runner Up, Senior Secondary****Emily Kane**

Lanyon High School, CONDER ACT

*I Hear Music*

A crisp Sunday morning last week  
 She said, "Let's go for a walk through Namadgi  
 National Park"  
 I didn't want to go  
 It was cold  
 And Rage was still on.

Our house is right next to the park  
 That freaked her out when the fires came  
 But now she wanted to go  
 I liked it better  
 When she was freaked.

So in four degrees of unhappiness  
 We trudged down the street until I noticed  
 She had stopped behind me  
 Arms folded  
 For battle.

"You are not listening to that" she said  
 Twice, because I had my ear plugs in the first time  
 And didn't catch it  
 I didn't want to  
 Not my iPod.

The prospect of a freezing walk without my iPod  
 Touch  
 Memory bursting with hundreds of songs of the  
 music I love  
 Was too much to bear  
 And without the ear plugs in  
 It got colder.

With no pounding rhythm to motivate my steps  
 Only misery carried me to the top of a hill where  
 we sat  
 Up on a huge rock  
 And looked out  
 On forever.

At first I heard only the silence, and it was  
 deafening in its magnitude  
 No cars, no television, no people, no talking, no  
 noise at all  
 But there was sound  
 My ears felt strange  
 And warmer.

We sat on the rock for a good half hour and my ears  
 began to adjust  
 Beneath the wind I started to hear the sounds of  
 the trees and the birds  
 A gentle symphony  
 A harmony  
 Of living music.

A glossy bird with a blue-black head peacefully  
 churred in a nearby tree  
 While a black masked beauty whistled merrily  
 along and a honey-eater landed  
 And briskly  
 Chip-chipped a song  
 Right next to my feet.

A gentle tut-tutting sounded behind us and I turned  
 to see a mother kangaroo  
 With three young ones following her, rustling past  
 the bushes while the honey-eater  
 With its happy yellow face  
 Stayed so close  
 Still singing.

We talked intermittently about the birds and the  
 animals and their songs  
 But mostly we just listened to nature's music and  
 all the way home I kept thinking  
 About that little bird  
 And the new song  
 That I love.

**Judge's Comments**

*A fresh, appealing poem, nicely structured. Many entries in this competition spoke of the love for one's iPod; many were about the music of nature. This one combines both these themes, and more, in a poem that flows naturally, with wry humour. The depiction of the battle of wills, and its resolution, between mother and daughter is done superbly, with few words, and with affection.*

*This poem has a warmth that can't help being transmitted to the reader - it's pure pleasure.*

**Winner, Lower Secondary**

**Beth Downing**  
Campbell High School, CAMPBELL ACT

*Night Song*

The singing moon, a roughly polished silver sickle  
Bursts out a melody  
Of all that once was  
And all that will be.  
It knows.

The stars resonate;  
Their chorus,  
Their stories, their sights of the day and night.

Crisp rainy air,  
It sets the stage,  
Prepares the black, smothering curtain of midnight:  
As if the light has all but been tapped from this  
world,  
Sucked down the drain.  
For another miracle, a new sight.

An audience of birds, they wait  
In silence.  
They know the beauty;  
Unseen,  
Untouched,  
Ancient wonders,  
Humans have never seen; will never know.  
It is not for them to ruin, take.  
A secret, hush-hush,  
For all but the tyrants.

It is why I feel like such an intruder, breathless, out  
in the night  
Beneath the Milky Way's splendor.

**Judge's Comments**

*This is a quiet poem that needs to be read slowly to savour its depths. All of us have felt the wonder of the night sky, and this poem not only brings it to life in a fresh way, but brings us close to the mystery of it. But more than that, it positions us, the human race, as the outsiders. The final two lines are a perfect conclusion to this beautiful, lyrical, and thought-provoking poem.*

**Runner Up, Lower Secondary**

**Jerick Esmundo**  
Redeemer Baptist School,  
NORTH PARRAMATTA NSW

*Saxophone*

It brought quiet to their thoughts,  
the ignorant people,  
chatting and mumbling away from  
their sadness and pain.  
But am I an owl.  
Listened,  
captured,  
clenched,  
catch that phrase;  
Soared it in my mind  
Heard and saw a man.  
Played in all darkness, his sound heard;  
like an orchestra or band playing;  
His objection resounded,  
skipped,  
soared,  
tripped,  
Dressed in all its glory,  
Shining out from the rest.  
Seeing his Golden instrument;  
The keys and the bell it has;  
Bright and shiny more than gold,  
Or like heaven falling down;  
For I know I have listened  
And he now knows I am his friend.

**Judge's Comments**

*This poem, with its interesting use of syntax and beautiful and original phrases, is an unusual and compelling work. It evokes the sound of the saxophone, the darkness, the people listening and the way it takes them away from their worries and heals them. And finally there is the connection between the musician and the person listening, which is true of any work of art.*



**Winner, Upper Primary****Lily Hatwell**St Mary's Star of the Sea Primary School,  
MILTON NSW*The Dressage Day*

Beep! Beep! Beep!...."Ah the alarm" I think to myself  
As I glance at the blinking numerals on the tiny white shelf  
Then I remember the dressage day, it's on today.  
Mum flings the door wide and exclaims:  
"I'll help you get ready, you've got a big day!"

And before I know it, I am in the car,  
Happily munching on a muesli bar  
I hear the horse float, rattling behind  
Knowing my pony is safely inside  
We bounce over bumps, but they don't bother me  
It's dark. I can barely make out the shapes of the trees.

Did you remember my music? I ask my Mum  
I don't want to forget..... be the only one .....

My freestyle to music , had been a labour of love  
Mum had worked the moves to fit like a glove

We arrive at the event and I look all around  
Fog is laying eerily, a mysterious blanket on the ground  
I see the competitors, as they get ready to ride  
There are butterflies in my stomach, I can feel them inside.

I'm now on my pony, the cold bites my face,  
The bunting is flapping all over the place  
I look over at the steward's mean cranky face  
And wish for a second, I was some other place.

I can feel my pony's legs warming up as I trot  
I try hard to sit still, so I don't bounce on top  
My name is called, my turn has come  
I grasp the whip tightly under my thumb

I make my way to the judge's car  
She winds down the window and says, "I know who YOU are"  
I now feel more confident and don't want to wait  
So I make my way to the entry gate.

My freestyle goes smoothly, I feel so proud  
I turn my head, then hear the crowd.  
I am so keen, I want to see if I've placed,  
So I make my way to the scoreboard face  
I gaze at the scoreboard and then find my name,  
Could it be true? ..... a first?..... next to MY name!

When I return to the horse float, I ask my mum,  
To help me stand, as I can't feel my bum  
As I look at my pony, happiness and joy grow inside  
So I rest my head on her warm furry side.  
Although my back is turned, I can feel Mum's pride,  
She is quietly crying at my wheelchair's side.

**Judge's Comments**

*The writer captures the experience of the day very effectively. The images are pertinent and touching but not overstated - that is part of the strength of the work.*

*The initial form could be a little more strict but overall the poem is worked out carefully. Its great strength is in the clear voice of the writer and her sharp pictures of the situations, her horse and the people she deals with on the dressage day.*

*Congratulations.*



**Runner Up, Upper Primary****Alice Evans-Pike**

Ruyton Girls' School, KEW VIC

*Field of Flowers*

Today we have art  
 I imagine the inferno burning all ideas  
 Drowning all uniqueness to be lost and forgotten  
 Tossed away like a broken toy  
 My mind left silent like the grave of a lost one  
 I dawdle to the art room  
 In her eyes is pure fury like a cat about to kill it's  
 pray  
 She grabs me with her claws  
 Huh, I feel the presence of another person  
 I see a gob smacked face  
 The principal...

She lets go  
 Her burning eyes fade like someone's put them out  
 The principal forces her out like a mother to a  
 cheeky  
 child ...

The next art lesson  
 Fear prickles me like a rosebush  
 I close my eyes imagining her glare  
 When I open them  
 I see a beautiful lady  
 With golden hair flowing down her back like a lake  
 I feel like I have been locked in a room  
 And the door has opened to a field of flowers

**Judge's Comments**

*There is purpose in this dramatic piece - and some excellent imagery. The work is well-conceived and captures the personalities of the people involved. The language is used well. There is suspense caught up in fury .... The image of a "field of flowers" turns that fury on its head and concludes the poem with a great feeling of relief. Well done.*

**Judge's Comments**

*This is a fine poem - well sustained - consistent in form, showing a sensitive use of language. The rhyming is well devised.... Jack's response to the memory of his grandmother is rich in detail and deep in its love for her. The poignancy in the grandfather returning after the war to find her "sitting alone" is a gem of expression for what it implies. Such a simple thing as the "shell" provides a telling image of her memory. The poet responds to colour; the black and the white, the shape of things in time past. The opening play on the sound "r" launches into the poem and captures interest immediately... and much else could be said. He filters in the notion of music without seeming to force the theme....This is a mature work.*

**Winner, Lower Primary****Jack Ford**Sydney Church of England Grammar School,  
NORTHBRIDGE NSW*Forever Young*

My great grandma rocks in her rickety chair,  
Smiling, at me, through her matted grey hair.  
“I can hear music, in all that you say.  
I can see laughter, just watching you play.”

We hear the locusts and magpies cry,  
The wind rustles the leaves, beneath the dark sky.  
“I will never feel alone, in my old age.  
My soul is still young, like a bird in a cage.”

Stripey, her cat, slinks up to her seat,  
Stretching out on the rug, under her feet.  
The kettle is whistling and the stew is warm.  
There’s music in memories, though scattered and torn.

I only learnt to walk, after she died.  
I was unable to talk, and yet I had cried.  
There was always soft music, dancing in her face.  
The wrinkles had hidden all her beauty and grace.

I imagine her young, so quick and sprite.  
Dancing, at her wedding, dressed all in white.  
And after the war, when grandad came home,  
He saw her there, just sitting alone.

The photos around her gathered dust and decay.  
But they carried the music of a far better day.  
She hid the tears, that remembered her past.  
She clung to the wireless, knowing nothing would last.

Seated, in the backyard, on her folding chair,  
She’d look at her grandchildren, so young and fair.  
She was happy just sitting, doing nothing at all.  
Sipping, at her tea, and enjoying it all.

She’s in heaven now and always will be.  
If she was still here, she’d be ninety-three.  
She gave me a shell to remember her by.  
It sounds like the ocean, that never can die.

I imagine her young, so quick and sprite.  
Dancing, as a child, far into the night.  
She’s not alone now and never will be.  
She’s all dressed in white and totally free.

**Runner Up, Lower Primary****Harrison Connor**Redeemer Baptist School,  
NORTH PARRAMATTA NSW*Drowning*

Splish, splash.  
Breathing, swimming, diving.  
Whistles blowing...someone’s drowning...  
It’s my little brother who was left alone!

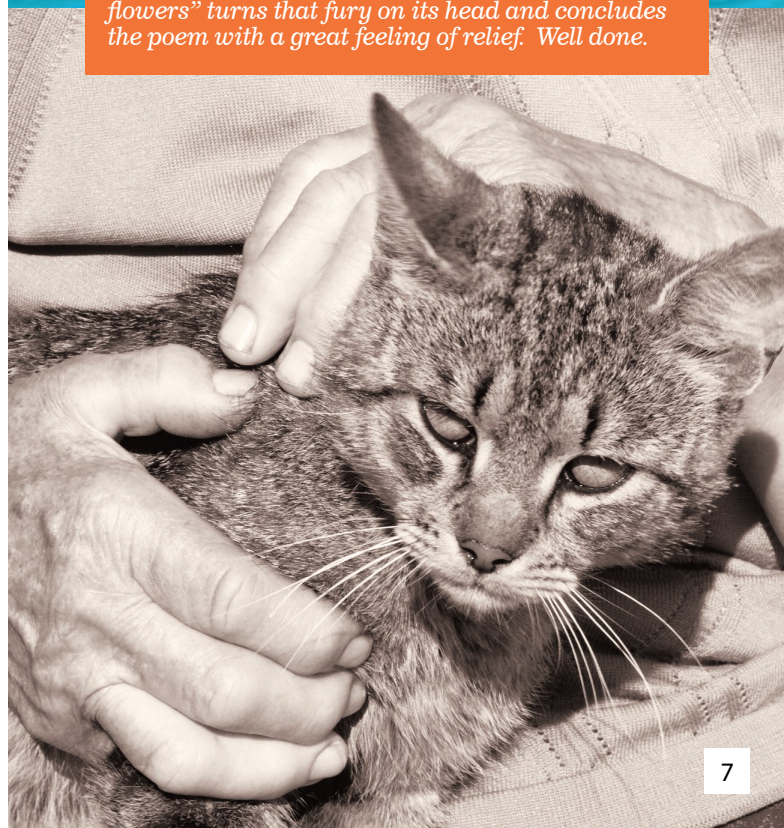
The world goes black, I close my eyes  
And imagine my little brother drowning.  
What would I do without him?  
My heart is pounding.

I open my eyes and see Mum and Dad.  
The look they give...I’m crying.  
My little brother drowned  
And a part of me is dying.

Drop...drop...splash go my tears  
Leaving a puddle at my feet  
That grows so large...  
If I sat on it I could not cover it completely.

**Judge’s Comments**

*There is purpose in this dramatic piece - and some excellent imagery. The work is well-conceived and captures the personalities of the people involved. The language is used well. There is suspense caught up in fury ... The image of a “field of flowers” turns that fury on its head and concludes the poem with a great feeling of relief. Well done.*



## Winner, Learning Assistance and Special Education - Secondary

**Ben Kingston**  
Darling Point Special School, MANLY QLD

### *I Hear Music*

When I am in my world I can hear music

I hear it at night  
I hear it in people's noises  
I hear it in the places I go each day.  
When I talk to people I hear music  
When I sleep I hear music  
Music is my constant companion.  
My life is ruled by the music in my head.

Music is my friend but also my enemy  
When you can't stop the music it becomes an  
obsession

I can hear the music now  
Playing, playing.  
Over and over in my head.  
Like the waves continually lapping the sand and  
then getting louder and louder as they crash.

Music is such a comfort.  
But it can be such a horrible thing.  
Music in my head. Playing over and over again.

People say that love is like a song.  
Not for me. Love is not about music for me  
Not a song, not a symphony, not a band playing, not  
a national anthem  
Music. Music. Always playing.

Such a distraction to a happy life.  
I wish the music would go away.  
But probably it never will.  
Music, music. Always there..  
I think music needs to become my friend  
as it's always my companion.

Like a companion who never leaves your side.  
Who stays with you everywhere you go.  
Day and night.  
Night and day.  
How can you become my friend?

Music in my head.  
Like a house is not a home  
Until you make it one  
So I must learn good things to do with the music.

Music, music.  
Please be my friend.  
I need you to be my friend.  
Like a mother needs her child  
after being separated at birth



Music, music.  
Please, please be my friend  
Music, music, music.  
Music in my head.  
Over and over and over again.  
I hear music.  
Music in my head

### Judge's Comments

*This poem is a very personal response to music, and a reminder that music can be intrusive to some people's lives. In fact, many people could identify with this, as music IS sometimes an annoying distraction.*

*There is a development throughout the poem, where the writer realises he needs to somehow make music his friend in order to live a happy life. A poem that holds you with its honesty, effective images and comparisons.*

## Runner Up, Learning Assistance and Special Education - Secondary

**Sharne Pillar**  
St Mark's Anglican Community School,  
HILLARYS WA

### *Night Song*

When I hear music, my body alights  
I forget about sadness, I forget about frights  
I feel it inside of me making me grateful  
For whoever invented music, I'd never be hateful

When I hear music, my body will sway  
Dancing to music, I know I will be ok  
Music is the way I express how I feel  
There's no other time, when I feel more real

When I hear music, I know what to do  
But I don't know what dancing steps I'll get into  
It depends on the music; it's just like a game  
But without the music, I'd never be the same

When I hear music, I can't help but smile  
Forgetting about everything, just for a while  
It all seems to happen, when I hear that beat  
I just can't seem to control my feet?

### Judge's Comments

*There are some lovely lines in this: "There's no other time, when I feel more real" which bring the poet's feelings alive for the reader. A beautifully expressed poem, full of the joy of music.*

### Winner, Learning Assistance and Special Education - Primary

**Lachlan Bolton**  
Redeemer Baptist School,  
NORTH PARRAMATTA NSW

#### *The Ride of My Life*

Wind rushing past my face,  
Going at a tremendous pace.

Dare not put on the brakes  
Afraid of slowing and losing the race.

Ditch coming up, what will I do?  
Power up the engine and charge on through.

Round the bend, over the bridge,  
As fast as I can along the ridge.

Rain coming down, mud all around,  
Slip, slop, splash, all is brown.

Bike jumping is what I love,  
Lifting my spirits high above.



#### Judge's Comments

*This poem moves along very well - like its subject. It has a strict form and good shape for the idea. The rhymes work and add a sense of urgency to the account. Congratulations.*

### Runner Up, Learning Assistance and Special Education - Primary

**Dwynna Malibirr**  
Ramingining Community Education Centre,  
WINNELLIE NT

#### *The Crabbing*

I went with my sister  
we get  
water for kids  
she came  
to get me  
and we was so cold  
my sister came  
to cook my  
crab and fish  
and so  
she come to get me  
and we was so cold  
at Sandy Point  
and my sister got a fish and crab  
mum come and get me up  
so me and sister come back to home  
and we cooked the crab and fish  
remember that  
I hunting with my sister  
and she always looks after me  
at Sandy point

I remember blue water  
and a big barramundi  
and we sat around the fire  
and we all felt better  
I felt cold  
and my body got cold  
because the breeze  
I saw a big crab I said to my sister  
and she was starving for drink  
and we did take water  
I went back home  
with truck



#### Judge's Comments

*This is a very good poem incorporating a series of experiences from which a story about crabbing unfolds. The use of language is unique with its mixture of patois and English. Time sequences are ignored but the writer's experience is fully covered. Well done.*

## Winner, Community Relations Commission (NSW) Award

**Benjamin Gibson**  
Redeemer Baptist School,  
NORTH PARRAMATTA NSW

### *This Great Nation*

I hear the shout of the darumbukah,  
I feel its lively pace,  
And join the crowd of dancing mirth,  
Laughter in Arabic face.

I hear the twang of the Chinese guqin,  
And ponder its lonely song,  
But its tune is snatched away,  
To the distant port of Hong Kong.

I hear the eruption of joyful noise,  
And turn to face the din,  
Then rhythms sweep me off my feet,  
On drums, boxes, cans of tin.

I hear the sound of the bagpipes,  
The Highland call of old,  
And note my Scots ancestral line,  
A people proud and bold.

I hear a quiet, thoughtful strum,  
On the old beat up guitar,  
And cannot help but reflect on  
'Just how Spanish we are'.

I hear the snap of the snare drum,  
And imagine years gone by,  
When Britain flew their August flag,  
How noble did it fly.

I hear the chant of the Warragal,  
Beneath the tall gum trees,  
Of those who lived before we came  
The old, wise Aborigines.

I hear this celestial music  
With culture at its core,  
And then I realize in an instant  
I haven't left our fair shore.

### Judge's Comments

*It is said that music is an international language, and this poem aptly expresses that idea.*

## Schools' Award

*Winner* Redeemer Baptist School, North Parramatta, NSW

*Runner Up* Ashfield Boys High, Ashfield, NSW

### *Special Mention*

Loreto Kirribilli, Kirribilli, NSW  
Coffs Harbour High School, Coffs Harbour, NSW  
Tara Anglican School for Girls, North Parramatta, NSW  
Our Lady of Mercy College, Parramatta, NSW

## 2010 President's Report

It's an honour once again to preside over another exciting year of the Dorothea Mackellar Poetry Awards.

Entry numbers showed an amazing recovery after dipping slightly last year when the decision was made to take the competition online.

As always, we are most appreciative of teachers' support around the country – we simply could not run the awards without you. Your responses to our survey last year on the online entry process prompted us to make a few changes which have undoubtedly resulted in the entry surge.

Primary school poems this year could be submitted either online or written – an option which clearly struck a chord with teachers who were left the time consuming task of assisting younger students with their entries.

Members of the all-volunteer awards' committee are always humbled by the efforts of students, parents and teachers from all over Australia. The writing again was nothing short of inspirational or – to use student-speak – simply awesome.

Thank you to our judges Joanne Horniman and Dr Robert Kimber who have worked assiduously to sort through the thousands of entries, a task they assure me was more pleasure than chore. We are also indebted to our hardworking project officer Mila Stone.

The continued existence of the competition – now in its 27th year - is a miracle in itself. Funding for any volunteer organisation, let alone a project that involves old fashioned literacy and creative skills, is both competitive and difficult.

We are extremely grateful to our sponsors Gunnedah Shire Council, BHP Billiton, Whitehaven Coal, Qantas, NSW Community Relations Commission and Regional Arts NSW for providing our lifeblood. You are ensuring that creative writing and an appreciation of poetry is alive and well in our schools.

And to all those poets, many of whom spent inestimable time on their entries, we salute you and look forward to reading your work again.

Philippa Murray



St Michael's Collegiate School, Hobart, TAS  
 Hawker College, ACT  
 Tasmanian Academy  
 Mt Nelson, TAS  
 Gunnedah High, Gunnedah, NSW  
 Arden Anglican School, Beecroft NSW  
 Valentine Public School, Valentine, NSW  
 Strathalbyn Christian College, Strathalbyn, WA  
 Newcastle East, Newcastle, NSW  
 Farrell Flat Primary School, Farrell Flat, SA  
 St Anthony's School, Sinagra, WA  
 Mowbray College, Melton, Vic  
 Holy Family Primary School, Menai, NSW

### Judge's Report - Senior

"It should  
 be a song - made of  
 particulars, wasps  
 a gentian - something  
 immediate ..."

wrote the American poet William Carlos Williams in a poem about his poetry.

In this vein, the best poems in this competition were specific, rather than generalised - images and observations from life, a celebration of the beauty of the real, opening the reader's awareness to something universal. These poems were focused and intentional, well-structured, building to a satisfying conclusion. A sense of phrasing and rhythm, not necessarily regular, helps transmit emotion, the way music does. This ability can be fostered by frequent reading, especially aloud, of both poetry and good prose.

I was delighted by the quality of the poems submitted. Many were linked to the theme of music either directly or indirectly, but there was a range of subject matter. Often poems on worthy subjects were let down by a lack of awareness of the possibilities of poetry; the best ones showed that even a small, apparently insignificant subject could move the reader with new insights. I was often surprised by an original way of using words, or of looking at something. I found humour, and an enormous amount of energy and life. Some poems won me over with their panache.

There are obviously many schools and teachers for whom poetry is an habitual pleasure. Rather than mention specific schools here, I would like to congratulate all the schools and teachers who have contributed to the awards. Your students have put in some stunning work.

Joanne Horniman

### Judge's Report - Primary

Last year's theme "Reaching for the Stars", yielded poems about the cosmos, material objects flying through space and human ambition. Poets wrote about their families, their friends and they had a lot to say about bushfire and flood. This year's theme, "I Hear Music" has given us poems which are quite different. Many of them have been lyrics because "I Hear Music" has given great focus to the senses, especially hearing and consequently listening. Young poets have continued to write about their family and friends but the broader concept has focussed their thoughts on the landscape, town and country, and for many on their fascination with the sea. This has produced a lot of reflective poetry. In doing this it has made our poets aware of the manipulation of sounds, the ugly and the beautiful, that confront them so insistently on a day to day basis.

Fine poetry is fine because it can capture the essence of the events that absorb a poet. In turn the writer uses rhythm and language to express that essence. Rhythm is a vital element in writing good poetry together with a detailed knowledge of the subject. That is how the writer of a lyric works, in reflecting upon and conveying a feel for the subject.

Rhythm can be found in the vast expanse of the ocean which may be turbulent, as in a terrifying thunderstorm, while at other times it may be limpid, as in the heat of the tropics. However, at all times there is a determining rhythm to that movement. As in the ocean, rhythm is ever present in good poetry.

There have been many very fine poems this year, some fascinating lyrics. There is one lovely line which has remained with me in particular. It comes from Charlotte Sinclair (aged 9) of the ACT who writes: "I hear music in the voices of my imagination." How true.

She and many other young poets have begun with their imagination. They have harnessed the essence of their subject and expressed it in appropriate rhythms and vital language.

And that is how it should be.

Dr. Robert Kimber



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## 2010 Entries Statistics



Total Entries	7,904
Total Schools Participating	627
New South Wales	4,729
Victoria	988
Queensland	664
ACT	209
South Australia	266
Tasmania	297
Western Australia	612
Northern Territory	39
Lower Primary	1,340
Upper Primary	4,345
Learning Assistance Primary	96
Junior Secondary	1,584
Senior Secondary	504
Learning Assistance Secondary	19
Community Relations Commission	16
NSW Award	

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