

A.B.P.A.

Australian Bush Poets Association
Volume 28 No. 3 June/July 2022



Bush Poet Peter Capp from Lawrence, doing his part to help others during the recent NSW Floods

And the blood will be red on the rower,
the sun will be low in the west,
Before they have left them in safety
to camp on the red hill's crest.

And so shall we live and suffer
so long as the big rains come
With their ruin and wreck for many,
their danger and death for some.....

extract from 'The March Of The Flood'
- Will Ogilvie





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Just in from Mick Martin, President North Pine Bush Poets Vale John Best

Glenny Best just delivered the sad news this morning that John Best, (long John Best) our wonderful and much loved mate has just passed away. Glenny's message was that he is "at peace at last" We are giving Glenny the courtesy of some space, it will be terribly raw right now.

John has been battling a terrible respiratory health issue for a very long time. He was in palliative care, on oxygen and seemed to be getting a little bit better but apparently that is the way things often go.

John was one of the better known and much loved poets that we had the privilege of knowing, he represented Australia at Nevada USA, performed all over Australia doing his inimitable style of laconic bush poetry. John was a generous, intelligent man who had strong opinions on many things.

He was reliable, strong and quick witted.

He asked if I could visit him a few days ago in hospital and was telling me about some character he knew. He said "When I met this guy I just took an instant dislike to him, I thought, why waste time"? That was John, a laugh a minute.

We are really going to miss you Besty
Rest in Peace

We will have a tribute to Besty next Issue.

ABPA Committee Members 2022

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To help offset costs, articles regarding a festival or event would be appreciated if accompanied by a paid Ad. Send all details in plain text, Word or PDF Format to editor@abpa.org.au

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Ad Payments have been suspended during Covid for all but Personal Merchandising Ads and Full Colour Ads until further notice from the Committee,

Next Magazine Deadline is July 27th 2022

For Magazine Submissions can you all please note.

Articles, Poems, Stories, etc. need to be submitted in either Word (.doc or .docx) format or PDF (.pdf) format. Old Publisher files and .odt and .windat files can not be used due to being outdated.

For Photos, PLEASE, PLEASE, PLEASE send Pics that are of a high quality and most importantly IN FOCUS! A lot of readers tell me 'That photo was a bit blurry!'. But when receiving one photo from an event which has not been captured well, it does not matter what programs, filters etc. you put it through, it cannot miraculously be put in focus.

I appreciate all efforts of those members submitting to the magazine, so they are just a couple of important hints to help me publish your articles and poems with the respect that they deserve.

President's Report

Well it is wintertime again and those grey nomads so inclined are marauding in a northwards direction again after a couple of years of problematic travel.

We will be merging with the horde by the time this edition hits the street.

Speaking to fellow bush poets, events are being very well attended with reports many are attracting more people than earlier years.

In April we attended "The Man From Snowy River" festival in Corryong and it was a resounding success.

The Anzac Tribute Concert had a full house and the Bush Poetry Performance Competition was of a high standard. It was so good to meet up with old mates after such a long time.

At the recent May meeting of the ABPA committee the issue of a potential name change was raised. I am aware that this has become a matter of discussion among members and we will be conducting a consultative process over coming months to get a sense of members wishes.

The ABPA Committee are having all back editions of our magazine digitized and that work is approximately half completed.

The ABPA has contributed \$1000 towards the running of the Queensland Bush Poetry Performance Championship being held in September in Beenleigh.

The finances of our association are in a strong position and memberships continue to grow.

Looking forward to meeting many of our members on our travels.



Tim Sheed
President

2023 BANJO PATERSON AUSTRALIAN POETRY FESTIVAL **17 to 26 February 2023**

Put the dates in your diary for the 2023 Banjo Paterson Festival in Orange NSW and the surrounding district.

The National Bush Poetry Performance Championships will be on at the Orange Ex Services Club on Thursday and Friday 23 and 24 February 2023 with a Youth poetry competition and an adult novice competition on Saturday 25 February. The Saturday competitions will be for original poems performed by the poet. This has proved to be a very popular event in the Festival over the years and with the opening up of travel arrangements we expect to get a lot of interest in the Festival and the various competition opportunities. I will put program and competition details in the ABPA as they are developed.

On 17 February we start the Festival with a celebration of Banjo's birthday.

There will also be opportunities for walk-up performances and yarn telling along with visits to historic sites, wineries and villages. There will be the announcement of winners of the Blackened Billy Verse Writing Competition at the Historic Duntry League Guesthouse and a horse race meeting featuring the Banjo Paterson Cup.

Book your accommodation early as Orange has become a destination of choice for tourists.

Poets and Minstrels Popular with Tamworth Audiences

The inimitable Pat Drummond in full flight at a full house at West Tamworth Bowling Club, with Ray Essery displaying amazing athleticism for a rhyming, rheumatic, retired Dairy Farmer. The audience absolutely loved them. Aussie rhyme and yarnspinning interspersed with a song or two seems to be the ideal mix for modern day audiences, irrespective of age or genre.

I got to meet many of the audience at the door afterwards and was intrigued to find such a variety of visitors. From outback bushies through to teenage European backpackers and cosmopolitan Melbournians...there seemed to be quite a diverse mix. All assured me that they enjoyed our variety show immensely and would love to see more in future. Ray Essery was in magnificent form and had them mesmerised and laughing out loud with his unique blend of wit, yarnspinning and cheeky banter. As was the Master of Bull, Bill Kearns. Paddy O'Brien, Johny Peel, Dave Melville and the Bee Man, Dave Elson also provided plenty of variety in between folky songs and poems laced with music, from myself and Susan Ashton. The two Dave's are relatively newcomers to the performance arena in Tamworth, and certainly did not disappoint. I would like to thank Neil Macarthur for giving Dave Melville a spot at the Longyard Poets' Breakfast Show, which was certainly an honour and privilege for Dave.

Pat Drummond was celebrating performance and personal anniversaries this year to coincide with Tamworth Country Music's 50th Anniversary, and we got to hear previously undisclosed chapters of Pat's life on and off stage. All in all it was a magnificent Festival at Tamworth this year and we are looking forward to going back in January 2023 and doing it all again.

Tom Mcilveen .



Bill Kearns



Dave Melville



Dave Eldrige



Paddy O'Brien

Tenterfield - Oracles Of The Bush 2022

Oracles of the Bush Tenterfield is Australia's only boutique Bush Poetry Festival in. But that is not the only thing that makes us unique. An important part of our festival is celebrating what makes our community special. We do this by inducting a special community legend every year. Our legend is someone who embodies everything that makes us proud about being Tenterfieldians.

This year our festival kicked off with the induction of our 2022 legend, Gavin Hillier. Someone who embodied everything about our 2022 theme 'Driving Passion.'

The induction includes words from loved ones, including this year a special poem written by grand-daughter Ashah and presented by granddaughters Ashah and Nikkala. It also includes a specially scribed poem by one of our professional poets, this year Gary Fogarty, the trying on of the legendary shirt and the unveiling of the legendary portrait! It is a chance for the yellow shirts to relax before the hard work of the festival begins. It is always a special night and a great way to kick off the Oracles of the Bush festival for that year.

This year we were lucky enough to have Tenterfieldian Brody Grogan Photography in attendance to document the festival's events. .



Oracles of the Bush Tenterfield has a range of events to suit everybody. All our events are a celebration of just some of the things that make Tenterfield special including our amazing scenery and our inspirational community spirit. You will also eat great country grub, and be entertained by an amazing group of poets and balladeers who will make you laugh and cry!

The first breakfast event of the weekend is always the Lions Club Brekkie in the park and this year it was a cracker!

The two teams that made Tenterfield Oracles of the Bush 2022 such a great event. The wonderful "Yellow Shirts", the Committee that puts it all together and welcomes everybody to their Festival like long lost family members. They have been an awesome group for 26 years now. Ray Essery, Bill Kearns, Marion Fitzgerald and Kylie Castle, the wonderfully talented entertainers that I got to work with at this years Festival, they just don't come any better.....Gary Fogarty

At Oracles of the Bush Tenterfield, we get to work with the most wonderful performers, year after year. It is just one of the reasons why our amazing guests keep returning, (some for 26 years!)

Recently, our committee received this beautiful message from Marion Fitzgerald who was one of our professional poet team this year. It really sums up why Oracles of the Bush Tenterfield is so special.

"Dear Carmel and your wonderful team of 'yellow shirts",

It was such an honour to be part of the 'entertainment team' for 'Oracles of the Bush' 2022. Stepping into such a professionally organised performing arena is an entertainer's dream and an audience's delight.

My allocated events for the three days were an immense pleasure to perform at, a sentiment shared by the other professionals. Your choice of venues for our art and our audiences was a testament to the pride you have in your beautiful Tenterfield - early morning sunbeams awakening the fog in the valleys, campfires silhouetting the historic Showground Pavillion reaching for the stars, rolling hills of endless enchantment and rustic charm at Arrajay Downs, and the lingering aroma of barbeques, gathering crowds of Bush Poet fans in the morning dew to the rotunda in the park!

Banjo would have witnessed all this magic in a poet's playground - thank you for continuing such a tradition in your beautiful town and its surrounds that echo so much history..... and thank you for making this autumn weekend of Oracles of the Bush such a memorable event.

My hearty congratulations.

Warm regards,
Marion Fitzgerald

The Friday night of the Oracles of the Bush Tenterfield weekend is constantly evolving for our visitors. It was initially a Bush dance in Paul Petrie's barn which transformed into 'Bling in the Bush', then it became Country Races and now it is Campfire Yarns. In 2022, our second Campfire Yarns continued to be extremely popular, being our first event to sell out this year. It will be back in 2023!

The Campfire Yarns is about being entertained under the stars, by the light of fire drums. Our poets and balladeers performed on the back of a vintage ute while our guests dined on delicious camp oven stew and corned beef served with mash and vegetables! The Friday night event is also embracing a new tradition of the official annual presentation to Captain Hines and his team from the local Homestead RFS branch by our junior committee members Archie and Larissa. This year the presentation was a cheque of \$5,006.05.

This year's event was sponsored by KLAS Business + Accounting - thank you again for your support.



Bill Kearns and Kylie Castle performed at this year's Campfire Yarns along with Marion Fitzgerald

Saturday Morning Poets Breakfasts were held at The Golf Club (Marion Fitzgerald and Kylie Castle), Tenterfield Motor Inn (Bill Kearns) and a tea and damper breakfast at Mt. McKenzie Lookout (Gary Fogarty)



There were performances at the markets at The Railway Station Museum, Tenterfield Transport Museum inc country style roast lunch with Ray and Kylie. The famous Paddock to Plate at Arrajay Downs with Bill and Marion and then the big Saturday Night Poets Concert, which was again a sell out and a highlight of the Oracles.



Sunday Morning finished up the performance duties of the guest Poets at the Jubilee Park Poets Breakfast and One Minute Poet's Brawl.

And all these events were intertwined with the Children's Concert and Competition as well as two lots of heats of the Looming Legends Performance Competition as well as the Final which wound up the Festival. Results can be found in this Magazine.

And now it's onto 2023 - March 30th to April 2nd! Try to get along for a unique experience. Follow the Oracles Of The Bush on Facebook to keep up with all the news.

THE MAN FROM SNOWY RIVER FESTIVAL 2022 and Victorian Bush Poetry Championships

Corryong's Bush Festival is based on the iconic "Man from Snowy River" poem which was written in 1890 by Andrew Barton 'Banjo' Paterson. Poets and bush musicians came from all over Australia to celebrate his poem and other traditional and Modern poems as well as introduce their own originals.

This year the Victorian Bush Poetry Championships were held with an experienced judging team led by Graeme Johnson (The Rhymer from Ryde) Melanie Hall and Susie Carcary (Mel and Susie) The Open Written Championships were won by John Roberts (Humorous) and David Judge (Serious). David was a Novice at time of entry so he was named Novice Written Champion and Overall Written Champion as well.

Consistent winner Rhonda Tallnash from Violet Town triumphed with Matilda Award and Overall Women's Performance Champion with runner-up Jenny Markwell. Also (new to Corryong) – Andrew Pulsford won Clancy's Choice Award and Overall Men's Performance Champion with Ken Potter runner-up; (those three from NSW). Andrew also won The Recital of the Man from Snowy River poem in stylish fashion.

On Thursday afternoon the hall was packed with students from Corryong College, Sacred Heart, Walwa and Khancoban schools with joyous performances and a display of the Written Championship entries on the wall. Many thanks to all involved in the happy afternoon.

Poets' home base is always in the Lion's Club Hall with a quiet ambience and the surrounding Banjo's Block is where the popular Poets Breakfasts are held.

For the uninitiated, a poets' breakfast is where poets of all grades get up and have a go! Even with cold and dank conditions the audience still brought their chairs, drizabones and hats to enjoy varied entertainment where everyone is welcome: Poets on 'L' plates shakily reading from scraps of paper to stars of the poetry world who love to catch up with fellow poets and share their mutual love of rhyming metered verses in the style of Paterson, Lawson, et al and of course, that wonderful Bush Poet: Ann Nonymous!

The festival is a kaleidoscope of bush skills, horse events, utes, Re-enactment of Banjo Paterson's poem "Man from Snowy River", Art and Photography exhibition, along with music and verse, and it encapsulates and celebrates all which is wonderful about friendship in Australia and it connects traditional bush skills with modern ones celebrating good, old fashioned values.

Visiting poets admired the RSL car park's wonderful new Simon White mural depicting Banjo Paterson, the muster of horses for WW1, Lighthorsemen, fighting in the desert, and the homecoming to the Upper Murray. (It was raining, so no group photo there)

Then followed a memorable two hour R. S. L. concert where 'The Faces on the Wall' were honoured, a concert featuring fifteen performers with poems and songs in gratitude for the men and women who fought so that we could have the privileged life we have today. (Since the festival Simon White has added a magnificent Field of Poppies mural in the Remembrance garden). Breakfast, morning tea, lunches, afternoon tea and dinner were superbly catered for by Kim and Greg and their food van 'Melting Madness', and cuppas courtesy of Victorian Bush Poetry and Music association, dispensed by volunteers. Sincere thanks to all our volunteers, judging teams, MCs, sponsors and of course poets and musos.

Just before the hall was emptied of its decorations, the festival's Poetry Co-ordinator Jan Lewis announced her intention to resign her position she has had since 1997 and her long-time partner Linton Vogel will follow suit. The event needs a new coordinator, and if anyone has any ideas as to how this event will continue, please contact the festival office admin@bushfestival.com

All Competition Results available on ABPA Website. .



“WAITIN’ TO SEE THE DOC.”

© Peter White

I’m sittin’ in the waitin’ room with one eye on the clock -
me appointment time - this afternoon at three.
I’m feelin’ that I am between a hard place and a rock.
There are other places I should be.

It’s now a quarter past and there’s two ahead of me.
This happens to me every time I come.
I wish the Doc. could keep to time. How hard can it be?
I’m gettin’ pins and needles in me bum.

Now it’s half past three and I am next I know.
I’m like a cut snake by a quarter to.
At four o’clock I’m called. “Hey, Pete, you’re right to go.”
Just as well. I thought of shootin’ through.

I was in the Doctor’s room for five minutes - tops.
No pleasantries did we exchange.
Next time I come I will pull out all the stops
and a new plan I will arrange.

Every time I have to go I always wait an hour.
If me time is three I’ll come at four.
I’ll show ‘em that I didn’t come with the last shower.
I won’t be waitin’ at the Doc’s no more.

Three weeks later I realised I had to go again.
Time to introduce me cunnin’ plan.
Appointment time was nine o’clock. I’d arrive at ten.
They wouldn’t put one over on this man.

I fronted to the counter. The girl said, “Sorry, Pete.
We had to give your visit time away.
Your Doctor is on time. You could wait. Take a seat.
Or else book a time another day.”

Stone the flamin’ crows! A man just cannot win!
At the Doc’s there’s no choice but to wait.
Another cunnin’ plan of mine consigned to the bin.
That’s just how the cookie crumbles, mate!



“THE “DIGGER ON THE STONE.”

© Peter White, ANZAC Day, 2022

In my Queensland country town lies a patch of ground
where a well-known statue always can be found.
In a well-kept garden park standing all alone
is a marble, Great War “Digger” mounted on a stone.

Every day he stands there to remind us all
of our local boys who responded to the call.
Our nation, in support of Britain, needed men who’d fight.
Every local who enlisted thought our country right.

All around the statue’s plinth are the names, engraved,
of our local soldier boys whose lives could not be saved.
Names from other wars have been added to the base.
We don’t need another war. We’re running out of space.

Every year in April our statue gets a clean,
restoring to the marble its soft, translucent sheen.
The nearby garden planted out with Flanders poppies, red,
and fresh new shrubs of rosemary to honour local dead.

On ANZAC Day each year our statue plays a role.
An Aussie and a Kiwi flag each flying on its pole.
Our gallant dead remembered. They are not alone.
Their spirits with our “Digger”, mounted on the stone.



Our Poetry Kids

with Brenda Joy



FOREST

by Jessica Klein-Gibaud

Of dappled light, of greenly hue,
The trees stand old, 'round tiny you,
you come to plant, pray as you sow,
with moisture, light, your love will grow.

The law of life, to reach the skies,
they grant you breath; give as they sigh,
though centuries old, so ever keen;
they sing us life of gentle, green.

Their roots tap low, grow through the loam,
the fireflies soft, illumine the gloam.
Their structures bold, of calloused girth,
they grow with time, from seeds of birth

The dawn holds grey, the roll of cloud,
the mists of morn; their final shroud,
when life is gone, when sap runs dry,
the seasoned limbs,
like leaves, they die.

Oh human soul, not true, not honest,
may find your peace within the forest,
in need of truth; of fertile light,
with wisdom old, love burning bright.

© Jessica Klein-Gibaud at age 15

WEeping WILLOW TREE

by Kate Nicholas Edgar

Weeping willow tree tell your secrets to me.
How much knowledge you must know,
forever waiting as you sway and grow.
Your long drooping branches elegantly curved.
Your watchful gaze keeps many things observed.
Through modest eyes you view the world.
your humble thoughts and green leaves curled.



A great beauty of the living earth,
dainty peeling bark around your wide girth.
You are a great lesson to us all
waiting and watching as your leaves fall.

You have patience, modesty and intelligence,
knowledge, honesty, wit and elegance.
Your long leaves sweeping the dewy grass
upon the tranquil hill where travellers pass.

Your beauty there for all to see –
Oh, teach your innocent beauty to me
weeping willow tree.

© 2020 Kate Nicholas Edgar at age 11

THE SOUND OF WATER

by Bhavi Kaneka

from Mumbai, Maharashtra, India

The beautiful song that water sings,
Cool and calm, this feeling it brings...
The stream of water which flows,
From mountains and under boughs,
Through forests, savannahs lush,
These rivers, they are in a rush!
Sometimes the sound of this song
Rages on and on, long!
Yet it calms the listener's insides,
The sound of the ocean's tides...
This water as it sings us a lullaby,
Inspiring so many passers-by,
It gives me sleep, a calm one,
Once all the work is finally done!
It inspired oh so many around,
Yet it still remains that simple sound
Of water as an ocean, river or stream,
Awakening the great passion and dream!

© Bhavi Kaneka, at age 13



WHAT'S HAPPENING IN WA

WA BUSH POETS ARE HEADING FOR DERBY ONCE AGAIN



Derby Bush Poet's Breakfast

Derby Sportsmans Club
Entry:
\$25 Including Breakfast
\$10 Poetry only

Derby Visitor Centre 9191 1426
Bill Gordon 0428 651 098
www.wabushpoets.asn.au

Sun 17th July 2022 8.00am
following Derby Cup

WA BUSH POETS ARE SPREADING THE WORD

WA Bush Poets accepted an invitation from Green bushes Acoustic Group to spend a weekend sharing poetry and music at the historic football/cricket headquarters in Greenbushes, home of the Talison mining company south of Donnybrook WA.

15 poets and members enjoyed many hours of poetry and music (night time events were held under torch/lamp light) and also a workshop relating to the theory of the formation of chords which the musicians could follow but left the poets a bit puzzled.

The bond between the two groups (which started months ago with Sunday get togethers in the park) has become stronger and this is a great outcome as it highlights the importance of both genres of entertainment. We look forward to further collaborations in the future.

There were other campers at the site (free entry granted by the local shire) and some took up the invitation to gate crash our events. From comments received in discussion afterwards, it appears we have a few new converts to bush poetry. They were amazed at the stories and the skill in presentation.

Poets who performed were Christine Boulton, Bev and Jen Shortland, Rob Gunn, Roger Cracknell, Alan Aitken, Chris Taylor, Bill and Meg Gordon, Stinger Nettleton.



Bev Shortland



Poets Performing at Greenbushes



Christine Boulton



Greg Joass



Stinger Nettleton



Roger Cracknell

The Wild One

© Tom McIlveen

Winning Poem Boyup Brook Bush Poetry Competition; Country Music Festival 2022

'Get a leg rope on him Brother...quick, before he runs amok
and decides to do a runner through the scrub!
If you turn him round I'll grab his head and tie him to the truck,
and we'll trim his horns and give his back a rub.

He's a wild one, nothing surer...you can see it in his eyes
that peculiar look that only scrubbers get.
He's a feral whose been posing as the devil in disguise,
and as bad a beast as I've encountered yet.

He's enough to make our Herefords look undersized and frail,
with his sweeping horns and bulging Zebu hump.
There's Noogoora Burr and Tiger Pear entangled in his tail,
and a strip of fencin' wire around his rump.

If you hold him down I'll try to get the burr and wiring freed,
and then cut him when he's tranquilised and numb.
I will stitch him up with balin' twine in case he starts to bleed,
and then sterilise him with a nip of rum."

There are stories told by cattlemen who've seen them in the bush,
and have chased them down to earn an extra bob.
They have seen them trample fences, giving poles and gates a push,
to entice domestic cattle from a mob.

They're as cunning as an outhouse rat and twice as bloody quick,
and will stare you down without a backward glance.
They will stomp and try to gore you, and then turn around and kick...
and will kill you, if you give them half a chance.

They're descended from Bos Indicus and Taurus Bovine strains
from the Asiatic Archipelago.
There's a trace of Drakensberger Brahman running through their veins,
with a pedigree that only God would know.

It was Captain Arthur Phillip who first brought them to our shores,
on a boat that must have rivalled Noah's Ark.
They were foreign to the natives and resembled dinosaurs,
with their horns and hooves and coats of ironbark.

They're supposedly resistant to our parasites and bugs,
and acclimatised to heat and winter cold.
Having never been exposed to toxic chemicals and drugs,
their resistance has increased a hundred fold.

'Take the leg rope off him Brother...quick, before he starts to fade
and decides to turn domestic after all!
You can put away the ropes and chains and sheathe your trusty blade,
as we'll never get him near a yard or stall.

Let him go and join his grazing mates, the wallabies and roos,
and enjoy whatever nature has in store.
He's entitled to his freedom and the right to pick and choose
if he wants to stay...or roam for evermore.'



ROUNDING UP THE CHOOKS

© Maureen Stahl

I came to teach in the country,
a school with a staff of three,
fresh from the city it was a
new experience for me.

A lovely older couple told
me at their home I could board
just a block away from school and
at a price I could afford.

Very soon after I moved in
they went on a holiday.
I said that I would mind their chooks
for the time they were away.

The first morning off I trotted,
I knew what I had to do,
I opened up the henhouse door
and the chooks came streaming through.

Just then a short, sharp gust of wind
blew the run gate open wide.
I hadn't put the chain back on
when I let myself inside.

The chooks were quick to realise
in the paddock all around
the scavenging would be better
than on all their scratched bare ground.

With one accord they fled the run
thinking this their lucky day.
I stood and watched the escapees
with a feeling of dismay.

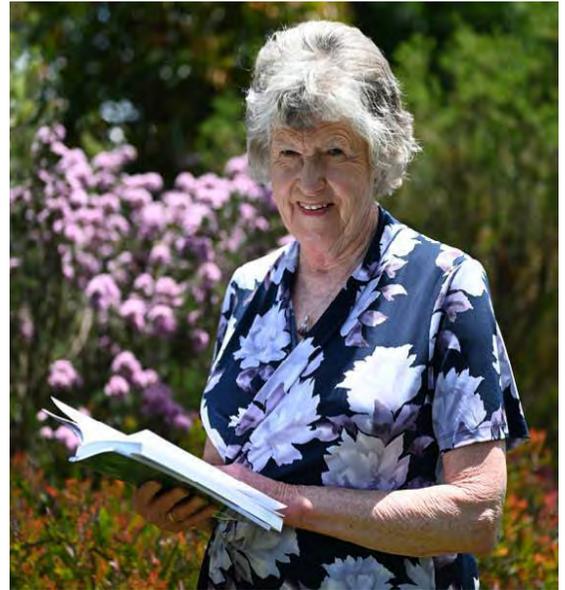
I ran around and waved my arms,
how I yelled then cursed then cried,
but the chooks chose to ignore me
as they spread out far and wide.

I found that chooks aren't really dumb,
which is what I'd always thought,
these chooks were enjoying freedom
they weren't going to get caught.

Disdainful stares from beady eyes
seemed to be saying "You fool!"
By now the time was ten to nine
and I should have been in school.

I ran the whole way up the road
in a very hassled state.
Mr Mac, the head, was standing
on duty inside the gate.

"My chooks are out in the paddock
I can't get them back," I wailed.
He gave a loud piercing whistle
and lots of games were curtailed.



"Grade 5&6 boys over here
right now," came his lusty shout.
"The rest of you continue with
whatever you were about."

The 5&6 boys all converged
on us with some puzzled looks.
"We've got a job to do," he said,
"round up Miss Richardson's chooks."

The boys and I set off at speed
accompanied by Mr Mac,
who'd told teacher left in charge,
"Hold the bell till we get back."

We reached the paddock where the chooks
were scratching amongst the grass,
they looked surprised to see these folk
descending on them en masse.

The boys spread around the paddock
for this was an easy chore,
remember these were country boys,
they had done such jobs before.

The boys advanced towards the run
the chooks going on ahead,
then one by one they sauntered
into the run beside their shed.

So thankfully I slammed the gate
on the final straggling hen.
What a relief to see them all
safely back inside their pen.

We made our way towards the school
and once back inside the gate
the bell was rung and school began,
only fifteen minutes late.

QCWA Centenary

The night of May 30th seemed very much like the 'Night That Would Never Happen', but with the quite determination that has driven their remarkable achievements for 100 years, The Queensland Country Women's Association (QCWA) finally launched their Centenary Celebrations. A stellar list of speakers including Queensland Governor, Dr Jeannette Young, Dame Quentin Bryce, Tim Fairfax (The Fairfax Foundation) and Key Note Speaker, Gina Reinhardt who made her appearance via video as the last date change didn't suit.

It was pleasing to the Bush poetry community that amongst a string quartet, a renowned soprano and a QCWA Choir that included on the list of guest speakers was Gary Fogarty, who had been commissioned to write a poem to commemorate the QCWA Centenary.

This commissioned poem was no easy task, with research into the organisation providing so many great achievements and remarkable women that it became an almost impossible task to do credit to it all within the confines of a poem. While Gary's knowledge of the QCWA was probably a little better than most, as he had worked closely with members in his work as a Drought Relief worker in the early nineties, he was humbled with what he didn't know of their history. In his first meeting with the QCWA, Gary offered to recommend some female poets if the organisation wanted, despite this it was decided he was the man for the job.

On the night when the poem 'One Hundred Years and Counting' was read out to a crowd of over 350 it 'bought the house down' according to QCWA officials. It is planned that the poem will be used by individual branches across Qld as they hold their own centenary celebrations.



Longyard Hotel Bush Poets Breakfasts

Despite Tamworth CMF's awkward placement this year for it's 50th Anniversary, being up against many traditional Easter Festivals, as well as Anzac Day, the crowds were pretty good.

The Longyard held four Bush Poets Breakfasts, featuring Ray Essery, Bill Kearns, Errol Gray, Greg Champion, Alan Glover and Joey Reedy as well as MC Neil McArthur.

The first day featured a tribute to our very much missed Longyard Legend, Dave 'Prousty' Proust, which saw his much loved missus, Terese and sons Pete, Luke and Jimmy performing his poems as well as a wonderfully appreciated appearance by Mike Carr singing his own tribute to the man.

The place was packed and the walls resonated with the sounds of Prousty's words.

Our youngest poet, Joey Reedy, who already has a Golden Damper award to his name, showed many seasoned Poets how it's done and will be one of our most popular acts in years to come.

January 2023 is already in the planning stage and hopefully back to nine days with an even bigger line-up.



Joey Reedy



The Proust Family

HARRY THE NEIGHBOUR

© Bruce J Lees

Bazza could see Harry down by his shearing shed,
So he chose elsewhere on his farm to work instead.
Harry was his neighbour, would never do you harm.
Only a gravel road did separate each farm.

Now Harry could talk the leg of an iron pot,
Which is all very well, if it is time you've got.
But time is something Bazza doesn't like to waste,
Also Harry's language is rarely to his taste.

Harry's habit of swearing is just a bit too much,
As you listen it's hard to gain meaning as such.
It gets to be ridiculous completely absurd
When an expletive is nearly every second word.

In the past, Bazza had spent an hour or two
Leaning on the fence getting his neighbour's view
On every topic that came into his head.
Something now young Bazza had truly come to dread.

One day he saw Harry had trapped his poor sweet wife.
She could lose an hour or two of her life.
Standing at the mailbox she couldn't get away.
Bazza thought it was up to him to save the day.

When he approached them he was shocked with what he found.
Out of Harry's mouth came quite a different sound.
No expletives did he use in his speech that day,
She could even understand what he had to say.

Later his wife said she really enjoyed their chat,
Poor old Bazza didn't know what to make of that.
Seems Harry's swearing switches off and on at will,
But to this very day Bazza avoids him still.

NOW WE ARE SEVENTY-TWO

A book of forty-seven original poems by
Bruce J. Lees. The book has received
international acclaim. *

The poems are loosely based on true
experiences, stories overheard or are
just the result of an overactive imagina-
tion. Most are humorous or at the very
least will make you smile

A limited number are available at
<https://www.redgumcourier.com.au/collections/local-authors>

*Bruce's in-laws in America liked the
book.

FRED'S PASSING

© Bruce J Lees

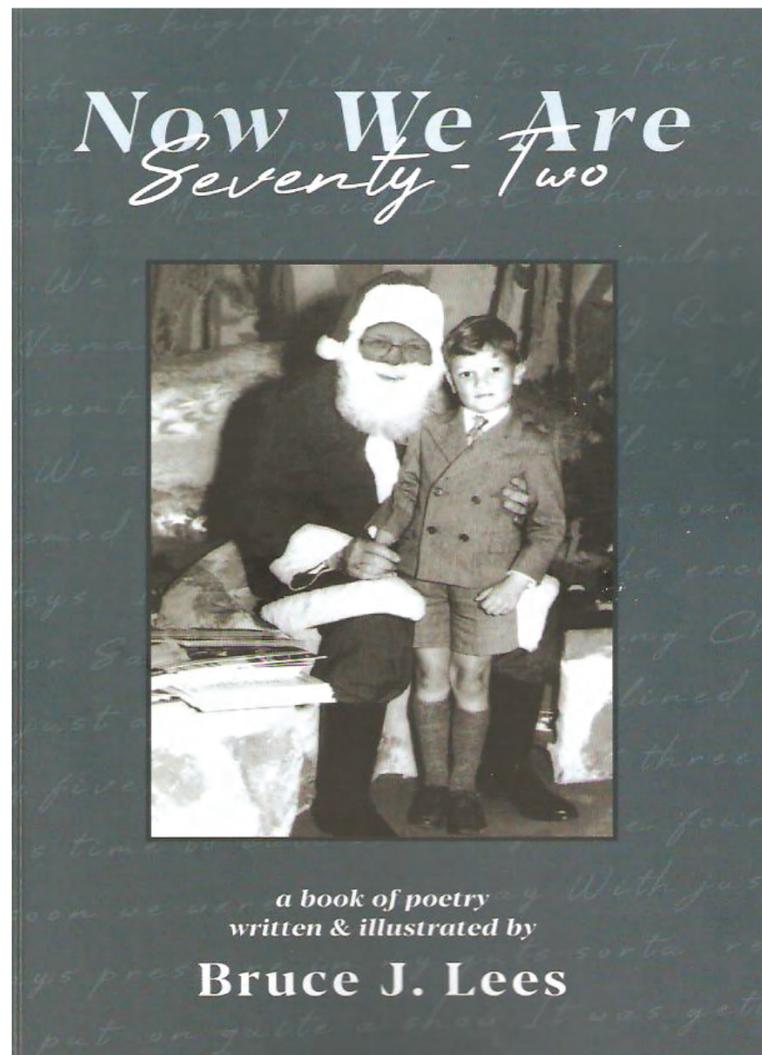
Old Frederick passed away. This was really very sad.
Had no children of his own. He had lost his mum and dad.
So his sister had to deal with the things that must be done
To have a really good send off, farewelling your loved one.

The funeral director needed clothes for poor old Fred
Or else he would be buried wearing just a shroud instead.
So his sister Jane collected some socks, a shirt and tie
With Frederick's one and only suit for his last goodbye.

Now when it came to footwear she found some boots, just brand new
Although he preferred his gumboots and thongs he owned a few.
The funeral director took the outfit she supplied
To dress the dearly departed, her brother who had died.

Now brother Albert drove from Cairns to say his last goodbye
He went to view his big brother and have a private cry.
But when he saw him decked out so flash, those boots shone like new.
He thought "that's a bloody waste" and knew just what to do.

He zipped outside to his ute and found an old worn pair.
He swapped them over carefully. Freddy wouldn't care.
So that is how it came to pass that Freddy's Boots lived on
Even long after Frederick was well and truly gone.



"THE ASSOCIATION OF GRUMPY OLD MEN."

© Peter White

Having joined this men's Club at my age I feel that I am free to make a comment on this page on things that 'ruffle' me. The fashion, music, food and sport I witness every day, on these and others I'll report and give a well-earned spray.

Now take the fashion of the young, especially the men. Their baggy trousers worn low-hung. Why's beyond my ken. Is it to show their undies' tops revealing famous names? The assault on my senses never stops. My anger it inflames.

When teamed with a backwards baseball cap it's quite an ugly sight. It highlights the generation gap. I hope they turn out right. The ladies are not any better, jeans all torn in places. Their figure hidden by an oversize sweater. War-paint on their faces.

Both genders like their 'tats' to show because they draw attention. And body piercing, don't you know, in places I'll not mention. The overall effect is bad. What more can I say? No influence their parents had for their young to be this way.

Their raucous music is so loud I cannot hear a word. Why is obscene 'Rap' allowed? It's totally absurd! The tuneful music of yesteryear must have had its day. With lyrics pleasing to the ear, a pity it's died away.

And then with food. Where do I start? I like three veg. and meat. I'm told I should protect my heart by watching what I eat. Chia, quinoa, flaxseed, kale and other 'superfood' will all keep me fit and hale but won't improve my mood.

Ethnic food from far and near has landed on my plate. McLaren Shiraz replaced my beer. It's a worry, mate! Sweet and sour with fried rice at Jimmy Wong's each week. A mixed grill, too, is very nice if served by Nick the Greek.

That's ethnic food enough for me. Though I like a good 'spag bol'. My home remains food fad free. My choice of alcohol. Simple food prepared in-house. I don't like food that's fast. Lovingly cooked by my spouse, an elegant repast.

Our sporting matches, I recall, have reached a sticky wicket. Rubbing sandpaper on the ball! That's just not Cricket! And football tackles in the game are harder than before. I'm sure that they're designed to maim. It's all about the score.

Our sportsmen held in high regard, role models for our youth. But sportsmanship they disregard. Ain't that the truth! The blatant bad behaviour displayed by a Tennis brat leaves me feeling quite dismayed and a little flat.

There's iPhones, iPads, iPods, too, tribulations I bear. All part of this technology new. Why the hell should I care? Yes, I'm a technophobe. So what if I'm left behind! Essential to my life it's not. I pay it all no mind.

The actors in the movies now have lost their cool aplomb. Emotive language? They don't know how. For effect they drop 'F-bomb's. Once clever use of light and score alluded to the fact that an episode of love's in store. Now we see the act!

Religion, too, will get a spray. Things have changed in church. Before, the one to have a say, was the Minister on his perch. Now congregations get involved. There's even a 'hard rock' band. How will we get our problems solved? Things are out of hand!

And what about our governments? They should get a serve. The 'Pollie's' rich entitlements are more than they deserve. They're not worried about the nation, just about their job. They give a vivid demonstration of an unruly mob.

On things PC don't get me started. It suffocates my life. I fear from common sense we've parted and been led to strife. Opinions we no longer hold for fear that we offend. I really must be getting old. Where will all this end?

The Association's membership is growing every day. If it wasn't for a dodgy hip I'd be on my knees to pray for our country's wake-up call before it is too late. Let's reject bunk once and for all and return to talking straight.

To join you must be seventy-plus and, by nature, be old school. We have no truck with cant or fuss. We have one simple rule. If you have a cause to push from the rooftops shout! Never beat around the bush! Let it all hang out!

With a recently adopted clause our Club won't stay the same. Changing rules will shortly cause a changing of our name. Now let me cut right to the chase before my poem's through. In our Club there's now a place for grumpy old women too!



The Thong

BLUE – the shearer (© Col Wilson)

Let's talk about the Icons that are worshipped by us Aussies.
Akubra hats, the Opera House, meat pies, Speedo Cossies.
Some would say our Icon is that famous waltzing song,
I reckon that it's something else. I reckon it's the thong.

I've thought a thousand thoughts of thongs, and I think that the thong,
Is more an Aussie Icon, than the swagman's billabong.
Just as real men don't eat quiche, the dinkum Aussie male,
Will wear his dinkum Aussie thong, come rain, or sleet, or hail.

You can keep your Nikes and Reeboks. It's the thong that should be put,
With Aussie pride and dignity, on every Aussie foot.
I'm going to start a business. Like Bond, I can't go wrong,
I'll market it throughout the world, as Blue's designer thong.

A thong for each occasions. It's just sound commonsense
To make a tough, all purpose thong, to wear to all events.
Simple, sturdy, comfortable, my Blue's designer thong,
Will let the foot breathe evenly, and dissipate the pong.

It's good for killing blowflies on the barbecue or stove,
And it's great for crushing garlic. Just belt it on the clove,
And wipe the garlic laden thong on chicken, beef, or pork,
Inhale the pure aroma of that garlic when you walk.

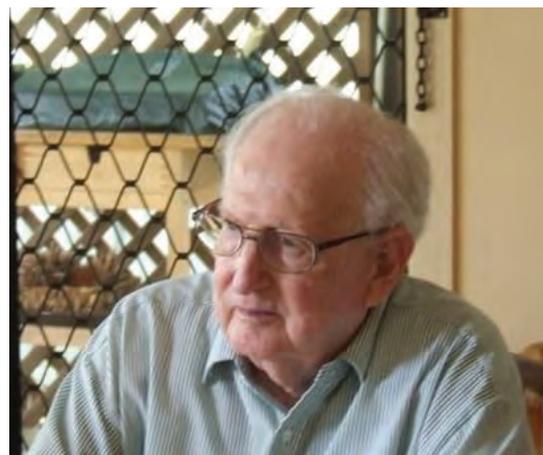
A thong for early evening, to wear with hipster tights,
I can see the jingle in my mind, as though it were in lights.
Just a thong at twilight, when the tights are low.
With a string of diamantes, 'twined artistic round each toe.

A thong to wear to worship. I'd call it even thong,
The strap is very holy, and the soul, so very strong.
A thong to wear to football, to cricket, or the shops,
To shearing sheds, to factories. Steel capped thongs for cops.

I'd move away from footwear, create a new design,
For a chocolate coated thong, to give my valentine,
And way into the future, when the years have moved along,
She will show her grandkids, her love's old sweet thong.

And when we go republic, and we're looking for a song
To celebrate our Icon, let's hear it for the thong.
Forget Waltzing Matilda, Advance Australia Fair,
A brand new National Anthem will be wafting through the air:

God save our gracious thong.
Keep our feet safe and strong,
And free from pong.
Wear them instead of shoes,
To pubs and barbecues.
Health, happiness to all of youse,
God save our thong.



LETTER TO EDITOR

Gary Fogarty (0417723400)

The popularity of Bush Poetry is plummeting, ABPA membership is stalled close to 200, entries in comps are declining and opportunities to perform have reduced. Covid can account for some of this but it's not the only factor. We could be looking at the last few years of the ABPA, and I'm wondering if anyone really cares.

The ABPA is struggling for relevance and we need to decide what, if anything, we need to do about it. The decline has gone so far it's difficult to envisage a turnaround, we struggle to get members to the AGM, those sainted few who stand for committee are often doing so simply because nobody else will, our Newsletter Editor is continually begging for contributions. One shining light is that we are financially well off and can afford to fund some sort of rescue. If anyone has a bright idea or two and the drive to carry them out. Continuing to do what we've always done and expecting a different result is wishful thinking. The aim of this letter is to generate respectful, passionate, debate amongst members. Debate which allows for both opposition, or agreement, of ideas, but at no stage becomes personal. Debate that will hopefully throw up some clever solutions. If we wish to survive and thrive, we need BOLD new ideas, NOW.

I wish to raise several issues, which are impacting the popularity of Bush Poetry. These are not new issues, they've been raised before, by experienced poets, most of whom have severed ties with the ABPA because they became frustrated that their advice was continually ignored.

The first issue is, we tend to arrange all our endeavours so that we, the ABPA members, have been writing and performing poetry for our fellow poets, rather than meeting the entertainment needs of the public. We've been hung up on demanding our poems and performances should only be judged by fellow poets. Are we so insecure about our poetry that we dare not show it to anyone except bush poets? If we take our fellow contestants and family members out of most comps, we would be left with a scarily small audience.

We've become too hung up on the technicalities. Bush Poetry is the art of telling stories in metre and rhyme. The "storytelling" always comes 1st, meaning the ability to capture and hold the attention of audiences (both reading and listening) is essential to our craft. If the 'story' in the poem does not appeal to our audience, then technical correctness is irrelevant. Never in history has anyone said, 'I could not relate to the story in any way, but the technical excellence kept me spellbound until the end'. If we can return to good "storytelling" 1st and then work on the technical, I believe we'll have a better chance of producing exciting, audience capturing, Bush Poets, who will lead another revival.

When the issue of declining popularity is raised, members quickly express the need to engage with schoolkids. Now, while this is a good thing to do, it has never been these rare, talented youngsters who have driven our popularity. All of the poets who helped to lift the profile of Bush Poetry, have done so at a much older age, adults, who for varying reasons have found the time to devote to Bush Poetry. If we want to create a new revival, we need to make it easier for these Bush Poets. How? Well, that is the \$100,000,000 question. For one I think we need to develop our comps to encourage and reward storytelling & entertainment value rather than focussing more and more on technical correctness. How many times have you witnessed a performer win the hearts & minds of an audience just to see them lose because they tripped over a couple of words during an entertaining performance?

Current performance comps are structured in favour of poets who can do one 'high impact' poem very well, where in the scenario of performing as part of a Bush Poetry show, it is all about capturing and holding the audience's attention for a bracket of poems, where the patter between poems becomes as important as the poems themselves. In the early nineties, the small number of comps that were about, were used to give new poets a place to start, to see how audiences reacted to their poems, to give the poet stage experience etc, almost without exception poets spent a limited amount of time competing (under 18 months for me) and regardless of success they moved on, some to return to meetings of local poetry groups, some to develop careers as entertainers. The point is that it left plenty of room for new poets to come on the scene without having to compete against semi-professional poets with impressive resumes.

Written comps are no different, the storytelling is being swallowed up by the need to be technically correct. The same names keep turning up on the winners list, year in, year out. Now the choice to enter comps is of course an individual one, and I have no desire to change that, but entries in a lot of comps are dying off, new and emerging poets deem it fruitless to enter against these highly decorated poets. It is a question that those constant winners need to answer for themselves and be comfortable with their decision. Imagine if at a performance comp you were competing against, Marco Gliori, Ray Essery Neil McArthur, Murray Hartin, Mel and Susie, Carol Heucan, Bill Kearns, Jack Drake, and yes, on a good day, myself. All that is keeping these elite performers out of comps is their own moral code.

The practice of individuals flooding comps with high numbers of poems is something we need to stop. The other practice that needs to be stopped is entrants continuing to circulate poems through different competitions for years on end, hoping to one day stumble across judge/judges who will give it a prize. A few different competitions is fine, but when these practices are taken to the extreme they become hurtful to our art form.

I would also like to mention the lack of humour in both written and performance comps. My apologies to those few comps who cater for humorous poetry. There is simply no legitimate argument to the fact that the modern revival of Bush Poetry was driven by humorous performance poetry, yet comedic entries in competitions are rare. Why? Well one reason is that Comedy is universally regarded as the hardest of the arts, not everyone can do it and those that can't keep talking down its importance. Consequently, the structure of our comps are heavily biased towards serious entries, it is easier to deliver a high impact serious poem than a humorous one, exactly the same in written comps. But put yourself in front of a live audience who need to be entertained and you will find those poets who deliver humour will get all the work. We ignore elevating humorous Bush Poetry at our peril.

Talk with new poets, recently on the scene, and their most common obstacle is adherence to technical correctness. This has caused more than one writer to turn away from Bush Poetry, have we potentially turned away the next Ray Essery, or Shirly Friend? Technicalities can always be taught at a later time. Did anybody learn algebra in grade 3 or 4? No, of course not, it was not until high school that we undertook algebra.

I would like to speak about the judging of our comp's, a judge is simply a representative of the audience, the only qualification needed is honesty, all else is irrelevant. All the judge/judges need to do is to put the performances/poems in the order in which they enjoyed them. It IS that simple and any honest person can do it well. We would have to do away with our ridiculously complicated judging sheets and rules and simply mark poems out of 100. It should all be about entertainment, if the technicalities are poor it will distract from the performance /poem being entertaining, and it will not win. The constant rehashing of our rules and regulations, has not helped the general cause of Bush Poetry. Our performances/poems are judged every day by the public and they are voting with their feet. We, not them, need to change our approach.

Oh, and before somebody raises the old "Furphy" about a mythical "Boys Club" only giving work to a select group. It has NEVER existed. Indeed, we have Festival Co-ordinators desperately searching for new, exciting bush poets, which have been few and far between in the last 15 years.

The audience that increased to an unbelievable size during the modern revival was won over one audience member at a time. It wasn't easy, but new exciting poets were coming on the scene pushing each other to be better, creating a positive buzz around Bush Poetry. Poets were travelling huge distances just hoping to recite a poem. We called them 'our accidental audience', a poetry lover would drag their partner or friend to a show, kicking and screaming, and we did our best to convert another fan. We would also organise shows and invite fellow poets along, creating work for each other and exposing new audiences to our craft. You didn't even have to be a great poet to do it. The first show I organised in Millmerran, (audience just over 400) I didn't consider myself good enough, so I invited the best poets I knew, and sat and watched them and learned.

These days it's rare to see a poet involved in organizing Bush Poetry events. If each of our 200 members organised just one show a year and engaged three poets (4 poets is a good number for a 2 hr show) to assist them with the entertainment, they would not only create an opportunity to showcase their own talents but they would generate 600 paid gigs for their fellow poets and expose new audiences to Bush Poetry It's not hard.

Bush Poetry will survive, if however, we wish to flourish, then we need to find a way to produce new and exciting poets, dedicated enough to do whatever it takes to entertain the general public in a world that has every kind of entertainment at their fingertips. Those who put this current decline down to a cyclical phenonium are simply burying their heads in the sand. One thing's certain, nobody is going to solve our problems for us. Do YOU consider Bush Poetry worth fighting for and what are YOU going to do about it?

These comments and opinions are based on a mixture of fact, logic, and 25 years plus of experience. I welcome others to share their opinions and ideas. I will place my phone number at the bottom and welcome anyone to contact me to debate similar or different points of view.

Gary Fogarty (0417723400)



The Station Cook

© Stephen Whiteside 14.05.2022

'The Station Cook' is one of nine songs included on the album 'Australian Folk Songs', released by the American folk singer Burl Ives following his visit to Australia in 1952. This album can quite fairly be said to have triggered the Australian folk revival. The 'station' referred to in the song is, of course, a sheep station. In the song, the narrator, a shearer, tells us sarcastically of the cook's great prowess, serving up a variety of delicious dishes. In truth, the shearers have fallen ill, and they blame the cook! This is a popular theme in the culture of early colonial Australia. No doubt the most iconic of them all is the cook, Old Garth, in the 1975 film 'Sunday Too Far Away.'

The tune for 'The Station Cook' is taken from a Scottish song, 'Musselburgh Fair'. Musselburgh is a town in Scotland, only a short distance east of Edinburgh. The same tune is used for 'Lachlan Tigers'.

The song tells us that the cook works at a shearing shed in Fowler's Bay, and the song is sometimes also called 'Fowler's Bay.' 'Fowler's Bay' is a coastal town in South Australia, located to the west of the Eyre Peninsula, in a bay of the same name. The bay was named by Matthew Flinders on 28th January 1802, after his first lieutenant, Robert Fowler. The town was originally named 'Yalata' after Yalata (sheep) Station, that was established there in the 1860s. Yalata Homestead was built in 1880. The ruins can still be visited today.

We are also told in the song that, amongst other things, the cook serves up 'doughboys'. These are a doughnut precursor, probably of American origin. There is a 'Doughboy Island' in Corner Inlet, Victoria (near Wilson's Promontory). I imagine the name comes from its small size and round shape. The other food items mentioned in the song are plum-duffs, dumplings and pies. Plum-duff is a traditional English pudding, an earlier and simpler form of today's plum pudding. ('Duff' is an early pronunciation of 'dough', from the north of England.)

The website 'SecondHand Songs' states that 'The Station Cook' was first published in the newspaper 'The Australian Star' in 1877. However, according to the online research portal Trove this newspaper, which was published in Sydney, began publication in 1887. 'SecondHand Songs' also states that the words were submitted by P. J. McGoverly. It also says that whether he wrote the words, or was simply a reader of the newspaper, is not clear. I can find no other reference to P. J. McGoverly.

'The Station Cook' should not be confused with 'Station Cook', a song by John Williamson.

The Station Cook

Words: Traditional

Tune: Traditional (Musselburgh Fair)

The song I'm going to sing to you will not detain you long
It's all about a station cook we had at old Pinyong
His pastry was so beautiful his cooking was so fine
It gave us all a stomach-ache right through the shearing-time

Oh you should see his plum-duffs his doughboys and his pies
I swear by Long Maloney they'd open a shearer's eyes
He'd say take your time, good fellows and he'd fix us with a glance
Saying I'll dish you up much better if you'll give me half a chance

Oh you should see his doughboys his dumplings and his pies
The thought of such luxuries would open a shearer's eyes
He gets up in the morning gives us plenty of stewed tea
And don't forget when shearing's done to sling the cook his fee

But oh dear! I feel so queer I don't know what to do
The thought of leaving Fowler's Bay just breaks my heart in two
But if ever I catch that slushy I'll make him rue the day
That he ruined my constitution while shearing at Fowler's Bay.

Lyrics from Mark Gregory's Australian Folk Songs site.



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Regular Monthly Events

NSW

Illawarra Breakfast Poets meet every Wednesday at 7am at Marco Polo facility at Woonona. Ample parking, everyone welcome.

"Laggan Bush Poets." The Laggan Pub, Laggan NSW. The 1st Wednesday of every month, starting at 7.30pm. For further details contact Mike or Elaine on (02) 4837 3397

Gosford Bush Poets meet at 7pm the last Wednesday of every month at the Gosford Hotel, crn. Mann and Erina Streets Gosford. All welcome. Contact Vic Jefferies 0425252212 or Peter Mace (02)-4369356

Milton Ulladulla Bush Poets and Yarn Spinners Group First Sunday Every Month at Ex Servos Club Ulladulla 2pm start visitors welcome contact John Davis 02 44552013

Binalong - A Brush with Poetry @ Cafe on Queen, 15 Queen St. In the studio by the Balgalal Creek. Last Sunday of every odd month (except January), 2-4pm Open mic. Contact Robyn Sykes 02 6227 4377

The Queanbeyan Bush Poets meet at 7pm on the fourth Thursday of the month in the Old School House at Christ Church, 39 Rutledge St, Queanbeyan. Enter via Church Lane. Contact Laurie McDonald on 02 6253 9856

Port Macquarie Minstrels , Poets and Balladeers meet fortnightly; 2nd and 4th Sunday of each month at 1pm in the Pioneer Room, Senior Citizens Hall south end of Munster St, Port Macquarie . Contact Tom Mcilveen 0417 251287

2nd Sunday - 2:00 pm Poetry at the Pub Katoomba Blackburn's Family Hotel. All forms poetry, free entry. Contact Denis Rice 02 4782 6623 tdrice3@southernphone.com.au

Singleton Bush Poets. Meet at the Albion Hotel, John Street Singleton. 7pm on the first Tuesday of each month. Contact Neville Briggs 02 65711398.

Wombat Bush Poets meet at 1.30 pm at the Young Hotel for poetry, music and open mic. Last Sunday of even months except December. Contact Ted Webber 0459 707 728

QUEENSLAND

North Pine Bush Poets Group meet at the rear of Coutts Cottage, Old Petrie Town, Dayboro Road Kurwongbah, on the 1st and 3rd Sundays of every month from nine a.m. to twelve noon. Contact the President Ian on 0427212461 or the Secretary Mal on 0417765226.

Kuripla Poets - last Sunday of the month 2pm to 4.30pm, Croquet Hall, 91 Codelia St. Sth Brisbane. Contact Marilyn 0458 598 683

Geebung Writers - 9.30 am every 2nd Wednesday of the month at Geebung RSL. Contact Jean (07)32654349

Bundaberg Poets Society Inc. 2nd Saturday of the month. Rum City Silver Band Hall, Targo Street. Contact Jayson (07) 4155 1007 Edna 0428 574 651 or Sandy (07) 41514631.

Beaudesert Bush Bards meet on the **Second** Friday of each month from 9.30am at the Beaudesert Arts & information Centre, Mt.Lindesay H'way, Beaudesert. Phone 07 5541 2662 or 3272 4535.

Russell Island Writers Circle - 2nd Thursday of the month at 9.30 am. St. Peters Church Hall (Next to IGA). \$2 donation. Contact Trish (07)34091542

Shorncliff "Poets of the Park" "Poets of the Park" meet at St Margaret's Church Hall in Sandgate, beside the primary. every 3rd Tuesday from 5-45 pm contact 042 15 14 555

Toowoomba Bush Poets-meet on the second Saturday of the month at the Toowoomba Library meeting rooms from 10am -12. Contact Peter 0401130636.

Townsville Bush Poetry Mates Inc meet every the first Saturday of every month at 1pm at Aitkenvale Library Meeting Room at 7:00pm. Loads of fun. All welcome. Contact Barry on 0487 195 156

Bribie Island Bush Poets meet at 6.30 pm on the 4th Monday of each month in the Conference Room of the Blue Pacific Hotel, Woorim on Bribie Island. Contact Cay - 07 34083219

Logan Performance Bush Poets - meet 2nd Sunday of every month, 9 to 11am at the Beenleigh Historical Village. 205 Mains Road Beenleigh. All Welcome. Breakfast available Ring Gerry 0499942922..

Victoria

Kyabram Bush Verse Group- First Monday, every second month, namely Feb, April, June, Aug, Oct, Dec. at the Kyabram Baptist Church meeting room, crn Fenaughty Street and Lake Road Kyabram 7.30pm. Contact Mick Coventry 0427-522097

Gippsland Bush Poets meet Monthly, 7.30pm on the 2nd Thursday of the month at the RSL Hall in Hood St. Rosedale

Top of the Murray Poets and Bush Storytellers (TOMPABS) meet Monthly (mostly Tuesdays in Corryong) for writing workshops, Monthly on 3rd Sunday for Music and Poetry at Maurie Foun's 'Poets' Paradise' . Contact Jan Lewis (02) 60774332

Bendigo Goldfields Bush Poets - Third Sunday even numbered months, except December when second Sunday. Bendigo Club, 22 Park St, Strathdale (Bendigo) 1pm to 4pm. Contacts: Geoffrey Graham 0412725470 or Ken Jones 03 5441 5121

Henry Lawson Memorial & Literary Society Inc. - Meet third Saturday each month/except January.

Monastery Hall St. rear St. Francis Church. Lonsdale street. Melbourne. All Welcome. From 1-30pm till 4-00 pm. Contact: Maree Stapledon: 0408 100 896

Mansfield Bush Poets Group - Second Tuesday of the month 1pm - 3pm, Mansfield Library. Contact Val Kirley 0400 654 596

WA

Perth 1st Friday monthly 7-9.30pm The Auditorium, 26 Plantation Drive, Bentley Park. Contact Rodger 0419 666 168 or Sue 0418 941 016

Albany 4th Tuesday monthly. Contact Peter 08 9844 6606

Bunbury 1st Monday even months 7pm. Rose Hotel. Contact Alan 0400 249 243 or Ian 0408 212 636

Geraldton 2nd Tuesday monthly. Beliar Caravan Park. Contact Roger 0427 625 181

Kalgoorlie 1st Wednesday monthly. Kalgoorlie Country Club. Contact Paul Browning 0416 171 809

THE 20TH ANNUAL NANDEWAR POETRY COMPETITION

CONDUCTED BY
NARRABRI & DISTRICT HISTORICAL SOCIETY INC.
SUPPORTED BY
NARRABRI SHIRE COUNCIL

FIRST PRIZE: \$150 AND TROPHY
SECOND PRIZE: \$100
THIRD PRIZE: \$50

Closing Date July 30th

ENTRY FORM

Available from:

Narrabri Shire Visitor Information Centre
Phone : 6799 6760

Or

Narrabri & District Historical Society Inc.
P. O. Box 55
Narrabri 2390

Entry forms to be returned to:
The above address

also available online at www.abpa.org.au



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Enquiries: 0427 208913 | 0458 464190



THE 'BETTY OLLE' POETRY AWARD

"WRITTEN COMPETITION"



- For traditional Australian rhyming poetry with an Australian theme.
- Open and Junior (12 years and under) sections.
- Open section - First Prize \$500 plus trophy.
Runner-up \$200 plus certificate.
- Junior section - First Prize \$100 plus trophy.
Runner-up \$50 plus certificate.
- Entry fee - Open \$15 per entry form (2 poems)
- Entry fee - Junior section - free.
- Closing date - 31st August 2022.
- Entry forms and conditions of entry available from the ABPA website - events and results page.
- Conducted by the Kyabram Bush Verse Group in memory of foundation member Betty Olle.

The aim of the Betty Olle Poetry Award is to provide an opportunity for poets to share their work, to encourage the writing of new work, to acknowledge the skills of our junior poets, and to keep the spirit of Bush Poetry alive.

New for 2022

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Photo: She Jones

23 - 25 September 2022
Murrurundi NSW

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Caravans/Camping: (02) 6546 6288
www.kingoftheranges.com.au



KOTR PERFORMANCE BUSH POETRY COMPETITION

A.B.P.A. Rules

Original	1st \$200	2nd \$50	3rd \$30
Non-Original	1st \$200	2nd \$50	3rd \$30

PLUS! Best Performance overall will have their name engraved on a new bronze trophy statue donated by Carol Heuchan

Competition will take place from 7.30am during the Poets' Breakfast Sunday 25th September

Entry \$10 per section Entries close 11th September
Kay Seath (KOTR) 17/28 Deaves Road, Cooranbong 2265
OR scan form and email : kaysie2@hotmail.com Enq: 0416 262399

Fees by Direct Deposit: King of the Ranges Stockman's Challenge Inc
BSB 932-000 A/C 428437 Ref: Name/Poetry
(NB Bank does not accept initials KOTR)

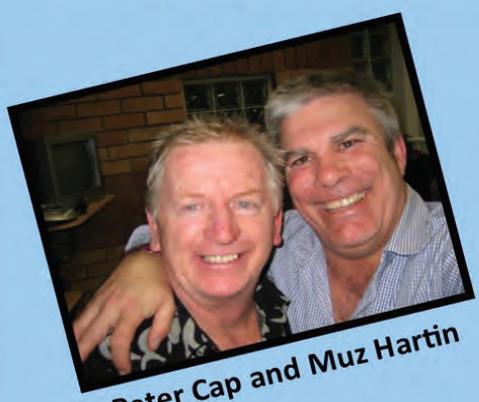
Receipt allows entry to Festival for day of competition only (Sunday 25th)
Performance competition for Adults 18 years and over (A.B.P.A Rules)

Original Non-Original TOTAL FEES:

(Traditional or with author's permission)

Name.....
Address.....
Email.....Phone.....

Gympie Music Muster 2022 Poets and Storytellers



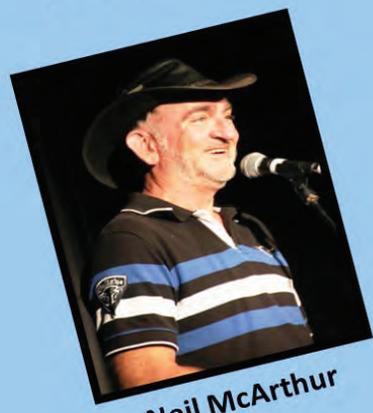
Peter Cap and Muz Hartin



Marco Giori



Pixie Jenkins



Neil McArthur

Brekky Shows
Thursday – Sunday
Muster Club—8.30AM
Laugh ya Guts out



Bob Condon



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