

A.B.P.A.



Australian Bush Poets
Association

Volume 18 No. 5

October / November 2013



Year of War
The year of war was a time of great hardship and sacrifice for the people of Australia. The following table lists the names of the poets who contributed to the Year of War issue of the Australian Bush Poets Association journal.

Alan	100
Bill	100
Bob	100
John	100
Ken	100
Les	100
Mick	100
Norm	100
Phil	100
Ray	100
Steve	100
Tim	100
Wendy	100

LAST OF FOREST
XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX



The Great War
The Great War was a time of great hardship and sacrifice for the people of Australia. The following table lists the names of the poets who contributed to the Great War issue of the Australian Bush Poets Association journal.

Alan	100
Bill	100
Bob	100
John	100
Ken	100
Les	100
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Phil	100
Ray	100
Steve	100
Tim	100
Wendy	100



Year 1942 - War and Poets
The year 1942 was a time of great hardship and sacrifice for the people of Australia. The following table lists the names of the poets who contributed to the Year 1942 issue of the Australian Bush Poets Association journal.

Alan	100
Bill	100
Bob	100
John	100
Ken	100
Les	100
Mick	100
Norm	100
Phil	100
Ray	100
Steve	100
Tim	100
Wendy	100



The Second World War
The Second World War was a time of great hardship and sacrifice for the people of Australia. The following table lists the names of the poets who contributed to the Second World War issue of the Australian Bush Poets Association journal.

Alan	100
Bill	100
Bob	100
John	100
Ken	100
Les	100
Mick	100
Norm	100
Phil	100
Ray	100
Steve	100
Tim	100
Wendy	100



National Cherry Festival Poets Competition.

Young Golf Club

Saturday December 7th at 7.30pm

Open Poets Performance Competition

Original, Contemporary, Traditional

Two Sections – Serious, Light Hearted

\$1200 Prize money

Overall winner will receive a 5kg. box of cherrie

Section Winners

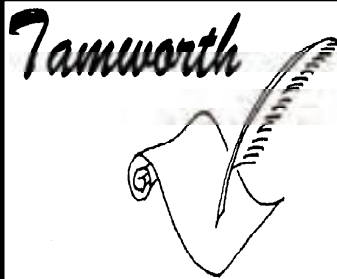
Poets Breakfast Sunday morning at Anderson
Park in conjunction with the IGA Big Breakfast

For entry and further details contact

Greg Broderick

e-mail – gbroderi@bigpond.net.au

Ph. 02-63822506.



POETRY READING

Group

PO BOX 3001 WEST TAMWORTH 2340

Organisers of The Blackened Billy Verse Competition
and founders of the modern Bush Poetry movement
in Australia

THE 2014 BLACKENED BILLY VERSE COMPETITION

Sponsored by the Australian Bush Poets Association

Put your bush hats on and get writing for the 2014
Blackened Billy Verse Competition, which opens
September 1.

The traditional bush verse of poets such as Paterson
and Lawson has moved into the modern era and bush
poetry now reflects life in all parts of Australia, not just
the outback. Suburban trials and tribulations are just
as relevant as the daily problems of living in the bush.

What makes it bush poetry is the style in which it is
written. Bush poetry must have the rhyme and rhythm
of traditional bush verse.

The organisers of the competition, the Tamworth
Poetry Reading Group, invite poets to enter the Black-
ened Billy. Entry forms will be available on September
1. Send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to Jan
Morris, PO Box 3001, West Tamworth NSW 2340, or
email janmorris33@bigpond.com

Entries close on November 30 and the winners will be
announced at the Tamworth Country Music Festival in
January 2014.

Dear Neil and fellow poets,

Our local community radio station has a keen poet,
Cherina Gray, as an announcer. She has put out a
challenge for listeners/poets to submit a poem on the
theme "Country". I don't think she has had a great
response so far and I was wondering if any of our
ABPA members would like to support her. I currently
have some students preparing poems for after the
school holidays and I have written a poem myself
(attached).

I would like to ask you to include a note in the next
magazine for any poems with the theme "Country".
Sending a poem to
cherinasartandrhyme@hotmail.com would give her
permission to read it on air. I am not in a position to
say what prizes there might be, more a gesture to
promote our craft of bush poetry though a gift could
come your way. I hope some poets may be able to
help out.

Yours in poetry

Jacqui Warnock

President's Report



G'day,

I've gotta tell you all that I'm concerned - scared even. Scared that we're all dying out and we're taking our craft with us. I re-read the recent ABPA survey and must concede, our membership is definitely ageing. Our membership is also dwindling, and attendances at Bush Poetry competitions are in decline.

My concern is complacency. Have we become 'comfortable' in our respective niches? Is our style of poetry jaded? Do we all belong in the horse and buggy era?

Last Friday night I attended the Queensland 'Slam' Poetry championship where one of our members was performing in the finals. The venue, the Queensland State Library, was booked solid. There was a crowd of well over three hundred people, and from where I sat the audience were excited, engaged and enthralled by the performances (yes, even the Bush Poetry one).

In the times of Lawson and Paterson, print was the popular media and the Bulletin was the pinnacle publication for poets. Well, the Bulletin is no more, and there's no popular print publication that picks up the baton that lies buried with J. F. Archibald's great publication.

I can't help but wonder, is our Culture destined to remain buried alongside the Bulletin?

One suggested fix for injecting excitement, and in turn increasing the popularity of our craft, that crossed my desk is ...
"... the ABPA should put on competitions with some decent money! That'll attract the crowds!"

Yet, a regular comment is ...

"... getting tired of travelling the distances to and from competitions."

and yet another recurring comment is ...

"... novices and up-and-comers don't get much of a chance to compete."

What the answers are to combat flagging attendances, I don't really know. But what is apparent, is that the current model of poetry 'festivals' (that are actually competitions) is letting us down. In essence, we're failing the wider community as "Keepers of the Culture". The irony is that while attendances at festivals/competitions are flagging, attendances at professional venues are healthy and rising. And those attending the many Bush Poet's Breakfasts and Shows are excited, engaged and captivated.

Maybe we need to re-visit our 'model' for festivals and find ways of making them INclusive rather than EXclusive. If we are purely competition driven then our craft becomes no more than a dog eat dog race for an uncertain glory of winning the most trophies in one's lifetime. This only benefits a select few.

Don't get me wrong, there IS a place for competition in our craft. More importantly, there is a place for recognition of Excellence! And we DO have Excellence in our craft - where ALL aspects of our craft should be recognised; the ardent supporter, tireless festival worker, dedicated amateur performer and the seasoned, professional crowd pleasers.

Ahh, how times have changed since the Bulletin.

Nowadays, we are locked into a digital world whether we like it or not. Learning new technologies can make some of us feel 'icky' and uncomfortable. However, in spite of the 'icky', some of our membership have Facebook pages. Some even have their own dedicated web sites, and, there are even some 'You Tube' clips of bush Poetry performances.

The ABPA has had a web-site and an online Forum for a number of years now (pioneered by Andy Schnalle). This has given many across the Country an opportunity to engage, banter and share their works and thoughts with other poets - not just members. We now have our own "You Tube" Channel where members can post video clips of their performances)All members are invited to submit video clips you think may be appropriate to manfred@abpa.org.au) The ABPA "You Tube" channel can be found here ...

https://www.youtube.com/channel/UCVRe1R15m9T_z0EdnjkfSHQ

Will this stop our craft from slipping into irrelevance? I don't know, but what I do know is that we need to make wider inroads into the community at large utilising all the media opportunities available to us. And we also need to pass on and showcase the excellence that is within our craft, otherwise we are destined to – "rise without trace".

Yours in Poetry,

Manfred.

ATTENTION.

ABPA Youth Bush Poetry YouTube Competition 2013

A call out to any members who work with schools

The ABPA Youth Youtube Performance Bush Poetry competition will be launched mid September 2013. Part of the advertising for this event will be by way of a personal invitation sent out by the 'prez'.

It would help considerably if we had a list of those schools who have had Bush Poet involvement, referrals are far more effective than a blanket mailout.

If you'd like to support our drive, Please forward your list of schools by email to,

manfred@abpa.org.au .

Or by post to:

Manfred Vijars PO Box701 Morningside Qld. 4170.

ABPA Committee Members 2013

Executive;
President - Manfred Vijars manfred@abpa.org.au
Vice-President - VACANT
Secretary - Tom McIlveen secretary@abpa.org.au
Treasurer - Kym Eitel treasurer@abpa.org.au
Editor - Neil McArthur editor@abpa.org.au

Members on Committee;
...John Peel peel_jg@hotmail.com
...Murray Hartin muz@murrayhartin.com
...Cay Ellem cayandbarry@gmail.com

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NSW - Tom McIlveen portalarms@gmail.com
Victoria - Jan Lewis lintonandjan@poetfarm.com.au
Tasmania - Philip Rush auspoems@bigpond.com
W.A. - Irene Conner iconner21@wn.com.au

Web Admin - Manfred Vijars manfred@rocketfrog.com.au

Membership Payments to The Treasurer, ABPA
c/o 24 Sneddon Road, Limestone Creek, Qld. 4701

Dear Neil

In one of last year's magazines, David Campbell highlighted (I think) the absence of quality bush poems about the achievements of women in our (bush) culture.

I have waited for someone to reply to this, but, as no-one has taken up the baton, I have tried to dabble into this field, myself. The enclosed is the result.

Back in 2000-01, the Barcaldine Australian Workers Heritage Centre conducted a Women in Australia's Working History project which led to a nationwide "Spirit of the Outback" Writing Competition which encouraged writers to share their stories about Australian working women.

Entries were selected to compile an anthology "Songs of the Unsung Heroes" which was officially launched at the opening of the Heritage Centre, July 2002.

I was honoured to have my poem, The Station Mistress, a window biography of my Mum, selected as one of the entries in this book, and was further honoured to be invited to present it, at the launch.

Using the thirty-one entries in the book as a research base, I was able to create a kaleidoscope of the achievements of those women who were the subjects of the stories and poems. I then endeavoured to weave many of the elements into the poem, Unsung Heroes.

This is but the tip of the iceberg when it comes to recognising the contributions women have made/are making everywhere across Australia. It will be interesting to read further contributions heralding other achievements.

Trevor Shaw

"lest we forget"

*"They shall not grow old, as we that are left grow old,
Age shall not weary them nor the years condemn,
At the going down of the sun and in the morning,
We shall remember them"*

The Ghost of Long Tan

The Ghost of Long Tan was based on a real life event. I discovered by my cousin, who has always been like a brother to me and an integral part of our extended family. He was involved in both Sarajev's Gata Case going during the battle of Long Tan and being of parents/culture. He has an infant's voice of when and sometimes he tell about his experiences in Vietnam. He came home relatively unscathed/physically but the many of the veterans who he carries many emotional scars that will never heal. He probably has a better than most, with his exceptional positive outlook and his sense of humor.

My cousin told me he was writing a book on Long Tan. He was down to get some of it off his chest and would open up to me with a few lines and tell me things he hasn't divulged to anybody else. I was had all aspects of the poem extremely, both from the author's point of view and the commanding officer's side to maintain the integrity and chronology of what happened. They were the truth, what strange that story, and I believe this is for him. There are many other stories from all those wars, and hopefully most of them are forgotten forever, with the passing of many of our soldiers.

As poet and writer, it is not duty to share these stories with our fellow Americans and to preserve our unique culture for future generations to come. This poem is very close to my heart and I am honored and honored to have taken out his and our place especially with it. It is both the consciously and the unconscious and the unconscious.

Tom M. Green



The Ghost Of Long Tan

Sedated by a morphine shot, I lay in some abandoned plot of rubber trees and jungle scrub, just east of Nui Dat. Torrential rain had caused a flood of saturated, seeping mud and washed away my cigarettes and tattered hootchie mat.

My leg was numb from hip to toe and bandaged to control the flow of blood that dripped from gaping wounds, that pierced me to the core. A rubber tree was bleeding too, with blobs of gummy latex goo and wept in condemnation of this God forsaken war.

The soldier who had come for me and hauled me underneath that tree, was Private Bluey Wilson. . . trusted confidant and friend. A dinkum cobbler and a mate, who'd always punched above his weight, and one on whom – implicitly – I knew I could depend.

His family had lived near mine since I was only eight or nine, and he and I had bonded like a pair of musketeers. The other kids had understood that Blue and I were brotherhood, and deemed to be invincible, despite our tender years.

He'd dragged me from a dozen brawls and arguments in dancing halls, where I would charm the ladies and antagonise their beaux. And once or twice he'd saved my hide, when I'd been dumb enough to ride the crazy bulls that run amok at outback rodeos.

Undoubtedly I would have drowned, if Bluey hadn't been around that afternoon at Oakey creek, behind the shearing shed. If he had failed to pull me out, it would have taken years of drought to find me washed up miles away, on some old river bed.

I somehow managed to survive till March of nineteen sixty five, when fate had intervened to deal an unexpected hand. According to the telescreen, it seemed my date of birth had been selected for a tour of some exotic foreign land.

I'd never heard of Uncle Sam, nor Ho Chi Minh, nor Vietnam, till Bluey told me bluntly, 'Mate, it ain't no paradise!' He said the government decreed that communism was a weed, to be eradicated – irrespective of the price.

Conscripted on the first of May, I'd started training straightaway, enlisting at Kapooka, with the other new recruits. My reservations disappeared, when Blue had rashly volunteered to join us there, in baggy greens and khaki army boots.

The Sixth Battalion's N.C.O's were seasoned veterans and pros, who'd done a tour of Vietnam in nineteen sixty two. They pruned our wings and cut our hair, and taught us how to fight and swear, then showed us how to fold our hats and pivot them askew.

They honed us into mere machines, with war embedded in their genes from years of conflict, fighting Germans, Japanese and Boers. Gallipoli had been the seed, from which emerged the noble creed of waging war and dying for another's needy cause.

It rained the day we disembarked and Dad had randomly remarked that army ponchos hadn't changed since he had served abroad. He'd left his lying in the sludge, when they had made the final trudge from Singapore to Changi, under bayonet and sword.

Emotion welled behind his smile, as we approached the final mile to Brisbane's Royal Airforce Base, just out of Amberley. As we prepared to board the plane, he tried to hide his tears in vain and hugged us unashamedly – for all the world to see.

All done up like a city toff, he'd come with mum to see us off, and shouted unconvincingly, 'Go giv'em curry boys! Remember not to get too lax, and always watch each other's backs!' His final words were muted by the Boeing's engine noise.

Awakened by a piercing scream, I stumbled from a morphine dream of opiated fantasies and memories of home. Returning to my black abyss, I felt the cruel corrosive kiss of Vietnam caressing me through clods of clinging loam.

Again, I heard that piercing sound, which seemed to come from underground, behind the tree that shielded me from mortar overhead. A voice I knew so very well, resounded from the bowels of hell, to chill my blood and fill my heart with cold impending dread.

Relentlessly he called my name, till overwhelmed by guilt and shame, I shook away the hazy shroud that lingered like a veil. I found him lying in the mud, immersed in gore and pools of blood, with broken limbs extended, looking piteous and pale.

From somewhere deep within his soul, with eyes as black as burning coal, there lurked an apparition, I had never seen before. A ghost who didn't understand, that Blue and I had always planned on standing by each other, through this God forsaken war.

Behind his brazen thin disguise, the phantom seemed to vaporise, as Blue began to mumble some bizarre forgotten prayer. Although his voice was faint and slurred, I hung on each and every word, and bowed my head to weep from wells of dismal dark despair.

The rubber trees were weeping too, as I had tried to comfort Blue, whose final words were muffled by the roar of battle noise. 'Remember not to get too lax, and always watch each others backs!' My father's words, verbatim – 'Go and give'em curry boys!'

©Tom McIlveen



Mothers and Sons

© David Campbell

(Winner of the 2013 Nandewar Poetry Competition)

I have walked with my son down that long, lonely road
to the place where he lies in his grave;
for the rest of my days I will carry that load,
and will grieve for the life that he gave.

For he died, not in battle, with courage and pride,
as a soldier Australia might mourn,
but alone and forgotten, a gun by his side,
in the light of a grey winter's dawn.

And I wonder, in hindsight, just what we can do
as we watch all our sons go to war,
for I found, on returning, he no longer knew
what my love for him meant any more.

He was sullen and bitter, and tended to curse,
with a drink that was always close by...
when the booze took control it got very much worse,
and I dreaded the look in his eye.

For he wasn't there with me, but far, far away,
where the horrors he saw killed his soul,
as he fought with the demons that haunted each day,
and the spectre of death took its toll.

For it cast a long shadow, and gave him no peace...
like a cancer it crippled his mind...
and I heard him each night as he cried for release,
as he pleaded to leave it behind.

But his words came to nothing, they vanished like mist
in a valley that's warmed by the sun,
and the man that I knew simply ceased to exist
in a battle that couldn't be won.

He was lost in the gunfire, the heat and the dust,
with the mortar's dull roar in his ear,
always doubting, uncertain of who he could trust
on a killing ground governed by fear.

For a suicide bomber could be a young boy,
or a woman just wandering past
with an innocent thing like a soft, cuddly toy,
that might butcher them all with its blast.

And he looked in the eyes of those mothers and sons
in the hope that he might understand
what the future would hold when the hammer of guns
didn't echo in that savage land.

All he saw was a mirror of what he might be,
and a body that could have been mine,
in the bloodshed surrounding the quest to be free,
as his men put their lives on the line.

But the worst of it all, he would say in a voice
that was ravaged by anguish and pain,
was the knowledge each moment could bring the wrong choice,
and their sacrifice might be in vain.

So I watched as the trauma took over his life,
as the drink and the drugs broke his heart,
for he lost his two children and once-loving wife
when the world he had known fell apart.

The support that he needed was simply not there,
for despite all the promises made,
it's the sick and the injured who can't find the care
in the ongoing price to be paid.

It's a road that so many have followed before
when the ghosts of the past will not die,
and it's we who remember these victims of war...
all the mothers who weep where they lie.



UNSUNG HEROES

There was chaos in the kitchen, which is normal at our house,
as we worked our "get the kids to school" routine:
breakfasts, lunches, homework sheets,
water bottles, home cooked treats,
checked for head lice, and that nails and teeth were clean.

As they left, I hung the washing, (which was really not my thing),
though my wife still tried to change my point of view.
Armed with pegs for shirts and shorts,
I felt static in my thoughts,
and it made me contemplate work women do.

Looking back into the household, as I held the door ajar,
I became aghast at all the things I saw:
dirty dishes, gravy splats,
puppy hair on seats and mats,
smudgy windows, scraps of breakfast on the floor.

As I cruised along the motor way, my head was full of thoughts
of time my wife spends at the kitchen sink;
or ironing clothes, making beds;
cooking pikelets, scones and breads,
with little space to kick off shoes, or take a drink.

At my desk, I fired my laptop to download a set of files;
took a stretch and gently exercised my hands -
heavy eyelids chose to droop,
rounded shoulders chose to stoop,
and a daydream took me off to outback lands.

There were spectres floating past me, as I slumped forward in a trance:
the mothers, daughters, ghosts from women's world -
high in spirits, strong of will,
shoulders to the wheel, until
a kaleidoscope of phantoms whirled and swirled.

Some were working in a kitchen, near a wood stove belching smoke;
some were poking clothes in coppers in the yard;
some on horseback ushered herds;
some fed pigs and calves and birds -
the whole shebang had women working hard.

Lines of teachers, nurses, midwives ambled softly through my dream.
Women fighting fires or fencing with their men.
Some were dancing; some sang songs;
some used cleavers; some held tongs;
some got by enduring how, where, why and when.

Some, without that 'piece of paper', had achieved amazing things
as vets, accountants, lawyers, licensees;
connecting phone-calls, handling mail,
administrating road and rail -
underpinning their true role in history.

When church bells called the faithful, dressed-up ladies filled the pews -
prayers, as one, to their Almighty for their lot:
send the rains, protect our health,
let the markets bring forth wealth,
make us humble - satisfied with all we've got.

Thus evolved a definition of these women, in my dreams:
proud, courageous, stoic, able, firm but fair;
confident, supportive, loyal,
composed and not averse to toil -
achievers who could think outside the square.

Could the "typical Australian" be a woman; not a bloke?
Or should we die-cast both to play the role?
Their achievements were enormous,
something history won't inform us,
as they punched, above their weight, with heart and soul.

I was startled when my mobile rang. I surfaced with a jolt.
The light bulb of my life had rung to ask
if I'd take the kids from school,
for instruction at the pool.
I assured her I was equal to the task.

While I waited in the grandstand, visions from my dream returned -
of the squads of unsung heroes, of our land:
contributions oft ignored,
lifetimes spent without reward -
from now on, I'll be a drummer in their band.

©Trevor Shaw 20.08.2013



GREAT AUSSIE READS

with Jack Drake

"Bohemians at the Bulletin" by Norman Lindsay, Angus and Robertson 1965, was controversial in an era when literature and visual art was expected to conform to the rather narrow Victorian attitudes prevalent then. Lindsay however, seemed to delight in thumbing his nose at wowsers from all strata of society making him the ideal author for *"Bohemians at the Bulletin"*.

Norman Lindsay wrote the work about his various fellow writers and poets who contributed to the Sydney Bulletin in his time – the 1890s and early 1900s. He penned the book by request much later in life, which is probably just as well as it is more than likely his subjects who included Paterson, Lawson, A.G.Stevens, Hugh McRae, J.F.Archibald, Steele Rudd, Miles Franklin and others, would probably have declared his "take no prisoners" exposés of their characters and style, "non persona grata" in the hallowed precincts of the Bulletin.

Episodes like Henry Lawson flogging A.G.Stevens with his walking stick for some fancied misdemeanour, and the Banjo scrutinising a half wild horse Lindsay was riding and casually informing him he would "buy that horse at your funeral, Lindsay", make the book a joy to read.

The descriptions of Lindsay's subjects, or perhaps I should say victims, give a wonderful perspective of their characters and physical appearances. He gives credit where due and shows no reticence about attracting attention to their foibles and eccentricities.

First published in 1965 by Angus and Robertson, *"Bohemians at the Bulletin"* is a marvellous record of the hugely talented and differing characters who were there and involved in the Golden Age of Australian Bush Poetry. Lindsay's illustrations give an added dimension but the book could easily stand without them. Norman Lindsay is one writer who definitely did not need a thousand words to paint a picture.

Since reading *"Bohemians"*, I cannot help wondering if some bold, modern-day bush poet will ever raise the pen and duplicate Norman Lindsay's exposé of his contemporaries. Perhaps it could be entitled *"Eccentrics at the A.B.P.A."*



Jack Drake



Competition Results

2013 Camooweal Drover's Camp Festival Report

All those hoping to have a week of lively entertainment in the little border town of Camooweal were not disappointed when locals joined with drovers, stockmen, entertainers and travellers for the annual Drover's Camp Festival.

Preceding the weekend of bronco branding, country music, yarns and bush poetry, Camooweal came alive with nightly entertainment at the Post Office hotel/motel/caravan park and at 'sprung-up' venues around the town, with a street parade, a bush dance, a mail race and a very successful charity auction.

There was a race meeting at the racecourse, and a bush poetry/songwriting workshop in the Drovers' Camp shed together with displays of memorabilia, photographs and art work and stalls of artisans' wares. All of this came with great food and convivial company throughout.

The Saturday night country music concert featured the well-loved sounds of Tom Maxwell ably supported by Tracey Coster, Kalista Butler and Neville Anderson. There was also a very moving presentation by the indigenous Lake Nash Gospel Singers who also returned on the Sunday for a non-denominational Christian church service. The Bush Poets' breakfast featured John Lloyd, Brenda Joy and many enthusiastic walk-up artists from as far away as southern West Australia. The Drovers' Camp Talent Quest

on the Sunday morning, attracted 18 entries, including two children - a mix of yarn spinners, bush poets and balladeer/songsters. Nearly three hundred spectators enjoyed the variety of entertainment and stockyard skills on offer.

All this was in addition to the presence of the eighty plus drovers who congregated before and at the festival to yarn and reminisce with their mates and with the very interested public and who joined together for a tribute to their lives and to the uniquely Australian culture that this festival helps to preserve.

Don't miss out next year. It is on again on the 4th weekend in August and promises to be bigger and better than ever.

Brenda Joy
DCTA Co-ordinator
25th August, 2013

RESULTS -

PERFORMANCE COMPETITION

The 2013 Drovers' Camp Talent Award

Overall Winners

- 1st Wendy Oss, Charters Towers
- 2nd Trevor Stewart, Bundaberg
- 3rd Jim Riches, Albany, W.A.

Junior Winners

Leighton and Kaleija Tucker, Emerald

WRITTEN COMPETITION

The 2013 Bronze Spur Award

- 1st Brenda Joy, Charters Towers
Poem - Where Drovers Dream
- 2nd Brenda Joy
Poem - Reflections of the Kimberley
- 3rd James Kennedy, Victoria Point
Poem - Somewhere in the Min Min

FAWNS (FAW North Shore, Sydney)
Results of 2013 Vibrant Verse Competition

Category B Traditional Verse
First Prize The Seeds of Revolution
Tom McIlveen NSW

Second Prize The Legend of Long
Tan Tom McIlveen NSW

Highly Commended Kakadu
Dreaming Catherine Lee NSW

Commended Rag Doll David
Campbell Vic

Commended In the Name of the
Father David Campbell Vic

Commended Jim the Drover
Tom McIlveen NSW



NORTH PINE BUSH POETS CAMP OVEN FESTIVAL 2013 RESULTS

PERFORMANCE COMPETITION

Juniors Grades 2-5	First	Molly Trevaskis
Juniors Grades 6-7	First	Ashley Ross
	First	Francis Wilson
	First	Tiana Wilson
Novice	First	Kay Gorring
	Second	Debbie Richards
	Third	Graham Hampson
Open Classical Male	First	Bob "Pa" Kettle
	Second	Barry Ellem
	Third	Kevin Dean
Open Classical Female	First	Anita Reed
	Second	Dot Schwenke
	Third	Lin Kennedy
Open Modern Male	First	Paddy O'Brien
	Second	Bob "Pa" Kettle
	Third	Barry Ellem
Open Modern Female	First	Anita Reed
	Second	Cay Ellem
	Third	Dot Schwenke
Open Original Female	First	Anita Reed
	Second	Dot Schwenke
	Third	Lin Kennedy
Open Original Male	First	Dean Trevaskis
	Second	Jim Kennedy
	Third	Max Pringle
Duos	First	Paddy O'Brien & Anita Reed
One Minute Poem	First	Mal Beverage

2013 OVERALL CAMP OVEN CHAMPIONS

FEMALE ANITA REED
 MALE BARRY ELLEM

WRITTEN COMPETITION - The Graham Fredriksen Written Award

First	Brenda Joy	The Colour in my Blood
Second	Allan Goode	A Little Silver Locket
Third	Don Crane	Bush Mother
Highly Commended	Catherine Lee	Charlie and the Doc
	Brenda Joy	Lure of the Deep
	Tom McIlveen	Our Mother Bush
Commended	Arthur Green	The Bond Of Love
	Tom McIlveen	Private Blue Wilso
	Brenda Joy	Closure

**Please note that the Deadline for our next Issue
 (December - January) will be
 November 30th
 Naturally it will be our Christmas/New Year
 themed Issue and pre-Tamworth edition.
 You can also keep track of other events,
 results etc. on our website
www.abpa.org.au**

Results for Boree Log

1st – A Poor Refugee - Tom McIlveen

HC – Our Convicts' Legacy - Tom McIlveen

HC – Home - David Campbell

C – Secrets of the Desert - Brenda Joy

C – Reflections of the Kimberley– Circa 1950
 - Brenda Joy

C – Where Drovers Dream - Brenda Joy

Results BRYAN KELLEHER LITERARY AWARD

YOUNG ACHIEVER AWARDS

Young Achiever Award (Primary School)
 Emily Cross ANZAC Day
 Maree Wilson Chicken Run

Young Achiever Award (Secondary School)
 Charlotte Hamann The Prank
 Lily Chandran The Dingo Family

2013 Winners

First prize Robyn Sykes A Feather in a Locket
 2nd prize Allan Goode A Little Silver Locket
 3rd prize Carmel Barnes The Ute That Caught A
 Bride

HC Brenda Joy Secrets of the Desert
 HC Mal Beveridge I Sometimes Think Of Henry

ABPA Magazine Advertising Rates

Full page 880
 Half Page 340
 Third Page 330 (Base or Column)
 Quarter Page or less 320
 Booklet 85

Party Calendar and Regular Events free (see also 0800)

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 or PDF format to: edit@abpa.org.au

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WHY THE POPPY IS SO RED

She stood before the cenotaph and held the old mans hand
His face had been so cruelly marked by the nightmare of Vietnam
He pondered at her question and the words that she had said
"Can you tell me granddad why the poppy is so red

I've seen some poppies around your house in nannies garden bed
Of every shade and colour, well , that is except red
So is there some sad reason that will not go away
Why the only red ones that I see are those we wear today"

The aging man made this reply , "If you care to listen please
The red poppies that our family sowed now flourish overseas
For once their were two brothers who paid a deadly toll
You'll find their names are listed there, on that honour roll

The first one was my grandpa Ben, the other one was Jack
Some said my pop was put on earth to watch his brothers back
He guarded him from nature's woes in bushfire, flood and storm
And at night he'd wrap him in his arms to keep the young one warm

They heard their nations call to arms, a rally to the cause
In that noble exploit, the war to end all wars
It seemed like an adventure and they thought they'd take a chance
So they both signed up together and went off to the fields of France

The land that did confront them was not the one they'd seen
On fancy tourist posters or a travel magazine
The brothers made a fervent vow if they in battle fell
They would stay together to the very gates of hell

Jack went on leave but when he came back a tragic tale he learned
Ben had gone out on a raid and as yet had not returned
So he left the refuge of his trench and into no man's land did roam
The only care in his selfless heart was to bring poor Benny home

He found his sibling dying then he too was cut down
By a German snipers bullet from a shell pocked Belgium town
They lay entwined together and as their blood did flow
It seeped upon some poppy seeds that lay buried deep below

The decades passed and I made my way to where my kin were slain
A place that once reeked misery of mud and lice and rain
There is hardly a reminder now of the victory that was won
Just a field of poppies waving proudly in the sun

So as we gather here in silence on this Remembrance Day
We recall the flower of our youth who went off to the fray
We pray for all our heroes and the blood that they have shed
That's why my darling grandchild THE POPPY IS SO RED

ELLIS — YOUR LEGEND WILL ENDURE

A Tribute

© Brenda Joy, 2013

The foremost poet of our time
the master-craftsman of the rhyme,
you've laid aside your pen to take some rest.
You've led a long and fruitful life
with friends and kin and loving wife
whilst all your rich endeavours gained success.

Bush Poets owe you endless debt.
We are unlikely to forget
the contributions of your thoughts and quill.
You generously shared as sage
— in books, through workshops, on the stage —
the breadth of your experience and skill.

You wove the fabric of your years,
the threads from outback, bush careers,
into your tapestry of life's vignettes.
In talented "poetic haze"
you relived feats of younger days —
the richness of your age leaves no regrets.

The shearer, stockman, vagabond,
the folk who ventured out beyond,
all tread your volumes of enchanting verse.
Your wisdom, love and deep insight
— compassion for the human plight —
are pools in which your characters immerse.

The partners through your life-time's course,
the friendships formed with mate or horse,
the valour and courageousness of steed,
all intermingle on your page,
whilst Nature's grandeur sets the stage —
the 'Outback' where both Man and beast are freed.

Alive with sight and sound and smell,
expansive land you love so well,
emerges in your undulating flow.
Describing through a painter's eyes
you colour "unrelenting skies"
with "burnished sun" and evening's "russet glow".

You ride the range or "shadowed vale" —
a masterpiece in every tale,
like magic memories from mists of dawn.
You bring in focus "languid trees",
the "tawny grass", the "fickle breeze"
where bushmen's camp-light melodies are born.

Our inspiration, mentor, friend,
your influence will never end,
your place in writing history's secure.
Ambassador for land out west,
through what you've given we've been blessed.
The Ellis Campbell legend will endure.



John Robert Dengate. 1.10.1938 - 1.8.2013

He used his pen as his sword and his guitar as his assault rifle.

John Dengate was the closest heir to the legacy of Henry Lawson that this country has known. He was a free thinker, poet, artist, teacher, songwriter, singer and street busker, ever ready to recite or sing, and always ready to take the mickey out of politicians, misguided business leaders and any visiting sport's team. Like Lawson he enjoyed a drink or three and when, a few year's back, ordered off the grog, he quit immediately but surgery for cancer, a weakened heart and the humiliation of the Aussie cricket team's defeat by the Poms, dealt him a final wicket on the 1st August. If nothing else John was pragmatic about his growing catalogue of ailments and used his wry humour to cope. After being diagnosed with atrial fibrillation he wrote a song for his 'Lady Cardiologist from the Shaky Isles' ending with:

I suppose that there's worse things in life than giving up the booze,
And I know it sounds vindictive... but I hope the All Blacks Lose!

Raised in Carlingford in post-Depression 1930s, in a different Australia where kids walked miles to school, often bare-footed, played cricket on the road and knew what a bindi-i felt like. At fifteen infatuated with the famous boxer Jimmy Carruthers he became obsessed with the fight game and the old Sydney Stadium boxers. He had fond memories of his childhood and three of his best-known songs reflect on his early life - 'Bare-Legged Kate' about his mother Kit, and 'The Song of the Sheet-Metal Worker' dedicated to his father, Norman Dengate.

John loved sport, particularly cricket, football, boxing and golf, although he claimed to be a rotten sport, and in the notes to his song, 'Sporting Suicide' he claimed, "I crow and boast when Australia wins and moan and sulk when we lose. I cannot stomach being beaten, by England especially." The song's final chorus line ran:

Jump off the Gap or turn on the gas tap,
If we're beaten by the Poms.

John's physique was lean, like a greyhound at Harold Park, and he had the stamina of one too. John ran marathons and it was estimated he had raced around the Centennial Park circuit over 12,000 times. His real marathon was in continuing the spirit of Henry Lawson for well over 50 years.

As a young man John, a talented sketcher, was torn between art and music, not real options for a working-class boy, so being a realist he became a teacher. His first posting in the 1950s was the outback town of Menindee and it was here he met Brian Mooney, a larger than life artist and folk singer. John often said "Brian taught me everything I needed to know about the power of folk song."

In 1961 John was appointed to Burnside Central School where he met his future wife, Roseann Dale, who introduced him to the Bush Music Club, an organisation which honored him with life membership in 1984. It was at the Bush Music Club he met traditional singers such as Duke Tritton who impressed John with their well articulated singing, so important to story songs. He also met pioneer folk song collectors John Meredith and Alan Scott, two men who furthered his interest in Australian traditional song and story.

Over recent years he became a familiar city sight playing his tin whistle and singing on either of his two favoured spots, the corner of George and Market streets and Central Station. Although he played guitar his whistle playing worked better in Sydney's noisy streets. His beautiful old Irish and bush tunes wafted over Henry Lawson's 'faces in the street.'

There is no doubt that John's songs will live on for years to come. Many have already passed into that hazy territory where the song is known and the songwriter anonymous. He would agree to such musical freedom especially since most of his songs were set to well-travelled traditional tunes like 'The Wearing of the Green' or 'The Dying Stockman'. Writing witty satirical verse was his stock in trade and he was brilliant in pressing the point while pressing the funny bone.

A republican to the core John loved Australia and its stories. He once told me, "Australia's far from perfect ... but it is a bloody sight better than anywhere else." Never an angry man he preferred to make his point with humour. John sided with the rebel and the underdog and was never aligned to a political party, considering all politicians targets for his satirical pen. Two of his last songs included 'Please Save Me from the Mad Monk' and a biting attack on Rupert Murdoch's phone tapping spree.

He never left home without a pen and paper, scorning computers with their spellchecks and rhyme lists. He wrote thousands of songs, satires and poems and also had a repertoire of hundreds of traditional songs. He knew the great Australian poems, including the works of 'Banjo' Paterson and could recite the devil out of 'The Geebung Polo Club'. His extraordinary life has been documented in oral history interviews at the Australian National Library, three songbooks and various recordings. John Dengate is survived by his mother, Kathleen, wife, Roseann Dale, children Lachlan and Sean, daughter-in-law Mandy, and grandchildren Roisin and Cal, and, of course, his songs and poems.



2014 BLACKENED BILLY VERSE COMPETITION

Entry forms are now available for the 2014 Blackened Billy Verse Competition run by the Tamworth Poetry Reading Group and sponsored by the ABPA. With this sponsorship prizes were increased to \$600 for First Prize, \$300 for Second and \$200 for Third. The winner also receives the famous Blackened Billy trophy.

Last year the Blackened Billy was won by Milton Taylor with his very clever and funny poem "The Passing of a Legend". David Campbell was second and Val Wallace third.

So see if you can get your creative juices flowing and come up with something funny or tear-jerking, or even a comment on all the weird and wonderful things that have happened in Australia this past year.

Entry forms are available from the ABPA website, or by emailing janmorris33@bigpond.com or sending a stamped, self-addressed envelope to

Tamworth Poetry Reading Group, PO Box 3001, West Tamworth NSW 2340.

I have attached a poem I wrote when it Snowed In Spring! Not an uncommon occurrence on the tablelands and Snowy regions any time of year - and well may happen again soon. At present we are enjoying a rush of glorious Spring weather, a very pleasant change from the bleak and wintry conditions of a few weeks ago - hard to remember now.

Cheers,

Elaine Delaney

It Snowed in Spring

It snowed in Spring - uniquely patterned flakes,
Soft caresses showered upon the earth.
Daffodils swayed, their bright golden cups
Bowed coyly, quivering with restrained anticipation.

Camelias upturned round-faced rosy cheeks,
Colours deepened as first kisses fell.
Green foliage glistened, fresh leaf tips shone,
Responding as to a long awaited gentle lover's touch.

Mountain peaks towered majestically toward heaven,
A royal mantle draped in overpowering splendour.
Billowing white curtains of swirling wind-tossed lace,
Solid waterfalls, cascading over regal native gums.

Creation held its breath in silent wonder,
Quiet joy captured and enthralled each waking heart.
Childlike eyes glimpsed mysteries bequeathed in realms of time,
Images held and treasured - when it snowed in Spring.

Poetry Clubs AGM News

Just a courtesy email to let you know the new executive for the Townsville Bush Poetry Mates elected at our AGM on Tuesday evening. Kathie and I did not stand for re-election - we need a break. Having said that we are to address the combined Year 5 classes at the Holy Spirit School on Wednesday 21 August for Bush Poetry. Nine children turned up for our first after school session at the Aitkenvale Library Tuesday afternoon and Dot is stoked.

The duly elected officers are:

President	Barry Anderson
Vice President	Eileen Flynn
Hon Secretary	Dot Church
Hon Treasurer	Rhyl Graham
Committee	Del Luke and
Members:	Dick Moody (Publicity & WebMaster)

Lyn Tarring

Just letting you know the details from our AGM on Saturday in case you would like to insert it in the next edition of the ABPA magazine.

"The Bundaberg Poets' Society Inc. held their AGM on September 14th and the following is the Executive for the 2013/14 year.

President - Edna Harvey;
Vice-President - Jayson Russell;
Treasurer - Cate Henry
Secretary - Sandy Lees
Assistant Secretary - Margaret Hayes
Publicity Officer - Sandy Lees
Committee members - John Lees, Reg Outen, Shirley Shepherd.
(Contact details are on the Regular Events page.)

Sandy Lees

Victorian Bush Poetry & Music Association News

Corryong is looking to fill Banjo's Block stage again is hosting the Victorian Bush Poetry Championship. Performance entrants will be try to topple the current Vic Bush Poetry Champs Robyn Sykes and Roderick Williams, or grab the title of the Yarnspinning Champ. Our judges and guest performers at Banjo's Block will be Graeme Johnson (head judge) Melanie Hall, Susie Carcary, Carol Refford and Geoffrey Graham and friends.

If you think your version of Banjo's 'The Man...' is a good one, record it and send it in to the Recital competition, where recordings are judged pre-festival and three finalists recite in front of the crowd. (see www.bushfestival.com.au for entry form)

People gather from all parts of Australia for the Man from Snowy River Bush Festival and the Corryong experience includes main highlight is the Man from Snowy River Challenge - to find the person who best represents the Man from Snowy River. The Challenge events range from shoeing a horse, to whip-cracking, expertise with packsaddles, cross-country and so on. 2012 was the first time a woman finished in the top 10, which added an extra level of excitement.

Another stirring element to the weekend is a re-enactment of Banjo's most famous poem. Horsemen gather to see a strippling chase a brumby on his own, to the delight of the thousands of spectators. Street Parade, ute muster, market - something for everyone at the MFSR bush festival, and you have to come at least once!

Local Benalla poets and songsters Val Kirley, Neil Higgins and Jim Carlisle are looking forward to playing host to Bush poetry Club members and musicians from all around Victoria and across the border at the Bush Entertainment Muster weekend at Benalla Bowls Club 11 - 13 October. (a Series' Week activity)

Val was voted most popular poet by the audience last year and is keen as mustard with new poems under her belt. Neil was crowned Song Champion for the second time. Jim is a poet and a singer who also happens to be a Benalla Barber.

At our Friday night concert - two local groups have thrown their hats in the ring to provide entertainment - Di Madrell and the Eursa Ukelele Band are back with us again and Elysium, a trio from Myrtleford area. They'll be joined by a small army of poets and musicians led by Jeff Miskud and Jill Meehan.

Saturday, we kick off with a Poets' Breakfast where any poet can read or perform their poems. Two morning workshops - 'Performance' and 'Impress the Press' with Lorraine Marshing, Jill Meehan and Jeff Miskud respectively. After lunch - Weary Dunlop recitations and photo-shoot, comedy concert and our Song Championship with Original and Non-Original sections.

Saturday night Concert is full of poetry, yams, songs and frivolity. Featuring Graham Dodsworth, renowned folk historian, Neil Higgins, 2013 Song Champion, Jill Meehan, Carol Refford, Jeff Miskud Mac Craig, David Campbell and friends.

Sunday's program includes Poets' Breakfast, and poetry writing workshops with poets Carol Refford (beginners) and David Campbell (Writing Bush Poetry... from a Judge's perspective). After lunch a light-hearted One Minute Poem contest and a very special treat is C.J Dennis 'Songs of a Sentimental Bloke' with Mac Craig and Stephen Whitehead.

This is a Victorian Bush Poetry and Music Association event and a friendly opportunity for poets, musicians and visitors to share and celebrate their passion. We also appreciate the grants from Benalla Council and the Dept of Families Housing, Community Services and Indigenous Affairs.

Whole-weekend tickets for Friday to Sunday cost \$25/\$20 concession or pay by session.
No charge for under 18s accompanied by an adult. Looking forward to seeing new and old faces!
Details of the VBPMMA program, competition info & entry forms www.vbpmma.com.au
Jan Lewis 0260774332. info@vbpmma.com.au to order weekend wristbands



Thursday 3rd - Sunday 6th April 2014
Man From Snowy River Bush Festival.

CORRYONG Where Legends perform! Victorian Bush Poetry & Music Association Championships

- Performance sections include Original and Non-Original with \$4,000 prize money
- Geoffrey Graham, Graeme Johnson, Melanie Hall, Susie Carcary
- Poems and Yams, Junior and of course Banjo's MFSR poem recital
- If you can't attend - Written Serious and Humorous sections available
- Poets' Breakfasts, workshops and concerts and 'join in' campfire sessions
- Lots of other festival activities including Bush Idol and Busking Competitions
- The 'Re-enactment' (Banjo's 'Man From Snowy River' poem on hillside backdrop)
- Experience real bush trendiness
- Legends abound in poetry and music and the 'Challenge' (modern MFSR)
- Email info@vbpmma.com.au or phone Jan Lewis 02 60774332
- www.bushfestival.com.au Entries close 7th Feb

Russie® Bush Entertainment



YARNSPINNING * SONG/MUSIC
* BUSH POETRY * LOTS OF LAUGHS

\$25/\$20 CONC Weekend Wristband or pay per session
New Friday Bush 'n' Dine 7.30pm Acacia CONCERT
\$10 - 10am Saturday & Sunday POETS BREAKFAST
10.15am Saturday Workshops: 1. Performance 2. Impress the Press
Sun Morning Concerts * BUSH POETRY * YAMMS
Sun * VICTORIAN SONG CHAMPIONSHIP (open to all ages 12+)
1.20pm * YARNSPINNING CONTEST (all ages) Entry: \$10 for wristbands
Musicians: Graham Dodsworth, Jill Meehan, Di Madrell, and King Visions
2.10 - 10am Sunday POETS BREAKFAST
10.15am Poetry Writing workshops (Carol Refford & David Campbell)
11.00am '40's Banjo Block with Mac Craig & Stephen Whitehead

BUSH ENTERTAINMENT MUSTER

11 - 13 OCTOBER Benalla Bowls Club, Ararat St
VICTORIAN BUSH POETRY & MUSIC ASSOCIATION INC
Contact: Jan Lewis 0260774332 Email: info@vbpmma.com.au
www.vbpmma.com.au

Toodya (WA) Bush Poetry Festival

A new event on the Bush Poetry Calendar is the Toodyay Bush Poetry Festival. Run as a joint venture between the WA Bush Poets & Yarnspinnners Assn. and Toodyay Festivals Inc., the people who bring you the annual Toodyay Moondyne Festival. This 3 day Festival held November 1st - 3rd will include the 2013 WA Bush Poetry State Championships.

The Festival will also include Bush Poetry Workshops, a "Club Night", a Poets Breakfast and a Poets "Brawl".

As well as these, on the Saturday night there will be a "Bush Dance" featuring Greg Hastings, formerly of "Mucky Duck" fame. (BYO Nibbles & Drinks)

Competing in the Championships will be many former WA Champions along with those who have yet to win a major prize.

As well as local Rhyming Poets and Yarnspinnners, the festival will include Bill Kearns of NSW, one of Australia's leading Bush Poets.

So come along to Toodyay and be entertained by these masters of Rhyme and Story Telling who will bring you a mixed program in the style made popular all those years ago by Banjo Paterson, Henry Lawson & Co.

You will get to hear their own work as well as that of leading Australian Bush Poets, both Traditional and Contemporary. Not only that, but all events are FREE

Further information and a full timetable can be found at
www.wabushpoets.asn.au

EKKA REPORT 2013

Another very successful EKKA - (Brisbane's 136th Royal National Show) - has come to a close and I can confidently say it has been one of the best !! The weather was absolutely perfect - beautiful sunny skies and wonderful attendances - especially at the "EKKA BUSH POETRY" performances !! We had some really great Stages - The John Reid Pavilion, The Community Stage and the Garden Platform were all very good venues, with plenty of seating - the Community Stage was an open-air venue and there were lots of shady spots to sit. The Garden Platform was new - it is located in the old Show-bag Pavilion which has been refurbished and, for the Ekka, became the Agricultural Pavilion and Garden Pavilion.

The Ekka Bush Poets were very popular and we had good audiences at most of our performances. We had 20 Poets performing and, on three days, one young Country singer, Timmy Drury who has been performing with the Ekka Bush Poets for about 4 years now. Also, on a couple of days, we had another young performer, Ashleigh Ross, (Suzanne Honour's granddaughter), who performed some wonderful traditional poetry and also sang "Danny Boy" beautifully.

Our 2 loyal little performers from Warwick - Amy and Emily Bradfield popped in to our performances in between their Horse-riding and competition commitments - thank you to both of you. I am happy to say that if these young performers continue entertaining us, then Australian Bush Poetry is in good hands !! - and I salute you all. Without naming all our fantastic poets, I would like to thank each and every one of you - especially all the poets who came from interstate and out of Brisbane - your attendance is very much appreciated - without you, our Shows at the Ekka could not continue. You all gave your valuable time and experience (for such a small remittance) so the Patrons of the Ekka could enjoy and appreciate our wonderful culture - my heartfelt thanks to you all. We also had a successful EKKA BUSH POETRY COMPETITION on the first Saturday of the Show - the number of entries were up from last year but we would still like to have more entries - please tell your friends so they can all enter next year's competition.

I would like to thank my fellow poet Noel Stallard for his great help and support over the years in helping me present the Ekka Bush Poetry Competition - also, the other generous people involved - Noel's wife Ann, our MC, - my fellow Judges, Noel Stallard and John Best and our Collaters, Lin and Jim Kennedy and Glennie Best for being our runner - without you all, the competition would not go ahead.

Many, many thanks to everyone who participated and to our wonderful audiences -

With many thanks

Trisha Anderson



2014 Australian Bush Laureate Awards Now Open

Hello, everyone

Please find attached, the link to the nomination form for the upcoming Australian Bush Laureate Awards to be staged in Tamworth in January. <http://www.bushlaureate.com.au>

Following the success of the new Traditional Rhyming Verse Song Lyric category at the 2013 Awards, we are introducing a new category for Contemporary Australian Song Lyric of the Year. A media release with more information can be found at the end of the nomination form.

Sadly, we have also decided to drop the Children's Poem of the Year category which has, unfortunately, never attracted many entries.

As usual, if you have any query regarding any aspect of the Awards, don't hesitate to get in touch. And don't forget, there are now no entry fees for the Awards. We look forward to receiving your nominations soon.

Note the closing date, Monday October 28.

Kind regards

Bob Kirchner

On The Road With Mannie...



In Mark Twain Country

Samuel Langhorne Clemens (Mark Twain) was the sixth of seven children born to John and Jane Clemens on the 30th November, 1835 in the village of Florida, Munroe County, Missouri. Florida sits about two and a half hours North of Saint Louis and half an hour's drive (35 miles) from Hannibal where he grew up on the banks of the Mississippi River. It was Samuel's boast that by his mere arrival, he boosted the population of Florida by one percent. He came into the World with the arrival of Halley's Comet. So his mother predicted greatness for her premature and sickly infant son, whose survival in those challenging times was not typical.

Mark Twain is much revered by the American people. The humble cottage he was born in has been relocated, preserved and meticulously restored in a purpose-built building on the banks of Mark Twain Lake in Mark Twain State Park.

The plaque on the cabin reads: "November 30, 1835 ...

INTO THE NARROW LIMITS OF THIS CABIN WAS BORN SAMUEL CLEMENS. WHO, AS MARK TWAIN, LIVED TO CHEER AND COMFORT A TIRED WORLD."

When Samuel was four years old, the family moved to Hannibal on the banks of the Mississippi. Hannibal offered plenty of playground for its children, rich or poor, and would later become the setting for Samuel's most beloved books.

From his Autobiography ...

"In the small town of Hannibal Missouri, when I was a boy everybody was poor but didn't know it; and everybody was comfortable and did know it."

"In the summer the table was set in the middle of that shady and breezy floor, and the sumptuous meals - well, it makes me cry to think of them. Fried chicken, roast pig; wild and tame turkeys, ducks and geese; venison just killed; squirrels, rabbits, pheasants, partridges, prairie-chickens; biscuits, hot butter cakes, hot buckwheat cakes, hot "wheat-bread," hot rolls, hot corn pone; fresh corn boiled on the ear, succotash, butter-beans, string-beans, tomatoes, peas, Irish potatoes, sweet potatoes, buttermilk, sweet milk, "clabber"; watermelons, musk-melons, cantaloupes - all fresh from the garden; apple pie, peach pie, pumpkin pie, apple dumplings, peach cobbler - I can't remember the rest."

Mark Twain modelled his characters on people that he knew. The character Huckleberry Finn, was in fact Samuel's childhood friend, Tom Blankenship. Laura Hawkins, an actual friend of Samuel's became Becky Thatcher and Samuel himself was Tom Sawyer.

Hannibal Newspaper Comments Re. Tom Blankenship (Huck Finn)

Hannibal Daily Messenger, April 21, 1861.

"Marion [County] Circuit Court. --The special term of the Circuit court of this County has been in session at Palmyra the past week. Tom Blankenship charged with stealing turkeys in the city, and John Leas for stealing a coat pleaded guilty, and each were sentenced to thirty days imprisonment in the county jail."

Hannibal Daily Messenger, June 4, 1861

"At his old business. --We understand that Tom Blankenship, who lay at the Palmyra jail nearly all winter for stealing turkeys, entered the garden of Mr. Trumbo in the west end of town, Sunday night, and stole all his onions. What is it that Tom wouldn't steal? We expect next to hear of his 'cabbaging' all the garden vegetables in this town, after which he will probably go out in the country and 'hook' a few wheat and oat fields."

The plaque says ... "TOM SAWYER'S FENCE

Here stood the board fence which Tom Sawyer persuaded his gang to pay him for the privilege of whitewashing. Tom sat by and saw that it was well done."

In Mark Twain Country.....continued

THE LOREMAKERS February 27, 2002

Mark Twain's genius was his ability to turn the words and stories of ordinary Americans into literature. In the same way, The Bulletin writers Henry Lawson and Banjo Paterson forged a new narrative of a nation. Les Carlyon looks at what made these men great storytellers.

Les Carlyon uses a new documentary on Mark Twain as a starting point for an essay on the birth of vernacular writing. Carlyon argues that Twain's approach to writing and storytelling was similar to that practised by The Bulletin school, Henry Lawson, A.B. Paterson and others.

Of course, Twain visited Sydney in 1895 as part of a round-the-world lecture tour to earn money to pay off debts which had bankrupted him. His experiences were recorded in *Following the Equator*. Twain was a raging success here and while in Sydney, he hooked up with The Bulletin's editor and founder J.F. Archibald.

The hardworking Archibald had few hobbies other than fishing, a pastime Twain had enjoyed in his childhood on the Mississippi and later immortalised in print. Pat Rolfe's history of The Bulletin, *The Journalistic Javelin*, tells the story of one of Archibald's and Twain's encounters. "When Twain was in Sydney, they went fishing together and it was said that Archibald had a lad posted below the cliff with supplies of freshly caught fish to make sure the American writer's line was regularly weighted."

Source: The Bulletin



The Cabin in which Mark Twain was born.



Interior of the Cabin



The Tom Sawyer and Huck Finn Memorial



The Mighty Mississippi, looking South (downstream) of Hannibal

The Humble Cottage

©Maureen Clifford



One old and humble cottage upon a Melbourne street with concrete path well worn by many years of passing feet.

A bull nosed iron verandah, tin roof painted ox- blood red. Peace roses round the front porch, white daisies nod their head. It's owner now is getting old but she's lived here for years and raised her children in this home and faced her greatest fears. Her husband called to fight for king and country years ago, the man returned, but not the same – a leg lost in Bordeaux.

She struggled on over the years her kids grew tall and strong. They married and raised families, her bloodlines carried on; with grandchildren for her to nurse and great grandchildren now. She was content in her small home. Good health this did allow. But now she tried to shake the fear that she had thought long past when one Grandson came round to say that he had at long last been told that his deployment to Afghanistan was here. He thought it an adventure – she thought of war with fear.

But not a tremble in her voice nor tear in her blue eye gave him the slightest inkling that his Gran would weep and cry the minute that he left the house – for she'd been here before; and sent a healthy man away. He'd returned scarred by war. He too was fit and young and strong – a bloke just in his prime. None thought the war would last so long – six years was a long time.

Today she tends her roses though her eyes are getting dim and sits on her verandah reading a letter from him. He tells her everything's OK; he thinks he's coping well but they are plagued by shortages, desert warfare is hell. It feels like time's receded and the letter that she holds is from her own young soldier boy, a loved bloke, brave and bold. And as she reads, tears seep and trickle down her lined face. Her skin now aged parchment, crumpled sepia framed with lace.

She holds the letter to her breast, and blue eyes softly weep she prays her God will keep him safe – her God now grants her sleep on the shady verandah with its bull nosed roof of red where drifts of sweet rose petals fall around her feet and head. The traffic roar is far away – she hears it not at all, she hears her children's voices softly echo in the hall.

The front gate swings on rusted hinge – it's open, set to greet the loved ones who return to mourn again on Melbourne Street.

Come and join in Maureen's Writing Workshops at our Website. Monthly topics to challenge you as well as all sorts of fun and friends to made!

www.abpa.org.au

(Website membership is free and easy to sign up for online)



AROUND THE CAMPFIRE Illustrated in full colour with Terry PIGGOTT

Armed with a metal detector, a camera and his pen, Terry finds gold with his poetry and photographs. Printed in full colour, the large format (8 1/2" x 11") book presents award winning poetry at it's best. There is beauty and hardship for company in the Australian outback, clearly portrayed in Terry's photographs. Published in paperback and now in a handsome hardback for your book shelf, coffee table or to give as a gift.

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This Book Published with the services of JH James (Eliza)
eliza@jamesbigpond.com

Available with World Wide Distribution, TJBBooks



2014 A.B.P.A. BUSH POETRY COMPETITION The "Golden Damper" Performance Awards



Tamworth became the home of Australian Bush Poetry over 25 years ago when a small local poetry reading group began a Bush Poetry competition in a local hotel during the Country Music Festival. This competition grew & grew in popularity with both performers and audiences alike until it reached its current standing as one of the 'premier' Bush Poetry competitions in the country.

Indeed the "Golden Damper" Performance Awards has been a launching pad for the careers of some of Australia's best performers and writers since its inception. Familiar names such as Murray Hartin, Mark Gliori, Bobby Miller, Bob Magor, Milton Taylor, Roderick Williams, Noel Stallard, David Proust, Peter Mace, Ray Essery, Guy McLean, Gregory North, Melanie Hall, Carol Heuchan, Gabby Colquhoun & Marion Fitzgerald have won the coveted trophies since it began in 1987. Many of these artists have since gone on to be Australian Bush Poetry Champions!

As it happened a number of these performers banded together to form the Australian Bush Poet's Association (ABPA), an organisation which now has hundreds of members and provides support and guidance for performers and sets the guidelines for how bush poetry competitions should be run.

In 2013 the Tamworth Poetry Reading Group handed over the running of the event, to the ABPA so it is now being run under their auspices. In recent years the "Golden Damper" Performance Awards have been held in the very comfortable environs of the West Tamworth Leagues Club and West's will continue to host the event under its new banner.

For 2014 the "Golden Damper" Performance Awards will consist of 2 sections, Original & Established (Modern or Traditional). 3 days of heats will be held in the "Outback Bar" (at West's Leagues) on Tues the 21st, Thurs the 23rd and Fri the 24th of January 2014 with the finals being held in "Blazes" Auditorium on Sat the 25th January 2014.

Entries are invited from both established and new performers. Entry forms are available from the ABPA website, www.abpa.org.au or send a stamped, self addressed envelope to

2014 Golden Damper Competition, PO Box 701, Morningside Qld, 4170.
Entries close when the **9 allotted spaces** in each section on each day are filled.

Mike 'Choppa' Chopping - A Voice From The Blue

It's is strange sometimes, when a person you are talking to suddenly recites you a small poem they have written and it happens to be exactly what you are looking for. And such was the case at the Mildura CMF festival this year when I was being driven to a show by our Festival Chauffeur, Mike 'Choppa' Chopping.

One of the nicest gentleman you could meet, Choppa hails from Dandenong and was enlisted with the RAN Portland and is now heavily involved in Veteran's Affairs. The following is the poem he recited to me. I hope you enjoy it as much as I did.

It's November, Remember

© Mike 'Choppa' Chopping (RAN - Portland)

At the eleventh hour of the eleventh day,
Of the eleventh month each year,
We gather across this land of ours,
To respect, and shed a tear.

We think of all those heroes,
From wars of years gone by,
We hear of death and suffering,
And ask the question "Why?"

They didn't bat an eyelid,
When asked to face a foe.
Just took up arms, and forged ahead
There was no such word as "No!"

For it was the Air Force, the Army, the Navy
Who crossed the air, the land and the sea
To make Australia the land that it is
This land of the young and the free

And on this very special day,
We hear the Last Post played
We say a prayer, we think of you,
With every wreath that's laid.

To all those men and women
No matter how big or small your parts
The people of Australia say "We thank you,
From the bottom of our hearts."





'd boldest riders take their place' ... AB Paterson

Competition 29th – 31st December, 2013

at the Station[™], Jindabyne NSW

(part of the Snowy Mountains)

with both written serious and humorous categories \$150.00 first prize.

Will be on stage in the best Poetry Performance Competition

hosted by well known Bush Poet Carol Heuchan, and including a great performance for everyone all weekend alongside the Stockman's Challenge over the 3 days.

For further information contact the Muster

Website: www.bungendorecountrymuster.com.au

BUNGENDORE COUNTRY MUSTER



Bungendore Showground 27TH January – 2nd February 2014

A WEEK OF AUSTRALIAN COUNTRY MUSIC, POETRY AND YARN SPINNERS.

Poets Breakfast 7.30 – 9.30, Tuesday 28th Jan to Sunday 2nd Feb.

Time and place for juniors, beginners, readers and reciters, all ages. Serious or comedy but Australian theme preferred.

No competition, just great appreciation from the enthusiastic audience.

Monday – Friday Night: Organised walk ups will be held at various times during the day. All categories, singers musicians ect, welcome.

Campers will have their chance to vote for the best country performer/s. The winner must be camping at the Showground and will have a spot on the main stage on Saturday.

Saturday 2.00 pm – 8.00pm - Concert featuring well known Bush Balladeers.

Saturday 8.00 pm - till late not to be missed "Stan Coster Awards".

Sunday 10.00 am – 6 pm - Top Australian Bush Balladeers including not to be missed Brian Letton finally

To keep in line with the "Only All Australian Country Festival in Australia", acts that have an Australian flavour would be appreciated

Ample powered and unpowered campsites, at the showground, available from 12.noon on Monday 27/1/14.

Booking not required

Further Information phone Winston or Di (02) 62382380 Mob. 0418697028.

Email winscape2@bigpond.com

www.bungendorecountrymuster.com.au

GRENFELL GOLD FEST

O'Brien's Bards Breakfast

October 26th at 8am until 9.30am

Featuring Award Winning Bush Poet and Entertainer

Frank Daniel.

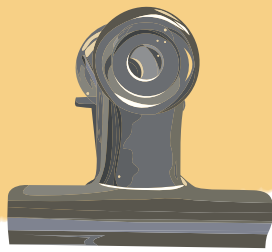


(O'Brien's Hill is located on Camp Street on the road to Cowra.)

The poets breakfast will be one activity on the Grenfell Gold Fest program. The Gold Fest celebrates the discovery of gold in Grenfell in 1866. The poets breakfast will be held on the site where gold was first discovered. The Gold Fest activities will take place in Grenfell's Main Street just 1 km from O'Brien's Hill

Other activities confirmed for the day include historic artefact display, leatherwork, blacksmith and bush furniture displays, live music and dance, bushranger re-enactments, a 'Gold Trails' themed art exhibition and more.

Visit the website www.grenfell.org.au/goldfest for the full program or phone 0263432855.



Regular Monthly Events

NSW

Illawarra Breakfast Poets meet every Wednesday at 7am at Coniston Community Hall, next to Coniston Railway Station. Ample parking, no steps, everyone welcome.

"Bush Poetry In The Upper Lachlan." 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

Port Macquarie (Hastings-Macleay) Poetry Group now meets 2nd Sunday afternoon 1pm to 4pm, Port Macquarie Senior Citizens Club (Pioneer Room), south end of Munster St, Port Macquarie. Contact Rod, Janice, Ian, Tom or Bessie 6584 5425

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 @ Black Swan Wine Bar and Gallery. last Sunday of every odd month, 2-4pm Open mic. Contact Robyn Sykes 02 6227 4377

QUEENSLAND

North Pine Bush Poet Group meet from 9am on 1st and 3rd Sunday of every month at the True Blue Cafe, Kurwongbah

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

Kilcoy Unplugged - 7pm 1st and 3rd Monday of the month at Kilcoy Bowling Club, 11 Royston St. Kilcoy. \$2 donation Contact John (07) 54651743

Bundaberg Poets Society Inc. 2nd Saturday of the month. Rum City Silver Band Hall, Targo Street. Contact Edna (07) 41597198; Jayson (07) 41550778 or Sandy (07) 41514631.

Beaudesert Bush Bards meet on the 3rd 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.

Redcliffe Peninsular Poets - 1st Tuesday of the month, 7pm to 9pm. Winton Room, Redcliffe Cultural Centre, Downs Street, Redcliffe. Contact Trish (07) 38847790 or Trish1942@gmail.com

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

Shorncliffe Cafe On The Park - 3rd Monday of the month from 6pm, 6 Park Pde, Shorncliffe. Contact Kevin Dean (07) 38810986.

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' also for ukelele, accordion, Older Day Care entertainment etc. If you're up our way, contact Jan Lewis (02) 60774332

WA

Albany Bush Poets Group 4th Tuesday of each month. Contact Peter 98446606
Perth monthly muster, 1st Friday at the RSL Club, Fred Bell Pde, East Victoria Park at 7pm. Contact Dave 0438341256 or Terry 0894588887.