

# A.B.P.A.

Australian Bush Poets  
Association  
Volume 20 No. 3  
June/July 2014



# 19<sup>th</sup> BUNDY BUSH POETRY MUSTER .. 2014

incorporating

## Qld Performance Bush Poetry Championship

Across the Waves Sports Club Inc. - Sails Function Room  
1 Miller Street, Bundaberg.

July 4th, 5th & 6th

July 4th, 5th & 6th

### Performance Competitions

- Under 8 - Recite favourite poem
- 8 Years to Under 16 Years
- Open – Traditional, Modern & Original
- Intermediate – Traditional & Modern
- Novice – Traditional, Modern & Original
- Yarn Spinning
- Duo Competition
- One Minute Cup

### Performance Enquiries

SSAE to:  
The Performance Co-ordinator  
Bundaberg Poets' Society Inc  
PO Box 4281  
BUNDABERG 4670

### Closing date for Competition

**June 21st, 2013**

(Time permitting late entries will be taken on the week-end)

FREE poetry workshop will be conducted by Greg North on July 3<sup>rd</sup> in Sails Function Room at Across the Waves Sports Club



Doors open at 8.30 a.m. for competitions to commence at 9.00 a.m.

### ENTERTAINMENT

**FRIDAY EVENING: Walk-Up**

7.30 p.m. Poetry/Variety Concert  
Admission: \$3-00

7.30 p.m. **SATURDAY EVENING: 'The Concert'**  
featuring

Gregory North - Noel Stallard - Bob Magor  
Admission: \$15-00 (Prior purchase is advisable)



Sandy Lees .. 07 41514631 or leesjds1@yahoo.com.au

Concert Ticket & workshop bookings .. Phone or e.mail Sandy Lees on above contact

Entry Forms also available on ABPA website: [abpa.org.au/bushpoetry/entry.htm](http://abpa.org.au/bushpoetry/entry.htm)



## 'The Kembla Flame'

Written Poetry competition

Closing Date 11th June 2014

Entry forms on the ABPA Website

from the 'Home Page' go to

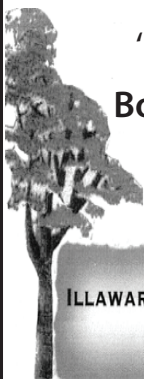
'Events' and download - or

contact: [zondraeking@gmail.com](mailto:zondraeking@gmail.com)

Please note: the address for the

'Kembla Flame' has changed to

**Box 2074 Wollongong NSW 2520**



ILLAWARRA BREAKFAST  
POETS



## LOGAN VILLAGE MUSIC AND HERITAGE FESTIVAL

### BUSH POETRY COMPETITIONS IN SOUTH OF BRISBANE.

9.30am Sunday 14th September 2014 in the Hall,  
Wharf St, Logan Village.

Free Entry for: Novice, Traditional, Original \$75 \$50 \$25  
\$50 for 'A One Minute Poem containing (Logan,  
River, & Wonderful)

Or

### RATHDOWNEY BUSH POETRY COMPETITION AND COUNTRY MARKET.

8.30am Saturday October 4th... Come for breakfast  
and...

Enter the Readers, Novice, Traditional, Original (Cash  
and prizes)

Rathdowney IDLE (comedy event) win a trophy.  
And a Heritage Written Poem for \$200 and \$50  
runner Up (Entry \$10)

### INFORMATION ON BOTH THE ABOVE

Ring Jim on 0403871325 or Gerry on 0413672218 or  
email [geraldineking@virginbroadband.com.au](mailto:geraldineking@virginbroadband.com.au) for entry forms.

# EDITORIAL



G'day and welcome to the June/July Edition of the ABPA Magazine.. Again we have to inform members of the sad and unexpected loss of another of our wonderful Bush Poetry mates in Robert Markwell, who passed away shortly after the MFSR Festival at Corryong, where he was amongst the many poets in attendance. Our commiserations to Jenny and family and our thoughts and prayers are with you all at this difficult time. A wonderful man who will be sadly missed but not forgotten.

As part of the winter migration, many poets are heading north to entertain the tourists at caravan parks up North. I'm on my way to Charters Towers Tourist Park again until the Gympie Muster if anybody is looking for me (for outstanding debts, etc.). I know the two Short Sheilas, Mel & Susie will again be at the Matilda in Winton and Bob Pacey will be at Yepoon, go if you are in the area then drop in say g'day.

Of course it is also State Of Origin time in the Northern states, and our Queensland members are quite excited as our NSW members are hiding in the shadows ready to jump out sprightly if the unexpected Happens!

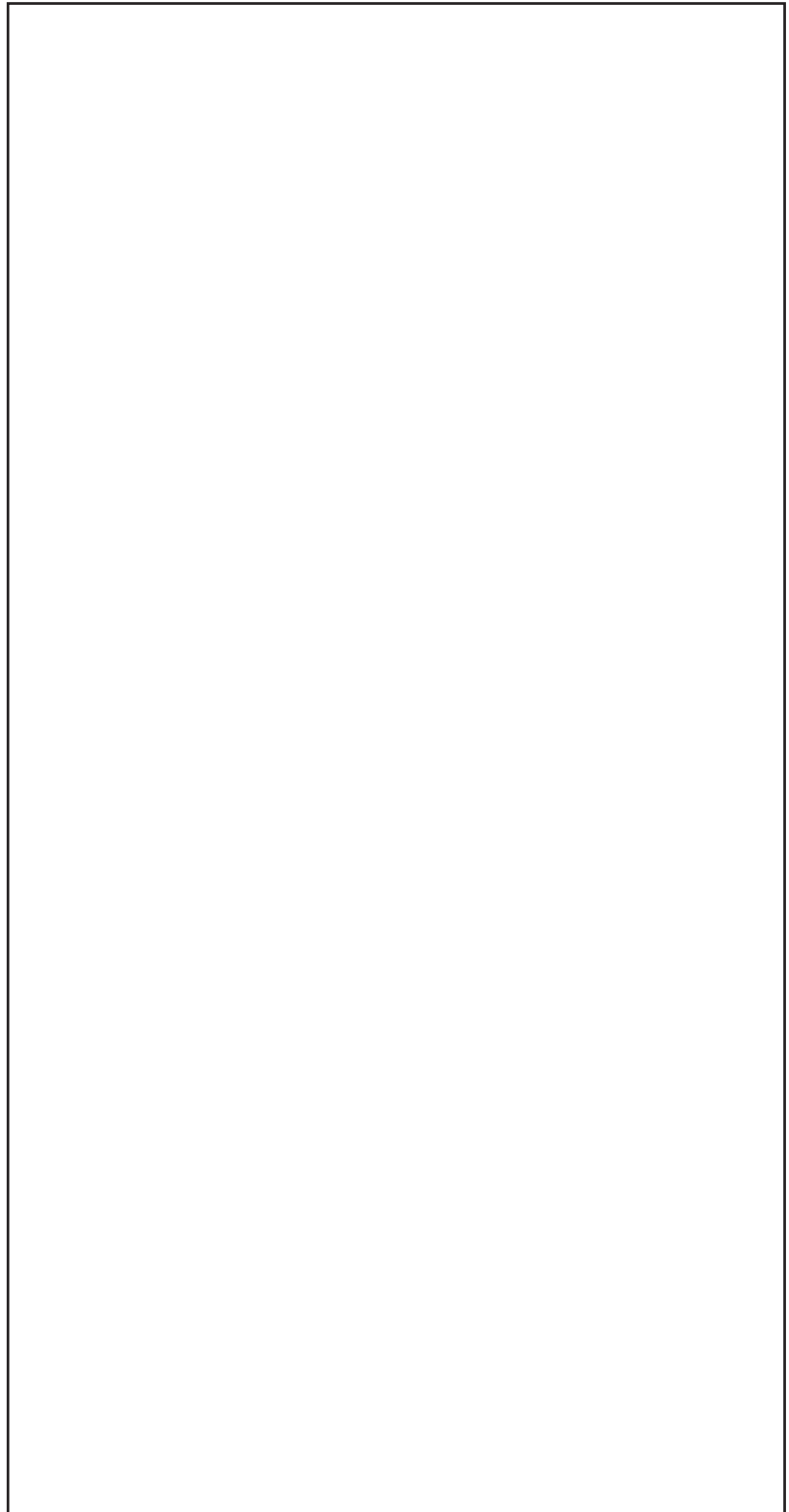
It is also that time of year where the beauty of Australia's Winter produces some wonderful inspiration for Bush Poetry. But as you can see by Colleen's pic on the front cover, some places such as Birdsville have a slightly lesser call for heaters and long johns!

Happy writing and performing to all and safe travels!

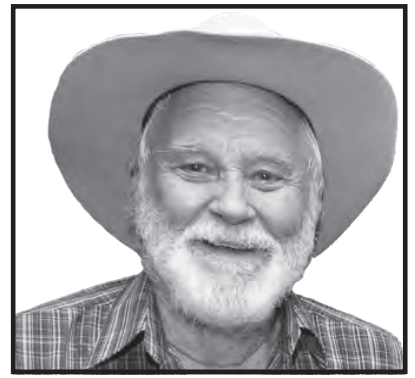
Neil McArthur

editor@abpa.org.au

**NOTE:- Next Magazine Deadline for submissions is July 31st**



# President's Report



Again, we must begin on a sad note. In April the ABPA lost another valued member in Bob Markwell. The whole ABPA community joins in extending condolences to Faye, Jenny and the Markwell family.

Several other members are in hospital or suffering ill health and our thoughts are with you all.

## **NEW MEMBERS**

We are now sending out welcome letters to new members to let them know what is available within the organization. We are pleased to report that so far this year we have had 24 new members and we wish each of them a very happy and long-term association with the ABPA.

## **WEBSITE**

Last month we had 8,000 visits to the ABPA Website hitting on 161,000 pages. This is quite impressive! With this type of input it was felt that it would be ideal to feature a different poet on the website every month. Details relevant to the featured poet will be placed on the home page for one month and then these details will be transferred to a side file to be kept as a feature poets' permanent register. In this way we will be introducing our wonderful poets (both performers and writers) to newcomers and to the general public. Poets selected will come from the entire membership and may be professionals, semi-professionals or amateurs but each will be considered as a worthy role model to represent the ABPA. Please let the Secretary know [secretary@abpa.org.au](mailto:secretary@abpa.org.au) if you would like a particular poet to be featured in this way.

## **BUSH POETRY COMPETITIONS**

It is important that all members are able to participate in those aspects of the ABPA which they enjoy. This year so far many Bush Poetry Performance and Written Competitions have been held, including a very successful Victorian State Championship in Corryong. We thank all the organizers who have put time and energy into running these events. Looking ahead, this year we have three more State Championships coming up in Bundaberg, Queensland, Binalong, N.S.W. and Toodyay, W.A. It is very pleasing to see that the competition model is still in a healthy state.

Many ideas are being trialled to try to improve and bring more variety into performance competitions. Bundaberg, Camooweal and many other festivals offer workshops and school visits as part of their program. Morisset conducted a festival based on workshops. WA introduced a section which allowed contestants to read their poems. North Pine is expanding their program by adding in all these aspects. State Delegates are reporting back to the Committee on the success of these innovations with a view to promulgating ideas and suggestions for other organizers to consider adopting. Whether or not these ideas will be taken up does, of course, depend on the time span and the nature of each individual event but we are always looking for ways to expand on what can be offered to members and to the public and we would welcome YOUR input.

## **GUIDELINES AND ASSESSMENT SHEETS**

The Committee is now finalising the upgrading of Competition Guidelines and Assessment Sheets and these will be available on the website as a Competition Package in June. The package will be trialled at the upcoming State and National Championships. All the documents in the Competition Package will be subject to periodic review to ensure that they are kept up to date with ABPA membership requirements.

## **FELLOWSHIP**

As a carry-over from the AGM it was suggested that a Professional Performer's Award should be given at a fund-raising awards ceremony. After much consideration within the committee and with input from the ABPA membership, this issue was found to be contentious and it has therefore had to be put aside. However, the response to having a general get-together of members and newcomers to foster camaraderie and extend our public image was welcomed. The first of these fun and fund-raising events will be held in Tamworth on the Wednesday evening of the AGM. More details will come later. While it is important to attract new members, it is also important that we share the benefits that being a part of the Bush Poetry community offers.

In poetry  
**Hal**

# ABPA Magazine Advertising Rates

## Black and White Ads

Full page \$80

Half Page \$40

Quarter Page or less \$20

## Full Colour Ads (Space limited)

Full Page \$200

Half Page \$100

Quarter Page or less \$60

## Poets Calendar and Regular Events free (one or two lines only)

*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 editor@abpa.org.au*

All payments to be made within 14 days to  
The Treasurer Greg North - 5 Dryandra Place  
Linden NSW 2778

or via Direct Debit to ABPA Account  
Comm. Bank BSB 064 433 Account No 1023 1528

*Please put your name/club/invoice as reference so  
Treasurer can identify who the deposit is from.*



Find and Like our new

ABPA Facebook Page.

Australian Bush Poets Association

Also find and join us on the World Wide Web

**www.abpa.org.au**

## New Information for ABPA

### Accredited Judges and Judging

After last issues Judges Form inserts, and the great response received, the Committee have asked me to let you know that all new forms and Judge's Lists are now available for your perusal at our website

**www.abpa.org.au**

## Proposed Performer of the Year Award

Planning is underway to have an ongoing ABPA Professional Bush Poet Performer of the Year Award with nominations and voting coming from the membership.

As a preliminary step, suggestions would be welcome on what to call this award. Please send your ideas to the

Secretary,

**secretary@abpa.org.au** or to

**ABPA Secretary, PO Box 1727, Charters Towers, Qld. 4820.**

# ABPA Committee Members 2014

## Executive:

President -- Hal Pritchard hal@abpa.org.au

Vice-President -- Graeme Johnson  
therhymerfromryde@bigpond.com

Secretary -- Brenda-Joy Pritchard secretary@abpa.org.au

Treasurer -- Gregory North treasurer@abpa.org.au

## Members on Committee:

...John Peel peel\_jg@hotmail.com  
...Robyn Sykes robynsykespoet@gmail.com  
...Carol Reffold patchworkpoet@hotmail.com

## ABPA State Delegates:

NSW -- Tom McIlveen portalarms@gmail.com  
Queensland -- Wally Finch d.dropbears@bigpond.com  
South Australia -- to be confirmed  
Tasmania -- Phillip Rush auspoems@bigpond.com  
Victoria -- Jan Lewis lintonandjan@poetfarm.com.au  
West Australia -- Irene Conner iconner21@wn.com.au

ABPA Editor -- Neil McArthur editor@abpa.org.au  
Web Administrator -- Greg North treasurer@abpa.org.au

G'day Neil

One of our older Bendigo poets members gave me two lines to a poem he re-calls in part from long ago, and one to another, for me to try and find poem(s) and authors.

Google has not given me any leads.

Years ago there used to be the occasional request for "Lost Poetry" in ABPA Newsletter.

Appreciate if you could put in an item for these:

1. A bolt of lightning from the sky lit up the darkened track  
and a horse it raced across the plains with a madman on its back.

2. How is it Jack that you don't drink

Cheers

Colin Carrington

If anyone can help Col, please email me at

editor@abpa.org.au

# 2014 National Folk Festival

## Milton Taylor Takes The Double

We are just home from the National Folk Festival over the Easter weekend where Milton Taylor took out both of the spoken word awards. The spoken word at the 'National' has been expanded of late with events on morning, afternoon and night. Not only for traditional rhyming verse but the 'slammers' also have a venue where they can go at it in as furious and fractured a manner as they wish. For the third year in a row, the Bush Poets won the 'Bush verses Slam' contest held on Good Friday.

There were two hours of great poetry at the Breakfast every day of the festival. The standard is being raised each year and this year, of the eight hours of 'Poets Breakfasts', (including the walk-ups) there were only a handful of 'readers'. Reciters were competing for the 'Reciter of the Festival' award which includes free tickets for next years festival. This year's award went to Milton Taylor with very moving recital of his poem "Remember". With the prize comes the responsibility of judging next year. It was a great surprise to have Milton appear at the festival and a delight for me to meet him.

The Yarn Spinning was held across the weekend with two days of heats and a final on Sunday. Again Milton was the outstanding presenter. I was a little in awe of the great man and felt honoured to share the stage with him. By default I was landed with em-ceeding the Yarn Spinning but enjoyed every minute of it. Judge of the day was Jason Roweth, a well knows entertainer on the festival circuit, having been last year's winner. Again the standard was high but the master took home the winners trophy to hold til next year.

The list of poets was remarkable and the festival should be commended for investing so much in the spoken word. There were Breakfasts, Poetry in the Park (an everyday, outdoor venue) and evening sessions, as well as individual performances and workshops by the programmed poets. Appearing (in random order) were Graeme Johnson (the Rhymer from Ryde), Robyn Sykes, Groffery W Graham, 'Irish Joe' Lynch, Ken Tough, Greg North, Lorraine Macrimmon, Laurie McDonald and Dick Warwick (USA). There were also many 'walk-ups' who could stand comfortably with the programmed poets including Ralph Scrivens, Alan Wright, (and me). Robyn Sykes gave an animated recital of John Peel's 'Elvis' Poem and I caught her in full flight.

I was very pleased we had power in the camp ground and that I had put the electric blanket on the bed as one night it made just above zero. It's the latest thing called 'Lamping' that is luxury camping. All in all a very successful and enjoyable festival.

**Reporter: Zondrae King**



Joe Lynch, Laurie Macdonald, Alan Wright, Zondrae King, Dick Warwick, Milton Taylor, Greg North, Robyn Sykes, Ralph Scrivens, Graeme Johnson.



Milton Taylor with the two Judges, Jason Roweth and Ken Tough.



Robyn Sykes in full flight.

# THE LEMON TREE

© Ron Stevens,

Winner, 2014, Bush Poetry Festival – Written Competition, Dunedoo, NSW

You ask me are there moments I recall as dear,  
if lights shine from my childhood, cardinal and clear?  
Remembrance treads unlikely roads when prodded so,  
by-passing petty paths to glory years ago  
downgraded, seen today as circles in the sand.  
My backtrack journey shows no milestones bold or grand,  
no fancy footsteps down an oak-lined boulevard.  
I halt beside the lemon tree in Granny's yard.

I'm young again, yet it has always shown its years  
with dignity, respected both for fruit and spears.  
My granny can be prickly too when all we kids  
are fighting over marbles – dids and didn'ts, dids  
and knuckles down square tight – the wrongs and rights for play  
and life developed here each nineteen-thirties day.  
With doors and gate unlocked, nobody needs stand guard  
on treasures round the lemon tree in Granny's yard.

A scooter, rusty bike and skew-whiff billycart  
are shared; and battered gloves to learn the noble art.  
The ring's defined by markings scraped in barren dirt  
and protocol dictates no little suffers hurt.  
With washing hung, our Granny's staring off somewhere  
and wipes her eye as though a phantom's stirred the air;  
perhaps reminding her our Dad, her son, once sparred  
beside a sapling lemon tree in Granny's yard.

The older kids recall his death and Mum's as well  
soon after, but for me the world began with smell  
of chooks, wild choko vines, a kelpie we'd named Dope  
and Granny's pet galah that screeches 'Here's the Pope!'  
Indeed the priest appears, though Granny cannot find  
the time to chat but 'Yes, we're coping well, and mind  
you take these lemons!' Hearts are soft, though times are hard  
and bitter-sweet the lemon tree in Granny's yard.

You might be mystified by how I have replied.  
No scholars mentored me, nor sages ever vied  
to guide me from the wilderness of troubled youth.  
If I have safely crossed dark bridges, valued truth  
and decency, it's due to her, a lady long  
since buried, who had wiped my nose and crooned a song  
of County Clare that still can charm this humble bard  
and fly me to the lemon tree in Granny's yard.



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## ANOTHER SUCCESSFUL BUSH POETRY FESTIVAL at DUNEDOO

Approximately 80 poets, friends and Dunedoo locals came to listen to many poets entertain their friends with several items of "off the cuff" poetry, this lasted for 3 hours of very enjoyable fun as friendships were renewed. "Sing Australia" supported the night with many well-known Australian songs.

Friday afternoon the "Intermediate" section commenced with 6 competitors with Jason Roweth from Millthorpe taking out the prize. The "Yarnspinning" was next with 8 people trying to outdo each other with their tall tales. You could feel your sore ribs becoming worse after every yarn. There were some "beauties". This section was won by Neil "The Drover" Jones with his yarn of "Whipped Cream".

Saturday started at 8:00 in the morning with the Classical sections, which are poems written 50 years ago or more, usually by a well-known author. Henry Lawson, A.B. Paterson, Will Ogilvie, John Yates and more authors were well represented in this section. The female winner was Rhonda Tallnash from Victoria with her rendition of "Wheat" by C.J.Dennis and the male winner, Robert Markwell with "In the Droving Days" by AB Paterson.

The Original Serious section, are poems written by the presenting poets themselves. There were very interesting and heart wrenching subjects in this section. Winner for the female poem was Jenny Markwell with "There Ain't No Cause to Worry Mum" and Terry Regan took out the male section with "Bullfrog Creek".

The afternoon moved on to the Contemporary sections which are poems written within 50 years and only some are by recognised authors. Many and varied subjects were recited here from a ghost at "Rocky Creek" to "The Nursing Home Breakout" to "Swingers". The winners were Rhonda Tallnash and Neil the Drover. The night entertainment was the Original Humorous female and male. Titles were from "The 3am Demise" to "Brainless". Well these poems made the school hall rock on its foundations with laughter and the winners were Rhonda Tallnash again and Terry Regan. Rhonda Tallnash and Terry Regan were Overall winners of the week-end. Competition was of a very high standard with several Judges decisions having to be referred to a count back and even an equal place.

The Written Serious section was won by Ron Stevens of Dubbo NSW, with his "The Lemon Tree". Ron was also second in this section with "Readiness". The winner in the Written Humorous section was Val Wallace from Glendale, Newcastle, NSW, with "The Slater".

The extremely interesting "Breakfast with the Poets Brawl" on Sunday morning was won by an old Dunedoo local Ted Webber now from Wagga Wagga with the title "The Drought". Very clever writing that was appreciated by the loudest applause from the audience. Speaking with the visitors and poets, they expressed their admiration for the organisation of the Bush Poetry Festival. A lot of work by a small committee and a very devoted group of a few volunteers, certainly made this week-end a great success and cemented the future for many more festivals. We all look forward to support for our 17th Festival on the week-end of the first Saturday in March 2015.

Eric Beer - Festival Organizer

## Poetry In Schools - Manfred Vijars

Had a wonderful workshop (or should I say 'workout') with the year four students at Gumdale recently. There were two workshop sessions, all for the year fours, eighty in the first and fifty in the second. The jewel in the crown was, when after each session, both boys and girls came up and hugged me. Yes, it was embarrassingly wonderful.

Primary school teachers are screaming out for help with their new curriculum. The kids themselves are challenging but utterly rewarding. I have the dubious title of "Resident Poet" at three schools in my area. Initially, I simply contacted the Head, presented my skills and asked for direction. Shortly after, I was contacted by various class teachers and we discussed their class programme, they provided me with their respective class planners and was asked to workshop in different slots. The class planners were valuable as they showed what poetry skills they had, and in discussion with the teachers, areas of support were identified.

Each Primary year is different and the kid's level of engagement can also vary. Undoubtedly, the teacher's student knowledge is invaluable. I've found, for me, that physical engagement with the kids is imperative. That means getting them up to do stuff (and me joining in). Besides who enjoys being lectured on poetry by having it read out to them?

The two things that were critical to helping to tailor the workshops were, 1. Class planner, and 2. Theatre sports. The class planner as well as student knowledge is provided by the teachers. Theatre sports activities you will find on the web. Yes, you may have to hunt a bit but eventually you will find something that is up YOUR alley, an activity that YOU are comfortable with and, are able to weave our poetic magic into and use as an exciting vehicle for sharing our Poetry.

I realise that this activity isn't for everyone, and that's ok. This is what works for me, others may have a different approach with similar successes - would love to hear them.

Just how satisfying can it be, "Planting trees under who's shade we may never sit"?

Manfred.



### GUMDALE STATE SCHOOL

677 New Cleveland Road  
P.O. Box 6  
GUMDALE, Q. 4154

Principal: MRS D HANSEN  
Deputy Principal: MR A. FARINAZZO  
Deputy Principal: MRS C. HERBERT  
E-mail: [REDACTED]  
Internet: [REDACTED]

Wednesday March 19<sup>th</sup>, 2014

Dear Manfred,

I would like to sincerely thank you on behalf of the year 4 teachers for your time and effort in conducting a poetry workshop at our school. Your workshop was highly energetic, entertaining and very valuable to our students who are currently undertaking poetry as part of the Australia Curriculum.

Your skills in getting the children to actively participate and want to write poetry were phenomenal. So many of our students were unwilling to have a go at writing poetry, as they considered it to be uncool, until you came and sparked their enthusiasm and made writing poetry interesting and cool.

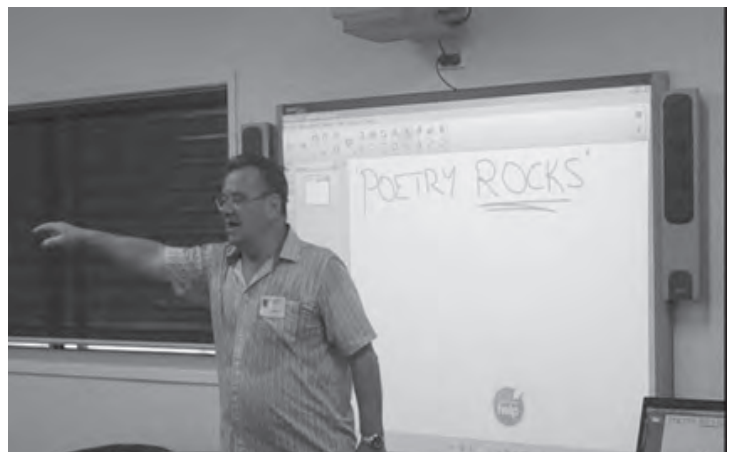
Your technique in being able to start writers off is of great value to us. Students who now come in and say they do not know what to write are just referred back to your technique. They then can accomplish a written piece quite easily and enthusiastically.

Your professionalism and willingness to go above and beyond with this workshop was also highly valued. In initial discussions, the teachers were very precise in what we were wanting from the workshop. You not only worked within those parameters you exceeded all expectations in what could be achieved with this workshop.

I once again thank you for everything you have done, not only for the workshop but for our staff and students in inspiring us to love poetry.

Kind Regards,

Evette Tapinos  
Year 4 Teacher  
Gumdale State School





# Carol Gets Herself In Some Strange States!

Drive-in banks?? (do you want fries with that?) Diabetes dogs? (lets you know when your sugar levels are up.) Pre-heated cars? (Flick a switch and by the time you walk to your car, it's locked but the engine is running and the seats are warmed.)

That's the U.S.A. But our poet Carol Heuchan, on her fifth performance tour, saw the other side as well. She went out on real working ranches where they still use big horse teams to take hay out to cattle on winter pastures.

Carol started (after travelling for thirty four hours) with concerts and workshops in schools in Colorado, then a television show in Denver, cracking the stockwhip and doing Man from Snowy River bush poetry. They call it Cowboy Poetry over there and Gatherings are held throughout the 'western' states. The first was the Colorado Cowboy Poetry and Music Gathering in Golden, the kick off a 'Branding Party' in History Park. All the local ranchers came in and everyone burnt brands into old barn timber which was then used as part of the stage decoration.

The entertainers stay in the fabulous Table Mountain Inn – state of the art adobe architecture against the backdrop of the snow clad Rocky Mountains and the concerts are at the Mountaineering Conference Centre and the School of the Mines Auditorium. There's a big archway over the main street in Golden that says " Howdy Folks! Welcome to Golden – Where the West Lives" Wow.

The Colorado Gathering goes for four days of fabulously orchestrated day and night concerts. Audiences big and really appreciative. There's Chuck Wagon cooking, brilliant musicians and jam sessions afterwards till all hours of the morning, the camaraderie amazing.

A couple more schools and little concerts then it's adventure time. Staying up in the mountains in Conifer, hiking in National Parks, gallivanting around Denver, wining and dining, shopping and going to the National Stock Show's big rodeo at the Colosseum in Denver. Then off to Elko, Nevada, staying at the Stockmen's Casino Hotel for

a week for the National Cowboy Poetry Gathering – the biggest one. Main job this time, the Ranch Tours and a couple of smaller concerts. What a time was had. All the performers are close friends and when this get-together happens, it's like one big fun family homecoming party. And what handsome cowboys! The farewell dance is just grand.

Next stop Apache Junction, Arizona where Carol and Canadian poet, Doris Daley did a concert before heading down for another show and a school on the way to Tombstone. Yep, the real McCoy western town of Tombstone where the thirty artists booked for the Sierra Vista Gathering had the kick off party, performing in Big Nose Kate's Saloon. Amazing place - one whole wall of stained glass pictures of Wyatt Earp, Doc Halliday, Bat Masterson etc.

The organisation of the Cochise Cowboy Gathering in Sierra Vista is daunting. Military precision (it's where Fort Huachuca is) combines with warmth and excitement. As in Colorado, Carol was featured as headliner performer and the response was great. VIP functions, parties and jam sessions galore. Goes without saying, there's not much sleep, the plane trip home a welcome rest.

Not for long though. Carol's next big gig is the Royal Easter Show. It's her fifth year as main arena commentator (for the whole two weeks).

Geek that gets her out of some housework.



## *Improve your writing skills as a Poet.*

Each fortnight, member **Maureen Clifford** sets 'Homework' Topics on our forum page in the Writing Workshop section. All Registered Forum Users can participate in the writing exercises for the current fortnight.

Users can also participate in comment and constructive feedback in this Workshop. It is a very popular section of the forum and you can register to the website for free

**[www.abpa.org.au](http://www.abpa.org.au)**

Come and join in and improve your writing skills in a diverse range of topics and styles, and we congratulate Maureen for her dedication to such wonderful and constructive input to our website

Dear Neil,  
I like the look of our ABPA mag – thanks to all concerned!  
Perhaps you can find space for a tribute to my late husband, Frank Jennings, my best supporter and encourager. He accompanied me on trips to Tamworth, Bundaberg and other poetry venues, and helped me with the nuts and bolts of publishing seven books of verse.

Before his death on 30th August last year, from pneumonia, Frank assisted at all my book “launches”, especially the latest one in October 2012, “Homely Poems”. He said he would wear “something homely”, and he did: my old yellow dress, my bag apron and his slippers. With his copious beard and hairy legs, he had the guts to make himself look ridiculous – inspiring my poem, “Frank in Drag”. I enclose that, and two other poems written in appreciation of that rather special man.

Sincerely,  
Bessie Jennings.

### **FRANK IN DRAG**

©Bessie Jennings, 2012

I've hear a lot of euphemisms; this one is a pearl –  
to say “She's rather homely” – meaning “What an ugly girl!”  
However, I can safely say that when it comes to virtue  
being 'plain' or 'homely-looking' doesn't really hurt you.

If “handsome is as handsome does” (or so the saying goes),  
I'd rather have a brave face than a cute one, heaven knows.  
I'm filled with admiration for your courage, I confess,  
that you could wear a beard and slippers when you wore a dress.

No need to shave or wax your legs, or even shave your face.  
Your hairy legs and armpits and your beard are no disgrace.  
I'm so impressed, dear Frank, the way you go the second mile.  
You came to give me your support – and did it with a smile.

### **BLACK BELT**

©Bessie Jennings, 2013

In younger days, he had a fine physique and he could run.  
At team sports he excelled and any exercise was fun.  
He loved his footy; cricket too. With style unorthodox  
he clean bowled lots of batsmen. He was even known to box.

He K-O'd fellers twice his size; at tennis he could ace them.  
He served the balls with deadly skill – he knew just how to place them.  
At hockey, he took lots of goals, with moves as fast as lightning.  
The other players ducked away; his strokes were just so frightening!

As time went by, he slowed a bit – from track and field to swimming.  
He put a bit of weight on, and his middle needed slimming.  
He took up golf – a slower game – made lots of holes in one.  
Yes; slowly, imperceptibly, his mid-life had begun.

A smidgen of arthritis; then with waistline getting fat  
he joined a seniors' bowling club. Yes, he excelled at that.  
Then stooping too got difficult; his body couldn't cope.  
He found his great physique was sliding down a slippery slope.

He thought he'd take up judo, or jujitsu, tai-kwon-do  
or maybe just tai chi would do; he really didn't know.  
He'd heard that as a discipline those martial arts are great  
to stop yourself declining to a vegetative state.

He wears a black belt now, the kind you wear against your skin.  
It stops his back from aching, and it pulls his belly in.  
He fastens it with Velcro, and it helps support his back  
especially on country roads, along a bumpy track.

He watches all the news reports (and commentaries too)  
and mutters at the polities, tells them what they ought to do.  
He doesn't shine at sport these days, but that black belt he wears  
must signify he's expert in the field of world affairs.



### **BUSH POETRY AT THE SALE YARDS**

7pm, Saturday the 15th of March was a mild and humid night in the fresh air of Gloucester NSW below “The Bucketts” hills. Under the auspices of the Gloucester Rotary Club, the bush poets were on at the not so fresh air of the Gloucester Saleyards bull ring and plenty of supporters came along.

A good crowd of nearly 400 filled the tiered seats, with their eskies and bags of chips and other such vital supplies for the 6th annual Bush Poetry at the Sale Yards. MC Peter Markey introduced the Bowden Bros to kick off the show with some country guitars and singing.

Gabby Colquoun started the bush poets with several poems including Women's Wobbly Bits and Stanley the Stud. Next Bob Bush held forth with the woes of a poor man doing his own washing with The Machine. Claire Reynolds included Paterson's, Some Other Time and The Meeting of Truth by Heather Searles. A 16 year old newcomer, Wyatt Hall got a rousing applause with Paterson's Saltbush Bill's Game-cock. Then Peter Mace also did some of Banjo's stuff, with The Drover's Horse and then a tribute to the late John Dengate with Australian Made.

After interval, another bush poets' round which had Claire Reynolds giving us the family snaps Up in the Pilbara, Bob Bush extolling his golf, Ball You Cannot Lose and Gabby Colquoun doing a colourful Ballad of Pedalling Pete, which included an amazing impression of frantic bicycle pedalling ( I think that's what it was ) Peter Mace finished off the night with a moving memorial to the HMAS Sydney and then a poem about “Roger” which may or may not have been autobiographical.

It was a very successful event, which seems set to continue for some years.

*(Top Photo - Bob Bush entertaining the Salesyard Crowd)*

*(Bottom Photo - Stage set up for the Performers at the Salesyard)*



# Vale Robert 'Bob' Maxwell

*The Bush Poetry world lost a great reciter, a wonderful supporter, a real gentleman and a true friend when Robert (Bob) Maxwell was tragically killed in a bicycle accident last month.*

My Dad - **Robert Clifford Maxwell** - Bob - was born on August 25th 1940. He was the youngest child of Bertie and Jean Maxwell and little brother to Marion, John and Bert. He grew up on Wallsend Road Cardiff with aunts, uncles and cousins all around him. Dad went to infants and primary school in Cardiff and then to Central High School.

In his teenage years he started cycling with his mates and got very keen at this - riding at a racing level with the Newcastle Police Boys Club. Dad played with the Cardiff Soccer Club and when he was about 17 he played for NSW in the Under 21's team that played against QLD.

Dad's first job was at the ACE Tyre Service at Broadmeadow - although he was only really employed there for a couple of years, Dad dreamt of this place for the rest of his life. He met our Mum, Fay, in the soccer season of 1959 in a cafe in Cardiff. They were married on October 28th 1961. Dad went from the ACE into the NSW Police Force in 1960. He trained at the police barracks in Redfern. After my parents marriage - and after the Cardiff Soccer Club had tried to have their "star" transferred back to Newcastle from Sydney - my parents lived in a series of flats around Sydney with Mum learning how to bake sponge cakes for Dad to have after work and then they were lucky enough to have their first child - Me - even if I did arrive on the scene a little earlier than they had planned!

Around this time Mum and Dad were living in a half house in Petersham. Then a transfer to Manilla falls through and Mum and Dad find themselves in Murwillumbah. Here my brother Kenny is born on Dad's 25th birthday. Dad is the star of the Tumbul-gum Ranges Soccer Club. My parents made some wonderful friendships here that have lasted always - we have a funny story from here about Dad - all of 25 - guarding the money truck on the night of February 13th 1966. Can you even imagine only one young bloke doing that today? From here we moved to Cudal in 1967 - a one man police station. Neither Dad nor Mum had ever been over the mountains and into the NSW west before. Talk about an eye-opener! The country was in drought and had been for a long time. Things weren't great at Cudal from that point of view - there was a huge mouse plague. Here Kenny and I started school - although Kenny only started because the headmaster - who lived next door to us - was sick and tired of listening to him cry at the gate every morning that he wanted to go. Kenny very quickly got over wanting to be at school but bad luck - too late!!

In May 1971 we were again transferred to Coonabarabran - this was such a different world. Dad was Lock-up Keeper and later Station Sergeant. We lived next door to the police station and the cells. These were funny times and strange times and growing times for us as a family. We all learnt to deal with and live with the whole world.

We have many, many wonderful memories and friends that come from these years and this town. - there is a funny story of our dog Dandy - a small black Labrador who thought he was king of the town and the police dog. Whenever any of the fellows had a night job to go to they'd come and get Dandy to help. - whenever there was need to usher people into the back of the police wagon Dandy would help. Coona taught us a whole lot about other people and ourselves. We have a lot of friends from and a lot of respect for that community. In 1976 we moved to Ballina. This was again a huge change for all of us.

So life continued. Kenny and I grew up. We moved back to Sydney in 1979 and all the pleasures of country towns was left behind. Dad spent time at Redfern, Mt Druit, Springwood and Marylands. There were good times but they didn't quite compare with country good times. Dad was very proud to see Ken and I start our careers. Me - nursing and Ken as a boilermaker. Mum and Dad moved from Emu Plains to Springwood. Here they became grandparents - first to Bethany and then later to Sam.

Dad rediscovered his passion for bike riding and in 1988 he rode in the police-games - this was really exciting and he was on the winner's podium for every race he was in. Dad got really sick with rheumatoid arthritis and was eventually discharged medically unfit from the police force. In 1996 Mum and Dad moved up to Wangi Wangi and truly started to enjoy their retirement. Dad a keen gardener, fisherman and cyclist. Mum chasing up family history.

In 2001 Kenny married Belinda - introduced to us and known to us as Belle. Dad became a member of the Koorangang Cycling Club. He would race with them nearly every weekend. He was also a keen participant with the Cessnock Cycling Club races. He trained nearly every morning with a group of Wangi blokes we affectionately call The Wangi Wheelers. During these years Dad and Mum welcomed two more grandkids - Katie and Lachie.

About 6 years ago Dad and Mum discovered the Hunter Bush Poets when they went out to dinner one night with some friends. Bush Poetry had always been a huge part of our lives with Dad reading the works of Henry Lawson, Banjo Patterson and CJ Dennis to us as bedtime stories. I can't speak for Kenny but this had a enormous impact on me, A month after this discovery Dad and Mum were members of the club and I was a month later. Then we discovered the competition circuit. This was such a new world for us but something we could see ourselves being part of. Dad was the first one to brave a competition.....it took me a bit longer to get that brave. We, as a family, Dad, Mum and myself spent 6 wonderful years playing with the bush poets and doing competitions up and down the East coast. Dad was a passionate performer of the works of CJ Dennis and managed to change the ideas of a lot of the poets about how wonderful Dennis' works were. He influenced so many people.

Over the last couple of weeks Mum and I have had so many emails, facebook messages and phone calls from our poet friends who tell us of the wonderful influence and exchanges they shared with Dad! We were away with the poets playing as recently as the weekend before he died. And he was on fire and absolutely brilliant!!!!

We have been overwhelmed over the last week and a half with all the love and support we have received from all of Dad's different worlds coming together. We will forever remember the wonderful husband, father, brother, uncle, cousin and grandfather that we were lucky enough to call ours.

I would also like to take a moment to publicly thank the ICU staff at JHH who helped us through those last two horrible days.

Jenny Maxwell



## WHERE DROVERS DREAM

© Brenda Joy

Winner 2013 'Bronze Spur Award' for Bush Verse, Camooweal.

The aged Georgina River glows with pastel tones of dawn  
where outback magic overflows in fragile mists of morn.  
The curlews fill the air with cries that help the heart attune  
as sunlight paints the cobalt skies above the calm lagoon.

The streak of green when budgies swirl in symphony of flight,  
where broilgas dance their courtship twirl in daytime's brilliant light,  
where cattle graze on common ground as lazy hours pass —  
a cool oasis has been found in country wide and sparse.

The ancient Aborigine used river's route for trade,  
from Flinders Range to Gulf-land sea, but little change was made  
to rugged, wild Georgina's course, nor was she ever tamed  
by those who drove with just the Horse. Her beauty's still acclaimed.

And now as brumbies come to drink in shades of afternoon,  
an elder comes. He makes me think he's anxious to commune.  
He rests beside my camping spot and looks across my way.  
He doffs his hat and smiles a lot. I go to bid G'day!

A drovers' annual event is being held this week.  
He's come to re-live times he's spent; some mates he's come to seek.  
He doesn't know if they'll arrive to share some rum and beers;  
they might not even be alive — they're well past eighty years.

The border town of Camooweal had once been his domain  
and through his musings I can feel he's come back 'home' again.  
And oh the stories he can tell; the seeds that he can sow —  
I'm mesmerized within the spell of tales of long ago.

So many memories to share through yarns he can relate,  
for here on common land was where the wanderers would wait  
till news was sent from Kimberley of mobs that must be moved,  
then droving Boss\* would oversee the plant\* that he'd approved.

The droving years were raw and rough beset by dust and heat;  
the days were long, conditions tough and contracts hard to meet.  
A month along the stock route track to stations far away  
before the gruelling journey back with nine-mile-treks each day.

Ten weeks with beasts upon the trail from Aussie's vast north west  
to southern market town or rail, put character to test,  
for mounted up from dawn's first light, through months of work and strife,  
a swag upon the ground at night — that was the drover's life.

And yet he brings a world alive, where Man would bond with Horse  
combining skills to help survive that dry and barren course,  
of mates who shared their taxing job, of stockmen to admire,  
of wielding round a rushing mob, of yarning round a fire.

His eyes assume a distant glaze. Immersed in sounds and smells  
he drifts within a dream-like daze of hobble chains and bells.  
His yarns have helped me understand the overlander's role  
and how the love of Outback land can stir the very soul.

And as he dreams of younger days where ghosts of drovers' sigh,  
the sunset casts its blood-red rays across the western sky.  
Georgina's clear reflections shine with effervescent light  
as Nature's shadows intertwine to greet the star-filled night.

*\*Notes The 'Boss Drover' was the man or woman who signed a contract with a station owner and undertook the responsibility of delivering a given number of beasts to a pre-determined location by a certain date.*

*A 'plant' comprised up to 12 drovers, a cook and a horse tailor (carer) and it could have in excess of sixty horses*

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## State Of Origin Game One 2014

© Bob Pacey

There's a rumble can you hear it's getting louder day by day.  
A noise that sounds like thunder, like a cyclones on it's way.  
It started up in Queensland when The Canetoads picked their best  
The Blues they hear it coming and this will be their greatest test.

They've picked a team of champions they think they can steal our prize  
But the Canetoads armies ready and the fear they can't disguise.  
The Blues cannot understand it, the passion Queenslanders display.  
How we find that something extra when it is needed on the day.

They will never duplicate it though they try at every start.  
for it is with us on the day we're born imprinted on our heart.  
They swap and change their players looking for some magic mix.  
But the champion team from Queensland is awake to all their tricks.

Hodkinson and Reynolds oh good players I've no doubt  
but Origins a different game and it will find them out.  
When will they ever realise and I don't say this in jest  
When it comes to State Of Origin Queensland really is the best.

They forget who holds the shield right now and how that right was wor  
And this games on at Lang Park the home of Queensland's favourite sor  
Under Wally's watchful eye we stand the Blues will heave a sigh  
They can feel the fear a building , yes you can see it in their eye.

Nine in a row our target and it's a right they can't deny .  
for when that final whistle blows the world will hear our victory cry....."Queenslander"



# The Australian Bush Poets Association

A compilation of the history of the ABPA

gleaned from the pages of the associations magazines and meetings since 1994

by FRANK DANIEL

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fda70930@bigpond.net.au



## DICK WARWICK OAKSVILLE, Washington State USA

I was raised amid the rolling Palouse Country hills of eastern Washington, and I still live on the home place. Although we almost always had animals, this is mostly farm country, producing fine dryland crops of wheat, barley, lentils, and peas. Though I have tried out places like California, Pennsylvania, New Mexico and the wet side of Washington, the Palouse will always be home. The landscape is ingrained in my brain and its rhythms are as familiar as my heartbeat.

I have written poetry of one kind or another since my school days, but did not happen onto the cowboy variety until 1990, when I heard that some Australian poets were coming to Elko, Nevada. I had become a fan of Australian bush poetry suddenly, one evening in 1981, in Perth, Western Australia, while on a rain break.

from a job driving "header" in the wheat harvest.

Then later, in Elko, I heard some cowboy poets and decided that I was one, since I had been writing similar material for some time. And so it goes I've shared my poetry with audiences at the National Cowboy Poetry Gathering, Australia's National Folk Festival, and loads of other places, but somehow have not managed to stem modern culture's flood tide of folly, flummery and foolery. Could be I'm simply a contributor to it. I have participated in thousands of conversations about the weather, politics, commodity prices and punctuation—but again, to little effect, I shall have to be content with my role as



Barnyard Yarnbard, optimist and prognosticator of Doom.

(Dick toured parts of NSW and Queensland at Easter this year as guest of Milton Taylor.)

## THE BULLETIN The But not the poetry

On the 24th January 2008 ACP (Australian Consolidated Press) announced the closure of The Bulletin after 128 years. The Bulletin was founded by JF Archibald and John Haynes and became an institution in Australian publishing.

Its early history reflected the White Australia Policy and the influence of Britain on Australia. It was first called "The Weekly Bulletin" and promoted a particular set of views - egalitarianism, unionism and "Australianism".

The Australian bush and its characters was seen as central to identity.

The Bulletin was important in the history of bush poetry as well as publishing short stories and illustrations. Works by Henry Lawson and AB (Banjo) Paterson were featured in its pages. Banjo Paterson first contributed to The Bulletin in 1885. Type-writers were not commonly available so

articles submitted were written with pen and ink.

Many a famous identity's obituary was published in The Bulletin and these obituaries offer us an insight into many famous early white Australians.

In its early years The Bulletin was a magazine known for its radicalism and xenophobia and became known as the "bushman's bible". Its masthead slogan was "Australia for the White Man."

The Weekly Bulletin Australia's first national literary magazine, The Weekly Bulletin (later The Bulletin), not only described the bush, but also published bush writers. It was an influential publication which promoted a particular set of views - egalitarianism, unionism, and 'Australianism'. Both Lawson and Paterson saw the bush as central to 'identity', but in very different ways.

A debate about the real nature of Australian life, saw Lawson and Paterson write about their different perspectives on the Australian bush. This debate is, famously, known as the 1892-93 'Bulletin Debate'. In his poem Up The Country, Lawson claimed Paterson was a 'City Bushman' who romanticised the bush in poems such as The Man From Snowy River. Paterson

countered with In Defense of the Bush by claiming that Lawson's view of the landscape was full of doom and gloom.

The argument was followed closely by the Bulletin's significant readership, reinforcing the bush as central to any discussion about national identity.

While Paterson was much more at ease with its wildness, Lawson saw the 'struggle' with the bush as central to our identity. There is nothing to see, however, and not a soul to meet. You might walk for twenty miles along this track without being able to fix a point in your mind, unless you are a bushman. This is because of the everlasting, maddening sameness of the stunted trees.

The Drover's Wife by Henry Lawson Bush poets were Australian poets who wrote about Australian rural life during colonial times and about the Australian bush. Also many colonial bush poets were illiterate and therefore performed their poems instead of writing them.



## Profile Geoffrey W Graham

Geoffrey has been called a 'folk comic', 'theatrical communicator' the 'Banjo' bloke and more recently due to his indulgence in Ironman events, the 'Iron poet'. His acting ability, music, whip cracking, characterisations and down-to-earth style, have meant a successful life as a Dinkum Oz entertainer.

He was only nine years old; reciting The song of the wheat as his father watched and listened, beaming at the boy's rendition. 'That's my favourite Banjo poem', the man said. 'How on earth did you learn that?'

'I knew it was your favourite so I just decided to learn it.' The boy replied 'Well my boy', he said, 'hearing you do that poem, I reckon Banjo's alive'.

That small boy was me and the man my father Archie Graham. That was the beginning of my love affair with the words of Banjo and later the affair extended to other mistresses like Lawson and CJ Dennis. As I was to write years later,

I was only 8 years old, with lots of freckles and short pants, and the farming life was filled with such adventure and romance.

Born at Armidale, NSW I grew up at Robertson NSW on a farm with horses, sheep, cattle and the best spuds in the world. Schooled in Tamworth, Glenfield and Moss Vale I completed an Ag Economics degree and Dip Ed at New England University. This led to a position lecturing in farm management at Yanco teaching farmers' kids to go broke gracefully.

Throughout the 70's I was also busy entertaining in rock roll bands and continued my love for bush poetry. The 80s saw a career change, moving to Melbourne to study drama at VCA. Since then I have performed full-time travelling across Australia and overseas, performing at schools, clubs, festivals, conferences etc.

I Dabbled in T.V roles, (from Neighbours to flying Doctors from the Anzacs to the more recent Gallipoli) Film and theatre and owned an Entertainment Restaurant, 'Dinkum Oz', (formerly Smacka's place) in North Melbourne.

As I think back over 30 years of performing, it has been an adventure. From Aboriginal settlements in outback W.A, the Australian Embassy in Laos, the Wallaby restaurant in New York, the Funny Bone, Dallas, plus every state in Australia. The variety of performances has kept me sane: from school shows, to Standup Comedy, festivals, Ag Shows, motivational talks and venues including trains, buses, and boats.

My first visit to Tamworth Festival was in 1993, where I discovered other bush poets. Subsequent "spots" at the Longyard meant I was hooked for Tamworth for January and the June weekends in the early days. A founding member of the ABPA I suddenly had an extended family spreading all over Australia.

One of the memorable times was touring with Noel Cutler, Bob Magor and Frank Daniel as we took our brand of entertainment to Tasmania, South Aussie and Tamworth. The four of us with all our gear, in my battered transit van was a sight to behold.

My own shows went up a peg when I devised my 'Banjo' Paterson performance 'The Man from Ironbark' for the Waltzing Matilda centenary at Winton. The response was remarkable and so ensured

my travelling Australia with initially this show, and subsequent themed shows including 'Ratbags & Romantics', 'A Taste of the Outback', 'Wool, sweat and Tears', 'Bards & Bushrangers' etc.



I am so grateful to be in this industry when I can touch people with our rich history and "make 'em laugh, make 'em cry". I pay homage to not only the traditional Masters, but the contemporary poets who have left us in recent times, paving a path for us to follow.

Bush poetry has meant I've been blessed with meeting and working with extraordinary people.

The highlights for me include performing on Australia day at Tamworth to 10,000 people; being asked to perform with Slim Dusty on his show and the response to my 'Banjo' show. Nothing comes close to the satisfaction of a delighted audience. An elderly woman with tears in her eyes says it all. The young woman, who holds my arm exclaiming, "That poem really touched me".

I'm so thankful for the 'gift' I have been given; the countless people who have made up my audiences; the immense support from so many people and for my ever supportive wife Rose.



When not on the road Geoffrey resides in Eaglehawk with his partner Rose and has three delightful nippers Ben, Sarah and Adam. Geoffrey W Graham Phone 0412 725 470 geoffrey@dinkumoz.com.au



## NARRANDERA NSW 'H' MEETS 'MACCA'

An audience of nearly 2000 rallied in the early hours of Sunday 16th March 02 in

the Narrandera Park for breakfast with Ian Macnamara and the ABC Presentation, Australia All Over.

Attracted by an array of feathers in the hat of one audience member, Macca, in his usual curious way, honed in on ABPA member 'H', (or 'Aitch', if you want his full name).

'Aitch' had been performing faultlessly since the Thursday morning with bush poetry and song, and when Macca discovered he was a bush poet, he wanted to hear an example of his work.

Henry Lawson's 'The Heart of the Swag' was the chosen piece, but after two verses 'Aitch' lost it. The words escaped him. Macca was quick off the mark and the more he egged our bard on, the less chance there was of recovery.

Giving 'Aitch' time to think it over, Macca returned twice more during the morning but the words still escaped our man.

In a finale to the morning, 'Aitch' was asked to come up with a 'newie', and so announced that he would perform another 'Henry Paterson' poem. It just wasn't his

day, and then he forgot his words again.

Thanks to radio national, Australia All Over, Macca and his two million listeners, 'Aitch' is now the best known bush poet in Australia.

Never a dull moment with Macca in Narrandera, and the publicity gained for this great festival was immeasurable.

### Ian "Macca" Macnamara

"People may not know my face," he said, "but they recognise my voice. Blokes hear me talking and they like to come along and say 'hello'."



## DAVID MILTON MEYERS

Born 2 December 1946

Died 23 September 2010

David Meyers, a much loved and much respected member of the poetry community and many other communities, passed away aged 63 after being diagnosed with cancer five and a half weeks earlier.

Dave featured regularly at NSW and ACT Folk Festivals and poetry events, the Top End Festivals in Darwin and The Alice, and at all manner of local gigs in Canberra, Queanbeyan and district. He leaves a fine collection of poems which will no doubt continue to be performed in the future. In the mid-nineties, he took over as convenor of the Queanbeyan Bush Poets from Elaine Delaney and ironically, he passed away on the evening of the fourth Thursday of the month, the regular meeting night of the QBP.

When he set out on his remarkable retirement about 15 years ago, he demonstrated that we can all make a mark in our own way without resorting to fanfare. Most people weren't aware of his wide ranging interests as he was never one to carry on about his achievements. There was Dave the poet, the singer-guitarist, the folkie, the Shiny Bum Singer, the drummer, the writer, the historian, the organiser, the convenor, the MC for all occasions, the behind-the-scenes worker, and just the good bloke.

Canberra and district have several monthly music and poetry nights and Dave

would never have arrived at these intending to become the MC, but somehow, he would usually end up becoming the MC. At poetry and music events he was always prepared to be Act 1 while the rest of us preferred to wait a little until the crowd built up.

As well as a poet he was an accomplished singer-guitarist, performing many of his own songs, and as a founding member of the legendary Shiny Bum Singers, he shone as a writer of parodies in his 10 years there, and was a member of the Canberra Country Music Association.

Dave had a special relationship with Queanbeyan and was involved with The Migrant Resource Centre, the Multi-Cultural Festivals in Queanbeyan and Goulburn and he sat on the Queanbeyan Cultural Advisory Committee.

He assisted over many years with the Duke of Edinburgh Awards. Maureen Burdett from the D of E Awards tells the story that one of the participants from Portugal wanted to see Mt Kosciuszko. He had worked with Dave all week and on the week-end, Dave drove him up to the mountains and together they walked to the top. There would be a myriad of other stories of Dave putting himself out for others.

Dave the Historian wrote "A Score and a Half of Folk", the history of the Monaro Folk Society in Canberra in 2004, and this year he wrote "Lairds, Lags and Larrikins", a history of the early settlers on the Limestone Plains where Canberra now stands. This book was launched by His Excellency Michael Bryce at Government House in



June. Typically Dave never bragged about that, but we've all made good use of our bragging rights when we were invited to the launch and met the GG and her husband. As poets we will all miss his dry sense of humour, his dry, laconic, endearing, performance style, and we'll all be jealous that we weren't the author of many of his best lines. I don't know who runs the gigs where you're going Dave but we all know you'll be Act 1.

Our thoughts go with his partner Susan, who added so much to Dave's life in recent years, and with his family.

Laurie McDonald.

## JACK DRAKE

From the Central Queensland University Press came a book of bush ballads and yarns from master story teller Jack Drake of Stanthorpe Qld.

The Cattle Dog's Revenge is probably Jack Drake's best known comic bush ballad. In it he celebrates the brawling victory of old 'Woody' from a small country farm over a classy Rottweiler from the city. But now Jack has written two sequels, The Cattle Dog's Return and Woody's Mongrel Breed that are even funnier.

Old 'Woody' is just as competent in the erotic 'reproduction' stakes as he is in the all out bush brawling department. He's probably so popular with the ladies because of his irresistible smell, he loves rolling in dead 'roo. Woody the cattle dog is truly a folk hero for all bush battlers.

Jack Drake is of course no novice to the writing and performing of comic bush

ballads. His awards include Bush Poet of the Year, 2001 with the NSW Asthma Foundation and he was twice a finalist with the Australian Bush Laureate Awards at Tamworth in 2001 and 2002. Jack has often been heard reciting on many radio stations.

Perhaps his next big winner will be poor Wally and his speech impediment that caused his huge problems with Uramol.

The best of the ballads in this collection will put you in mind of the days in the 1890s when Australia's bushies gathered around the campfires or on the verandahs and recited Banjo Paterson and Will Ogilvie. How much better than watching the giggle box is that?

This collection varies the tone from the farcical to the epic and then on to the poignant. This goes not just for the ballads, but also for the unmistakably authentic bush tone of the yarns. For a typically Australian book, with a unique bushie flavour,

uniquely our own, then Jack Drake's 'Cattle Dog's Revenge' is not to be missed.



## THE CATTLE DOG'S REVENGE

### Jack Drake, Eukey Q

**Winning Poem - Written Section and Looming Legend Trophy  
Tenterfield's Oracles of the Bush -  
1998 National Poetry Competition  
WINNER - BUSH POET OF THE YEAR 2001 ASTHMA NSW**

If you've ever lived upon a farm, you'll know the feeling well -  
How easy it can be to get the visitors from Hell.

Y'know those mongrels from the city that invite themselves to stay  
Because they only want a holiday where they don't have to pay.

They arrive and shake your hand and say how pleased they are to see  
How well the family's looking and how great it is to be  
Way out here in the country. It just makes you feel alive.  
And like slippery snakes, they sleaze out of their bloody four wheel  
drive.

Now I might be pretty cynical for just a teenage kid,  
But I'd seen it happen every year - it's what they always did -  
Bring some ice cream and a box of fruit and half a slab of beer,  
And act like it's a favour if they stay here half a year.

And all on the assumption that we'd be so glad to see  
That half brother of our Uncle Harry's wife third cousin Bea.  
They never do a tap of work and clean up all our grog,  
But it all came to a screeching halt the year they brought the dog.

Yes, the middle seat was taken with a huge Rottweiler thing.  
On his neck a studded collar without a hitching ring.  
The old man stared in silence then said "You'll have to tie him up".  
They said "He's had obedience training, and he's just the sweetest  
pup".

The dog bailed out the window. They said "Oh, you little tyke".  
One word from this mug, and he did exactly as he liked.  
And like a black and tan tornado with a brainless snarling face,  
He caused an orgy of destruction 'round our peaceful country place.

He flogged our poor old kelpie bitch and not content with that,  
Killed six of Mum's best laying chooks and murdered Grandma's cat.  
He chewed our poor pet possum's tail and chased it up a tree  
While this dork flicked pages in his book on "Dog Psychology"

And while the city bloke was trying to find answers out of books,  
The Rottweiler, teeth gnashing, headed straight for Andy's chooks.  
Yes, young Andy's special bantams who'd won prizes at the show,  
Looked just like they were going to be the next thing here to go.

But young Andy was a cunning lad with everything to gain.  
He raced over to the kennels and let Woody off the chain.  
And so to vindicate the honour of our simple country mutts,  
Woody flew into the Rottweiler and latched onto his nuts.

Now Woody is a cattle dog who's been around for years.  
And for sportsmanship and honour, he won't get any cheers.  
But he has one saving grace inside a multitude of sins.  
By using every low trick in the book - Woody always wins!

From that useless flaming boofhead there arose an awful howl.  
They took off down the paddock at a thousand miles an hour  
With Woody hanging grimly - his feet skidding in the dirt -  
While my legs crossed all on their own, 'cause strewth, it must have  
hurt.

He swung hard between the saplings and set his own dog trap.  
When Woody sliding sideways, just failed to make the gap.  
The bellows of the Rottweiler became a high pitched squeak.  
He lost all interest in the flight, and sat down in the creek.

Then this poor mug from the city, he started acting tough  
'till Dad roared in his face. "You bum! I've had a bloody 'nough!  
Woody did the bloody right thing. The proper thing to do!  
Anyone who'd breed that mongrel, would be dumb as bloody you!"

And Dad's whole face went scarlet. His eyes flashed hard and mean.  
He howled "I've seen some bludging bastards, but your're the best  
I've seen.  
So pack your traps and snatch it, you rotten mongrel sod,  
Or I'll make a wether out of you, like Woody did your dog."

With the air of people greatly wronged, they loaded their pet up  
And bounced off down the driveway with their castrated pup.  
But no more will we be troubled by those pushy city folk  
Who inflict themselves upon you 'till it's gone beyond a joke.

And sometimes when the ' phone rings getting close to Christmas  
time,  
Dad's jaw begins to tighten as he's listening on the line.  
Our grins keep getting wider as old Dad begins to cough,  
Then roars "I've only got two words for you, and the second one is  
**OFF!**"



# **CAMPBELL WASN'T THERE**

Bruce Watson

Wintermoon Festival May 2010

Everyone who has been to a folk festival has seen Campbell reciting with his swag and billy - busking or at a Poets' Breakfast. He seems to magically appear at every festival. But I was at a festival recently and he wasn't there.

Now I've been to festivals across this land – North, South, East and West  
They're all different, there's none the same – tho' Wintermoon's the best!  
The one common thread is Campbell. But here's news I have to share:  
I was at a festival last weekend – and Campbell wasn't there!

Now that might not sound much to you, but since this world began  
There hasn't been a festival that hasn't had this man.  
I was discombobulated, it was more than I could bear  
Being at a festival last weekend – and Campbell wasn't there!

In vain I looked and listened, and I know it sounds quite silly  
But I kept on thinking I saw his swag, or imagined there's his billy,  
And in my mind's ear I heard his voice, reciting from nowhere  
But I was at a festival last weekend – and Campbell wasn't there!

Where was that lilting rhythm? Where were those ragged pants?  
Where were the poems of Lawson, the Overflow and Clance ... y?  
I tried hard to enjoy myself, but I really couldn't care  
'Cos I was at a festival last weekend – and Campbell wasn't there!

Now I used to have a theory that there were many Campbells – two minimum  
Either that or he'd mastered the trick to overcome the time-space continuum  
I'd never known a festival without him, it didn't matter where  
Till I was at a festival last weekend – and Campbell wasn't there!

All you who love your poetry, all you who love your rhyme  
Who are early for these breakfasts – at this damned ungodly time  
Don't take this man for granted. Just offer up a prayer  
That you're not at a festival where Campbell isn't there!

*(Submitted by Graeme Johnson)*



## **Winter Dawn**

by Kenneth Slessor

At five I wake, rise, rub on the smoking pane  
A port to see—water breathing in the air,  
Boughs broken. The sun comes up in a golden stain,  
Floats like a glassy sea-fruit. There is mist everywhere,  
White and humid, and the Harbour is like plated stone,  
Dull flakes of ice. One light drips out alone,  
One bead of winter-red, smouldering in the steam,  
Quietly over the roof-tops—another window  
Touched with a crystal fire in the sun's gullies,  
One lonely star of the morning, where no stars gleam.

Far away on the rim of this great misty cup,  
The sun gilds the dead suburbs as he rises up,  
Diamonds the wind-cocks, makes glitter the crusted spikes  
On moss-drowned gables. Now the tiles drip scarlet-wet,  
Swim like birds' paving-stones, and sunlight strikes  
Their watery mirrors with a moister rivulet,  
Acid and cold. Here lie those mummied Kings,  
Men sleeping in houses, embalmed in stony coffins,  
Till the Last Trumpet calls their galleries up,  
And the suburbs rise with distant murmurings.

O buried dolls, O men sleeping invisible there,  
I stare above your mounds of stone, lean down,  
Marooned and lonely in this bitter air,  
And in one moment deny your frozen town,  
Renounce your bodies—earth falls in clouds away,  
Stones lose their meaning, substance is lost in clay,  
Roofs fade, and that small smoking forgotten heap,  
The city, dissolves to a shell of bricks and paper,  
Empty, without purpose, a thing not comprehended,  
A broken tomb, where ghosts unknown sleep.

And the least crystal weed, shaken with frost,  
The furred herbs of silver, the daisies round-eyed and tart,  
Painted in antic china, the smallest night-flower tossed  
Like a bright penny on the lawn, stirs more my heart,  
Strikes deeper this morning air, than mortal towers  
Dried to a common blindness, fainter than flowers,  
Fordone, extinguished, as the vapours break,  
And dead in the dawn. O Sun that kills with life,  
And brings to breath all silent things—O Dawn,  
Waken me with old earth, keep me awake!

# Man from Snowy River Bush Festival

Thursday 3rd – Sunday 6th April, 2014

Victorian Bush Poetry Championships at Man from Snowy River Festival 3 – 6th April.

Ken Tough and Claire Reynolds were victorious in the Victorian Bush Poetry Championships at the Bush Festival this weekend. Ken won the Clancy's Choice award and Claire won the Matilda award (and tickets to the 2015 National Folk Festival). Topscoring Victorians were Rhonda Tallnash and Peter Klein.

In the 'Man from Snowy River' Recital competition, recordings were judged pre-festival, and at an exciting final, Rob Christmas triumphed, and Neil the Drover and Judy Boyd in second and third respectively.

Despite a very soggy weekend, gathered there within their venue, Banjo's Block and Lions' Youth Hall, were the poetry pilgrims of the festival, from all states bar NT and Tasmania, now mixing with the locals and rubbing shoulders with Aussie Bush Poetry royalty. Poets and their followers were high and dry in the newly renovated hall, where the poets kept the show rolling with few program changes.

Kicking off on Thursday morning with a private show for local Day Activity clients, the poets then watched as crowd quickly swelled at the hall for the Juniors' Competition. Henry Lawson aka James Howard made a short appearance to the enraptured young audience seated cross-legged on the floor.

Susie & Mel, from Northern Queensland, bedecked in rhinestone studded shirts with badge-studded akubras, kept the children and adult audience spellbound with their tales of travelling throughout Australia, and adventures criss-crossing our states and New Zealand. The students had dressed up in bush costumes and coloured hair adding to a most enjoyable concert. Mateship was the theme and prizes were awarded to Gr 3/4 Sacred Heart (Primary) and Niam Foxcroft (Secondary), for Mateship as well as a list of other prize winners, including Catie Klippel, Michelle Roberts, Kaylin Handley, Ms Paton's Gr 1.

Thursday evening 150th birthday concert was held in the overflowing entertainment marquee, 'Henry Lawson' and 'Banjo' with 'Two Short Sheilas' Melanie Hall and Susie Carcary. The spirit of 'Banjo' is present every year as MC Geoffrey Graham from Eaglehawk 'becomes' the Banjo, popping up in various places over the weekend. The poets and musicians then headed for meal and night of fun at an excellent walkup at the Bottom Pub with 25 performers.

Other judges and guest performers were Graeme Johnson (head judge), Carol Reffold, Trevor Best and a merry band of poetry entrants, volunteers, friends and devotees.

A highlight when exiting the hall after the beautifully moving Anzac Concert, in Corryong's RSL hall (with a cuppa and Anzac biscuits) was being greeted by a handful of Light horsemen heading for the Street Parade. Luckily, our volunteer photographer Jennifer Fennell was on the spot.

All in all, an extremely high standard of poetry, mostly smooth presentation of the Championships, in great company. Good camp tucker by Camp Cooking Club.

THANK YOU Locals and visiting Poets and musicians.

A big thank you to locals who support the poetry, including the Lions Club for the use of their renovated hall (now with inbuilt sound!!). Also to the RSL for use of their hall for our wonderful Anzac Tribute where we squeezed in 150 people. We had marvellous crowds all round and maybe have won more poetry fans. Thanks also to Marie and Joe at the Bottom Pub for the use of their venue for Thursday night Walk up.

The 2014 core Poetry team – Linton Vogel, Graeme Johnson, James Howard, Susan Carcary, Melanie Hall, Carol Reffold, Matt Hollis, Geoffrey Graham, Fred Anderson (Judge of Juniors) Tom and Thea Newton, Barb Klippel, Barb Williams, Sharon and Michelle Roberts, Peter & Karen Purss, Jenny, Bob & Fay Markwell, Kathy and Ross Vallance, Robyn Sykes, Jennifer Fennell, Jill & Bob Winnett, Christine Middleton, Tim Sheed, Rex Tate, Clare & Tony Johns, Kerry Webb, Hugh Crawford, Peter and Karen Purss, Clare and Tony Johns, Tony Lambides -Turner, Alan Nicholas, Pamela Menere (storage of Banjo's stage), Lea and Catie Klippel, and Dave and Joanne Bennetts – your help was appreciated.

Special mention to Anne and John Hayes from WA, Frank and Carol Fayers from Queensland and Susie and Mel, our judges, for their well appreciated assistance in setting up. We were very undermanned and their help saved the day, and our sanity.

Also to the session and campfire entertainers - Banjo's Block campfire yarning and singing had a very short run this weekend, and only one Poets' Breakfast being held outside as the wet conditions drove the crowd inside on Friday and Saturday mornings.

Thanks to our loyal Poetry sponsors and trophy makers Linton, Ken Prato and Ray Waters and also to Albion Park Camp Cooking Club, for providing us all with great camp tucker under trying conditions.

We look forward to your support again 7 – 10 April, 2015 (especially Tuesday set up please!) Jan Lewis

Contact: Jan Lewis 0260774332 or [info@vbpma.com.au](mailto:info@vbpma.com.au) for poetry enquiries or [www.bushfestival.com.au](http://www.bushfestival.com.au) for general festival info.

# MFSR Competition Results - Corryong - 2014

## Written Section - Serious

1st Tom McIlveen	The Phantom of Stringbark Creek
2nd Tom McIlveen	Our Mother Bush
3rd Will Moody	Outlines of the Past
HC Brenda Joy	Little Friend
HC Donald Crane	Westward Quest

## Written Humerous

1st Brenda Joy	The Last Judgement
2nd Tony Hammill	The Bandywallop Ball
3rd Val Read	The Leaping Lizard Episode
HC Tom McIlveen	The Breathalyser
HC Tom McIlveen	New England Gentleman

## Written Poetry Champion

Tom McIlveen - The Phantom Of Stringy Bark Creek

## Banjo's MFSR Performance Final

1st Rob Christmas
2nd Neil The Drover
3rd Judy Boyd

## Classical Poem Performance - Women

1st Claire Reynolds	The Man who Steadies the Lead
2nd Robyn Sykes	Red Jack (Mary Gilmore)
3rd Rhonda Tallnash	Wheat (CJ Dennis)
HC Kathy Vallance	Fire at Ross's Farm (H Lawson)
HC Jenny Markwell	The Old Wife and the New (V Daley)

## Classical Poem Performance - Male

1st Ken Tough	The Lights of Cobb & Co (H Lawson)
2nd John Hayes	Violets (CJ Dennis)
3rd Jason Roweth	How Gilbert Died (A B Paterson)
HC Robert Markwell	One Hundred and Three (H Lawson)
HC John Davis	Riding of the Rebel (W Ogilvie)

## Original Serious Poem Performance - Women

1st Claire Reynolds	Leaving Home
2nd Robyn Sykes	A Feather in a Locket
3rd Rhonda Tallnash	Bushfire Man
HC Jenny Markwell	No cause to Worry Mum
HC Caroline Touhey	Riverina Rain

## Original Serious Performance - Male

1st Ken Tough	Thomas Saulsbury Wright
2nd Neil the Drover	Lachie & Lee
3rd Noel Bull	Curio
HC John Peel	Return to Home
HC Peter Klein	The Last Tree

## Original Humerous Performance - Women

1st Rhonda Tallnash	The 3am Demise
2nd Kathy Vallance	Ivan's Great Sport Moment
3rd Caroline Tuohey	Travelling Work etc (TWITS)
HC Claire Reynolds	A load of Old Croc
HC Sue Pearce	Grandma

## Original Humerous Performance - Male

1st John Peel	Cootamundra Silo Saga
2nd Ken Tough	Larkin'
3rd John Davis	The Wombat
HC Ted Flaherty	Dimboola
HC Peter Klein	Guts

## Jack Riley Heritage Award

Robyn Sykes Feather in a locket

## Open Modern Performance - Women

1st Claire Reynolds	Susannah (David Campbell)
2nd Robyn Sykes	When Elvis Came Back (J Peel)
3rd Rhonda Tallnash	Swingers (B Kearns)
HC Jenny Markwell	The Last Red Gum (D Campbell)
HC Kathy Vallance	Peddling Pete (B Kearns)

## Open Modern Performance - Male

1st Jason Roweth	When Monkeys rode the Greyhounds
2nd Ken Tough	Down Memory Lane
3rd Neil the Drover	Rocky Creek
HC Robert Markwell	Father's Prayer (D Campbell)
HC John Hayes	From the Lanterns (R Magoffin)

## Open Yarnspinning

1st Claire Reynolds	Spielberg (Original)
2nd Matt Hollis	1914 (Original)
3rd Mulga Bill	Woom a Loomie
HC Neil the Drover	Puppy Love (Original)
HC Jason Roweth	Horse Racing/Bush (Dengate/Roweth)

## Novice Performance

J1st udy Boyd	Swagless Swaggie (E Harrington)
2nd Ian McDonald	Brumby's Run (A B Paterson)
3rd Ross Vallance	Yobbo Poem

## Intermediate Performance

J1st im Lamb	Dipso Dan
2nd Cowboy Bill	Clancy of the Overflow (A B Paterson)

## MATILDA AWARD (Best Overall Female) 2014

1st Claire Reynolds
2nd Rhonda Tallnash

## CLANCY'S CHOICE AWARD - Best Overall Male

1st Ken Tough
2nd Neil the Drover

## Special Awards

### One Minute Poem

1st Frank Fayers
2nd Rhonda Tallnash

Lawrie Sheridan Encouragement Award - Howard Gadd  
Seniors' Encouragement Award Neil the Drover  
Jan Lewis Encouragement Award Dona McQueen

## VBPM awards (extra)

Topscoring Victorian female	RHONDA TALLNASH
Topscoring Victorian male	PETER KLEIN
Topscoring Victorian Yarnspinner	MULGA BILL
Topscoring Written Victorian poem	JUDY BOYD

# Pics From Corryong



Banjo & Henry mixing with some modern day Bush Poets

Standing...L to R – Ian McDonald, Jenny Markwell , Neil the Drover, Ted Flaherty, John Peel, Rhonda Tallnash (Topscoring Victorian Female), Claire Reynolds, (Matilda Award Women’s Champion + Yarnspinning Champion), Ken Tough (Clancy Award Men’s Champion), Judy Boyd (Novice Champion + Highest Scoring Victorian for Written section), Robyn Sykes (Jack Riley Heritage Award), Ross Vallance, Jim Lamb (Intermediate Champion), Jason Roweth.

Middle....Noel Bull, John Davis, John Hayes, Peter Klein, (Topscoring Victorian Male), Rob Christmas (MFSR Recital), Frank Fayes, Kathy Vallance, Caroline Tuohey, Matt Hollis.

Front....Tom O’Connor, Jan Lewis, Judge Melanie Hall, MC Geoffrey Graham, Judge Susie Carcary, Sue Pearce, MC Carol Reffold (Absent : Head Judge the Rhymer from Ryde)



The ‘Winners Group



Geoffrey Graham as ‘Banjo’



The Junior Concert



Susie, Mel and ‘Henry’.



“Welcome To Corryong”.

Thanks to our Sponsors: Tom Groggin Station National Folk Festival Corryong Sporting Complex Honor Auchinleck Barmah Cattleman’s Assoc Albion Park Cooking Club, Mitchell Family Towong Hill Snowy Hydro Linton Vogel Michelle Wilkinson Hilary Patterson Ryan Lewis Upper Murray Hardwood Auspit

Come and join in the Fun At The Forum on our Website

[www.abpa.org.au](http://www.abpa.org.au)

Free registration

# THE WATCHERS

by Ernest Favenc

ALL things were old in that grim grey land,  
All things were withered and sere:  
There was no one left, save a grisly band  
Who fought for their lives with a slackened hand,  
For life had ceased to be dear.

Under the curse of a pitiless sun  
And the drought of rainless years  
They had fallen and slumbered one by one,  
Thankful alone that their task was done —  
There was no more toil or tears.

'Neath a stunted tree on the rocky crest  
Of a ridge of barren stone  
They gazed on the arid plain to west  
And sighed as they turned from their hopeless quest  
And the three stood there alone —

Alone, save for an unseen two,  
Who watched the others there:  
Gaunt as the desert land to view,  
Unwatered by rain, unslaked by dew  
They sat there, a ghastly pair.

For one was old, who had never been born,  
Although mortal look he bore:  
His wings were draggled, his pinions torn,  
He carried a scythe that was notched and worn;  
And he turned an hour-glass o'er.

But the other had a more ghastly form,  
That no man could live and see:  
His fleshless bones had never been warm;  
He lived in carnage, disease and storm,  
And a constant grin wore he.

"Old comrade mine," quoth Time at last,  
"How long shall they make their moan?"  
Croaked Death, "When the sands have slowly passed  
Thrice through thy hour-glass, my dart I'll cast;"  
And he sharpened it on a stone.

Time scooped up a handful of heated sand:  
"I love this well," cried he.  
"When my glass needs filling I seek this land" —  
And he poured it out of his wasted hand —  
"Oh! the desert sand for me."

Afar in the east a cloud appeared  
With the thunder's muttered sound;  
Darker it grew as the group it neared.  
'Twould come too late, the doomed men feared;  
Time turned his hour-glass round.

And ever they watched it as it spread,  
And dreamt of the welcome rain,  
While the air grew chill 'neath the Storm-sprite's tread  
And the sky was murk with a hue of lead —  
Time turned his glass again.

Death chuckled and held his dart up first,  
Time turned his hour-glass round;  
The storm-clouds eddied, and raged, and burst,  
But never could slake a dead man's thirst —  
Three dead men lay on the ground.



# BINGO

© Bobby Miller

I woke up Sunday morning  
And my head was racked with pain  
As this big bloke with a hammer  
Slowly pounded at my brain

And then the missus said "You mongrel!  
Down that pub with blue and dingo  
Well today you'll pay your penance  
Cause you're taking me to bingo"

I said "Bingo? What a rotten thought  
How would I live it down?  
If my mates from up the pub found out  
They'd laugh me out of town!"

But still my head was thumpin'  
As I pondered on my plight  
Yeah I'd have to go to bingo  
Just to get some peace and quiet

As I sneaked into the parish hall  
My head was hanging low  
And a hundred dear old ladies  
Were all staring down our row

They thought I was the victim  
Of some ambush, or a fight  
When they ask 'How are you going?'  
And 'are you sure that he's alright?'

Well I just sat there breathing slowly  
Till the caller gave a shout  
And he didn't have to say 'eye's down'  
Cause mine were hanging out

'Well our first game is a full house  
And good luck to all today'  
Then he called out 'legs eleven'  
And the game was underway

Next, 17 and 48  
And 6 and 22  
Well I just stamped them with me stamper  
Like the dear old ladies do

And my card filled up so quickly  
I just sat there staring, mute  
And when he called out 'kelly's eye'  
I said 'hey that's it, you bloody beaut'

Well they came and checked me ticket  
Forty bucks I did attain  
And the ladies said 'you poor young thing  
We hope that helps your pain'

Yeah, but when I'd won the fifth game  
Well the smiles were wearing thin  
And I saw two grannies snarling  
Where there once had been a grin

Two hundred eyes were watching  
From behind those wrinkled cheeks  
Cause the jackpot game had not gone off  
For nigh on seven weeks



And they watched my every movement  
As the caller gave a call  
And my stamper, like a hammer  
Echoed round that frigid hall

Now I know the hated feelings  
That unwanted fortune brings  
But I don't write the numbers  
I just stamp the bloody things

And I felt this premonition  
Sort of creeping up my spine  
As I stamped the final number  
And I quietly said 'er it's mine'

You could not believe the bedlam  
That erupted through that crowd  
You've never heard old ladies  
Use four letter words out loud

They called me all the low down things  
Threw cake upon my shirt  
And this sweet old dear beside me said  
'I hope that bloody hurt'

Then they stormed out of that ballroom  
As they would the gates of hell  
The last one swearing loudly  
'You're a mongrel and you smell'

But I soon forgot that torment  
\$1500 eased the pain  
So you can bet your bottom dollar  
I'm coming back to play again

Cause playing bingo is easy  
And you pick up heaps of dough  
When I tell the boys down at the pub  
I'm sure they're going to go

I might even throw me job in  
Things will never be the same  
Now I know this way of getting rich  
Just find a bingo game.

# How to Use Writing as a Meditation Practice

by Jane Brunette

Writer and meditation teacher at [flamingseed.com](http://flamingseed.com)

Writing can be a powerful meditation practice, helping us to integrate our active mind with the mind of meditation. By using it as a process of inquiry, it can help us track our progress in loosening attachments and habitual states of mind even as it sharpens our ability to attend to the present moment. As little as 10 minutes of writing practice a day can reap great benefits.

Those who have a regular meditation practice can simply add the writing immediately following it, and those who find it difficult to do traditional meditation will find this practice fruitful as the writing gives your busy mind something to do, curbing your restlessness as you cultivate awareness of your overall experience. Writers will particularly find this practice beneficial, as the resulting free writes will be rich with ideas and images to seed further work. All you need to get started is a timer, notebook and pen. The practice can be done in five simple steps:

Begin by settling into a contemplative space of silence by taking a minimum of 21 conscious breaths -- or sitting in stillness for 5–15 minutes with your attention lightly on your breath, body sensations, or sounds in the room. Notice the atmosphere of your mind -- whether soft and spacious or grim and tight -- and set the intention to cultivate an atmosphere of warmth and openness toward yourself and your experience.

Set the timer for 10 minutes and free write without stopping, beginning with the prompt "Right now..." Don't stop to reflect, edit, try to make sense or write a "piece." Simply finish the sentence and keep going until you run out of things to say, then write the prompt again and finish the sentence, and so on, until the timer goes off. You don't need to write fast -- just without pausing to think. Be willing to let the words surprise you: The idea is to relax your mind so that you can source the layer under your discursive thoughts -- though it is not "wrong" to write your conscious thoughts and feelings if they are dominating. In fact, there is no way to do it wrong.

When the timer goes off, take a few breaths and then read aloud what you wrote, listening deeply to yourself. Try to resist the temptation to read it back in your head -- even whispering it aloud makes a difference. Notice what your mind does when you read it back -- expectations, fears, pleasures and judgments will likely arise. Allow them to be just as they are in an atmosphere of warmth and openness. You might jot a few notes on what you notice at the end of your piece for later reference.

Now scan through the writing and underline any phrases, sentences or sections that strike you as particularly alive or that intrigue you for some reason -- you don't need to know why. Any of these fragments can be used as a prompt for another piece of timed writing, either now or in your next session. When you do use these fragments as prompts, remember that you can always return to the prompt "Right now..." at any time while doing a timed writing. This is the fundamental prompt for this practice.

At the end of the session, share the benefits of the practice by making the wish that whatever insight you gained produce positive effects for yourself and all beings touched by you.

You'll be surprised at how quickly and effortlessly a thick pile of freewrites will accumulate if you do this practice daily. From time to time, you can go through and re-read what you've underlined, noticing themes, modes of thinking, or repetitive thoughts.

As long as you are faithful to doing at least 21 conscious breaths before writing and sincerely setting your intention to cultivate warmth and openness toward yourself, you will notice over time that these writings evolve and are quite different than journal entries or ruminations. The intention brought to the writing creates the conditions where insights can arise as you uncover hidden obstacles and unwind your judging mind into greater warmth, spaciousness and acceptance of your writing and your experience. Keep at it and you will begin sourcing the work more and more from spontaneous presence.

The practice can be done anywhere, and varying location and time of day when using the prompt "Right now..." can give you a fascinating glimpse into yourself as you go about your life, whether you sit for ten minutes with pen and paper under a tree or in a waiting room, in a hospital or at your kitchen table, at a posh resort or in a Bombay slum.

# Tenterfield Oracles Of The Bush 2014

From Gary Fogarty

Several years back I labelled Tenterfield's Oracles Of The Bush as the best 'stand – alone' bush poetry event in Australia, and the 2014 Oracles only served to cement this accolade in my mind and in the minds of the sizeable crowd that attended events over the weekend.

Oracles has been a part of the modern bush poetry revival for well over a decade now and the small, dedicated and hard working committee deserve all the praise. They have developed a formula around, a written competition (both adults and schoolchildren), a performance competition (both adults and schoolchildren) a professional concert, cameo performances involving business and community group partners and the induction of a local 'Legend'.

Why does this event continue to be successful while some others struggle? For a start the induction of a 'Local Legend' is the first event at each years Oracles and this has heavily engaged the local community who, regardless of their liking for bush poetry, turn out to the annual Induction Dinner to acknowledge the recipient. This year the "International Year of Farming Families", saw Lorraine Rhodes Roberts honoured. Lorraine graciously sang a couple of songs and her family and friends were on hand to witness the unveiling of her photo and the celebratory poem which I had the pleasure of writing and reciting again this year.

The committee puts much energy into searching out and retaining the best available entertainers each year, looking not only for great entertainers but for the right 'mix' and balance to guarantee a quality show. If the feedback from the audience this year is anything to go on, the balance was spot on. I had the pleasure of acting as MC again and the crew of John Major ( showcasing the traditional side of bush poetry), Bill Kearns (re-enforcing his reputation for writing some of the funniest material out there), Dave Proust (his full-frontal energetic assault revving up the audience- with lovely cameo from Terese) and Jeff Brown as the token singer whose laid back style and great voice captivated the audience and left no doubt as to why he has now won two Gold Guitars as an unsigned artist.

The boys not only filled in as judges for the performance competition but individually or in two's performed at the 'partners events' in and around Tenterfield. With a mix of old and new venues this year these cameo appearances went down well with audiences resulting in a huge crowd for the main Concert on Saturday Night.

Feedback from the concert has been sensational, and with approximately 30% of the audience attending Oracles for the first time, the future of the event looks very bright. I have since hear from the committee that significant accommodation bookings have already been made for the 2015 Oracles.

Sunday morning saw the traditional "fun day" in the park with a lively Poets Brawl and some strong walk up performances providing a light hearted warm down for both the entertainers and audience alike. Results of the competition are posted elsewhere in the magazine so I won't re state them here, suffice to say that the committee is determined to retain this part of Oracles and demonstrate this by providing substantial prizemoney. Like many competitions all over Australia, entry numbers are dwindling and Oracles is no different, although the quality remains high, with little or no 'tail' amongst competitors this year. This is a problem that we as an Association need to address and address quickly, identifying the reasons and brainstorming viable and positive solutions so that new and emerging poets have a platform to ease their way into the performance arena.

Looking at the whole 2014 oracles it is difficult to find anything to fault. To be able to say this about an event that has been around for so long speaks for itself. The entertainment team this year can be justly proud of their efforts both on and off stage, but I think the real hero's are the Oracles committee who continue to tweak a successful format and turn up every year with the energy that is essential to ensure success.



Bill Kearns



Prousty



John Major



Gary Fogarty



Jeff Brown



Binalong Arts Group Inc is proud to present the 2014

# Binalong Bush Poetry Prize

and

## NSW Championships

### Written and Performance

The program is designed for maximum enjoyment and to include poets at all ages and stages. We start on Friday evening with novice and intermediate poetry competitions then walk-ups (including non-competitive yarn-spinners).

Saturday and Sunday are full with BBPP competitions weighted to humour plus non-competitive activities, music and time to relax, chat and explore Binalong. Saturday night will feature our Celebrate Australia Concert.

#### Includes:

1. Written
2. Open Performance: Classical, Modern, Original
3. Intermediate and Novice Performance
4. Junior Written and Performance

## Over \$4,500 in prize money

Closing date for entries: Friday 1<sup>st</sup> August 2014.

Entry forms: [www.abpa.org.au](http://www.abpa.org.au) or [binalongartsgroup.org.au](http://binalongartsgroup.org.au)

Enquiries: [robysykespoet@gmail.com](mailto:robysykespoet@gmail.com) or (02) 6227 4377

# CAMOOWEAL – BORDER TOWN COMES ALIVE

*The Camooweal Drover's Camp Festival is on again from 22nd- 24th August 2014.*

This event commemorates the droving tradition that helped open up the north. Situated on the Queensland/Northern Territory border, Camooweal was the place where drovers camped by the Georgina River to wait for the call to collect stock from the beef cattle stations of North West Queensland, the Northern Territory and the Kimberley regions and to 'drive' them to the southern rail heads and markets.

More than eighty drovers are expected to congregate for their annual reunion at the Drover's Camp. In addition to being able to experience an authentic outback atmosphere and to mingle with the men and women who can still tell true stories (and tall ones) of their days on the road, the Drover's Camp also features bronco branding and whip cracking exhibitions and a wonderful memorabilia display hall. In addition, there are exhibits of bush craft, photography and art and of course there is country music throughout the weekend with Tommy Maxwell and selected artists. This culminates in the Saturday night gala concert under the stars. Throughout the weekend there is ample scope for walk-ups and on the Sunday there is the Bush Poets' Breakfast and the Drover's Camp Talent Award open to bush poets, yarn spinners and balladeers. The written bush poetry competition with the coveted Bronze Spur Award is also run in conjunction with the festival.

The town puts on an outback 'ball', a horse race meeting, a mail race, a street parade and lively outback pub entertainment. In the camp kitchen at the Post Office Hotel/Caravan Park, throughout the preceding week, there are nightly happy hours of poetry, song and lots of humour.

Find out more about the Drover's Camp, the festival and the droving tradition at [www.droverscamp.com.au](http://www.droverscamp.com.au) or email [info@droverscamp.au](mailto:info@droverscamp.au)

## **DROVER'S CAMP TALENT AWARD 2014**

The three performance categories of Bush Poems, Yarns and Ballads are judged and awarded prizes (\$100 each) separately and the best of any two categories will receive the DCTA Trophy.

Junior section 1st - \$25  
*all junior entrants receive DCTA certificates.*

For information or entry form contact  
Brenda Joy,  
PO BOX 1727, CHARTERS  
TOWERS Q. 4820  
email [halenda@live.com.au](mailto:halenda@live.com.au)  
phone 04 3812 1074

ENTRY FORMS ALSO ON ABPA WEBSITE



## **DROVER'S CAMP POETS' BREAKFAST**

8.00 a.m. Sunday 24th

August with  
**John Lloyd**  
**Brenda Joy**  
**Carmel Lloyd**

and more.

All walk-up performers  
welcome

## **THE POST OFFICE HOTEL BRONZE SPUR AWARD 2014**

*for written bush verse.*

First prize = handcrafted Bronze Spur trophy + \$250

2nd \$100 and ribbon,

3rd \$50 and ribbon

CLOSING DATE 25th July, 2014

For entry form and conditions of entry contact Ellen Finlay Written Poetry

Coordinator, 46 DIANE STREET,

MOUNT ISA Q.4825

phone (07)4743 5070

ENTRY FORMS ALSO ON ABPA WEBSITE



# North Pine



## Bush Poetry Festival

22nd, 23rd & 24th August 2014

*A NEW format for a NEW Festival*

*Workshops, Concert, Competition Walk-ups, Breakfasts and BBQs  
Learn New Skills - Hone Existing Skills - Practice New Skills*

### **Performance Workshops:**

The techniques of Performance. Preambles, Clarity, Volume, Pace and Variations; Intonation, Pitch, Emphasis, Inflection, Gestures, Audience Contact, Memorisation and Choice of Poem

### **Writing Workshops:**

The techniques of Writing. Selecting a Genre, Getting started, Metre, Rhyme, Grammar, Punctuation, Spelling, Structure, Language, Storyline and Critiquing.

### **Lyric Writing Workshops:**

Turning Bush Poems into Bush Ballads.  
The story - The Crux - Defining the Verses - Extracting the Chorus

## **GALA CONCERT SATURDAY NIGHT**

with

**GLENNY PALMER & GREG NORTH**

*Norths Leagues Club 1347 Anzac Avenue Kallangur*

WEEKEND PASS (Access all areas) \$40

Workshops only - \$30, Concert only - \$20, Competition only - \$10

Application form and more particulars off the ABPA Web-site <http://www.abpa.org.au>

Festival Contacts, Noel Stallard, 07 3351 3221 or

John Best, 07 3886 2660

Emails: [noel@noelstallard.com](mailto:noel@noelstallard.com) [longjohnbest@bigpond.com](mailto:longjohnbest@bigpond.com)

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### **Graham Fredriksen Memorial Written Bush Poetry Competition.**

Closing Date: Friday 4th July 2014

First Prize: \$200, Second: \$100 & Third: \$50

Application form and particulars are available off the ABPA Web-site <http://www.abpa.org.au>



## **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 (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 Casuarina Room at the RB Smith Community Centre, Crawford Street, (opposite the Council Chambers). 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

### **QUEENSLAND**

North Pine Bush Poet Group meet from 9am on 1st and 3rd Sunday of every month at The Distillery - North Pine Hotel, Old Petrie Town, Dayboro Rd. Petrie Contact :- John 07 38862660 or Noel 07 33513221

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 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

Townsville Bush Poetry Mates for adults is 7.00pm on the first Tuesday of the month and 3:45 for children at the Aitkenvale Library, Aitkenvale Townsville.

### **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. Newmarket Hotel, cnr Nolan St & Strickland Rd, Bendigo 1.30pm to 4.30pm. Contacts: Geoffrey Graham 03 5446 3739 or Ken Jones 03 5441 5121

### **WA**

Albany Bush Poets Group 4th Tuesday of each month. Contact Peter 98446606

Perth monthly muster, 1st Friday of each month 7pm - 9.30pm at The Auditorium, 26 Plantation Drive Bentley Park 6102 Contact Dave 0438341256 or Terry 0894588887.