

A.B.P.A.



Australian Bush Poets Association

Volume 21 No. 3

June - July 2015



WINTER EDITION 2015



ABPA QUEENSLAND CHAMPIONSHIPS
 AT THE
20TH BUNDY BUSH POETRY MUSTER 2015
 July 3rd - 4th - 5th



Across the Waves Sports Club, 1 Miller Street, Bundaberg.

Performance Competitions

- Under 7yrs - Recite or read favourite poem
- 7yrs to 12yrs – recite or read favourite poem
- 13yrs to 17yrs – recite or read favourite poem
- Open – Traditional, Modern & Original
- Intermediate – Traditional, Modern & Original
- Novice – Traditional, Modern & Original
- Yarn Spinning
- Duo Competition
- One Minute Cup



FREE poetry workshop will be conducted by Gary Fogarty on July 2nd from 10.00 a.m. to midday in Sails Function Room at Across the Waves Sports Club

Performance Enquiries

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



Competition closing date: June 19th, 2015
 (Time permitting late entries will be taken on the week-end)

CONCERT TICKETS
 Saturday Night \$15-00 pp
 Prior purchase advisable.
 Refer to information below.



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

ENTERTAINMENT

FRIDAY EVENING: Walk-Up

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

SATURDAY EVENING: 'The Concert'

7.30 p.m. featuring
Marco Gliori - Gary Fogarty - Bill Kearns
 Admission: \$15-00



Sandy Lees .. 07 41514631 , 0427514631 (text message) 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



Illawarra Breakfast Poets and Illawarra Folk Club

present

'The Kembla Flame' ©

Written Poetry Competition (First \$500)

Including

'The Kembla Star' ©

award for Local writer. (\$100)

Closing date 05/08/2015

winners announced at the

'Folk By The Sea' Festival, Kiama 5th Sept 2015

Full details at www.abpa.org.au events page or

email zondraeking@gmail.com 0401160137

EDITORIAL



G'day and welcome to our June/July issue. I hope everyone had an opportunity to commemorate our fallen Diggers on the 100th Anniversary of the Anzacs. Thanks to all who shared their writings with us in the last edition. It was an absolute honour to read and publish them for all to read.

This issue we pay tribute to our new Australian Champions after the National Performance Competitions at Corryong. Congratulations to all those who competed, those who won and those who helped in organising and running yet another great weekend of Bush Poetry.

We also pay tribute to Milton Taylor, who also sadly passed away. I know many of you may wish to pay tribute to Milton but did not get them in before the Magazine deadline. You can always post them on our Forums in our website www.abpa.org.au or else I may be able to publish them next issue.

Milton was a good friend and always fun to perform with. We started our competitive performing careers back in the mid 90's at Towoomba, Qld, and seemed to be the two new kids hiding down the back. But somehow we made it through to the finals and kept a special bond from then on. Whether it be Poetry, horse and greyhound racing, family or wherever, our paths crossed quite frequently over the years, I found him to be a gentleman, a scholar, a wonderful poet and performer and, at times, a grumpy, sarcastic old bastard! Not the Milton many of you knew, I'm sure. But that is the beauty of friendship.

There are many stories I could tell that would make you both laugh and cry. But they are my special memories. You all have your own. He will be missed dearly. Commiserations to his family and friends.

.....he could reach up into heaven
and pull a poem back down.....

But for now, follow Milton's lead and continue writing, performing, competing or however you enjoy keeping our Bush Poetry alive.

Happy writing and performing to all and safe travels!

Neil McArthur

editor@abpa.org.au

NOTE:- Next Magazine Deadline for submissions is July 22nd

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.

ABPA Committee Members 2014

Executive:

President	-- Hal Pritchard	hal@abpa.org.au
Vice-President	-- Manfred Vijars	manfred@rocketfrog.com.au
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ABPA Editor	-- Neil McArthur	editor@abpa.org.au
Web Administrator	-- Greg North	treasurer@abpa.org.au

MINUTES OF THE ABPA ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

All members of the ABPA may access the minutes of the 2015 AGM held in Tamworth on 21st January, 2015.

If you wish to do so, please contact the Secretary secretary@abpa.org.au

President's Report



Sadly, the ABPA has lost another of its finest sons. Milton Taylor died on 16th May and the whole ABPA community went into mourning. Tributes to Milton as a poet and as a man have flowed in and many are featured in this issue of the magazine. He will be greatly missed but never forgotten.

On a brighter note, it was wonderful that, after three years, we had the ABPA National Championships in conjunction with The Man from Snowy River Festival in Corryong, Victoria. This means that we now have new Australian Champions for Performance and Written. Also, special is that we also have a Junior Australian Champion. All the 'newcomers' are featured on page 8, together with photos and details. The report from Jan Lewis, the poetry co-ordinator for the MFSR Festival and all championship and competition results are on pages 7 & 10. Thanks go to Jan and to the dedicated team for successfully running the National Championships and congratulations to the winners and all the competitors who made the various aspects of the festival so memorable.

They say that you should go to the MFSR Festival at least once and Brenda and I were pleased to be able to do so as President and Secretary. It was wonderful to experience the atmosphere of Corryong and to meet with more of Australia's wide-spread family of poets. It did become clear, however, that it is imposing a strain on the hardworking organisers to run an ABPA Championship in conjunction with an already full schedule of festival events. We will be seeking submissions from co-ordinators throughout Australia, who are not so over-loaded with in-place commitments, to hold the next Nationals in 2017. It may be that the Nationals are held bi-annually in future. The ABPA does need to have one premier showcase event annually and for 2016, as voted at the AGM, efforts and funding will go towards the ABPA Golden Damper Awards in Tamworth.

A heartfelt aspect of the 2015 Nationals was the presentation of the inaugural Frank Daniel Encouragement Award and this is reported on page 9. Corryong unearthed some very talented juniors who will, hopefully carry the banner forward into the future. Congratulations to the trophy winner Kaitlan Klippel and to Jan and all who are encouraging the development of poetry through school visits and through emphasis on across age junior written and performance components at the MFSR Festival.

There are many innovations being trialled at festivals and events, in particular the beginnings of digital components in performance competitions. It is felt that this will be part of the future and that the ABPA needs to be involved in the initial stages of this development with the aim of setting up helpful guidelines. Vice President Manfred Vijars and State Delegate Wally Finch will be working towards this.

With respect to the relevance of performance bush poetry, confirming what Brenda and I discovered on our journey, it has now been tabulated that 60% of those who are on the road in recreational vehicles of various description, are aged between 35 and 54. The term 'grey' is becoming somewhat obsolete as more and more 'younger' people decide that it is time to explore our great land. Our potential to reach to more areas of the age spectrum via travellers is increasing year by year. We are still exploring all the ways possible to convert this widening exposure into membership of the ABPA. The ABPA gives the assurance that the genre itself fulfils the purpose of our organisation to uphold and expand the tradition and language that is our foundation and not to become submerged in the mainstream of festival entertainment. It is always a matter of 'going with the times' but also of maintaining and taking forward the basic principles and culturally significant factors unique to our craft. We are exponents of storytelling in rhyme and metre, and through yarns, about Australia, Australians, Australian history and the Australian way of life. It is up to us to make these facets appealing in whatever way we can.

It was of interest to see in a recent Australian newspaper, that a rhymed and metered poem by one of our highest regarded poets, was featured for the ANZAC theme and that there was also a collection of rhyming poetry and an article with an opening quote supporting it.* Exposure such as this can only enhance our cause.

On the last leg of our 'around-Australia- trek, we linked up with the Australian Bush Balladeers at the Spirit of the Bush Festival in Boondooma, Queensland. The Balladeers add acoustic music to the 'poetry' but still retain the basic requirement that lyrics must have Australian content. It was a very moving place to spend the commemorative day for one hundred years since ANZAC. Bards and balladeers fit well together in reminding us of who we are and where we have come from.

In poetry, Hal

*The Australian – Saturday 2nd May, 2015.

Poem -- Bruce Dawes Gallipoli. Article Geoff Page (beginning with a quote by Robert Frost 'Writing free verse is like playing tennis without a net.' Review of rhyming poetry collection by Jamie Grant.

'Escape'

© Catherine Lee

When we're digging endless ditches while the sun attempts to thwart,
huddling deep beneath the sandbags draped on iron cross support
(our defence from bombs, the shrapnel that descends from darkened skies),
disinfecting them and sweeping for the omnipresent flies—

then I turn my thoughts to shearing and the life I had back home,
to the smell of grease and honest sweat, the buzzing of the comb;
picture roustabouts collecting wool with swift and practised sweep,
hear the yelping dogs, the shuffling feet, the bleating of the sheep.

While we're picking off the lice and mozzies feasting on our flesh,
when there's rotting food and stagnant air, scarce water that is fresh,
watching maggots inching slowly down the sides of every trench,
and there's nothing to describe this overwhelming filthy stench—

then we try to summon up the scent of eucalyptus trees
and the jacaranda swaying in a gentle summer breeze,
or the pungent pine that permeates the forests after rain,
plus the fields of wheat and ripened corn, the fruit and sugar cane.

When we're climbing up the ridges, slipping back in searing heat
with our bodies drenched and aching, worn-out boots tormenting feet,
lugging biscuit boxes, building timbers, bullets round our heads,
and a quick death's all we pray for as disease and anguish spreads—

then our minds search out a mountain range where mounted on a horse,
we are riding fast through tussock, native ferns or yellow gorse
with the freedom of the wind above the rivers and the plains—
we imagine our respective homes, their picturesque terrains.

When we venture into no-man's land to bury fallen mates,
now just grisly meals for vermin as decay accelerates,
where our tears flow unimpeded as we're sickened to the core
and we wonder at the so-called guts and glory of a war—

then the only hope for sanity, the courage we require,
is determination, humour, recollection to inspire;
this transports us to the beauty of our countries far away,
irrespective of the nightmare we are living here today.

When that fear begins to surge to which a digger sometimes yields,
that instead of reddened Aussie earth, New Zealand's verdant fields,
we will die here on this foreign shore without a second chance
just to merge with Turkish dust to prosper poppies in their dance—

then it's best to dwell on common comforts, nations ever free,
on our homelands where we'll reunite with friends and family;
where the promises of love and dreams and melodies unsung
mingle longingly with visions of a faithful dog's wet tongue.



Winton Business and Tourism Assoc. Inc. wish to announce that the **Bronze Swagman** now has its own Web Address **thebronzeswagman.com** where you are able to purchase the books on line and in the comfort of your own living room.

This site is in its infancy and will be expanded over the coming weeks.

Please have a look at the site and send any comments/ suggestions to bronzeswagman1@gmail.com or leave your comments on the "contact us" web page.

Over the coming few months we will be attempting to enter contents of each book i.e. poetry and author, which it is hoped will aid those who are researching a particular poem.

You might also like us on Facebook where mini announcements will appear from time to time.

We sincerely hope you enjoy the experience. Write On!

Graham Dean
President

Winton Business and Tourism assoc. inc

VALE CLIFF HATHWAY

One of the founders of the modern bush poetry movement in Tamworth, and indeed in Australia, has died in Tamworth. Cliff Hathway was part of the Tamworth Poetry Reading Group's push to introduce bush poetry into the Tamworth Country Music Festival. Cliff's presence on the stages of the Imperial and West Leagues during the old Tamworth Bush Poetry Competition was a familiar sight for all, as he organised, compered, and steered the competition to its position as one of the top performance competitions in Australia. He was dedicated to the promotion of bush poetry and to encouraging performers to get up on the stage. Cliff was also one of the founders of the Blackened Billy Verse Competition.

Cliff was diagnosed with prostate cancer in 2002 but he continued living life to the full and maintaining his enthusiastic involvement in the Poetry Reading Group and other local organisations.

Cliff will be sadly missed by all his poetry friends, particularly by his partner, Jan Morris, who relied so heavily on his strength and support as she took over the organisation of the Tamworth Bush Poetry Competition and the Blackened Billy.



Vale Milton Taylor

It is with great sadness that we share news of the death of Milton Taylor on the night of Saturday 16th May 2015, from a suspected heart attack. He was a month short of his 72nd birthday.

Milton Taylor was an encouragement and inspiration to so many bush poets. Not only was he a wonderful bloke to know, he was a sensational performer and excellent writer of bush poetry. Many of his award-winning poems appear on the poetry page of this site. On the Roll of Honour page you'll see Milton was five-times Australian Champion - more than anyone else.

Very few people are able to master both writing and performance and even fewer can create and deliver both joy and pathos with equal effectiveness. Milton was such a master. He will be greatly missed in bush poetry circles.

There will be a celebration of the life of Milton Taylor from 2 pm on Friday 29th May at Lithgow Golf Club NSW. All welcome.

Milton's ashes will be scattered on the Thomson River at Longreach, on a date to be fixed. His many western friends are invited to join in this final farewell.

(More on Milton Pages 18 & 19)



2015 ABPA AUSTRALIAN BUSH POETRY CHAMPIONSHIPS

at Man from Snowy River Bush Festival 9 – 12th April.

Consummate performers Roderick Williams and Rhonda Tallnash were victorious as 2015 ABPA Australian Bush Poetry Champions at the Bush Festival where entrants kept the crowds enthralled with recitations of classical favourites written by the likes of Henry and Banjo, as well as modern writers. Tom McIlveen (Original Serious Written Poem) and Will Moody (Original Humorous Written Poem) gave proof that great poems continue to be written. It was a tough tussle but Tom won Written Champion also.

Their win entitled Roderick and Rhonda take home the top Man from Snowy River Awards - Clancy's Choice and Matilda (and tickets to the 2016 National Folk Festival). They are also Victorian Champions. Roderick's performance of his 'Travel the Red Road – Dare to Dream' also won the trophy for the Jack Riley Heritage Award.

In the coveted 'Man from Snowy River' Recital competition, recordings were judged pre-festival, and at the prestigious final under the stars, Rob Christmas triumphed for the second year in a row, with John Peel and Maggie Murphy in second and third places respectively. The amazing weather continued and enhanced activities at Banjo's Block and Lions' Youth Hall, where poetry pilgrims at the festival from all states mixed with the locals and rubbed shoulders with Aussie Bush Poetry royalty.

Poets and their followers were in the first class Lions Club hall, where the poets kept the show rolling with few program changes sustained by the scones straight out of the oven and the delicious, thoughtfully prepared food by the Lion's team of willing workers.

Kicking off on Thursday morning with a private show for local Day Activity clients, the poets then watched as crowd quickly swelled back at the hall for the Juniors' Competition. (see Junior story)

Thursday evening's poetry and music concert was held in the overflowing entertainment marquee, where Geoffrey Graham, and Jason and Chloe Roweth, with a cameo appearance by their eight year old daughter Megan, absolutely wowed their audiences. From start to finish it was a roller-coaster ride of laughter and thought provoking tributes to war heroes. The poets and musicians then headed for a meal and night of fun at an excellent walk up concert at the Bottom Pub with plenty of performers.

Championship Judges and guest performers were Graeme Johnson (senior judge), Carol Reffold, Robyn Sykes, Brian Bell, Brenda-Joy Pritchard, as well as Hal Pritchard and Maurie Foun with a merry band of poetry entrants, volunteers, friends and devotees made this an amazing National Championship. Our two MC's on "L" Plates this year were Matthew Hollis from Queensland and Jenny Markwell from N.S.W.

Always a highlight is the beautifully moving Anzac Concert, in Corryong's RSL hall (with a cuppa and ANZAC biscuits). This year's 'Poppies' tribute was squeezed in between the Re-enactment and the Street Parade. A very important part of any championships is the administration which goes on behind the scenes. We would like to thank Mick Coventry and Hal, their untiring commitment to a job well done. Tom and Thea Newton once again did us proud with their handling and engraving of the trophies and our volunteer photographer Jennifer Fennell was able to snap many key images of the weekend. All in all, there was an extremely high standard of poetry and yarns, mostly smooth presentation of this keenly fought, prestigious ABPA Australian Bush Poetry Championships, in great company.

Thank you to our sponsors

Australian Bush Poetry Association, National Folk Festival, Barmah Forest Cattleman's Assoc, Corryong Sporting complex, Honor Auchinleck, Tom Groggin Station, Snowy Hydro, Towong Hill Station, Corryong Sporting Complex, Linton Vogel, Camp Cooking club, Ryan Lewis, Hilary Patterson, Upper Murray Hardwood Harvesting (campfire wood)

For this standard to continue at MFSR Festival, more skilled, dedicated hardworking volunteers need to be involved. Please join the team! Contact: Jan Lewis 0260774332 or info@vbpma.com.au for poetry enquiries or www.bushfestival.com.au for general festival info.

More details and photos can be found on our Website abpa.org.au

Meet Our 2015 Australian Champions!!



Female Champion
Rhonda Tallnash



Junior Champion
Caitlan Klippel

ABPA Female Performance
Champion
-- Rhonda Tallnash of
Violet Town, Victoria

ABPA Male Performance
Champion
-- Roderick Williams of
Myrtleford, Victoria

ABPA Junior Written and
Performance Champion
-- Caitlan Klippel (age 13) of
Corryong, Victoria

ABPA Written Champion
-- Tom McIlveen of
Port Macquarie, NSW

All the 'retiring' Australian
Champions were present
(Peter Mace -- Male Perfor-
mance, Robyn Sykes -- Female
Performance and Brenda Joy --
Written) to welcome their
successors.

We are delighted that the
ABPA now also has a very
talented junior champion.



Male Champion
Roderick Williams



Written Champion
Tom McIlveen

ABPA Australian Bush Poetry Junior Championships

Thanks to our sponsors: Hilary Patterson & Camp Cooking Club

Hal and Brenda-Joy Pritchard, from Northern Queensland, the President and Secretary of the ABPA, were amazed at the 160+ entries from local schools in the Junior Written Competition. Carol Reffold and Brenda-Joy judged both the Written and Performance Championships. There were no school group performances because of the holidays, but a handful of keen juniors entered, some of them from far away..

Prep to Grade 2 Written Champion Dylan Segelow
Grade 3 & 4 Written Champion Lachlan Vandervalk
Gr 5 & 6 Written Champion Grace Gannon
Secondary Yr 7-12 Written Champion Caitlan Klippel
Prep to Grade 2 Performance Champion Elsa Wright
Grade 3 & 4 Performance Champion Megan Roweth
Gr 5 & 6 Performance Champion Isabel Boustead
Secondary Yr 7-12 Performance Champion Caitlan Klippel
Capt. Lisa Ride Encouragement Award Bella and Holly (2 Australian army jackets)
Spirit of Mateship perf Primary Kaylin Handley
Spirit of Mateship perf Secondary Caitlan Klippel
Frank Daniel Encouragement Award Caitlan Klippel

Meet Caitlan Kippel

Australian Junior Champion



Caitlan receives her award from Judge, Robyn Sykes.

Frank Daniel, a much loved and respected previous President of the ABPA, sadly died during the previous year, and his family graciously donated a perpetual trophy to be awarded to the junior poet who demonstrates overall enthusiasm for the duration of the ABPA Championships. This year, the very worthy winner of the Frank Daniel Encouragement Award was **Caitlan Klippel** from Corryong who helped with the set-up of the venue, competed in many events, written and performance (both adult and junior).

Caitlan also won the Australian Bush Poetry Association Frank Daniel Encouragement Award presented by Robyn Sykes, on behalf of Cath Blyth, Frank's daughter.

Cath also made the stunning Perpetual Lyrebird trophy which will stay in Corryong until next ABPA Australian Bush Poetry Championships. The annual award is for a Junior who shows enthusiasm for and dedication to bush poetry - not necessarily a winner on stage.

Caitlan was observed during the festival by Brenda Joy Pritchard, Carol Reffold and Robyn Sykes, (accredited ABPA judges) and this is their report:

Caitlan has been fully involved in this year's festival. She helped with the setup of the hall and preparations. Not only did Caitlan win the Yr 7 - 12 Written and Performance Champion and Mateship awards, she also competed in the adult Novice Performance Section.

Caitlan was also a performer at the Meet and Greet, Poets Breakfasts and 'Red Poppies' ANZAC concert in the RSL hall with a beautiful moving tribute. Frank would have been delighted with all that Caitlan did. She is a worthy winner of the 2015 Inaugural Frank Daniel award.

No Turning Back

© Caitlan Kippel

A young boy stands on a corner
Watching men write their names on a table
They are going to fight for their country
Live or die, just be brave if they are able.

The young boy standing closer now
Getting courage to go ahead and sign
He's not eighteen yet but mother won't know
Braver now as he signs on the dotted line

A year now has passed with so much regret
Life is a cold reality, a flea infested trench
The heat, the cold, damp, everything is wet
Of death and decay the overpowering stench

He thinks of his home, his mother and friends
These memories that tear at him relentlessly
He knows that mates are with him to the end
His love of country and not to die needlessly

A bugle has now sounded and he knows its time
The enemy is now close at hand
With his mates by his side they form up a line
As they fight for our beloved southern land

He knows he might not survive this day
As his thoughts again return to Scone
Then a shot rings out and his light turns grey
Oh God I just want to go home

He can feel strong arms around him now
As they carry him down through the fields
With fading memories of his loved ones
His fate has surely now been sealed.

In foreign lands they lay down our beloved son
Our brave men and women will be remembered
They did not return but their memory lives on
Their lives, their dreams all surrendered.

Lest we forget.

The Passing Of A Legend

© Milton Taylor

Winner 2013, The Blackened Billy, Tamworth, NSW.

I couldn't quite accept it when they'd told me Stan was gone.
They said he'd tumbled off his earthly perch and travelled on.
Not Stan the legend, ghost who walks, the one who cannot die!
It had to be a rumour or a vicious, blatant lie.

For Stan was indestructible, a superhuman freak,
Our "go to" man, a celebrated icon, so to speak.
Your undercover broker when you wished to buy or sell
Who guaranteed discretion; "sealed-lips Stan" would never tell.

And 'twas purely circumstantial, when Stan's bargains, so they said,
Bore likenesses to items that had vanished from your shed,
And established, firm opinion, long accepted in the town,
Was once he picked up something he was loath to put it down.

But who were we to judge him or be first to cast a stone?
In the Legend's line of business, deals could not be done alone.
It takes more than one to tango with a side step and a twist;
Despite his many critics, Ghost Who Walks would sure be missed.

So came the sad occasion when we bid our mate adieu.
The mourners overflowed the church the way they always do
When seeking final closure and to set a spirit free.
Just give the people what they want; they'll all turn up to see.

The congregation focused as the service laboured by
On the silent guest of honour, and their eyes were mainly dry
Whilst recalling Old Mate's history and his exploits and his worth.
Then, God's agent waved Stan's ticket for consignment to the earth.

With dignity and somberness they hoisted Stanley high
For his final blessed journey to that sweet old bye and bye.
When the bearers took position as the priestly rites concluded,
The coffin lid eased open and a shrivelled claw protruded.

With skills honed from experience and repertoires of tricks,
That fist sought out the altar cloth plus polished candlesticks,
And as swiftly as it snatched them, to the organ's sad refrain
It popped them in its sacred box and shut the lid again.

We stood there, flabbergasted, in a state of near neurosis.
Was the incense loaded up with dope? Or was this mass hypnosis?
Had we all hallucinated? And could things get any worse?
These questions stayed to haunt us as we drove behind the hearse.

But further information at the cemetery revealed
The absence of the limo's floral wreaths; were they concealed
Inside the hallowed casket, with the altar cloth and candles?
We'd never know, we thought, as webbing tapes slid through the handles.

The aura of uncertainty prevailing was intense
As grieving relatives and friends attempted making sense
Of a set of circumstances with all grasp of logic fled.
Did this thing really happen? Was the Master really dead?

We mourned the loss of Stanley and the clods absorbed our tears,
Then a reassuring feeling took control and eased our fears,
For we heard a muffled, scrabbling, scratching, rumbling sort of sound,
And knew that Stanley was not dead. He'd just gone underground.

Every Day We Bleed

© Gary Fogarty 2014

You sit and eat your evening meal with an eye upon the news,
Not one thought ever wandering to the bounty you can choose.
You shake your head in anguish for some starving refugee,
Without our Aussie farmers, this could be you or me.
And every day we bleed!

In cotton shirt and woollen suit you ready for your day,
Without the need to scan the sky, bow your head and pray.
You stir the sugar in you tea, your pay-check's due today,
No need to front your Banker with a real tale of dismay.
And every day we bleed!

A 'Walkley' waving journo spins three minutes on the drought,
Without the common decency to suss the real truth out.
Your hearts been touched, you dig down deep, buy a cow a bale,
But it comes too late as suicide takes another rural male.
And every day we bleed!

Coles and Woolies still are battling, forcing down the price of milk,
Their 'Spin Doctors' sprouting benefits that read as smooth as silk.
While rural industries in tatters, lose workers year on year,
It's Qantas and Holden figures that the Unions seem to fear.
And every day we bleed!

"The playing field is level", so we've heard our 'pollies' skite,
But kids at rural prep-school know that's just not bloody right.
As they import foreign produce and our diesel prices rise,
But we misunderstand them, they're not really telling lies.
And every day we bleed!

Mining companies file for leases and big money rules the day,
Now drag lines rape the acres where the tractors used to play.
With a rural workforce lured by big paycheques near obscene,
As depleted rural communities reflect what might have been.
And every day we bleed!

Your daughters going clubbing, you pray she'll be okay,
Out West young Mary shivers, she contemplates her day.
She has to stop stock suffering, she loads another round,
Her innocence now ebbing, like the blood that stains the ground.
And every day we bleed!

Some 'Genius' gets airtime to proclaim what must be done,
"You must drought proof the country so the battle can be won".
Could he explain with profit margins, so anorexic thin,
How to fund this bloody project to steal us all a win?
And every day we bleed!

While detailing all the polices that send our farmers bust,
Learned men speak volumes, that "food security's a must.
And we need foreign investment, what could be the harm".
Let's open up the floodgates, let the Chinese buy the farm.
And every day we bleed!

You finish off your Chardonnay, you lead your wife to bed.
A rural wife starts night shift just to see her family fed,
Too tired to cry and anyway the tears have long dried out.
Better not to think at all after years and years of drought.
And every day we bleed!

You see it's not so simple, real lives are on the line.
This country needs to wake up, things aren't bloody fine,
Get up off our backsides, help farmers in their plight,
Our country's down the gurgler if we don't win this fight.
Because every day we bleed!



Born into a mixed farming family Gary developed a bond with country life that has remained strong to this day.

A promising sportsman, it was during this cadetship that Gary was involved in a vehicle accident that resulted in him fracturing his spine in five places and having to re-think his future. It was during the three year debilitating period of rehabilitation that Gary took up his pen and turned his hand to writing Bush Poetry. Gary defied the doctors and returned to rural endeavours. Twenty years later, it was time to admit that the doctors were right and to accept being invalidated out of the workforce with Chronic Back Pain.

Gary's poetry career has seen him focus his efforts on performance poetry and he has won numerous prizes over the years, including the first ever Australian Bush Poetry Championship and a couple of Australian Bush Laureate Awards. While appreciative of these awards Gary gets more satisfaction from some of the more obscure events that through the years have highlighted the public's appreciation of his work. His written poetry has been broadcast and featured internationally, has inspired Olympians, sportsmen and cancer sufferers and has motivated groups to help those suffering the effects of drought.

Gary was selected as a member of the Australian Performing Arts Team in both 2010 and 2011, becoming the first ever performing poet from any of the 50+ participating countries to compete at the World Championships of Performing Arts in Los Angeles.

In 2011 Gary was awarded the "Street Of Dreams Award" at Tamworth, an award which recognised the most popular Bush Poet or Balladeer in Australia and was voted on by the public. Gary had no knowledge of the award, or his win, and thought he was just performing a spot at the presentation concert.

To Gary, these types of acknowledgement from outside the 'poetry community' mean more than those from within the industry, as they are recognition that bush poetry has the potential to touch anyone's life, not just those who are already fans of our art-form.

Gary lists his other significant achievements as initiating and/or running poetry performances at: Australian Camp Oven Festival (Millmerran), Chinchilla Melon Festival, Mud Bulls and Music, Tara Festival Of Culture and Camel Races, Gidgee Coal Awards, Yellow Belly Festival, Texas Country Music Festival, Munna Creek Balladeers Festival, and Bouldercombe Country Music Festival. He is proud of the fact that through his efforts he has not only promoted Performance Bush Poetry to the wider community but has provided a considerable number of opportunities for his fellow performers to get paid engagements.

Gary credits his late father for instilling a love of bush poetry and his wife Cindy, daughters Kelly and Shannon and step daughters Shareene and Danica for providing an amazing and unselfish amount of support throughout his bush poetry journey. Gary has published three books of poetry and released 3 albums to date.

MUZ AND MARCO ON TOUR

Murray Hartin and Marco Gliori

Muz and Marco have just completed six weeks of being in each other's constant company. There wasn't a bar fridge or a room service menu left unexplored. After featuring at Tenterfield Oracles, and the inaugural Inverell Lions Club Poetry Weekend, they flew to South Australia where they began a week long odyssey, playing the longest golf course in the World, across the Nullabor.

They were working of course, providing entertainment underneath the stars for about 70 golfers from across Australia, New Zealand and America. Muz only just beat Marco by fifteen shots, but Marco got on TV, and won the belly bug competition, leaving a trail of his digestive track along the way to Kalgoorlie, in case they needed to find their way back to Ceduna. After night shows in places like Fowlers Bay and Kalgoorlie, they borrowed Bart's (Muzz's mate whom he'd never met before) twin cab ute, pulled in to do a shown at the Grass Valley Tavern east of Perth, slept the night in two specially laid out Semi Trailer Truck Cabs, (because they were told to) and continued on their way to Busselton for the inaugural South West Bush Poets Festival. Here they performed 8 school shows, a Saturday Night Show at the Golf Club and a lunch show at the Wicher Ridge Winery, owned and managed by Cath and Neil Howard, who were fundamental in getting the festival up and running. Great events, and met a lot of locals at the workshop, plus some yobbo named Bill from Boyup Brook who did the West Australian Poets proud by reciting Eskimo Nell during the workshop coffee break.

In between all these Busselton Shows, Muz and Marco snuck down south to perform a sell out show in Albany, for the second year running. After booking four seats for the trip home for the extra bum cheeks they both grew, their feet barely touched the ground, before they headed down to Denman in the Hunter Valley for the Food and Wine Festival, at which point both Poets began sampling way too much Two Rivers Wine, started throwing punches, all which missed, and were escorted from Denman by the Cultural Police whereby they threw themselves at the mercy of Marco's wife Julie to please drive them home. They have both now retreated to their respective corners of their states, but will come out fighting as soon as the State of Origin series starts.



A SICK STORY

(Excuse the doggerel, but hey, I was sick)

I haven't been that well as you probably can tell
By the way me lymph glands swell and the colour of me eyes.
I've been sick, sore and lame and me family's been the same,
So I'd like to just explain how we suffered this demise.

See...me mum got tonsillitis, me sister got bursitis,
Me aunt appendicitis, and me uncle he got gout.
Me brother got bronchitis, me dad got tendonitis,
The cows got mastitis and Pop's teeth fell out.

Then I got infected, but me sister got inspected,
Me father got injected and none of us got well.
Me cousins got small pox, me in-laws chicken pox
Granny wouldn't change her sox (and boy, did her feet smell!!)

Me niece got a hernia, me nephew got cholera,
We all got tinea, so everyone just cried.
Me wife got sclerosis, our dog tuberculosis,
But they stuffed the diagnosis and the poor old bugger died.

So then we all decided that the medicines provided
And the practices abided by weren't any good at all.
So I learnt psychology, me sister radiology
Me father physiology and me mum... the crystal ball.

We stocked up on codeine, penicillin, morphine,
Vitamins and proteins and prayed we would prevail.
We emptied out our purse training mum to be a nurse
and meself to drive a hearse...just in case the whole thing failed.

But when Granny got pneumonia, Pop got neuralgia
And me cousin got insomnia, you bet we had it beat!
With numerous operations, a few lacerations,
And the unfortunate amputation of me Granny's smelly feet.

But now as we grow old, you'll see us getting bold
As an itsy bitsy cold is the only ill we've got...
Apart from the cat's infected ear, this horrible pimple on me rear
And the fact that you've been sitting here listening to all this rot.

Rathdowney Bush Poetry 2015

They drove through driving rain, and crossed flooded creeks and roads but the poets came in droves to Rathdowney. Some came from Tenterfield and Casino and four from the North Coast, and what a fun day of Bush Poetry we had on Easter Sunday. Getting around was hindered somewhat by the mud in the show grounds but it didn't dampen the enthusiasm of the wonderful audience glad to finally be able to get out in the sun.

Jim Tonkin and I were assisted by Pam Fox who did a wonderful job at both performing in our mini-show in the morning and then announcing and judging later in the day. Pam's own experience with poetry competitions and running the Bush poetry at the Beaudesert markets shone though, and we were delighted with her help.

The results on the day were as follows:

Readers: Ian Gasking; Joy Drescher

Novice: Don Macqueen, Joy Drescher

The Rathdowney IDLE a comedy event was won by Barry Ellem, who delighted the audience with his "Gladys". (This comedy event is judged on the funniest song or poem and how the performer puts it over)

Open Traditional: Bob (Pa) Kettle, Barry Ellem

Open Original: Wayne Caldwell, Bob (Pa) Kettle

One Minute: Tony Kelly

Technology Event: This was won by Jenny Grinlington and Yvonne Harper, Second was Paul Wincen

THE STORY OF THE TECHNOLOGY EVENT

Rathdowney is a tiny little town and the Bush Poetry event has always been funded by generous politicians, and entries fees. This year the Federal polly pulled out (other group need support as well), but with a raffle, entries and the help of the state politician, Jon Krause, (LNP) we survived, but we no longer had the funds to give a generous prize (\$250) to the best written.

So not to be phased, I decided to go with a self funded competition, \$10 entry, where poets from afar entered an original poem that they performed in front of a small audience and submitted on a DVD. We thought this would suit all those who for whatever reason couldn't get to Rathdowney on the day.

Next thing, an email arrived from an interested party that I know pretty well, but have never met, this person suggested going the next step, 'Poetry and Multimedia,' which I label loosely as 'Technology'.

Now during the year Jim Tonkin, Lisa Young and I went to see the RM Williams show 'The Spirit of the Horse' at Nerang. I was just tantalised and excited by the combined use of horses and multimedia effects. At times you weren't sure whether the horses were in the DVD projected around the three sides of the arena or the real horses galloping in the arena. It was spectacular, so when I was approached by this person with reference to technology and poetry I was already sold.

Rules, well, they were light on, it had to be an original poem and you could get help. What a way to bring in the younger generation! What about professional help....? I knew that poets spend fortunes on CD's and professional artists for their books etc., so I said why not. Who am I to tell someone how to spend their money.

Anyway, I'd have to say the winner's on Sunday were Jenny Grinlington and Yvonne Harper, a joint effort. We broadcast the DVD for all to see and hear all over the Rathdowney showground. Yvonne Harper was the poet, and the poem was about the Anzac Spirit -100years on. We didn't get any entries in the easier competition which just required that you get filmed performing an original poem. We will be doing both events using technology again next year and I am happy that we are leading the way. So get out your cameras and get some help from your friends and family.

We have had some negative flack, but who cares, I know we are heading in the right direction.

GERRY KING

Come an join in all the fun of the ABPA Forums on our website

www.abpa.org.au
Membership Free

ABPA, N.S.W. STATE PERFORMANCE AND WRITTEN CHAMPIONSHIP EXPRESSIONS OF INTEREST

In 2015, the ABPA National Championship is being held in Victoria and ABPA State Championships are being held in Queensland and West Australia.

To date there have been no applications to hold a State Championship in New South Wales.

Therefore, expressions of interest are sought from clubs and organisations in NSW.

Please direct any enquiries to the Secretary of the ABPA secretary@abpa.org.au for Committee Consideration.

GREAT AUSSIE READS

with Jack Drake



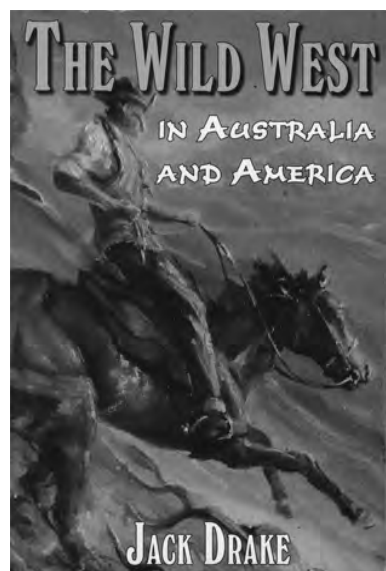
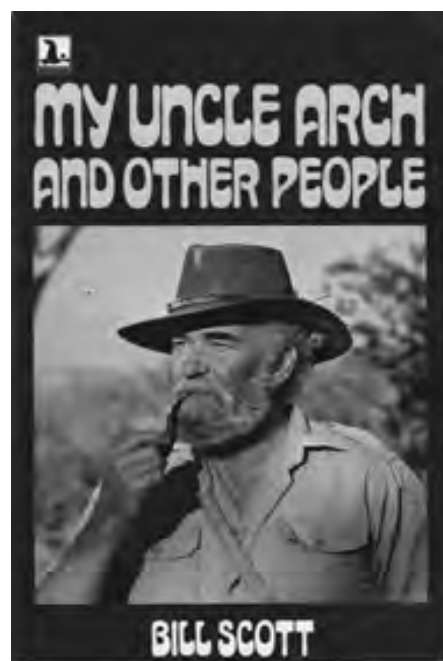
Many Australians particularly those from the Folk Music scene, will be familiar with the works of the late Bill Scott. "My Uncle Arch and Other People" by Bill Scott (Rigby Ltd 1977) is a collection of short, if extremely tall, stories.

Bill's Uncle Arch, the bullocky, had obviously had some rather amazing adventures. His recollections of wooden legged cockatoos, yabbies so big they dug their own water-holes and country so dry the clouds carried waterbags, are a delight.

Scott's tall tales are related in the dead pan, straight faced style of the true Outback leg puller. He paints a word picture of Uncle Arch leading his conversational victims up an extremely long and winding garden path.

'The Other People' part of the book, if not so far fetched as Uncle Arch's recollections, is quite a searching insight into human nature and the Aussie Character.

My Uncle Arch and Other People is pure Australia set in a time when those unique characters that made Oz so special, were much more plentiful.



As long as I am involved in reviewing Aussie reads for our Magazine, I reckon I might as well give my own work a plug. I think my double volume set 'The Wild West in Australia and America' CQUPress 2005, and 'The Outback Vs the Wild West' CQUPress 2006, by Jack Drake, qualify as Great Aussie reads according to those who have already read them.

This comparison of frontier histories on two continents came about from my raving on to family and friends about Oz having just as wild a frontier history as America. Eventually the family got tired of listening to my pet, conversational hobby horse and issued an ultimatum "Stop talking and write a book!"

That's what happened and my two historical works firstly published by Central Queensland University Press and latterly by Boolarong Press, Salisbury, Brisbane, are the result.

The two volumes compare the true stories of the Australian and American frontiers on a subject by subject basis. The Wild West in Australia and America deals with the earliest European arrivals, castaways, convict bolters, sealers and whalers and America's fur traders and mountain men. Gunfights on both continents are recorded as are outlaws who defied the rules and their opponents who attempted to police them. Large scale graziers and land barons, the stockmen and cowboys who worked for them and the buffalo hunters of Australia and America are also included.

The Outback Vs the Wild West follows the droving epics, stock thieves, indigenous and civil conflict, women of the west, the transport giants like Cobb & Co and Wells Fargo plus horse bourn endurance feats, famous roughriders and their outlaw steeds.

The final chapter of the two books is a look at the frontier myth and how it has been glorified on both continents. I loved researching and writing this history and hopefully some of you will enjoy reading it. The books can be obtained directly from me at jdrake@halenet.com.au or by contacting Boolarong.

More great Aussie reads at
www.outbackbooks.info

Jack Drake

In the Name of the Father

© David Campbell

Winner 'The Copper Croc' Poetry Awards 2015

I am weeping, Father, weeping,
in the stillness of the night,
while the innocent are sleeping,
for they do not see my plight.

I am grieving, Father, grieving,
for the price I've had to pay,
for the child you were deceiving
when you stole my life away.

I am pleading, Father, pleading,
for a sign you comprehend
that the justice I am needing
brings the chance my pain might end.

I want healing, Father, healing,
and repentance of your crime,
for the horror you're concealing
does not lessen over time.

Do you question, Father, question,
all the evil done to me?
Do you challenge the suggestion
that such sin should never be?

There is kindness, Father, kindness,
in our hearts, that's what you said,
but in you I sense a blindness
to the cancer you have spread.

Are you hiding, Father, hiding,
from the cold, hard light of truth,
from the courts that are deciding
your corruption of my youth?

I felt wonder, Father, wonder,
at your preaching of the word,
but you tore my world asunder,
and my cries could not be heard.

When you're praying, Father, praying,
for a child's immortal soul,
do you hear what you are saying?
Do you understand the toll?

I feel sorrow, Father, sorrow,
for I can't escape the blame
that will haunt each long tomorrow...
I am overcome with shame.

There is sadness, Father, sadness,
more than you could ever know,
on the path that leads to madness,
where the deep, dark waters flow.

I am drinking, Father, drinking,
for the liquor clouds my brain,
leaving moments when I'm thinking
that I might be whole again.

But I'm broken, Father, broken
by the harm that you have done,
by the blasphemy you've spoken,
and the tangled web you've spun.

I am dying, Father, dying,
you have killed my will to live.
I am weary of your lying,
and have nothing left to give.

I am weeping, Father, weeping,
in the stillness of the night,
but I'll soon be in God's keeping
as I walk towards the light.



Odd pieces of Poetry & Sayings from the past.

Compiled by 'Skew Wiff'.

Don't worry if your job is small
And your rewards are few,
Remember that the mighty Oak
Was once a Nut like you.

.....

FLEAS.

Adam,
Had'em.

(believed to be the worlds shortest poem!!)

.....

"Oh! Tell me Mother, what is that?
That looks like Strawberry Jam?"
"Hush!, Hush!, my child, It's only Pa,
Run over by a Tram.

.....

Girls when they went out to swim
Once dressed like Mother Hubbard,
Now they have a bolder whim;
They dress more like the Cupboard.

.....

I often pause and wonder
At fates peculiar ways,
For nearly all our famous Men
Were born on Holidays.

NEW BOOKS AVAILABLE.
(Slightly DOG-eared).
Doggerel.

Paws for thought. Corgi and Bess.

Reign of Terrier Retriever. The Official

Spaniel in the Lions Den. Collie Flowers.

Red Setters in the Sunset. The Hound of Music.

The Beagle has landed.

A quite short Goat and a pink Dalmation.

Dog only Nose. Up the creek
without a Poodle.

Books available by nearest Post.

From 'Dog-house'.

Mid-Year Candid Catchup

National Folk Festival Winners Canberra 2015

Claire Reynolds of Gloucester NSW who won The Yarnspinning Competition and Jason Roweth of Millthorpe NSW for The Reciter of the Year.

The judge was Milton Taylor who won that honour by winning both competitions the year before.



Long John Best and Four Short Shielas!



Future Bush Poet



A seedy Col Driscoll after performing at the final Mud, Bulls & Music.



Tom McIlveen and Will Moody winners at the ABPA Australian Championships - Corryong 2015



Bravefart relaxes after a hard night's performing



John Smith from Forbes fills in as MC for Neil McArthur at Mildura CMF



Ray Essery suffering from Senus.
"I was out with a shiela last night and her husband senus!"



Shirley Friend still partying with the best of them!



Peter Capp's world record attempt at the worse Poet's Free Camp ever!



Can this year's Gympie Muster Poet's line-up out-ugly last years?



Mildura CMF Poet's Breakfast Crowds continue to grow each day of the 12 day Festival.

Vale Milton Taylor

It is with great sadness that we share news of the death of Milton Taylor on the night of Saturday 16th May 2015, from a suspected heart attack. He was a month short of his 72nd birthday.

Milton Taylor was an encouragement and inspiration to so many bush poets. Not only was he a wonderful bloke to know, he was a sensational performer and excellent writer of bush poetry. Many of his award-winning poems appear on the poetry page of this site. On the Roll of Honour page you'll see Milton was five-times Australian Champion - more than anyone else.

Very few people are able to master both writing and performance and even fewer can create and deliver both joy and pathos with equal effectiveness. Milton was such a master. He will be greatly missed in bush poetry circles.

There will be a celebration of the life of Milton Taylor from 2 pm on Friday 29th May at Lithgow Golf Club NSW. All welcome. Milton's ashes will be scattered on the Thomson River at Longreach, on a date to be fixed. His many western friends are invited to join in this final farewell.

Everybody's Darling

Without doubt, Milton Taylor is probably the greatest poet of modern times in this country, writing and performing literary masterpieces, some utterly hilarious and others incredibly moving.

His works are recited and loved by people of all ages and all walks of life throughout Australia and in the United States.

Despite a multitude of awards and a huge fan base, he was immensely humble, sharing his talent to inspire many other poets and bringing the sheer joy of poetry to children. To say he will be missed is an understatement indeed.

Milton remained a man of principle, wit, honour and courage to the very end.

Carol Heuchan



FAREWELL MILTON

Like everyone else, we were saddened to hear of the death of Milton Taylor on 16th May. Milton was an inspiration to us all as a man and as a bush poet. He inspired so many through his outstanding abilities as both a performer and writer in our genre. Amongst his many awards, Milton was the ABPA Australian Performance Champion five times and he also took out the iconic Blackened Billy written award three times, both unbeaten records. The ABLA acknowledged Milton as the 2015 recipient of their Judith Hosier tribute. But it is as a mentor and friend that Milton will remain in the hearts of all who knew and respected him. Rest in peace our good mate.

Hal and Brenda Joy

Highway to Nowhere

© Shelley Hansen 2015

*Winner of The Feast of the Senses Bush Poetry
Competition, Innisfail, North Queensland, 2015*

When we travelled from Clermont to Charters,
people said: "There is nothing to see!
You'll be driving the Highway to Nowhere ...
just as boring as boring can be!"

But we loaded our sense of adventure,
and we unlocked the doors of our mind,
and we opened our eyes in an effort
not to miss anything we might find.

As the Great Inland Way stretched before us
with its vista of vast black soil plains,
we traversed a terrain lush and fruitful
after seasons of life-giving rains.

The dark ribbon of road was embroidered
with an edging of flowering grass –
and we knew from the start that the story
of the "boring road" was just a farce!

Shining tresses of golden profusion
fell cascading from black wattle trees,
while the gidgee and brigalow bushes
waved their freshly-washed leaves in the breeze.

Sudden mountains arose, unexpected –
just as quickly, they vanished from view.
Endless skies painted distant horizons
with a brush-wash of delicate blue.

As the raptors encircled the thermals,
and the cockatoos screeched from the trees,
the apostle birds' gossiping chatter
was dispelled on the afternoon breeze.

There was no punctuation of townships,
nothing human before us unfurled –
just a highway that went on forever
as if we were alone in the world.

Little things we had thought were important
soon reverted to where they belong,
as we drove on, absorbing in silence
each new note of this landscape's bright song.

And I thought ... there are those who will always
place a negative focus on things,
missing out on the chance to discover
all the wonders that each new day brings.

Life presents us with "Highways to Nowhere",
but if we will just open our eyes,
we may savour each step of the journey ...
never losing our sense of surprise.

ADVICE FROM GRANNY

©THE POETS WIFE

I remember on my wedding day, my Granny said to me
"Presents are expensive, but good advice is free
If you want a life of marital bliss, there's one thing you should do
Go down to the hardware store and buy a piece of 4 X2"

So I wandered down to Cappers, the shop has long since gone
And said "I want a piece of 4x2, about eighteen inches long."
The salesman burst out laughing and said without fear
"The whole town knows your Granny, it's she who sent you here."

Some people put a crucifix, in their pride of place
It is an inspiration, for all the trials they face
But I mounted Granny's legacy, above the entrance to our home
And I always took it with us no matter where we'd roam

I recall how one Anzac Day, hubby went out with his best mate
He staggered home near midnight, in a right royal state
Singing his way up our street, as on the front step he did lob
You could hear the neighbours shouting. "Don't give up your daytime job!"

He tripped upon the carpet and as he crashed onto the floor
The 4X2 became dislodged, from its hook above the door
He never saw it coming and much to his surprise
My precious piece of timber, got him right between the eyes

Next day down at the RSL, he fronted worse for wear
The barman said. "With those black eyes, you look like a Panda Bear
You really are a tragic, but you're not the type to fight
You were in love with the whole world, when you left here last night."

I had the need to bake some cakes, for our local show
I may not be the greatest cook, but I'll give the CWA a go
I said. "I know you have to mow the lawn, so after an hour has gone
Please just turn the oven off, I won't be away too long"

Despite his best intentions, he forgot the words I'd said
And cremated all my efforts, like bodies of the dead
He gazed up at the 4X2 when he saw my work undone
When it comes to burning cakes, he'd give King Alfred a good run

To try and seek redemption, the Lord Almighty knows
He loaded up the washer, without sorting out the clothes
I reached for the 4X2 and was quite within my rights
For some of my red underwear, ended up with all the whites

When I saw his handy work, it would drive a wife to drink
'Cause all his shorts and T shirts, were a lovely shade of pink
So when he went out jogging, my friends to me did say
"Your old man's not homophobic, but we didn't know that he was gay."

I don't condone domestic violence, in any shape or form
And one or two ill-chosen words, can start a verbal storm
So I keep that waddy handy, in case things get a bit rough
I've never had to use it, sometimes the threat's enough

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Vale Milton Taylor



Left - Milton in the USA with
Melanie Hall and Dick Warwick

Right - Milton, always thinking,
always writing.



The Hidden Truth

(c) Milton Taylor 2014

There's a photo on a mantelpiece commanding pride of place
With its image of a bridal group; a girl with gentle grace
Looks up in adoration to a young man by her side
Who's reciprocating tenderness with open, loving pride.

Slim fingers grip the portrait, then, with knuckles turning white
Her rigid body trembles in a mix of fear and fright
And familiar apprehension ("Can I stand this anymore?")
Whilst dutifully attending to the knocking at the door.

"It isn't him! Thank God for that!" But lifting of that curse
Provides a fresh conundrum - one whose outcome may prove worse
In the dominating presence of the daunting Mrs Brown.
It's 'Her Highness From The Homestead', social conscience of the town.

"Oh, Lord above! She can't come in! This joint's a bloody mess!
I'll tell her I'm too busy or she's got the wrong address."
But her visitor stands solid with no hint of budge or baulk
And the chilling ultimatum. "Let me in - we have to talk."

So, numbly, dumbly, timidly, mine hostess leads the way
Where a kitchen table's clutter showing scraps in disarray
Intensifies embarrassment, though madam shows no sign.
Just, "White, one sugar, sweetheart, and a tea bag will be fine."

"Am I renting from this woman? Does she own the rotten place?
Has she come here to evict me and to rub it in my face?"
But her panic proves unfounded as she hears the matron say,
"You're coming close to breaking point - you'll have to go away."

"Your marriage has collapsed, my dear; your man's a drunken bum
Who's brutalised you badly and there's further grief to come
Should you choose to stay around and vainly hope for better days,
For he's got you where he wants you and he'll never mend his ways."

More scathing comments surface and the truth within them grates.
'A mongrel to his missus but a 'great bloke' to his mates.'
'A bully to his little kids, but famous in the bar.'
'He's skilled in mental torture in the way true cowards are.'

With predictable responses self-destructive in defence,
The girl extends excuses lacking basic common sense
Which are clearly free of logic, so she dares a hapless shrug,
Then succumbs to wretched anguish in the older lady's hug.

And - she cries! She sobs and shudders; from her fractured, fragile shell
A shrieking creature gains release from latitudes of Hell,
Whilst her saviour stays impassive with the hatred of 'that man'
Motivating her agenda: "Listen up - I have a plan."

As she gives intensive details of her scheme for cutting loose,
Her student glimpses sanctuary from beatings and abuse
As welcome sanity prevails to open up the gate
To a safe house, airline tickets, and a new life interstate.

With the deal secured and settled and another victory won,
The broker briskly bids farewell and blithely travels on
And with barely scant acknowledgement or parting word to say,
'The Woman From The Big House', starts her car and drives away.

There's a photo on a mantelpiece commanding pride of place
In portrayal of a wedding scene; a girl with gentle grace
Looks up in adoration to a young man at her side
Who's reciprocating tenderness with open, loving pride.

Strong fingers grip the portrait, then, with knuckles turning white
Her weary body stiffens in a mix of fear and fright
And familiar trepidation ("Can I stand this anymore?")
Whilst robotically reacting to the pounding at the door.

It's him! - The conquering hero, drunk and spoiling for a fight
With horrendous accusations fuelling blinding rage and spite.
From her well-spring of experience she heeds the warning signs
While preparing for the consequence from oft repeated lines.

Yet another night of nightmares in a guided tour through Hell!
It's not 'cherish, love and honour' - there's no magic marriage spell.
In its place the brutal barrages of vicious, verbal spew
Combined with physical assault, as thugs are prone to do.

There's no random acts of violence here nor, 'Sorry it's the grog
That made me turn irrational and treat you like a dog.'
For his method's ultra clinical; each calculated blow
Is placed to best advantage where the bruises will not show.

And tomorrow she'll continue to conceal her rank disgrace
In deception that obscures the facts behind the public face.
So, in shamefaced resignation she confronts her foe again
And, - 'Her Highness From The Homestead', steels herself for further pain.

Vale Milton Taylor

FAREWELL MILTON

Like everyone else, we were saddened to hear of the death of Milton Taylor on 16th May. Milton was an inspiration to us all as a man and as a bush poet. He inspired so many through his outstanding abilities as both a performer and writer in our genre. Amongst his many awards, Milton was the ABPA Australian Performance Champion five times and he also took out the iconic Blackened Billy written award three times, both unbeaten records. The ABPA acknowledged Milton as the 2015 recipient of their Judith Hosier tribute.

But it is as a mentor and friend that Milton will remain in the hearts of all who knew and respected him. Rest in peace our good mate.

Hal and Brenda Joy

Everybody's Darling

Without doubt, Milton Taylor is probably the greatest poet of modern times in this country, writing and performing literary masterpieces, some utterly hilarious and others incredibly moving.

His works are recited and loved by people of all ages and all walks of life throughout Australia and in the United States.

Despite a multitude of awards and a huge fan base, he was immensely humble, sharing his talent to inspire many other poets and bringing the sheer joy of poetry to children. To say he will be missed is an understatement indeed.

Milton remained a man of principle, wit, honour and courage to the very end.

Carol Heuchan

To Australian Bust Poet Association -
From Milt Taylor's Friends in the USA

Just about every time Bush Poet Milt Taylor visited the U.S. to compete in the American Cowboy Competition in Elko, Nevada, he ended the multi state tour in our little town of Rosalia (population 500) in Washington State. Rosalia is 30 miles south of Spokane in the middle of the rolling wheat, pea and lentil fields known as the "Palouse". He and Dick Warwick (our own American Cowboy Poet) performed at our Budding Rose Art Gallery (aka BRAG--a non profit gallery for kids of all ages) for 9 years from 2001 to 2010 (we missed him in 2004). During those years he made so many friends in the U.S.

He was so comical and always called my husband Jim - "Neevil Nurkel" There was absolutely no way to out-smart his witty comments and humor. Our every comeback failed. He darted back another witticism in quick response to our meager attempt to keep up with his banter, puns and wordplay. He was the ultimate wizard and wordsmith--in the most positive way. He said he liked our American beers - but he liked his Queensland XXXX beer (as in the advertisement "I feel a 4 X coming on") better.

Milton's easygoing, warm character and poetic style had a huge positive impression on literally thousands of students during his many school tours of Colorado, Nevada, Idaho working his way back to Washington State. He traveled with Warwick in a worn out Dodge minivan (it was amazing they made it to the many places they did- a number of times making it to the next town on just fumes in the tank.) Milton always stayed at the Warwick farm several days before heading home. We had the honor of his staying at our place several nights over the years. Those were magical days of fun, laughter, storytelling and (just a few) libations. Milton and Dick performed at many schools in

Whitman County -(i.e. Colfax, Oakesdale, Tekoa, St. John and Rosalia. In all school visits he took time to perform and explain to the children not only the art of "Bush" poetry but also he told them about his beloved Australia. He often had a student or two participate in a poem. The younger kids loved the Dinosaur poems.

Thanks to Milt, his performances brought in donations that helped build an art scholarship awarded every year to a deserving art student. We still have his black-red headed snake walking stick displayed in our gallery, along with an Aussie flag sign, and numerous photographs of his visits. Over the years he was accompanied by other Australian performers i.e. Carmel Randle, Janine Haig, Carmel Dunn, Melanie Hall and Rusty Christensen. Even though our little gallery only held an audience of 90, it was the light of the whole town every February.

We want your association to know we share your sadness. Keep up the good work you do.

We just lost a Great Man from The Land Down Under. He was like family to us. We loved him and will never forget him.

Maybe someday you'll send us another Australian Bush Poet to carry on Milton's legacy.

Good Day Mates!
Jim and Diane Nebel
Washington USA

Edward Philip Harrington, (1895–1966)

Edward Philip Harrington (1895-1966), balladist, was born on 28 September 1895 at Shepparton, Victoria, fourth child of Philip Harrington, a farmer from Ireland, and his Victorian-born wife Margaret, née O'Brien. Ted spent his boyhood and youth on his father's farm at Boundary Bend, and completed 'a rather chequered school career' at Wanalta Creek and Shepparton Central schools. On 22 February 1917 he enlisted in the Australian Imperial Force; he was then 5 ft 3 ins (160 cm) tall, his chest measured 32 ins (81 cm), he had blue eyes and brown hair, and he gave his religious denomination as Catholic. Harrington sailed to the Middle East and in August joined the 4th Light Horse Regiment in Palestine. He took part in the charge at Beersheba (31 October) and in the 1918 advance to Damascus, Syria, before being discharged in Australia on 24 August 1919. For much of his remaining life he required medical attention and received a repatriation pension.

After the war Harrington 'went broke on a Mallee farm'. In the 1920s he began contributing to the *Bulletin* and *Labour Call*. Widely described as the last of the bush balladists—a term which undervalues the range of his writing—he once said that he was 'a literary throwback'. One critic described his ballads as 'humourous, racy and realistic', but another, while agreeing that all Harrington's verse possessed 'a virile, singing, swinging quality', also pointed to the many poems with lyrical qualities. At least fifteen were set to music: eight of them (including 'My Old Black Billy') by Edith Harrhy, and others by Peter Dawson who recorded 'The Bushrangers' and 'Lasseter's Last Ride'. Harrington, nevertheless, made very little from any of his verses. In 1940-41 he realized a total of 24 shillings in royalties, which were deducted from his advance payment of £12.

He learned a plasterer's trade, worked in munitions during World War II and was later employed in a canteen at Fishermen's Bend. A foundation member of both the Australian Poetry Lovers' Society (1934) and the Bread and Cheese Club (1938), Harrington regularly visited J. K. Moir's weekend gatherings, always wearing a grey felt hat and often a dark blue overcoat, and never without a child's cardboard school-case which was referred to as his 'two-bottle case'. He was friendly but reserved, and only offered an opinion when asked directly. His closest friends among writers were possibly E. J. Brady and John Shaw Neilson, and, after Harrington had returned to live in Melbourne in 1936, he and Neilson met regularly.

In all, Harrington was the author of five collections of verse—*Songs of War and Peace* (1920), *Boundary Bend and Other Ballads* (1936), *My Old Black Billy and Other Songs of the Australian Outback* (c.1940), *The Kerrigan Boys and Other Australian Verses* (1944) and *The Swagless Swaggie and Other Ballads* (1957)—all noteworthy for their restrained social comment and humanism. Besides his poems, he wrote a number of short stories between 1962 and 1965, most of which appeared in *Bohemia*.

Seeing him at Jack Titus's pub in 1962, L. J. Blake observed: 'He looked spry enough but the dreadful cough was with him then. A tiny man with a coat too long and legs so short, but one could see him with emu feather jauntily in his hat and those legs in breeches, a light horseman of the first A.I.F. who fought once at Beersheba'. Harrington died of emphysema and chronic bronchitis on 28 May 1966 in North Melbourne and was buried in Fawkner cemetery. His estate was sworn for probate at \$4539.

Works

- Songs of War and Peace (1920)
- Boundary Bend and Other Ballads (1936)
- My Old Black Billy and Other Songs of the Australian Outback (1940)
- The Kerrigan Boys (1944)
- The Swagless Swaggie and Other Ballads (1957)



The Bush Rangers

Edward Harrington

Four horseman rode out from the heart of the range,
Four horseman with aspects forbidding and strange.
They were booted and spurred, they were armed to the teeth,
And they frowned as they looked at the valley beneath,

As forward they rode through the rocks and the fern -
Ned Kelly, Dan Kelly, Steve Hart and Joe Byrne.
Ned Kelly drew rein and he shaded his eyes -
'The town's at our mercy! See yonder it lies!

To hell with the troopers!' - he shook his clenched fist -
'We will shoot them like dogs if they dare to resist!
And all of them nodded, grim-visaged and stern -
Ned Kelly, Dan Kelly, Steve Hart and Joe Byrne.

Through the gullies and creeks they rode silently down;
They stuck-up the station and raided the town;
They opened the safe and they looted the bank;
They laughed and were merry, they ate and they drank.

Then off to the ranges they went with their gold -
Oh! never were bandits more reckless and bold.
But time brings its punishment, time travels fast -
And the outlaws were trapped in Glenrowan at last,

Where three of them died in the smoke and the flame,
And Ned Kelly came back - to the last he was game.
But the Law shot him down (he was fated to hang),
And that was the end of the bushranging gang.

Whatever their faults and whatever their crimes,
Their deeds lend romance to those faraway times.
They have gone from the gullies they haunted of old,
And nobody knows where they buried their gold.

To the ranges they loved they will never return -
Ned Kelly, Dan Kelly, Steve Hart and Joe Byrne.
But at times when I pass through that sleepy old town
Where the far-distant peaks of Strathbogie look down

I think of the days when those grim ranges rang
To the galloping hooves of the bushranging gang.
Though the years bring oblivion, time brings a change,
The ghosts of the Kellys still ride from the range.

There's Only The Two Of Us Here

Edward Harrington

I camped one night in an empty hut on the side of a lonely hill.
I didn't go much on empty huts, but the night was awful chill.
So I boiled me billy and had me tea and seen that the door was shut.
Then I went to bed in an empty bunk by the side of the old slab shed.

It must have been about twelve o'clock - I was feeling cosy and warm -
When at the foot of me bunk I sees a horrible ghostly form
It seemed in shape to be half an ape with a head like a chimpanzee
But wot the hell was it doin there, and wot did it want with me?

You may say if you please that I had DTs or call me a crimson liar,
But I wish you had seen it as plain as me, with it's eyes like coals of fire.
Then it gave a moan and a horrible groan that curdled me blood with fear,
And 'There's only the two of us here,' it ses. 'There's only the two of us here!'

I kept one eye on the old hut door and one on the awful brute;
I only wanted to dress meself and get to the door and scoot.
But I couldn't find where I'd left me boots so I hadn't a chance to clear
And, 'There's only the two of us here,' it moans. '
There's only the two of us here!'

I hadn't a thing to defend meself, not even a stick or stone,
And 'There's only the two of here!' It ses again with a horrible groan.
I thought I'd better make some reply, though I reckoned me end was near,
'By the Holy Smoke, when I find me boots, there'll be only one of us here.'

I get me hands on me number tens and out through the door I scoots,
And I lit the whole of the ridges up with the sparks from me blucher boots.
So I've never slept in a hut since then, and I tremble and shake with fear
When I think of the horrible form wot moaned,
'There's only the two of us here!'



The Dead Come Home: Excerpt

"We answered to the call to arms, unquestioning and blind,
We trusted to the promises of those we left behind.
We gave our lives ungrudgingly. we did not flinch nor quail,
Strong in the splendid faith we held that justice must prevail,
And as we drew our latest breath in sorrow and in pain,
This faith upheld us to the last: "We did not die in vain."



Calling all Poets, Yarnspinnners, Balladeers, Singer/Songwriters

Geelong the Pulse FM 94.7



Tim Sheed, Australian Bush Poet and his wife Christine, will be hosting a new weekly Community Radio Program in Geelong, commencing October 2015. The program will feature a combination of Poet's Corner (New & Upcoming Poets), What's On (Festivals, Poetry Meets), Music, Reviews (Books, Film, CD, Theatre) and Featured Guest Artist of the Week.

If you are interested in being a Featured Guest Artist and/or having your work featured in this Program, please forward your Contact Details & Promotional Materials to -

Tim Sheed
P.O. Box 357
Portarlington. Vic. 3223

Further Contacts
Mobile: 0438861271
e.mail: timothysheed@bigpond.com

FNQ COUNTRY MUSIC FESTIVAL

9th, 10th & 11th October 2015

BUSH POETRY COMPETITION

Kerribee Rodeo Grounds, MAREEBA



1st, 2nd & 3rd prize money

Presentation Sunday morning during
breakfast

Entry forms available

Kay Kiely

PO Box 1798

MAREEBA 4880

Email: kiely122@bigpond.com

Ph: 07 40933910 or 0438451798

Entries close 1st October, 2015

Maximum 2 poems @ \$10 per poem

Please return completed form & nomination
money to above address

MUSTER POETS BREAKFASTS 2015

Giddy Old Mates, pull up a stump, the Poets are a cracker,
they'll spin some Aussie bull dust, like a dinkum bloody whacker,
not a wowsler or a drongo, wouldn't shout those dills for quids,
crikey, they're the sort of yarns Banana Benders tell their Billy Lids,
So pull on ya' Budge smugglers, have a cuppa, leave ya swags,
Come say g' day to Marco and his mob of bloody dags.



MARCO
GLIORI

Neil's been waltzing his Matilda out along the Birdsville track,
humping swags with a dog named Macca when he gave the turps a crack
at a pit-stop, near the back of Bourke, an outback one horse humpy
where the flies hang like a blanket and publican was grumpy,
but the yarns this bloke has mustered up would make an emu cry,
you'll be gobsmacked while you ask yourself, 'was that a bloody lie?'



NEIL
MAC ARTHUR

Muzza used to be a journo, so he's used to spreading bull,
he'll be spruikin' his ripsorters if you've got a leg to pull,
he's back from riding Turbulence, and cooking barra sangers,
and strike a light this fella's got some ripper bloody changers!
He's been whispering to logs and doing Yoga up the scrub,
but he wouldn't shout if a shank bit when at the rubby dub.



MUZ
HARTIN

Ray's the Mullumbimby old Bloke and he reckons life is beautiful,
but he lives on flamin' road-kill he's collected with his ute,
forgive him, he's a cockroach, not a bludger, I must admit,
just a hoofhead of a cocky whose become a bloody hit
with the old bags and the Jillaroos who reckon that he's sweet,
it'll make ya crook to watch him as he sweeps 'em off their feet.



RAY
ESSERY

Brad's the lad who sheilas swarm to, he's the fishin' Jackaroo,
and fair-dinkum he's a corker from the back of Thurru,
He can wrap like a Tassie Tiger, wearin' double pluggers,
and he's got these two young nipperos who are cheeky little buggers,
He's love-struck like a wounded bull, yet he cannot find a bird,
he's the new clam with the cute bum, but hey, don't believe a word.



BRAD
MACLEAN

Al's the wag who drives the Kombi, and a dopey great galah,
he once got himself in trouble with a big Bondi Cigar
that he offered to a tourist who bunged on a ripper blue,
so Al took off in his boardies, it was time for shooting through!
Now he's cruisin' in his Tinny, wearing trackies 'skamin' coddies,
catching red-claw for his nose-bag, tellin' jokes to all the oldies.



ALAN
GLOVER

Laura yodels like a dingoo! (That's a compliment you goose),
She'll have ya giggling so much that ya' fannies might bounce loose,
She's like a bonza Jillaroo and mate, her songs are Mickey Mouse,
been laughin' slabs for a B and S (so we all think she's grouse),
I wouldn't bloody stir her though, (smacked my clobber in the gob),
not a bad young Heifer if a cocky out there was lookin' to start a mob!



LAURA
DOWNING

So get up off your clackers, drain ya lizard, make a brew,
come down and join the Poets, Marco's lined up quite a crew,
Watch 'em pull the wool, and spin a yarn, and take you on a ride
while underneath the bulldust there's a slice of Aussie pride,
Mind as cut snakes they will MUSTER, what a way to start the day,
bring ya' mates and meet the harrkins, and just laugh the blues away!



Mildura CMF 2015

Walk-Up Poets Breakfasts

Every Morning

from Friday 25th September to Sunday 4th October

8am till 10am

at **The Edge Hotel**

Burronga

Hosted by *Neil McArthur*

The Edge Hotel has become a favorite haunt for the early risers at the Mildura Country Music Festival and it is not uncommon to have 400 to 500 people attend to watch the Walk-Up Poets. Come and put your name down and jump up to share your Poetry Passion with the audience! First in first served, naturally, but this is now the third biggest CMF in Australia!!

Hope to see some of you there



North Pine Bush Poets Group Inc.



Camp Oven Festival

Featuring the talents of Gary Fogarty and Robyn Sykes

28th — 30th August 2015

Norths Leagues Club

1347 Anzac Avenue

Kallangur

- Novice Any Other Poet
- Novice Original
- Yarnspinning
- Intermediate Any Other Poet
- Intermediate Original
- Paddy & Glori O'Brien One Minute Cup
- Open Any Other Poet Male
- Open Any Other Poet Female
- Open Original Male
- Open Original Female

Closing Date: 3rd August 2015

For an entry form or any further information, please contact

Contact Mary 07 5495 5110

wmbear1@bigpond.com



TO ALL POETS IN THE SYDNEY METROPOLITAN & SURROUNDING AREAS

A new venue has been offered to me in the Rocks area of George St north Sydney. It is a heritage listed bar and restaurant with both indoor and outdoor areas with seating of up to 150 clients. It was built in 1838 and still has a great deal of old world charm. It was resurrected in 1974 and is still going strong today. Much of the old world charm has been kept and is a perfect setting for poets to display their talents. I believe it is high time that we, as poets, brought the great tradition of poetry as we know it to the city and I am hoping that some of you may wish to attend and have a fun night in such a wonderful venue.

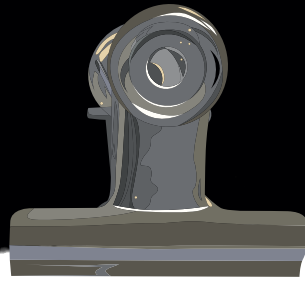
I am working on the first Wednesday of each month if that is agreeable to all

I can be contacted at

billlasham@gmail.com

home 02 98718377 or message me on 0410560939 and I will get back to you

Yours in poetry
Billy 'LOBO' Lasham



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

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

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 :- Wally or Mary 07 5495 5110.

Kurilpa 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 0428 574 651; 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 Inc meet every first Tuesday of the month at Aitkenvale Library Meeting Room at 7:00pm. They also meet at Bellevue Hotel, Allen Street, South Townsville, every third Tuesday of the month at 6:00pm for 'Pub Grub' and 7:00pm for 'Walk-Up' poetry. Loads of fun. All welcome.

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 7104 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.