



# A.B.P.A.

Volume 21 No. 5  
October/November 2015

## Australian Bush Poets Association

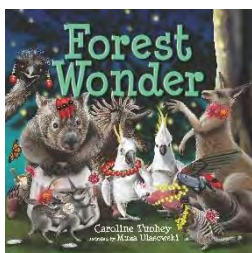
LEST WE FORGET

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FOR THOSE BRAVE WHO  
GAVE THEIR LIVES  
SO WE COULD LIVE OURS

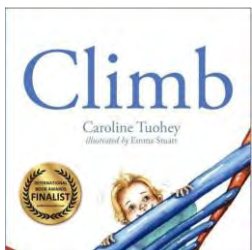


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**Blackened Billy Verse Competition 2016**



Organised by  
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Supported by  
A.M. Printing Services  
and  
The Australian Bush Poets Association.



**First Prize:** \$600 and the Blackened Billy Trophy and certificate  
**Second Prize:** \$300 and certificate  
**Third Prize:** \$200 and certificate

**CONDITIONS OF ENTRY**

1. Poetry entries to be bush verse, on one side of A4 paper only and must be entrant's own work.
2. Name, address and telephone number of entrant must be placed on a separate page (not on entry).
3. Entries shall not have previously won 1st prize in any poetry competition.
4. Entries shall not have been previously published for the monetary gain of the author.
5. Entries close 30th November 2015 and the Judge's decision is final and no correspondence will be entered into.
6. Winning entries will be announced and prizes presented prior to the Friday Heats of the 2016 ABPA Golden Dampier Awards, on 22nd January 2016 at Wests League Club, West Tamworth.
7. Entries will not be returned.
8. Entry fee of \$5 per entry, or 5 entries for \$20
9. There is no limit to the number of entries.
10. There is no limit to the length of entries.
11. Copyright is retained by the author.
12. Winners will be notified by mail. All entrants who wish to receive a copy of the results, please enclose a business sized **stamped**, self addressed envelope. For a judge's critique, also enclose \$10 per poem with an additional business sized **stamped**, self addressed envelope.

**Send entries to: The Blackened Billy Verse Competition  
PO Box 3001  
WEST TAMWORTH NSW 2340**

This entry form may be copied, or extra copies obtained by sending a business sized **stamped**, self addressed envelope to the above address.

Cut along dotted line. (Retain top part of this form for your records)

.....

**Name (Print)** .....

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**No. of Entries:** ..... **Entry Fee Enclosed:** .....

(Please make cheques payable to Tamworth Poetry Reading Group)  
Authors retain copyright, but Tamworth Poetry Reading Group reserves the right to arrange publication of the winning poem, without payment, in the Newsletter of the Australian Bush Poets Association, The Northern Daily Leader, and Capital News.

I agree to the conditions of the competition.

**Signature:** ..... **Date:** .....

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# EDITORIAL



Spring is here!! Finally. A time where poets can flourish in all that is new and beautiful. Where love is all around us and so is new life, new ideas, new creations. An abundance of new inspirations just blossoming and bursting to be discovered and placed into the everlasting beauty of verse.

There are also Football Finals

And the Melbourne Cup Carnival

Whatever it is your heart is searching for, then surely it must lay somewhere within Spring!

And lets not forget Remembrance Day, although it seems that many have as there has been barely a submission for this issue of the Magazine paying respect to our Forces both past and present. Lets hope on the 11/11 at 11am that respect will be paid throughout the country as it has always been.

We are very appreciative of all the Advertisers who have come on board this issue, including those who have taken up the option of coloured Ads. They look great and are very eye catching and for the small extra cost, they represent great value. The same quarter page Ad in many similar publications would cost upwards of \$500! See the Ad list below for pricing details.

Also a big shout out to the Bundy Poetry Muster Organisers who showed once again just how to run a state competition with the highly successful Queensland Championships and if any other State Club wish to tender for their State Championships, I am sure that John and Sandy Lees and their Committee would be only too happy to give you advice and guidance. We need these State Championships as well as Our National Championships and it is something I urge all Clubs to consider in the immediate future.

Happy writing and performing to all and safe travels!

Neil McArthur

editor@abpa.org.au

## 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

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

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

## ABPA Committee Members 2014

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### **AUSTRALIAN BUSH POETS ASSOCIATION**

**Proudly Supporting The Cerebral Palsy League  
Through Magazine Printing**

# President's Report



## ***2015 ABPA WEST AUSTRALIAN STATE CHAMPIONSHIPS***

The West Australian Bush Poets and Yarnspinners Association are looking forward to their State Championships in Toodyay from Friday 30th October to Sunday 1st November. Having been there for the 2014 Championships, I can vouch that the WA poets are a talented and dedicated group willing to give a hand towards the successful running of all their local and annual events. Toodyay is something not to miss (see details in this magazine and on our website). We will all be thinking of you in the east Bill and looking forward to hearing all about it.

## ***2016 ABPA VICTORIAN STATE CHAMPIONSHIPS***

We are pleased to confirm that Jan Lewis and her hardworking committee wish to hold the ABPA Victorian State Championships in Corryong in March 2016. To allow for arrangements to go ahead, the Committee has given approval and this will be formally ratified at the AGM. Thank you Jan.

## ***2017 ABPA NSW CHAMPIONSHIPS***

We are also pleased to advise that Eric Beer and the Dunedoo and District Development Group have put their hands up to take on the 2017 ABPA State Championships in March 2017. This will be put to the AGM for approval but I can't envisage any objections being raised. Thank you Eric.

## ***YOUTH ON LINE***

As part of a program organised by the New England Writers' Centre, Stephen Whiteside conducted a one hour poetry session to primary school students on-line. This means of communication with remote centres will no doubt become more prevalent in the future and, as Stephen said, "...How wonderful that such small, isolated schools can also now receive visiting writers and artists!". It seems very worthwhile that our poets should let people know of their ability and willingness to provide this type of service.

## ***AWARD WINNING AUSTRALIAN WRITING***

The 2015 edition of AWAW was launched at the Melbourne Writers Festival in August. Produced by Melbourne Books this annual publication features "The best winning writing from short story and poetry competitions nationally". This year, we are privileged to have two of our most successful written poets included in this acclaimed publication, David Campbell for his free verse poem, Every story must have... and Brenda Joy for her poem, Snowy – The Reflections of a River (printed in this edition). As Brenda's was the only 'bush' poem to make the cut in the 334 page volume, she didn't miss the opportunity to promote the ABPA in her Contributor's listing. Congratulations to David and Brenda for their success in such a prestigious, broad spectrum arena.

## ***OUTBACK WANDERINGS***

Brenda and I have just returned from a month in the Queensland Outback which included being part of the Curry Merry Muster and the Camooweal Drovers' Camp Festivals (the latter reported in this issue). It is wonderful to see so many of our performing poets making the journey into the further regions. Notably, in Cloncurry Bob and Beryl Magor 'turned up' unexpectedly on their annual trek from north to south and Bob added greatly to the bush poets breakfast MC'd by Brenda. Also in Cloncurry, Gregory North had just completed a very popular stint at the Oasis. Greg has returned to the Outback for the Winton Festival in September. In Camooweal, Noel Stallard flew out to present the poetry of Bruce Simpson to the Drovers, locals and travellers. Of course, Melanie and Susie perform, with wide-spread acclaim, throughout the winter in Winton and there are many other poets meandering the tracks presenting bush poetry and comedy to receptive audiences. It is heartening to see the great response from people all around the country. This may not directly transfer into increased membership of the ABPA but it certainly increases the recognition, enjoyment and appreciation of what we have to offer. Thank you all.

In poetry, Hal

# SNOWY — THE REFLECTIONS OF A RIVER

## SNOWY — THE REFLECTIONS OF A RIVER

© Brenda Joy

2014 *Gilgandra Coo-ee Festival*, Open and Overall Winner  
Published in 2015 *Award Winning Australian Writing*, Melbourne Books

Clear snow-melt, Alpine rivers start their pure and trickling course  
within a region sanctified by time,  
amidst a pristine wonderland sublime.  
Their waters are my source.

When summer sunlight brings release from blanketing of snow,  
the slopes of kingly Kosciuszko drain,  
then joined by lower-reaches' winter rain,  
my tributaries flow.

I am the Snowy River! Once, all powerful and free,  
I forged my course through Alps and Tablelands,  
through mountains, plains and basin's coastal sands,  
and emptied in the sea.

Two hundred miles my waters surged in unimpeded flow,  
through country inaccessible and vast.  
Such mighty days — but grandeur did not last  
for Man decreed it so.

The Snowy Mountains' hydro scheme began my time of strife —  
a monumental engineering feat,  
an 'icon' of Australia built to meet  
the needs of human life.

So many areas have thrived from waters which I lost.  
Redistribution helped a nation grow,  
but I was left with one percent of flow.  
My dying was the cost.

My crystal pools were shallowed out with sediment and weed  
whilst infiltrating blue-green algae spread  
its filament throughout my cobbled bed.  
Invading pests could breed.

Sporadic rains brought only drips of sustenance to ease  
entanglement. My base remained unflushed —  
a murky mass. Where once great torrents gushed  
now lungs were left to wheeze.

For me, the human need demanded sacrifice too great,  
but modern ways of thinking brought reprieve.  
A plan was implemented to relieve  
my un-replenished state.



Concern for the environment put focus on my plight.  
Release of water through my tortured veins  
cascaded through the hills and coastal plains —  
a semblance of my might.

An interval of promise stirred. Once more I felt alive,  
and subsequently, flushes, in accord  
with flow rate needed, saw my hope restored.  
I knew I could survive.

Through trial and error Man has learnt that balance must be shown.  
His need was to restrain my untamed flair  
but not without environmental care.  
His knowledge base has grown.

For future projects Man is obligated to explain  
effects upon the waterways and land.  
If I have served to help him understand,  
my hurt's not been in vain.

Through devastation I've endured, perhaps the wild-life will  
have habitats and feeding grounds conserved,  
and maybe heritage will be preserved!  
A promise to fulfill!

# 2015 Gympie National Music Muster

## Send In The Clowns!

Not sure how some musicians like it, but the crowds at the Poets Breakfasts this year were perhaps second only to the Hill at Main Stage! Despite some quiet crowds in the venues during the Muster, Marco Gliori again managed to put together a band of clowns who kept the overflowing crowds in fits of laughter to again prove the breakfast's worth as an imbedded part of the Muster identity and Culture.

Mix the madness of Poets such as Marco, Murray Hartin, Ray Essery and Neil McArthur together with all round madman, the Tewanin Turbine, Brad Maclean and then add a dose of Stand-Up comic genius Alan Glover and then tie it all together with Balladeer/Yodeler/Comic Laura Downing and you get a couple of hours every morning of some of the funniest tales to pass the lips of Aussie Storytellers!

Tucked away in the beautiful but less than tranquil Amamoor State Forrest, hiding amongst tens of thousands of other Musterteers, each afternoon is a meeting of some of Australia's finest minds, working in harmony to produce yet another breakfast gem for the following day, including Poet's and Camper's one minute brawls, interactive audience games and give aways and the odd song, where a song should not be.

Despite arguments over the years between different Bush Poetry factions, where Bush Poetry factions should not be, the mostly comedy breakfasts continue to drag in the uninitiated along with the hardened fans. The Muster Club is a perfect venue, as the timing of the breakfasts (8.30 am to 10.30am) drag in all the passers by to see what a crowded tent of audience members in raptures are in fact watching. Being an open marquee, they soon see the quality of act and soon the entire outside area of the hugh tent is also overflowing to areas not previously discovered by man. Whether it be watching Marco in full flight with 'The Hypnotist' or Muzza ripping into Dr. Death, they well may be watching the Tewanin Turbine, Brad Maclean taking the audience on a trip through a Time Portal or singing along to Inflatable Lady. Or they may be swooning to the great Ballads sung by Laura Downing and being interspersed with her comedic rants and interaction (or Yodelling). Otherwise they may simply be in hysterics at Ray Essery's unique story-telling and singing (Lord help us!). Or simply they may laughing or gasping at McArthur's ears.

Such is the amazing atmosphere of the Gympie National Music Muster, where the mornings are unreal and the unreal are mourning (mourning our crowd numbers! lol) A great vehicle to draw future crowds to more Bush Poets Breakfasts!!



Only had last years photo, so had to make some subtle, almost undetectable changes.  
From Left: Marco Gliori, Alan Glover, Brad Maclean, Boban, Ray Essery, Laura Downing  
At Bottom: Murray 'Muz' Hartin, Neil McArthur

**Another Good Mate Gone**  
© 2015 Helen Harvey

**Winner 2015 Bronze Spur Award for Written Bush Poetry, Camooweal, Queensland.**

A silver mist is rising from the banks along the creek;  
the wattle blossoms glisten like gold baubles, wet and sleek,  
while gum leaves droop like teardrops from each Eucalyptus tree  
a Heron breaks the silence with its call, so eerily.  
The muted sunlight struggles through a slowly shifting veil,  
to fall upon the figure of an old man, slow and frail,  
who wanders without purpose on this breathless Winter day,  
now lost within the silence and the angst he feels today.

The man has felt the barbs of pain so many times before,  
so often has such sorrow called upon his humble door.  
Fine lines etched in his weathered face tell stories of their own,  
and each one marks a loved one passed or good mate he had known.  
He searches, not for solace in a spirit or a god,  
for any faith had withered on the hard road that he trod,  
but feels the losses harder, as he ages, to go on,  
for time will heed not man nor beast. Another good mate gone.

The dampened earth beneath his tread stirs visions from the past,  
as dewy banks are blended with dark shadows gum trees cast.  
His loved ones, long departed, seem so close to him today,  
as if their spirits chose this place, now cloaked in misty grey.  
Their closeness brings him comfort as another joins their fold;  
one more good friend has bid farewell; the world seems now, more cold.  
The void he feels is hard to bear, with fewer friendships left,  
yet, gives him reason to endure – not yield to his bereft.

His youthful days saw lonely times on outback station run,  
when handshakes were a solemn oath and men's respect, hard won.  
He's cheated death more times than he would care to think about,  
but sometimes mused why he was spared while others time ran out.  
The life he lived has moulded him to what he is today -  
places he's been – past times he's seen – from draught horse in the dray;  
from broadaxe, adze, gaunt bullockies – the teams they drove upon  
the rough scrub tracks through Cypress Pine. Those mates - those days – all gone.

His calloused hands bear testament to life in past domains;  
the cattle camps - the endless miles - the bare and wind-swept plains;  
The floods that followed ten year droughts - the fires that razed the land,  
to leave behind black silhouettes that was a gum tree stand.  
The shearing runs he followed, guided by the evening star,  
prompt memories of older mates and scent of wool and tar;  
their faces flit through foggy haze where shadows still remain,  
but like the years behind him now, their images soon wane.

He feels his life has few regrets but if he lived again,  
good time would not be wasted on the weak or lesser men  
but lavished on close family – his strength throughout the years;  
such thoughts just make it harder as this painful parting nears.  
The silver mist has risen from the banks along the creek;  
gold wattle blossoms glisten in pure light the shadows seek;  
the church bell tolls – the time has come – he knows he must move on;  
another farewell he must make. Another good mate gone.

# The Man Who Wasn't There

© David Campbell

Winner of the 2015 Kembla Flame

He wasn't there when I was born,  
but far away in countries torn  
by conflicts that went on for years,  
to end in tragedy and tears.  
And when they brought him home once more,  
a stranger entered our front door,  
his mind and body wracked with pain,  
and nothing was the same again.

He wasn't there when I returned  
from school each day, and though I yearned  
to feel his touch and hear his voice,  
his absence said he'd made the choice  
to heal the war's enduring scar  
carousing at the local bar.  
And when he stumbled home at night,  
my mother had to stand and fight.

He wasn't there on Anzac Day  
to march and bow his head to pray  
for those who gave their lives so we  
could keep our fledgling nation free,  
a democratic, thriving place  
where creed, religion, sex, or race  
could not prevent a future where  
there'd be abundant wealth to share.

He wasn't there when I had need  
of counselling for some misdeed,  
and so my teenage years were wild,  
a fog of days and nights defiled  
by drink and drugs that stole my mind  
and rendered me completely blind  
to those who tried to lend a hand,  
a gift I could not understand.

He wasn't there when years of hell  
were turned around, to leave me well  
enough to cope, to struggle by,  
and walk once more with head held high  
to see my mother, ill and weak,  
to kiss her softly on the cheek  
and hold her hand a little while,  
rewarded with her gentle smile.

He wasn't there the night she died  
as I sat weeping by her side,  
remorseful for the time we'd lost,  
the hurt she'd known, the awful cost  
of dealing with two wounded men,  
the constant, daily battles when  
she faced her own survival test  
with no relief, no chance to rest.



He wasn't there the day I wed,  
to hear me as I humbly said  
"I do" and kissed my lovely wife  
as we began our brand new life  
together, knowing that I would  
take any step that meant I could  
support our children, come what may,  
whatever price I had to pay.

He wasn't there to greet our son,  
a generation now begun  
to carry forward our proud name,  
dispel the past, and lay a claim  
to honouring the good we do  
in nurturing those people who  
are dear to us, despite their wrongs,  
for that is where our heart belongs.

So I was there to heed his call  
when cancer held him in its thrall,  
and shades of death began to close  
about his world, for then he chose  
to seek forgiveness, make amends,  
as should be done when our life ends.  
He told me of the war he'd fought,  
the shocking damage that it wrought.

For both of us were there at last,  
a son, his father, and their past,  
and so I looked into his soul  
and saw the worst, the brutal toll  
of trauma from the battlefield,  
to which the strongest man can yield.  
Together, then, we said a prayer  
for all the men who were not there.



# THOSE THEY LEFT BEHIND

©Ron Liekefett

*When we think of the efforts of our pioneers who came to this country, explored and found new territories, set up homes, raised families, do we ever think of the families and loved ones who did not make the trip. Two hundred years ago those who faced a six month trip with no certainty of getting here would have been aware that there was a strong likelihood that they would never return to their homeland and see their loved ones again. Today we have high speed travel, telephone and internet. They had nothing. I would like you, for a moment to put yourselves in their shoes and think of those they left behind.*

The cry went out to all abroad, come out and populate  
this great new land Australia where freedom's gifts await  
Leave behind your wretched land where pain and hunger dwell,  
come sample wealth and happiness at nature's wishing well.  
Spread out your swag beneath the gum trees, beautiful and bold,  
and at the end of every rainbow you will find your pot of gold.

Leave family and friends behind, you have no time to mourn,  
for after every setting sun there comes another dawn.  
You cannot stick to olden ways, new pathways you must take  
and find your future overseas your fortune there to make.  
And when you've found your promised land and reaped it's harvest true,  
then bring your loved ones over there to share your dream with you.

Many men and women listen well when bold men speak,  
wave goodbye to friends and family and kiss their mother's cheek,  
and promise that again one day they'd all together be  
In that great land Australia so far across the sea.  
But standing on a lonely dock in the cold and drizzling rain,  
A mother wonders if she'll see her darling child again.

But she calms and reassures herself that life will be much brighter  
For her children in that bold new land where burdens will be lighter.  
Away from war and bloodshed where God would be their guide,  
Where they would live a life of peace that she could not provide.  
And she prays that they would kept safe and free from want and pain  
till the day that message comes that would unite them once again.

But reality is never quite as rosy as it seems  
and many optimistic plans become as broken dreams.  
Instead of wealth and luxury they expected from the soil,  
they are paid in sweat and hardship for years of fruitless toil.  
While a mother waits in anguish for news from far away  
all through the endless months and years until she's old and grey.

And the promises they made to her so many years before  
weigh heavy on the hearts of those who ventured from that shore.  
The tear filled letters that they write are filled with hope and love,  
and the promise that they would succeed with help from God above.  
But in their hearts they know that they will never see the day  
when their outstretched arms embrace the ones they left so far away.

So when you speak of pioneers putting nature to the test,  
the stockmen and the drovers who pushed the herds out west,  
Those who fought the bush fires and went in search of gold,  
and crossed the rugged mountains and saw the plains unfold,  
remember those who's sacrifice has meant a life of pain.  
Those they left behind to wait and see them ne'er again.



# MARY

©max merckenschlager

*Settlers of South Australia's northern Flinders Ranges battled the loneliness of isolation, the vagaries of climate, incursions from dispossessed Indigenous people and wild dogs, seduction of labour by the Victorian goldfields, and ill-informed decisions of bureaucrats. Many failed in their attempts to scratch a living from the marginals and left disillusioned and ruined, but with a learned respect for those timeless Adnyamathanha lands, redoubtable and raw . . . .*

Mary, this forsaken land's become my cross of sorrow;  
the holding pens are empty now — I'm moving out tomorrow.  
I'll leave these picture ranges where the wily dingo calls  
and their framing redgum lintels, adzed and mortared in our walls.  
You followed me, remember, with the children in the dray  
to a roof of ill-thatched rushes and a floor of beaten clay?  
It had no door or chimney — barely refuge when it rained;  
yet you helped me build the stockyards first and never once complained.

I curse this country's grandeur, cut by rocky gorges steep  
with a thousand opportunities for blacks to butcher sheep  
where worthy men are hard to find who'll work an honest day  
and after drought for twenty months, the tracks get washed away.  
Our bullocks fought to shift the wool through Pichi Richi Pass  
and some were lamed by stony ground and fiercely-bristled grass;  
through winding creeks and double-banked they'd bellow under strain  
and axle-arms would bend and snap, when buried by the rain.

Saltbush, Mary -- how the ewes were thriving on its feed!  
We dared to dream they'd cut us tons and fatten up and breed.  
But governments reduced our run and put the best to plough;  
they thought the rain would follow — but it's rusting strippers, now.  
While Nature's pyrrhic victory resounds in every gorge  
her 'inland snow' is burying our follies of the forge.  
They'll join those ghostly northern towns that leapt from page to pegs  
and disappear like sobered schemes of desiccated kegs.

And through it all we managed, Mary, holding on with pride  
until we lost our youngest when he wandered off and died.  
This savage and bewitching country sucked the life we gave;  
it stole our son to break my will and hugs you in your grave.  
I'm leaving in the morning, Mary, heading down the track  
and though my heart is buried here, I'm never coming back.  
Dear, take a final walk with me beneath these brimming skies;  
they promised us prosperity, but all we got was lies.

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# Lone Pine

©Geoffrey W Graham Dec 2014

I'm lying in a filthy trench a jam tin in my hand.  
A homemade bomb about to blow in this stark Turkish strand.  
We lob them over –back and forth, till I no longer care.  
There's nothing 'bout this lousy war comes even close to fair.  
The droning of a Lazy lizz, I loathe that awful whine;  
behind us lies the Anzac cove, above, the lonesome pine.

The Turks cut all the pine trees down, just one remains, just one  
The fallen line the trenches now there's nought to shield the sun.  
And so we lie, and crawl and stumble, sometimes gain a foot;  
and all the while we breathe in stench, amidst the smoke and soot.  
We push aside the bodies and we pray our aim is fine,  
and up above the razor wire stands that lonesome pine.

The battle at Lone pine, a mock attack, it was a feint;  
to draw the Turks towards us hoping they'd show no restraint.  
The real attack was meant to be the heights of Chunuk Bair;  
positioning the Allies for a push that was a dare.  
A brash audacious effort to get past the Turkish line,  
and up above it stared in wonder, Oh that lonesome pine.

The Aussie first division gamely fought to gain each site,  
while turbaned Sikhs and poms and Kiwis battled through the night.  
Three days and nights with dead and dying, charge, withdraw, attack,  
and seven men received VCs - they lunged to hell and back.  
Thousands of our troops were killed yet still remained that sign:  
the symbol of our stubbornness a tough old lonesome pine.

A battered cone lay desolate mere yards from where I lay.  
I tucked it in my tunic and I vowed a future day  
where seeds from that lone pine tree would grow stately 'cross our land.  
Making certain we would not forget the diggers' bloody stand.  
Back home that tree would thrive and grow in climate so benign,  
ensuring we'd remember well that wondrous lonesome pine.

And then in time the seeds would spread to scatter 'cross our soil.  
A seed for every soldier here who bled in death and toil.  
The fresh-faced youth, a sapling green, cut down before his prime.  
An older soldier, bowed with age, now baked in sand and lime.  
They'll all live on with every tree, each one a silent shrine;  
and we'll salute each blessed one each sacred lonesome pine.



Our own Linnie The Lip Tarring from Townsville, and reigning champ of both Golden Damper awards, presented Bill Kearns with one of her awards and a plaque for allowing herself and other poets to perform his works at competitions. A wonderful mark of respect. Linnie is no stranger to awards, being the recent recipient of a "Life Time Achievement Award" at the North Queensland Arts Awards for 60 years dedication to the Performing Arts in North Queensland. Good on you Lyn, and hope to see you defending your titles and performing at the Longyard this coming Tamworth.



# Our Poetry Kids

In March this year, the Tenterfield 'Oracles of the Bush' Festival held a written bush poetry competition for children with the theme '2015 ANZAC Oracles'. This competition was co-ordinated by Jann Newman and the Oracles Committee.

Pupils from St. Joseph's Catholic Primary School in Tenterfield, responded with the following very moving poems which were previously published in September in the Young Xpressions pages of the Free XpresSion magazine.

Brenda Joy

## ANZAC CHILDREN

© Dennis Scanlon

### HEROES FOREVER

©2015 Anush Mondal (at age 9)

Australia's young men who went off to war  
were the best and the bravest you ever saw.  
Dressed in their uniforms, strong and proud  
they marched down the street to the cheering crowd.  
They left in great ships to cross the sea,  
to fight so that people at home could be free.  
Stuck in the mud and the blood and the stench,  
our men fought their hardest from deep in the trench.  
After the war many brave men returned  
with damaged limbs and skin that was burned.  
Some learned to live with the thoughts in their heads,  
of the men they had fought with, the mates who were dead.  
So Australia's young men who went off to war  
Will all be our heroes for ever more.

### THE FRIENDSHIP OF WAR

©2015 Joshua Petrie (at age 9)

Our time together has nearly come to an end.  
It's going to be hard I cannot pretend.  
You've been here with me right from the start,  
you have become very close to my heart.  
We've been through fierce battles and really hard times,  
we've dodged many bullets and dangerous land mines,  
you've guided me through and became my best friend  
You've kept me safe right to the end.  
The war has now run its course,  
I couldn't have asked for a better light horse.  
Our journey together I will never forget.  
Leaving you here I will always regret...

### BATTLE ON THE HOMEFRONT

©2015 Anika Mondal (at age 11)

Our home is the farm – we built it together.  
The work is hard in all kinds of weather.  
There's a cow to be milked and chickens to feed  
and the vegies I grow give us all that we need.  
Our days are filled with work and love  
as the children grow strong in the sun above.  
My husband has gone – called away to war  
to fight a battle on a foreign shore.  
So I keep working hard maintaining the farm,  
praying to God that he'll come to no harm.  
I've fixed all the fences and stacked all the hay,  
I'm tired but content at the end of the day.  
He's not coming home – he was shot in the sand  
of the beach at Gallipoli, trying to land.  
Our hopes for the future, our plans and our dreams  
Lost in the war, blown to smithereens.  
But the children and I will continue with love,  
knowing he watches us all from above.

Aussie children at work and play,  
They have no war to spoil their day.  
Through the years, our people have fought,  
Cherished freedom – courage brought.

Boys and girls here, are free to learn,  
They share a peace which others yearn.  
Children are precious – this we know:  
Let the here, be free to grow.

*N.B. from Dennis -- I introduce this simple poem to the children at the schools I visit, as the 'Gift' at Primary or 'Legacy' at Secondary levels and ask them 'how can there be a gift from all that dreadful waste? I tell the Secondary students that the word 'Legacy comes from the medieval Latin 'Legatum' which was a 'special gift lasting through the ages, that is of value beyond anything we can 'count' or imagine.*

REPORT 2015 Milton, Ulladulla Junior Poetry Competitions  
SATURDAY 5th SEPTEMBER

The performance poetry competition for schoolchildren was held on 5 September and was an outstanding success with 17 children performing on stage to a very appreciative audience.

This competition has been held now for nine years and over the years the quality of some of the children's performances has been outstanding however I have to say that this year would have to be the very best we have had yet with every child that got onto the stage illustrating a commanding presence.

The poems performed were spread over a variety of themes and authors including many of Australia's iconic authors of the Patterson Lawson CJ Dennis era as well as some of the modern contemporary well-known poets.

The audience consisted of many parents and grandparents of the performers who would have all left feeling very proud of their children.

There were other people in the audience who came just to hear the children perform including the Federal member for Gilmore Ann Sudmalis who addressed the gathering briefly after the performances had concluded and during the prize-giving and stated that she was amazed by the quality of the children's performances it being a great deal better than she had expected from one's so young.

A big congratulations should be extended to the people who helped these children attain a wonderful quality and professionalism of their performances and a special thanks and congratulations to Nathan Sherry for his contribution towards children and preparation of the hall at St Mary's for the days event.

Thank you also to St Mary's Star of the Sea school for the use of the hall for the venue and the results of the competition are on Page 20.

# A Riderless Horse

©Val Wallace

Midst the cheering and the waving flags, it passes -  
The haunting, eerie symbol of a generation lost.  
Those thousands of past heroes - gone. They'll never march again.  
They paid the deathly, final, vital cost.

No matter if they died abroad or later here back home.  
For them and for their loved ones - outcomes so severe.  
A dire, ongoing torture, with grim memories of war  
to haunt them with a melancholy fear.

Perhaps on deep reflection, those who perished on those shores  
were maybe, in a most peculiar sense  
more fortunate to end life there, escaping future pain,  
reliving all wars' horrors. Surely not a recompense.

They witnessed pain and tragedy on Turkey's foreign soil.  
They suffered at Gallipoli - but resolute and true.  
They watched their fellow ANZACS as they fell before their eyes  
and realized there was nothing they could do.

Now, witnessing the fervor of the young ones on parade  
It's evident that memoirs will endure.  
The true, respectful gratitude, the pride and honour too  
it seems will last forever, that's for sure.

And so, today, the poignant sound of hoof beats passing by  
Confirms undying reverence for our soldiers brave and bold.  
They sacrificed their very lives to keep this Country safe.  
"The Ode" a strong reminder that they never will grow old.

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

*An Excerpt From a poem - For the Fallen*

*by Robert Laurence Binyon (1869-1943), published in The Times newspaper on 21st September 1914.*



## **Bush Laureate Awards Deferred**

For the first time in 21 years, the Australian Bush Laureate Awards will not be staged in Tamworth during the Country Music Festival in January 2016.

In a statement today, the organisers said that for some time the event had not been financially viable with venue and other costs increasing and audience numbers declining substantially. This decline seemed to reflect a general trend seen in similar events elsewhere.

In addition, there had been a significant reduction in the numbers of nominations in some categories. New categories had been introduced and a number of alternative approaches had been tried including a change of time last January, but there had been little improvement in either attendance or entries.

The organisers said they had found it difficult under these circumstances, to present the sort of Awards the bush poetry scene deserved.

After considering all the alternatives, it has now been decided that from and including the Awards for January 2016, the event will be put on hold until further notice.

"We are very proud of what has been achieved over the years and sincerely regret the necessity of this action. However it is felt there is no alternative in the short term," the organisers said.

The situation will be reviewed in the future with the hope of reviving the Bush Laureates if circumstances change. In the meantime, they said they would like to recognise the multitude of friends who have played such an active part in the success of the Australian Bush Laureate Awards since they started in 1995.

"Whether you've been poets, performers, presenters, entrants or audience, we thank you all for your wonderful involvement and support."

*The organisers Australian Bush Laureate Awards*

*For more information, email [info@bushlaureate.com.au](mailto:info@bushlaureate.com.au)*

# GREAT AUSSIE READS

with Jack Drake



The story of Charlie Schultz is an epic of early 20th Century pioneering in Australia's north. *Beyond the Big Run* by Charlie Schultz and Darrell Lewis (University of Qld Press 1995) tells how Schultz as a 20 year old, arrived at Humbert River Station in 1928. The last owner had been speared to death by Aboriginal tribesmen. The property was completely unimproved except for a couple of paperbark huts, no yards, no fences and a large debt to the banks.

Charlie was the only European on the place in the early times and how he built it into one of the best properties in the Northern Territory is an inspiring read.

Darrell Lewis wrote the book from recordings of his many interviews with Charlie as an old man. The text reads just the way it was spoken by the old pioneer. It comes across as colourful, profane, largely politically incorrect by today's standards, and very genuine.

Charlie Schultz's loneliness, hardships, attempted bullying by managers of the Vast Victoria River Downs on his eastern boundary, stoicism and plain old fashioned guts, leap from the pages.

*Beyond the Big Run* is well worth seeking out – a great read.



More great Aussie reads at  
[www.outbackbooks.info](http://www.outbackbooks.info)

Truth is often said to be stranger than fiction and this is certainly true in "*Killers of Eden*" by Tom Mead (Angus and Robertson 1961).

This book tells the incredible story of a pod of wild killer whales which formed a business partnership with land based whalers operating from Eden at Twofold Bay on the south coast of New South Wales.

The Davidson family came to Eden in the mid 1800s and generations of their family caught whales there until 1932. The family's success was mainly due to an alliance, that many people these days would call unholy, with a group of Orcas which herded migrating whales into the bay for the whalers to harvest.

The killer whales swam in from the ocean at the start of each catching season and in return for the offal and waste products, they herded the migrating cetaceans up to the whaleboats like a shepherd's dogs mustering sheep.

Despite the fact whaling is a dirty word these days, and rightly so, this is an amazing story. Tom Mead has done a great job recording for posterity a strange partnership between man and beast that has happened nowhere else on earth but Twofold Bay, as well as a unique piece of Australian history.

*Jack Drake*

# 'The Best Bloody Buys'

© 2010 Glenny Palmer

## 'The DKW'

Despite being born in the Outback, I can't really ride a horse. I know how to sit on one & get chucked around like a sack of spuds but, so this is a bit more 'cosmopolitan' than my usual yarns.

In my youth I enjoyed being taken for a spin on a motorbike. My first hubby was a bit shy of the grey matter, but he provided us with lots of laughs because of that. He wasn't in to weighing things up...more into denial, so when he decided that something was "the best bloody buy"... that was it...forever...no matter how often it was painfully obvious that it wasn't. He had some funny quirks, one being bringing home very odd people, who were "the best bloody blokes"..?? He frightened hell out of me one day when I honestly thought Oz was having an earthquake. It was only 10 (ten!) motorbikes rolling up to my front door, with neanderthal creatures astride them. One of them was a 6 foot 6 lad...with leather legs... and buckles, and studs, and chrome wheel rims dangling off his earlobes, (and a flaming great skull painted across the back of his leather jacket). He wandered over to my piano, sat down, unscrewed his leather hands, and started playing... Chopin! So I then thought that maybe they were pretty good blokes after all...despite their homicidal appearance.

That was it!...the old man just HAD to have a motorbike. He got "the best bloody buy" he'd ever got...a flamin' DKW for glory's sake...a full on antique. Next thing I'm propped up on board behind him in a convoy of fully accredited bikies, sounding like Amberley Air Base under attack, and heading up the freeway for the mountains. One by one the real bikies overtook us, until we were the very last in the single file. When we finally arrived at the Montville pub, he complained, asking them "why"?

"Because we couldn't stand to watch you mate...you nearly bucked your missus off 6 times, & we're amazed you made it this far!"

Curiously, we weren't invited on any more convoys. So the bike became his transport to work and back. We lived in the bush a bit, and he came home in the dark, which was a slight problem, as the DKW's headlight didn't work. Woolies don't sell DKW parts...and neither does anyone else on the planet...including Germany. So he rigged up this magneto thing, I think you call it...that makes a bicycle light work. The funniest thing you ever saw was the old man hunched over the handlebars... going flat strap...at full revs, (about 20 miles p/hour) and sounding like an F111 on a dump and burn, with this flashlight blinking hysterically all over the road...a full 6 inches ahead of him. If you were approaching him from the opposite direction, you could be forgiven for thinking it was a maniacal fire-fly, high on coke.

The devil looks after his own, so he mostly made it home intact...well, as 'intact' as he'd ever been.

The one thing I learned from all of this, apart from avoiding 'the best bloody buys' around, was to watch for motorbikes on the road, as prior to this illuminating experience, I can honestly say I can't recall having ever noticed a motorbike in traffic.

These days, I guess that my reflexes are not as sharp as that slender 25 year old pillion's any more, but the red hair still whips the air...without falling out...and the hips can still withstand the seating arrangements, so the memories remain alive. Funny times.

### **ST. ARNAUD** **POET'S BREAKFAST**

**1ST NOVEMBER AT  
LORD NELSON PARK  
SHEEP PAVILLION**

**POETS 9 – 11 AM**

**FEATURING :**

**NEIL MC ARTHUR**

**COL MILLIGAN,**

**COL DRISCOLL,**

**RHONDA TALLNASH**

**& KATHY VALLANCE,**

**WALK UP POETS WELCOME**

**\$10 PLUS BREAKFAST**

**PLEASE SUPPORT OUR ROTARY CLUB**

**BREAKFAST 8 – 9am**

**A MORNING OF COMEDY BUSH VERSE**

### **2015 COO-EE FESTIVAL** **Gilgandra, N.S.W.**

Written Bush Poetry Results from Judy Bensley, Competition Co-ordinator  
Judge – Glenny Palmer

#### Section 1 -- Coo-ee March

1st	Brian Beesley	<u>A Statue Stands in Miller Street</u>
2nd	Brenda Joy	<u>Too Ancient to Bleed</u>
3rd	Tom McIlveen	<u>Coo-ee Don't you Come</u>

#### Section 2 -- Outback

1st	David Campbell	<u>The Days when Stockmen Rode</u>
2nd	Brenda Joy	<u>Murray Moon</u>
3rd	Don Adams	<u>But he is Old</u>

#### Section 3 – Humorous

1st	Brenda Joy	<u>Road Watch</u>
2nd	David Campbell	<u>The Bedroom Handicap</u>
3rd	Don Adams	<u>Prejudice and Pride</u>

#### Section 4 – Open

1st	David Campbell	<u>A Shadow on the Water</u>
2nd	Brenda Joy	<u>Love in Love's Ways</u>
3rd	Tom McIlveen	<u>Working for the Dole</u>

#### Best Overall Poem

_____	David Campbell	<u>A Shadow on the Water</u>
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# Competition Results

The Kembla Flame "The Man Who Wasn't There" David Campbell

Highly Commended- "Angela" Leonie Parker

Commended "No Glory Here" Shelly Hanson

Commended "Mates" Robyn Sykes

'The Kembla Star' for the poem by a local writer that scored the highest

"When the Black Swans Nest". John Davis. Kings Point

## CAMOOWEAL DROVERS' CAMP FESTIVAL 2015

### Competition Results –

#### WRITTEN – The Post Office Bronze Spur Award

1 <sup>st</sup>	Helen Harvey of Coonamble, N.S.W.	<i>Another Good Mate Gone</i>
2 <sup>nd</sup>	Helen Harvey of Coonamble, N.S.W.	<i>The Reunion</i>
3 <sup>rd</sup>	Tom McIlveen of Port Macquarie, N.S.W.	<i>Bobby's Return</i>
H.C.	Terry Piggott of Canningvale W.A.	<i>Along the Canning Track</i>
H.C.	Zondrae King of East Corrimal, N.S.W.	<i>Aussie Just like Me</i>
H.C.	Beryl Stirling of Morisset, N.S.W.	<i>Sid the City Slicker</i>

#### PERFORMANCE – The Drovers' Camp Talent Award

(for poets, yarn-spinners, singers and musicians)

##### JUNIOR – 14-16 years

1 <sup>st</sup>	Jack Muller of Mt Isa, Queensland
2 <sup>nd</sup>	Jack Muller of Mt Isa, Queensland

##### OPEN AGE

###### Bush Poetry

1 <sup>st</sup>	Max Pringle of Narrabri, N.S.W.
2 <sup>nd</sup>	Larry Robinson of Dubbo, N.S.W.
3 <sup>rd</sup>	Sue Martin of Walkamin, Queensland

###### Yarn-Spinning

1 <sup>st</sup>	Max Pringle of Narrabri, N.S.W.
2 <sup>nd</sup>	Reg Fickling of Cloncurry, Queensland
3 <sup>rd</sup>	Mike Noonan of Murgon, Queensland

###### Song/Music

1 <sup>st</sup>	Earl Kyle of Mt. Isa, Queensland
2 <sup>nd</sup>	Jarrold Slater of Mt. Isa, Queensland
3 <sup>rd</sup>	Derek of Camooweal/Lake Nash Community

###### Overall (The best across two of the three categories)

1 <sup>st</sup>	Max Pringle
2 <sup>nd</sup>	Larry Robinson
3 <sup>rd</sup>	Reg Fickling

Henry Lawson Society Comp 2015

#### POETRY

First Prize--\$1000

To the Genius of Henry- DAVID CAMPBELL (MEMBER)

Second Prize---\$500

The Geologist-JANEEN SAMUEL (NON MEMBER)

Third Prize--\$250

We Were Soldiers-TOM MCILVEEN (NON MEMBER)

Highly Commended

Kevin Jones- BRIAN BELL (MEMBER)

Commended

When Bobby Returns- TOM MCILVEEN (NON MEMBER)

Never Fought a Battle-BRIAN BELL (MEMBER)

No Glory Here-SHELLEY HANSEN (MEMBER)

North Pine Bush Poets Group Inc

Camp Oven Festival

28TH — 30TH August 2015

School Student Competition, St William's Grovely.

Class 1. Years 3 — 4

Out of 29 students the three highest scorers were:

Gemma Quinn,

Elisabeth Johnston.

Kaylin Handley.

Class 2: No Entries

Class 3. Novice Any Other Poet

1. Janine Keating
2. Paul Flemming
3. Frank Conroy

Class 4. Novice Original

1. Janine Keating
2. Frank Conroy
3. Ann Leadbetter

Class 5. Intermediate Any Other Poet  
Cancelled.

Class 6. Intermediate Original

1. Kay Gorrington
2. Jim Kennedy
3. John Pampling

Class 7 a Open Any Other Poet — Male

1. Ron Leikefett
2. Paddy O'Brien
3. Bob "Pa" Kettle

Class 7 b. Open Any Other Poet — Female

1. Suzanne Honour
2. Cay Ellem
3. Geraldine King

Class 8a. Open Original — Male

1. Mal Beverage
2. Paddy O'Brein
3. Mick Martin

Class 8b Open Original— Female

1. Geraldine King
2. Cay Ellem
3. Janine Keting

Class 9. Duo's

1. Gordon Clarke & Anita Reed
2. Cay Ellem & Barry Ellem

Class 10. Yarn-spinning

1. Paddy O'Brien
2. Jim Kennedy

Class 11 Paddy & Glori O'Brien's One Minute Cup  
John Best

Highest Scoring Male Poet

Ron Liekefett

Highest Scoring Female Poet

Cay Ellem

Bruce Simpson Perpetual Trophy —  
Overall Champion Poet Cay Ellem



# Our Cup Runneth Over

©Neil McArthur 2015

A little something for the Melbourne Cup as written by Neil McArthur and performed by Kathy Vallance at the Melbourne Cup Gala Function at Mildura 2015.

Two dozen hopefuls sniff the battle  
Standing in the gate  
The greatest Hoops in earth sit still  
Just pondering their fate.

A bead of sweat; a heart-beat skipped  
An air of mystery  
A chance to charge their champ into  
A place in history.

The gates fly back, the roar goes up  
New chapters now unfurled  
Deafening cheers from keenest fans  
From all around the world

From hardened punters, down to kids  
Their spirits lifted up  
From thrills that only one can sense  
Fro the Melbourne Cup

Since 1861 they've raced  
And never once have waned  
Helped people through depression years  
And War and drought and rain

It's steeped in our tradition  
Many a fate it's sealed  
Be it horses, roses, socialites  
Or Fashions On The Field

But the heroes of that day, no doubt  
Are they who take the prize  
For owner, trainer, horse or jock  
The accolades do rise

How we cursed the kiwi raiders  
When they came to steal our spoils  
But soon we took them in and now  
Perpetuate theis toils

But through it locals flourished  
From Phar Lap to Galilee  
And the great Makybe Diva  
Who raised the bar to three

And the jockeys like Roy Higgins  
And the feats of Harry White  
And the trainers like old Tommy Smith  
And Bart have shone the light

*There's hard luck tales a plenty  
As some missed by a nose  
Whilst others suffered tragedy  
Their racing chapter closed*

*And as it grew in stature  
The word passed overseas  
To the British, Germans, Arabs  
The USA and Japanese*

*And they'd proudly hold our Cup aloft  
When victory came their way  
And in True Blue Aussie spirit  
We cheers them on that day*

*For it's part of Aussie culture  
Each trainer, horse and rider  
Every year a Hero made  
Be it favourite or outsider*

*And again come this November  
A new field is mounted up  
To race for gold, and then to hold  
Our Famous Melbourne Cup!*

**MELBOURNE CUP STAKE.**

One can almost read the history of Victoria by a glance at the Melbourne Cup prize money. From being a stake under the value of four figures it gradually rose until in the boom times it reached the extraordinary sum of 13,230 sovs. Then came the financial crash, and the V.R.C. felt the strain in common with the State, and the prize money in the matter of a year or two was down to 5,000 sovs. The upgrade run had just begun when the war broke out, and the stake this year is down again. However, this year's stake is the most valuable since the days of the ten thousand pounders. Assuming its value will be £9,317 (it will probably be more) the magnificent total of £258,000 has been distributed in prize money for the 56 Cups. In the different years the stakes have been as follow (in the early years the figures are approximate):—

Year.	Winner.	Stake.	Winners' Share.
1861	Archer	880	910
1862	Archer	830	810
1863	Banker	510	490
1864	Lantern	800	750
1865	Tory Boy	1,054	1,011
1866	The Barb	1,080	1,060
1867	Tim Whiffler	1,150	1,130
1868	Glencoe	1,260	1,190
1869	Warrior	1,250	1,170
1870	Nimblefoot	1,240	1,190
1871	The Pearl	1,110	1,040
1872	The Quack	1,160	1,060
1873	Don Juan	1,430	1,360
1874	Barrot	1,210	1,140
1875	Wollonai	1,385	1,265
1876	Briscoe	1,830	1,710
1877	Chester	1,940	1,870
1878	Calamia	1,890	1,790
1879	Darriwell	1,945	1,645
1880	Grand Planeur	1,785	1,485
1881	Zulu	2,111	1,865
1882	The Assvrian	2,010	1,710
1883	Martini-Henry	2,067	2,157
1884	Malta	2,447	1,977
1885	Sheet Anchor	2,912	2,412
1886	Arsenal	3,065	2,505
1887	Dunlop	4,005	3,255
1888	Meritor	4,860	3,960
1889	Bravo	7,267	5,767
1890	Carbine	13,230	10,590
1891	Malvolio	13,124	10,124
1892	Glendath	19,999	9,997
1893	Tarsoola	10,150	7,150
1894	Patron	5,000	3,500
1895	Auraria	4,417	3,667
1896	Newhaven	4,148	3,398
1897	Gaunt	4,168	3,418
1898	The Grafter	4,291	3,542
1899	Merriwae	4,263	3,643
1900	Clean Sweep	4,337	3,647
1901	Revenue	6,117	4,017
1902	The Victory	6,355	4,255
1903	Lord Cardigan	6,394	4,294
1904	Acrasia	6,382	4,282
1905	Blue Spee	6,374	4,274
1906	Poseidon	6,336	4,236
1907	Apollonie	6,409	4,309
1908	Lord Nolan	6,627	4,527
1909	Prince Foote	8,325	5,425
1910	Comedy King	7,978	6,178
1911	The Parisian	7,742	6,042
1912	Plastre	8,676	6,376
1913	Posinatus	9,519	7,119
1914	Kingsburgh	10,040	7,640
1915	Patrosas	10,100	7,504



....and a little Editor's tip for this year.... Magnapal

# MILTON SHOW SOCIETY

## BUSH POETRY

### ADULT PERFORMANCE COMPETITION

TO BE HELD AT THE MILTON SHOW  
SAT 5th MARCH 2016  
11AM START



**TOTAL OF \$1500 PRIZE MONEY**

**1ST \$600    2ND \$350    3RD \$250**  
**PLUS 3 HIGHLY COMMENDED AT \$100 EA**

MAXIMUM OF 12 PERFORMERS ACCEPTED ON FIRST IN FIRST SERVED BASIS

Entries postmarked no later than 8th FEBRUARY 2016 Entry fee \$12

POEM CAN BE SERIOUS OR LIGHT HEARTED AND CLASICAL, CONTEMPORARY OR ORIGINAL

DOWNLOAD ENTRY FORMS FROM ABPA WEBSITE OR [www.showdayonline.com](http://www.showdayonline.com) and follow the prompts  
OR

Contact John Davis 37 George avenue Kings Point NSW 2539

Ph 02 44552013 email [jda76436@bigpond.net.au](mailto:jda76436@bigpond.net.au)

## CERVANTES FESTIVAL OF ART 2015

### WRITTEN BUSH POETRY COMPETITION

- as part of the Cervantes Art Festival -

is back on again this year, after a break last year.

The festival will be held at the

**Cervantes Recreation Centre**

**Friday October 23 - Sunday 1 November 2015**

PRIZES for the written competition are:

Open : \$250 Junior : \$10

All entries to be received no later than 2nd October.

Winners will be announced on opening night on Friday 23rd October at the festival.

For competition requirements and entry form, please contact Irene Conner on

0429652155 or [iconner21@wn.com.au](mailto:iconner21@wn.com.au)





Thursday 31<sup>st</sup> March - Sunday 3<sup>rd</sup> April 2016

Man From Snowy River Bush Festival, CORRYONG, [www.bushfestival.com.au](http://www.bushfestival.com.au)

### MAN FROM SNOWY RIVER BUSH FESTIVAL - Where Legends perform!

- **Victorian Bush Poetry & Music Association Championships.**
- Theme for the weekend 'Goldmining'
- \$5,000 prize money and trophies
- Performance sections include Original and Non-Original Poems and Yarns Junior and of course Banjo's MFSR poem recital.
- If you can't attend – Written Serious and Humorous sections available.
- Guests - Geoffrey Graham, Graeme Johnson, Carol Reffold, more TBA
- Poets' Breakfasts, walkups and concerts and 'join in' campfire sessions
- Watch 'The Challenge' to find the modern 'Man from Snowy River'
- Festival activities including Street Parade, Bush Idol and Busking Comps
- The 'Re-enactment' (Banjo's 'Man From Snowy River' poem on hillside)
- Experience real bush friendliness and flavour.
- Legends abound in poetry and music in Corryong, NE Victoria
- Email [info@bushfestival.com](mailto:info@bushfestival.com) or phone Festival office 02 6076 1992
- [www.bushfestival.com.au](http://www.bushfestival.com.au) poet entry forms (available Dec, closes 12th Feb)

See you there! – Jan Lewis, Poetry & Music events. [info@vbpma.com.au](mailto:info@vbpma.com.au)

## Bush Entertainment Muster Victorian Song Championship Bush Poetry - Yarns



### Three Day Program 9-11th Oct.

**Friday: 6pm** Meet 'n' Greet - **7.30 pm** Aussie entertainment Concert  
**Saturday: 8.30am** Poets Breakfast; **10.30** Songwriters and poets, up close and personal **12 noon:** Lunch with poets and musos  
**1.15pm** Weary Dunlop tribute **2pm** short poems  
**3.30pm** VBPM Song Championships  
**7.30pm** Concert with Reg Poole OAM and friends + Champion winners  
**Sunday: 8.30 - 10am** Poets Breakfast **10.15** Performance Workshop... "How to put a show together". **12.30** Lunch **1.15 - 1.45** Music Session  
**2 - 3.30** Spirit of the Land Show

Venue: Benalla Bowls Club . Arundel St, Benalla  
 More information: Contact Victorian Bush Poets and Music Association Inc  
 Secretary: Jan Lewis on 0260774332 Email: [info@vbpma.com.au](mailto:info@vbpma.com.au)  
 or the Victorian Bush poets and friends Facebook page



## Aussie Entertainment Muster at Benalla

Shearing shed yarns, folklore, mateship, tales of love, immigrants, droving, shearing and Aussie slang will soon bounce off the walls of Benalla Bowls Club. Why? Victorian Bush Poetry and Music Association poets and musicians will make their annual pilgrimage to the Muster and share performance skills during Seniors Week Friday 9 – Sunday 11 October.

Special guests are Rhonda Tallnash and Roderick Williams, 2015 male and female Australian Bush Poetry Champions (both from N E Victoria) along with well-respected country music artist Reg Poole OAM and singer songwriter Jill Meehan from Geelong. Rhonda, Roderick and Jill, along with 2014 Muster Poet Jenny Markwell and Yarnspinner Mick Coventry will present their lyric writing skills in a panel format on Saturday morning.

Songsters can enter the Victorian Song Competition on Saturday afternoon where Reg Poole and Jill will judge with Jeff Mifsud with winners performing with the judges on the Saturday night concert.

Other participatory events will be Friday night concert kicked off by the Euroa Ukelele Group, Poets Breakfasts, a Weary Dunlop tribute, and Spirit of the Land Concert.

Audience very welcome. Weekend wristbands \$25/\$20

[www.vbpma.com.au](http://www.vbpma.com.au) for full program or Ring Jan Lewis 0422848707

Free public transport to Victorian Seniors Card holders from 4 to 11 October 2015.



## **OPEN HEARTS AND HISTORY IN CAMOOWEAL**

Another wonderful festival was held at the Drovers' Camp in Camooweal over the weekend of 21st – 23rd August. As usual, the little border town came alive leading up to the three day event. All around Camooweal there were musicians getting ready with performances in the Post Office Hotel and at the local Gospel Church. Bush Poetry was shared with Brenda Joy and friends down by the river and in the PO Hotel camp kitchen and Brenda also visited the State School for interactive workshops with the very responsive children. The school group also performed songs for the drovers at their luncheon on Friday.

On the Friday night, in addition to the usual street parade, mail race and fund raising auction (which sees the main road to and from the Northern Territory closed off to all traffic while these hilarious events are in progress), there was also a jazz concert with Mt.Isa's Bandana at the camp itself.

The festival concert this year was special featuring Tania Kernaghan with the familiar face of Camooweal, Tom Maxwell, performing under the star-filled outback sky. Throughout the days there was country and gospel music by the Camooweal and Lake Nash community musicians and singers and even a country race meeting at the racecourse.

A special addition to the bush poetry this year was a presentation by Noel Stallard of the poetry of Bruce Simpson. Although Bruce, aged 93, was too frail to be at the festival, Noel had told him of the tribute and passed on that Bruce was delighted at the acknowledgment. As a drover/poet, Bruce Simpson is a legend in Camooweal and Noel's wonderful rendition of his works was enhanced by having Bruce's pre-recorded voice providing the introduction to many of the poems.

The ever popular Bush Poets' breakfast and the Drovers' Camp Talent Award were once again popular features. There were some who were unable to attend this year due to ill health or other commitments (notably regular participants John and Carmel Lloyd who made it half way only to have to return due to John experiencing another of his heart scares – we wish him well) making the number of performers at the breakfast and in the DCTA less than in previous years. This made more work at the breakfast for Noel (as M.C.) and Brenda Joy but, in particular, competitors Max Pringle and Reg Fickling made valuable contributions to the program and the responsive audience loved it all.

Compared by Brenda Joy and judged by Noel and Hal Pritchard the informal DCTA was closely contested by Yarn Spinners, Poets, Singers and Musicians. It was quite special to be able to announce the judges as the current and past Presidents of the ABPA and the MC as the Secretary (considered by attendees as an excellent representation for little Camooweal) and it was an ABPA poet/yarn-spinner Max Pringle of Narrabri who took out the overall award (see results below). Another very special aspect was the emergence of a young poet of exceptional talent. At age 14, Jack Muller of Mt.Isa recited like a real trouper at the poets' breakfast and he was justly awarded both first and second place in the Junior section of the DCTA. No doubt we will be hearing more of Jack in the future.

The Bronze Spur Award for written bush poetry (which is co-ordinated by Ellen Finlay who, together with her husband Paul and Tommy Maxwell was elected as an inaugural 'diamond' life member of the Drovers' Camp), was announced at the DCTA and the lovely winning poem, Another Good Mate Gone by Helen Harvey of Coonamble, N.S.W., was read by Brenda and was very well received being entirely appropriate to the surroundings. Helen also took out the second placing in the Bronze Spur (see results and winning poem below).

A highlight of Camooweal is that it is a genuine festival for drovers and there is a magic in hearing these Australian icons tell of their times on the track. It was particularly poignant this year that many of the places and events in Bruce Simpson's poetry could be shared with others who had driven the same tracks and experienced the same life-style. It was like history being brought to life by those who had actually been there and done that.

Understandably, it is a long way to come to Camooweal but it would be wonderful if more of our poets and yarn-spinners could support this authentic outback event on the 4th weekend of August, 2016. There is competition bronco branding and whip cracking, merchandise stalls and art, historical and photographic displays with Australiana books and produce in the memorabilia hall and, of course, there are the drovers with their yarns and humour. You could not help but enjoy the atmosphere and you would be welcomed with open arms by this special, outback community.

Brenda Joy

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## **THE 2016 BLACKENED BILLY** **VERSE COMPETITION**

After our exciting Silver Anniversary year in 2015, which was won by Brenda Joy of Charters Towers, we now settle back around the campfire and see what wonderful poetry the billy can bubble up for 2016. The Blackened Billy is without doubt one of Australia's most prestigious Bush Poetry Competitions and has a long and rich history which was captured in the recent wonderful release of the book "The Blackened Billy Turns Silver" available at a cost of \$15, incl. postage and handling. (Send money and postage details to Jan Morris, PO Box 3001 West Tamworth 2340 or janmorris33@bigpond.com as soon as possible so you don't miss out on this significant publication.)

Writers of Bush Verse are invited to compete in the 2016 Blackened Billy Verse Competition. First Prize is \$600 plus the much loved Blackened Billy Trophy, Second prize is \$300 and Third prize is \$200. Bush poetry is a traditional type of verse written with rhyme and rhythm that reflects the Australian way of life. The genre has widened in recent years to encompass modern living in both the city and the bush. Look for writing Tips on the Australian Bush Poets Assn website [www.abpa.org.au](http://www.abpa.org.au)  
Tamworth Poetry Reading Group welcomes entries from new and old writers. Entry forms will be available from September 1.

Write to Jan Morris PO Box 3001 West Tamworth or email [janmorris33@bigpond.com](mailto:janmorris33@bigpond.com)

# 'ABPA GOLDEN DAMPER AWARDS' 2016

## PERFORMANCE BUSH POETRY COMPETITION

Tamworth (NSW) has long been the home of Australian Bush Poetry. The connection began over 25 years ago when a small local poetry reading group began a Bush Poetry competition in a local hotel during the Tamworth Country Music Festival. This competition grew quickly in popularity with both performers and audiences alike until it reached its current standing as one of the 'premier' Bush Poetry competitions in Australia.

Indeed the "Golden Damper" Performance Awards have been the launching pad for the careers of some of Australia's best performers and writers since its inception all those years ago. Familiar names such as Murray Hartin, Mark Gliori, Bobby Miller, Bob Magor, Milton Taylor, Roderick Williams, Noel Stallard, David Proust, Peter Mace, Ray Essery, Guy McLean, Gregory North, Melanie Hall, Carol Heuchan, Colin Driscoll, Gabby Colquhoun & Marion Fitzgerald have won the coveted trophies since the competition began in 1987.

Many of these artists have since gone on to be Australian Bush Poetry Champions and some have even become household names around the nation!

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

In 2013 the Tamworth Poetry Reading Group handed over the running of the event, (now known as the 'ABPA-Golden Damper Awards') to the ABPA so it could be run under their auspices.

In recent years the 'ABPA-Golden Damper Awards' have been held in the very comfortable environs of the West Tamworth Leagues Club and West's will continue to host the event under its new title in 2016.

For 2016 the 'ABPA-Golden Damper Awards' will consist of 2 sections, Original & Established (Modern or Traditional). 3 days of heats will be held in the "Outback Bar" (at West's Leagues) on Tues the 19th, Thurs the 21st and Fri the 22nd of January 2016 with the finals being held in "Blazes" Auditorium (at West's Leagues) on Sat the 23rd January 2016.

Entries are invited from both established and new performers. Entry forms are available from the ABPA website, [www.abpa.org.au](http://www.abpa.org.au) or send a stamped, self addressed envelope to "The Co-ordinator-Golden Damper Entries 2016, P.O. Box 655, West Ryde, NSW, 1685".

***Entries close when the 9 allotted spaces in each section on each day are filled.***

'ABPA-Golden Damper Awards' 2016 Co-ordinator Graeme Johnson would like to invite ABPA members to submit their names to him for the 3 judging spots (per day of the competition) that the ABPA is required to fill. (Only names on the current ABPA Accredited Judges list will be accepted). (This can be found on the ABPA Website). Graeme would also like to hear from anyone willing to MC each day's event.

Graeme is also seeking names of potential volunteers to fill the following positions over the course of the event. He requires the assistance of 2 x Score Collators, 1 Timekeeper and a Doorsperson (whose responsibility it will be to collect much needed donations on the 3 days of the Heats).

**\*NB: In 2016 the 'ABPA-Golden Damper Awards' will be run under the recently ratified "Guidelines for Australian Bush Poetry Competitions" rules. The competition will also use any or all associated Judging & Rank Order Tally Sheets as described in the "Guidelines for Australian Bush Poetry Competitions" document (that can be found on the ABPA Website) in the running of this competition in 2016.**

It is the responsibility of any potential entrant to the competition to familiarise themselves with the relevant documentation.



Sponsored by



## 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  
Portarlinton. Vic. 3223

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

# John O'Brien Bush Festival of Poetry and Music

*in Narrandera in March 2016.*

*Are you interested in performing at the John*

*O'Brien Bush Poetry Festival held*

*18th --20th March 2016??*

There are 6 opportunities to perform if you want to --  
or you may like to have your own show.

Poetry competitions, poets breakfasts, Anzac Tribute,  
street entertainment -

*we'd love to see you in Narrandera in March.*

- The Open Writing Competition has the theme "The Pioneer Flame". Short story or poetry. Entries close Jan 31.
- 2 Poetry Competitions have prize money up for grabs. Original poems (serious and funny) can win the Jim Angel Award. The John O'Brien Poetry Recital prize goes to the best recitation.

*Check out the website at [www.johnobrien.org.au](http://www.johnobrien.org.au) for full details of all competitions, performances, and application forms.*

Rotary  
Club of Orange



## Banjo Paterson Australian Poetry Competition 2016



AUSTRALIAN POETRY  
FESTIVAL  
ORANGE NSW  
AUSTRALIA

**For individual and group performance of original poetry of any style**

Entries are now open. Entries close at 5 pm on Friday 12 February 2016. Performance and judging will be on Saturday 20 February 2016 in the Grand Ballroom of the Canobolas Hotel, Orange NSW. Actual performance times during the afternoon and evening will be advised when entries are collated.

### Classes:

1. Open - for any individual contestants
2. Novice - for individual contestants who have not won first prize in a poetry recital competition
3. Junior - for individual contestants 16 years of age or under on competition day
4. Group - for groups of 2 or more contestants performing together

### Prizes:

Class 1 Open:	first prize \$600;	second prize \$300;	third prize \$100
Class 2 Novice:	first prize \$300;	second prize \$150;	third prize \$50
Class 3 Junior:	first prize \$300;	second prize \$150;	third prize \$50
Class 4 Group:	first prize \$300;	second prize \$150;	third prize \$50

To find out more and for an application form, go to [www.rotarycluboforange.org.au](http://www.rotarycluboforange.org.au) and click on the Events Calendar; or, alternatively, write to us at PO Box 52, Orange NSW 2800.

**Entry fee for Open and Novice Classes is \$5 • Entry for the Junior Class is free • Entry fee for the Group Class is \$10.**



17th-21st **FEB 2016**

## Banjo Paterson Australian Poetry Festival SIGNATURE EVENTS

The 2016 Banjo Paterson Australian Poetry Festival, to be held in Orange NSW, the birthplace of A. B. Paterson, will celebrate all famous Australian Poets whilst still featuring outdoors and healthy lifestyle activities for the whole family. Don't miss the signature events to be held during this 5 day Festival.

A DAY WITH BANJO AT YEOVAL  
SUNDAY 14 FEBRUARY

BREKKY AND POETRY IN THE  
PARK  
MONDAY 15 - FRIDAY 19  
FEBRUARY (EXCL. 17 FEB)

BANJO BREKKY BIRTHDAY  
CELEBRATION  
WEDNESDAY 17 FEBRUARY

BANJO BIRTHDAY DINNER  
WEDNESDAY 17 FEBRUARY

DEAD MEN TALKING  
THURSDAY 18 FEBRUARY

BANJO PATERSON NIGHT  
MARKET  
FRIDAY 19 FEBRUARY

BANJO PATERSON POETRY  
COMPETITION  
SATURDAY 20 FEBRUARY

BANJO PATERSON FAMILY  
MARKET DAY AT EMMAVILLE  
COTTAGE  
SUNDAY 21 FEBRUARY

For more information on the Banjo Paterson Australian Poetry Festival  
accommodation and packages

[www.visitorange.com.au](http://www.visitorange.com.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

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.

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 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, Recliffe. 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

Henry Lawson Memorial & Literary Society Inc. – Meet third Saturday each month/except January. Monastery Hall St. rear St. Francis Church. Lonsdale street. Melbourne. All Welcome. From 1-30pm till 4-00 pm. Contact: Maree Stapledon: 0408 100 896

### **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.

## **AUSTRALIAN BUSH POETS**

If you wish to find out more about the Australian Bush Poets Association, or if you are not already a member of the ABPA and wish to become one, please go to the our Website [www.abpa.org.au](http://www.abpa.org.au) to download a membership form, or contact the Secretary [secretary@abpa.org.au](mailto:secretary@abpa.org.au) P.O. Box 1727, CHARTERS TOWERS, Queensland, 4820.