

A.B.P.A.

Australian Bush Poets Association

Volume 23 No. 4

August/September 2017



**Do You Have Your Tickets In The Next
A.B.P.A. Chook Raffle?**



AUSSIE



BUSH ENTERTAINMENT MUSTER

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ABPA CHOOK RAFFLE

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Details in The Folding \$tuff on page 5



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Classes:

1. Open – for any individual contestants
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3. Novice reading – for individual contestants who wish to read their poem
4. High school students – for individual contestants who are attending high school in 2018
5. Primary school students – for individual contestants who are attending primary school in 2018

Prizes:

Class 1 Open:	first prize \$600;	second prize \$300;	third prize \$100
Class 2 Novice recital:	first prize \$400;	second prize \$200;	third prize \$50
Class 3 Novice reading:	first prize \$300;	second prize \$150;	third prize \$50
Class 4 High school:	first prize \$200;	second prize \$100;	third prize \$50
Class 5 Primary school:	first prize \$200;	second prize \$100;	third prize \$50

To find out more and for an application form, go to 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 School Classes is free

EDITORIAL



It's been a cold, cold Winter for many this year, particularly down South. I've been hiding away in Charters Towers, trying to find some sun and entertain the nomads at the Caravan Park, as have many other Bush Poets. Greg North is flying the flag at Winton, whilst Mel and Susie are entertaining those who travel through Lightning Ridge. Bob Pacey entertains the crowds at Yepoon and many other Caravan Parks around the North have also invited Bush Poets to be part of their entertainment for these travellers. A good way of getting the word around!

Also there has been a lot of debate following the publishing of David Campbell's tips on how to structure poetry for written competitions. I have received many articles from other members disagreeing with his thoughts. David is a regular contributor to our ABPA Magazine and his list of achievements makes him a very valued member. I have refrained from publishing all these replies as it would choke up the magazine entirely. We all have our own points of view on how we would like to see Judging of written comps. But we have what we have, and if you intend on winning then David's points are highly valuable. I have given him right to reply this magazine and again value his knowledge and experience in this field. Personally, I like to write performance poetry, so therefore avoid written comps. Pretty easy really. If I was to enter a written poem, then I would certainly be taking tips from David's article. But, hey, we are all different. That is the beauty of the many ways in which we can express ourselves in Poetry.

Perhaps this argument can be kept at the ABPA Forum on our website. Or preferably in a pub over a beer.

We said farewell to some of the great characters of Bush Poetry since the last issue. In particular, Rusty Christensen, Col Hadwell and Lynden Baxter. More about these wonderful people on page ten.

We are moving into the post-Winter festival period now with a host of great Festivals and Competitions. I am again thrilled to be part of the Gympie Muster, the Winton Outback Festival and the Mildura Country Music Festival as well as the Australian Championships in WA are also creeping up on us quickly and a big thank you to Bill and Meg Gordon for taking on such a momentous task!

So until then, happy Poeting and travel Safe!

Neil McArthur

editor@abpa.org.au

NOTE:- Next Magazine Deadline for submissions is September 27th

ABPA Magazine Advertising Rates

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Full page \$95

Half Page \$55

Quarter Page or less \$35

Full Colour Ads (Space limited)

Full Page \$240

Half Page \$140

Quarter Page not available

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, Word or PDF Format to editor@abpa.org.au

All payments to be made within 14 days to

The Treasurer Carol Hutcheson

ABPA Treasurer

48 Avoca Street

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or via Direct Debit to ABPA Account

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Account: 154842108

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

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President's Report



Greetings to all fellow ABPA members and magazine readers. Welcome to the mid-winter edition. Summer is well and truly behind us, as temperatures start hovering around freezing and the days seem to be getting shorter, despite the fact that we are more than a month past the winter solstice.

But it takes more than a little winter chill to keep bush poets away from the likes of Grenfell and Gulgong, where crowds once again gathered en masse to celebrate the life and times of the master of verse himself... Henry Lawson. Congratulations to Ralph Scrivens, Ken Tough & Celia Kershaw; first, second & third placed in the performance section at Gulgong's Prince of Wales Opera House, where they performed to a full house and wowed not only the judges, but apparently the crowd as well. It was pleasing to note that the audience vote coincided almost exactly with the judges, indicating that the audience and judges were unanimous in their choice of champion performers.

Coming up, to be marked in your Bush Poet's calendar, we have The Drovers Camp Festival at Camooweal on the 25th – 27th August: Logan Bush Poets Performance competition on 10th September at Beenleigh: Trentham Words in Winter on 19th August in Trentham Victoria: The Curry Merry Muster in Cloncurry Queensland on 4th & 6th August : The Toolangi C.J Dennis Poetry Festival 21st & 22nd October : The John O'Brien Festival is coming up and asking for performance applications for performing poets and musicians...entry applications close on the 18th October 2017 and most importantly the Australian Bush Poetry championships in Toodyay West Australia 3rd to 5th November.

It was nice to see a new clean-cut Banjo Paterson lookalike on facebook recently. He looked a tad like Greg North, without the famous Banjo Geoffrey Graham moustache. Perhaps this is how Banjo looked during his army days? Well done Greg, maybe we will get to see you and Geoffrey on stage together one day exchanging Paterson witticisms. Greg continues to fly the bush poets' flag at Winton with his nightly shows commencing at 7pm at The Matilda Country Tourist Park. He will be there until the 3rd of September 2017.

On behalf of all ABPA Members, I would like to offer our condolences to the families of two great poets Lynden Baxter and Col Hadwell. Lynden was from Monto in Queensland and Col from Byron Bay...I never had the pleasure of meeting Col, however I have met Lynden Baxter on several occasions. I loved his writing and performances, and found him always to be a humble, quietly spoken gentleman who was indeed one of Australia's great contemporary poets. I feel honoured and privileged for having known him. He left us as current Queensland Performance champion and as overall male champion of the Victorian Bush Poets' Man From Snowy River Festival in Corryong 2016. As Henry Lawson once said 'Oh the heart of one great poet, called to heaven in a line...and if in the great Hereafter there is one to wear the crown' – then his name is Lynden Baxter, from the Queensland MontoTown. His spirit prevails in the legacy of his poems.

It is encouraging to see that some of us traditional verse poets are being acknowledged in current open poetry competitions amongst free verse writers, as well as having our poems selected to be published in the 10th edition of the very prestigious Award Winning Australian Writing (AWAW) 2017 book, published by Melbourne Books and available on line in paperback for \$29.95. In my opinion, traditional verse written in perfect rhyme and meter, is the most difficult of all writing styles to conquer... bar none. To write in context, whilst avoiding forced, cheap rhyme is an extremely demanding exercise for any writer. I would challenge any free verse writer to try it. Lawson, Paterson and C.J. Dennis were all masters of the craft, and as Banjo once humbly said... "if there is any hope at all of survival it comes from the fact that such writers as Lawson and myself had the advantage of writing in a new country. In all the museums throughout the world, one may see plaster casts of the footprints of weird animals, footprints preserved for prosperity, not because they were particularly good of their sort, but because they had the luck to walk on lava while it was cooling. There is just a faint hope that something of the sort may happen to us"...Well it certainly did and we follow humbly in their footprints.

The ABPA committee met last Thursday 20th July. Items discussed were the membership drive and fundraising chook raffle administered by our treasurer Carol Hutcheson. I ask all members to please support Carol in this. Also discussed were the upcoming arrangements for Tamworth's 2018 Golden Damper... which will be going ahead next year in January, and promises to be bigger and better than ever. We have made minor changes with the new venue being St Edwards Hall, which will enable us to base ourselves in one location, under one roof, to facilitate the running of all events there. There is ample car parking available, it is air conditioned and a catered lunch with tea and coffee will be available. We are going to run it in conjunction with the Frank Daniel People's Choice Awards, with a lunch break in between events to encourage performers and audience members to stick around. From the ABPA's point of view, this will also reduce our overheads considerably, without having to bleed the ABPA coffers to continue running this most prestigious event. With some of our other major performance events around Australia having been discontinued of late, we are determined to keep the Golden Damper alive and to make it an annual showcase event. Trophies and prize money will remain the same and we are urging all poets from around Australia to come along and support us in any capacity... whether performing, judging, administering or simply as a member of the audience. We are looking for a coordinator to help run the Golden Damper and to assist Ray Essery and myself in preliminary preparations. If you are coming to Tamworth and feel inclined to help out, either as a coordinator, mc, judge, convenor, collator, time keeper, door person or onsite treasurer, could you please email me at thepoetofoz@gmail.com

Well that's it from me until the next edition.

In poetry
Tom McIlveen

The Folding \$tuff

Hello from Carol Hutcheson your family friendly and transparent Treasurer, keeping members aware of how your money is used and the need for more, how we are going to get it and help you to get some from your own efforts.

Many people who I am not aware of are now thanked for the success of the first **Chook raffle** for your enthusiastic behind the scenes work. The **Second Chook raffle is starting when you receive this magazine**, right now! This time, with hindsight, we're streamlining the purchasing and issuing. Please purchase by direct deposit (plus email) or cheque as usual, not by SecurePay, and receive the ticket by email, **OR if you do not want email**, please send me a **SSAE with your cheque**, and a note with your details.

The **Second Limited Issue Chook Raffle: Tickets are \$5.00 each, only 400 tickets. Closing is early November. The prize money of \$400** has been generously donated by our well known member called 'Anonymous.' We do need **ticket sellers** this time to speed things up and to save Doug and me three stints instead of one at our Shopping Mall! The **tickets for sellers** will be sent to you, a numbered ticket /butt combo, ready to **cut and staple into books**. It has worked already. Please contact me if you feel you'd like to **have a go. It is fun**, a wonderful way to **promote bush poetry** and a great sense of achievement. Most tickets are purchased by family, neighbours, fellow poets. **Great odds: 1 in 400 will win!**

Tom Lund (?) sent \$50 for tickets but no note with address. His tickets are 1337 to 1346, none winners (sigh) - a big thank you.

I noticed that 'Choice' are saying that the use of **OFX** is good for overseas money transfers to pay **international membership** subs. Roger Lusby in NZ told us about this in the last magazine.

We now have AustraliaPost **SecurePay for card payments** within Australia operating on our website. Paypal has been closed. We have found SecurePay is far more **secure** than Paypal, and easy.

It is likely that Chook raffles may be the only **funding** our **Golden Dampier Awards and Anthology** will get - it is tight out there!

Email me: treasurer@abpa.org.au

Ph: 07 4162 5878

Write: 48 Avoca Street, Kingaroy, Queensland. 4610. Australia.

Bank: BSB 633 000. A/c: 154842108. A/c Name: ABPA. Ref: Your Name

Annual Memberships up to December 2017 - 6 magazines/year.

Posted Members Magazine: \$45. Emailed Magazine: \$35. Dual Family M/ship: one posted Mag \$60: one emailed Mag \$50. Juniors \$20 + emailed Mag. International posted Mag: \$70 or emailed \$35. Members joining Oct to Dec receive 2018 membership too. At least 50 new members are needed to enrich our family and the 'books'.

Brain food

The 'money' word last mag was **lucre** for the poem challenge. It's use is derogatory in Oz and means 'pecuniary gain as motive' and exemplifies our unique culture. It's meaning is beautifully handled by Kevin Pye who sent in (thanks mate) this little gem...

I saw a photo misprint
showing Bradman "molly dooker"
so took the bet at evens
that I'd win some lovely lucre.

Great two line rhyme and consistent metre. The end of line word 'LUCre' has a (soft) *feminine* ending, correctly rhymed with end word 'DOOKer'. Try it mid line using a different metre pattern with a *male* (HARD) end. Not too late to try this word, poets, with a 2+2 line rhyme pattern! Have a go with this 'money' word for next mag: **wherewithall**. Write four lines in perfect metre and rhyme and post or email it to me. * Are there any mentor writers willing to put their hands up to assist members on how to better their writing and win. Carmel Randall's "Help" booklet is still available. Members are able to join our **on line Forum** for writing knowledge and exercises.

Many current achievers have won that way! Until next mag, Carolxx

CHOOK FEATHERS RESULTS !

Results of Limited Issue Chook Raffle 1-2017 for The Australian Bush Poets Association Inc

Fully purchased and drawn 5th July 2017.

Thank you all for subscribing to our first Chook raffle. It is one of the best investments you have ever made!

The gross proceeds are \$2,000.00 as per Gaming Rules. ABPA Members sponsored the \$400.00 prize and are listed below.

The winning number was drawn using automated random number generator on a computer. The draw was scrutinised and validated by an uninvolved responsible person in Kingaroy, name supplied if necessary.

The winning ticket number is 1278 purchased by Jenny and Danny L. (not members, surname withheld for privacy) from a Brisbane suburb. They are stunned and delighted at the same time to win and thank the ABPA members who sponsored the prize money. You are all winners.

If you know people who purchased tickets and did not receive the email (as they gave or had no email address) would you please let them know of the result, with thanks. The result is also on the ABPA website. abpa.org.au

Several people put in huge efforts selling tickets to fellow poets, friends, shoppers, family and neighbours - thank you. Without them the success of this raffle would not have been achieved. They are: Graham (Spin) Hampson, Cay Ellem, Olive Shooter, Doug Hutcheson.

The second Limited Issue Chook Raffle will be launched end of August and we will not be automatically pursuing previous purchasers again from our Chook Raffle data base, it is all up to you to decide to purchase. Your details are not stored for future use, only for private auditing purposes. A launch email to members will happen end of August.

THE SPONSORS - ALL ARE MEMBERS - WERE: Mick Martin of Best Gutter Solutions, Clontarf QLD. Jeff Close of Outback Books, Toowoomba QLD. Ian Groves from Lakewood NSW. Nigel Johnson of Audiovis, Armadale NSW. ANON from SA. Robin Marshall of AussieCountryProperty, Berrigan NSW.

All the best to everyone, from
Doug Hutcheson, who compiled, wrote and maintained the Chook raffle
program and accounting automation, and
Carol Hutcheson
ABPA Treasurer

Letters To The Editor

To the Editor

Commenting on Craig Coulson Letter (previous ABPA Edition)

I read his letter with much interest, I entered the Banjo Patterson Poetry Comp held in Orange this year. A comment on my judging sheet was "not your best rhyme" so I queried this always searching for advice to assist self-improvement. I was told by the Judge that I had a female ending not a male ending adding "I don't mean to offend you" Must admit I was a little put out, I fail to understand why they are referred to in this way.

I have observed the fact that the reason Poets breakfasts e.g. The Long Yard hosted by Neil McArthur, other morning shows hosted by Gary Fogarty, Murray Hartin Marco Gliori, the list goes on, and their invited guest poets attract audiences in the hundreds, their venues rock with laughter.

Certainly our great Australian traditional poets and their works must never be lost or forgotten, but people who have no interest in this direction still can and do love "Bush Poetry."

I accept it must have always have rhyme and metre but a little leniency at the judging table would be welcomed.

Maybe there could be competitions for original poetry "ONLY" where audiences and poets would enjoy a relaxed environment, a guest poet could perform a couple spots of Henry Lawson or Banjo Patterson during the day introducing the captive audience slowly to the traditional style of Australian Bush Poetry

I love writing and performing poetry but the depth of criteria required for competition is too in depth for me and so many other poets have expressed the same view.

I did win the written novice section at Boyup Brook 2015 Country Music awards (must have been a fluke) for other written entries at other poetry comps have come back with "great for performance but not written"

I am kept busy with invitations to perform my original poetry at many venues and this appears to be my destination in the bush poetry world.

Thank you for reading my letter it is not intended to be offensive in any way, but as the subject is attracting a lot of attention, I wished to voice my personal view.

Regards
Freda Harvey

Claudia Collins is one of three talented prize winners from the Port Arlington 'Dusty Swag Awards' which the ABPA is happy to give 2017 Membership as her prize. We wish her well and hope to enjoy lots of her work appearing everywhere in the future! Well done Claudia.

Hi Carol,

I was absolutely thrilled to win the Dusty Swag Awards and the prize of ABPA membership. Although I am a musician, with several CD's of original music to my credit, I am a novice short story writer and this was the first competition that I have ever entered. I am looking forward to reading the magazines that Neil has sent me.

Thanks ever so much,

Claudia Collins

Hi Neil

Thanks for sending me my first 3 copies of ABPA magazine (it was a part of the prize the I received for winning the Dusty Swag awards short story competition held in Portarlington). I have had a brief skim through them and am looking forward to a good, solid bed-time read. I have been to some of the events mentioned in your magazine and met some of the poets. Although I am a song writer, and short story writer, I am a big fan of Australian Bush Poetry and really appreciate the cleverness and either the wit, or the ability to touch our hearts that the poets in this genre provide.

Thank-you very much,
Claudia Collins

The Editor

Australian Bush Poets Assn,

After joining the ABPA many years ago I began sending in articles to the magazine. I think there were very few issues in which I had no input. After attending Folk Music festivals I always found a little highlight to share via our magazine. Frank Daniel would often phone me when he was looking for a piece, knowing I write poems on a wide range of topics. So my writing was often included. Sometimes, when I met someone new they would say "Oh, you're Zondrae," If our records go back that far, I would like to know the year I became a member.

Because my darling Wayne has passed away I can no longer attend festivals and my health is failing, I am still devoted to our craft. I was a founding member and still am involved with Illawarra Breakfast Poets. I intend to continue writing and with a bit of luck my poems may appear from time to time. I have recently passed on to the archive of the Illawarra Breakfast Poets, my collection of every Magazine published since I first joined. All of the above is simply to show the important place the ABPA has held in my life. I would like to publicly thank the previous and present Editor and committee members for all their efforts through the years.

I congratulate the present executive for their enthusiasm in launching the "Chook Raffle" programme to raise funds to be used to promote Bush Poetry and the Australian Bush Poets Assn in particular and I encourage members to voice their support and get behind the efforts as well as buy the very reasonably priced tickets. I wish you every success.

Sincerely , Zondrae King (A woman of Words)

C for Charlie

© Heather Searles

Winner 2017 Bronze Swagman Award

A man lay in the burns ward, with his face towards the wall.
He couldn't bear to see a soul; no visitors at all.
He'd been a fighter pilot but his plane had caught on fire,
and although it landed safely, his injuries were dire.
His face was burned and blackened, stripped away by scorching flame;
all twisted and distorted; life would never be the same.
He wrote with deepest sorrow, to the girl he'd planned to wed,
and begged her to forget him, and just think of him as dead.
While trying to imagine life with features so grotesque,
his thoughts were interrupted; some commotion at the desk.
A voice rang out assertively, while steps came walking through.
'Oh, Mary Ann,' thought Charlie. 'Could that be really you?'

A girl in army uniform then stood beside his bed,
and Charlie's heart surrendered, to the moving words she said:
"I waited for you Charlie, while you fought in this campaign,
and prayed with all my heart and soul, to see you home again.
I see your face so clearly and your wounds are bad, I fear,
but still you are my Charlie, and to me you are so dear.
I'm not the girl you left behind, I'm stronger now than then --
my hands are rough and work stained; I've done the work of men.
Through times of deep and dark despair, I've learned to trust my luck;
when war supplies were running low, I drove an army truck,
and worked on signal stations sending messages offshore.
I helped to keep our coastline safe and shipping lanes secure.

Across that sheltered harbour, out towards the open sea,
I'd watch that far horizon that was linking you to me.
My heart would send a message, 'C for Charlie, are you there?'
And in my dreams you'd answer, 'C for Charlie, on the air.'
For you were out there somewhere, and I firmly believed it true,
that somewhere in the Universe, my thoughts were reaching you.
I could feel your love surround me and sense your presence too,
and hear your voice so clearly -- "C for Charlie, missing you."
My voice was one of many drifting onwards to the sea;
all yearning for their loved ones --- they were hurting, just like me.
But many hearts were shattered, when so many lives were lost!
The freedom of our country came at such a mighty cost.

It's up to us to carry on and work with willing hands,
To honour all those gallant souls who died in distant lands.
And Charlie, for your service, you have paid a chilling fee;
you sacrificed your beauty to keep this country free.
Don't try to hide the scars you wear, but face the world with pride,
so all may see the beauty, that you carry deep inside.
Though life may not be easy, things can never be the same;
I shall always stand beside you and be proud to take your name.
The war is over, Charlie, and our tears have all been shed,
so take my hand in yours now, for its time to leave that bed.
You heard the voice that crossed the sea, through waters white with foam;
Now, you've been returned to me; C for Charlie --- welcome home.



Larrikins

© Bob 'Pa' Kettle

Winner Australian Bush Poetry, Banjo Patterson Festival 2017

I got an Email from me sister, who lives out around Mudgee way,
I'm having a party for my old man, would you like to come down and play?
It's a surprise for his sixtieth, it's goners be a slap up do,
I was thinking of doing a dress-up theme. What you come as is up to you.

Now Robbo and I are twins and we like to go with the flow,
See we love our sister dearly, so naturally we said we'd go.
We don't mind pushin the boundary and we don't mind a bit of a gag,
I said, "I'm game if you are, what say we go dressed in drag".

Said Robbo, "That could be a laugh, so why don't we go the whole hog,
With Lippie, Mascara and high heels, some of the blokes might buy us free grog."
We couldn't fit into the cloths of our wives, as they are a couple of shinnies,
"I know" I said with a gleam in me eye, "We'll get what we need down at Vinnie's".

Behind the counter sat this old dear, bent over with her old stooped back,
There was a look of horror upon her face, as I tried on the dresses from a rack.
I found this long blond wig, I though with this I'll look absurd,
With the right earrings and necklace on, I would look like that ABBA bird.

Robbo tried on a curly red wig, made him look a bit of a dag,
"That's just the look I'm after" he said "After all I'm going dressed as a fag".
We couldn't find any heels in our size, which caused a few disputes.
Robbo wanted to wear his Thongs, but we decided on our Hob nailed Boots.

The look that our wives finally gave us, I knew we were pushin' our luck.
"You're not coming in the car with us, you can go in your old pick up truck".
Now just imagine two ugly sheila's, drivin' a truck, one needin' a shave.
As we shot passed this Highway Patrol, and I gave them the two fingered wave.

You know when the proverbial hits the fan, and you sink deeper into the mire.
When Murphies' law plays its part, as we blew out the right front tyre.
In the blazing sun trying to change the flat, I was startin to loose control,
With my falsies slippin and mascara drippin, up drove that Highway Patrol.

After an hour of explaining down at the station, they said they would drop the charge,
'till Robbo though it would be a joke if he tried to chat up the Serge.
Our sister and wives finally came down and bailed us out of this mess,
It's funny now when I look back on it, but never again will I wear a dress.



SPLIT-THE-ATOM HARRY

© Olive Shooter, Allora, Qld.

The days of the old-timer are finished: gone like water that flows to the sea,
But there were many in days gone by and times that used to be.
They were all original and unique and had a great taste for fun,
They lived a hard life and loved it: I'll tell you the story of one.

He was well-boring out on a property when the tools came unhooked from the rope,
They fell to the bottom, but he didn't care, of getting them back there was hope.
While he was trying to recover them a mate came up shouting, 'Hurrah'
And said, 'Lost the tools, eh?' But Harry replied, 'They're not lost, I know just where they are.'

When he was divining for water he'd put the gun over his arm,
The method was very reliable he said, it always worked like a charm.
He'd walk around the paddock balancing the gun up ahead,
'Till the barrel of the gun pointed downwards, that's where the water was, he said.

So this is the tale of an old-timer and some of the things that he did,
He reckoned they'd one day split the atom, folks thought he was not the full quid.
They did split the atom in later times, I wish he had known - but he never -
For Harry by then was long ago dead, he wasn't mad - but just clever.

SNOWDRIFTS OF TIME

© 2005 Lee Taylor-Friend

Winner 2017 Broken Ski Award Peak Music Festival, Perisher, NSW.

Based on the story of Mrs Tommy Thompson who went missing in the great snow fall of 1949. As told by Jack Pendergast.

The snow continued falling in a constant wall of white,
it had done so now for many, many days.
With the pantry all but empty, no blizzard's end in sight,
and the fire just a soft, slow burning haze...

The bitter winds were blowing through the crevices and cracks.
The children huddled trying to keep warm.
Their bellies in a hungry knot, the winds chill on their backs,
as they waited to see out this endless storm.

Father looked forlorn at Mother, she would have to ride,
they knew that the horse could not take Fathers extra weight.
Their trusty steed was old and poor her riding days now few,
Still, he felt it should be him, at any rate.

She'd ride some miles from West Lynne Road to Grosses plain to call
and return with what provisions she could find.
Mrs Thompson, small of stature, but with courage she stood tall,
as she rode on with a singleness of mind...

The wild storm was raging; the conditions mighty grim.
It was hard to see your hand before your face.
But the horse led on so boldly, while risking life and limb,
for she sensed her way, so well she knew this place.

But when many hours passed and Mother had not made it back,
her Husband had to make that dreaded call.
To report a wife feared missing made his heart and mind turn black.
Too much to bear, to lose, no time to stall.

A message came for Jack to go and see if he could find
this woman that her family held so dear.
He'd been moving stock since sun up but he didn't at all mind,
for you'll fight to save a friend and show no fear.

'Twas hard to tell in dark of night, with tracks now worn so deep,
if she'd come this way, or if she'd made it back.
So, he rode on out to find her, a solemn vow to keep,
as he headed down a cold and stormy track.

He rode a mile toward the creek he knew that she must cross,
onvinced that she would travel but one way.
'Tween the safety of the culvert and the fence she'd pass across,
and from this path he was sure she'd never stray.

The wild wind was howling as the dark of night set in.
The snow and sago whipped and burnt his face.
The matches struck were useless, so he knew he must begin
to dismount and feel for tracks he hoped in place.

And then perchance he found them! His hand carefully read the snow.
Jack could feel the horses hoof prints pointing down.
She'd travelled home; he knew this by the imprint of the toe,
his job was done; he mounted and turned 'round.

So, this family was spared the grief of losing one they love.
A husband held and thanked God for his wife.
Children hugged and kissed a Mother, a true gift from up above.
And a Mother simply gave thanks for her life...

And the man who rode to save her on that cold and bitter night,
sat to have a nip of rum and bowl of stew.
He was just content in knowing that she'd made it home alright,
for it could have been much worse, he surely knew...

Such men and women now epitomise the character of those,
who have made these mountains what they are today.
For without that kind of 'mateship' we'd be nowhere I suppose...
Through 'snowdrifts of time' this testament will stay.



To Dear Poets We Have Lost.....

28-1-1947 -- 23-6-2017

The poetry world has been deeply saddened by the passing of Lynden Baxter. Lynden was a very supportive member of the Bundaberg Poets' Society Inc. for many years.

Lynden had a very full life after his school years. He attended Gatton Agricultural College, had a restricted pilot's licence, worked on properties contract harvested and was part owner of a Paw Paw farm near Calliope.

After his working life he bought a caravan and began travelling in his green and white Ford F100 with the three crescent moons painted on the back window which represented the town of Monto and the area he loved so much. During this time he discovered gems and sapphire digging and opal fossicking got into his blood and many trips were taken to the Central Queensland Gem fields and opal fields of Opalton, Lightning Ridge and wherever it was known opal was to be found. Some of us were lucky enough to travel to the gem fields with him and what fun we all had and beautiful memories of that holiday. He also learned how to cut, facet and polish the opals and sapphires he found.

During these years he found a love for bush poetry and a talent for writing verse so retirement got even busier. He became a very polished writer and performer winning poetry awards throughout our great country from Queensland down to Victoria. For a number of years Lynden was a very popular performer of bush poetry around the campfire at the Cania Caravan park (outside Monto) and always with Dusty, his faithful dog. He published three books of his poems which are still available.

Lynden was very artistic as well. He painted, did silk screen printing, learned silver smithing to name just a few. All his life he had a love of horses and so much of his writing and his paintings depicted this. He was a member of the Monto Gem Club and also Land Care. Some years ago he received the Australia Day Cultural Award in Monto.

He fought his fight, lost and accepted the situation. He will be sadly missed by all whose life he has touched in so many different ways including his faithful four-legged friend, Dusty.

One could sum Lynden up by saying he was a true gentleman, a very good friend to many and an all round good bloke.

Thanks to John & Sandy Lees from Bundaberg for compiling this report on such a wonderful bloke and Poet.

Vale Rusty

A TRIBUTE TO KEVIN "RUSTY" CHRISTENSEN

Rusty Christensen passed away yesterday, on May 17. I understand that he died very peacefully.

As most bush poets are aware, Rusty got us started as an organisation, round about 1995, when he called a meeting, with performances, at a hall in Applecross. (This darn computer wants me to spell "organisation" with a "z", but Rusty wouldn't like that. He had nothing against Americans, but didn't want Australia to become another US State. And he wasn't shy to let anyone know.)

Rusty loved Australia, its language and especially its bush poetry. He was a gentleman in the best sense of the word, with all the kindness, compassion, wisdom and understanding that goes with being a gentleman. (I read about it.) But he also had that streak of larrikin humour (there goes that Yankee computer again) that could tear strips off an opponent, an interjector or anyone who tried to rhyme "get up" with "syrup". (Who would be so bold?) On occasion, Rusty could be outspoken and bloody annoying, but he never held a grudge. Most of us loved him just the way he was. He taught me plenty.

"He could mix with the high and mighty, break bread with the upper crust, Or roll his swag by a boab tree out in the far West Kimberley

With battling bums like us."

When Rusty and I went to Winton (in Queensland) in 1996, my wife Maricor was happy that Rusty would be there "to keep me out of trouble". I suppose that was fair enough. After all, I was on bail at the time and really not supposed to be out of the State. I soon found out that Rusty could also be a fair dinkum scallywag, so in the finish we both kept each other out of trouble (just).

Most of us could tell a thousand stories about Rusty, and on some other occasion I'd certainly love to start the ball rolling. But for now, I'll just mention 2 things: Firstly, deep condolence and also a tribute to Rusty's wife, Judy. What a wonderful person and a true lady. I don't think Rusty would mind me saying that without Judy, his life would have been sadly diminished.

Secondly, rest in peace Rusty, old mate. You had a magnificent journey and it was my great honor and privilege to have shared a small portion of it with you. Keep the billy boiling old fella, and I'll catch you later on.

Regards,

Cobber

18 May 2017

Sadly we also lost

Margaret Cunningham passed away. Although never writing or reciting poetry she and husband Harold were ABPA's greatest fans

Caroline Sambridge died suddenly and unexpectedly at the very young age of 51. Caroline has been a member of the WA Bush Poets & Yarnspinnners Assn. for the past nine years or so

Col Hadwell passed away after a cycling accident in Byron Bay. We will be running an article on Col next issue. A past Winner, Runner-Up and H/C in the Blackened Billy were some of the highlights of this wonderful man's career.

ECHOES FROM THE PAST

© Terry Piggot

Winner Of The Dusty Swag Written Competition 2017

Where the bare hill's rise to greet you and a few gums line the creeks,
there's a lonely hut abandoned here below the highest peaks.
Yet there's history embedded in its crumbling rough stone walls,
where the heat seems never ending and a cool change seldom calls.

You may camp here if you're passing and can view the starry sky,
for the roof has long since gone now and the water tanks are dry.
You can feel the past around you, though there's little left to see,
yet it hangs there in the silence of this home that used to be.

Sagging fence posts are still standing though the rest has disappeared
and the bush has taken over any land they may have cleared.
Dead and dying fruit trees rise among the scrub and withered weeds,
where a garden had been started once to supplement their needs.

There's an ancient creaking windmill here that moans as though in pain,
when an errant gust of wind arrives to stir its vanes again,
Though its pump is barely working and the troughs are rusted out,
there's a puddle sometime forming on the ground below the spout.

And a sad old looking farm plow that's corroded now with rust,
lays forgotten there among the weeds, half buried in the dust.
There's a sense of desolation as you stand and view this scene
and you think about the heartaches that you know there must have been.

When the nighttime shadows lengthen as the sun begins to sink
and the harshness seems to melt away as roo's come into drink.
Then a sense of peace descends here in the stillness that surrounds,
where the pioneers saw hope once in these barren stony grounds.

So you think of how they struggled just to eke a living out
and their months of near starvation through those years of wretched drought.
Then they had to leave defeated by this land of harsh extremes,
as they followed in the footsteps of a thousand shattered dreams.

Like so many others then, no doubt their hearts were filled with hope,
when they left behind their urban lives determined they could cope.
But they found the land was worthless here for either stock or grain,
in a barren thirsty country that was crying out for rain.

You can only guess the hardships that they must have then endured,
as they cursed this wretched country where no doubt they had been lured.
For the dreams they must have cherished then were doomed to never last
and the few signs that remain here are like echoes from the past.



Crookwell Mary Gilmore Festival

Mary Gilmore was born 15 kilometres from Crookwell. We celebrate her life and work at our Festival 27-29th October, with a full weekend of music, art, photography, poetry, historical displays, markets and more.

Friday 27th October 5.30 – 7.30pm Art Festival Opening Night at Gallery 91 catered \$2 donation.

Much to do on Saturday Morning; Markets, Photographic Exhibition, Historical society display and entertainment at the Crookwell showground. Visit the town; browse Arcadia Crookwell and other specialty shops; Gallery 91, Lindner Sock factory and shop, Aussie authors book display at the Library.

Take a trip to Willow Tree Sculpture Garden at Laggan (9kms)

1.30pm Preforming Youth at the Showground Dome Pavilion, with special guest, Mrs Pru Goward MP.

7.30pm Southern Lights Vocal Academy Variety Concert in Dome Pavilion for Tickets, phone 48321988.

Sunday morning 9 am Breakfast at the Showground followed by Balladeers and Poets Showcase 10 – 2pm.

We have a range of very talented people coming to participate in our weekend performances.

Camping is available at the Showground which has full facilities, phone Paul Anderson 0417985686.

B&B, hotel, motel accommodation. Crookwell Visitor information centre 48321988

Come join the fun. There is no Festival entry fee.

"SPRUNG"

© Ron Boughton 2012

Whence comes the dawn from Winters night
That wakens Spring with warming light,
And stirs a myriad sleeping pods
Thus hastening life beneath the sods.
Then genes spread not, with sexual flings
But on a trillion workers wings
With pollen there to procreate
A species to perpetuate.
And weighted not, by thoughts of reason
But just the sunlight of the season,
The coloured spectrum, then created
Does hold the eye so captivated
By nature, as time and again
Ol' mother shows us, such as when...
She's washed the bush with Wattles' blushes!
Or Waratahs and Bottle Brushes!

Cania Gorge.

© Nick Hancock

I was seated when she joined me,
A mystery from where she came
As I did not hear as she approached;
Nor did I catch her name.

She pointed to the rugged crags,
And to the dry creek bed below,
Revealed to me its history,
Of times when in full flow.

At times she spoke a foreign tongue,
My bewildered face she read,
Then ... apologising for the switch
She reverted once again.

She informed me of the fauna,
The native flora too,
I found it all quite fascinating;
Many facts to me were new.

She told me of the dreamtime,
Inspired by the myriad stars above,
The serpent and the hunter
Each revealed... with maternal love.

She told me of the white settlers,
Of the impact that they had,
Upon the land, upon the gorge,
Some good, but mostly bad.

I was enthralled by all she told me,
Deep thoughts her truths installed,
The scene became more meaningful
By the facts that she recalled.

I rose to breathe in the crystal air
It's pureness true delight,
Then turned to hear more from her,
But she had vanished from my sight.

MY SNOWY MOUNTAINS HOME

© Maurie Foun.

As I gaze across their beauty, contours grand and tall,
the characteristics of my mountain home intrigue me most of all;
silent moods each evening as sundown takes its hold,
deepening shadows claiming me during winter when it's cold.

Their structure in the landscape compels each strangers eye,
craggy cliffs lure eagles soaring lazily on high,
home to myriad wildflowers, catchment for their streams,
a challenge thrust to hikers claiming victory in their dreams.

Secret, sacred places where aboriginal folks once stood,
deluges from their ramparts threatening fears of flood,
snow upon the ridge-tops majestically evident in July,
a place for new discoveries providing answers as to why.

When shrouds of fog enclose them, they hide from Human's view,
then, as the seasons take their hold, their majesty shines anew,
their grandeur shaped by centuries of tempest, storm and heat,
I'm blessed to feel their energy radiating through my feet.

Still hidden minerals lie concealed deep within their veins,
forest fires in summers heat deposit dreadful stains,
but the treasure to be cherished in the aura of their light,
is their magnificence in winter, when they are crowned with white.

THE MONGREL BARD

By Bandy Bill

Now I ain't expert at Metre but I do know what is rhyme
when composin' bushie verses that I'm writin' all the time –
about the blokes I use'ta know, the things I've done and seen,
the times I laughed, the times I cried, and places where I've been.

They say I ain't a poet's bootlace, that I'm some sorta nong
but I'm writin' dinkum ballads, not a country song.
Me verse sounds great when it is writ and better when it's heard,
I'm a bush born balladist in thinkin' thought and word.

I'm often asked to read me verse at clubs and meetin's too,
and when I'm loudly clapped and asked for more I reckon dinkum true
they prefer the ballads in the slanguage of the bush,
Not the perfect metred verse of the educated push.

Those famous ballads writ by men of note, the bards of yesteryear,
like that Banjo bloke and Henry Lawson, verses great to hear,
when put to country music by Slim Dusty and his kin
to the words a subtle change to fit the metre in!

Perhaps I ain't the bloke to reckon but I reckon just the same,
that demandin' perfect metre is just another game
to debunk the battlin' bard's good stories writ in rhyme,
brandin' him a mongrel poet – an awful bloody crime!



OUR POETRY KIDS

Kirra Dale comes from Milton, NSW. Her poem won the written section of the 2016 Junior Bush Poetry Competition in Milton/Ulladulla which is an annual event run by ABPA poetry couple John and Ruth Davis. "My name is Kirra Dale, I am in year 7 at St John the Evangelist High School. I love swimming and nippers and train 5 times a week, in my spare time I enjoy writing, sewing, art, playing my drum kit and I especially love camping and hunting with my dad. I hope you enjoy my poem and I am working on getting Dad to take me again to give me some more inspiration."

CAMPING AT

COROWA

WITH MY DAD by Kirra Dale

from Milton, NSW

© 2013 Kirra Dale (at age 9)

Up in the morning, no sign of light.
Dad's on the patrol
checking that the gears on tight.
We head out of town to drive up the Clyde,
I'm still a little sleepy before the six hour ride.

Out in the paddocks
dams surrounded by frost.
300ks from the coast –
think those pelicans are lost!
We pull up at Corowa, the sky is so clear.
We stock up on supplies
and a boat load of beer.

Down to the ramp we back the boats down
but Tai's trailer broke
so Dad's back off to town.
They got it all fixed -- Tai just can't hack it;
it goes really well but it cost him a packet.

We cruise down the creek
on the look-out for a stump
then up on the bank out of the boat I jump.
Down by the river we unload our bags
drag up the supplies and roll out the swags.

I love it out here, so peaceful and calm
that's right up until a spider bit me on the arm!
*"Dad, something's bit me
but I don't know how."
"You'll have to be more careful
we are in the bush now."*

Here comes the rain,
time to string up the tarp,
then we go out fishing but we only catch carp.
Fishing in the boat with uncle Steve and Tai,
I just can't believe how the time flies by.

Time to check the cray pots
and we fly up the Murray
dodging the snags – I pull them up in a hurry.
By night in the camp-oven we cook up a roast
and all of tomorrow we will eat it on toast.

First thing in the morning
my job is eggs and bacon
but when the boys arise
their heads will be achin'!
I walk out on a log and the shrimp net is set
but of course I fall in and my boots are all wet.

I look to my dad and the situation looks dire.
He says, "Put them on sticks
and they'll dry by the fire."
We shot empty cans with my bow and arrow;
I'm not the best shot lucky for that sparrow

Its peaceful out here
as we sit around for days –
breakfast, lunch and dinner
eating mostly Crays.
I look at the stars they are so light,
I don't need my torch
when the moon is so bright .

its time to pack up now
and back home we go
cruising down the highway with trailer in tow.
We stop at Macca's for lunch
(cant wait for something yummy)
I think that there is
still some room in my tummy.

I get home to mummy,
cant wait to hear what she thinks.
She looks at me funny, *"Is that you that stinks?"*
I jump in the shower –
I don't think I smell that bad.
I will never forget
camping at Corowa with my dad.

All poems previously published Free XpresSion 2015.

Thanks to Brenda Joy for submitting our Kid's Poems each Edition

A final word on maintaining standards in written competitions

DAVID CAMPBELL

I wasn't going to add anything more to this topic, but Craig Coulson's letter in the last issue needs a response in order to clear up a few misconceptions. To begin with, I suggest that Craig should make it a priority to have a look at the ABPA judging sheet for written competitions (it's on the ABPA website) so that he's aware of the full range of criteria that are used in making decisions. It's not a good idea to enter a written competition, as he appears to have done, without first checking what might be expected.

Craig then goes on to quote the Dunedoo competition as an example of why he hasn't entered more competitions, suggesting that the awards market seems to have been cornered by a select few because "some people have understood and worked out the judging assessment system", while those who haven't figured out the formula fall by the wayside. But the idea that there is some mysterious secret to winning bush poetry prizes is simply laughable. Craig gives Tom McIlveen as an example because Tom picked up several awards at Dunedoo, but there is no secret to Tom's success. He writes a lot, regularly submits multiple entries, tells a good story, and pays very careful attention to metre and rhyme. In other words, he works very hard at his poetry. However, that being said, I'll bet that Tom would be the first to emphasise that entering written competitions is always something of a lottery.

Because you don't get to the point of winning any award at all, let alone multiple awards in one competition, without many failures along the way. And those failures never cease. I've also been on the receiving end of comments like "Oh, you win a lot of prizes!", but a results list is only the tip of the iceberg. What people don't see are the many entries that don't catch a judge's eye. Even when all the competition guidelines are scrupulously followed, there can never be any guaranteed winning formula for the simple reason that judging is extremely subjective. And the biggest variable is the story, in particular the huge divergence of opinion on what constitutes legitimate "bush" poetry.

I've had poems that get ignored over and over again, but suddenly win an award because they strike a chord with a particular judge. For example, some time ago a poem of mine was deemed not good enough to make the Bronze Swagman anthology (i.e. the top 50 poems). But two years and several more failed competitions later it won an award. I could easily have given up on the poem, but didn't because I'd learnt the importance of persistence. There's a considerable element of luck involved in competition success.

But taking control of metre and rhyme is the best way of at least giving yourself a chance of making the list of prize-winners, so, as a starting point, Brenda Joy's comprehensive judge's report for the Dunedoo competition should be compulsory reading for any written competition hopefuls. Brenda highlights the common errors that entrants make in failing to demonstrate a clear mastery of metre: "complete loss of metrical accuracy (and therefore rhythm) within and across stanzas"; "lack of CONSISTENCY within and across stanzas"; "syllable count not consistent from stanza to stanza"...and so on, including specific examples. Brenda also goes into detail on some of the typical errors made with rhyme.

Craig would do well to read that report and the two winning Dunedoo poems, Will Moody's Old Country Halls, and Shelley Hansen's Lost for Words!...they're all on the website. As is the following advice about metre given by the late, much-lauded Ellis Campbell (no relation): "I believe metre is the most important ingredient of Bush Verse - hence 'the Soul of poetry'. Metre is, however, the hardest thing to learn about writing good Bush Verse. While it can be learnt I believe it is, to a certain extent, a God-given gift. It comes naturally to some poets, most have to work hard at it and some seem to find it impossible to grasp. Metre is actually rhythm and anything that jars or interrupts the regular flow of the rhythm spoils a poem. A very common one is where a poet establishes a pattern of iambic metre - that is weak, strong, weak, strong - then suddenly has two weak or two strong syllables following each other. This has a jarring effect and can spoil a good poem."

Brenda and Ellis make it very clear that getting the metre exactly right is essential in written competitions. The guidelines are there, so ignore them at your peril. As for Craig's contention that a strict interpretation of good metre means that "almost no innovation is possible", I wonder what he means by "innovation". Surely the great challenge of written bush poetry competitions is to be innovative within the guidelines? Some poets are clearly rising to that challenge, but it sounds very much as though Craig simply wants to cut corners with his proposal for a "new category" where "the story is more important than the metre and rhyme". How would you judge that? Doesn't this concept of innovation simply encourage laziness and a "near enough is good enough" attitude? Any attempt to relax objective standards for metre and rhyme and focus on the story instead only encourages a decision-making process that is even more idiosyncratic, and hence more frustrating for entrants.

Is this the sort of thing that people want in the name of "innovation"?

They said the story was more important than the metre and the rhyme, so I wrote about a remarkable event in eighteen ninety nine when Cyclone Mahina struck Bathurst Bay and at least three hundred people died one terrifying, tragic, wild March day as the pearling fleet was driven ashore on a roaring, raging tide.

Full thirteen metres at its foam-flecked crest,
a wall of death that surged inland
for five kilometres or maybe more
left few who were able to withstand
the lethal force of that untamed beast.
But the true number of deaths remains unknown
because Aboriginal fatalities were never shown;
in a telling comment on the state of the nation
they simply weren't counted in the population.

Once again, you be the judge.

BUSH POETRY FOR DUMMIES

by Tony Hammill

And aren't we all to a greater or lesser extent?

Bravo to Craig Coulson for his challenge to David Campbell's article on strict standards in written competitions! To an emerging poet this must be pretty daunting, much like being thrown into an advanced Maths class while still mastering a lower level. What can be done? Some comps do have categories for emerging poets and those who've never won a prize and this could be expanded. Also, we can give greater stress to the basics so a solid understanding of bush poetry construction is established which will enable growth, make the difficult simpler, and perhaps avoid or mitigate more complex problems. Uniform principles are required if an association is to maintain the confidence of its members, and widely differing scores in comps do nothing to help the situation. I intend to demolish some common myths about poetry construction and, at the risk of being tedious to some, review the basics.

Thirty years ago I had a discussion with the redoubtable Ron Stevens, my mentor, and a brilliant female bush balladist only a few years ago, on the critical role of the stressed syllable and the anapest (don't panic just yet!). Poetry is not about rigid uniformity; it is about a few basic rules which set the stage for VARIETY.

So what do we need to be good writers of metred poetry? Firstly, if you find someone who counts syllables (all syllables), RUN! They are leading you up a dry gully. R.C. Bentley in *The Essentials of poetry* (1966) writes: 'Sprung Rhythm: introduced by Gerard Manly Hopkins (the great!) who claimed that verse should be measured by the number of stresses to the line rather than by the number of syllables. And online you will find this: But contrary to popular belief, "counting syllables" will not tell you if your Meter is off. It will not tell you where to adjust your Meter. It will not tell you what type of Meter is used in a given story or poem. You will know how many syllables are in each line. And that is all. Unless you love counting for the sake of counting, "counting syllables" is a waste of time. (www.writingrhymeandmeter.com).

Metre or regular rhythm is not determined by the total number of syllables in a line, but by the type and number of feet, each containing one stressed syllable. Total number of syllables may vary; metre or regular rhythm, except in rare cases for effect, does not. The metre is the vehicle that carries your wonderful story and it must not be a jalopy! Both are important. And you must choose words whose natural rhythm fit the rhythm of your metre.

So what is the basis of metred poetry construction? It revolves around the STRESSED syllables, and if you can count to four or perhaps even up to seven, you've got the game won. A line of poetry consists of a regular pattern of feet composed of unstressed and stressed syllables – one foot equals one stressed syllable and one or more unstressed syllables. Clap a poem out. What are you clapping on? – the STRESSED syllables. The unstressed syllables play a necessary and supporting role. The stressed syllables are the basis of the metre or regular rhythm of the poem. Four feet (four stresses) per line is called Tetrameter, five Pentameter (Shakespeare's mainstay) and seven Heptameter.

The most common foot you will use in bush poetry is the lambus (one unstressed and one stressed syllable. Your poem may be in iambic Tetrameter (clap it out!):

'The MOUN/ tain ROAD/ goes UP/ and DOWN/
From GUN/ daGAI/ to TU/ mut TOWN/

Many bush poems are written entirely in iambic Heptameter (7 feet) since they allow for a maximum of words in a narrative, or they may combine a line of iambic Heptameter with a line of iambic Pentameter. The Banjo speaks:

'And DOWN/ by KOS/ ciUS/ ko, WHERE/ the PINE/ -clad RID/ ges RAISE/
Their TORN/ and RUG/ ged BATT/ le MENTS/ on HIGH/

But now we come to the big secret that can bring bush verse really alive. Bentley writes of the lambus (U/S): Measured and deliberate. Tends to monotony without variation in metre. But of the Anapest (u/u/s) he writes: Heavy stress on the third syllable. Suitable for rapid movements.

And there it is. The Anapest (U/U/S) is a great bedfellow with the lambus (U/S). Usually it is employed at the start of a line of iambic feet, but can be in the middle or at times elsewhere. It is a rapid-fire foot which enlivens the verse but does not upset the metre, and is one reason why expecting the syllable count to be the same is fruitless. In most instances the Anapest will not be heavily used, but is used as required. It is not a case of use either lambus or Anapest to build the metre.

Banjo Paterson was the master of the Anapest: it creates the free, galloping, horsey rhythms that speak of action and thrill us all as in *The Man From Snowy River*:

'There was MOVE/ ment AT/ the STA / tion FOR/ the WORD/ had PASSED/ aROUND/
That the COLT / from OLD/ ReGRET/ had GOT/ aWAY'

The Pentameter combined with the Heptameter gives maximum swing. And after the action, The Banjo reverts to mainly iambic feet in the final verse (opening line quoted above) to indicate a mood of quiet reflection and slow the tempo right down

Paterson's poetry is replete with the Anapest, and it can be found in other sections of his lines, not just at the start:

'He FEARS/not HOG,/ nor DEV/ il, nor DOG,/ and he'd SCRAP/with a MOUN/tain CAT' (seven feet, seven stresses, regular metre or rhythm of iambic and Anapestic feet).

As for rhyme, the old balladists practised full rhyme and not assonance or part-rhyme (eg fine/time, clamber/pander) and the English language gives incredible scope for full rhyme. Full rhyme increases the musical quality of the verse, but assonance is like a singer hitting a wrong note. With a bit of reworking you can do much better. Buy a rhyming dictionary.

Follow the above guidelines and you are not likely to go far wrong. My final advice: read, read, read (immersion) and clap, clap, clap everything if you wish to write like the top bush balladists. They weren't perfect either!

NO WINNERS

© Terry Regan

Author's Note:

All too frequently we hear a report of another fatal road accident involving young people and, while drugs and alcohol are sometimes implicated, on some occasions it is just a simple combination of peer pressure, a moment out of character and excessive speed.

At high school Ben was popular, a happy, helpful boy – the only child and greatest pride of Bill and Sue Mc Coy. They taught him to have empathy, be patient, thoughtful, kind, and be prepared to help the sick, the wheelchair-bound and blind.

To Ben, school work came easily; he often topped the class – especially in science where he helped his friends to pass. He planned to study surgery and, once he had Degrees, develop skills then go and help the poor folk overseas.

At Uni Ben applied himself, 'distinctions' were achieved. He fully focussed now upon that goal he had conceived. When driving Ben was careful and abided by the law. With part-time work and help from home he bought a Commodore.

Ben's girlfriend's name was Natalie; oh such a cheerful soul – his best mate was a bloke named Jack, whose girlfriend was Nicole. One day they headed to the beach, they'd often gone before, each time they travelled in one car; this time, the Commodore.

They talked about the bottom bend, which curved down through the trees. Ben said; "I slightly push that bend and get around with ease." Jack said to Ben; "they got it wrong, it's marked at sixty five. I took that bend at eighty five and I am still alive."

"I'm sure that you could match that speed; this model handles well, and you've got brand-new 'widies' on – they'll grip the road like hell." So then, right out of character, Ben thought; "perhaps it could? The road is dry, the traffic light; conditions really good."

His instincts told him; "no! don't try; the risk is far too great!" But then his mind said; "go on Ben, perhaps you'll beat your mate." Adrenalin was surging as Ben focused on his line, he dropped a gear then eased the brake; went in at eighty nine.

The tyres screamed, Ben held the line, the atmosphere was tense; then suddenly, with traction lost, they headed for the fence. The skidding car smashed down a post, through scrub it ploughed a track – Ben heard the screams – a blinding flash, and then his world went black!

While Ben lay in a coma, with a frame to hold his head, his parents wondered how they'd tell their son his friends were dead. If Ben survived there would be months of trauma and great pain – he may spend time in prison and he'd never walk again.

Survive he did, for cruel fate denied release for Ben. It had decreed that he must live with guilt, remorse, and then the nightmares where he's with his friends, all laughing at the beach, then suddenly the screams, the flash; friends gone beyond his reach.

That moment out of character had such tremendous cost. It's hard to put a number on the lives which have been lost. For in addition to the lives which perished on that day, there are those lives Ben may have saved in countries far away.

Six tortured years have slowly passed and Ben now speaks at schools; he tries to get the message through that speeding is for fools. By doing this he hopes that he might save some lives and yet, each time he's forced to relive things he's trying to forget.

Ben tells them; "there's no winners when you play with speeding cars – it often ends in trauma, death, horrendous mental scars. So show your strength of character, ignore your tempting friends; then, unlike me, you will not have remorse that never ends."



Tributes To Festival Organisers

This is the last in a series of short articles focusing on positive contributions made by 'organisers' of Bush Poetry events around Aust. Focused on individuals rather than committees, and events lasting over 10 years, we have run out of subject matter. If I've missed anyone, then please contact me with details and I will put pen to paper again.

I believe we should also recognise the contributions of the numerous Committees who have worked hard to provide opportunities for Bush Poets, but I'll leave that job to someone else.

This last article is about three Queensland based events that have proudly flown the 'Bush Poetry' flag and provided paid opportunities for many poets over the years.

Firstly, the iconic 'Mud Bulls and Music', which ran from 2000 through to 'Last Drinks' in 2014. Held near Jimna north of Kilcoy, the initial Festival had no Bush Poetry on the program, due to the owners having a 'not so great' experience using poets at an earlier event. Involved only as an announcer, I was fortunate to be on hand when a singer failed to show for his spot. One impromptu 40 min set later, followed by spontaneous support from an appreciative crowd, and I was invited to organise a Poets Breakfast for following Festivals.

13 years followed, with 3 to 4 Bush Poets engaged every year for 3 high quality Breakfasts. From the humble beginnings in an oversized circus tent, where Cindy and the kids helped me every morning to wipe down tables and recover chairs from the previous night, to the later years in the purpose built 'Wine Bar', packed to bursting with bush poetry converts. 2014 saw this iconic festival close its doors, simply due to the heavy workload on the owners.

Secondly, the vibrant Chinchilla Melon Festival, still going strong after 13 Festivals. Held in mid-February every second year, it has been rated in the top five of 'Thing's To Do' in Queensland and Bush Poetry has been on the program from the start. After early Festivals with 'cameo's at the Melon Ball and during the Saturday Night Family Concert, us Bush Poets have cemented our place at two well attended Breakfasts. Saturday morning in the town square and Sunday at the Historical Village, 3 of the very best Bush Poets get to perform. With Record crowd numbers at our breakfasts the last two years it seems safe to assume that Bush Poetry will continue to be a part of this exciting Festival for years to come.

Lastly, a special mention for my home town Festival, The Australian Camp Oven Festival is held in Millmerran on the first week-end in October every second year. The brain child of myself and fellow poet and camp oven cook, Ned Winter, the Festival was last year held for the tenth time. The winner of numerous Tourism Awards and also rated in the top five of 'Thing's To Do' in QLD, it attracts crowds of 10,000 over two days. Bush Poets Breakfasts have been there since the start (Ray Essery, John Major and myself had to use the walkway to the Ladies Toilet as a stage for the first year) and with crowds now estimated in excess of 3000 on Saturday and Sunday mornings it is an exciting place to perform. The public always rates the Bush Poetry in the top two attractions at the Festival and the committee continues to support us, hiring 3 quality poets each Festival.

These three events all have their own unique 'feel' and I feel very privileged to have organised the Bush Poetry at each of them. My formula has been to always use the very best Poets available within budget constraints and to tailor the Bush Poetry so as to compliment the 'feel' of each festival. All the Festivals have rewarded these efforts with continued loyalty and by paying well for quality poets.

Gary Fogarty

Winner of "The Dusty Swag" award:
"Echoes of the past".
T.E. Piggott

Runner up "Dusty Swag" award:
"A primitive and ancient place".
Tom McIlveen

Winner Short Story:
"Henry VIII"
Claudia Collins

Runner up, Short story:
"The gold strike at cripple creek".
T.E. Piggott

GRADES 5 AND 6 POETRY:
Winner: Emily Bagge, Portarlington
"A sheep dog day".

Runner up: Lizzy Ryan, Portarlington
"Cattle life".

GRADES 3 AND 4 POETRY:
Winner: Aiden Brown, Portarlington
"Bush poetry".

Runner up: Maddy McKenna, Portarlington
"Tim the koala".

CHILDRENS SHORT STORY:
Catherine Anderson, Portarlington
"Free Fall".

The annual Melbourne Books' publication, Award Winning Australian Writing is for short stories and all forms of award winning poetry from competitions around Australia. Predominantly this is for free verse but this year sees the inclusion of three rhymed and metered poems from ABPA members.

The poems to be included in the 2017 AWAW are David Campbell's A Man Alone which won the C.J. Dennis Award at the Laura Literary Awards, Laura South Australia, Brenda Joy's Solace which won the Boyup Brook Country Music Festival Bush Poetry Competition, and Tom McIlveen's Bobby is Back which won the ABPA Victorian Championship and the Silver Brumby Award at The Man from Snowy River Festival in Corryong, Victoria.

For more details re the publication go to www.melbournebooks.com.au

GREAT AUSSIE READS

with Jack Drake



As 2017 marks the Centenary of the Charge at Beersheeba, it is appropriate to review a work on the Light Horse written some time ago.

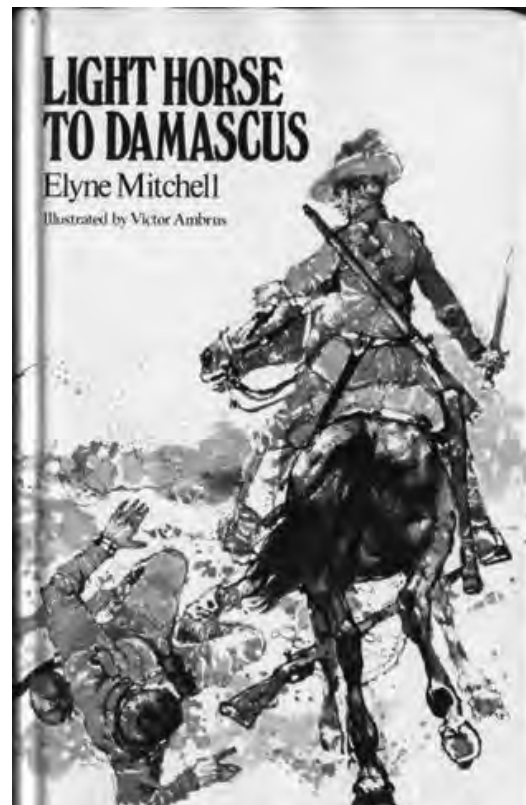
"Light Horse to Damascus" by Elyne Mitchell (Hutchinson Publishing Group 1971) tells the story of the Australian Light Horse campaign in what is now the Israel, Jordan, Lebanon and Syria region.

The late Elyne Mitchell, author of the children's books, "The Silver Brumby" series, was the daughter of General Harry Chauvel who led the Light Horse in the Middle East. Told through the eyes of Dick, a young Light Horse trooper and his horse 'Karlo', "Light Horse to Damascus" is aimed at a younger audience, like the bulk of her work.

However, it is just the sort of work that could inspire our younger members and friends to write, and as a work of historical fiction, is well worth a read.

I picked the book up in a second hand bookshop in Grafton a while ago, and thoroughly enjoyed it. The Chauvel family's history is a proud Australian story and it is interesting to note that they have a four generation connection with another prominent Australian family.

The person trusted to escort Harry and the rest of the Chauvel boys from their home at Tabulem in the Clarence River valley, to boarding school in Warwick, Queensland travelling on horseback, was the great, great grandfather of "The Man", Anthony Mundine.



The 'big three' of the Bulletin, Lawson, Paterson and Ogilvie, all wrote shearing poems. A great many other poets then and now, have dedicated verse to the men who pushed 'The 'Bogghi'. The shearer has gone down in our history alongside the drover and bushranger as a true Australian Icon.

Great Australian Shearing Stories by Bill 'Swampy' Marsh (ABC Books 2001) is definitely a great read. Swampy has compiled quite a few books and Shearing Stories is a gem. Sixty three separate tales repeated verbatim in the words of the people Marsh recorded them from, give the collection a very genuine feel.

From tales of the 'guns' like Jackie Howe and Vincent Rainbird, to the classers, rollers and roustabouts, the drunks and cooks, the oddballs and tommyhawking learners, everyone connected with the wool industry gets a mention in this wonderful collection of bush anecdotes.

There is a lot of scope for some of these tales to be committed to verse. From the sensitive treatment of a tough shearer trying to say sorry without losing face in 'Someone to Watch Over Me', to the outright hilarity of 'The Docking of Springy Wilkensen', this book could certainly inspire a few poems. 'Swampy' has pulled no punches and the language in which the contributors related their stories, is repeated just the way it was told to him.

Many of our members like Gary Fogarty, Marion Fitzgerald, Col Driscoll and Bob Magor who have first hand experience of the woolshed, would immediately see that the men and women 'Swampy' Marsh has interviewed were fair dinkum and knew exactly what they were talking about.

Great Australian Shearing Stories kept me entertained from go to whoa – a real good read.

More great Aussie reads at
www.outbackbooks.info

Jack Drake

GET READY FOR THE 2018 GOLDEN DAMPER AWARDS IN TAMWORTH. Volunteers needed.

Yes, our St Edwards Hall has been booked for the AGM, Frank Daniel events, The Poettes, AND our flagship event, The Golden Damper Awards performance competition. It will be full-time bush poetry for eight days from Saturday 20th January to Saturday 27th January 2018 and we're looking at having lunch available too at St Edwards Hall.

The Golden Damper Award days all start at 10.30am: Heat 1 on Tuesday 23/1, Heat 2 on Thursday 25/1, Heat 3 Friday 26/1, Finals Saturday 27/1/2018. They will slot in with the other events at St Edwards. Entry forms will be on our website soon.

On behalf of Tom, Rhonda, Ray and the Committee I/we are inviting you to volunteer your assistance in any way to help organise and/or avail us of your presence to help at St Edwards Hall in Tamworth next January to ensure that the Golden Damper Awards event happens and happens well - it will, but only with your participation, please.

As you know, our own Graeme Johnson has retired from the Golden Damper Awards where he was the sole operator for many years, no mean achievement and always successful. He left us full concise instructions.

We are hoping that Members who have decided to go to Tamworth in 2018, or those who have not yet decided, will answer this call as at the moment there is not a specific person in mind to be the Overseer. Knowing that, this time we would like to spread the responsibility, and therefore spread the jobs - with a happier outcome. An Overseer is needed to do this in advance and be there in January at St Edwards Hall. Some preliminary stuff has already started.

The jobs are not hard, can be learned on the spot, they only need conscientious people with or without some experience of assisting at previous festivals to do them. There is no remuneration for this, all voluntary time and effort from you. However, a consideration will be available for the Overseer (previously called The Co-ordinator) when he or she volunteers themselves. Guaranteed success because your hearts will be in it! You will not need to make special trips to Tamworth.

Please put your hands up for these jobs, specify the days you are available, say what experience you may have (any or none, no distinction but the Overseer will need to know):

time keepers, entry fee collectors at the door, AGM attendants (to confirm membership), refreshments hands, attendants for visitors, window openers/closers/chair attendants, table placers, paper shufflers, flyer/brochure distributors around town, judges, banner/signs hangers, MC's, tidy-upperers, people with First Aid Certificates, hovering assistants for the PA system with Tom, Overseer, liaison experts for product sales, and anything else not mentioned here.

Would you please give this request consideration and let me know by email, letter or phone call (at night) if you will be in it so we can get a list together and see what works best for everyone. Any time in the next month would be great, also later if decisions need to be made.

A 'big helping' poem from Grahame 'Skew Wiff' Watt...

I ask you, who could say no to this....

You may be a Traveller - a Caravan Camper -
Please offer your help for the great 'Golden Damper'.
You can help with the judging, or man the front door,
You can collect entry fees....or just sweep the floor.
Your TIME is your GIFT - so "Thank You My Dear",
We'll thank you in person - at Tamworth next year.

(Thanks Skew Wiff, we'll miss you there)

Thank you Members, Carol Hutcheson, ABPA Treasurer, for the Committee. treasurer@abpa.org.au.
48 Avoca Street, Kingaroy, Qld. 4610.

Ph 07 4162 5878

South West Bush Poets Festival 2017

Report by Col Driscoll

Gary Fogarty, Errol Gray and I travelled to Western Australia in late April to do a week long series of performances and school workshops at the South West Bush Poetry Festival.

Hosted by my good friends Neil and Cathy Howard and the team from South West Odyssey Events, the fledgling festival is in its third year and is starting to gain a significant following within the Busselton and Margaret River region.

The week kicked off in grand style on the first Sunday with a long table lunch hosted by Whicher Ridge Wines, where the crowd, some experiencing Bush Poetry for the first time, were treated to a huge serve of original poems and songs, delicious local fare and fine wines, making the afternoon a wonderful experience for all involved.

All three artists enjoyed ourselves immensely, although we all agreed that our eyes were too big for our bellies, especially when it came to the delicious desert trays and wines on offer. We express our personal gratitude to Edward Woodward for getting us back on track the following morning.

During the week we conducted several fun filled workshops at local schools, as well as a midweek writer's workshop at the Busselton Mens Shed, which also hosted its first Poets Breakfast on the Saturday Morning. Several local poets took the opportunity to perform with us in what proved to be a great first up success, with over 40 people in attendance. No doubt this will become a regular feature of future festivals.

Later that evening we held a very appreciative crowd captivated with our yarns, songs and poems at the Busselton Football Club as the South West Odyssey Events team hosted a fund raiser for the Black Dog Ride to finish up what was a huge week of showcasing Australian Bush Poetry to the fine folk of the South West of WA.

We send a huge thank you to Neil and Cathy Howard for not only their outstanding hospitality, but also their ongoing and tireless support of our genre. We all left the west coast in no doubt that Bush Poetry is certainly alive and well in WA, and we wish the WABPA all the very best in hosting the National Championships in Toodyay in November 2017.

GULGONG HENRY LAWSON SOCIETY LITERARY AWARDS RESULTS 2017.

WRITTEN POETRY & PERFORMANCE POETRY AWARDS RESULTS.

This year saw another increase with 98 entries in total in the written poetry, with entries from many states of Australia and overseas. Congratulations to all the writers who have made the prize winners list, whether its First place, or a Commended Award. These awards were presented at the Gulgong Opera House on the Saturday Night, June 10th as part of the Henry Lawson Heritage Festival. Also on the night were the finals of the Performance Poetry with the final 10 performers entertaining a large audience as they competed for the \$1,000 prize and a Henry Lawson Statuette.

EMERGING Written Poetry Awards

(Open only to writers who have not won First Prize in a Poetry Competition).

Gulgong Chamber of Commerce sponsored first prize of \$200, and Pearsons' Jewellers sponsored the Loaded Dog statuette for first prize.

- 1st Place – "The Station Owner's Wife" by Irene Timpone (Atherton, Qld)
- 2nd Place – "Memories of the Woolgar Shed" by Peter O'Shaughnessy (Eaton, WA)
- H/C – "A Soldier's Return" by Imogen Ferdinando (Pomona, Qld) (15 Years old)
- C – "Too Bad, Too Good, Two Quid" by Peter O'Shaughnessy (Eaton, WA)

The 1st prize poem was read by Cathy Maloney of the Gulgong Musical and Dramatic Society

OPEN WRITTEN POETRY AWARDS

The Winner received a \$500 prize and a Henry Lawson Statuette.

- 1st Place – "The Promise", by Helen Harvey (Coonamble, NSW) First prize of \$500, co-sponsored by R & G Burke, Prince of Wales Hotel, Raine and Horne, and Mid-Western Regional Council.
- 2nd Place – "'And in 'And'", by Geoffrey Graham (Eaglehawk, Vic) Second prize of \$250 was sponsored by the Ten Dollar Motel.
- 3rd Place – "On History's Page", by Brenda Joy (Charters Towers, Qld) 3rd prize of \$100 was jointly sponsored by Mayne Street Auto and Oh Me Oh My Fashion Boutique.
- H/C – "Manacled and Shackled", by Tom McIlveen (Port Macquarie, NSW)
- H/C – "Sealed With a Kiss", by Tom McIlveen (Port Macquarie, NSW)
- H/C – "I Regret to Advise", by Kevin Pye (Mudgee, NSW)
- H/C – "Walter Ryan's Map", by John Roberts (Cunnamulla, Qld)
- C – "The Water Lettuce Warrior", by John Roberts (Cunnamulla, Qld)
- C – "Billy Crowe", by Leonie Parker (Brassall, Ipswich, Qld)
- C – "Bill's Story", by Tony Hammill (Carindale, Qld)
- C – "Horse Sense", by Don Adams (Feilding,)

The 1st prize poem was read by the winner, Helen Harvey.

2017 PERFORMANCE POETRY AWARDS

On Saturday the 10th June, 10 poets "strutted their stuff" on the stage of the Gulgong Prince of Wales Opera House, entertaining the large crowd present with a variety of poems. The meal on the night was provided by the Gulgong High School Hospitality Group.

The results were:—

- 1st — Ralph Scrivens, (Corrimal, NSW) "RAIN FROM NOWHERE" 1st Prize \$1,000— sponsored by Moolarben Coal , with the Henry Statue sponsored by the Gulgong Post Shop
- 2nd — Ken Tough, Pretty Breach, NSW; "MICK CASEY" 2nd Prize — \$500 sponsored by Mid-Western Regional Council
- 3rd — Celia Kershaw, (Port Macquarie, NSW); "THE MULLET MAN" 3rd Prize — \$200 sponsored by Henry Lawson Caravan Park

Highly Commended;—

- Jenny Markwell, (Wangi Wangi, NSW); "REMEMBER"
- Des Kelly, (Gulgong, NSW); "REEDY RIVER"
- Rhonda Tallnash, (Violet Town, Vic); "THE WRAPPER"

Commended:—

- Ken Potter, (Wollongong, NSW); "THE KERRIGAN BOYS"
- Amy Bradfield, (Warwick, Qld); "DO YOU THINK THAT I DO NOT KNOW"
- Ted Webber, (Young, NSW); "THE GHOSTS OF DUNEDOO"
- Catherine Stewart, (Lismore, NSW); "FOR'ARD"

AUDIENCE VOTE

This year, as all 10 finalists had all won first prize in a performance poetry event at least once, there were no emerging poets and so an Audience Vote was held instead. The results of this were, with the same person coming first in both sections:—

- 1st — Ralph Scrivens, (Corrimal, NSW); "RAIN FROM NOWHERE" 1st Prize of \$150 was sponsored by F & J Markwell, and the Loaded Dog statue sponsored by Pearsons' Jewellers.
- 2nd — Celia Kershaw, (Port Macquarie, NSW); "THE MULLET MAN" 2nd prize \$50 sponsored by Gulgong Telegraph Station.
- 3rd — Ken Potter, (Wollongong, NSW); "THE KERRIGAN BOYS"

More Results can be found on our website www.abpa.org.au

Meet Zillah Williams

I am new to writing bush poetry and bush ballads, though not new to writing, having had novels published – fiction, including young adult fiction.

Towards the end of last year I wrote my first bush ballad *The Ballad of May Weir*. May Weir was a woman who, during the 1944 incident known as the Cowra Breakout—when Japanese POWs staged a massive breakout from the internment camp in Cowra, NSW—calmly entertained three Japanese escapees to scones and tea on the verandah of her Cowra home. The incident is included in a fictionalised form in my book *Tomodachi—yesterday's enemy* published last year and launched in April this year by Cowra's mayor.

The *Ballad of May Weir* has been recorded by Canberra-based bush balladeer Martin Bowland who also wrote the music. Since then I have written several other bush poems, for some of which Martin has written music – for example, *Bush Nurses of Australia*, *Midnight at Beersheba*, *The Busker* and others.

See Ya is a fun poem, based on fact. As a thirteen-year-old, newly arrived from England, I took it literally when a schoolteacher to whom I'd been chatting at Cronulla railway station said goodbye with the Aussie expression "See you later." I thought she really meant I was to meet her again in the next hour or so and hung around for a bit, puzzled.

Now I often say "See ya", the shortened form of the expression, and always with a grin.

"SEE YA"

© Zillah Williams

"See you later," Jenny said,
Forgetting to say when.
So I waited there a long, long time,
But she never came again.

Then I took Susannah out
To a fancy place to eat.
And she said, "See ya" when she left,
But plain forgot to meet.

That's strange, I thought, and dated Bev,
Took her to the track;
She had some wins – said "See ya",
And I guessed she wasn't coming back.

I took Sally to the movies,
We cuddled up a bit,
And then she told me, "See ya",
And I knew that that was it!

Then I met Roberta
And she's my wife today.
She started to say "See ya"
But I said to her "No way."

There's been far too many "See ya"s
And I'm getting tired of this.
So before she up and said it
I stopped her with a kiss.

Well, that's the thing that did it.
It took her by surprise.
I don't think she really minded
Because stars shone in her eyes.

And now I know just what to do,
For from that day to this
Before she can say "See ya",
I stop her with a kiss.

See ya!



Meet Betty Lane Holland

Dear Editor, Neil McArthur

WOW! I had no idea there was such an association as yours until I fluked finding you on the internet. I was curious - so I joined. Sure I am a city slicker but did live for 14 years in Geurie, a little village near Dubbo, so feel (hope) I qualify. Another WOW! Two beaut magazines came in the mail. A third WOW! In the magazine your editorial told me I could send poetry to you for possible publication - so, here is one.

BILL'S PRIZEMONEY CHEQUE

©Betty Lane Holland

This is the story of a trainer out West
Whose horse was not fast but gave of its best.
Two years had passed since he'd had a win
Then in a weak field at Bourke his number came in.

The trainer named Bill, was full of delight,
Some money at last; relief was in sight.
From having to battle and live off his wits.
At last some money for luxury bits.

For all winners, prizemonies were paid on the day,
The cheques were prewritten, ready to pay.
At the office they just had to fill in the name
Of the trainer or owner, whoever first came.

So up to the office, Bill collected his cheque,
But when holding at eye level, admiring its text
A hand out of nowhere plucked it away
And a voice said, "That'll pay for your oats and your hay."

To his produce supplier, Bill was deeply in debt,
The feed-man had been patient but now he could get
His account fully paid, so with a "Thank you" to Bill
He folded the cheque and smiled with goodwill.

Now Bill had existed for most of his life,
By using his wits and side stepping strife.
So, though taken aback, he thought it best that he smile,
While he worked out retrieval by cunning and guile.

Bill's brain worked quickly for he really believed
The prizemoney was his and should be retrieved.
My horse won the race, it is rightfully mine,
The feed man should wait his turn in the line.

Bill needed that money, there were other creditors too,
And a little to each seemed the wise thing to do.
"Sure the cheque you can keep, it's rightfully yours,
Just give me back me twenty - it's for a good cause.

My wife is unwell, hence our phone is much needed,
But the account is unpaid and my pleas go unheeded.
Disconnection next week is what they have said,
Ignoring my poor wife confined to her bed.

So please just allow me a few quid to keep
Just rebate me Twenty, I don't ask for a heap."
The produce merchant, very pleased that at last
His account was now paid, forgave what was past.

He reached in his pocket, "Twenty quid I can spare,"
Passed it to Bill saying, "Okay, now we're square."
Bill waited and watched till the feed man had gone,
Then walked back to the office - he did not think it wrong

When to the man in the office he pulled a long face,
Said, "That cheque I have lost it; I've looked every place,
I really am sorry to give you this bother,
But will you cancel it please and write me another?"

Crookwell Mary Gilmore Festival

Music ~ Art ~ Photography ~ Poetry ~ Historical Displays
a celebration of the life of one of Australia's most important women

10



Mary Gilmore Art Festival @ Gallery 91 Performing Youth of the Shire

Photographic Exhibition
Historical Society Exhibition
Aussie Authors Book Display
Balladeers & Poets Breakfast
SHOWGROUND MARKETS

Southern Lights Vocal Academy VARIETY CONCERT

Sat 28th Showground Pavilion 7.30pm
Tickets - Crookwell Visitor Information Centre
Ph: 4832 1988

Crookwell Showground ~ 27 - 29 October 2017

www.visitupperlachlan.com.au/marygilmore

Crookwell Mary Gilmore Festival

Music ~ Art ~ Photography ~ Poetry ~ Historical Displays
a celebration of the life of one of Australia's most important women

Friday 27 October

5.30-7.30 pm Mary Gilmore Art Festival Opening Night at Gallery 91,
Upstairs, 91 Goulburn Street, Crookwell
Catered - \$2 donation

Saturday 28 October

MORNING AT LEISURE

- SHOWGROUND - Markets, Photographic Exhibition and Historical Society Display
- Visit the town - browse Arcadia Crookwell and other specialty shops and enjoy a cafe stop
- Gallery 91
- Lindner Sock Factory and Shop
- Willowtree Sculpture Garden - Laggan
- Aussie Authors Book Display - Crookwell Library 10am til 12noon

1.30pm **PERFORMING YOUTH OF THE SHIRE** at Showground Pavilion
Special Guest Mrs Pru Goward MP

7.30pm Southern Lights Vocal Academy Variety Concert
Showground Pavilion
Tickets from Crookwell Visitor Information Centre - 4832 1988

Sunday 29 October

9am Breakfast at the Showground

10am Balladeers and Poets Showcase

COME AND JOIN THE FUN

Crookwell Showground ~ 27 - 29 October 2017

www.visitupperlachlan.com.au/marygilmore

The Beaudesert Bush Bards

The Beaudesert Bush Bards held their second bush picnic on 16th June. The idea of taking bush poetry back to its origins - in the bush - started with "Poetry In The Round-yard" last year. This year's event "Poetry By The River" was most successful despite giving Ian Gasking, the event organiser, concern about the predicted weather. It turned out to be a nice day and 35 people joined in the fun in beautiful Darlington Park, situated 30k's south of Beaudesert. Poems relating to the river were featured and one is attached in case you wish to use it in the newsletter.

Both local and visiting poets performed and the Beaudesert Bush Bards thank those who travelled quite a distance to attend. Next year's event is already on the drawing-board. We hope to see even more of our like-minded friends there.

Pamela Fox, President, Beaudesert Bush Bards



Ian Gasking and Pamela Fox



The Crew

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.

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

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

Port Macquarie Bush Poetry group meets fortnightly 2nd and 4th Sunday of each month at 1pm in the Pioneer Room, Senior Citizens centre south end of Munster St, Port Macquarie. Contact Bill Yates 6583 3360, Barbara 6584 0208 or Bessie 6583 5255.

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

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

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 :- Manfred - 0411 160510 or Cay - 07 34083219.

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, Recliff. Contact Janice Ebrington 0421941494

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.

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.

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

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

New Zealand

All local and visiting ABPA members are welcome to 'Nelson Live Poets', every third Wednesday in Nelson, top of the South Island, New Zealand. Contact Roger Lusby email rlusby@xtra.co.nz for more information. ABPA Member..

AUSTRALIAN BUSH POETS ASSOCIATION

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 to download a membership form, or contact the Secretary secretary@abpa.org.au



**WA Bush Poets
& Yarnspinners**



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**For entry forms and more information, visit
www.wabushpoets.asn.au**

**or contact Bill Gordon 0428 651 098
president@wabushpoets.asn.au**

NATIONAL CHAMPIONSHIPS - 3RD-5TH NOVEMBER 2017

Championship Update

The major prize for the **Male and Female Champions** from the **Nationals** in **Toodyay** will be an invitation to perform at the **2018 Boyup Brook Country Music Festival**. This includes airfare, car hire and accommodation. Bush Poetry at Boyup Brook has attracted some of the biggest audiences seen anywhere in the country, and the support of the Country Music Club for our festival is a most welcome highlight.

A great weekend of **FREE** entertainment is planned for the Toodyay Bush Poetry Festival starting with a **Meet & Greet** at the **Freemason's Hotel** on the Thursday 2nd.

On **Friday night** there will be a concert by the multi-award winning musician, **Pat Drummond**.

A **Bush Dance** on the **Saturday night** will feature traditional Australian music by the band "**Loaded Dog**". Loaded Dog is a Western Australian group who are favourites at Fairbridge and other major folk festivals.

Sunday morning the Toodyay Lions Club will start the day with a **Bush Poet's Brekky**. This will include performances by the judges, **Jack Drake, Carol Heuchan and Noel Stallard**. These are all highly credentialed poets who have been performing and promoting poetry for many years.

To view the full program, download entry forms for the written and performance competitions, and other information about the festival check the website www.wabushpoets.asn.au or Bill Gordon president@wabushpoets.asn.au phone 0428651098