



A.B.P.A.

Australian Bush Poets Association

Volume 23 No. 5

October/November 2017



Even In Springtime.....

.....Lest We Forget



Banjo Paterson Australian Poetry Competition 2018



AUSTRALIAN POETRY
FESTIVAL
ORANGE NSW
AUSTRALIA

For individual performance of original poetry of any style

Entries are now open. Entries close at 5 pm on Wednesday 7 February 2018. Performance and judging will be on Saturday 17 February 2018 in Orange NSW.

Classes:

1. Open – for any individual contestants
2. Novice recital – for individual contestants who have not won first prize in a poetry recital competition
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

Milton Show Society Poetry Competition

Saturday 3rd March 2018 Milton Showground

8AM – Poets Breakfast

Come and be a part. Walk up and present

9.30AM Junior Poetry Speaking Competition

11AM Bush Poetry Speaking Competition

Poems can be light hearted, serious, classical, contemporary or original.

Maximum of 15 performers accepted on date of application. Entry fee \$15.

Prize money: 1st \$600, 2nd \$350, 3rd \$250 and three highly commended each \$100.

Entries close 8th February 2018. Entry forms ABPA website and www.miltonshowsoceity.com

Show Theme Written Humorous Poetry Competition – ‘Milk and Meat’

Entrants must be residents of Shoalhaven LGA. Prizes: 1st \$100, 2nd \$60, 3rd \$40

For more details see www.miltonshowsoceity.com

EDITORIAL



Spring Time! New beginnings! A Poet's favorite Season! Now someone just needs to tell that to the Weather Gods Yesterday I sat here in Millmerran sweltering in 30 degree heat and today I am trying to find a jumper to ward off the 17 degrees windy day I have woken up to. I haven't worn a jumper or coat since May, and sadly for the future of Australia, it's farmers and the land in general, I have had no need for a raincoat. Yes, I choose my roads carefully during the Winter, admittedly, but the signs are not good. The land at Winton is still very harsh and unforgiving, peaking near 40 degrees each day of the Outback Festival this year.

So what does the future hold for Bush Poetry? Sadly we are still losing Competitions and Festivals around the country, and sadly there seems to still be a lack of enthusiastic young poets emerging through the ranks to keep our craft going. I can see the audiences at our major festivals changing somewhat in demographics, especially at Festivals such as the Gympie Muster, the Mildura Country Music Festival and Tamworth. I have seen a noticeable increase in younger people attending. Young groups, young couples, young families. Now we just need a few younger performers to come through and take the stage.

I read a comment recently that " it seems that more and more, people are reluctant to outlay money on bush poetry. They love to hear it around the campfire or in the pub (for free), but that's as far as it goes. " a comment which dismayed me a lot. There are Bush Poets out there performing their guts out to huge and appreciative audiences. They are paid for their talents and sell their merchandise with little issue. In fact, for those who dare to think back, the ABPA was formed on the back of the resurgence of PERFORMANCE Poetry, with such characters as Bobby Miller, Marco Gliori, Frank Daniel. Murray Hartin, Jim Haynes, Gary Fogarty, Charlee Marshall etc. etc. taking the Poetry to the People. Embracing the stage as the medium for presenting their yarns and poems. Attracting audiences of hundreds, sometimes thousands of people to listen, laugh and fall in love, not just with the stories, but with the characters who are presenting the yarns. And that seems to be where the appreciative and buying public seem to go. From Festival to Festival, from town to town, looking to be entertained. Not just to laugh, but to experience a range of emotions put forward in Poetry, Yarnspinning and the dangerous world of joke-telling. Sure it is hard to sell without performing, but it has been that way since the resurgence of Bush Poetry in Australia, and most likely always will. The same happens in the world of music.

Agree or disagree, it is, and always has been, a great subject for debate and something we can maybe open up on our website Forum for more discussion.

But in the meantime, good luck to all those holding Festivals the next two months, in particular to Meg and Bill Gordon with the running of the Australian Bush Poetry Championships in Toodyay, WA in November.

Neil McArthur

editor@abpa.org.au

ABPA Magazine Advertising Rates

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

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Half Page \$55

Quarter Page or less \$35

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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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BSB: 633000

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 fellow ABPA members and magazine readers...

Winter has come and gone, and summer is almost upon us. Soon we will be grizzling about the heat and reminiscing about evenings spent beside cosy winter fireplaces. Footy finals time is upon us, and depending upon code and team, it is either a time of glory (or in my case) heartbreak. My team has bowed out for the season, and it's time for me to latch onto a number two team to follow, which I have become quite proficient at over the years after many disappointments from the mighty blue and gold – Parramatta Eels.

With the footy season over, we can once again begin to focus our thoughts on what we do best, our beloved craft of Traditional Australian Bush Poetry.

I am dictating this report from behind a hazy fog, having lost my eyesight one week ago due to a bleed behind both eyeballs. My specialist tells me it's a wait and SEE game, but confident it will resolve in time. Seems there is some family history of this condition.

Our travelling bards have been busy doing outback festivals in Gympie, Winton, Mildura, Camooweal and of course the Brisbane Eccca.

The countdown is on for the Australian Bush Poetry Championships coming up in Toodyay, Western Australia starting Friday 3rd to Sunday 5th November. A great weekend of bush poetry, music and yarn spinning with Pat Drummond, Jack Drake, Carol Heuchan and Noel Stallard as special guests.

All enquiries to Meg or Bill Gordon www.wabushpoets.asn.au Ph: 0428 651 098.

At the recent ABPA committee meeting we discussed arrangements for the upcoming Golden Damper in Tamworth. We would like to thank Carol Hutcheson and Meg Gordon who have been working tirelessly to get the wheels turning for one of our most prestigious annual events. It is amazing the amount of work that goes into preparing competitions, as Sandy Lees and Jan Lewis will testify. Carol and Meg are still looking for judges, MC's, conveners, timekeepers, and helpers. As previously mentioned we will be running both the Golden Damper and Frank Daniel awards at St Edwards Hall with a one hour lunch break between events. Please direct all enquiries to Carol Hutcheson or Meg Gordon. Contact details in the front of the magazine, or see Meg's article in this magazine.

Annual General Meeting will be held on Wednesday 24th January 2018 at 2pm at St Edwards Hall. I urge all members to consider taking a position on the upcoming ABPA committee for 2018. Your skills and expertise would be greatly appreciated in the running of the organisation. I also urge all members to support Carol in her fundraising efforts by purchasing raffle tickets direct or by taking a book of 20 tickets to sell at \$5 each (only the cost of a cup of coffee!). Also a great way of introducing your friends and family to the world of Australian Bush poetry, enabling them to contribute to keeping our wonderful culture and craft alive for present and future generations.

In Poetry, Tom McIlveen

Hi Neil

Perhaps the following incident might interest your readers:

In 2010 we visited our daughter Jo and her partner in Edinburgh. It was the coldest spring in 40 years, the temperature not exceeding 8 degrees the whole time we were there. We toured the highlands and our ancestral country in Ayrshire.

One afternoon we had drinks at the Leith Hotel, one of those dog-friendly pubs that are everywhere in Scotland. I moved to the bar and ordered our drinks. There were some men standing next to me, and one of them, a youngish man, suddenly piped up with, "You're Australian, aren't you?" When I replied in the affirmative, suddenly in his broad Scottish accent he came out with:

'Dust,dust, dust and a dog -
O the sheep-dog won't be last!'

When I picked myself up off the floor, he explained that he had been in the Foreign Legion with an Australian who used to quote this poem often. I therefore acquainted him with 'Hawkers' and Lawson who of course I admire greatly (but not as much as Paterson - now there's a topic we could argue about!).

What chance a Scot quoting Lawson to an Aussie poet in a Scottish hotel? He was a Tony also, and in his talkative state he informed me that Tony spelt backwards is 'Y not', but I don't imagine that's of much interest to readers. We did communicate later by email.

Anthony Hammill

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.

Firstly, we can thank the sense of humour of Neil our Editor for putting a photo of me on the cover of the last magazine! **The 2nd Limited Issue Chook Raffle** is under way and, as this will be the last one, there are only 5 or 6 weeks to get your investments in to me please. Tickets are \$5.00 each, only 400 tickets, Prize is **\$400 CASH!** The banking and sending details are opposite. I love cheques! Thanks to all who have already purchased. Ask for **stapled books of 20** (with poem) to sell, plus poster and SAE to me to return butts. Please send a **SSAE with cheque (made out to ABPA) if you want a ticket posted to you or say to email it** on a note. For bank direct deposits, 'Tickets yourname' as reference. Two great poems on the ticket. \$2000 proceeds: **ABPA Anthology, Golden Damper Awards.**

At long last we have decided to improve and reduce the cost of **2018 Public Liability Insurance** which the ABPA holds and shares with members. As we are a Registered Not For Profit Charity there is no need to stay with an expensive Policy designed for Industry and not for us. We are therefore changing our Broker to **Coveright Insurance Brokers** of Bendigo, and the Underwriting Insurance Company is **ANSVAR**, especially designed for NFP Charities and has an Ecclesiastical background. Please Google both Companies for assurance. The Coveright Director handling the ABPA is Tony Rodda - so good to get along with. **I will be writing to current PLI members** to explain the win/win benefits as to what the policy covers you/us for and the welcome reduced cost. There has never been a claim so why pay more? More set out properly next magazine. **We are asking you to remain loyal to the ABPA for PLI.**

2018 Subscriptions will be due soon - please be confident that AustraliaPost **SecurePay for credit card** use on our Website is easy, fast, private, more secure than Paypal, plus a small SecurePay fee.

Email me: treasurer@abpa.org.au Ph: 07 4162 5878
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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 magazine was **wherewithal** for the poem challenge. Here are two beaut contenders - firstly from Kevin Pye...
"I'm waiting on the Lotto man to give my name a call,
responding to a poet broke without the wherewithal.....
Now, if I had the wherewithal I think I'd own a bank
and THEN I'd have the wherewithal to write my cheques all blank!"
And from Donald Crane - (Kevin and Donald both bought Chook raffle tickets.. there is hope yet) "I didn't have the wherewithal to pay for pilfered ale,
and that is why I'm there with all my hobo mates - in jail."

Thanks poets, you have written perfect metre, rhyme and a laugh: Kevin's with 7 metrical feet per line and aa, bb rhyme; Donald's with alternate line 4 and 3 metrical feet and ab, ab rhyme.

A nice surprise poem was sent from a tourist to Yeppoon Qld who heard the resident ABPA poet entertaining the guests and he gave her his copy of our magazine - she was so impressed, thanks!

The 'money' word next magazine is **I O U**. Go for it. Apologies: last mag 'Carmel Randall' should be 'Randle'. Until next mag, Carol xx

NEW POSITION VACANT:

TRAINEE ASSISTANT TREASURER - Voluntary

Member wanted with love of bookkeeping, banking, computers, spreadsheets, marketing, insurance, good money sense, advertising, psychology, people, PR, sense of humour, positive thinking, writing magazine column, fund raising, raffles, accuracy, keeping records, can receive SKYPE, to train as assistant to the Treasurer as this job is too much for one (retired) person.

NO DEEP END. GRATIFYING. Must know how to attach PDFs to emails, and other good computer literacy.

How to reverse a trailer or pilot a Dreamliner 787 is not necessary. If you would like a challenge and have the time, patience, can time- manage, can keep your head and are responsible (ACNC requirements) please don't hold back:

Enquire! Help is needed.
A split job is envisaged.

Treasurer@abpa.org.au
Phone (07) 4162 5878
Carol Hutcheson,
ABPA Treasurer and
General Factotum.
Stay cool. I am!

Our 'chook raffle' reminds me of Frank Hardy's story 'THE ONLY FAIR DINKUM RAFFLE EVER RUN IN AUSTRALIA' which inspired my poem:

THE FOOTY CLUB CHOOK RAFFLE

© Bessie Jennings

Our footy club was short of funds. We'd raffle pairs of chooks: a pair of nice young layers - not old boilers (we're not crooks!) The prize each week was always won by one of our committee. (To let some stranger win the chooks, we thought would be a pity.)

When someone said "Your raffle's rigged!" we knew that it was time to prove our footy club committee innocent of crime. Old Wally said "It's my turn to provide the raffle prize." He went and borrowed two plump chooks - a pair of ample size.

He found them in Jack's fowlyard, while young Jack was at the beach and sold five hundred tickets in the pub, a shilling each. He boasted in the bar "This time our raffle's fair and square." A man called Harry won the chooks - a really handsome pair.

He took them home; but, as the borrowed chooks belonged to Jack, Old Wally sneaked around that night and took the chickens back. When I protested "Wally, Harry won't think this is funny!" Wal said "Don't worry, mate - I'll just give Harry back his money."

WHAT IS THE PHOTO WORTH?

© Kevin Pye

Winner, 2017 ANZAC Stories in Poetry,
Boondooma Homestead, Boondooma Queensland.

It's sad to see the sale of things, winding up deceased estates--
the auction room was filled today, many lots most second rates.
That was until I stopped to gaze as if ordered by decree--
a soldier boy in khaki serge, sat there smiling back at me.

"Come on", cajoled the auctioneer, "where is my opening bid?"
A silence fell upon the room when no single person did!
A thousand thoughts raced through my mind and I'm sure I saw a tear
that trickled from the soldier's eye, in reaction to his fear.

The dusty glass and aged frame had for years been stored away,
until someone with callous care, placed it on the list today.
All those who know our history could define it World War One.
The slouch hat and the Rising Sun labelled him an Aussie son.

"The frame is worth a hundred ones," seemed as cold as graveside clay.
My thoughts were drifting somewhere else -- Sari Bear or Suvla Bay.
How could that fresh face in the frame with its youthful eyes and cheeks
know anything of horrid war and the carnage that it seeks?

Perhaps he sailed away to France, where conflict was so rife.
Perhaps there is a later 'shot' that is posed with his young wife?
In flea infested trench of mud, rained upon by shrapnel hail,
I see this sepia soldier held to ransom by this sale.

Do fields of Flanders know this man where he sleeps forever more?
Do poppies colour sombre ground, symbolizing wounds of war?
I see him with a comrade mate, silhouettes both starkly white
as fusillades of lead and flares, burst apart the angry night.

"A hundred for the frame', he asks---is his conscience not awake?
Is there no one from the family kin, here to mend their great mistake?
"The frame is worth a hundred ones"-- could that be a sneer or mirth?
Your value is a hundred, Sir?--Tell me--what is the photo worth?



Kevin Pye

I am fourth generation Mudgee born, now retired Primary School Principal, having spent 27 years in Public Schools at Mudgee, Urana, North Star, Millthorpe, Parkes and Cudgegong Valley.

I have played most sports, most successfully Cricket which saw me appointed to the original Country Umpires Panel with games involving all the touring International teams in the 1990's. I was later the NSW Country Advisor, mentoring and appraising the development of others.

I am interested in all things Australian from history to collecting early china and glassware.

I have a particular interest in the life and work of Henry Lawson and have been writing traditional verse since retirement in 2000. Thanks to mentors like the late Ellis Campbell and also Carol Heuchan, I have found sufficient initiative to self publish 8 books. Sometimes a few judges have seen some merit in lines and given encouragement to enter suitable competitions. I have twice made the final 5 for Book of the Year, have won or been finalist 3 times in Song Lyric Awards, won the Boldrewood and Dunedoo awards and collected minor placings from Second to Commended several times.

I am a writer, not a reciter but having taught Creative Writing and Public Speaking, have been invited to judge in both categories.

Winton Outback Festival 2017

Winton turned it on for the thousands who gathered there for the 2017 Outback Festival. As a Poet heading there alongside Marco Giori and Ray Essery it was an incredible mix of emotions. From the great crowds who attended the three Bush Poets Breakfasts to the flight into Longreach and driving through some of the most unforgiving, drought ravaged land in the country, all senses were on alert taking in the beauty and the devastation of this great country's outback.

From the street music by the likes of Pete Denehy and the Slim Dusty Travelling Country Band, Pixie Jenkins, The Memphis Movers etc. to the Whip Cracking, Outdoor Iron Man/ Iron Woman (which saw our own Greg North participate and take home the Sportsmanship Award) to the Australian Quilton Great Dunny Derby, it was non stop entertainment over the week. The appearance of the 1RAR Band was another highlight, along with a reenactment by one hundred horses and riders of the Light Horse Cavalry Charge. And I must not be remiss in mentioning a fantastic, colourful and street-packed Grand Parade, which brought all visitors to the streets and balconies to cheer them on!

Greg North provided entertainment at the North Gregory Hotel with his Banjo Paterson Show, as well as continuing his nightly shows at the Matilda Caravan Park. Another year at Winton and I believe he will be eligible to run for Mayor!

It was great catching up with so many people, poetry lovers, Poets, such as Barry and Rhyl Graham, Sandy and John Lees, Campbell The Swaggie and a host of other folks we have met around the traps at other Festivals and returned yet again to soak up the atmosphere of the tradition of Bush Poets Breakfast.

It was a fantastic event, and the organisers should be very proud of the way they ran a truly great and unique Aussie Festival in one of our most iconic towns.

It was also a lot of fun for the poets being involved with the commentary of the Dunny Derby with Marco comparing the weigh-in, whilst admirably assisted by myself as penciller and steward whilst Ray Essery thrived in his duty of handing out the under-pants to the Dunny Jockeys! It was a great evening and a darned lot of fun to be involved in.

I would highly recommend this festival to anyone, and if not the Outback Festival, then just a visit sometime to this wonderful town who have incurred such hardship with the drought and the loss of the Waltzing Matilda Centre but who battle on in the face of adversity to make everyone feel welcome to their wonderful home.

Good on ya, Winton. Thanks again for the memories and good luck with your next Festival.

Neil McArthur



Marco Giori with the audience at one of the Bush Poets Breakfasts



Weigh-In Judges, Ray, Marco and Neil



Dunny Derby crowd



2017 Dunny Derby Champs - The Runny Rumps.

A BUSH POETS LOT

© Marco Gliori

I've struck some good Bush Balladists around the traps and cheer
the fact they set themselves apart from scribes of yesteryear,
reflecting modern issues in the stories they recite,
with hints of fine tradition found in each flirtatious bite.

Yet in between the written lines that span each classic verse,
I sense they had to battle with the Poet's common curse;
That no matter how prestigious their work or widely read,
a good Bush Poet never knows they're great until they're dead!

There'll never be another Henry Lawson (if he's blessed),
God knows the poor chap's soul has surely earned a final rest.
The 'Banjo' knows we love him, and could never steal his flame,
respect cannot be mustered in the old Bush Poet's game.

It's something that grows slowly like the wealth of honest men.
You can steal this very line but you'll never hold the pen.
You can run off with a rhythm, stake claim that it's your own.
but you'll won't taste the sweetness like the scribe who wrote the poem.

Each living Poet longs to have their work read in the press,
to receive fancy letters from some Publisher's address,
to decline invitations flowing freely through the mail.
to speak and read and share their life in glorious detail.

But never should they dare forget that loud immodest fan,
who clumsily recites them in the barrooms of this land,
who cannot wait to meet them when a reading's, at an end
and like a mate will greet them as the Poet's true friend.

Then when the trumpets finally come sounding some success,
the Poet will be humbled by a feeling of unrest,
and will see the stark realities of dreams one defines,
as lustful dark illusions that the modest soul declines.

So maybe it's a Poet's lot to scribble endless scrawl,
accepting anonymity when they have given all,
while praying that their epitaph will state when they are dead,
'Here lies one more Poet, quite well known, and widely read.'



CALL OUT TO MEMBERS FOR SUBMISSIONS

You don't need to be a poet to submit articles to your ABPA Magazine. Do you have a story about your travels around Australia? Any Poets you may have come across in various destinations in Australia? We are always looking for articles of interest about your travels and we realise that not all our members are Poets. Many are lovers of Poetry and valued members of our Association so feel free to send your submissions to:-

Neil McArthur c/o
editor@abpa.org.au

www.abpa.org.au

A BOVINE WORLD

© Donald Crane

Winner – 2017, Camooweal Post Office Bronze Spur Award, Drovers' Camp Festival, Camooweal, Queensland.

All you who live a blinkered life and tread not oft on foreign strand,
And think the bounds of bovine breeds are those we see in our own land
Should be aware; -- there is no land, no spot or place nor distant shore,
Where reds and roans have not roamed, where bovines have not trod before.
From icy peaks to deserts vast, in heat and cold, in every clime,
Five hundred breeds of beef and more leave hoof-prints in the sands of time.
On frozen tundra, steppe and veldt, in every land where wind has blown,
The local herdsmen favour types they proudly breed and claim their own.

The bovine world is quite diverse with breeds that very few would know,
With each adapted to their clime, from desert sand to mountain snow.
Diverse in colour – horned and humped, a hotch potch mix of genus Bos
With Indicus and Taurus genes – in many lands, the 'ideal cross'.
Extremes in conformation too, besides the Longhorns and the Polled,
As Dexter midgets stand hock high, near Chianinas tall and bold.
In colour, temperament and coat, in nature, markings and physique,
As 'tis with man, so too with beast, each breed of bovine is unique.

There forms a vision as I sit and grant my thoughts unfettered rein,
A phantom mob of bovines pass before my eyes, across the plain,
Through veil of dust I see them tramp, yet – silent as a winging bird;
Entranced, I watch them passing by, a ghostly spectral bovine herd.
Majestically in pride of place, the big horned Ankole take the lead,
The genesis of modern beef whose genes are found in every breed.
And in their wake the Zebu types, the Boran, Tuli, Brahman Grey,
Then endless stream of modern breeds, the Limousin and Charolais.

And stockmen come from every land, the world's best cattlemen parade,
With bolas, whips and lariat, in skilful hands their tools of trade.
In sport or show ring, sand or snow, for centuries they've honed o'er time,
The skills required, the gear and guile, demanded by terrain and clime.
I see the Spanish Matadors, Vaqueros, Gauchos, -- those who spend
Their life with stock from early morn until the day has reached its end.
An endless stream of cattlemen from many lands across the miles,
Five hundred different bovine breeds, a range of diverse handling styles.

Beyond the shores of our own land, from east to west and points between,
In every land, 'twixt pole and pole; -- an ever changing bovine scene.
On Everest heights the Sherpas guide their overladen Yaks through snow,
While Banteng plod with steady gait in paddy fields where rices grow.
Huge mobs of Bison, yet untamed, roam freely 'cross the Pampas plain,
As fighting bulls meet death by sword in hand of Matadors in Spain.
The Shorthorns roam on County downs, the Angus midst the lochs and braes,
In desert sands the Sangas thrive, on Russian steppes Kostromas graze.

Our show rings host Stud breeder's pride, the pampered pets of barn and stall,
Who ne'er have battled through a drought, nor felt the sting of whip or gall.
But in the west on stations vast, where days are long and work is hard,
Tanned Aussie stockmen work new breeds, in paddock or in branding yard.
The British breeds of yesteryear, fine Herefords and Shorthorn stout,
Have given way to hybrid types that better handle ticks and drought.
As purebred genes are intermixed, derived new breeds come to the fore,
The Santas, Braford's, Belmont Reds, to name a few – but many more.

And so it is since dawn of time; -- the bovine gene pool has enlarged,
From ancient Aurochs and Ankole, to meet the need of stud men charged
With breeding stock that have the traits, the qualities long since decreed,
For beef or transport, draught or sport, whatever be that nation's need.
And from the gene pool that now stands our future breeders will select
The qualities desired by trade, -- to create breeds without defect.
So – Aussie Stud-men, take a bow, raise high with pride your flag unfurled,
In every aspect of your 'game' you've set the bar for all the world.



Festival Season

From Gary Fogarty

It's Festival time of year in South East Queensland as organisers try and take advantage of what, in theory, is the best weather conditions of the year. Bush Poetry continues to play a significant role and is, in most cases, entrenched on Festival programs.

Tara Festival of Culture and Camel Races defied all predictions early in August, and hosted their biggest crowd ever, with around a 50% increase in ticket sales. Organisers, while rejoicing this success, were left scratching their heads as to why. Crowds had the mainstage entertainment area completely overflowing for the Saturday Night Concert featuring "The Voice" winner, Judah Kelly.

Sunday morning's Bush Poets Breakfast wasn't quite as big, but every available seat was taken, with standing room only, as Gary Fogarty delivered an hour long show to a very appreciative audience, many of whom were attending a performance poetry show for the first time.

Late August saw the annual "Rainworth Fort" Bush Poets Morning resurrected by the Springsure Arts Council. Originally the brainchild of renowned local poet Colleen M'cLaughlin and her sister Lorna, this annual event had disappeared for a few years due to their advancing years. Geoff Sharp, the late Tom Oliver, Ray Essery and Gary Fogarty had contributed their talents over the years, while local poets Colleen, John Watkins and Hugo Spooner also played their part.

This year, with Ray Essery unavailable due to commitments at the Gympie Muster, Gary Fogarty was joined by Tim Sheed (who happened to be in the area at the time) and local poets for an enjoyable morning at the historic "Rainworth Fort". Local primary school children used the event to showcase their talents while preparing for an upcoming eisteddfod. There were plenty of young poetry performers with heaps of potential and it is to be hoped we can maintain the enthusiasm these youngsters have for our art form.

September saw Nanango, Bony Mountain, Clifton and Texas host their annual Country Music Festivals in quick succession. Nanango was its usual success, a well run festival with a dedicated committee and a strong line up of talented artists. Marco Gliori, Bill Kearns and Gary Fogarty ensured the Bush Poetry flag was flying high with their usual professional performances aided by a number of dedicated walk-ups and members of the local Nanango Poets Group.

Bony Mountain and Clifton(Goomburra Valley Stampede) unfortunately continue to be staged on the same weekend, which certainly splits the potential crowd of both Festivals. Manfred Vijars, Gary Fogarty and Errol Gray made sure the crowds at Bony Mountain started their days with a few laughs and a couple of hours of great bush poetry while at Clifton Brian Weir, Paul Flemming, Ron Liekefett, Suzanne Honour and "Spin" provided a strong line-up of poets.

Texas Country Muster once again hosted two, very strong Bush Poets Breakfasts with Marion Fitzgerald, Jack Drake and Gary Fogarty keeping audiences glued to their seats for the entire show. Marion was the first female poet to appear on the program in the eleven year history of this festival. Engaged for the event on the recommendation of Gary, she certainly made the most of her opportunity performing at the top of her game and making many new fans in the process.



Extending our Reach via ABPA Facebook Page – How You Can Help

In this age of social media the ABPA Facebook page is proving to be an effective tool in spreading the message of bush poetry to the wider community.

Over the past months we have refined our approach to focus on sharing news of upcoming bush poetry events including concerts, festivals and competitions (written and performance). Where applicable, information sent direct to us is forwarded on to the ABPA Webmaster, Gregory North for permanent recording in Events and Results and/or for presentation in Features on the ABPA Homepage. If advertisements come from non-ABPA members, we also direct them to the ABPA Magazine Editor, Neil McArthur. Also, any relevant information is directed to the ABPA Forum as a potential item for discussion through that communication/discussion outlet. We also endeavour to post photographs of recent events to showcase the activities of our members all around the country – something that often goes on behind the scenes unnoticed.

We endeavour to post at least once a day. Sometimes this is not possible – but on a good day we may post more than once. Once a month we also feature the work of a young poet and an “elder” poet – posts that are proving extremely popular.

Where do we get our information? For the most part it is by trawling through the Facebook news feeds of members connected to us as Facebook friends. We read what they are doing – and where appropriate, share their stories.

The ABPA page currently has just over 250 followers – but the potential is limitless. By means of sharing and commenting, some individual posts have reached over 1000 people – so that is our goal. The question is – how can you help us gain 1000 regular followers?

If you are a Facebook user, here are some suggestions:

- “Like” and “Follow” the ABPA Facebook page and invite your Facebook friends to do likewise. Its exact name is “Australian Bush Poets Association – ABPA”. You can search through Facebook or follow the link on the Home page of the main ABPA website www.abpa.org.au.
- React to our posts – but also please leave a short comment. Unless your security settings are very restrictive, your comments on posts are seen by your Facebook friends, who then may also comment – which extends the reach to their Facebook friends – and so on.
- Send a friend request to “Brenda-Joy Pritchard” and “Shelley Hansen” on Facebook. That will connect you with us so that we can see your news feed.
- Post your poetry news as a Visitor Post on the ABPA Facebook page – or email it to promotions@abpa.org.au so that we can share it. Please include a photo, flyer or website link wherever possible.

If you are not a Facebook user, there are still ways you can help spread the word ...

- Invite your friends who do use Facebook to “Like” and “Follow” the ABPA Facebook page.
- Send your news to promotions@abpa.org.au along with a photo, flyer or website link and we will be happy to advertise your upcoming or recently held event on the ABPA Facebook page.

Receiving information from members by email is very much appreciated, as it saves us the time and effort of searching through Facebook news feeds. Let’s all work together to extend our reach and make the best use of this social media tool to promote Aussie bush poetry.

Brenda Joy and Shelley Hansen

ABPA Facebook Page Editors promotions@abpa.org.au



OUR POETRY KIDS

The poems this month have been written by pupils in the ASPIRE learning extension program at the Citipointe Christian College, Carindale, Queensland. ASPIRE stands for 'Academically Strong Pupils Inspired to Reach Excellence' and pupils are selected from years 4 to 6. We thank the Program Co-ordinator, ABPA's Zita Horton, for sharing these poems with us.



LEST WE FORGET by Matthias Campbell

In the ghastly conditions that World War One brought
the idea of seeing the world became only a thought.

The six shillings on offer for each grim day
was not worth any precious life at all to pay.

The boys in the trenches, packed like a sardine tin,
had to put up with the smell
of disease and death within

The sound of screaming bullets
shattered the ice cold air
along with the wounded soldiers wailing in despair

Gas was the new terror weapon of this war.
No one had seen anything like it before

And inside the war that was raging about,
all the men were scared no doubt.

It was dark, it was lonely,
there was only an empty sound.
There were dead bodies lying lifeless on the ground

At the end of the war which the English Allies won
the surviving were glad that it was done.

And now here we are as the centenary arrives
honoring those men who sacrificed their lives.

Lest we forget,
Lest we forget

© 2015, Matthias Campbell at age 10

All poems previously published in *Free XpresSion*.

WE WILL REMEMBER by Georgia Stein

I see ten thousand poppies
the lonely fields across,
I see dead petals in the breeze
As people grieve their loss.

The rusty old bugle begins to drop.
Suddenly everyone falls silent...
The last post comes to a stop.
To Gallipoli, the Anzacs were sent.

I see the soldiers marching,
the soldiers who fought in the war.
Proudly, the national anthem we sing.
everyone's thinking, "*We need no more.*"

From dawn till dusk, the service goes on.
People stand with poppies proud.
"*We will remember the people who've gone,*"
say the grieving, loving crowd.

Then all the poppies begin to brown
and out goes all the lights -
Then all the mourners begin to drown
In the darkness of the night.

© 2015, Georgia Stein at age 10

QUIETLY by Olivia van Diermen and Emma Richardson

Quietly the ANZACs took their last breath.
Quietly we mourn their death.
Quietly they died for our freedom.
Quietly now we have our kingdom.
Quietly the sun rose.

Quietly we remember those.
Quiet is the Dawn Service, but quietest of all –
the ANZAC's courage as they answered the call.

© 2015, Olivia van Diermen and
Emma Richardson both at age 10

Tom and the Captain

© Mick Martin April 2017

Yes, Tom was tired and he looked worn,
his uniform was rough and torn.
Around his leg a bandage clung
like most of us, signed up too young.

The battle ground was strewn with dead
A sodden, broken field of red
A captain, brave and full of pluck
He watched Tom come through mire and muck.

It seemed the Captain was alone
The bridge they'd crossed had now been blown.
His men were scattered, most were lost,
They'd crossed the Somme and paid the cost.

A pommy stooping as he ran,
through smoke and mist, a driven man,
his mission? only he could know,
he scrambled onward, crouching low.

Tom slid into the fox hole then
as bombing started once again,
His pack and rifle at his side,
the scarf he wore was loosely tied.

Tom said that all his mates had died,
no way to win, but still they'd tried.
He'd lost them all on Frenchman's green,
that battle there like none he'd seen.

"The bloody lot, all gone" he said
then paused a while and hung his head.
The silence clinging to the breeze,
"a cigarette mate, could I please?"

The light caught glimpses of his lips,
"good on you mate" and then he sips
some water from a battered can
though mud had made the water tan.

A spark of hope, a plan to hatch,
he listened while Tom lit his match.
"We'll make our way toward the front,
we'll find your men, it's worth the punt."

"We must re-form, regroup" he said
"If not the boys may soon be dead"
Tom flashed a grin, a fleeting smile.
"We'll find your boys - might take a while"

Across the field like rats they track
which way the front? they can't go back!
"they saw no foe, not one to fight."
and slow, the day became the night.

But not one soul alive was found
across the littered battle ground.
Tom pointed to a hidden lamp,
exhausted soldier's in a camp.

Both crept like panthers through the dark
and soon they saw some faces stark.
he turned to tell him "yes, they're mine"
but Tom was gone without a sign.

Had he been killed there at his side?
Who was that ghostly soldier's guide?
In troubled dreams Tom's face returns
For sweet resolve our Captain years.

Was Tom alive or had he died?
Or was he real, that soldier's guide?
Mick Martin

Hi Neil,

A small group of poets have been attending the dawn service at Sandgate Queensland for three years now. The reason we go is to perform about 50 minutes of very respectful, appropriate poetry for those who gather there. We do our part from 5.00 am onward. We were invited by the RSL sub branch secretary, who is a mate. I did offer and then we were officially invited, it's kind of the way things had to work. At any rate, we now have growing crowds coming to hear the poetry and they love it. They are there in their thousands, for real! The RSL sub branch now pay for a sound engineer, public address system and next year, a massive screen for the crowd. They offered to pay us however, in this case, we decided that payment was not needed. We are not egotistical enough to think that this is all about the poetry but we know that quite a lot of it is.

The march in parade is the main thing people come for so coming early to hear us perform is a bit of a bonus. There are so many heart felt, beautiful words written about our serving men and women, it is not hard to fill that time up.

We stop and allow ten minutes of quiet time before the RSL sub branch and others arrive and we just do that out of respect.

For us, it's all about giving the thousands of people who attend, a strong sense of honouring the fallen as well as the surviving, trained or support servicemen and women.

I am writing to share the positive effect our poetry has with our ABPA members. I suggest that poets who feel confident to do so, contact your local RSL sub branch, tell them of the "Sandgate experience" and ask if they would like to give it a whirl. My suggestion is to start with a thirty minutes spot and grow as you think it is needed. I am confident that the crowds will "enjoy" the time listening to the wonderful poetry you offer.

I would love to hear what other poets have done and what their experiences have been.

get excited about bush poetry again, live it, love it and share it,

Mick Martin



BACK TO CAMOOWEAL

Although there was plenty of country music and bush poetry in Camooweal leading up to the annual 2017 Drovers' Camp Festival, to truly open festivities the road to the Northern Territory was closed off for the Friday night activities outside the Post Office Hotel. These included 'The Last Great Mail Race' and the iconic fund raising street auction (the latter seeing, amongst many treasures, the last of the stockyard models going for \$2,000). The street concert music from Balladeers Bruce Lavender and Jeff Brown and 'rockers' the Runaway Dixies helped to allay the unseasonable cold evening air.

Throughout the year, the Droving Heritage Centre one kilometre east of Camooweal displays a wonderful selection of historical memorabilia from this important era of the region and beyond. 'The Shed', as is usual, became the hub this year for the 35 drovers who made the journey out to share their invite-only luncheon and their reminiscences and tales (tall and true) from their own experiences. Sadly there were some moving services for those who had gone to other tracks during the year and the number of drovers (and festival attendees) was well down on past years, primarily due to a 'flu epidemic hitting Mt Isa and beyond in the preceding weeks. But the shed still displayed its stalls and art and craft exhibits and the grounds of the camp housed authentic outback activities such as bronco branding and camp oven cooking demonstrations.

During the weekend there was a great line up of country music and ballads from the busy organiser and MC, Tommy Maxwell, along with Jeff Brown, Bruce Lavender and Peter Coad and the Coad Sisters. There was also a moving segment from the Lake Nash Gospel Band and a non-denominational church service.

Saturday afternoon saw the Camooweal country race meeting with five races, a fashion parade and a Calcutta. This was well attended by elegantly attired station, town and visiting spectators.

For the Bush Poets and Yarn Spinners there was the Sunday Bush Poets' Breakfast and the annual Drovers Camp Talent Award for performance of poems, yarns and songs MC'd and run by Brenda Joy and judged by Hal Pritchard. It was sad that due to illness, drover John Lloyd and Carmel were unable to come this year but Rhyl Graham of the Townsville Bush Poetry Mates gave a very welcome hand as scrutineer. There were 20 entries across the three categories and results were close. (See the winner's list below.) Throughout both of these segments poems written by drover Bruce Simpson and by Ian Michaels (who died in December 2016) were presented.

Also below are the results of the top six placegetters in the Post Office Bronze Spur Award for written verse judged from sixty-six entries. This prestigious competition with its coveted hand-crafted bronze spur award, has run every year since 1997 and was again co-ordinated by the tireless Drovers' Camp Treasurer Ellen Finlay. Both Ellen and her husband Paul who manage the site all year, deserve great applause for their non-stop efforts throughout the weekend and they in turn thank "...our many sponsors and volunteers who make it all happen..."

The Camooweal Drovers' Camp Festival will be on again in 2018 over the fourth weekend (24th – 26th) August. This will be the 22nd year of its running. Tony Anderson, President DCAE, and the organisers of the festival invite you to "...Take some time in the outback and take the opportunity to meet and talk with real drovers who have travelled far and wide to celebrate this unique way of life." We hope you can plan your programs to join in this very special tribute festival to some of Australia's last remaining 'pioneers'.

Brenda Joy

RESULTS FROM CAMOOWEAL

WRITTEN COMPETITION

POST OFFICE Bronze Spur Award for original bush verse

1st Winner	Donald Crane	Qld.	A Bovine World
2nd Place	Terry Piggott	WA	The Love of her Life
3rd Place	Tom McIlveen	NSW	Pappinbarra Dreaming
Highly Commended	Terry Piggott	WA	The Bushman and the Warrigal
Commended	Terry Piggott	WA	Torbay Dreaming
Commended	Helen Harvey	NSW	When a Handshake was our Word

PERFORMANCE COMPETITION

Drovers' Camp Talent Award

YARN SPINNING SECTION

1st	Barry Graham	Queensland
2nd	Jingo March	SA
3rd	Bill Poynton	Victoria

BUSH POETRY SECTION

1st	Barry Graham	Queensland
2nd	Deena Smith	Queensland
3rd	Larry Robinson	NSW

BALLAD/SONG SECTION

1st	Wayne Martin	Queensland
2nd	Larry Robinson	NSW
3rd	Kelvin Ladd	NT

OVERALL WINNERS OF DCTA (best from two sections)

1st	(for Yarn and Poem)	Barry Graham
2nd	(for Poem and Song)	Larry Robinson
3rd	(for Yarn and Poem)	Jingo March



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

THE QUEENSLAND STINGING TREE

© Jack Drake 1.2.2012

Way up north in Queensland they've got these stinging trees, and mate, you should believe it, they would put the bloody breeze up a tougher man than me and you and anybody here. Getting stung by one's an exercise in agony and fear.

Laurie was a welder who came from a foreign land. The Stinging Tree of Queensland he just did not understand, but he got a job up north there where you find that awful tree, maintaining towers that carry cables for the electricity.

He was welding struts together on a mountainous hill-side on a flat carved out to mount a pylon twenty metres wide, when he felt a call of nature and knew that he must do what's often known as number two or sometimes simply poo.

Laurie backed into the forest edge and dropped his overalls without a thought of toxic nasties swinging near his...appendages, did the job that he was there for with no sign of a reaction, then reached out for a wide green leaf with a sigh of satisfaction.

He still wore his heavy welder's glove so his hand was quite OK but when he plied the leaf to wipe the residue away a million red hot needles rammed into his derriere and a welder naked from the knees, sprang ten feet in the air.

"Something's rotten in my ring gear" Laurie rapidly deduced. It felt like the roughest curry every lousy cook produced, got thrown in together with a heap of extra chilli. Then Laurie's ring of fire started spreading to his willie.

He tried to act with courage but it's hard to keep your cool with a blazing coat of napalm spreading 'round the family jewels. He jettisoned his overalls and his elastic sides and a naked welder headed for the next door mountain side.

He was screaming, running blindly. He was heading for a wreck, when he felt two lumps erupting somewhere just behind his neck. "I'm breaking out in hives" he howled. "They feel like monster pills!" But it was only the reaction of two frightened testicles.

In the grip of pelvic punishment he ran to lose the pain. The fact that job was on a hillside wasn't any gain. He tore across the level ground the dozer left behind, ran straight off the edge and promptly speared into the vines.

In a rolling screaming tangle of Lawyer Vines and leaves an unclothed welder hurtled down a slope of one in three. If it prickled, stung or grappled, it was right there in his path. Now he was hurting in uncounted places, plus his tortured arse.

He was bowling down the foliage like a runaway D8. He tore into open country but it was far too late. A rocky ledge flew past him. There was no way he could stop, and Laurie went to free fall down a twenty metre drop.

He went flying through the atmosphere, his dangly bits a-quiver, and hissing like a quenched horse shoe, he bombed into the river. Though the water cooled what felt to him like nuclear powered piles, Laurie hadn't known of Stinging Trees but he'd heard of crocodiles.

You've seen those water spiders that walk on the top of ponds, and those Jacana birds that stalk around on top of Lilly fronds, well Laurie skimmed the surface like that dolphin tail stunt, and the bloke who walked on water mate, he wasn't in the hunt.

So Laurie, he survived and lived when he should 'a bloody died thanks to luck and lotion that his girlfriend lovingly applied. Now he lives in Northern Queensland and he's happy as can be but he'll never put his backside near a Queensland Stinging tree.



1960 A YEAR OF TRAGEDY

Jeff Thorpe © 17 January 2017

My first year out of school, a whole new life to face
cloistered years left behind, enrolled now in the work place,
this in mundane Central Queensland, not much happened there
this premise soon shattered, CQ in the spotlight glare.

On February 26 catastrophe struck at Medway Creek
near Bogantungan, a night distinctly wet and bleak
floodwaters uprooted a huge gum causing it to crash
on to the rail bridge with a resounding smash.

A pylon was dislodged, swept away in the torrent
signalling an incident that would be classed abhorrent.
At 2.30 the Rockhampton bound train approached the creek
as it did on its routine schedule twice a week.

Unknowing of the weakened bridge directly in its track
the train's weight collapsed it with an enormous crack,
leading engine cleared the creek, eventually derailing,
not so the second loco and four carriages trailing.

These fell in the creek, a scene of devastation
rescue efforts hampered by remote flooded location.
Yet, a train was dispatched from Emerald in great haste
carrying doctor and ambulance, no doubt for chaos braced.

The disaster saw seven fatalities and injured forty-three,
a designing "Act of God" which no one could foresee,
little consolation to those who suffered on that night,
words like "accidents happen" not helpful to their plight.

Not four months later on the night of tenth of June
tragedy struck again when fog concealed the moon
for TAA flight 538 landing at Mackay
the aircraft crashed into the sea, all aboard did die.

Fokker Friendship "Able Tasman" was on a routine flight
from Brisbane to Mackay on that fateful night,
stops at Maryborough and Rockhampton occurred without incident,
no clue to indicate the tragic event imminent.

Sixteen alighted at Rockhampton, on board now 29
including crew of four, a trip seemingly benign,
Mackay next scheduled halt but, fog had left the airport closed
so, circling in a holding pattern above the town proposed.

Two attempted landings were thwarted by the fog,
a third effort made with hitch appearing to unclog
however, Air Traffic Control lost contact with the plane
further radio transmissions all were made in vain.

Debris was discovered at three AM next day
in the sea east of the airport, five nautical miles away,
all on board did perish, the airline's worst disaster
no explanation found at investigation after.

The aircraft VH TFB was some fourteen months old,
at time of the accident its flight was controlled,
Captain F C Pollard was an experienced pilot
nothing indicated of cockpit disquiet.

As mentioned, an Inquiry determined no particular cause,
though one important endorsement changed aviation laws,
Cockpit Voice Recorders in aircraft of this size
would henceforth be binding, promoting safety in the skies.

Two important occurrences that stand 1960 apart,
which made this then fifteen year old wake up with a start,
life's a fragile entity, best laid plans can go awry,
sometimes we'll feel "There but for the grace of God go I".



Thanks to Greg North who came across this interesting article online. The original may be viewed at

<http://trove.nla.gov.au/newspaper/article/166525341>

If you come across any interesting old articles on Bush Poetry, please share them with us either in the magazine or online at our Website.

www.abpa.org.au

Bush Poets

ONE of the most congenial people you could wish to meet outback is the bush poet. In many camps you will find at least one man who writes 'poetry' for his own satisfaction and enjoyment or to amuse his mates. Some of this poetry is awful, but some is rather musical and it is a pity that more of it does not find its way into print. Most of the real bush poets simply compose their 'poetry,' then forget about it; others commit it all to paper and read it to everyone who is prepared to listen.

In the Riverina I once met a swagman who wrote quite good verse. He delighted in reading his compositions aloud. He was a topical poet. If there was a flood, a bush fire, a murder, a hanging, or anything else of great importance he would sit on a log for hours and turn out a poem about it. In between times he scribbled verse for gates. One I remember well read:

'Be ye early or be ye late, .

Don't forget to shut this gate.'

Another swagman always carried a volume of Henry Lawson's poems in his swag. He had a remarkable memory and could recite Lawson's poems for hours. He claimed to have carried his swag with Lawson, but the men who have made similar claims would form a battalion.

TAKE a look about bush huts, old deserted homesteads, empty sheds, and even on wooden bridges and you will see some piquant examples of bush poetry. Underneath a wooden bridge near Gundagai I saw dozens of verses written by men who had camped under its protecting span. Some were pathetic, some grave, some humorous, but others were worse than ribald.

A well-known writer of both verse and prose once told me that he often spent hours reading the walls of huts, sheds, and the timber underneath bridges. He often got ideas from them.

In lonely places in the bush you will find rough tombstones bearing inscriptions composed by the poets of the bush. Some of these tombstones are placed over the human remains of mates or unknown swagmen found dead in the bush; others have been placed over the resting places of dogs. In North Queensland I once saw a piece of kerosene tin nailed to a stick. It marked the

grave of an old miner, and his name, date of death, and a verse were perforated in the tin with a small nail. That 'tombstone' must have taken many hours

to prepare.

The doors of boundary-riders' huts are also favourite places for writing verse. On one such door out near the Darling was a verse telling of the meanness

of Jimmy Tyson, but underneath it was another praising

the man for his generosity.

IN addition to the original lines seen in these strange

places, you will also find many of the verses of well-known poets, with Henry Lawson and 'Banjo' Paterson in the lead. It's a bushman's way of paying

a compliment to these men. Swagmen seem to develop

a love of rhythm. Perhaps it's the bush and the open

spaces, the movement of the sheep or the jog of the

horse, that inspires them either to attempt to write

poetry or to learn the verses of others who have been

able to interpret the spirit of the bush. I have never yet

none Help

met a swagman (one of the old school) who could not recite at least one of Lawson's or Paterson's poems.

Some day the works of these bush poets may be collected from the walls of huts and sheds and from

the wooden bridges and rough tombstones and printed

in a book. They may not all conform to the laws of poetry; some may not even be fit to class as doggerel, but it would be a unique volume that would find a ready sale in the bush.— W.P.T.

GREAT AUSSIE READS

with Jack Drake



Jacqueline Hammer's father rode into the Northern Territory with a camel team in 1919.

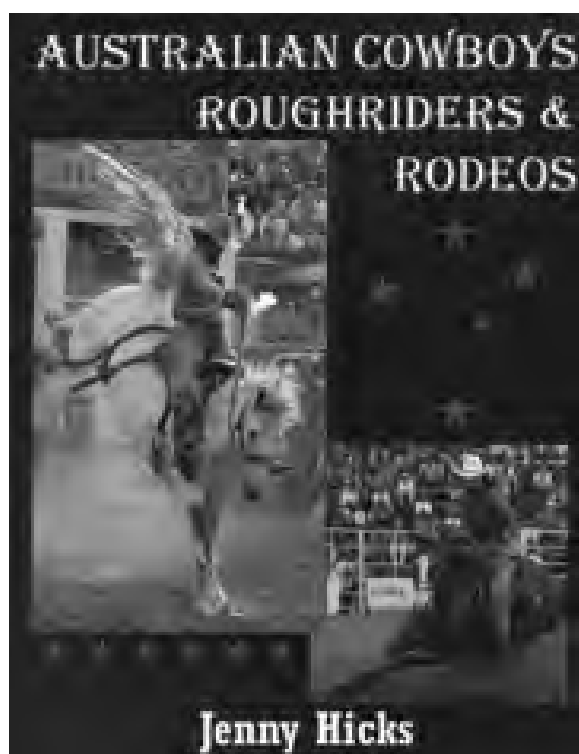
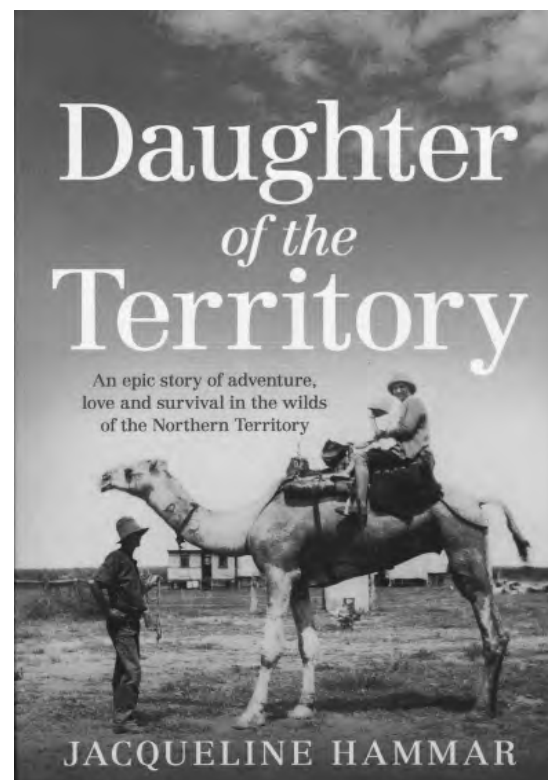
Territory born and bred, Jacqueline witnessed the changing years first hand from the time of massive isolation dependant on horsepower, to the transition to aircraft, motor transport and the vastly improved communications that exist today.

"Daughter of the Territory" by Jacqueline Hammer (Allen and Unwin 2015) tells the story of her early life as the daughter of a Northern Territory mounted policeman. She gained an education in Brisbane then returned to the north where she married a Territory stockman named Ken Hammer.

Together the pair pioneered a cattle station in the remote Limmen River country. Living in a bush timber and corrugated iron hut with a kerosene stove and very little in the way of creature comforts, they gradually transformed the wilderness into a prosperous cattle property.

Written from a woman's point of view, "Daughter of the Territory" contains wonderfully written descriptions of her Aboriginal friends, the magnificent northern scenery and many anecdotes about some of the eccentric characters that distance and isolation create.

I read "Daughter of the Territory" in one sitting and while preparing this review, the book got me in again and I'm two thirds through it for the second time.



Rodeo in Australia developed at virtually the same time as it did in America. Here early events were known as Bushman's Carnivals and they had their roots in the travelling buckjump shows that enterprising showmen moved around the country putting on events in every town they passed through.

"Australian Cowboys, Roughriders and Rodeos" by Jenny Hicks (CQU Press 2002), is a history of Australian rodeo from its earliest beginnings to the present time.

From the very early roughriding demonstrations, often resulting from a casual wager, through the buckjump show era of showmen like Thorpe McConville and Lance Skuthorpe right up to today's slick professional entertainments, Jenny has done a great job of researching Australian roughriders and the wild stock they rode or tried to ride.

The book is filled with memoirs and reflections of some of Australia's most memorable characters and champions including Bluey Bostock, the first president of the A.B.P.A. who was one of this country's first bull fighting clowns.

Anyone who enjoys watching rodeo or has an interest in that facet of our history, will find "Australian Cowboys, Roughriders and Rodeos" an extremely worthwhile read.

More great Aussie reads at
www.outbackbooks.info

Jack Drake

THE KEMBLA FLAME

Written Bush Poetry Comp. 2018

PRESENTED BY ILLAWARRA BREAKFAST POETS and ILLAWARRA FOLK CLUB

2018 Conditions of competition total prize money \$800.. all cash prizes with certificate.

Prizes - OPEN First - The Kembla Flame Trophy, \$300 and Certificate.

Runner up- \$200.00 and certificate

- plus two prizes \$100 and certificate

Note New section: NOVICE: \$100.00 and certificate.

****Decision of the judging panel is final **** Authors name must not appear on poem.

To encourage new writers, we offer a Novice prize of \$100. to be awarded to a poem with sound Rhyme and Metre with subject matter that is, in some way, uniquely Australian .(Conforming to the ABPA standard.) A Novice is identified as an author who has not been awarded any prize including encouragement awards in a written bush poetry competition..

ClosingDate 3rd January 2018

Entry fee of \$5 per poem per section. or 3 poems for \$10. and must be paid before judging. by Bank deposit only use your surname to identify deposit.

Entry Forms available from: email zondraeking@gmail.com phone 42837061

or from the Australian Bush Poets Assn abpa.org.au (events page,)

Entries to Mr Graham Morhett, Competition Secretary, The Kembla Fame
9 Links street,
Minnamurra, NSW 2533

This is a written Bush Poetry competition and therefore is for poems written with consistent rhyme and metre. There is also the requirement that the theme or subject matter must be Australian by nature. Building a snowman in your front yard would only be considered "Australian" if the home was in the Snowy Mountains or certain parts of Victoria or Tasmania. The scope of "about Australia, Australians or the Australian way of life ." is wide but still must be considered. It may be the deciding factor.

Commemorations

© Hugh Allan

Now the vanquished and the layabouts, they have so much to say,
while they disrespect the values of hard workers of the day;
and they disrespect the sacrifices of the fallen ones,
who were sent to hell and took a stand to save their country's sons.

And commemorations shouldn't be disrupted due to those
who insist upon their doubtful rights, with thumb upon the nose.
And they need to keep in mind the fact we got here not by chance,
but by fighting for the right to work, and help the world advance.

It's the losers who will make the noise and claim they've been deprived,
and berate the ones who've had a go; the ones who've always strived.
We revere the total sacrifice, of people who have died
to ensure a better life for all of those who will abide.



EATING

© Maureen Stahl

Eat and be merry but don't eat and get fat,
eat what you need and be satisfied with that.

Eat till you are full but not till you're bloated
or very soon on your scales it is noted.

Eat what you like but don't over indulge
or you'll be wearing loose tops to cover that bulge.

It's not a good feeling to be overweight
so watch what you are piling onto that plate.

Let your stomach not your eyes do the choosing,
to be taunted about your weight's not amusing.

Sometimes rich desserts are so hard to resist
but to avoid a spare tyre you have to persist.

'Carbo load' when you have to, cut down on red meats,
have plenty of veggies and fresh fruit for sweets.

Drink plenty of water and not too much wine
is a good plan to have when you're out to dine.

If you want to stay healthy and looking a treat
remember this slogan 'You are what you eat.'

The Novice And The Bard

© max merckenschlager

Winner Orange City Council's 'Banjo Paterson Poetry Awards' 2017

The meeting between Henry Lawson and the hopeful novice actually happened. Two handwritten drafts of unpublished and unauthenticated poems by 'The Bard' are now held by his family as treasured heirlooms. To have them verified, they would need to gift them to the authenticating body. Would you?

He hailed me with a handshake on a dusty road to somewhere;
my quick appraisal told me I could bite him for a meal.
Delivering his florins, he produced a pen and paper –
"Would coaching by The Master be considered as a deal?"

I eyed my hopeful rhymers while I thought about his question
and thanked him for directions to an eating place in town.
"Accept this verse," I answered, "to repay the coins you've spared me;
it's all I have to offer as my poet's luck is down.

"The deference you show me is a comfort to my ego;
in truth, it's had a beating from my introspective hand.
A troubled life's behind me and the way ahead's uncertain;
I write a weary collage of our vast and varied land.

"The grist I gather daily makes my hot-devoured poems;
the damper for my readers, while they watch their billies boil.
Those dreamers and romantics drift, protected from the burden
of struggles for survival, as my faceless heroes toil:

"my Ne'er-do-wells and Sweeneys, in a score of down-and-outers,
my Drover's Wife past caring for her role of lonely hack.
They're real to me as moonlight snakes that ripple down a river;
their ghostly glances haunt me when I tramp along the track."

"I've humped my swag with swells and bums, with willing souls and bludgers,
the ones you can depend on and the ones who'll shake you down.
A hundred seats on Cobb & Co and midnight trains I've polished,
en-route to 'Eldorado' or some boarding house in town.

"I've heard the hum of shearing sheds, their rouseabouts' arousal
when savaged by a squatter and his pens of burry rams.
I've tagged along with Andy, droving cattle down the Lachlan
in easy-riding mimicry, like business-men on trams."

The fellow took my scribbles with an air of satisfaction
and eyed them, as a pilgrim might inspect the Holy Grail;
two drafts among the dozens that have fallen by my wayside –
the jottings of a writer as he pauses by the trail.

"You dream to emulate me man," I said. "I like your spirit!
A poet's pen is lonely and the counsel kept's his own.
Our bush is full of heartaches, every writer soon discovers,
when tapping folk for wisdom with the skills we pare and hone."

"I'm grateful to my maker for this hand which He has dealt me,
though bitter lees I swallow just as often as the sweet.
I cannot wish you anguish, friend, that's stock-in-trade of poets
and hope you're still a dreamer, if we chance again to meet."



Generous Prize Money!

DUNEDOO

Bush

Poetry



Festival

1st - 4th March 2018

Spoken Performance Includes Male & Female sections for

- Intermediate /
- Classical
- Original Serious & Humorous
- Contemporary

Plus Combined written section for serious & humorous entries

The festival includes Walk Up, Meet and Greet,

Morning Tea & Lunch Activities, All Day

Saturday Competitions & Saturday Night Concert, Poets' Breakfast plus much more!

Entry forms available from Kylie Rose 0427 637 266

coordinator@dunedoo.org.au

Bush Poetry at the Man from Snowy River Bush Festival

Corryong 5 - 8 April 2018.

Jack Riley Heritage Award (male & female), One Minute and MFSR Recital and Comps, Poets' Breakfasts, Concerts.

Entry forms on <http://www.bushfestival.com.au> from 8th December

(Vict Championships in 2019)

Jan Lewis 0260774332 or janlewis1@hotmail.com



Rhonda Tallnash has her name on this Award – Will you?



WHO WILL BE THE NEXT WINNERS OF THE PRESTIGIOUS GOLDEN DAMPER AWARDS?

Entries are now being received for this very popular PERFORMANCE COMPETITION

Entry forms can be found on ABPA website www.abpa.org.au Events Calendar

Original (humorous or serious), Established (other peoples)

Over \$2000 in Cash and Prizes

St Edwards Parish Hall
72 Hillvue Road
South Tamworth 2340
Plenty of parking
Air Conditioned
Visitors \$5 entry

Heat 1 Tuesday 23rd Jan 2018	Entry fee \$10 per section
Heat 2 Thursday 25th Jan 2018	
Heat 3 Friday 26th Jan 2018	ALL HEATS START AT 10.30am
Finals Saturday 27th Jan 2018	FINALS START 10.30am

WRITER'S AND PERFORMER'S WORKSHOPS

The objectives of the Australian Bush Poetry Association are to foster and encourage the growth of Bush Poetry in Australia

An added bonus for poets, visitors and locals to the Tamworth Country Music Festival in January 2018 will be the inclusion of workshops using the knowledge and talent of some of Australia's best Writers and Performers. Take advantage of this experience and gain valuable access to these top poets who are in Tamworth for only one time each year.

There will be 2 Writer's Workshops and 2 Performance Workshops during the Festival. They will be held at

St Edwards Parish Hall 72 Hillvue Road, South Tamworth

Performance Presenters are: Rhonda Tallnash. Over the past few years Rhonda has been a regular performer at the Mildura and Tamworth Country Music Festivals, a guest performer for many special events throughout Vic, NSW and SA and is the current Australian Bush Poetry Female Performance Champion.

Jack Drake. Jack was always blessed or cursed with the 'gift of the gab'. Although comedy is his forte, his occasional rendition of the old classic favourites will keep you spellbound. Jack has performed in NZ and his CD's and books have sold world wide. He has conducted workshops relating to performing and writing rhyming verse many times including Bundaberg Poetry Muster in Qld and Booyup Brook Country Music Festival in WA.

Written Presenters are: Tom McIlveen. An English high school teacher, obsessed with Shakespeare and Australian traditional poets, played a pivotal role in Tom's love of poetry. It is generic in all cultures to write and recite and this was encouraged during classes. Stories were recited in rhyme and metre, which makes them easier to recall, with the metre giving the words a 'flow'. Tom's sojourn into music has only enhanced his talent for writing stories in verse and his ability to write with sincerity and compassion is testament to his long list of written poetry awards.

Bill Kearns. A lifetime lover of traditional poetry, but Bill discovered a talent for writing comic verse and an ability to see the weird and warped in seemingly normal everyday situations. Dubbed "The Master of Bull", Bill's performances have been described as incorrigibull, disreputabull, irascibull but always enjoyabull. He has however, retained a serious side and is sometimes known to slip a serious poem into a performance when you least expect it. Bill has released a number of books and CD's and has performed at all kinds of venues from small country halls to the Tamworth Country Music Festival and the Gympie Muster.

Participants will learn how to write Bush Poetry using rhyme and metre about Australians and the Australian way of life, and perform bush poetry in a professional manner to any audience.

Please bring your own writing materials.

If anyone has any items which can be auctioned off at Tamworth to go towards fundraising for the Golden Damper could you please call

Ray Essery - 0438843817

AUSSIE BUSH ENTERTAINMENT MUSTER

6 – 8th October Benalla Bowls Club,
Arundel Street, Benalla

A fun weekend of dinkum songs, bush poetry and yarns
Friendly annual gathering for musicians and bush poets and their
friends, with Poets' Breakfasts, workshops, concerts.

Victorian Song Championships and Novice Poet Competition.

Friday night we feature Christine Middleton and Tim Sheed. Christine
will judge the Song Championships with Jeff Mifsud and Phillip Pye.
Lots of laughs and participation. New poets and friends very welcome.

Weekend wristband \$35/\$30 concession

More details on www.vbpma.com.au

Jan Lewis (VBPMA Secretary) 0422 848 707 info@vbpma.com.au

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



WA Bush Poets & Yarnspinners



Act-Belong-Commit Toodyay Bush Poetry Festival

Hosting the Australian Bush Poetry Championships

Fri 3rd - Sun 5th Nov 2017

Proudly sponsored and supported by



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

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

HAVE YOU CLEANED OUT THE VANS?

BOOKED YOUR FLIGHTS?

POLISHED UP YOUR POETRY?

PACKED YOUR BAGS?

IT'S TIME! The Great WA Bush Poetry Tour to the Nationals is about to commence.

Starting on the south coast the **Esperance Agricultural Show** hold a Bush Poets Breakfast on Saturday 21st October. Esperance is a very dynamic community, they need to be because of their isolation. Victoria Brown and the Show committee attract an excellent field of poets for this event.

Then it is over to the west coast for the **Nambung Country Music Festival at Cervantes**. Nambung Station joins the famous Pinnacles Nature Reserve and is a great rural setting for this four day festival. Bush Poets are included in the walk-ups each day with a big Bush Poets Brekky on the Sunday morning. This year a bus will run from Cervantes each day for patrons who need accommodation in town.

From Nambung it is a short trip across to Toodyay for the **Toodyay Bush Poetry Festival and Australian Bush Poetry Championships**. Apart from the competition there will be walk-up poetry, Yarnspinning, a **Pat Drummond Concert** on the Friday night, a **Bush Dance** on the Saturday night, and a Bush Poets Brekky with the judges on the Sunday morning.

The tour concludes back on the south coast at **Albany Show** where Peter Blyth and the Albany Bush Poets hold their Bush Poets Breakfast on Saturday 11th November.

For more information on any of these events check our website: www.wabushpoets.asn.au
or phone president **Bill Gordon** on 0428651098.

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



16th-25th FEB 2018

**BANJO PATERSON
AUSTRALIAN POETRY FESTIVAL
SIGNATURE EVENTS**

The 2018 Banjo Paterson Australian Poetry Festival, to be held in Orange NSW, the birthplace of A. B. Paterson, will celebrate all Australian Poets and feature outdoors and healthy lifestyle activities for the whole family.

Don't miss the signature events to be held during this Festival!

**BANJO PATERSON
NIGHT MARKET
FRIDAY 16 FEBRUARY**

**CONCERT AT YEOVAL
FEAT. ANNE KIRKPATRICK
SATURDAY 17 FEBRUARY**

**ROTARY BREKKY &
POETRY IN THE PARK
16, 22, 23, 24 FEBRUARY**

**POET'S BRUNCH & LUNCH
DAY AT YEOVAL
SUNDAY 18 FEBRUARY**

**BANJO BREKKY
BIRTHDAY CELEBRATION
SATURDAY 17 FEBRUARY**

**EMMAVILLE COTTAGE
FAMILY MARKET DAY
SUNDAY 19 FEBRUAR**

**BANJO PATERSON
POETRY COMPETITION
SATURDAY 17 FEBRUARY**

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

www.visitorange.com.au

