



# A.B.P.A.

**Australian Bush Poets Association**

*Volume 24 No. 2 April/May 2018*

*Keeping alive our Tradition of Rhyming Australian Verse.*



**LEST WE FORGET**

*nor ever tamper with this one!*



# Tenterfield Oracles of the Bush

## Bush Poetry Festival

6th to 8th April, 2018

Featuring

Col Driscoll, Ray Essery, Col Milligan, Bill Kearns  
and Darren Colston.

## Written and Performance Poetry Competitions

[www.oraclesofthebush.com](http://www.oraclesofthebush.com)

### THE 'BETTY OLLE' POETRY AWARD

"WRITTEN COMPETITION"



- For traditional Australian rhyming poetry with an Australian theme.
- Open and Junior (12 years and under) sections.
- Open section - First Prize \$500 plus trophy.  
Runner-up \$200 plus certificate.
- Junior section - First Prize \$100 plus trophy.  
Runner-up \$50 plus certificate.
- Entry fee - Open \$10 per entry form ( 2 poems)
- Entry fee - Junior section - free.
- Closing date - 31th August 2018.
- Entry forms and conditions of entry available from the ABPA website - events and results page.
- Conducted by the Kyabram Bush Verse Group in memory of foundation member Betty Olle.


The aim of the Betty Olle Poetry Award is to provide an opportunity for poets to share their work, to encourage the writing of new work, to acknowledge the skills of our junior poets, and to keep the spirit of Bush Poetry alive.



The Outback Writers Festival Inc

PO Box 116  
Winton  
Australia 4735

[www.outbackwritersfestival.com.au](http://www.outbackwritersfestival.com.au)

 Outback Writers' Festival  
@OutbackWritersF



### The 2018 OUTBACK SHORT STORY competition

The third annual OUTBACK WRITERS FESTIVAL is set to run in the historic outback town of Winton from the 26<sup>th</sup> to the 28<sup>th</sup> of June.

An integral part of the programme is the short story competition. With the adult section having a 3000 word limit, and the 12-18 year olds having a 1000 maximum, this competition has the theme of OUTBACK AUSTRALIA. A book was published last year from the entries and this year another will go to print. There is no entry fee, great trophies, and for the youngsters, \$500 in prizemoney compliments of the Boolarong Press.

As well as the outback book fair, the unique meet and greet at the Winton Club, the workshops and masterclasses, the Outback Writers Festival allows participants to savour the flavour of life past and present in Winton – ranging from the dinosaurs, the first peoples, the shearers strikes, Qantas' founding and the writing of Waltzing Matilda, right through to opals and to the famous Winton historical museum. The rebuilt Waltzing Matilda Centre will be open for visitation.

Further information is available from the website [www.outbackwritersfestival.com.au](http://www.outbackwritersfestival.com.au)

Many thanks

Jeff Close  
President  
0458532677

# EDITORIAL



## C'MON BUSH POETS!!!!!!????

Another big call out to all members for submissions for this magazine. For a short time I had an influx of submissions, both Poems and items of interest. A small amount were unsuitable for publishing, due mainly to size issues, but the others were published with much gratitude.

But now I am running out! Very few poems are being submitted other than those which have won Competitions, and very few organisations are submitting reports on their competitions. Some come through with a bit of prompting, while others have the results and a report sent to me within 24 hours. Some are very proud of the efforts of their team and their event, while others don't seem to wish to share the details with our poetry-loving members.

So please consider standing up and submitting poetry related articles (particularly modern and original) and never think the magazine is only for 'Professional Writers' as such. I like to have a representation of all types of Poets and subject matter to publish.

Great to see our Festivals and Competitions still going so strongly and drawing such wonderful crowds. It will soon be heading into the Northern Pilgrimage Season, with many Bush Poet's heading off to different areas of Queensland to entertain the ever growing army of Grey Nomads and not so Grey Nomads as there seem to be a lot of Baby Boomers hitting the road last year and increasing the amount of van traffic.

I will be heading for Charters Towers, while Greg North will be back at Winton. Susie and Mal are entertaining folk in Lightning Ridge and Bob Pacey at Yeppoon. There will be others as well, and we would love to hear from you so we can advertise it in the next magazine, and in the meantime make sure you send the information to our Webmaster Greg North at the email address below.

Neil McArthur

editor@abpa.org.au

**NOTE:- Next Magazine Deadline for submissions is March 27th**

## ABPA Committee Members 2018

### ABPA Magazine Advertising Rates

ABN 17 145 367 949 ARBN: 104 032 126

### Black and White Ads

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](mailto:editor@abpa.org.au)

All payments to be made within 14 days to

**The Treasurer Carol Hutcheson**

**ABPA Treasurer**

**48 Avoca Street**

**KINGAROY QLD 4610**

**or via Direct Debit to ABPA Account**

**Bendigo Bank**

**BSB: 633000**

**Account: 154842108**

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

### Executive:

President	-- Gary Fogarty	president@abpa.org.au phone 0417723400
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Secretary	-- Meg Gordon	meggordon4@bigpond.com
Treasurer	-- Janine Keating	treasurer@abpa.org.au

### Members on Committee:

Tom McIlveen		thepoetofoz@gmail.com
Max Pringle		maxpringle5@bigpond.com
Bill Gordon		northlands@wn.com.au
Bob Kettle		thegypsies2@gmail.com

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South Australia	-- Vacant	
Tasmania	-- Vacant	
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West Australia	-- Irene Conner	iconner21@wn.com.au

### Non Committee Positions

Webmaster	Gregory North	web@abpa.org.au
Magazine Editor	Neil McArthur	editor@abpa.org.au
Facebook Editor	Jan Lewis	janlewis1@hotmail.com
Returning Officer	Penny Broun	
Promotions Officer	Vacant and pending	

# President's Report



Well the Committee of 2018 are up and running, we have just held our second Meeting for the year and we have what seems like a very large mountain of issues in front of us. I would like to assure our membership that we are all working diligently on these issues with the aim of serving all our members and all sectors of Bush Poetry.

While I was unable to attend myself, good reports have been filtering back about both the Dunedoo and Narrandera Bush Poetry events. Congratulations and thank you to all those involved in the organizing of these events and to those who attended, I hope you wholeheartedly enjoyed the experience. Another significant Bush Poetry event in the Tenterfield Oracles of the Bush is just around the corner and we wish everybody concerned, in any capacity, the very best with it again this year. Good luck to any members who have gigs coming up in the near future.

We have had some significant changes to Committee since the AGM and I would like to welcome, Bob Kettle on board as a Committee member. Bob makes his own bit of history, being the first time the ABPA has appointed a fourth ordinary member to Committee. (By the way our constitution does allow for this to happen). We also welcome on board Janine Keating as our new Treasurer. Janine was appointed at our March Meeting and is currently working with outgoing Treasurer, Carol Hutcheson, on all the 'hand over' protocols. We extend a warm welcome to Janine and look forward to working with her. We also extend our Thanks to Carol for all the diligent work she did while in the role, she certainly went above and beyond the traditional duties of Treasurer and did a lot of work behind the scenes that will benefit the ABPA for years to come.

As well as handling all the duties that are needed to keep the ABPA running, Committee is looking to make some substantial and positive changes.

At the suggestion of our Web master, Greg North, we will be changing our web hosting to Digital Pacific which while saving us money, has the added advantage of being an Australian Company.

A small sub-committee will be looking into overhauling our Performance Bush Poetry Adjudication Sheet and reporting back to Committee. The aim of this exercise is to move away from an eisteddfod based model of adjudication to one more in line with the principles of performance bush poetry. This action does not suggest anything negative in regard to eisteddfods, (in fact we value the work some eisteddfods do in supporting a bush poetry component) but is simply an acknowledgement that they are two different entities.

Do not be afraid to contact myself or any member of Committee if you have ideas or issues you want raised.  
0417723400

Gary Fogarty

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## Join us at our Website

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

Interactive Forums including Member's Poetry, General Bush Poetry Discussion, Tips and Workshops etc. etc. along with keeping up with all the latest ABPA Competitions, Results and past winning Poetry



## Should I have Rescued this Dog?

My old dog's deaf, can hardly see,  
His plumbing's shot, sit down to wee,  
The wife insists, he's much like me,  
Our days are nearly over.

We're both unwell, he's worse, poor pet,  
With Doctor's cheaper than a Vet,  
If one must go, it's him, and yet,  
The wife sez, "I'll keep Rover."

Cash from my Will, they operate,  
They fixed him up, he's looking great,  
I've barely cooled since my cremate,  
Condolences they're sending.

They come to visit, at the wall,  
My plaque's down low, it's cheap and small,  
He cocks his leg, I cop it all,  
A less than Happy Ending.

Long john best 2018.

## Wombat Bush Poets

Wombat Bush Poets enjoyed a great day out performing at the Yeoval Banjo Paterson Museum as part of the annual Banjo Paterson Festival held at Orange in March each year. The 5 hour program included a presentation by the Reserve Bank on the new \$10 note, no free samples though. As with the old note Banjo and Dame Mary Gilmore are featured along with some impressive new technology.

At the lunch break Chris Gryllis, a greek migrant and developer of the Banjo Paterson Estate in Nth Orange, made the official handover to the Yeoval community of the Banjo Paterson Hat. The Banjo Hat will be a great asset to the Banjo Paterson Bush Park which is situated opposite the Yeoval Banjo Paterson Museum. We all enjoyed the lovely camp oven lunch with proceeds going to the local community.

The Wombat Bush Poets to make the journey were David Styles, Ted Webber and Jim Lamb. Freda Harvey, fresh from her Tamworth experience, Greg North, the feature poet at this years Banjo Paterson Festival and Don Swonnell, who performed at the Henry Lawson Cave, were made honorary Wombatiens for the day. Two members of the Parkes Vintage Car Club did well in the open mic session. The very appreciative audience stayed until the 3pm finish and were asking for more however we had to wrap it up and skedaddle back for a 7pm start at the Wombat Hotel.

Also is it possible to include the Wombat Bush Poets night on the back page of the magazine?

Wombat Bush Poets meet at 7pm at the Wombat Hotel for poetry, music and open mic. Last Sunday of even months except December.

Contact Ted Webber 0459 707 728

Cheers,  
Jim Lamb



### OUT NOW

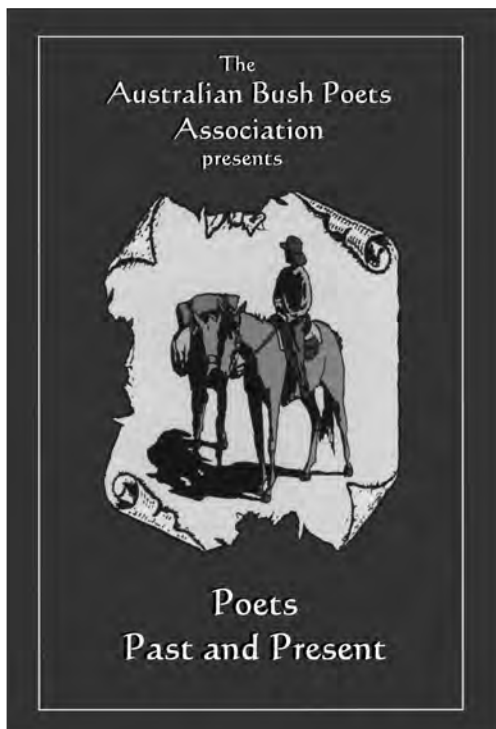
As promised.....

Our very own  
'Who's Who' of  
Modern Bush  
Poetry

from our winning  
Poets' archives  
since ABPA  
records began.

A 'must have' of  
62 poets, 118  
pages of poetry,  
total of 192 pages.

'Evocative'



Thanks to Editor Will Moody and to contributors, archivists, proof reader, helpers. Profits to ABPA.

**\$28.00 per book posted. To order:** post cheque with details to The Treasurer, P.O. Box 644, Gladstone. Qld. 4680, or direct bank deposit: ABPA. BSB: 633000. A/c:154842108 plus details, email or post. [treasurer@abpa.org.au](mailto:treasurer@abpa.org.au) Cheaper 7 £ over. In stock.

# RAY ESSERY WINS THE CROWD AT BOYUP BROOK

The Mullumbimby Bloke, Ray Essery, headed up a quality field of poets at the Boyup Brook Country Music Festival. Ray Essery is the complete package! He is a great poet and an outstanding yarnspinner. Ray showed why he is in constant demand to perform up and down the east coast, and many would like to see him back in the west any time. Ray's mastery of comedy and his sense of timing left the audience in stitches, although the 'on stage banter' between himself and yours truly had many wondering. He has become a good friend of Meg and myself over the last few years we have shared a campsite in Tamworth. I have had a few tussles with Ray on the golf course in Tamworth and Mullumbimby, and I had the pleasure of taking his money on the Monday after Boyup Brook.

Ray was capably supported by the two current Australian Champions, Sue Pearce from Tumut, NSW, and WA's own Keith "Cobber" Lethbridge. Both showed why they are recognised by their peers as equal to any of the bush poets in the country. Add a class lineup of WA poets performing each of the four days of the festival and bush poetry is as popular as ever.

I have attended many workshops over the last ten years, but Ray, Sue and Cobber combined to give the most down to earth and practical presentations I have experienced. They gave us guidelines for constructing poems with interesting stories and simple but effective rhyming patterns that help to engage the audience. They also shared how to take the listener on a journey with you when performing.

From the 'Meet and Greet' on the Wednesday evening through to the 'Wind -up party' on the Sunday night, poets enjoyed their own 'mini-festival' camping together among friends. The social side of WA Bush Poets and Yarnspinners is a major reason for the success of Bush Poetry in the west.

Bill Gordon, Bush Poetry co-ordinator.



Sunday morning Poets' breakfast at the Music Park. The photo shows all the WA poets that were present at the event and who stayed at Meg and Bill Gordon's farm.



The delighted crowd at the Saturday morning Bush Poet's breakfast at the Boyup Brook Bowling club.

If you wanted a therapeutic weekend and the company of super friendly people, then the place to be was at Boyup Brook Country Music Festival with the WA Bush Poets on the weekend of 15th-18th February 2018. There was magic in the air and new and lasting friendships were made.

The four well organised Bush Poets' Breakfasts were the highlight of the stimulating and fantastic festival. Bush Poetry united people as they gathered with a common cause, while leaving cares and duties behind at home.

During the breaks in the Poetry Program there was ample opportunity to experience the music from visiting bands and solo artists on the surround sound stage at the shady Music Park.

A trip to Boyup is not complete without a visit to Harvey Dickson's Country Music Centre, renowned throughout Australia. There you will find the biggest collection of Elvis Presley memorabilia in the country.

This event lived up to its reputation of being the biggest Country Music Festival in WA and ranks amongst the best in Australia, with many patrons coming back year after year, to enjoy the line up of artists - poets and musicians - that are queuing up to be invited.



Ray Esseery, Keith 'Cobber' Leithbridge, Sue Pearce and Bill Gordon.

So mark your calendar for next year!

# The Nursing Home

© Zillah Williams. 22nd November 2017

I saw him there across the room  
In the nursing home that day;  
No expression on his face  
His thoughts seemed far away.

I guessed he hadn't wanted  
To be brought along to hear  
A singer who was billed as  
A country balladeer.

The entertainer looked around,  
It was time that he begin;  
And twenty lined, aged faces  
Looked right back at him.

Could he bring them happiness  
For just a little while?  
He prayed that God would help him  
To make their faces smile.

He cleared his throat and said G'day  
And told them he would bring  
Some ballads which he hoped they'd like,  
And then began to sing.

"Welcome to my world" he sang  
And straight away I knew  
That love was there, expressed in word  
The people felt it too.

The clapping was sincere and showed  
Connection had been made;  
And he relaxed and felt okay,  
He talked, he sang, he played.

He sang Slim Dusty songs to them  
And one about May Weir  
And Jackie Howe the shearer  
And the pub that had no beer.

I looked again across the room  
And knew that I'd been wrong;  
The old man's lips were moving  
He was singing every song.

When the entertainer asked  
Was it time for him to go,  
The people with one voice replied  
With a resounding "No"!

"Keep it up, mate, keep it up";  
The old man's voice was strong.  
The entertainer smiled at him  
And began another song.

And when the music ended  
I crossed the room to find  
The old man couldn't see me.  
The reason? He was blind.

I took his fragile hand in mine,  
His cheek was wet with tears;  
The songs were a reminder  
Of all the bygone years.

And the entertainer knew that God  
Had answered him that day  
When "Keep it up, mate, keep it up"  
He heard the old man say.





# My Anzacs from Brian Bell

*Three Brothers - my Great Uncles. John Leslie Moir and Charles Harty Moir enlisted for World War I, and fought, and returned to live out their lives in country NSW.*

*Charles Norman Moir enlisted on 01/11/1916, trained as a gunner, then was transported to Liverpool UK from 21/05/17 to 28/08/1917. Charles was killed in action 14/03/1918 when a tunnel collapsed, which was caused by a shell explosion.*

## **CHARLES MOIR - K.I.A. BELGIUM, 1918**

Reply to the government as they request -  
it feels like a final decree,  
for I miss my son who was recently killed.  
My baby was just twenty-three.

Reply to the Government. What do they want -  
some words to engrave on a plaque?  
Can a million words take the place of my child  
or brighten a spirit this dark.

Reply to the Government. Two letters now,  
with forms I'm supposed to complete.  
He was buried so quickly. This bustle and rush  
seems uncaring and so indiscreet.  
These letters that constantly ask for the words  
to atone for my baby's death  
make me cry, just to think of the way that he was  
and his final, dying breath.

The words that I send will complete their files.  
Don't they realise my son has died?  
Can they ever replace just one soldier's life,  
or the tears that a Mother has cried!  
The courage it took to receive effects  
sent back from a faraway fight  
and remove, forever, reminders. My son  
was doing what he felt was right.

Postcards, uniforms, letters from friends,  
his girlfriend's likeness and locks,  
clothes that were waiting for his return,  
shirts, trousers and socks.  
But his last letter home is a treasure I'll keep  
and that telegram, oh, so grim  
(and a letter that spoke of the death of a mate -  
but it never could happen to him).

So hard to hold back all the tears that I feel,  
for I can't say a real goodbye.  
As I think of his body so far from home,  
greater grief hath no Mother than I.  
As his spilt blood's cleansed by my flowing tears  
and I grieve for his love and kiss,  
I'll give them their words - the best I can do -  
"Greater love hath no man than this".



## **TONY CASSADIO**

Tony Cassadio stepped from the airplane,  
set for the job he was destined to do.  
Done with the training, he'd flown to Vietnam.  
Tony Cassadio, true Aussie blue!

Virile and healthy, ready and able,  
latest in weaponry at his command,  
proud of his heritage, proud of his country,  
randomly chosen to fight for his land.

Tony Cassadio, one of so many  
sent in to settle the battle's unknown.  
Engines are silent as leather on metal  
echoes his fear of a military zone.

One tiny bullet ensuring that Tony  
never engages in war, after all -  
still disembarking as snipers get lucky.  
Tony has suddenly answered the call.

\*\*\*\*\*

Decades cascade around friends and relations  
grimly recalling a bitter defeat.  
Letters in copper are all that's remaining,  
bureaucrats' mission of duty complete.

How many Tony's in how many battles.  
How many killings while Kings disagree?  
When will our leaders perceive it as useless,  
let disengagement see people go free?

Tony Cassadio, yours is the silence,  
ours the enmeshment in war 'round the globe.  
History continues amassing the murders,  
while we wait for peace with the patience of Job.



# Narrandera John O'Brien Festival Results.



Closing Night Concert at the John O'Brien Festival.  
Unfortunately no other details were submitted for this event.

## Competition Results

### PERFORMANCE COMPETITION

Traditional Competition --

1st Rhonda Tallnash -- Violet Town, Victoria  
2nd Carolyn Toohey -- Darlington Point, NSW  
Winner of the 'Jim Angel Award' for the best performance of an original poem -- Rhonda Tallnash with 'Retribution Road'.

### PERFORMANCE COMPETITION

John O'Brien Competition  
Winner Carolyn Toohey  
Darlington Point, NSW.

### WRITTEN COMPETITION

'OPEN Writing Competition 2018'

Theme 'Calling to Me'

Open Poetry --

1st 'Calling to Me' Jim Kent, Port Fairy, Vic.

2nd 'The Golden Days' Jim Kent

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## REPORT - MILTON SHOW POETRY EVENTS

The poetry events at the Milton show 2018 were extremely successful with a wonderful group of 10 children performing a variety of poems ranging through works by A B Paterson, C J Dennis, Roald Dahl and several original poems written by the performers. The quality of the performances was outstanding but this has become to be expected from the local children as there are some wonderful performers to be seen at our local schools.

The open competition was once again very successful with poets coming from many kilometres away to perform here at Milton. There were a total of 12 performers half doing works by recognised poets and half performing original works and once again as with the children the performances were outstanding to give some idea of how good the performances were I wish to point out that there were two champion performers competing here in this competition and only one of these performers made the prize list. Those champions were Sue Pearce from Tumut who is the current Australian women's performance champion and Anne Rogers who is five times winner of the South Australian open performance championships. The mere fact that only one minor prize was achieved by one of these two is an indication of the overall quality of the presentations.

Competitors came from as far away as Barmedman in the central west, Molong, Byrock, in the far west, Tumut, Wollongong, Sanctuary Point, St Georges Basin, Canberra and several local performers.

The day started at 8 AM with a poets breakfast and walk-up open mike performances. This was well attended and some people came just for the poets breakfast and walk-ups. The events terminated about 1.15 PM.

A big thank you is due to the following for their very valuable assistance. Judges – Phillippa Hollenkamp, Lurline Gainsford, Daniel Costello; Correlator Dee Carrington; MC Jonathon Travers who also organised the junior comp this year.

### RESULTS MILTON SHOW POETRY COMPETITIONS

#### OPEN

- 1st Ken Potter - Woolongong
- 2nd Mark Thompson - Byrock NSW
- 3rd Peter Dawson - St Georges Basin
- 4th Colin Defries - St Georges Basin
- 5th Anne Rogers - Molong
- 6th Craig Green - Milton

#### JUNIOR

- 1st Lucas McDonald - Milton
- 2nd Emily Hendry - Mollymook
- 3rd Chari McDowell - Termeil
- 4th Kobi Silver - Milton
- 5th Brodie Tebbutt - Mollymook
- 6th Ivy Lawson duo with Leila Pepperel - Milton



#### OPEN POETS L/R

BACK CRAIG GREEN, JOHN RAINE, JOHN PEEL, LUCAS MCDONALD,  
KEN POTTER, COLIN DEFRIES,, PETER DAWSON, MIKE LAVIS,  
FRONT ANNE ROGERS, SUE PEARCE, MARK THOMPSON.

# Our Poetry Kids

## Amelia Sim

Amelia Isabel Sim was born in Bowral in 2007, in the NSW Southern Highlands, known as the birthplace of Don Bradman, the famous Australian Cricketing legend.

Amelia is currently a year four student at Kangaroo Valley Public School. Kangaroo Valley is a picturesque small town nestled within a fully walled valley, two hours south of Sydney. It has a wonderful small diverse population including multi-generational dairy farming families, business people, and well-known artists, poets and musicians.

Amelia is a diverse student who is an all-rounder, with a passion for writing, piano and art. She enjoys travel and writing and illustrating journals for each trip.

This has let her to enter some writing and art competitions in 2017, with much success.

Amelia has recently been selected to attend an Opportunity Class in years five and six for gifted and talented children by the NSW Department of Education High Performing Students Unit.

Amelia's poems –

**All Highly Commended  
Ipswich District Teacher Librarian Network Award  
8-10 Years  
Ipswich Poetry Feast 2017**

### ***The Charge of the Light Horse Brigade***

Starting at a weary walk - really slow,  
We soon make out the bombs distant fire glow.  
The mounted troops start a gentle trot,  
We are all doing it - the lot.  
Our horses start - they get a fright,  
But us, the soldiers, carry on with all our might.  
We push on to a dusty canter - quite fast,  
My mate fell off his horse - I hope he can last.  
Now we charge - at full speed,  
My horse and I take the lead.  
Onward we race - the bullets come thicker,  
We jump the trenches, take the foe and so...  
VICTORY!!!!!!

All poems © Amelia Sim (at age 10)



### ***Colder, Colder, Colder***

30 degrees to 10 degrees,  
It's getting colder, colder, colder.  
Autumn leaves fall gracefully from the trees,  
Blowing in circles in the chilly breeze.  
Change fills the sharp air everywhere,  
Wood smoke wafting from somewhere.  
Warm to cold, light to dark,  
Happy squeals to a howling bark.  
Dew crunches on the lawn in the morning,  
The grazing animals are shivering  
and yawning.  
Frost clings to darkened wet leaves at dusk,  
Smells of crisp cold damp air musk.  
Lying on the couch, warm and snug,  
Sipping hot soup from a steaming mug.  
Colder, colder, colder.

### ***A Night at the Beach***

The sound of the sea echoes through my ear,  
The colour of the shallows is sparkling crystal clear.  
Shadows from the mangroves creep into the blue,  
All the fish are sleeping and the sharks too.  
The seagulls above are searching for a meal,  
But instead, they only see rippling teal.  
The moon hovers above the rough blue sea,  
The whales upon the shore feel sadness, not glee.  
A grey tear falls from a stormy cloud up high,  
The whales lift their eyes and heave a deep sigh.  
When the sun soon rises, sadness will fill the air,  
For another day at the beach  
brings grief and despair.

All poems previously published in *Free XpresSion*.



# 2018 BANJO PATERSON AUSTRALIAN POETRY COMPETITION ORANGE, NSW

## WINNERS

### Primary School

- 1st: Amy Robinson from Orange Public School "Weekend Lessons"
- 2nd: Abigail Kiely from Orange Public School "My imaginary world"
- 3rd: Ebony Inman from Mullion Creek Public School "Brumbies"

### Secondary School

- 1st: Sophia Duncan from James Sheahan Catholic High School "Clear Skies"
- 2nd: Fenella Beer from Orange High School "An old Aussie outback"

### Novice Reading

- 1st: Tom Inman from Mullion Creek, NSW "I'd rather a dog"
- 2nd: David Judge from Bendigo, Victoria "Coodravale Homestead"
- 3rd: Robert Cox from Manildra, NSW "The stockman"

### Novice Recital

- 1st: Scott Barrett from Borenore, NSW "Sunday drinks"
- 2nd: Val Wallace from Glendale, NSW "Killed in action"
- 3rd: Derek (Doc) Bland from Eatons Hill, Qld "Australia on the Moon"

### Open

- 1st: Celia Kershaw from Port Macquarie, NSW "Turtle"
- 2nd: Rhonda Tallnash from Violet Town, Victoria "The shirt"
- 3rd: Rhonda Tallnash from Violet Town, Victoria "The wrapper"

### Mayoral Challenge (with the theme: If Banjo was here today)

- 1st: Paul Mullins representing the Mayor of Cabonne "On the roads"
- 2nd equal: Reg Kidd (Mayor of Orange "What he would say")  
and Scott Ferguson (Mayor of Blayney "A love poem")

Grateful thanks to Poetry Competition sponsors:

- Townsend Real Estate
- Normal J Penhall Funerals
- A Colour City Apartments
- Orange City Council
- Rotary Club of Orange



Primary School winners: Steve Townsend (sponsor), Ebony Inman, Abigail Kiely, Amy Robinson, James Locke (sponsor)



High School winners: Denise Martin (Rotary President), Fenella Beer, Sophia Duncan, Kathy Snowball (sponsor)



Novice Recital winners: Derek (Doc) Bland, Val Wallace, Scott Barrett, Denise Martin (Rotary President), Catherine Cheney (Sponsor)



Open winners: Denise Martin (Rotary President), Susie Carcary (Judge), Mel Hall (Judge), Greg North (Judge), Rhonda Tallnash, Celia Kershaw



Mayoral Challenge: Paul Mullins, Reg Kidd, Scott Ferguson, Susie Carcary (Judge)

**Pictures taken from ABPA Website.  
No Report was sent for publication for this Event.**

# WON'T YOU COME?

© Tom McIlveen

Winning Poem, Dunedoo 2018

When the letters started trickling home from Gallipoli's campaign,  
and the brutal truth had finally emerged,  
our unwavering allegiance to the king began to wane,  
as political opinions had diverged.

As the rumours spread from town to town, through the word of mouth and pen...  
there was mounting speculation and concern  
for the welfare and survival of our bravest boys and men,  
and for those who'd perished never to return.

When I closed my eyes I heard the distant beating of a drum  
and the melancholic sound of chiming bells.  
I could hear a soldier calling me ... 'Hey Coo-ee won't you come  
and support us in the Turkish Dardanelles?'

There were stories of atrocities and of carnage on the beach,  
from survivors of that very first advance.  
They had told of how the Turks had kept their trenches out of reach  
from Australian troops, who'd hardly stood a chance.

They had clipped our lads like kangaroos on a Sunday arvo cull,  
and had plunked them as they tried to come ashore...  
and no sooner had they rallied, in the brief ensuing lull  
then the Turks began to pummel them with more!

When I closed my eyes, I smelt a fragrant eucalyptus gum  
and the acrid stench of battle in the air.  
I could hear that soldier calling me... 'Hey Coo-ee won't you come,  
and avenge the boys who died at Sari Bair?'

When the government at home had called for additional recruits  
to fulfil our obligations to the Crown,  
it had soon become apparent that our brass were in cahoots  
with the good old dukes and lords of London Town.

With enlistment numbers plummeting and their quotas in arrears,  
they had held a referendum to decide  
if Australians should be fighting as enlisted volunteers,  
or as conscripts, with all liberties denied.

When I closed my eyes I saw again my closest boyhood chum,  
who was killed the day the transports hit the shore...  
and again I heard that haunting call of 'Coo-ee won't you come  
and support us in this God forsaken war?'

There were banners plastered everywhere, from Katoomba to the sea,  
down across the Great Divide and through the scrub.  
They had even hung a poster on the old acacia tree,  
at the entrance to Gilgandra's Royal Pub.

When our Billy Hitchin took the floor on that Sunday afternoon,  
there was barely standing room around the bar.  
They were packed into the rafters and had filled the new saloon,  
with the biggest crowd we'd ever seen by far.

When I closed my eyes and yielded to the haziness of rum,  
I could hear again that soldier's frantic call.  
He was begging me to join him now, with... 'Coo-ee won't you come?  
As we're fighting with our backs against the wall!'



There was Billy's little brother Dick, and a couple of his mates,  
and a dozen more of whom I'd never heard...  
and although we'd laughed and jeered like drunken fools and reprobates,  
we had hung on each and every single word.

In amongst those simple country blokes, who had gathered there that day,  
were the founders of old Billy's first brigade.  
There were roustabouts and jackeroos from up Coonamble way,  
and a swagman who had come to town and stayed.

When I closed my eyes, I saw again my broken-hearted Mum,  
who had wept the day that I had marched away...  
and again I heard that soldier crying, 'Coo-ee won't you come  
and avenge the boys who died at Suvla Bay?'

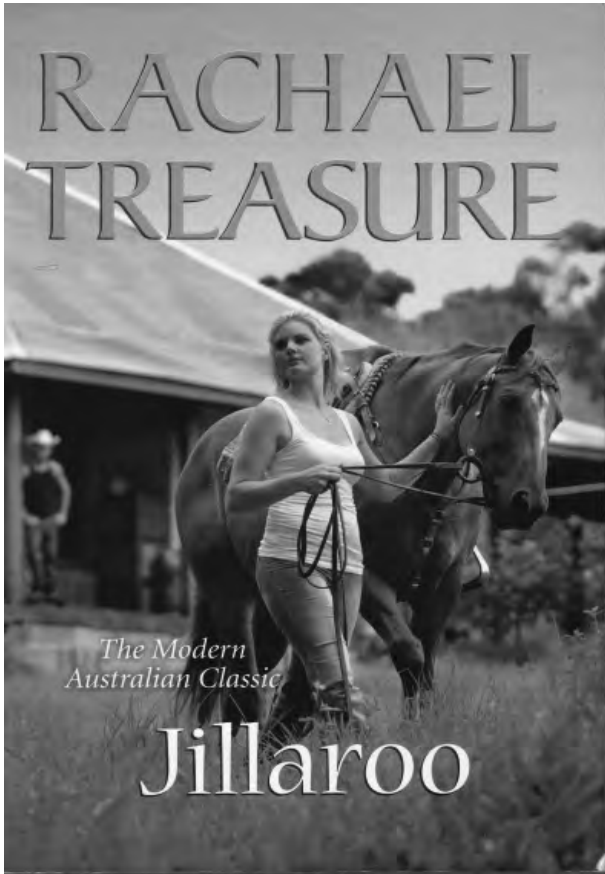
So I packed my swag and walked away from the only world I knew,  
as I said good-bye to family and peers.  
We were marching to the beat of Hinky Dinky Parlez Vous,  
as the crowds rejoiced in melody and cheers.

By the time we got to Sydney Town, we had gathered quite a crew  
and had snowballed by a multiple of ten!  
They were hailing us from Penrith, to the foreshores of the 'Loo,  
as Australia's best and fairest fighting men.



# Great Aussie Reads

with Jack Drake



Jillaroo by Rachael Treasure (Penguin Books 2002) is the second Outback Romance novel I have reviewed for our magazine.

Rachael is a Tasmanian who says she regards herself as a farmer first and an author second. She comes from a farming background, has a university degree and has worked as a rural reporter. She seems to be generally recognised as the founder of the Outback Romance genre and this girl really knows her subject.

Rebecca Saunders is a very believable heroine in Treasure's first novel. Following a flaming row with her father on the family property, Rebecca throws a swag in her decrepit ute, takes her three beloved Kelpie working dogs, and strikes out alone. She picks up a station job and manages to impress people with her ability with stock, dogs and horses also discovering along the way, the attractions of boys bundy rum and B and S Balls.

Rachael Treasure's central character Bec, is no Pollyanna. She is a flawed individual, fiercely independent, a touch foul mouthed and a bit on the wild side.

I thoroughly enjoyed Bec's wild ride through the Aussie bush. So much so, I have sought out and enjoyed the other seven books she has written.

Rachael Treasure...well worth a look.

A new Australian literary genre seems to have surfaced in the last few years. The Outback Romance. I have never been a devotee of the Mills and Boon style, but I thought I should at least keep an open mind and have a look.

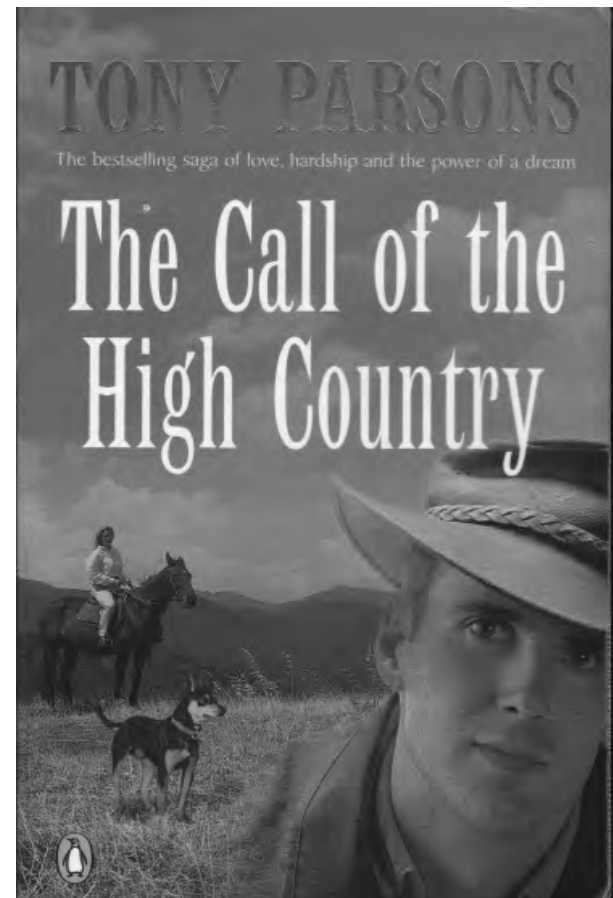
I was pleasantly surprised by some of the offerings. As usual, a lot of pretenders jump on the bandwagon of something fresh and some authors I had a look at, had obviously never been further west than the outer suburbs. However, two writers I encountered, Rachael Treasure and Tony Parsons, are really the dinkum oil and know the bush. It gives me a lot of pleasure to review some of their work.

Tony Parsons is a sheep and wool classer, an agricultural journalist, radio commentator and one of the country's foremost authorities on the Australian Kelpie working dog. In *The Call of the High Country* (Penguin Books 1999), Parsons tells the heart warming story of the MacLeod family and their battle to hold and develop their mountain property 'High Peaks'.

Andy and Anne MacLeod's son David, plays the central role in the story as he strives to emulate his father. Andy is a gun shearer and stockman, well renowned for his bushmanship and skill with dogs and horses. Young David relentlessly pursues his dream to become the best handler of working sheep dogs in the country. He allows nothing to stand in his way – not even the hot daughter of the wealthy and fairly snobby grazier on a neighbouring property.

*The Call of the High Country* is a romance novel set in rural Australia. Its author is eminently qualified to write on his subject and his knowledge and experience is evident on every page.

Very well worth a read.



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

Jack Drake

# Dunedoo Bush Poetry Festival - 2018

The annual Dunedoo Bush Poetry Festival was held from the 1st-4th March and was greatly supported by all of those who travelled far and wide to attend.

The festival was kicked off by the CWA providing activities and a light lunch at the Dunedoo Bowling Club on Thursday 1st March from 10am. Thursday evening at 6pm the poets and community were invited to a meet and greet at the Jubilee Hall. A lovely meal was provided by St Michael's P&F and brawl titles were available for purchase to be presented following Sunday's breakfast.

Friday 2nd March being the first day of competitions was held at the Dunedoo Sports Club. Everyone was welcomed by the President of the Dunedoo & District Development Group Lloyd Graham who was ready to commence the Intermediate section at 4pm and the Yarn Spinning at 7pm.

The Intermediate section is a combined female and male competition with Andrew Pulsford who was a definite favourite with the crowd taking out first place with his self written poem "Where have all the Dad's gone?". David Fatches was a close second with his poem by A. B Paterson "City of Dreadful Thirst" and Kerry Sprigg received the Highly Commended award for her recital of Bob Magor's poem "All the Gates". Thank you to the judges for this section Sandra Nicholson, Greg North and Des Kelly along with time keepers Barb Smith and Sue Graham and chief score keepers Dianne Large and Chris Sullivan.

Following the intermediate section spectators and poets enjoyed a lovely Chinese Smorgasbord and a few drinks before the Yarn Spinning competition started at 7pm. This is always a popular section of the poetry competition with 8 poets in total, all who presented capturing yarns.

Claire Reynolds was the outright winner of this combined male and female competition with her yarn "Shear Gratitude". The judges for the Yarn Spinning were Sandra Nicholson, Tony Yeo and Norma Gallagher. Thank you again to Barb Smith and Sue Graham for time keeping and Dianne Large and Sharon Nott for scoring.

Saturday was a big day of poetry with the competitions commencing at 8.30am. Again a large crowd supported the poets through out the day.

First up was the Female Classical session. This was another well contended competition with Jenny Markwell (Wongi Wongi NSW), coming in first place with "Pitcher Show" by C.J. Dennis. Jacqui Warnock (Narrabri NSW) came in second place with "Red Jack" written by Mary Durack and Rhonda Tallnash (Violet Town, VIC) a close third with a Bernard Espinasse poem "Marion Lee".

Following on from the ladies was the Male Classical section which was also highly contended. Bob "Pa" Kettle (Goodna, QLD) took out the title with "The Pearl of them all" by Will Ogilvie, followed by Andrew Pulsford (Urangan, QLD) with "The Geebung Polo Club" written by A.B. Paterson and Graeme Johnson (West Ryde, NSW), known as The Rhymer from Ryde taking out third place with a Thomas Brennan poem "Our Nameless Deed"

The first of the Original written poems was up next with the Original Serious Female section.

Heather Searles (Branxton, NSW) was the winner of this section with her poem "C for Charlie". Jenny Markwell (Wongi Wongi) was a very close second with "My Final Song" and close again in third place was Jacqui Warnock (Narrabri, NSW) reciting her poem "Dreamtime Cathedral".

Thank you to the MC's Lloyd Graham and Chris Sullivan along with the judges Des Kelly, Sandra Nicholson and Greg North and the time keepers, Margaret Yeo and Janette Johnson and chief scorers Dianne Large and Linden Ewin for all three of the above sections.

A well deserved break was then had for a bbq lunch prepared by the Dunedoo Bush Poetry Committee along with special thanks to Barry Nott. A special mention also to the Dunedoo AWA ladies who provided tea, coffee and a delicious spread of biscuits, slices and cakes throughout the day.

Following lunch it was on to the Original Serious Male and Contemporary Female and Male sections that would see the afternoon out. Thank you to MC Greg North and Judges Sandra Nicholson, Des Kelly and Kevin Pye for overseeing these sections of the competition along with time keepers Chris & Therese Sullivan and chief scorers Dianne Large and Norma Gallagher.

The winner of the Original Serious Male section was Bob "Pa" Kettle (Goodna, QLD) with his poem "What would their Mother's Say"; Max Pringle (Narrabri, NSW) was successful in second place with "The Cycle of Life" and Andrew Pulsford (Urangan, QLD) came in third spot with his original recital "Amongst the Wattle and the Sticks".

The Contemporary Female section was up next with a good number of entrants. Jacqui Warnock (Narrabri, NSW) was in first place this time reciting a Noel Stallard poem "141 Cream Cowrie Shells". Claire Reynolds (Gloucester, NSW) received second prize for "The Water and the Wells" by Jack Drake and Jenny Reynolds (Wongi Wongi, NSW) in third place with "Remember" by Milton Taylor.

The Contemporary Male section was also tightly held with The Rhymer from Ryde coming in first place with "The Grey" written by Rita Diplock. Max Pringle (Narrabri, NSW) was second with his recited poem by Carol Heuchan "Rosie" and Bob "Pa" Kettle in third place with "The Water of the Wells" by Jack Drake.

It was then a well deserved few hours of rest for the poets who all had a busy day of reciting and entertaining.

Everyone reconvened along with some more hopeful poets and spectators for the two evening sections of Original Humorous Female and Male. These two sections are the most popular throughout the festival and it was an entertaining night for all of those in attendance.

Lloyd Graham, President of the Dunedoo and District Development Group opened the evening and welcome the Mayor of Warrumbungle Shire Council Peter Shinton to address the audience. Peter surprised everyone and performed a wonderful poem he wrote himself for the evening.

The evenings competition then proceeded with MC Lloyd Graham and judges Sandra Nicholson, Greg North and Des Kelly watching over. Thank you to Chris and Therese Sullivan again for time keeping and the always wonderful Dianne Large and Sharon Nott for their precise score keeping.

The Original Humorous Female section was first with Rhonda Tallnash (Violet Town, VIC) being the clear winner and crowd favourite with her poem "Pumpkin Patch Pickle". Second place was awarded to Claire Reynolds (Gloucester, NSW) with "Unfinished Business" and Jacqui Warnock (Narrabri, NSW) came in third place with her poem "Leaving Town".

A short break was held in between the two humorous sections for supper to be served, which was again prepared by the Dunedoo AWA Ladies.

The Original Humorous Male section kicked off and was equally as entertaining with Max Pringle (Narrabri, NSW) winning with his poem "The Frog". Bob "Pa" Kettle (Goodna, QLD) received second place with "Matron Brown" and an amazing effort by 98 year old Les Smith (Moree, NSW) who came in third place with his fantastic poem "Missed Again".

At the conclusion of the full competition there were still a few awards to be given. Overall male winner was awarded to Bob "Pa" Kettle and overall female winner to Jacqui Warnock who both had a wonderful array of entries over the two days of competitive competitions.

The winner of the written section was also announced and was awarded to Tom McIlveen for his written poem "Won't You Come". Winners were drawn for the 100 clubs and an abundance of prizes to choose from in the raffle. Greg North and Des Kelly then delighted guests with a great performance of music and poetry, a wonderful way to end the evening.

Sunday morning saw once again all the poets and spectators get together for breakfast at Jubilee Hall and performances of the Brawl titles that were purchased over the past few days. The brawl poems must be no longer than 1min and are decided by the audience with the winner taking all. Jacqui Warnock continued her winning streak with a great poem about Dunedoo and some interesting times at the pub!

A special mention must go to the Dunedoo Bush Poetry Committee who this festival wouldn't happen without and also to all of the sponsors. It is the commitment of these sponsors that helps small town events like this one keep going year after year.

A very big thank you to  
Warrumbungle Shire Council, Narranmore Stud, Lonsdale White Suffolk Stud, Wright Partners, Leigh Stoddart & Co, Milling Stuart, The Land Newspaper, Dubbo RSL Club, Sharon Nott – The Golfers Den, Bunnings Dubbo, Tanya A Kline – Chartered Accountant, Redbank Gums B&B, White Rose Café, Dunedoo Rural Hardware, Dallmans Mechanical & Tyre Centre, The Dunedoo Pharmacy, John Oliver Electrical, Dunedoo Caravan Park, Sullivans Delta Agribusiness, S&S Meats, Rose Cottage B&B, Chris & Therese Sullivan, Midwest Foods, Dunedoo SPAR Supermarket, Matthew Guan Mechanical Repairs, Dunedoo Sports Club

The Dunedoo Bush Poetry Festival is held every year on the first Saturday in March. If you would like to sponsor this event or to enquire on how you can be involved please contact the Dunedoo & District Development Group on 63751975.

Kylie Brougham  
Coordinator  
Dunedoo Bush Poetry Festival

The written competition of this year's festival had a high number of entrants and was also highly contested. Congratulations to the following winners and to all those that entered the competition.

First: Tom McIlveen - Won't You Come?  
Second: Terry Piggott - Looking Back  
Third: Tom McIlveen - Bluey



Time Keepers - Chris & Therese Sullivan

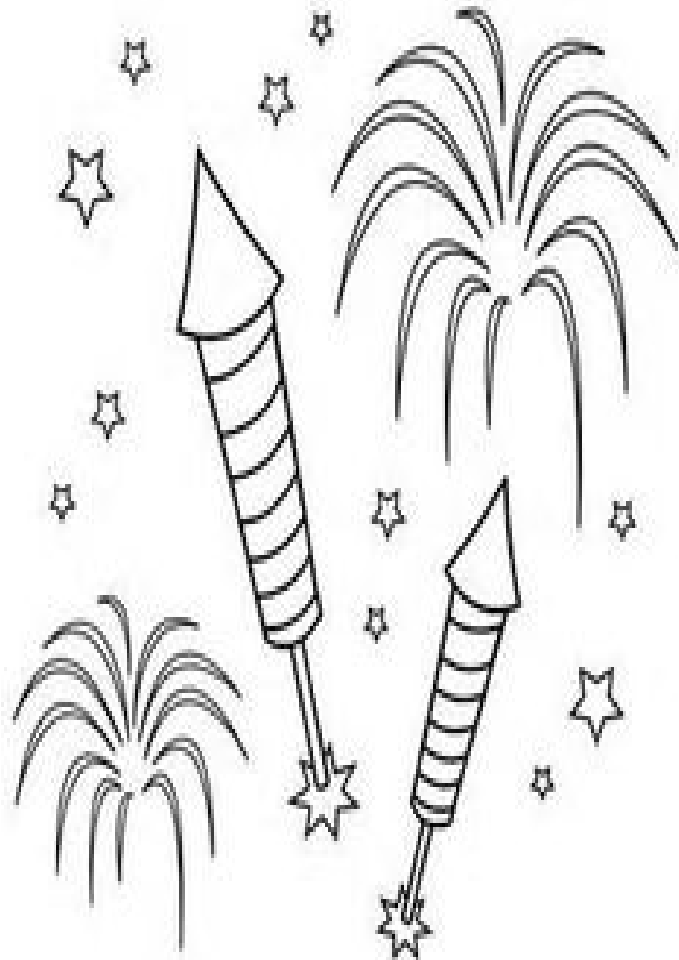
# FIREWORKS.

© Grahame Skew "BANG!!" Wiff Watt

Things were quiet in 'Happy Glade',  
A little country town,  
With days of slight achievement  
And nothing of renown.  
But things were soon to alter  
For the local Council met  
And decided that on Guy Fawkes Day  
Some fireworks they would get.  
Said Fred the local grocer,  
"With the Council half asleep,  
I will get the fireworks -  
An' get 'em for you cheap!".  
So Fred arranged the fireworks  
An' when the night was dark,  
He lit the fire for all the fun  
An' things began to spark.  
Off went 'bangers' with a bang  
That shook the local Hall,  
A Bonfire soon ignited  
An' sparks began to fall.  
Then rockets flew into the air  
Exploding as they fell  
And half the Church of Holy Saints  
Was blasted into Hell.  
The rockets hit the TV tower  
And old Joe Murphy's Pub,  
The Town Hall was demolished -  
Reducing it to scrub.  
Fred was quite excited  
At this unexpected show,  
"It's just like Sydney Harbour -  
On New Year's Eve, you know!"  
There were rockets making noises  
Like the beating of a drum  
An' Mrs Watson's Laundromat  
Was blown to Kingdom Come.  
There were brilliant showers of rainbow  
Lighting up the night  
And the Clubhouse at the Bowling Club  
Just disappeared from sight.

There were scenes of pyrotechnics  
Like never seen before,  
Old Fred lit up another lot -  
And said "We'll have some more!".  
But Mick (the Head of Council) said  
"Hang On! Fred, now wait!  
Where did you get the fireworks ??  
Where did you get 'em... Mate ?"  
Old Fred looked full of confidence  
With a look to 'Beat the Band'.  
He said - "I got 'em from a mate of mine,  
A Dealer - Second Hand".  
He said "It's Army Surplus -  
Some rockets - nothing more,  
Just a few old bits of fireworks  
Left over from the war".

.....





When Elon Musk sent his car into space  
it made his employees nervous.  
Who'll be in line to pick up the pace  
when it's time for that billion mile service.

from Brian Bell

## Saving The Earth

(c) 2014 Manfred Vijars

Our Earth is in crisis so Mankind declares.  
But Earth's been around over four billion years  
and around and around and around and around.  
And the things She's gone through are simply astounding,  
rebounding from crisis to crisis.

Earthquakes, volcanoes, reversal of poles,  
solar flares, sunspots, as onward She rolls  
cosmic rays, meteors, magnetic storms,  
massive upheavals, extinguished live-forms  
and the Earth's self-renewal continues

It's a hundred odd thousand since Man first saw skies  
a mere two hundred years to industrialise.  
The wheels of our industry constantly grind  
extracting and building and now we find  
we've created a great rubbish dump !

Earth's not in crisis - Mankind's in the pinch.  
For all our destruction the planet won't flinch.  
We're at war with ourselves, defiling our worth  
and our arrogance says we'll look after the Earth?  
We can't even look after each other.

Earth's not concerned about winning or war  
She's roll on around and around evermore  
renewing each cycle while fixed in Her place,  
a speck in the Universe - vast empty space -  
A cradle for Civilisation??

And when mankind is gone and no longer around  
The earth will keep rolling around and around  
now rid of it's fleas - once more She'll rebound -  
and our civilization? Couldn't get off the ground!  
... So, The Universe will have to look elsewhere ..

Poetry is a pleasure straight from hell. - Kenneth Slessor.

..the poet's pen...gives to airy nothing. A local habitation and a name. - Shakespeare.

Writers serve as the memory of a people. They chew over our public past. - Annie Dillard.

Writers do not merely reflect and interpret life, they inform and shape life. - E. B. White

If it sounds like writing... rewrite it. - Elmore Leonard.

The cutting of the gem has to be finished before you can see whether it shines. Leonard Cohen.

The poet's, the writer's duty is ... to help man endure by lifting his heart. - William Faulkner.

Thanks to Anthony Hammill

*My poem tells the story of Jack, whose life is celebrated annually at Corryong's Man From Snowy River bush festival. Jack's grave is at the Corryong cemetery. Many believe Banjo Paterson based his epic poem on Jack's horsemanship, and there are many poems, songs and stories around, describing his exploits. Entrants for the 2018 Jack Riley Heritage Award need to perform their original poem, yarn or song about Jack, Banjo, Corryong, the Upper Murray or 'Banjo's Country'*

## SPIRIT OF JACK RILEY

(©Jan Lewis 1994)

An Irish tailor from Omeo, at Kiandra you panned for gold,  
horsebreaking at Tom Groggin, as manager we're told.  
A humble hut in New South Wales was home for thirty years.  
Droving cattle to the high plains or riding brumbies without fear.

As "The Man from Snowy River" a legend you became  
although that was long ago, today's kids know your name.  
Ah! Romance of the Stockman, nostalgia for things past.  
Each year we all remember you and the ride that was your last.

Advancing years brought failing health- freezing cold that last long ride.  
A stockman's saddle cradled you as mates walked by your side.  
You died there in a miner's hut just near Surveyor's Creek .  
They buried you at Corryong - and friends could only weep.

Magpies warble o'er your grave, on your headstone round and grey  
though the mountains that you overlook are not Tom Groggin way.  
Where are you now, Jack Riley? What would think of us?  
Who'd have thought there'd be still be horse events  
in your name with such a fuss?

The spirit of your horsemanship abounds out Corryong way  
but I wonder what you would think Jack, if you rode in here today.

## RISING PRICES

© Maureen Stahl

Mrs Aldridge went to the fridge  
To get her poor dog a treat.  
But when she got there to her great despair,  
There wasn't a skerrick of meat.

"I'll go to the store to get us some more."  
She said as she headed outside.  
"It's not very far but I'll go in the car.  
Do you want to come too for the ride?"

They came to a stop outside of the shop.  
"You stay here," she said to the pup.  
She planned to buy steak that was a mistake,  
For the prices of meat had gone up.

"It's due to inflation, the curse of this nation."  
The butcher sighed with a shake of his head.  
"Well I'm on a pension and I've no intention  
Of paying those prices," she said.

Off they went home without even a bone,  
Pondering their sorry plight.  
"Now don't you fret," she said to her pet.  
"I'll manage to feed you tonight."

The dog sat and looked as his mistress cooked.  
"There!" she said, "That will have to suffice."  
But he was very sad and felt he'd been had  
As he ate his bowl of steamed rice.

# The Third Major - Will Ogilvie

by Anthony Hammill

William Henry Ogilvie (1869-1963) was the third major bush poet along with Paterson and Lawson. Although in Australia for only twelve years he made a permanent place for himself in Australian literature. His poetry is intensely lyrical, musical, passionate and romantic, and poet and critic Douglas Stewart described him as 'the only real troubadour among the bush balladists.'

As a Breaker Morant researcher back in the eighties I quickly found that he and Will were mates who ran across each other from time to time and were known as The Poets of Parkes. During their sojourn in Parkes they played in a polo match at a field just outside of town which pitted colonials against Brits. Will wrote a long poem about the match which I have (the Brits won!).

In 1987 while holidaying at Caloundra on the Sunshine Coast north of Brisbane I picked up Will's two main books *Fair Girls* and *Gray Horses* (1898) and *Hearts of Gold* (1903) at the little secondhand bookshop near the top of the main street which some of you will know as it's still there. These were Jack Pollard paperbacks (1974), and the Ogilvie family were unaware of any royalties being paid on these books. Early editions (hardbacks) of *Fair Girls* (1898 and 1899) sell today for under \$100 delivered, and the first edition *Hearts* (1903) for under \$50 on [abebooks.com](http://abebooks.com).

The first edition of *Fair Girls* contains about 12 fewer poems than in subsequent editions, and Will's portrait appears only in the 1901 edition. Reg Williams published his collected verse under the title *Saddle for a Throne* in 1987. I have uncovered many more.



I was blown away by the lyrical, passionate intensity of Will's poetry, and through contacts got in touch with his son George in Cumbria, England. We corresponded from then till George's passing at Easter 2002. In 1988 George was invited over for the opening of the Stockman's Hall of Fame and had dinner with us at our place soon after his arrival in Brisbane. I took the opportunity of taking photos. While driving out to take him back to his lodgings he asked if I could show him the Southern Cross. I stopped just up the road where we got a clear view as we lived on a hill.

William H. Ogilvie (W.H.O. to his Bulletin readers) was born in Kelso, Scotland, in the border country. He was educated at Fettes (pr. Fett-eze) College in Edinburgh where he discovered and fell in love with the poetry of our original literary bush balladist Adam Lindsay Gordon, with his iconic *The Sick Stockrider*, the model for a generation of bush balladists, and still recited around campfires today. The sad, tragic poetry and life of Gordon, who suicided at Brighton Beach in Melbourne in 1870, struck a deep chord with Will, and he chose to work in Australia as a 'colonial experience' man on Belalie Station, run by the Scotts, friends of the Ogilvies. He arrived in Sydney on November 13, 1889 on the ship *Arcadia*, the records being found by me at our state archives on George's clue that Will had said the weather was hot as he travelled upcountry by stagecoach.

Will after a time left Belalie with only one poem *Crossing The Warrego* recording his stay there. He roamed the eastern half of the country from the Gulf to Adelaide, working as a horse breaker, drover and station hand. He contributed many poems to *The Bulletin* during that time. Unfortunately in 1898 he had an unrequited love affair with Rose West, daughter of prominent pastoralist and horse breeder S. L. west of Botfield Station near Parkes, and whose photo, supplied to me by her relatives, is published here for the first time anywhere. He wrote three poems about their affair: *The Rose Out Of Reach*, *Dead Roses* and *The Cruellest Dream*. This affair would have been pivotal in convincing Will to return to Scotland, but he waited until our federation year of 1901. A testimonial dinner was given in his honour at which one speaker ribbed him for his bias towards fair girls and gray horses.

In Scotland Will married into a wealthy family and published several books of prose and poetry, the latter mainly about the border country. Will died in January 1963 and his ashes were symbolically scattered on a road. A Will Ogilvie Society exists in Kelso. Despite his later border ballads (the lyrical border ballads were the inspiration for all his work), Douglas Stewart maintained that 'Australia got the best of him.'

Our major bush poets were Paterson, Lawson and Ogilvie in that order of recognition. The bushmen predominantly loved Paterson, lawyer and later journalist, for his bright, breezy narratives, his humour and metrical innovation. He wrote iconic poems/lyrics like *Waltzing Matilda* (our national song), *The Man From Snowy River* and *Clancy Of The Overflow*. Critic H.M. Green wrote, 'The bush ballad was born when its folk and literary progenitors had come together and produced Paterson.' He features on our \$10 note along with Dame Mary Gilmore – the poets' note.

Lawson is probably better-known internationally for his short stories. He comes second with his largely melancholic verse. His lot was that of the impoverished battler due to his genetic alcoholism which was impossible to overcome despite his best efforts. His poetry reflected his condition in poems like *Sweeny* (the old A& R edition foolishly omits two critical verses which explain his situation), and he wrote other memorable poems like *Cherry - Tree Inn*, *The Shanty On The Rise*, *The Free Selector's Daughter* and *Eurunderee*. He spoke for the worker and the battler, and was a more prolific versifier than Paterson. Paterson later said that he and Henry were chasing the same mother lode, but that the difference was that '.. I rode and he walked.' Lawson used to feature on our \$5 note, the irony not being lost on some! Will knew them both; but Will and Morant were bushman poets, not just bush poets.

Will, I was told, is loved throughout the bush, but perhaps he is too melancholic like Gordon (his inspiration), introspective, romantic and emotional for some, the critic H.M. Green stating that sometimes he carried emotion to 'sticky point.' Probably he lacked the narrative talent and humour of Paterson, but talent he had by the spadeful.

Will later wrote, 'A couplet or quatrain would come to me unasked, singing with the hum of the cicadas at sunset, or in a moonlight ride, singing up through the beating hoofs, with rhythmical persuasion. The lilting phrases worried me until they were written down.' He wrote '.. at odd moments stolen from a busy life of sheep-droving, horse-breaking and mustering' and 'My verses were almost invariably scribbled upon the backs of old envelopes or on creased backs of letters held against a saddle flap or a stockyard post.'

Will wrote many beautiful poems, but probably the best known are *From The Gulf*, *The Bush My Lover* (surely the inspiration for Dorothea McKellar's *My Country*), and *Northward To The Sheds* ( hands up who remembers the old Shell ad on tv!). In the latter his musical qualities are such that the poem is divided into verse and chorus like a song.

## Northward to the Sheds by Will H. Ogilvie

There's a whisper from the regions out beyond the Barwon banks,  
There's a gathering of the legions and a forming of the ranks,  
There's a murmur coming nearer with the signs that never fail,  
And it's time for every shearer to be out upon the trail;  
They must leave their girls behind them and their empty glasses, too,  
For there's plenty left to mind them when they cross the dry Barooo:  
There'll be kissing, there'll be sorrow much as only sweethearts know,  
But before the noon to-morrow they'll be singing as they go;

For the Western creeks are calling,  
And the idle days are done,  
With the snowy fleeces falling,  
And the Queensland sheds begun.

There is shortening of the bridle, there is tightening of the girth,  
There is fondling of the idol that they love the best on earth,  
Northward from the Lachlan River and the sun-dried Castlereagh,  
Outward to the Never-Never ride the "ringers" on their way.  
From the green bends of the Murray they have run their horses in,  
For there's haste and there is hurry when the Queensland sheds begin;  
On the Bogan they are bridling, they are saddling on the Bland,  
There is plunging and there's sidling -- for the colts don't understand

That the Western creeks are calling,  
And the idle days are done,  
With the snowy fleeces falling,  
And the Queensland sheds begun.

They will camp below the station, they'll be outting peg and pole,  
Rearing tents for occupation till the "calling of the roll,"  
And it's time the nags were driven, and it's time to strap the pack,  
For there's never license given to the laggards on the track.  
Hark! The music of the battle: it in time to bare our swords!  
Do you hear the rush and rattle as they tramp along the boards?  
They are past the pen-doors picking light-wooled weeners one by one;  
I can hear the shear-blades clicking, and I know the fight's begun!



First published in *The Bulletin*, 8 June 1895, and again in the same magazine on 26 August 1959; and then later in *Fair Girls and Gray Horses* by Will H. Ogilvie, 1958; *The Shearers: Songbook* edited by Ted Egan, 1984; *The Penguin Book of Australian Ballads* edited by Elizabeth Webby and Philip Butters, 1993; *Breaker's Mate: Will Ogilvie in Australia* by Will H. Ogilvie and edited John Meredith, 1996; and *Two Centuries of Australian Poetry* edited by Kathrine Bell, 2007.



# THE QUEEN'S CORGI

©Jack Drake 1.2.2012

Algenon Chauncy, the Corgi, was a blue blooded son of a gun -  
the gentry, the peerage, life nobility, top dog if you'll pardon the pun.  
His bloodlines were traceable back to the days when his forefathers mustered the herds.  
He was crème de la crème. The elitist elect was Algenon Chauncy the Third.

Won everything at Cruft's dog show. Showered with awards and trophies.  
Algenon's accolades went on and on. No other wore laurels like these.  
To cloak him in ribbons and glory all notable judges saw fit  
but under the pomp and splendour, Algenon was a gross little.....dog.

His record decreed he was right in the lead. He'd go where the best Corgi's go  
but no blue cattle dog could out-sleaze him. He was lousy and sneaky and low.  
An offer from Buckingham Palace to his owners was duly passed down,  
and the champ who was really a mongrel, became property of the crown.

Our lady, the Queen, was ecstatic. "He is truly a prince of his breed.  
I'll prepare a regime for his grooming and personally manage his feed.  
Next week I'm conferring a Knighthood, a solemn occasion of state,  
and dear Algenon shall accompany me". Ah! Ah! Smirked the angels of fate.

Everything was in place for the function with dignitaries standing around.  
The Queen took the sword from the cushion. The recipient knelt on the ground,  
and then as the monarch raised up her right hand to dub the good fellow a Sir,  
Algy wrapped his front paws 'round Her Majesty's leg. The filthy depraved little cur!

All her family was staring in horror as they watched the Queen get compromised.  
Charles was gasping "Oh Mummy" as huge tears squeezed out of his eyes.  
"Oh damn that dog. He wouldn't do it. I cannot believe that he would.  
Not on such a grand state occasion. He wouldn't! Oh God! Yes he would!"

The attending Archbishop turned purple. The kitchen staff spilt all the tea.  
The peace of the palace was shattered by the wails of the nobility.  
A papparatzki photographer fell off the wall just like Humpty Dumpty the egg  
While Her Majesty howled and was hopping around with Algenon clamped to her leg.

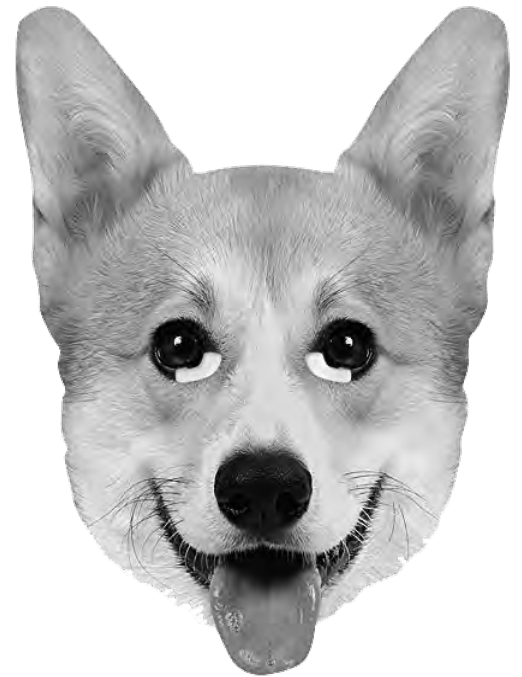
Charles, he swung back his number fourteen to boot Algy boy fair in half,  
But never relinquishing dear Mummy's leg, Algy chomped down on Charles' calf.  
You should have seen poor Liz and Charlie trying to balance on only two pins  
Linked by a degenerate Corgi like two right royal Siamese twins.

You've never seen such a commotion. The whole affair turned to a farce  
Princess Anne hollered our "Youiks. Tally Ho!" and Prince Phillip fell on his...bottom.  
The boss of the palace guard bellowed and roared. The Prime Minister squeaked with alarm  
And the bloke who was getting the knighthood finished up with the sword through his arm.

The investiture turned into chaos. The Queen and the Prince fell to the floor  
with Algenon's teeth locked in Charles' leg and the royal leg locked in his paws.  
Heads of State were all fussing and fainting. How to cope they just hadn't a clue  
and the blood that was gushing from Charles' leg was common old red and not blue.

The row lasted 'till Algy had finished then he casually wandered away  
and just what became of young Algy the Third is a mystery right to this day.  
But late in the night in the halls of Buck House a ghost dog is rumoured to roam  
and the royals concerned with their image, now leave all the Corgis at home.

But Her Majesty's feeling much better. She's recovering well from her fright.  
Although nightmares about humping corgis still plague her somewhat in the night.  
But while offering tea at a ceremony she sometimes makes a terrible blue  
when passing the sugar bowl 'round to her guests, she will ask "Is that one hump or two?"





# The Trailer

BLUE - the shearer (© Col Wilson)

In my very early childhood, I learned to crawl and walk,  
To use the potty on command, to gurgle, goo, and talk,  
And in good time, I went to school, and learned to read and write.  
To co exist in playgrounds. To run and jump, and fight.

When I grew up, I got a job. A wife, and family too.  
In short, I did the kind of things that most men get to do.  
And whilst my life may not have gained the ultimate success,  
I can say, with modesty, it's not a total mess.

That's why I find it difficult to contemplate my failure  
Despite my years of trying to, I still can't back a trailer.  
All my friends who have one, seem to do it well,  
So why do my attempts end up a journey into hell?

When I bought my trailer, six by four and painted green,  
I thought it was the nicest trailer I had ever seen.  
I hooked it on, and drove it home, determined to arrive  
In a blaze of glory, by backing up the drive.

I knew the theory, left hand down, to back it to the right,  
Right hand down to guide it left. As I said, I'm bright.  
But theory into practise, though it may sound commonsense,  
For me, seems quite impossible, and so, I hit the fence.

Quite a crowd soon gathered round. Advice was far from lacking,  
With every new arrival asking: "Having trouble backing?"  
I finally unhooked it, and wheeled it through the gate,  
Up the drive, and round the back, so I could concentrate

On learning how to back it, this trailer so perverse  
Instead of getting better, I kept on getting worse.  
You can see where I've been learning, my area of practise,  
The woodpile fence is broken, and all the shrubs are cactus.

The corner of the garage is gone, no trees are left alive,  
And I've completely flattened both the down pipes in the drive.  
The clothes hoist has a nasty bend. The sprinklers are no more,  
And the imprint of the number plate is on the toilet door.

My backing reputation now, is legend in this town.  
I'm down the street. Some smartarse says: "Hey Blue it's lefthand down."  
But since I've bought my trailer, I have to persevere.  
Accidents don't worry me. It's ridicule I fear.

So, when I take it to the dump, I hope no one's around,  
But folk just seem to know I'm there. Spectators abound.  
They hope I'm going to duplicate that trailer backing sin,  
And go too near the edge again, and drop the damn thing in.

But finally, I've solved it. The problem's not so hard.  
I only drive it forward now, when I'm not in the yard.  
In the matter of reversing, there's really nothing to it.  
When I need to back it, I just get the wife to do it.



# Inaugural Blue The Shearer Award - National Folk Festival

This year at the National Folk Festival at Easter we are instituting a major new Blue the Shearer Award in honour of Blue (a.k.a. Col Wilson), a much-loved national treasure, who died last year. The award will be given annually to the piece judged the Best Original Poem presented by its author at a Poets Breakfast at the Festival. This new Award is distinct from the longstanding Reciter of the Year Award presented to the best performance of a poem at the Breakfast. That is, the Blue the Shearer Award is for the best poem, the Reciter's Award is for the best performance. (By the way, the Reciter of the Year Award is easily the longest-standing award in the folk/bush poetry scene, having been instituted at the National Folk Festival back in 1982.) This year the inaugural Blue the Shearer Award will be presented to the winner by Col's widow, Pat Wilson.

I attach a photo of the new award. It was crafted by timber craftsman Terry Gleeson and features an image of the Cross-Eyed Bull, cut by Jack Swann, based on an illustration in one of Blue's books. Every year the winner will be custodian of the Award for a year, and will get to have their name engraved on the Award, and will be asked to return the Award to the Festival the following year. This is the longstanding arrangement with the Reciter of the Year Award, and no-one has ever failed to arrange its return.

Col was a truly great Australian, and I am really pleased the National Folk Festival has agreed to honour him in this way.



Keith McKenry

## THE GATE

© Neil McArthur

The gate, although wrought, and strung less than taut  
Hung straightly from hinges of rust;  
The lock long removed, the post deeply grooved  
Age told in it's layers of dust.

I pushed back the gate, therein to create  
A clearway from mailbox to door;  
Up a path of cracked slate, laid at some long past date  
But likely to last little more.

I set my worn boots on the path, at it's roots  
And started my trek to it's end  
'Longside where I walked, the bushes all talked  
And whispered, "What brings you, old friend?"

I glanced at the leaves, which swayed with the breeze  
Speech lost from the thoughts I portrayed;  
For word's could not rise from memory's prise  
And my secret lay battered and frayed.

Ming torn from the spell of these thoughts which did quell  
I trudged to the weathered front door;  
And rose up the step with a falsified pep  
Whilst doffing the cap that I wore.

The bell, in poor health, had congealed to itself  
Through rust, from the long years gone by;  
I pushed it three times, 'till I heard haunting chimes  
And though to myself, "Why, God, why?"

The creak of the hinges brought shivers and cringes  
As it opened to silent fanfare;  
A lady so aged, from long years of rage  
Stood barren and destitute there

Her eyes had declined all the comforts of time  
Still a faint glint of hope flickered through;  
Senility beckoned, and for one glancing second  
She asked, "Michael, could that be you?"

I wished for to hide, as she broke down and cried  
When my face replaced that of her son;  
Reality came, like a cruel flood of rain  
And unconsciously my deed was done.

"Mrs. Higgins?" I asked, through a war-hardened heart  
"I'm sorry to show at your door;  
With the news that your son, is numbered as one  
Who will never return from the war."

She spoke not a sound, her worse fears abound  
Closed the door for to block out the sun;  
To that gate full of fears, through pity and tears  
I sauntered, my cruel duty done!

# ***BUSH POETRY at The Man From Snowy River Bush Festival 2018***

You have to come to Corryong's Man from Snowy River Bush Festival at least once! There are plenty of different events to entertain the whole family – including the Challenge to find the modern 'Man' showcasing horsemanship. There is also a Re-enactment of Banjo Paterson's famous MFSR poem, Riley's Ride, Bush Idol Song Comp, Art Show, Dog Jump, Rodeo and Trade and Market stalls. Excellent concerts too, but I digress – I'm supposed to be telling you about the Bush Poetry! .

Guest judges and performers include Senior Judge Rhymer from Ryde, Carol Reffold, Brenda Joy, Hal Pritchard, Geoffrey Graham, Greg Champion, Guy McClean, Johnny Huckle, Kevin McCarthy, and Bonza Blokes Bush Band. There will be plenty of participation, more music, and a workshop or three, but no Victorian Championships this year. However, we do have our own MFSR Recital comp, round one judged pre-festival, with three finalists reciting the famous poem at 6pm on Friday night at Banjo's Block, the poets' home base. This year, the finalists are Tom O'Connor, Rhonda Tallnash and James Thomas. Come and cheer them on, and buy dinner from Macca's Takeaway catering. The second competition is the Jack Riley Heritage Award to be held Saturday at 1.30pm to find the best song, poem or yarn about the Upper Murray, High Country, Jack Riley, or Banjo Paterson. The third competition is the One Minute Poem on Sunday 1.30pm

Geoffrey Graham 'becomes' Banjo Paterson with glimpses of his character and life. Geoffrey has been reviving the ghost of Banjo at Corryong since the first bush festival in 1995, enthusing many poets and fans to delve deeper into Banjo's works. Geoffrey also has an excellent grasp on the Anzac stories and will also showcase his 'Voices of War' show in the RSL Hall, Donaldson Street, at 7pm on Tuesday 3rd and Wednesday 4th April

Greg Champion's rise to prominence has come largely from his work on the radio, singing about cricket and football (AFL). He has been a member of the long-running Melbourne-based radio humorists The Coodabeen Champions for twenty-four years.

Guy McLean slots perfectly into our bush festival with his horsemanship and bush poetry skills. Kevin McCarthy is a troubadour from Darwin, singing traditional Australian songs, Top End originals and parodies, with some trad Irish thrown in.

Johnny Huckle is a pocket rocket - an Award winning singer-song writer and is a descendant of the Wiradjuri Nation. His dreamtime songs and stories suit all ages.

Bonza Blokes Bush Band, headed by local singer songwriter Trevor Best and includes local poet Maurie Foun on lagerphone. Guaranteed to get those feet tapping.

Rhymer from Ryde, Brenda Joy and Carol Reffold are three top poets, travelling the country and spreading the good poetry word. Brenda has the added talent of singer-guitarist.

We hope you'll join us - starting each day with Poets' breakfasts at 8am on Banjo's Block, concerts and a campfire sing-along in a friendly atmosphere of camaraderie all weekend. (catering all weekend by Macca's Takeaway with Vinbar the vintage caravan serving drinks) from [www.bushfestival.com.au](http://www.bushfestival.com.au)

Jan Lewis 0260774332  
email: [janlewis1@hotmail.com](mailto:janlewis1@hotmail.com)



*Christa Dwyer from Maffra Vic, Victorian Novice Champion 2017*

## **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](http://www.abpa.org.au) to download a membership form, or contact the Secretary [secretary@abpa.org.au](mailto:secretary@abpa.org.au)*



## **Regular Monthly Events**

### **NSW**

Illawarra Breakfast Poets meet every Wednesday at 7am at Coniston Community Hall, next to Coniston Railway Station. Ample parking, no steps, everyone welcome.

"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.

Kuripla Poets - last Sunday of the month 2pm to 4.30pm, Croquet Hall, 91 Codelia St. Sth Brisbane. Contact Marilyn 0458 598 683

Geebung Writers - 9.30 am every 2nd Wednesday of the month at Geebung RSL. Contact Jean (07)32654349

Bundaberg Poets Society Inc. 2nd Saturday of the month. Rum City Silver Band Hall, Targo Street. Contact Jayson (07) 41550778 Edna 0428 574 651 or Sandy (07) 41514631.

Beaudesert Bush Bards meet on the 3rd Friday of each month from 9.30am at the Beaudesert Arts & information Centre, Mt.Lindesay H'way, Beaudesert. Phone 07 5541 2662 or 3272 4535.

Redcliffe Peninsular Poets - 1st Tuesday of the month, 7pm to 9pm. Winton Room, Redcliffe Cultural Centre, Downs Street, Redcliffe. Contact 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. 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