

A.B.P.A.



Australian Bush Poets Association

Volume 24 No. 5 October/November 2018



LEST WE FORGET

Illawarra Breakfast Poets present **'The Kembla Flame' 2019**

Written Bush Poetry Competition
First \$300 - Second \$200
and Two equal awards of
\$100 \$100

Also a Novice \$100 Award for Novice writer of Bush Poetry.
Total, Prize money of \$800.

Competition is for poetry with good rhyme and
metre - about Australia or our way of life.

Closing date 28th December 2018
winners will receive Trophy and Cash.

Results will be announced at
Illawarra Folk Festival
BULLI January 2019

please send 3 copies ... for entry form

www.abpa.org.au - events page or

email zondraeking@gmail.com 0401160137



The ABPA gets requests for
Performance

Poets

For

\$ Paid Gigs \$

If you wish to be considered
you must complete and return
your

Survey Form

Available from ABPA Website
www.abpa.org.au

OUT NOW

As promised....

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

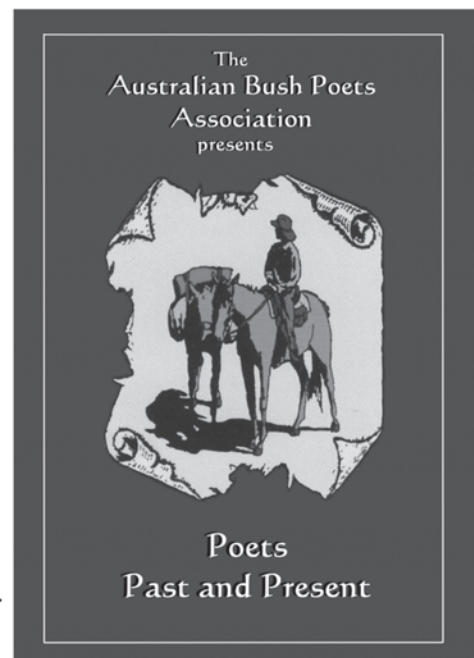
from our winning
Poets' archives
since ABPA
records began.

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 Cheaper 7 £ over. In stock.



EDITORIAL

Hi all and a happy Spring to you. A lot of movement in Poetry Circles over the last couple of months. So many of our members taking Bush Poetry to the initiated and uninitiated around the country.

From Susie and Mel out at Lightning Ridge, Greg North at Winton and Bob Pacey at Yeppoon through to Marco Giori again putting on Breakfast Shows at the Gympie Muster to monstrous crowds and Gary Fogarty again smashing it with the crew out at Nanango, Bush Poetry has been very active around the country.

I have undoubtedly missed mentioning many but reports can be found throughout the Magazine.

.My supply of poems is dwindling fast, and just a reminder when sending photos, I need clear photos, as a lot I have been receiving are of poor quality and there is little I can do with them.

Also, a lot of people have been sending me scanned material and photocopied material. Please send it in either Word format or PDF as scans extremely unclear and this makes retyping them near impossible. Thanks.

I hope many have taken the opportunity to return the Survey form from the previous magazine. Kudos to those who wish to be involved. If you have missed out then I am sure it is not too late to do so, and the Survey form can also be found at our www.website.abpa.org.au

Well I'm off to Mildura now for 10 days of walkup poets breakfasts if anybody is in the area and wishes to pop in and share a poem or two. We will be operating from the Edge Hotel at Burronga throughout the Mildura Country Music Festival. Probably the biggest Walk Up Poets event in the country. If anybody is looking for a start in front of big and appreciative audiences then this is a great place to start. Great also for the more experienced Poet to try out some new work.

Cheers

Neil McArthur

editor@abpa.org.au

NOTE:- Next Magazine Deadline for submissions is Nov 26th

ABPA Committee Members 2018

ABPA Magazine Advertising Rates

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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

All payments to be made within 14 days to

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

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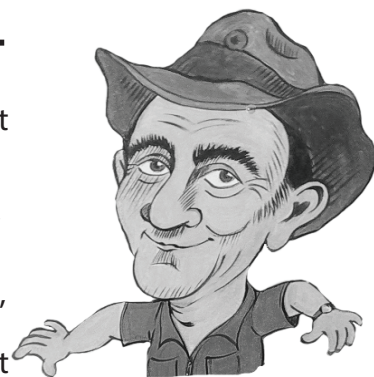
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President's Report



SURVEY FORMS:- a survey form was placed in the last Magazine and is available on our Website, it's designed to provide valuable information to guide future decisions. It's main focus is to develop a fair procedure for selecting poets to fill the many enquiries the ABPA get for PAID performance engagements. If you wish to be considered for these PAID GIGS, then you need to fill in a survey form. The ball's in your court.

Since taking on the role of President, I have spoken to members at every opportunity and these communications have been invaluable to me. It is obvious from these conversations that most of our membership view the Bush Poetry World through a filter of 'how it effects me', very few take the time to stand back and consider the bigger picture. I will endeavour to paint a picture of what I believe the ABPA should look like.

The Bush Poetry world is a bit like a ladder, feet on the ground, with many rungs along the way to the top. Like all ladders the object of those starting off, should be to make it to the top. Without the bottom rungs, nobody can get a start so we need to make sure that there is a starting point for all new poets. This is happening with Competitions and walk-up opportunities at many Festival and events.

Depending on a range of factors from, commitment, dedication, work ethic, talent, opportunity, health, family life, occupation etc many poets (in fact the majority) will stop climbing and step sideways onto a platform they feel comfortable with. We need to cater for these people with things like Bush Poetry Clubs etc that will allow them to get their fix of Bush Poetry and remain as part of our community. There is absolutely no shame for what level people choose to step onto a platform. Others will keep climbing, and all at different rates, some will literally run up the ladder right to the top while others will be much slower, and both are okay. What is not okay is those who run out of steam, but refuse to step onto one on the platforms and thereby creating a roadblock to others making their way up the ladder. Ego, envy, jealousy and a refusal to recognise their own limitations may lead people to behave like human roadblocks, and it causes our industry a lot of damage.

Those who make it to the top, provide a very important function that assists ALL the other levels on the ladder, they provide something for everyone to aspire to, they provide the public face of our genre, these are the people that attract the vast majority of new audiences and assure that the opportunities for competitions and walk-up's and Poetry Groups get to happen. Without this Top Level flourishing and being successful, no new poets will be inspired to start. Walk-up opportunities are a result of festivals having a strong professional Poets Breakfast and would disappear without them. Our very Association, while endeavouring to deliver for all sections of the Bush Poetry World was started by the poets at this top level seeing the need and doing something about it.

I have not forgotten, by the way, those in our membership who are not practicing poets but either form an important part of our audience or assist in staging some of our poetry events, their needs cannot be ignored either.

I make no apology for saying that for the last decade our Association has become 'Competition Heavy' ignoring many other sectors of our membership in the process. We have developed a very unhealthy obsession with Competition. Competitions are important, but they are not the only game, or even the main game, in Bush Poetry.

We need to support, and respect our top level poets, not to do so shortens the ladder and reduces the amount of new people who will ever start the climb, simultaneously reducing the amount of opportunities for those who stepped onto one of the platforms along the way. Unfortunately the ABPA has lost the support of many of our best poets who have had their opinion, experience and talents ignored, abused and denigrated on the many occasions they have tried to guide the ABPA. If we continue cutting adrift all this experience and talent, then I believe we will have a life expectancy of just a few years.

Now on a brighter note I believe we can turn our fortunes around, because I'm optimistic about the fact that if we put good quality poets in front of audiences, we will get great results. The Committee this year has made some courageous changes that will serve us well in the future and ensure we promote the 'right' sort of entertaining poets. This has been about cleaning up the mess of rules and regulations that we inherited, it's been difficult and time consuming, but we are nearing an end. This will then allow us to investigate new, innovative and exciting ways of making our genre relevant and sort after by audiences and practiced and enjoyed by our members for the right reasons.

The divisions, that we ourselves have created, in our small membership are hobbling us, ridiculous divides along the lines of 'written poet', performing poet' need to be completely removed from our conversations. Both Written and Performance Bush Poetry needs an audience, they both need to 'entertain' that audience if we wish to have a brighter future, both require good rhyme and metre (although performance techniques will mean that good metre means slightly different things in each case) and both need to tell great stories. Suggestions that performance poetry is dumbing down the genre are both incorrect and insulting. The single most common complaint I have received while in the Presidents chair has been in regard to how 'boring' many of our written competition winning poems are.

Please take the time to look seriously at the 'bigger picture' regarding the current state of Bush Poetry and the potential future that awaits us. We can all make a difference.

Gary Fogarty 0417723400

Letters To The Editor

I would like to express my thanks to Gary Fogarty for standing as President of the A.B.P.A. If you need something done, get a busy person and he certainly is that. It can only be a plus to have someone of his experience, integrity and fortitude to make the changes needed to lift Bush Poetry up into this modern day era.

I've spent the last twelve years performing overseas. The differences are huge. I'm not necessarily saying they are all for the better. The A.B.P.A. seems to be obsessed with competition and yes, competition raises the bar and the standard generally in Australia is one to be proud of. But competition does not produce the extraordinary camaraderie that I have been privileged to be a part of. Nor the dynamic stage performances and interaction between artists that an audience relishes. And certainly not the invaluable support of peers.

Winning competitions does not make a person automatically headed for stardom. The majority are competition poets and stage entertainment is a different ballgame. It's a long haul and a tough road, requiring special talent, a willingness to learn and single minded dedication to the craft itself, the writing, the stagecraft, the business side, the marketing, the organisational skill (along with the ethics) – in other words, the whole enchilada - to make it to where you can justify being paid to perform. Anything less is to the absolute detriment of Bush Poetry and is a big part of its demise. You doubt a demise? The statistics absolutely prove it.

Most of the audiences who flocked to Bush Poetry fifteen years ago are more than likely dead by now. Even today's seniors will be more educated, more tech. savvy and therefore more discerning than they were – and as likely as not to travel the world as travel Australia! With access to entertainment at the press of a button, we need to lift the game in every direction to attract and keep today's and tomorrow's audiences.

I feel it could only be a positive step to make competitions for amateur poets. only. When you start to accept money for doing poetry (and hopefully it will not be just reciting other people's poetry and riding on their coat-tails), then have the decency to step away from competitions and if you choose to stay in the competition world, at least keep finding or writing new poems. We do need to include more walk up opportunities for 'amateur' poets - other than on main stage prime time – and ensure a competent talent scout/mentor is present and available to give advice if requested. But main stage and general public audiences should be for professional shows.

Members should be requesting more workshops – by the most experienced of the craft – not only reciting and writing but the whole package necessary to be truly professional in what we do.

Perhaps there could be a grading system, as is implemented in art, certain crafts, livestock, for example, for judges/performers e.g. General Judge and National Judge. Those at the top of the tree need to be willing to help the rest of the 'family'.

I am certainly sticking my neck out but the next advice is for poets themselves. You may think you are ready to accept paid gigs but most are not and what you do will be considered reflective of Australian Bush Poetry generally and if not of the highest standard, will contribute to the downfall of the whole genre. Same applies to performing on radio. Have you never cringed at hearing a really poor example of Bush Poetry? Practise your craft with volunteer reciting for nursing homes and charities, by all means. So many poets can't wait to put out a CD or book. They don't do their homework first and end up with a product they will eventually be embarrassed by or perhaps they never progress enough to realise that the product is amateurish and does irreparable damage to the whole Bush Poetry genre.

This is exactly what was said at a conference in U.S. with fifteen of the top Western Music/Cowboy Poetry radio station's DJs. The ABPA committee is elected to administer the association – it does not make those people automatically knowledgeable about poetry itself. I have been saying for years that a panel of recognisably professional poets, elected to advise on matters relating to poetry itself, might be of benefit. (Such a panel of course would need rotating stand-ins for when those elected are tied up with their own poetry commitments.) I, for one am more than willing to help or advise committee or individual poets – only an email away.

It was with great reluctance that I was unable to make available any of my poems for the ABPA website or book but the reasons are in line with the very issues of professionalism I have been talking about. A writer with a publishing contract is bound by contract not to write even so much as a foreword, for example, in any other publication. The work of a professional is covered by copyright laws and is essential to their livelihood.

Furthermore, 'professional' poets need to ask for fees in keeping with standards. Doing it cheap because you love doing it, or because you don't need the money, is unprincipled to others and totally devalues the craft.

We, as an organisation are so lucky to have someone of Gary's knowledge and experience but he has a huge job on his hands and the committee and members need to be willing to learn from his experience of the big picture and accept that drastic measures are necessary to resuscitate a struggling entertainment form and revive the legacy we hold so dear.

I know I risk a backlash by speaking so frankly in this letter but it is what other professional poets have been saying for years and I feel if I don't make this effort to have members and committee realise the big picture then I too contribute to the very problems of which I speak. I sincerely hope it will be considered in the spirit in which it is written – a genuine and heartfelt plea to revise currently held views in the true hope for improvement for everyone and especially for Bush Poetry itself.

Sincerely,

Carol Heuchan

To the editor - A.B.P.A.

Dear Ed,

Thank you for the great job you do for us. Every issue seems better than the last these days, well done.

I am the Queensland State rep for the ABPA and can honestly say that the role is very enjoyable and invigorating. I have previously heard people discussing bush poetry in very sad ways "it is dead, it is dying, no one is interested" etc. My experience is that this is far from the truth. Bush Poetry is alive and well with new poets, new venues and new ideas coming up all the time. Gary and his committee have shown great courage and are making very positive changes in the Association for its members. Not all changes will suit all people which is as it should be. Most changes are going to suit the majority and that is the clear intention of the committee.

The committee recently circulated, and put on our ABPA website, a performance poets survey. The idea was to ascertain who wants the paid gigs that the ABPA get in members areas and beyond. So far very few have returned the surveys so the few that have will get the paid gigs if they suit the jobs and the criteria. It is not too late to send your survey in, it will be confidential, attended to promptly and rewarded with whatever gigs can be shared.

The Committee felt that members would jump at the chance to get these jobs, hopefully we were right. Please send your survey in to president@ABPA.org.au or to ABPA 6 Haysmouth Pde. Clontarf Qld 4017 if assistance is needed just call 042 15 14 555 (Mick Martin)

The next phase is to assist those that want assistance by critique, mentoring and online workshops. The final stage is to illicit even more gigs by advertising and approaching the various target audiences and venues to get our members, those who are interested, the paid gigs that will help them improve performance wise and financially. "You have to be in it to win it" The survey is available on the ABPA website front page, right hand side.

All the best Ed and thank you again,

Mick Martin ABPA Qld Rep

THE DREAM

© Terry Regan Blaxland NSW July 2006

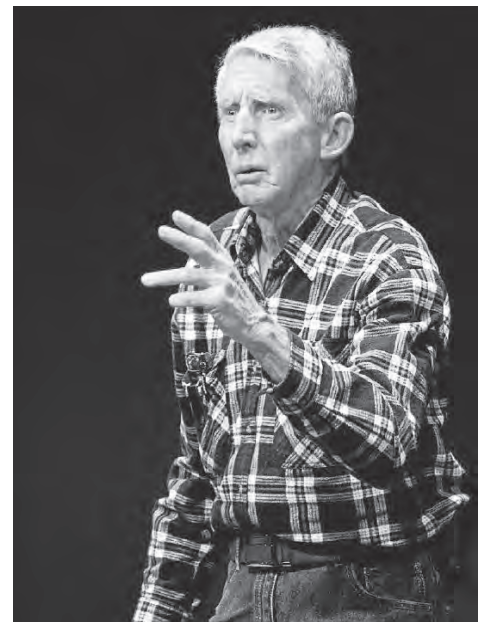
I had a dream the other night and took a most fantastic flight,
until the Pearly Gates came into view.
Saint Peter met me at the gate and said; 'Now hurry, don't be late,
the Poet Show is at the bar-b que.'
'Bob Miller is MC today, so hurry down without delay;
Bob always gets a full house at his show.
He's rustled up a mighty crew, with poets old and poets new,
and everyone is sure to get a go.'

When I got to the bar-b-que the place was jumping, I'll tell you;
I'd never seen a show like this before.
While experts worked to tune the sound, beaut fillet steaks were handed round.
Then with a cheer, Bob Miller took the floor.
Now I've seen Bob perform before, I've seen them laugh and call for more,
but I could not believe what I saw then.
He first did 'Bingo', then 'The Will' – and 'Raymond' brought back mem'ries, 'til
it seemed like old times multiplied by ten.

And then what followed – strike me pink; my head still spins each time I think
of all those long-dead masters on the bill.
When Henry Lawson took the stand the audience response was grand.
Then 'Banjo' was the next to show his skill.
Yes, P J Hartigan was there, Will Ogilvie, with Scottish flair,
then Souter, Dyson, Spencer, Kendall too.
It wasn't just old masters there; some modern poets did their share –
Claude Morris, Marshall, Scott to name a few.

When Dad performed I felt so proud – 'Bushland Cathedral' pleased the crowd.
He told me later on that Mum was fine.
Slim Dusty and Stan Coster sang, about that rail construction gang,
who worked to build the Townsville - Greenvale line.
As Bobby wound the show up then, he winked at me, said; 'count to ten
and all you see before you will be gone.
I hope you have enjoyed the show and with some luck, you never know,
perhaps we'll see you up here later on.'

Saint Peter then took me aside and said because I had not died,
I'd have to go back down for just a while.
But then he said; 'don't worry, mate, when next you come up to the gate
you'll join the crew and then perform in style.'
Well, as dreams go that dream was great. One day I hope to reach that gate,
and if it is that good I'll have a grin.
But in the meantime I'm down here enjoying life and, have no fear,
I'm in no rush to go and enter in.



Aussie Entertainment Muster at Benalla

Victorian Bush Poetry and Music Association poets and musicians will make their annual pilgrimage during Friday 12 - Sunday 14 October to the Muster to strut their stuff and encourage newbies during Victorian Seniors Festival.

Shearing shed yarns, folklore, immigrants, mateship, tales of love, droving, shearing and Aussie slang will bounce off the walls of Benalla Bowls Club and echo in the hearts of the audience. Participatory events will be Friday night concert kicked off by the Euroa Ukelele Group, Poets Breakfasts, a Weary Dunlop tribute, and song circle finale.

Special guests and judges are Ian Zierk (Southern Light), singer songwriter Jill Meehan from Geelong, and musician Jeff Mifsud from Melbourne along with local bush poet Colin Milligan,.

Songsters can enter the Victorian Song Competition on Saturday afternoon where Ian, Jeff and Jill will judge Original and Non-original sections. Winners will share the stage with judges on the Saturday night concert.

Sea Theme Sunday will add another fun element showcasing songs and stories of the sea, including One Minute poem competition. Audience very welcome and needed! Weekend wristbands \$35/\$30 conc Food available at the Bistro

Contact Jan Lewis, VBPMA Secretary for bookings and Entry forms info@vbpma.com.au <<mailto:info@vbpma.com.au>>



Greg Champion has agreed to be the Patron of the Victorian Bush Poetry and Music Association. He was approached after an appearance at the Bush Poetry venue during the Man from Snowy River Bush Festival.

Greg has amazing talent with words and music, and is a perfect fit to help VBPMA to get noticed, and add prestige and credibility to the group. We look forward to a mutually long and happy association.

VBPMA's two main annual events are the Aussie Entertainment Muster on the second weekend in October at Benalla (at the Bowls club) and at Corryong's Man from Snowy River Bush Festival, which is usually held on the first weekend in April, except if Easter. www.gregchampion.com.au VBPMA Secretary Jan Lewis

Aussie Bush Entertainment Muster

Friday 12th - Sunday 14th October 2018

Benalla Bowls Club, Arundel Street, Benalla.

**A fun weekend;
of song, music, bush poetry and yarns.
A friendly Annual gathering; for musicians, bush poets
and their friends and all visitors.**

**Aussie Bush Variety Concert Friday –
*Featuring 'Southern Light',
(Ian Zierk) and Euroa Ukelele Group.**



**Victorian Song Championship winners share the stage with our judges and Benalla's best known
Bush Poet Col Milligan in the Saturday concert!**

**Lots of laughs and audience participation, and Sea Theme Sunday!
New poets and musicians, you're all welcome.**

Weekend wristband; \$35/\$30 concession or pay by session.

Face book: Victorian Bush Poets and friends.

Jan Lewis, Victorian Bush Poetry & Music Association Secretary, Mob. 0422 848 707.

Radio waves: Tune in to Sunbury community radio: sunburyradio.com.au

Mondays 6 – 8pm VBPMA show and Fridays; 6 – 7pm,

Winton Kids Performance Competition

2478 km of an 'Up Close & Personal Exhibition of Australian Fauna' dodging kangaroos, wallabies, emus, wild pigs, wedgetails, crows, plains turkeys and occasional mobs of cattle and sheep, and every kilometre worth it to experience roughly 250 primary school students perform Bush Poetry at this amazing annual event.

Winton boasts a population of a mere 900 people, but they defy their size by revealing a community with a big heart and a 'can do' attitude. Winton hosts The Outback Festival, The Boulder Opal Festival, The Outback Writers Festival, The Outback Film Festival, The Way Out West Fest and yet still they find time for what I believe (happy to be proved wrong on this) is the biggest performance Bush Poetry Competition for kids. Oh did I forget to mention they also are home to the wonderful Waltzing Matilda Centre.

The kids were amazing, it was obvious that teachers, parents and students had spent many hours practicing their entertainment skills and this resulted in some memorable performances especially the Group entries which were brilliant across the board. From the pint sized young lady who 'nailed' her CJ Dennis poem to a young boy who captivated the audience from start to finish with an expression filled rendition of the Man From Snowy River to another young girl who brought the story of "Riders in The Stand" to life and won the trophy I have been donating for over a decade, there was talent to burn.

Jeff Close headed up a team of volunteers who undertook the significant workload required to pull this event together, and they should all be congratulated for their efforts. By the way Jeff, who owns and runs a business thousands of kilometres away in Toowoomba, is also the organiser of the iconic Bronze Swagman written Bush Poetry Competition, and heads up the Board of The Waltzing Matilda Centre, and a 'bloody good bloke' to boot.

I am happy to be a part of this wonderful event, but my own work commitments do not always allow me to make this annual trip, I would love to hear from other members who may be interested in 'giving back' and helping out every now and then. It's a great trip and very rewarding.

Gary Fogarty

2018 Waltzing Matilda Bush Poetry Awards - Junior Festival – 20th September 2018

Adjudicator: Gary Fogarty

Year 2 Individual:	1. Maddison Curtis LSS	Prep Individual:	1. Lyla Dunn WSS
	2. Layla Baillie LSDE		2. Rivers Curtis LSS
	3. Sarah Lambley OLL		3. Odin Searle WSS
Year 1 Individual:	1. Thea Scutt LSS	Year 3 Individual:	1. Rebekah Strong LSS
	2. Lottie Stewart LSS		2. Lily Worland LSS
	3. Oscar Walker LSS		3. Kenneth Baillie LSDE
Year 4 Individual:	1. Ashley Whitehead LSDE	Year 5 Individual:	1. Alice Alexander LSS
	2. Kobe Jackson LSS		2. Siena Baxendell LSS
	3. Maddison Paige LSS		3. Malcolm Strong
	Year 6 Individual:		1. Cormaac Heslin OLL
			2. Bella Baillie LSDE
			3. Nathan Whitehead LSDE

Encouragement Award –from either Year 1 or Year 2: Amber Ellis WSS

Encouragement Award – from either Year 3 or Year 4: Isabelle Broekman WSS

Encouragement Award from either Year 5 or 6: Ezelilea Neshausen WSS

Group – Prep/Years 1 &/or 2	1. Our Lady's Catholic Primary School, Longreach – Year 2
	2. Longreach State School
	3. Our Lady's Catholic Primary School, Longreach – Year 1
Group – Years 3 &/or 4	1. Longreach State School
	2. Our Lady's Catholic Primary School, Longreach – Year 3
	3. St Francis' Catholic School, Hughenden
Group – Years 5 and/or 6:	1. Longreach State School
	2. Our Lady's Catholic Primary School, Longreach – Year 5
	3. Winton State School
	HC: St Patrick's School, Winton
Clover Nolan Award:	Winner: Rebecca Strong LSS
	Runner-up: Bella Baillie LSDE

The Banjo Award: Alice Alexander LSS

OLL Our Lady's Catholic Primary School, Longreach LSDE Longreach School of Distance Education WSS Winton SS SPW St Patrick's Catholic School, Winton LSS Longreach SS HSS Hughenden SS SFS St Francis Catholic School, Hughenden

November 11 2018 is the 100th anniversary of the first armistice day sealing an end to WWI. I have just completed this as a tribute, following on from viewing a painting by a truly wonderful artist and good friend Cathy VanEe.

This is a traditional, bush type rhyme where I include within the ending lines a reworking of The Ode of Remembrance taken from Laurence Binyon's poem - For The Fallen.

THE ODE.

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

ARMISTICE DAY

© Billy Dettmer

100 Years Ago

1918, November, fighting to the end.

As bells toll 11, peace will come again.

The 11th day selected, Compiègne, France the site.

Across the deadly Western Front, all throughout the night

On into the morning, canon fire raged.

Soldiers perished knowing, this was the final stage.

10,000 in those closing hours, wounded, dying fell

As Allied troops began to lock those open gates to hell.

In foreign fields, on foreign soil, so many young lay yet,

we won't forget, we can't forget, we never will forget.

Although the fighting slowly ceased with Armistice declared.

Although the fighters slowly travelled home to be repaired.

Within the space of 20 years those gates would open wide.

Once again, the young from round the world faced off and died.

2000 days from start to end. 80 million estimated;

Shot, Bombarded, Bayoneted, Burnt, Gassed, Decapitated.

In foreign fields, on foreign soil, so many young lay yet,

we won't forget, we shan't forget, we never will forget.

Although the 'War to end all Wars' was meant to be an end,

Australians rested just 3 years till Arms were taken up again

Malaya, then Korea beckoned, Borneo then Vietnam.

Soldiers kissed the long goodbye, leaving babies still in Prams.

The Gulf War fought 11 years. Australians giving up their lives.

Leaving mum's and grieving children. Leaving husband's, leaving wives.

In foreign fields, on foreign soil, so many young lay yet,

we won't forget, we can't forget, we never can forget.

Afghanistan still hangs in balance. Iraq, though finished, simmers still.

East Timor called us for a moment. Now our forces fight ISIL.

Remembrance Day, the Armistice, we pause to thank those many, who

Fought, and fight, on land and water. Those brave souls that flew.

Thank our mums and dads and grandpa's. Thank our daughters and our sons.

Thank them knowing we are safe because they fought and won.

Thank the Officers and Corporal's. Thank the cooks and cleaners too.

Stop for just a minute to salute the whole damn crew.

Goodonya you - who gave it all, the quiet and the loud.

March onwards into history, your country's truly proud.

To all our sons and daughters who never made it back.

Sleep peacefully, we'll one day meet you strolling down the track.

On distant hills the winds are blowing

We that breathe the free air know

You won't grow old as those you left behind will surely do

each sunset and each sunrise, though, we will remember you

In foreign fields, on foreign soil, so many young lay yet,

we won't forget, we can't forget, we never will forget.

Lest We Forget.



This poem was published in the WA Poets Bullytin in 2017. Dad was my step father Len Brown who did indeed train the Z Force team in unarmed combat at Northam in 1942. For the benefit of Geography; Meeka is Meekatharra, Cue speaks for itself, Magnet is Mount Magnet and Tuckanurra is still only a tavern north of Meekatharra. Today the road is a beautiful bitumen road but back in the late 40s it was gravel and sand, cars were few and far between thus horses were used. And Dad did swim the Ashburton River when it was in flood to deliver the mail

THE FIGHTIN' JOHNS

© Colleen O'Grady

The Fighting Johns that's what they were so-called
In the Murchison region the population they appalled
For the population fled when a stoush was on
And the barfly and the bum would yell 'I'm gone!'

Dad often told these tales of the past
Watching these two fighters was a real blast
There would be bloodied noses and lacerations
And followed at times with jail incarcerations

Down to the Magnet the Johns would travel
The stage was set as they galloped over gravel
Or decision stay at home in the pubs of Cue
But no matter where, a fight would ensue

Sometimes it was further north up in Meeka
Where Dad as a drover was a frequent visitor
And Tuckanurra was listed also for a swill
Thus out these doors the fighters would spill

But the best fight of all Dad would often say
Was after swimming the Ashburton without any pay
A depression was responsible for a raging river
And the regular mail man had turned all a-quiver

The Fightin' Johns in Cue said they would go
And swim this flood carrying the mail so
But to their chagrin from Meeka Dad had gone
Leaving the Johns fuming thus a stoush was planned on

Fame greeted Dad when he safely returned
Beaming with all the publicity he had earned
Bragging of his picture in state's newspaper
He really did cut up a cavorting caper

The infuriated Johns rode for the town of Meeka
To put down this usurper and to roar 'Eureka!'
But they found Dad gone from the droving yards
Had gone riding to Cue for a game of cards

Still raging the Johns headed back south
To find this New Zealander with the big mouth
In the Club Hotel Dad was winning a pile
When in walked the Johns filled with angry bile

The bar tender yelled 'Get out in the street!
You're not wrecking my pub with you flying feet!'
Dad's fists were flailing his honour was at stake
He was fighting the two Johns without an even break

The barfly fled and the bum hid behind a door
The regular drinkers scattered from the flying gore
Punches and whacks and whams was the noise
From these silly fighters who were no longer boys

Wearing pretty bonnets ladies scampered for home
Slamming their doors, it was no place for a roam
Standing at their windows and watching the fun
And munching on orange peel cake laced with rum

Fighting Dad knew about as a matter of course
For it was he in 1942 that trained the Z Force
Unarmed combat was the exceptional thrill
And only the Cue Sarge was aware of his skill.

Good ole Sarge remained closeted in his police station
No time for him for fighter incarceration
He patiently waited as the fight raged down the street
And tumbled through the rotunda with flying fists and feet

Battered, bruised, bloodied they reached the railway station
And a piercing whistle halted the fighters in frustration
The engine let out a cloud of steam to smother the men
Who then decided that this fight had been a real gem

They shook hands and arm in arm staggered back to the pub
The Sarge wasn't needed and they headed for the tub
They were three rough bushmen tall and sun-bronzed
But honour was held when Dad fought the Fightin' Johns



FIDDLER'S GATE

© Doug Hutcheson, Kingaroy.

I have swagged all around this dusty land
on some tracks that'd break your poor heart, mate.
I've heard many a song by a bushy band
but the best of them all are at Fiddler's Gate.
There's a ringer with a pipe and a drifter with a drum
and a fool who can sing with a belly full of rum.
Ah, the times we have known when they played till late
at the shanty in the valley we call Fiddler's Gate.

And the drum rattles low and the piper blows
and the fiddle player sweats as the frenzy grows.
There's a beer on the bar when they've finished this song,
get a round in now while the going is strong!

I have seen days of scorchers on the Overland
played some poker with the shearers past the Great Divide,
built a cabin in the mountains that to me was grand
but I've always slept much better with my bed outside.
With a jar of O. P. and a song in my heart
I can whistle for my supper if it's 'a la carte'
but I can't hold a candle to the players in the band
down at Fiddler's Gate on a dirt grandstand.

And the drum rattles low and the piper blows
and the fiddle player swings as the passion shows.
There's a beer on the bar when they've finished this song
but they're looking pretty thirsty so it won't be long!

I have heard many songs about poor boy Ned
and the dusty Diamantina always strikes a chord,
seen them raising up the rafters in the old tin shed
when they've belted out Matilda to the Sunday horde.
With a sweet guitar and a tambourine
and a rollicking tune on the vi-o-leen
they'll be back next week, so we'll make a date
to be rocking to the band down at Fiddler's Gate!

And the drum rattles low and the piper blows
and the fiddle player droops with his crook elbows.
They've drunk all they can hold and their throats are worn
so they're packing up their music with an hour to dawn!

SUMMING UP

© Ron Boughton
Sept. 2007.

Around the Margaret River, we were drinking of their wine
And must admit the tastings were all going down quite fine,
But when! the sampling etiquette just floated out the door
Then 'bottoms up!' became the call and 'fill 'em up once more!'

Now, in West Oz' near' every second place ends in UP!
So 'Bottoms' UP provoked a thought as wine flowed from the cup
From Amelup to Yuntecup and all ups in between
One wonders is a 'Bottoms' UP anywhere to be seen.

Investigation then revealed the UP bit means 'place of'
Interpretation is required for it's, then a case of!
To join the prefix to the UP to find out what it means
So common phrases thus applied, strewth! visualise the scenes!

Would 'Bottoms' UP describe a place of people showing bums!
Or 'Two' UP be a place of doing simple census sums
And 'Fed' UP may well mean a place that has abundant food
But 'Throw' UP could just mean strong arm and nothing really rude!

If 'Pick Me' UP is where, there's a perpetual beauty crown
'Belt' UP could be where everybody's pants once fell down.
Would 'Cock' UP be a place where only a rooster exists
And could 'Thumbs' UP be a place of just single digit fists!

At 'Stuck' UP there would be no chance of ever leaving there
And 'P-ss' UP in your weirdest dreams, not visit on a dare!
'Front' UP would be a place, where there would be no looking back
And if you'd visit 'Booze' UP, you'd get more than a six pack!

'Wake' UP would be where, there's many a funeral send-off!
And 'Stood' UP be where, at any form of seat they would scoff!
But to see what was at 'Stuff' UP, you'd really have to go
And of how many 'UPs' there is, we'll never really know!

But there is a 'State' of 'Drink' UP that's found on a wine tour
In the West Oz' wine district it can also be a cure!
For if you're down, wearing a frown, let the wine fill your cup
Read the road signs and you'll find, the only way to go is ... UP!!



Cartoon Of The Month thanks to Stella Drake.

OUR POETRY KIDS

with Brenda Joy



Isabella Wallace 2016 at age 11

"My name is Isabella Wallace. I have a twin brother and a younger sister, and we are all home-schooled by our mum. I am 12 years old, and I live in Hurstbridge, Victoria. My hobbies include poetry, violin, Judo and art. I have been writing poems since I was 9 years old and my favourite style is bush poetry."

THE GREAT AUSSIE BARBEQUE

by Isabella Wallace

It's an Australian tradition,
that on a hot summer's day,
the great Aussie barbeque
gets taken underway.

We get the barby sizzling,
then throw on sausages and steak.
A little bit of Aussie lamb,
and leave 'em there to bake.

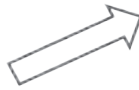
Mum's made some lamingtons,
an Aussie kind of treat,
along with bacon sandwiches,
we really love our meat!

The sausages are ready,
and we brought some ginger beer.
A nice big bag of crisp, white rolls,
and for the dog, a few pigs' ears.

To start this Aussie barbeque,
Dad does a little toast –
*"Let's enjoy this awesome day,
Now tuck into that roast"*.

Next to arrive are the flies,
for sadly we forgot,
flies just love our barbeques,
but like them – we do not!

The meat has been demolished,
the beer is all but gone.
One lonely crust sits on the plate,
the rest scattered across the lawn.



We've settled down to watch the news,
and as we always knew,
today sure was a splendid day,
for the Great Aussie barbeque.

MY GRANDPA

by Isabella Wallace

My grandpa was a jolly chap
who'd tell us awful jokes,
but never feed him curry,
as the smell would make you choke.

My grandpa loved his vintage cars –
he was a hoarder of such things.
He'd drive us up to Timbuktu,
Tennant Creek and Alice Springs.

He owned a farm of colossal size,
30,000 hectares wide.
Of his Merino sheep and Jersey cows,
he spoke with enormous pride.

But alas, as time marched on,
my Grandpa's mind began to age.
Away slipped his memory,
and his famous, fiery rage.

He began to say peculiar things
and forget skills he always knew,
but I will forever adore his ways,
as grandchildren always do.

Then about a year ago,
my grandma saw him leave.
Days turned to weeks, then into months,
not a single letter did we receive.

His funeral was a month ago,
a tearful and sombre day,
but I do not believe he's gone,
that he's found another way.

Perhaps he's gone to Bundaberg,
in search of long lost cars,
or is camping in the outback
free, beneath the shining stars.

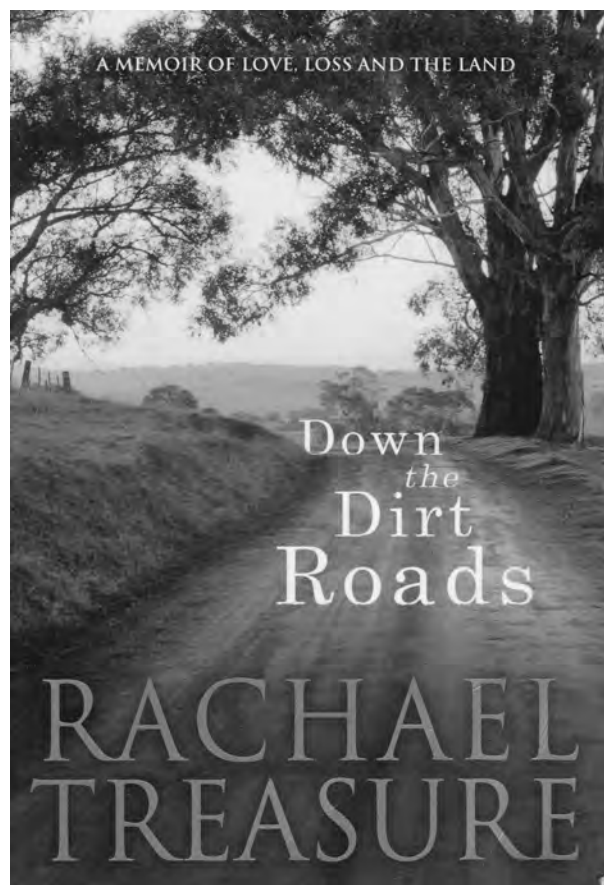
But last week from down the track
I thought I saw a glimpse,
of Grandpa bumping down the road,
and I haven't seen him since.

© 2016 Isabella Wallace (at age 10)

Both poems previously published in *Young XpresSions*
of the *Free XpresSion* literary magazine.

Great Aussie Reads

with Jack Drake



I first read Rachael Treasure's work while looking into the new genera of Outback Romance with the view of including a few reviews in this column. I have since read all her work including a fairly saucy collection of Outback erotica that she quirkily titled Fifty Bales of Hay.

However, her latest offering which she describe as "a memoir of love, loss and the land", really blew me away.

Down the Dirt Roads by Rachael Treasure (Penguin Random House Australia 2016), is the story of her own personal journey of discovery after a marriage breakdown and what I can only describe as being fed a s...t sandwich by her own family.

Being forced to walk away from the farm she had grown up on and loved with a passion, to finish up in a small rented house painted a shade she describes as "flystrike green" with her children and a few well loved pets, is not something anyone who loves the land, would care to contemplate.

Rachael's upward travel from this low point, is an inspiring story. She and her children rose above adversity taking on new challenges and directions.

Her love of country Australia, its culture and lifestyles and her passion for sustainable grazing and agriculture makes for a fascinating read.

Down the Dirt Roads has something for everyone and particularly for those of us who have lost it all and had to start again at the bottom. Bravo Rachael Treasure.

This is the first time I have reviewed a book of poetry for the magazine but this work deserves recognition.

Tim Borthwick first came to my notice when I was introduced to him at Highfields near Toowoomba, by Don Crane, one of our very talented writers. Tim had recently won a Bronze Swagman Award with his poem The Last Beer.

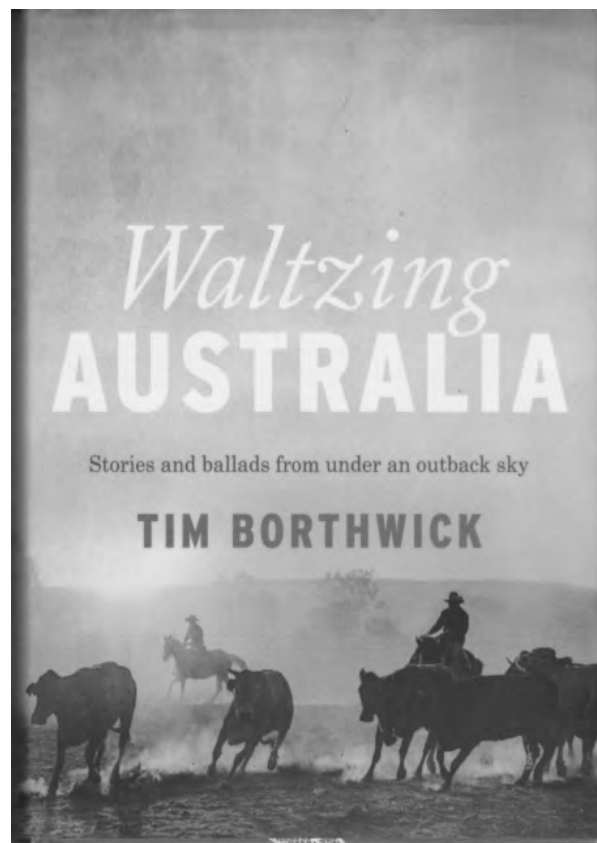
Tim went on to attend the Outback Writers Festival at Winton where he met a journalist named Sue Williams. One thing led to another and the result was Waltzing Australia. Stories and ballads from under an Outback Sky by Tim Borthwick. (ABC Books 2017).

Tim has that happy knack of writing naturally in rhyme and rhythm. Off the land in Western Queensland, this bush boy now makes his home in Toowoomba. He is not comfortable performing but his poems and the stories behind them are very worth reading.

Journalist Sue Williams wrote the foreword where she states "I hope Tim single handedly will inspire a whole new flood of bush poetry, once such a proud Australia Tradition, that could well become a whole new movement". I'd say we all know Sue could have researched that statement a bit more thoroughly, but Tim Borthwick is a very welcome addition to the rank of modern bush poets.

He has the ability to write flowing verse about experiences he has lived and embraces – drama and humour with equal panache. Tim is also a bush poet who has managed to secure a professional publisher. Not an easy task as all we writers know.

I waltzed through Waltzing Australia in one sitting and would certainly give it a big thumbs up.



Jack Drake

More great Aussie reads at www.outbackbooks.info

Magnificent Mud

© Hugh Allan

The black-soil plains of Queensland beckoned darkly from the west—
I said to Joe beside me, 'Mate, the weather's not the best!
Those storms out in the distance, though they make a pretty sight,
will give us quite a muddy road.' And Joe said, 'Yeah, too right!'

Though still on good old bitumen we knew it would run out,
so making most of what we had I didn't muck about,
and put my foot down hard, and then I saw the cattle grid—
we shot across it cheering, but regretted that we did.

The bitumen had ended somewhat sooner than we thought—
we landed in a sea of mud, the thick and sticky sort.
I had no other option but to keep us rolling on
and did so with anxiety, till half an hour had gone.

Although the road was driveable, I paused upon a rise—
the problem that confronted us had come as no surprise:
a four-wheel-drive; three men nearby, beside a creek in flood,
and though it didn't look that wide, it looked like running mud.

I drove downhill and stopped the car some distance from the creek,
and getting out we heard the words, 'about a flaming week!'
The three bush hats then turned to us and greeted us 'G'day,'
then offered their assistance that would see us on our way.

'We'll push you through,' the first bloke said, 'there's no more we can do.'
Another said, 'My car's burned out from towing people through.'
I asked where they were going; got the answer, 'Nowhere mate!
We're from a cattle station—down the road you'll see the gate.'

'How deep's the creek?' I asked the bloke. He said 'Don't worry mate,
important thing, you mustn't stop, and keep the front wheels straight.'
'I'll lend a hand,' said Joe just then, and clapped me on the back.
The big bloke said, 'Just call me Col, and these are Pete and Jack.'

I got back in and closed the door, then felt their mighty heave;
the car rolled through the running stream and did a little weave.
She stayed on track, emerging from the mucky mess at last—
I breathed a sigh, relieved to know the obstacle had passed.

We thanked our sturdy helpers, and before we left the scene,
their boss drove up and grinning, asked them where the hell they'd been,
'Just playin' in the mud, I see—ya grubby layabouts!'
He winked at me and thumbed at them, 'A handy buncha louts!'

We said our grateful thank-yous and continued on our way,
towards a golden sunset with the crimson clouds in play.
Such beauty superseding the adversity of mud,
epitomized the spirit rising up in times of flood.



WHEN THE WORK IS DONE

© Maureen Stahl

I mop all the floors,
wipe marks off the doors,
clean the bathroom, the toilet and then
I flick off the dust
from shelves and then just
watch it come down and settle again.

I straighten the sheet
and fold it back neat,
I walk from one side to the other.
I tuck it all in,
make neat as a pin,
then put on the fancy top cover.

I soap and I scrub,
soak clothes in the tub,
I rinse, spin and carry to the line.
Secure things with pegs,
shake out sleeves and legs
and then hope that the weather keeps fine.

Set iron to steam
and press every seam,
make sure I get out all the creases.
I fold up the jocks,
pair off all the socks
I'm thankful for non-iron fleeces.

With my shopping list
held tight in my fist
I gradually fill up my trolley.
Then stand in a queue
and wait to go through;
who could ever call shopping jolly.

I patch and I darn,
cut off bits of yarn,
sew up seams that are coming apart.
I sew buttons on
match ones that are gone
and occasionally let out a dart.

I peel and I chop,
I spill and I slop,
then I boil and I bake and I grill.
I mix and I kneed
(such work for a feed)
then do dishes for no one else will.

But when it's all done
then I can have fun,
with chores finished it's my time to write.
My evenings are when
I take up my pen,
I could stay and keep writing all night.

When I'm in a rage
I can fill up a page,
the words they just come tumbling out,
and on vacation
any location
I can find plenty to write about.

I sometimes write prose,
I've pieces of those,
but the thing that I like best is verse.
There's often a time
I can't find a rhyme;
that's the time when I grumble and curse.

But sometimes you know
the words will just flow
and your fingers can't type fast enough.
Then the joy you feel
when it's a done deal
it makes up for those times that are tough.

Around The Poet's Circle

CAMOOWEAL DROVERS' CAMP FESTIVAL

RESULTS OF The 2018, 'Bronze Spur Award' for Written Bush Poetry

1st Place Getter – Winner

Terry Piggott, Western Australia -- A Time of Healing

2nd Place Getter – Runner up

Kay Gorring, Queensland – The Stockman's Choice

3rd Place Getter

Wendy Seddon, Queensland – My 1942

Highly Commended

Tom McIlveen, New South Wales – Riley's Billy Lids

Highly Commended

Helen Harvey, New South Wales – Bullocky

Highly Commended

Catherine Lee, Thailand – Feathered Arsonist

Highly Commended

Don Crane, Queensland– Horsley's Mate

2018 Annual Milton-Ulladulla Junior Written Poetry Competition

1st Zara Clegg

Snowflakes

2nd Zara Clegg

Nothing to Fear

3rd Audrey Sakora

Snowflakes

4th Charlize Vineyard

My Cat

5th Thomas Squires

Rain



Thomas Squires & Zara Clegg

Bundaberg Poets' Society Inc. held their AGM on September 8th and the following were elected and the positions they will hold for 2018/19.

President – Jayson Russell

Vice-President – Edna Harvey

Treasurer – Cate Henry

Assistant Treasurer – Sue Rayner

Secretary – Sandy Lees

Assistant Secretary – Sue Rayner

Publicity Officer – Sandy Lees

Afternoon Tea Convenor – Lucille Gott

Equipment Co-ordinator – John Lees

The club held its first social afternoon at John & Sandy's place on June 24th which was attended by 24 persons. These afternoons are for socializing with no poetry recited therefore there was lots of laughing and chatting. Another is scheduled for September 23rd and one more before the club closes for the Christmas/New Year break.

Wishing all poets a very Merry Christmas and a happy and healthy New Year.

Cheers
Sandy Lees

Logan Bush Poets Performance Comp Results

Novice: 1. Tony Caswell 2. Carolyn Maxfield 3. Wendy Buddle
Children; 1. Hans Calbalse 2. Mindie Gagen 3. Rebecca Ross

Classical: 1. Suzanne Honour 2. Ian Mc Donald 3. Paul Wincen
Modern 1. Suzanne Honour 2. Mal Beveridge 3. Don Macqueen
Original 1. Suzanne Honour 2. Mal Beveridge 3. Jim Kennedy
Was a great day with 20 poets all told
Judges were
Noel Stallard, Pam Fox and Bob Kettle.



Coen Ross & Adjudicator
Brenda-Joy at Townsville
Eisteddfod



Ray Essery and Colleen McArthur sport-
ing umberellas at the Gympie Muster.



Who needs a microphone? Neil McArthur entertain-
ing at another Caravan Park Happy Hour.

When my Mum died at the age of 91 she had only one enduring memory of the past. This was the day, when at the age of four was on the spot when her Grandmother (My Great Grandmother) received word that her eldest son had been killed in Battle. Since this man's death had played such a significant part in my Mother's Life I decided to research more about him : Thus my poem.
This is only one example in the many ,many (perhaps you could say Millions) of the repercussions of the folly of War. Now in today's Newcastle Herald 09/05/2018 (Courtesy of David Dial) John Leslie Ridley Wallsend is listed amongst those Killed in Action 100 hundred years ago.

KILLED IN ACTION

© 2008 Val Wallace

This folder just arrived today but how was I to know its contents and the blunt remarks would influence me so. No indication could I glean that papers from the past, would dredge up such emotions- my feelings raw and vast.

With trembling hands and aching heart, I felt Great Grandma's plight, Exactly ninety years ago, that woeful, fateful night, When suddenly her world stood still, the message confirmation, her eldest sacrificed to free this fledgling, future nation.

The letters printed bold and stark stood featured on the page. "KILLED IN ACTION - 6th May, on World War One's, grim stage." Then steadily with silent stealth, composure took a hold, compelling me to read right on- the saga to unfold.

His forms of active service showed the place of casualty, Rouelle, Trouville and Wimereaux, Boulogne and Buchy. Wounds unknown, two gassings, exhaustion taking toll. The horrors of that lost campaign had drained his very soul.

Imagination then stepped forth, I visualized this news In colours of the greyest and the grimmest, poignant hues. Reality then surfaced- a wrenching gut reaction. The flame of hope extinguished – Red stamped - KILLED IN ACTION.

Then turning to the next account of tragedy recorded, A list within the package-the contents brief and sordid. Consigned to be delivered, receipt of memoirs grim The only tangible effects of what remained of him!

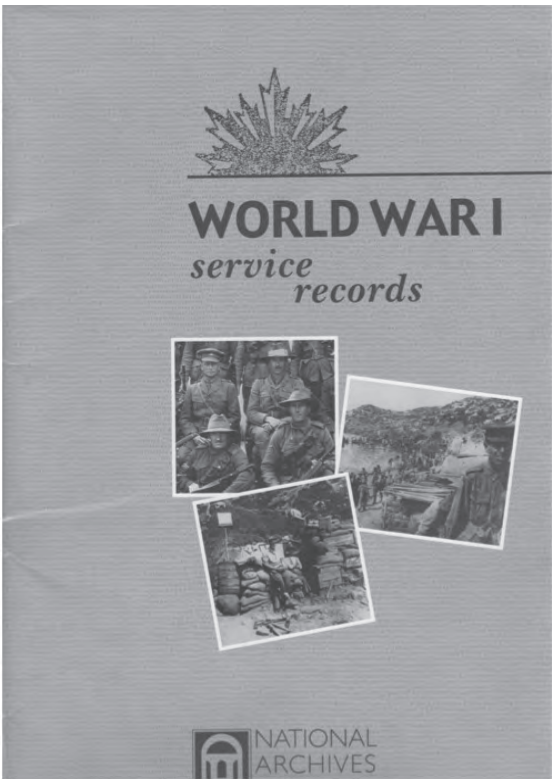
One wallet and two photos, a card and just one knife Six pencils and a pocket book. Not much for one man's life! A souvenir (they detailed brass) imagine how she felt. A box of trash to indicate, the bad hand he'd been dealt.

Then came a form requesting her signature decree This parcel, posted package with attached inventory had been received with seals intact, securely fastened so. With words " please sign and indicate. If not, please let us know."

And what was more amazing, this Mother broken hearted, had signed as was requested with a letter which then started. "With many thanks" – I shed a tear. How could she be polite? I question if I'd write the same on that gruesome, ghastly night.

And I hope and pray that families will neither have to face, the prospect of a letter grim, from another War's disgrace, Nor the sands of time replenished with shattered mothers' tears, where the outcomes so disturbing, send ripples through the years.

He never did return back home, he's buried overseas. Resting where the poppies bloom, her only memories- One wallet and two photos, a card and just one knife, Six pencils and a pocket book. Not much for one man's life!



City to the Bush.

By: Tony Lambides-Turner©04/06/2018

The Korumburra Kooka

Heading down the South-Gippy highway
in Korumburra now we stay
Nyora in swirling dust
revving machines, where some combust!
Poowong's, verdant hillsides green
a lush dairy-machine.

Bass? What no Big-Worm!
Where's 'Sharkie gone? Let's not squirm
Picnic-races at Woolamai, six meets a year
trust your luck, have a beer
Wonthaggi, wind-farm, birds harm, stabilization
Desalination? Or criminalization.

Travel south, coast away
here in Inverloch, jazzmen play
Go westward ho! Kilcunda pub
Bass Strait views, with great grub
Nearby bustling Leongatha,
where busy tradesmen gather.

Logan-Park Raceway
Warragul trotters on display
Korumburra, Warragul and Maffra's, Shows
February, March, October all goes
Drouin's, February, Ficifolia Fest.
Baw Baw Poets and muso's come, perform their best.

Gippsland Rail-trails abound
ride or walk, so many feet just pound
Wonthaggi's State Coal Mine
top tourist attraction, stand in line
Phillip Islands' penguins boast
Wild-life, on a rugged-coast.

Along Great Southern line, mining town's stories re-told
of mined coal 'black gold', to State Railway's sold
Annual Coal Creek Literary Festival everyone's destination
spreading the word of Lawson, poet of a nation
Early October, important date to note
writers new friendships, or just promote.

As red-rattlers, in sunlight gleam
polished-brass, upholstery green
where once, steam-whistles would blow
now only, K 169 big engine, black loco
stepping-back in time
Black Diamond coal-mine.

Museum plenty on display
where weekly 200 tons of coal, brought only 44 cents a day
nearby Krowera Church stands proud
Jeetho's 2690 School-room, once kids would crowd
flying-fox cash-register, at Devlin's and more
here the, families-own General Store.

Mine poppet-head towers above it all
Hark! Hear yesteryear's miner's call
this silent living-link with the past
Coal Creek Village will forever last.
Radovick's Middle Pub the place to be
great tucker, fireside warmth, generous-hospitality.

Cherie and Maria's Tiny-Teapot Café,
snack or cuppa, papers each day
Ah! Gippsland folks always have a laugh and a smile
our nearby cousins, by a country-mile.

The Noddy Squad

©2018 Derek 'Doc' Bland

It seems politicians these days all must have a toady group
who'll gladly stand around them as they talk a load of poop,
whose faces shine as if they're in the presence of a god.
Agreeing with his every word, they nod and nod and nod.

You can see them every evening out there on the TV news,
all listening intently to their current leader's views,
obsequiously smiling as they form a Noddy Squad,
those duteous little lackeys who will nod and nod and nod.

As their leader keeps on speaking, no matter how absurd,
the Noddy Squad keeps nodding, like there's truth in every word,
and polliwogs seem to think, as through their utterance they plod,
that viewers will be fooled as noddies nod and nod and nod.

And if a clueless noddy is seen nodding out of place,
or looks a mite uncertain with a query in their face,
or raises just one eyebrow in a way that could look odd,
they're shunted out of sight while others nod and nod and nod.

But if their much-loved leader ever comes under attack
they'll be Brutus to his Caesar and will stab him in the back,
for they're perfectly positioned to apply the cattle prod
and as the politician falls, they'll nod and nod and nod.

MORNING DEW

© Rhyl Graham 2013

The warmth of morning sunshine slowly spreads across my back,
as dew drips from the roof edge of this broken down old shack.
Cracked floorboards creak in rhythm as my chair rocks to and fro.
Beside the door the work boots lay there, in a straggled row.

The magpie sings his morning song up in the tall gum tree
whose blossoms have attracted the loud buzzing of the bee.
The far off mountain ranges have their first light fall of snow.
Grey mist is slowly rising from the valleys down below.

The frosted grass is glistening where shafts of light peek through
the gums that stand so strong and tall, displaying shades of blue.
The lowing of the cattle, as they wander nose to tail,
meandering to the milking sheds along their daily trail.

The whistling of the kettle brings me sharply from my dream.
The men will soon be back again with rich fresh milk and cream.
Their early morning slumber breaks before the rising dawn,
as they face their daily duties while they stifle back a yawn.

The tea is slowly brewing in its pot upon the hob.
The fridge is humming quietly, a low and beating throb.
I listen as the sound of boots are dropped beside the door.
They've come to have their breakfast before facing their next chore.

The noon brings forth a warming with the sun high in the sky,
a time for rest, so in the shade you'll find the cattle lie.
The men you'll find upon the porch each in a squatters chair,
with hats pulled down across their face to shade their eyes from glare.

Again you hear the lowing of the cattle as they come
once more along the dusty trail to have the milking done.
The cleaning of the dairy and the chores that must be met
won't let these men relax before the evening sun is set.

So now the cold has come again, and with the night the dew.
The moon shines through the ghostly gums and forms an eerie view
of the land that makes this place our home, where we all work each day.
These valleys and the mountain views just will not let us stray.

So as the night comes quietly and sleep takes us away,
we're blessed that we are able now to face another day.
Our slumber will be broken by the dawn's awakening sound
and once again we'll tread the dew that lays upon the ground.

The Auction

© Dave Proust 2012

Bush Laurie Award 2012
for Best Recorded Performance.
Available to watch on YouTube

The stock and station agent perched on the cattle rail
"I'm proud to offer up for you this property for sale"
"It's been owned by just one family for 100 years"
That's when I saw the first time my dad reduced to tears

After 7 years of drought the banks brought us to our knees
With not a chance of income, interest rates and bloody fees
We're forced to sell our land to us faithfully entrusted
By these faceless men in business suits and interest rates adjusted

Friends and neighbour's gathered wistfully as the auction proceeded
"Walk in walk out" was the call we prayed reserve would be exceeded
The bidders in our property is what really hurt my dad
Foreigners had sent their reps and that got hopping mad

He said "We fought them in the Great war and the second one as well"
Dad fought them in Vietnam that was a living hell
For 100 years our family fought, for this country to defend
Who'd have thought a bloody drought would beat us in the end

See foreigners are buying up our beautiful country
First vegemite then Arnott's and small subsidiaries
And now our stupid governments let them come here to expand
And because of the drought, a bargain, they're here to steal our land

When a family owns a station it's more than just a living
The whole country is much better off, there's less taking, and more giving
But a foreign owned concern will from our country rob
They will put in place a manager and to him it's "just a job"

They will never know the pleasure of watching their crops grow
Or the excitement of the cattle sales, when good prices are the go
Or mustering in the sheep when there's shearing to be done
And doing all of this with your daughter or your son

They will never see a wombat or a Joey kangaroo
Or hear the mournful cry of the black cockatoo
They could but imagine sunsets through an ancient river tree
How could they from their ivory towers far across the sea!

I will have to move to town but truly that's not me
I'll have to try and get a job on another property
My kids won't live the life I did or share the heritage
And all because of me and drought and a rising bank mortgage

Dad tapped me on the shoulder as the Auction ran its course
For the last time we'd check our stock and saddle up a horse,
Silently we rode off down the paddock out of sight
And together finally beaten we would ponder on our plight

The Auctioneer came down to mum and asked, "Why did they leave?"
She told him; "They needed their privacy to grieve"
They've worked so hard all their lives, now we've lost it all
How in Gods name could they bear to hear the hammer fall?



The Letter

© Neil McArthur 2018

Dear Mr. Politician,

my name is Jimmy Day.

I am twelve years old and I live out Winton way

I am writing you this letter, cause things are really crook,

And I wondered if you had the time to come and have a look.

Dad and Mum are fighting nearly every single night

They scream 'bout banks and taxes and how living's really tight

Dad has often said that we oughta sell the land

Since I found Grandad in the shed, rifle in his hand.

He'd done gone and shot himself, and I just dunno why

But I hope that he is looking down from up there in the sky

Then, Mr. Politician, he might bring us down some rain

And then our family and our farm might be alright again.

Mr. Politician, I have nightmares in my sleep

Everytime Dad fires the gun to slaughter dying sheep

Dad says it's not fair and that this country's on it's knees

While the Government is giving so much dough to overseas.

I don't understand that stuff, but I know about the drought

And I know of death and dying with the water running out

I say my prayers like Mum says, but God don't bring us rain

While Dad says all the city folk just waste it down the drain.

If you can come and help us, just don't come next Saturday

We have to bury Grandad, up Kynuna way.

And then it's back to School Of Air, though Mum says that'll go

But I don't learn much anyway, not things I want to know.

I wanna learn to run the farm and help my Dad some more.

Earn dough to get some hay in or try to sink a bore.

Cause Mr. Politician, hay and waters what we need

To stop my parents fighting and give the stock some feed

Well, I'm gonna go to bed now, and pray to God for grace

And hope I don't get woken up again by Grandad's face

I'll give this letter to my Dad when he goes in to town

I hope that you can help him cause he's really looking down.

So Sir if you can help us, then please come out our way

And try to fix the drought

Signed your friend

Jimmy Day



(This letter was never posted, and was found on the body of the late James Day Snr. No suspicious circumstances.)

GYMPIE MUSTER POETS

Another Gympie National Music Muster and four more massive Bush Poets Breakfasts! Gympie Muster, regarded as the 2nd biggest Country Music Festival in Australia, was an enormous success. Haven't been? Then put it on ya Bucket List.

The Poets Breakfasts, under the watchful eye of Marco Gliori, was a packed house all four mornings, despite a touch of rain and a couple of minus degree mornings!

The crowd were entertained this year by a crew including Marco, Murray Hartin, Ray Essery, Bill Kearns, Neil McArthur, Greg Champion and Laura Downing. This Festival, as Champs called it, is the Gem of Australian Festival Crowds, and I cannot argue with him. Interactive games between Performers and the fans, a Camper's Brawl one minute Comp (which this year ended in a draw!!) and so much more.

We also performed two afternoon shows as a team and they were both outstanding successes. Bush Poetry has been an integral part of this unique festival since it's inception and will continue on for many more years if this year was again any indication of Comedy Poetry's popularity in Australia.

Between Gympie and the Longyard Poet's Breakfasts at Tamworth, I could do nothing else for the year and be a sated Poet, such are the great vibes in the feedback from the hundred who flock to these shows.

Well done Marco and let's bring it on bigger and better even next August!!!



Clockwise from Top Left. The Gymie Poets Crowd, Marco Gliori, Ray Essery, Greg Champion, Laure Downing, Neil McArthur, Bill Kearns and Murray Hartin

Regular Monthly Events

NSW

Illawarra Breakfast Poets meet every Wednesday at 7am at Marco Polo facility at Woonona. Ample parking, 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 Gunster 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.

Wombat Bush Poets meet at 1.30 pm at the Young Hotel for poetry, music and open mic. Last Sunday of even months except December. Contact Ted Webber 0459 707 728

QUEENSLAND

North Pine Bush Poets Group meet at the rear of Coutts Cottage, Old Petrie Town, Dayboro Road Kurwongbah, on the 1st and 3rd Sundays of every month from nine a.m. to twelve noon. Contact the President Ian on 0427212461 or the Secretary Mal on 0417765226.

Kuripia 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 **Second** Friday of each month from 9.30am at the Beaudesert Arts & information Centre, Mt.Lindesay H'way, Beaudesert. Phone 07 5541 2662 or 3272 4535.

Redcliffe Peninsular Poets - 1st Tuesday of the month, 7pm to 9pm. Winton Room, Redcliffe Cultural Centre, Downs Street, Recliff. Contact Janice Ebrington 0421941494

Russell Island Writers Circle - 2nd Thursday of the month at 9.30 am. St. Peters Church Hall (Next to IGA). \$2 donation. Contact Trish (07)34091542

Shorncliffe Cafe On The Park - 3rd Monday of the month from 6pm, 6 Park Pde, Shorncliffe.

Townsville Bush Poetry Mates Inc meet every first Tuesday of the month at Aitkenvale Library Meeting Room at 7:00pm. 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

Logan Performance Bush Poets - meet 2nd Sunday of every month, 9 to 11 am at the Beenleigh Historical Village. 205 Mains Road Beenleigh. All Welcome. Breakfast available Ring Gerry 0499942922..

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

ANNUAL CROOKWELL MARY GILMORE FESTIVAL

26 -28 October - Crookwell, Southern Tablelands NSW

*Visit our scenic region, enjoy warm country hospitality,
stunning vistas and diverse local tourist attractions*



Friday 26th - TEA HOUSE & GALLERY - Drinks in the Garden & Art Show 6 -8pm

Saturday 27th - Visit Local tourist attractions - Lindner Sock Shop and Factory, Tea House & Gallery - Tea Making ceremony and Art Show, Arcadia, Top Paddock and other Specialty Shops, Cafes for a coffee stop, Crookwell Visitor Information Centre for local quality wines, speciality shopping and more places of interest to visit. Laggan 9 kms from Crookwell - Willowtree Sculpture Garden, coffee/tea available; Laggan Hotel, iconic country pub.

10am - 12pm - Jam session for musicians, singers & poets - Dome Pavilion, Crookwell Showground.

1.30 -3.30pm Performing Youth Showcase - Dome Pavilion

7.30pm - Variety Concert - Dome Pavilion

Sunday 28th - 9am Breakfast, 10am Poet's and Balladeers Showcase - Dome Pavilion

Camping available at Crookwell Showground - Ph: Paul - 0417985686

For more information and/or accommodation, Ph: Crookwell Visitor Information Centre 48321988

Email: info@visitupperlachlan.com.au Website: www.visitupperlachlan.com.au or

St Edwards Parish Hall

Where Bush Poetry is on all week in Tamworth 2019

72 Hillvue Road

South Tamworth 2340



GOLDEN DAMPER AWARDS

Original, Traditional/Modern Categories

Top Performance Judges

Two heats - **Tuesday 22nd Jan and Thursday 24th Jan** afternoon 2—4pm

and Final Saturday 26th Jan 2—4 pm

Entry forms at abpa.org.au

WALK UPS

(including Frank Daniels Award judged over all sessions)

WORK SHOPS

(To be announced)

AGM Wednesday 23rd Jan (put your hand up for committee)

POETTES Friday 25th Jan (Ladies Day)

Plenty of Parking

Air Conditioned

MILTON SHOW SOCIETY BUSH POETRY

8am Bush Poets Breakfast with Walk Ups With A Difference

Prizes 1st \$100 2nd \$60 3rd \$40

Entrants may recite or sing unaccompanied (no music)



Open Performance Competition to start at 11am
at the Milton Show Sat 2nd March 2019

Open Comp carries a total of \$1500 Prize Money
1st \$600 2nd \$350 3rd \$250
plus 3 Highly Commended prizes of \$100 each



Maximum of 15 Performers accepted on First In First Served Basis

Entries postmarked no later than 8th February 2019

Entry Fee \$15

Entries to Pottery Coordinator

John Davis

37 George Avenue

Kings Point NSW 2539

Poems can be Serious or Light-Hearted, and Classical, Contemporary or Original

Complimentary Tea and Coffee will be available from the venue.

Download Entry Form from ABPA Website at www.abpa.org.au or

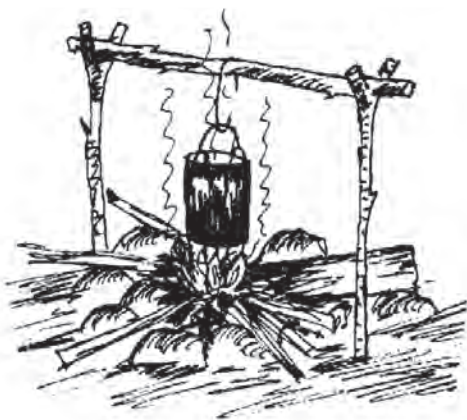
www.showdayonline.com and follow the prompts.

or Contact John Davis at above address or call 02 44552013

or email jda76436@bigpond.net.au

2019 Blackened Billy Verse Competition

*To maintain the tradition which began in 1991,
the ABPA have taken over the running of
the iconic Blackened Billy Verse Written Competition from the
Tamworth Poetry Reading Group.*



Entries will be accepted from
1st August to 23rd November, 2018

*Presentation of the trophy and awards will be at the
Tamworth Country Music Festival in January 2019*

Entry forms may be downloaded from the
ABPA Website www.abpa.org.au, Events and Results

or obtained from Max Pringle

maxpringle5@bigpond.com

44 Fitzroy Street, Narrabri, NSW 2390

Ph. (02) 6792 2229

An illustration in a painterly style showing three riders on horseback. The top rider is a man in a white shirt and blue trousers, riding a grey horse. Below him, another rider is partially visible. In the foreground, a third rider is seen from behind, wearing a hat and riding a brown horse. The background is a hilly landscape with green and yellow tones.

Orange360

All year round.

ORANGE NSW

BANJO PATERSON AUSTRALIAN POETRY FESTIVAL 17th-24th FEB 2019

INCLUDING:

BANJO BIRTHDAY BREAKFAST

Sunday 17th February

BANJO BIRTHDAY POETS BRUNCH

Friday 22nd February

BANJO PATERSON FESTIVAL NIGHT MARKET

Friday 22nd February

BANJO POETRY BRAWL

Friday 22nd February

**BANJO PATERSON AUSTRALIAN POETRY
COMPETITION**

Saturday 23 February

BANJO PATERSON FESTIVAL DINNER

Saturday 23rd February

EMMAVILLE FAMILY MARKET DAY

Sunday 24th February



www.orange360.com.au