

A.B.P.A.

Australian Bush Poets Association
Volume 25 No. 5 October/November 2019



Your World Of Australian Bush Poetry

GULGONG FOLK FESTIVAL

DECEMBER 29-31 2019



GULGONG
FOLK FESTIVAL

*A John Dengate political parody writing competition,
and another regular folk song competition.*

This is new for 2019, and in two sections;

a) for writers up to 21 y.o.a and (b) for writers 21+ y.o.a.

*There is a wealth of material around us so get thinking,
get writing.*

** any questions? contact Di Clifford on 0458 032 150*

*Other customary festival features to be enjoyed again
include the Markets in Coronation Park, as well as Black-
board concerts and informal sessions in the hotels around
Mayne Street.*

Don't miss the Poets' Breakfasts!

*Morning music will be heard around Buskers' Corner, for
those not aspiring to the main stages.*

*For details pertaining to GFF 2019, go to
www.gulgongfolkfestival.net.au*

OUT NOW

As promised.....

Our very own.

'Who's Who' of
Modern Bush
Poetry

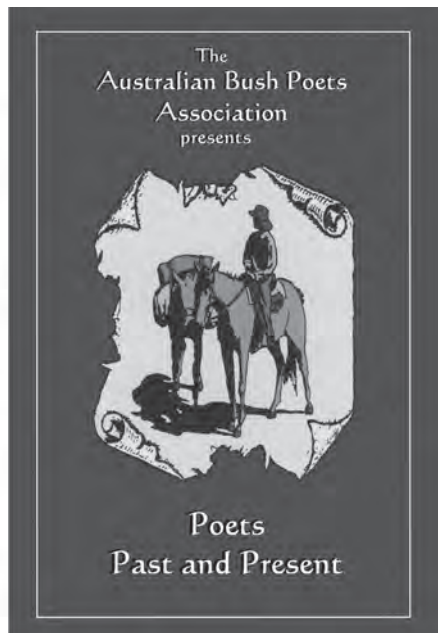
from our winning
Poets' archives
since ABPA
records began.

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.
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MILTON SHOW SOCIETY BUSH POETRY



milton show
society

8AM POETS BREAKFAST WALK UPS WITH A DIFFERENCE.

PRIZE'S \$100 1ST \$60 2ND \$40 3RD ENTRANTS MAY
RECITE OR SING A SONG UNACCOMPANIED (WITHOUT
MUSIC)

OPEN PERFORMANCE COMPETITION TO START At 11 AM
TO BE HELD AT THE MILTON SHOW
IN THE JNA THOMPSON PAVILION
SAT 7TH MARCH 2020

OPEN COMP CARRIES A TOTAL OF
\$1500 PRIZE MONEY

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

MAXIMUM OF 15 PERFORMERS ACCEPTED ON FIRST IN
FIRST SERVED BASIS

Entries postmarked no later than 7th FEBRUARY 2020

Entry fee \$15

Entries to Poetry Coordinator John Davis 37 George
Avenue Kings Point NSW

2539

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

COMPLIMENTRY TEA & COFFEE WILL BE AVAILABLE AT
THE VENUE.

DOWNLOAD ENTRY FORMS FROM ABPA WEB-
SITE OR www.showdayonline.com and follow the
prompts OR

Contact John Davis 37 George avenue Kings Point
NSW 2539

Ph 02 44552013 email jda76436@bigpond.net.au

Next Magazine Deadline is September 27th

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Half Page \$55
Quarter Page or less \$35

Full Colour Ads (Space limited)

Full Page \$240
Half Page \$140
Quarter Page not available

Poets Calendar and Regular Events free (one or two lines only)

To help offset costs, articles regarding a festival or event would be appreciated if accompanied by a paid Ad. Send all details in plain text, Word or PDF Format to editor@abpa.org.au
All payments to be made within 14 days to

The Treasurer - Janine Keating

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or via Direct Debit to ABPA Account

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

Editorial



Member's Written Competition \$100 Prize Each Edition

Last Month's Competition drew some quality entries about the Ashes. But most Members who entered went with the Cricket Ashes! The power of suggestion by having a picture of the old Urn on the last Magazine Cover! We were hoping for a lot of lateral thinking such as the Ashes of a deceased person, Bushfire, ashes to ashes, etc. and some went about it in a very clever fashion. Regardless the poems were all of a high standard, but this issue the Judge chose the winner to be

Congratulations To Barry Tiffen with his entry 'The Ashes'

Remember this is judges independantly and purely on entertainment value. We are looking for something that is the 'most publishable'!. (I think I made that word up!)

Congratulations to all entrants on some great writing and other worthy poems will be published randomly in future editions of our Magazine.

Each Magazine, one member will recieve a \$100 prize and have their Rhyiming Australian Poem published here and on our website.

There will be a given topic and the Poem which is decided to have taken the most original approach to the topic will be announced the winner in the following Issue.

The entries will be judged anonomously and the decision will be final.

So get to it. You do not have to be the most accomplished poet in the country to win this!

This Month's Topic - **Climate Change**

Entries close **November 16th**

Send to editor@abpa.org.au

(Please don't send by post)

President's Report

*"Bush Poetry is Dying or Dead"
I have often heard it said.
But that idea will never take hold
As long as there are stories told,
Songs are sung, written and read.*

My wife was recently engaged by the Mt. Isa School of the Air as an Artist in Residence for their touring Mini Schools Program. Throughout August/September of this year we travelled with eight coloured harps to Normanton, Bedourie, Cloncurry, Camooweal, Gregory and Julia Creek. The kids loved it as any form of Art is hard to teach remotely.

One night a week I facilitated a Campfire for the Kids, Parents & Teachers. We selected some kids, dressed them up, did some participation poetry storytelling like "The Spider by the Gwyer" & "The Man from Ironbark". All of the kids participating and watching loved it.

The point of this story was the surprise on the part of the parents and teachers at seeing sides to these kids that they hadn't seen before.

So hats off to all poets and storytellers who go out to bring a new perspective to the kids because it really does make a difference to their imaginings of what is possible.



Call Out for Submissions

I have asked, on many, many occasions for submissions from Members for the Magazine. I receive a sporadic influx of offerings, which is much appreciated by all other members, but the supply runs dry very quickly.

If you have a poem or item of interest then PLEASE pass it on to us to share amongst all Bush Poetry enthusiasts.

It saddens me to see Bush Poets performing at events all across Australia and yet I only receive one or two reports to share with other Members. Either I am imagining these events taking place or else people are not proud of Bush Poetry making an impact at these festivals? Or else is it just that people can't be bothered sharing the wonderful audience reaction and feedback with others?

Anyway, once more I ask, in what are becoming desperate times, for people to submit articles of interest and poems to your, the Member's, ABPA Magazine.

Thanks
Neil McArthur -Editor

Our ABPA Website is also struggling at present with our Forums section being utilised by less than a handful of Members. Since we made it ABPA Members only allowed to participate there, the involvement rate is next to Zero.

Greg North does a wonderful job of trying to keep the News and Committee details up to date and we appreciate that, but participation rates seem to point to an inevitable death of our Website in an era where one should be a vital tool in keeping our art form alive.

abpa.org.au

Neil McArthur - Editor

THE ASHES

© Barry Tiffen

Winner this Month's Members Competition

My Dad was a real good bloke, worked the land all his life,
loved his boy's but most of all he adored his darling wife.
But this is not a tale of the good deeds he had done,
not about his wife, nor his ever loving son's.

No, this story came about soon after he had died,
the family laughed at anecdotes, at times we also cried.
See my Dad he didn't want to be buried in the earth,
'cause he had lived above it every day since his birth!

"I want to be cremated, spread my ashes about the farm,
take me up in Smithy's plane, I'm sure they'll be no harm".
Now Dad had owned a few planes, little Tiger Moth's
constructed out of plywood, steel tubing and spray painted silver cloth!

The day arrived and Jim and me (that's my brother, the only one I had)
climbed into the plane with Jim in the jar (of course that's Jim our Dad).
Up up and away two son's and their Dad, his fantastic final flight,
over the town, the orchards and fields, the river sparkling bright.

With a silent prayer, the window was opened, off came the top of the jar,
we carefully ejected our Dad from the plane, to blown near and far.
Now, we're farmers who didn't quite grasp the physics of wind flow
and dear Dad's ashes, blew back in through that open window!

Emotion was high, some terse words were spoke, the window was closed in a flash,
our ashen faces broke into a grin, this was not the time to clash.
We respectively picked up our dusty old Dad with a brush and a shovel no less,
decided to tell the family below, the mission was a breathtaking success!

Back on the ground after an eventful flight, yet another mishap to explain,
His ashes had stuck, thanks to av gas and oil, to the port side of the plane!
Our Mum took it all in her stride that day, she laughed from her toes to eyelashes,
the story retold many times round the table, the day her boys lost The Ashes!



Queensland Bush Poetry Championship

Over three days the Queensland Bush Poetry Championship was held in Beenleigh, Logan. September 6, 7 and 8th.

The 'Meet and Greet' at Beenleigh Tavern was attended by ninety people both poets and members of the community. With all these events you are never sure how many will attend but as a reflection of how much bush poetry is loved, the room that had been set for 60 started to bulge at the mid-riff as poets and guests kept arriving. Poets had come from all states except S.A. and Tasmania.

Bob Kettle and the Logan Poets gave their 'unofficial welcome', and then the official opening was given by Melissa Mc Mahon State M.P. for the area and Uncle Brian an elder of the Yugumbeh aboriginal tribe who gave us a 'Welcome to Country'. Following this Tom McIlveen and Susan Aston sang some rousing 'Australian' songs till it was back to Bob Kettle who was MC for the night. Bob sprinkled all present with stories of the area famous for its sugar cane and Beenleigh Rum, and of our sponsors. Then it was the poets turn with walk-ups and a one-minute poem competition which was really fun! Before supper Gerry King rang Peter O'Shaughnessy in Perth so everyone could share his win of both written competitions in the championship. Peter was so excited and stunned that he rang back the next day to verify what he'd won.

'The Competition' Saturday saw us at the Beenleigh Showground hall with Jim Tonkin as MC entertaining us all throughout the day. There were four events, the Novice the Classical, the Modern and the Original. It was a long day as we had approximately 24 competitors in most open events but we did get away tired and poetreed out by 6.30pm. The judges did a brilliant job!

Sunday, 'the Wind Down', again with Jim Tonkin as the MC, was at the Beenleigh Historical Village (the Logan poet's poetry home) Poets performed walk-ups to entertain the crowd. Fifty-six poets and their partners many in costume, were present and among the crowd who were at the village for 'Heritage Day'. Tom and Susan then finished off the championship with some light musical numbers. Guests were then able to take in the village as it was open and alive with other displays and entertainment.

A Great Weekend and very well done all winners and competitors, and of course it couldn't have happened without the work of 'all' THE LOGAN PERFORMANCE BUSH POETS, their partners, and their poetry groupies.

WINNERS:

One Minute Poem: Greg Joass from W.A; closely followed by Ruth Savage. (Logan)

Novice: 1st Carolyn Maxfield; 2nd Ruth Savage; 3rd Andrew Ryan

Classical: 1st Ralph Scrivens; 2nd Gerry King; 3rd Janine Keating

Modern: 1st a tie -Ralph Scrivens and Jeffrey Dowlan; 3rd Paddy O'Brien

Original: 1st Paddy O'Brien, 2nd Ralph Scrivens, 3rd Andrew Pulsford.

The Overall winners receiving both the highest points and the Queensland Championship were:

MALE: Ralph Scrivens and FEMALE: Janine Keating

Highest Point Logan Member: Bob Kettle.

Most Popular Poet Award: went to Paddy O'Brien

Foot Note: This was a very tight competition and poets were so close throughout. So keep going everyone with a bit more effort, results could easily change in your favour. We'd really like to thank Robin Sykes, Tom McIlveen and Jack Drake. The scrutineers were watching all day, and there were no anomalies. So these judges can be guaranteed for future competitions. A special thanks goes to Jack Drake and Stella, they stayed all day despite the Stanthorpe area being all ablaze.

Written:

Serious: 1st Peter O'Shaughnessy, HC Brenda Joy, HC Shelley Hanson.

Humorous: 1st Peter O'Shaughnessy, HC Shelley Hanson, HC Glenny Palmer.



STOP PRESS!

A new written competition will be run in 2020 as part of the King of the Ranges Stockman's Challenge & Bush Festival at Murrurundi, NSW. The already popular Poets' Breakfast awards best walk-up poetry performance, judged by Carol Heuchan. Next year, \$500 prize money has been ear-marked for the inaugural Written Competition, with sections for Serious and Humorous poetry and overall Champion.

Carol has regularly been the featured performer at King of the Ranges Festival and just loves the whole event, saying it is, without a doubt, her favourite Aussie Festival.

Keep an eye out on the ABPA website for the entry forms soon and start planning for this exciting, dinky-di Aussie event. Enjoy the poetry and see - first hand - our own Stockman and women become legends. Whip-cracking, packhorse, cross-country, trick riding, bareback, saddle bronc. riding and brumby catching are all just part of the action. The kids are country kids – bullet proof and keen as mustard to have a go at things like wild goat racing! Yep, fair dinkum feral goats are harnessed to carts and kids hop in and take their chances! Spills and thrills and heaps of fun. Book your camping or accom. (limited) now for 27-29 Feb. 2020 see www.kingoftheranges.com.au



KING OF THE RANGES STOCKMAN'S CHALLENGE & BUSH FESTIVAL

The 2020 Inaugural WRITTEN BUSH POETRY COMPETITION

\$500 Prize money!

Original Serious 1st \$100 2nd \$30 3rd \$20

Original Humorous 1st \$100 2nd \$30 3rd \$20

Best Poem overall will receive an additional \$200

ENTRY FORM available from www.abpa.org.au

\$10 per poem or for two poems

Critique (if required) additional \$10

Entries to:

The Secretary, Kay Seath (KOTR)
17/28 Deaves Road, Cooranbong. 2265
Enq: 0416 262399
Email (enquiries only): kaysie2@hotmail.com

The Qld Junior Bush Poetry Championship

The Queensland Junior Bush Poetry Competition was held at the Beenleigh Historical Village on August 31st in the cinema The MC was Mr Paul Wincen Judges were Geraldine King and Jim Tonkin.

The cinema was full with parents and grandparents and what a treat they had.

There were two age groups 9-12 and 13 to 16 and the competition was very stiff indeed.

The winners in the 9-12 years were Amelia Cruickshank 1st, Alexander Kerr 2nd and Adam Kahler 3rd.

The winners in the 13-16 were Hans Cabalse, Kaylin Handley and Sana Shah tied for 2nd place.

The Overall Winners with the highest points and becoming the Queensland Junior Bush poetry Champions were Hans Cabalse and Amelia Cruickshank.

The standard was so very high and the reaction from the audience was sheer delight.



THE LOLLY POP LADY

© Maureen Stahl

She stands there every afternoon
knowing the bell will ring quite soon.
The children will all come pouring out
with so many things to talk about;
what occurred at lessons and play,
the highs and lows of their long school day.

"I got ten out of ten for my spelling test;
I got a gold star to say I was best."

"I fell over at playtime and hurt my knee,
I've got a cut on it. Would you like to see?"

"I brought my new story book for show and tell.
Would you like me to show it to you as well?"

"Mary made a mess of her picture in art,
she screwed up her paper and made a new start."

"Oliver got told off for talking in class.
Stop pushing me Libby and I'll let you pass."

"When we had Choosing Time I made you this card.
I drew a picture of the kids in the yard."

"I'm going to walk home with Tommy today;
his Mum said I could go to their house to play."

"When we had music we learnt a new song
Some kids got mixed up and sang it all wrong."

"We played footy at lunch time. I kicked a goal
but John got a point 'cos his hit the pole."

They are full of chatter, they all want to talk
as she stops the traffic to let them walk.
They give her a wave and then they are gone.
She waits till they've crossed every last one,
then takes out the flags from their resting place
and walks to her car with a smile on her face.
She enjoys these encounters they're brief but then
she knows in the morning she'll see them again.



Not just Rubbish

By Hugh Allan

Recycling your jeans can give others the means
of enjoying a walk in the breeze;
and second-hand shops selling tee-shirts and tops
are a boon to those feeling the squeeze.

Recyclable tins we put into the bins
that are there for the metal and glass,
and hard plastic too, can go in, but it's true
that they're not meant for taking our grass.

For papers and greens we have separate means
to recycle and use them once more,
reducing the deaths of our trees and their breaths
in the air, which they clean and restore.

Now old plastic bags can become deadly snags
in the oceans and streams everywhere,
and creatures succumb to the actions so dumb,
of those people who dump without care.

But where do they take all the rubbish we make,
which we put into bins on the roads?
The men take our muck in the back of a truck
to a train that gets rid of the loads.

The trainloads of trash are then poured in a gash
in the ground where a mine used to be;
they biodegrade and the methane that's made
into power is healthy and free.

But space for landfill becomes scarcer until
the reality has to be faced:
recycling much more is essential before
we become overwhelmed by our waste.

The world is a place where we live by God's grace;
an environment fragile and fair.
And most of it's green, but maintaining it clean
is a duty we all need to share.





Qualeup

WHAT'S HAPPENING IN WA

W.A. Bush Poets



CANCER COUNCIL FUNDRAISER AT QUALEUP

The small township of Qualeup in the South West of WA recently held a fundraiser for the Cancer Council. Seven WA poets made the journey and were joined by a few locals to provide a very entertaining day of poetry with home cooked food and brilliant spring weather as the reward. The hall was decorated in the famous WA wildflowers and bush shrubbery. A true bush poetry setting.

Ron Evans, MC extraordinaire from Boyup Brook, introduced the artists and kept the show moving until mid afternoon.

Most of the poets then adjourned to "Cobbers Corner", Keith Lethbridges' bush block at Dinninup (near Boyup Brook) for more poetry and musical entertainment. Those who wished could participate in the square dancing event that was happening at the hall and the others enjoyed sunset drinks around the campfire.

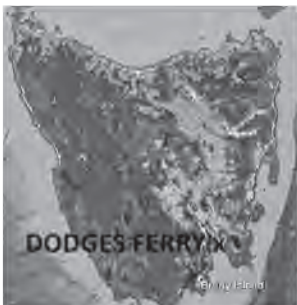
Camping at Cobber's is a delight and those who had travelled long distances enjoyed the setting till well into Sunday.



Poets Janet Wells (Left) and Peter Blyth (right) entertaining the crowd



IT'S ALSO ABOUT TO HAPPEN IN TASMANIA



DODGES FERRY

Cheryle Holmes has been organising an event to be held in the coastal area of Tassie known as Dodges Ferry (near Sorell) for some months now and is keen for all poets and travellers to know about it.

It combines a Bush Poet's Breakfast, Called Bush Dancing, and a Yarn Spinning Session to be held on 9th February 2020 featuring Jack Drake, Cobber Lethbridge and Gary Fogarty. A writer's workshop will be held on Thursday evening 6th February in the form of a pot luck supper.

A cold buffet luncheon is included between poets performances and the bush dance.

For more info check out the website and also for Side Trips available

<https://infododgesferrybbp.wixsite.com/mysite>

Events and meals need to be prebooked and paid (to help with catering).

Contact **Cheryle** on **0438881065** or infododgesferrybbp@yahoo.com

Follow on Facebook also [dodgesferry poetsbreakfastevent@dodgestasmania](https://www.facebook.com/dodgesferry poetsbreakfastevent@dodgestasmania)

Mary Gilmore

by Tony Hammill

Mary Gilmore (1865-1962) was born Mary Jean Cameron at Cotta Walla (modern-day Roswell) near Crookwell, NSW, in the Upper Lachlan. She lived an itinerant existence which allowed her only a spasmodic education due to her father's varying occupations. She became a teacher in 1882 and taught at Wagga Wagga Public School, at Illabo and at Silverton near Broken Hill, where she became involved with the working-class community and the labour movement, and began writing poetry. She then taught at Neutral Bay and Stanmore in Sydney and supported the maritime and shearers' strikes of 1890, developing her radical, militant, socialist views. She met Henry Lawson with whom she was briefly unofficially engaged. She wrote that William Lane, John Farrell and A.G. Stephens of *The Bulletin* 'shaped my mind and my life'.

In 1896 Mary joined Lane's New Australia venture (an attempt to found a utopian socialist community in Paraguay) and at the Cosme community in 1897 married William Alexander Gilmore, a Victorian shearer. Lane's experiment failed and they returned to Victoria in 1902. Here her writing career began and in 1903 her poetry was published in *The Bulletin* thanks to A.G. Stephens, that indefatigable promoter of Australian literature and editor of *The Bulletin's* Red Page. In 1908 she was appointed editor of the Women's Page of the *Sydney Worker* and in 1910 her first book of poetry, *Married and Other Verses* was published. She and her husband separated in 1912 and she and her son went to Sydney.

From 1920-1940 Mary published six volumes of poetry and three of prose. Through the pages of the *Worker* and other newspapers she campaigned for social welfare and indigenous people, and railed against privilege and corruption. In 1931 her views were deemed too radical for the *Worker* and she began writing a regular column for the Communist Party's newspaper *Tribune*, though she never joined the Party. She was appointed a Dame of the Order of the British Empire in 1937 in recognition of her literary and social work. Her poem, *No Foe Shall Gather Our Harvest* boosted public morale during W.W. 2.

Mary published her final book of verse, *Fourteen Men*, in 1954 at age 89. In her last years living in a tiny flat in King's Cross she was the doyenne of the Sydney literary world, a national icon and a centre of pilgrimage for writers, poets and people from all walks of life. In 1957 William Dobell unveiled his famous portrait of her. She was given a state funeral when she died in 1962, and I remember well her passing.

Mary's poetry is lyrical and colloquial. Her allegiances are revealed within her poems: *There was no hunted one/ With whom I did not run and Better to wounded lie/ Than undeclared to die.* Her poetry insists on love, courage and selflessness. Three of my favourite poems are *Old Botany Bay*, *Nationalism* and *On One - Tree Hill*, the latter being one of her numerous poems for children. Mary's portrait is on the reverse of our beautiful \$10 poets' note (*The Banjo* graces the obverse, of course!). Her poems are not bywords like *The Man*, but she nevertheless earned a prominent place in Australian history, both literary and social.

The weekend of festivities at the annual Crookwell Mary Gilmore Festival kicks off on Friday 25 October 2019.

Nationalism

I have grown past hate and bitterness,
I see the world as one;
But though I can no longer hate,
My son is still my son.

All men at God's round table sit,
And all men must be fed;
But this loaf in my hand,
This loaf is my son's bread.



On One - Tree Hill

Old Bill and I,
On One-Tree Hill,
Looked on the plain
Where all was still.

Nothing was there,
Where once the larks
Rose in a cloud
Of singing sparks.

Nothing was there
Twixt earth and sky,
Save One-Tree Hill,
Old Bill and I.

Two Families Who Never Met

by Robyn Sykes

Winner, Serious, The Man From Snowy River, Corryong)

The siren screams curses, my lungs gasp for air:
my wife has been struck by a truck.
Hail Mary, Our Father, which way is she? Where?
Oh Suzie my mind's come unstuck.

Our son lies still, fatigued and yellow, poisoned liver battle-
scarred, but Mike still smiles each day.
His skin is paper, arms are needles, breath a wheezy rattle-
rasp. The rector comes to pray.

I smell antiseptic and taste it as fear;
my voice squeaks like shoes on the floor.
A white-lipped young doctor draws awkwardly near.
Our kids arrive, creaming the door.

The homestead's now a clinic ward, its brick walls are a prison
cell. Our friends all rally round
with casseroles and roasted lamb and sponge cakes light and risen
high. His mates bring laughter's sound.

"She's not going to make it," I hear through my trance.
My ears close, I don't want to know.
"Her organs perhaps could give others a chance."
He's wrong. No, I won't let her go.

Thank God the season stuck with us, the sheep and cattle flourished
well. A neighbour sowed the wheat.
Mike's lucerne pastures, wind-break trees and dreams he daily nourished
stand neglected, incomplete.

My knuckles turn white. I forget to exhale.
How peaceful she looks, sound asleep.
For time is the lace in a treacherous veil:
what's missing can make us all weep.

By day we talk of transplants, but at night, when faith is shimmer-
thin, I nag my hubby dumb.
We check the phone, recheck it, for the dial tone gives a glimmer-
hope. Mike's bag is packed. I'm numb.

I think of our home on the cliff by the sea;
our wedding day framed on the wall;
her perfumed pink roses, the gulls she sets free;
the chatter when chums come to call.

Old Tiger's kennel's empty: as I watched his eyes grow older-
sad, I let him in the house.
An armchair by the bedside and a thin hand on his shoulder-
blade: I never have to rouse.



My daughter says "Dad, we all know what Mum said:
'It's better to give than receive.'
We've one final option to see her love spread.
Six people could gain a reprieve."

"Hello. I'm from St Vincent's. Can you come? We've got a donor
ready." Time's on ice. I freeze.
My throat's the Simpson Desert... Mike is saved ... the liver's owner...
How? What pain resolves my pleas?

I can't bear the emptiness yawning like tar.
I can't bear the Suzie-sized hole.
I can't bear the shreds of my life and the scar.
Don't tell me the gifts soothe my soul.

Old Tiger woofs and wags his tail, the wind-break's gold with wattle-
dust. Mike's baling lucerne hay.
His face is pink, his shoulders strong, his future planned full throttle-
blast. Each day, in thanks, I pray.

O Suzie, I'll never forget how we lay
entwined like wisteria vines;
the smell of your hair, how we'd laugh and we'd play.
You shine now in six breathing shrines.



OUR POETRY KIDS

WITH BRENDA JOY



In the category – *Poems by Children in Primary School of the 2017 CJ Dennis Poetry Competition* held in the Singing Gardens, Toolangi, Victoria, all places were taken out by pupils of Stretton State College – Primary Brisbane, Queensland.

Photo above – three proud winners,
Megan Vo, Max Bryant and Jun Bok

The winning poem was from Max Bryant.

“My name is Max Bryant and I am a year 6 student. When I wrote this poem I was in Year 5 at Stretton State College Brisbane. My inspiration was Ned Kelly and the history of Australian bushrangers. They interested me because they are a unique part of Australian history. Our class entered this competition to share and expand our poetry skills. My interests are playing bass clarinet and tenor saxophone as well as doing sports and playing video games. I was thrilled to win the poetry competition and I am happy that lots of people I know also got either 2nd 3rd or highly commended and I wish luck to everyone else who enters in the future.”

Bushranger's Delight

by Max Bryant

© 2017 Max Bryant (at age 10)

Just a horse, iron helmet and a rusty shot gun,
a tiny bit of gold and his day will be done.
A day of bush ranging and it's already night.
Five shiny gold pieces, an outlaw's delight.

Tall and mean and covered in black.
If he robs your wagon he'll be right back.
Big or small, he'll win any fight.
Seven shiny gold pieces, an outlaw's delight.

Everyone knows his number one objective,
is not to be caught by Dave the detective.
When he's done, he's off
like a bird taking flight.
Eight shiny gold pieces, an outlaw's delight.

Everyone knows them, Ned Kelly and gang.
If you get in a fight. It'll end with a bang.
When you hear his loud gun,
it'll give you a fright.
Nine shiny gold pieces, an outlaw's delight.

The loud squeak of a wheel,
and then a loud squeal.
When you see him, your skin will turn white.
Ten shiny gold pieces, an outlaw's delight.

Water from the Rain

by Megan Vo

© Megan Vo (at age 10)

My throat is dry, I'm thirsty.
It's probably what you think,
I've checked all the pipes and the tanks.
There is nothing left to drink.

The officer wipes sweat off his face,
He didn't need to rethink.
There is no water left for the colony.
There is nothing left to drink.

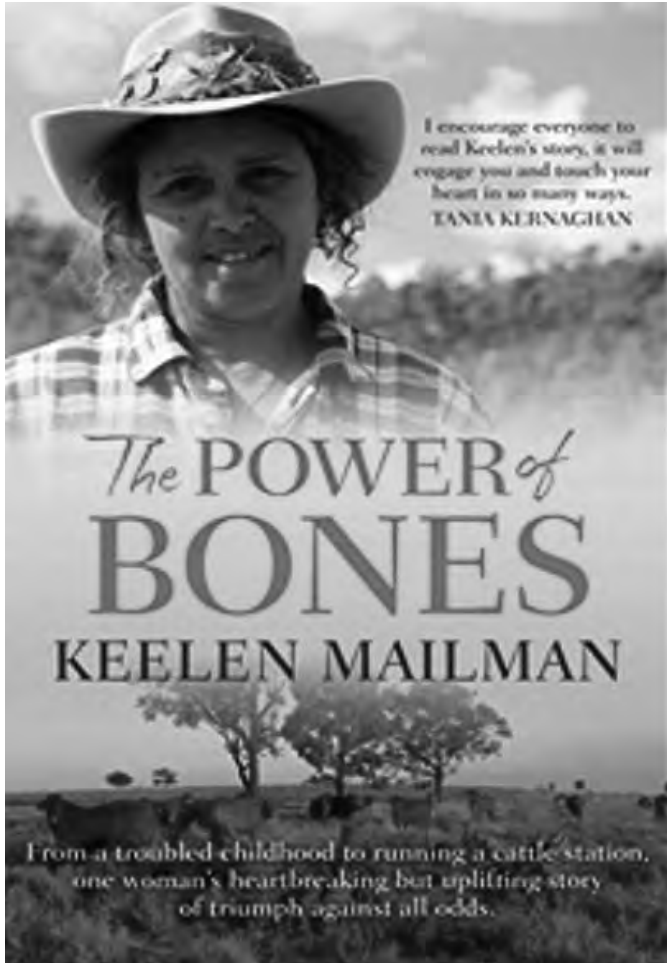
I was chosen to find some water,
I could hardly even blink.
Chosen to find some water?
There is nothing left to drink.

I'm travelling down the dusty dirt path,
I'm certainly not going to sink,
For hours I've been looking for water.
There is nothing left to drink.

The clouds are getting dark as night,
I'm so tired I can't even think.
Suddenly it starts to rain,
We finally have something to drink.

Great Aussie Reads

with Jack Drake



One of our poetry mates Carol Heuchan, sent me a book a while ago with the suggestion I would probably enjoy it as a thought provoking read. Carol was right. *The Power of Bones* by Keelen Mailman, (Allen and Unwin, 2014), is the story of a strong Bidjara woman who has overcome molestation, poverty and racism to become a potent power in her own country and an example of indigenous power Australia wide.

Growing up in Augathella, Central Queensland, from humble beginnings in a family affected by alcohol and poverty, as well as suffering, unwanted attention from older male relations, and dealing with redneck style racism, never quelled Keelen's unquenchable spirit and essential belief in herself.

No great scholar, but very talented at athletics, she had trouble fitting in at school but has still managed to carve out a worthwhile life for herself and her children eventually coming to manage the Bidjara owned Mt. Tabor Cattle Station and becoming a custodian of their sacred sites and ceremonies.

I would recommend *The Power of Bones* to anyone who likes an inspiring story. Keelen has pulled no punches in this 'warts and all' exposé of what it can be like growing up as a First Nation Australian in this "Lucky Country".

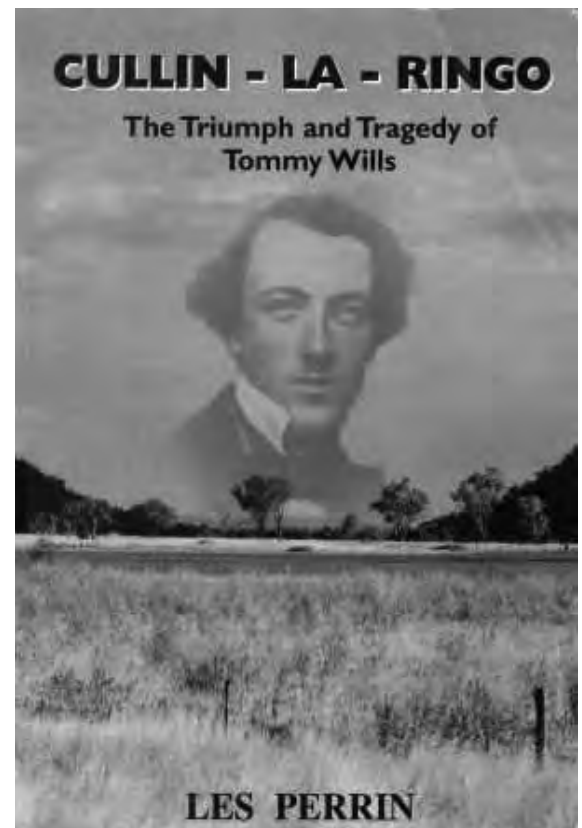
Thomas Wentworth Wills was Australia's first sporting superstar. Our first internationally famous cricketer and the creator of Aussie Rules. For all that, Wills has pretty much been forgotten by history.

Cullin-La-Ringo the Triumph and Tragedy of Tommy Wills by Les Perrin (self published 1998) tells the story of an Australian icon who for various reasons is almost anonymous to mainstream Aussies.

The book is a bit hard to source these days but is worth seeking out. From Tom's birth and his early days on his father's station near Ararat in Victoria, through his school days at the prestigious Rugby School in England where his love of sport flourished, Perrin records Wills' progress.

Tom's eventual pilgrimage to Queensland where he narrowly escaped the largest massacre of whites by Aborigines in Australia, is covered as is his eventual descent into alcoholism and tragic death at 45 years of age.

It seems sad that the man responsible for founding Australia's own football code should have had so little recognition. However anyone who would like to know more about this remarkable Australian's life....get a hold of *Cullin-La-Ringo* by Les Perrin.



Jack Drake

More great Aussie reads at www.outbackbooks.info

The Gympie Muster Poets

Time-Late August.

Place-Amamour Forest near Gympie

Mission - Entertain a mass of Poetry and Comedy fans

It never seems to fail when stalwart Muster Master, Marco Gliori puts together a band of Ratbags to entertain each morning at the Gympie National Music Muster's famous Crowbar Tent!

This year he was joined by fellow Bush Poets Murray 'Muz' Hartin and Neil McArthur along with Australia's great funny man Alan Glover, backyard Balladeer Errol Grey and South Aussie's favourite comedy singer, Dave Prior.

The fans packed out the venue every morning for a smorgasboard of comedy as well as joining in games and the infamous 'Camper's Brawl' where all and sundry get their chance to pit their one minute poetry writing skills against each other to take out the title!

Many who come along still claim the Poets Breakfast as their highlight of the Muster each year. If they came to the Poet's campsite, I'm sure they would realise that the madness is not isolated to the stage!

A big congratulations to Marco, who has organised these breakfasts since Slim Dusty was a kid and we will be sure he will still be presenting them when Keith Urban has grey hair!

We also performed our usual school concert when we visited Gympie High School as we do every year and show the kids why they need to grow up and get a proper job!

If you are yet to get along to the Muster, put it on top of your bucket list!

Neil McArthur



Bush Poets At Nanango

Nanango Country Music Muster was again held in mid September and once again Gary Fogarty put together the wonderful Bush Poets Breakfasts, this year with featured Poets, Murray Hartin, Neil McArthur and local walk-ups.

With hundreds of Vans on site, each of the Breakfast was attended by massive crowds who love starting their day off with a host of Aussie yarns before settling in for the rest of the day with a host of Australia's finest Bush Balladeers.

Congratulations on keeping the Bush Poetry such a big part of the Nanango Muster, mate.

Neil McArthur



Ekka Report 2019

TEN DAYS AT THE EKKA - DAILY PERFORMANCE POETRY - EKKA BUSH POETRY COMPETITION (First Saturday of the Ekka.)

Another successful EKKA has come to a close - (this was Brisbane's 142nd Royal National Show) ! The weather was kind to us - but quite windy at times - especially the day of the Competition !

Due to demolition, we have now lost our wonderful pavilion where we were happily sharing the Animal Nursery and Sheep shearing stage, but we have a new home - and are STILL with the Shearers - very happy !!

Fourteen poets were rostered over the 10 days of the Ekka - (big thanks to all of you) - and we did Four x half- hour shows daily. Again we had poets from interstate and Nth Qld - we also had a couple of the Junior Performers entertaining too. Without naming all our fantastic poets, I would like to thank each and every one of you - without your support our "TEN DAYS AT THE EKKA" Shows could not continue.

EKKA BUSH POETRY COMPETITION.

On the first Saturday of the Ekka, we hold the Competition - there are FOUR Classes:

OPEN ESTABLISHED -

OPEN ORIGINAL-

JUNIORS (under 12yrs)

JUNIORS (13yrs and under 18)

We are very grateful to our Sponsors - THE CONSULTANCY BUREAU - Peter Forster and our wonderful Councillor Catherine Sinclair -

THE STOCKMAN'S HALL OF FAME - THE ROYAL NATIONAL SHOW - (BRISBANE EKKA)- Thankyou so much for the generous Trophies and your ongoing support.

I would like to thank the Judges CAROL HEUCHAN, WALLY FINCH and SANDRA HARLE, the Collators - LIN and JIM KENNEDY for helping me put this Competition together - my grateful thanks to you all.

Following are the results:

JUNIORS:

Under 12 years -

1st. Sedona Kehoe

2nd. Justin Finger

3rd. Hans Cabalse

14yrs and under 18yrs-

1st. Kaylin Handley

2nd. Laura McCormack

3rd Sophia Remoreras

OPEN ORIGINAL:

1st. Robert Kettle

2nd. Graeme Johnson

3rd. Pamela Fox

OPEN ESTABLISHED:

1st. Peter Marron

2nd. Graeme Johnson

3rd. Pamela Fox



Trish and Carol, enjoying the Ekka



Carol Heuchan



Mick Martin



Trish with Junior Finalist - Hans Cabalse



Geoff Sharpe

Congratulations to all the competitors and our wonderful audiences - I hope we catch up soon at a Poetry Performance somewhere in this great land of ours -

With many thanks -TRISHA ANDERSON

MILTON REPORT JUNIOR POETRY COMPETITIONS 2010

On Saturday seventh of September the performance section of these competitions was held at St Mary's School Milton and although numbers were down a bit on last year a very successful event was held. Unfortunately several of the entrants because of various reasons were unable to attend but 15 children still took the stage and performed extremely well with a variety of poems by the usual iconic poets as well as a variety of contemporary writers. After the performance poets had completed presenting their poems to the audience the prize giving for both the performance and written competitions took place. With regard to the written competition it must be said that the standard and themes in the poetry presented was to my mind amazing especially from children so young the maturity in some of the written work was outstanding and the children themselves as well as their mentors are to be congratulated.

Results written section as follows:

1st Zara Clegg 2nd Sia Kapetanios 3rd Tess Wilson
Highly Comended: Zygmunt Gray, William Gray, Zara Clegg.

Comended: Tess Wilson, Tess Wilson. Zachariah Diver,
Kristen Pennsi, Molly Kent, Thomas Squires.

As well as cash prize money for 1st 2nd 3rd and highly
commended places appropriate
certificates were awarded in the above categories.

Results performance section as follows

1st Zara Clegg, 2nd Max Chard, 3rd Tess Wilson,
4th Arabella Brooks,
5th Abby Louth.

Showmanship Award Zara Clegg
Jim Graham Perpetual Sheild and Trophy Arabella Brooks

A big THANK YOU to St Marys for hosting the day and all
the people who very ably assisted as judges and general
helpers and of course the sponsors who are a integral part
of the whole success of the event.

Sponsors were : Priceline Pharmacy, Elders Macray Insurance, Tony Ireland Optometrist Eye Q, Bendigo Bank Milton, Phillipa Hollenkamp Get Wet in Ulladulla, Woolworths Supermarket Ulladulla, Dee Carrington, South Ulladulla Butchery. RM Williams Publishing.



RIGHT TO LEFT: ILA HERO, OLIVIA TONKIN, GEORGIA DELIA, CARLIZE DELIA, JEMIMA CHARD, JENIFFER STEIN, LOUIOS REID, ELI DIVER, MAX CHARD, TESS WILSON ZARA CLEGG, ABBY LOUTH, ROSIE STEPHEN, ARABELLA BROOKS

John Davis

MEDIA RELEASE GULGONG FOLK FESTIVAL DECEMBER 29-31 2019

There is a lot of concerted activity taking place right now, as the 34th annual Gulgong Folk Festival approaches. Gulgong is the place to be, for December 29th to 31st, and maybe days either side of the festival for a quieter appreciation of historic Gulgong township and environs.

New festival director, Dean Dee, has been on touch with performers from many parts of Australia, so the mix of talent this year will be exceptional.

First time performers at Gulgong's festival include Bethany Jolly, a fine singer-guitarist from Brunswick Heads and award-winning Luke Robinson, with a stunning bass voice, from Mullumbimby. Luke's influences include Shane Howard, Kev Carmody, Fred Smith and Johnny Cash and in recent times he has performed at festivals in Maleny, the Tamar Valley, Canberra and more! The Bushwackers Bush Band has top billing and is expected to pull a great crowd, again. People who attend a Bushwackers show find themselves dancing, even if there was no real intent earlier in the evening!

Predicted hot weather means that the ticketed venues, the Prince of Wales Opera House and Gulgong RSL Club will be very popular indeed.

Calling all songwriters: There are two distinct competitions in 2019. A JD political parody writing competition, and another regular folk song competition. This is new for 2019, and in two sections; a) for writers up to 21 y.o.a and (b) for writers 21+ y.o.a. There is a wealth of material around us so get thinking, get writing.

* any questions? contact Di C on 0458 032 150

Other customary festival features to be enjoyed again include the Markets in Coronation Park, as well as Blackboard concerts and informal sessions in the hotels around Mayne Street.

Don't miss the Poets' Breakfasts!

Morning music will be heard around Buskers' Corner, for those not aspiring to the main stages.

A wide variety of accommodation styles are available, but bookings are tightening up at this point.

Volunteers giving 8-9 hours of their time earn a 3-day pass so they have free access to music, day and night!!

Early bird on-line bookings with TryBooking are always popular.

For details pertaining to GFF 2019, go to www.gulgongfolkfestival.net.au

THE TRAIN AND THE SAUCEPAN

© Paddy O'Brien

(A Poem about how Mary & I Met.)

When courting of the fairer sex
As all us males would know,
Yes, to make a good impression
Our best side we must show.

We make a date, or we may phone
Or shout a drink or two.
We wait, we watch, that special smile
We hope our charm has grew.

So looking for a good excuse
To have to call again
We think of something cunningly
So, now I will explain.

Sometimes we fail, or may succeed
To reach our greater height,
We plan a plan that will not fail,
A plan to change our life.

I learnt it from me Mum and Dad,
They said, "Just wear a hat,
When you go to do your courting,
Just leave it where you sat."

So off you go to find a mate
You thought, "My lucky day!"
You drive her home, you walk inside
Your hat you left to stay.

A kiss, a smile, you say goodbye
You know you'll see her soon
The door does close, she waves goodbye
You know tonight's that, "SOON"

So later with the stars above
A knock comes to her door
She opens it, you smile and say
"My hat I left before!"

"Come in my dear, I found your hat."
It worked! You smirk and smile,
You planned it well, and then she says,
"You better stop a while."

Courting becomes a job for us
I'll now try to explain;
I wear a CAP, and not a hat,
So I just caught a train.

But, what excuse do females use
To try to trap us men?
Well, there's a lady I do know
She used a sauce---pan!



Her name is Mary, I call her
My Sweetest Little Rose.
She cooked a meal, she then forgot.
That's her story, I suppose.

She left a saucepan at my house,
And then she called next day,
"I don't know how that I forgot!
I couldn't stay away!"

I made her tea, we went to town,
I bought a wedding ring.
I wrote a song, I booked a flight,
My heart was on the wing.

So now we're both on camping trips,
My cap I wear each day,
Her saucepan's always on the stove,
My ticket's on display.

So now, when you go a-courting,
Just try and use your brain
And if you do not have a hat,
Then catch a bloody train!



THE OLD SCHOOLHOUSE

© Ross Knudsen December 2018

Bush tracks carried horses and settlers
To cold winter's nights and a camp;
Where the hovels of canvas and shingles
Became homes in the mist and the damp.

In the heat of the sun and the summer
Where providence offered return;
A schoolhouse was fashioned from timber
For pioneer's children to learn.

Pioneers with their stock and on horseback
To make meagre an earning from land;
The homestead, the stockyards and fencing
Their endeavours were shaped by their hands.

They sought wealth in the valleys and rivers,
They sought hope, in holding a run.
They brought glimmers of hope for their families
And the fickle rewards if they won.

But this little schoolhouse in the valley
Suggan Buggan is hidden away;
To the echoes of children of farmers
Whose chorus has slipped to decay.

The schoolhouse stands mute in a clearing
Its timbers are weathered and old;
No smoke drifting out of its chimney
The fireplace, empty and cold.

Its timbers are silver with ageing
Old hardwood from slabs cut and trimmed.
With silent sunbeams through the shingles
Its dappled rays, ghostly and dim.

In its day Suggan Buggan was lively
Pioneering and farming had hold;
Till a calling then emptied the valley
And the holding was transferred and sold.

There's an old schoolhouse in a valley
Its timbers now echo its past.
Gone are the tutors and children
And memories of when they were classed.

The school had not even a number
And tutors that only some knew;
But the school is still there to remind us
That it nurtured the minds of a few.

The Old Schoolhouse was written about Sue and my experience after stopping at Suggan Buggan for lunch on our way to Jindabyne in November 2018. The school was built in 1860 by Edward O'Rourke to have a tutor educate his eleven children because it is so remote in the hills of the Great Divide.

The Lesson

© J.P. Coyne, 2019

The morning yoga class was held
within a Council hall.
That day the sight that we beheld
was shocking to us all.

Some scraps of cake and this and that
were strewn upon the floor.
To find a spot to place a mat
was not an easy chore.

We often talk while in the class—
a friendly little group.
But tolerance, that day, was sparse
and charity did droop.

The party of the night before
"was run by grubby folk.
Unthinking, stupid, bad and more—
their manners are a joke."

"I'll ring the Council to complain
and get those people banned."
To put against their name a stain
was what the group had planned.

The Sun Salute was put on pause
on hearing of a noise.
A little girl came through the doors
"I'm looking for some toys."

She skipped into a room at right
returning with a game.
"You had a party here last night"
the teacher did exclaim.

"It was my cousin's, she is five"
the chirpy girl then said,
"She's lucky to be still alive—
a cancer's in her head."

Then out she went, back through the doors,
as quickly as she came.
Our hearts had been attacked with claws—
and heads we hung in shame.

When mouths and feet became detached,
the mats were then removed.
With mops and brooms and sweat unmatched
we got the room improved.



Let`s Have A Royal Commission

by John Bidgood February 2019

Let`s have a royal commission into the banking game
Let`s also have another one into our disability shame
Our aged care industry is also in total disarray
They are all overseen by government, what more can I say
A royal commission will give them answer`s they should already know
They were elected by the people to put on a show

A royal commission will cost taxpayers millions of dollars
Because the people we elect with their shining white collars
Could not run a bar-b-que in your backyard
Without giving your guests the steak all burned & charred
We pay them thousands of dollars with a pension for life
They give us nothing in return except a heap of strife

The banks have been ripping people of for years
They have shown no respect, they have shown no fear
The government has let it happen day after day
Now they call a royal commission & we all must pay
The government cannot look after our disabled folk
The taxpayer thinks our government is a bloody joke

They say let`s have a royal commission & see what is wrong
The people say to the government it has been happening for too long
Our aged care homes have for years been riddled with abuse
The government turn a blind eye, they look for an excuse
But again, it is a lack of respect by some staff members
Respect needs to be shown no matter what the gender

So, I think anther royal commission should be on the books
Fully funded by politicians, looking at our parliamentary crooks
To weed out all the dead wood & take them off the floor
Pick them up by the scruff of their neck & throw them out the back door
Take away their life pensions & all their free kick backs & handouts
Elect some people to our house who have some business clout

I`ll tell all you people, we are going down the Shute
Australia was a country where we all said "She`s a beaut"
But our country is going down hill at a rapid pace
And we need some decent politicians to save our bloody face



THE STRUGGLE

© Brenda Joy

Winner 2019 'Boree Log Award for Bush Verse' Fellowship of Australian Writers NSW Inc,
Annual Literary Competition, Eastwood/Hills FAW

The doctor said, "It's Cancer..." but I failed to understand –
this couldn't happen to my John – my farmer off the land.
He'd always been the robust type and done his share of work –
grown cotton, managed cattle stations, Darling out to Bourke.

Accepting diagnosis was a wound that touched the heart
We knew that everything would change -- but that was just the start.
We'd never had to think of health, we'd both been fit and strong.
In all of our retirement plans – disease did not belong.

My John was such a legend and he never once complained.
The most emotion that he showed was on the night it rained.
Just knowing that the drought had broken seemed to give him peace.
To me it seemed like God himself was sending me release.

The concept of catastrophe submerged within the plight
as doctors, drugs and therapies were weapons for our fight.
The momentary signs of hope remissions inculcate –
"It's worked!" "He's cured!" – but then – the re-bombardment of our fate.

Each day another drama, "John will need to have an op."
I dreaded damage to his brain. I begged the ordeal – "STOP!"
The sleepless nights, the pain-torn days, the constant plunging down
to reach the depth of dark despair where raw emotions drown.

The chemo and the surgeon's knife – invasions of extremes
as treatments blurred into a maze of surrealistic dreams.
Oh John endured and how he fought – Australian men are tough –
but skills of modern medicine could never be enough.

I watched him grow so weak and frail, depleted – needing care.
"Oh John, I'll get your sticks my love. I'll help you to your chair...
John lean on me, we mustn't risk you falling down again...
Just drink this Darling, take this tablet, it will ease your pain..."

Oh Darling, let me bathe you now, it isn't any fuss.
I'll cool your sweating forehead. Let's get rid of all this pus..."
They'd told about corroding flesh but no one ever warned
of lumps of rot that cancer grows to make a man deformed.

The putrid stench that permeates – the toxic brooding smell –
that's Death! It hovered round our torture zone of earthly Hell.
I prayed for strength to see my husband through his final hours
I fought to keep control – compassion chokes and overpowers.

The 'Cancer' word cannot convey the force of this disease
that permeates and kills and causes human tragedies.
I knew that God was calling John to head along the track.
"Farewell my Aussie hero – even love can't hold you back."

Unless you've lived with dying, it's impossible to know
the agony that infiltrates. The pain of letting go.
And now my John is lying here so rigid, stark and cold –
a withered wraith of human flesh, a body wracked and old.

This struggle has consumed my soul and I am all alone
beset by penetrating chills that shudder to the bone.
I'm in a desolation void unable to perceive
that all we've shared has reached its end and I am left to grieve.



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 @ Cafe on Queen, 15 Queen St. In the studio by the Balgalal Creek. 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 Old School House at Christ Church, 39 Rutledge St, Queanbeyan. Enter via Church Lane. 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

The Queanbeyan Bush Poets meet at 7pm on the fourth Thursday of the month in the Old School House at Christ Church, 39 Rutledge St, Queanbeyan. Enter via Church Lane. Contact Laurie McDonald on 02 6253 9856

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.

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 **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.

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

Shorncliff "Poets of the Park" "Poets of the Park" meet at St Margaret's Church Hall in Sandgate, beside the primary. every 3rd Tuesday from 5-45 pm contact 042 15 14 555

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 11am 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

"CROOKWELL AP&H MARY GILMORE FESTIVAL

25-27 OCTOBER 2019

Come to Crookwell, in the scenic Southern Tablelands of NSW - for a fun-packed weekend with Concerts, Music, Poetry, Balladeer and Performing Youth Competitions, Plus MORE!

Opening Night, Friday, 25th - 5.30-7.30pm - Drinks by the Rose Garden, Dome Pavilion, Crookwell Showground (Enter via East Street). Fully Catered \$5
7.30pm on - Crookwell Mary Gilmore Blackboard Concert - FREE Entry
- Criterion Hotel, Goulburn Street, Crookwell

Saturday Morning, 26th - Morning at Leisure with places of interest to visit.
10am - Unstructured Jam Session at Dome Pavilion, Crookwell Showground
1.30pm on - Performing Youth Showcase Competition up to Age 21 - Dome Pavilion, Crookwell Showground. Awards for Music, Singing, Poetry and Band.
7.30pm - Southern Lights Vocal Academy 5-Star Variety Concert, Dome Pavilion, Crookwell Showground. \$20 includes Champagne Supper
Sunday Morning 10am - Musicians, Balladeers and Poets Competition, Dome Pavilion, Crookwell Showground. Awards for Musicians, Vocal and Poetry.
Judges Panel plus People's Choice Awards.

Camping Available at Crookwell Showground - Contact Paul Anderson
0417985686

Contact Crookwell Visitor Information Centre on 02 48321988 or
info@visitupperlachlan.com.au for alternative accommodation"



Bundaberg Poets' Society Inc.'s Treasurer

In August the Bundaberg Poets' Society Inc. farewelled their very dedicated Treasurer, Cate Henry, as she decided it was time to move back to New South Wales to be closer to family. Cate was not a reciter or writer of poetry but came along 10 years ago with a friend and when the AGM came around that year she was nominated for the Treasurer's position. With an accounting background the club wasn't going to let her escape. When the club was running the Bundy Bush Poetry Musters her workload was enormous but you could count on her books being correct to the last cent. She has left 'big shoes to fill' and has agreed to act as Interim Treasurer 'from afar' until somebody puts their hand up. Cate will be missed, and is missed already, but the club understands her position and wish her all the best for time now being spent at Nelson Bay with family and friends nearby. Cate was not only a friend and a great club member but the club's 'treasured Treasurer'. All the best Cate.

Here's the results from the AGM held on September 14th, 2019 for the Bundaberg Poets' Society Inc.

Sandy Lees

The following elected for the 2019/20 year :-

President – Jayson Russell
Vice-President – Edna Harvey
Secretary – Sandy Lees
Assist. Secretary – Sue Rayner
Treasurer - nobody
Interim Treasurer – Cate Henry
Assistant Treasurer – Sue Rayner
Publicity Officer – Sandy Lees
Afternoon Tea Convenor – Lucille Gott
Equipment Co-ordinator – John Lees

ALSO: Change of phone number for Jayson Russell in club information. His new number is (07) 4155 1007



Cate Henry



BENALLA BUSH MUSTER 11 – 13 OCTOBER



Variety concerts on Friday (includes Euroa Ukelele Group) & Saturday night

Poets Breakfasts - Musos welcome – Saturday and Sunday

Victorian Song/Music Championships Novice Poetry Competition

In comfort of the Benalla Bowls Club – Only Anzac Tribute at Weary Dunlop statue outside

Fun and laughter assured – ample opportunities for performance

Wristband \$35 or \$30 for Seniors/Concession & Poetry Club members or pay be session

Program at www.vbpma.com.au Info: Jan Lewis 0422 848 707 E: info@vbpma.com.au

Benalla Muster is on again

Such has been the success of the Benalla Bush Entertainment Muster since its inception in 2012, the 8th Annual Muster will be held over the second weekend of October, 11th – 13th. The Muster was initiated to ensure there was an annual event at Benalla, where Victorian Bush Poetry Championships had been held for many years prior to them being conducted in conjunction with the Man from Snowy River Festival at Corryong.

Over the years the program has been fine tuned to ensure there is maximum performance time available for both poets and musicians. Also that the audience receive a wide range of quality variety entertainment. The Muster begins with a Variety Concert at 7.30pm on Friday evening. Acts include the ever popular Euroa Ukelele Group providing great music and sing-a-long opportunities, with other song and bush poetry performances.

Saturday and Sunday mornings have Poet's Breakfasts, where musicians/singers may also perform. A Novice poetry competition follows, providing an opportunity for eligible performers to 'break through' for their first success.

The Bendigo Goldfields Bush Poets group will entertain during a one hour segment.

After lunch the always popular Anzac Tribute at the magnificent Weary Dunlop statue in the Rose Gardens is held. It is the only 'outside segment'. Again, this is an opportunity for both musos and poets to perform.

A new section, 'Poems by the bell' will ensure the maximum number of short poems will be performed. If a performer goes over the allowed time, they will 'get the gong'.

The Victorian Song/Music Championships, comprising Original and Non-Original sections are expected to have the largest number of entrants since inception, with many new performers now entering the fray. The overall champion must have entered both sections. Trophies, prize money and passes to other Festivals are up for grabs.

The Saturday evening concert begins at 7pm. In addition to judges and selected performers of all genres, the winners of the Song/Music Championships will also entertain. The concert will finish no later than 10.30pm.

For several years there has been a theme for various Sunday segments. This year will be 'rivers'. People are encouraged to dress up, or bring some relevant items for a photo booth. As usual a one minute poem comp will be held.

In addition to a wide range of 'street art' large paintings on sides of many buildings in Benalla, there is now a 'silo trail' with many outstanding paintings, close to Benalla.

For the retired, grey nomads, or those arranging holidays, come early or stay late and enjoy all that Benalla and district has to offer. Tourist info www.enjoybenalla.com.au Click on Maps and Touring, for Silo Art Trail.

See advertisement elsewhere in this newsletter.

For information or entry forms for Song/Music and Novice Competition contact Secretary Jan Lewis on 0422 848 707 or info@vbpma.com.au



Jill Meehan plays in front of the Weary Dunlop statue.



2nd – 5th April 2020
Celebrating 25 years of the
MFSR Challenge &
125 years of the Angus Robertsons
publication of the MFSR Poem!

A: 50 Hanson St, Corryong VIC 3707
PO Box 144, Corryong VIC 3707
T: 02 6076 1992
E: media@bushfestival.com.au
W: www.bushfestival.com.au



THE KEMBLA FLAME

Written Bush Poetry Competition 2020

PRESENTED BY
ILLAWARRA BREAKFAST POETS

Total prize money \$800, all prizes are *cash* with certificate.
To be announced at Illawarra Folk Festival, January 2020.

OPEN

First – The Kemplala Flame Trophy, \$300 and certificate.

Runner up – \$200 and certificate
plus two prizes \$100 and certificate.

NOVICE

\$100 and certificate.

Entry forms available from ABPA.ORG.AU Events page.

Entries close 23 December 2019