



A.B.P.A.

Australian Bush Poets Association
Volume 27 No. 5 October/November 2021



MILTON SHOW SOCIETY BUSH POETRY

8AM POETS BREAKFAST WITH 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 11AM
TO BE HELD AT THE MILTON SHOW
IN THE JNA THOMPSON PAVILION
SAT 6TH MARCH 2021

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 SEERVED BASIS
Entries postmarked no later than 5th FEBUARY 2021 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 WEBSITE 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

KEMBLA FLAME WRITTEN BUSH POETRY COMPETITION

presented by the Illawarra Breakfast Poets
COMPETITION CONDITIONS

PRIZES

*Total prize money \$900, all prizes are cash with certificate. Winners to be announced on
January 21st, 2022. The decision of the judging panel is final.*

OPEN

*First place - The Kemplla Flame Trophy, \$300 and certificate.
Runner up - \$200 and certificate*

NOVICE

*Two positions of Highly Commended - \$100 each and certificate.
\$100 and certificate. For poets over 18 years who have not been awarded
any prize in a written bush poetry competition.*

JUNIOR

\$100 and certificate. New section for 2022 for poets under 18 years.

HOW TO ENTER

*Closing Date 24th December 2021. Late entries will not be accepted. There is an entry fee of \$6 per poem or 3 poems for \$10
and must be paid before judging.*

*Entries are posted to the Competition Secretary. Fees are payable by bank transfer. More details are found on the form
(available on website abpa.org.au)*

Please complete the fillable form and then print it and sign it.

*Please send 3 PRINTED copies of each poem accompanying your form. These copies must not have your name on them. There is
no limit to number of poems entered.*

You may enter multiple sections, but the same poem cannot be entered in both sections.

*For enquiries, contact EMAIL: zondraeking@gmail.com or PHONE: 4283 7061 or
0401 160 137 or the Australian Bush Poets Assn abpa.org.au (events page).*

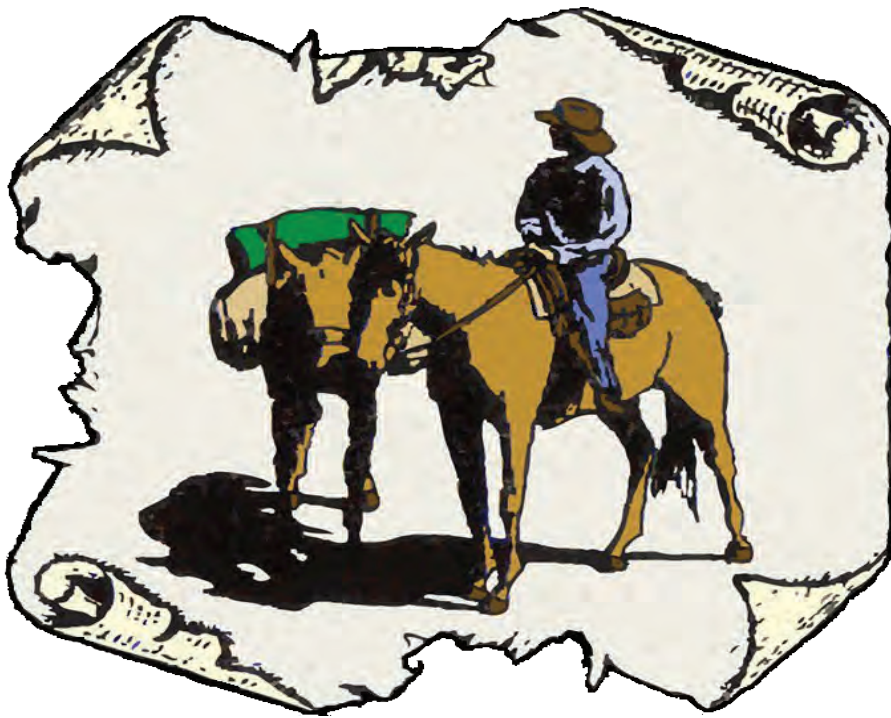
ADDITIONAL INFORMATION

This is a written Bush Poetry competition and therefore is for poems written with consistent rhyme and meter.

There is also the requirement that the theme or subject matter must be

*The Trial Version Australian by nature. For example, horse riding in the mountains would only be considered "Australian"
if the mountains were named e.g. The Snowy Mountains etc. Such detail as this may be the deciding factor.*

Write well and good luck!



ABPA Committee Members 2021

Executive:

President	-- Tim Sheed	president@abpa.org.au
Vice-President	-- Ray Essery	essery56m@bigpond.com
Secretary	-- Meg Gordon	meggordon4@bigpond.com
Treasurer	-- Christine Middleton	treasurer@abpa.org.au

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Jan Lewis (Vic)
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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 and applicable to Printed Magazine only)

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 - Christine Middleton

P.O. Box 357 Portarlington
Victoria 3223

treasurer@abpa.org.au

or via Direct Debit to ABPA Account

Bendigo Bank

BSB: 633000

Account: 154842108

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

Next Magazine Deadline is November 27th 2021

For Magazine Submissions can you all please note.

Articles, Poems, Stories, etc. need to be submitted in either Word (.doc or .docx) format or PDF (.pdf) format. Old Publisher files and .odt and .windat files can not be used due to being outdated.

For Photos, PLEASE, PLEASE, PLEASE send Pics that are of a high quality and most importantly IN FOCUS! A lot of readers tell me 'That photo was a bit blurry!'. But when receiving one photo from an event which has not been captured well, it does not matter what programs, filters etc. you put it through, it cannot miraculously be put in focus.

I appreciate all efforts of those members submitting to the magazine, so they are just a couple of important hints to help me publish your articles and poems with the respect that they deserve.

President's Report

Here we are with another two months gone by and still in lockdown in Victoria with NSW in the same situation. There is at least a light down the road that we are inching ever closer to.

Because we haven't been able to travel north over the last two winters we have missed out on a lot but we are looking forward to a successful Tamworth Country Music Festival and the National Bush Poetry Performance Championship in Orange in February. I think that it is reasonable to expect these events to proceed, given the way vaccinations are now progressing.

I have pointed out previously in my reports that for the National Championship section of the Orange Festival to proceed under that banner, participants from all states and territories must be able to physically attend. Hopefully all barriers will be cleared by then. In any case the poetry events as planned will proceed under whatever badge.

Planning for the Golden Dampers is proceeding under the management of Committee members, Manfred Vijars and David Stanley and we are hoping for a big rollout for that.

It is pleasing to see that Bush Poetry events have been very well attended in those states that have been able to hold them and our increased memberships bode well for the future of our art.

Tim Sheed
President, Australian Bush Poets Association



Great News that the Golden Damper and Frank Daniel Awards will be going ahead at Tamworth in January 2022.



and Visit Our Website
www.abpa.org.au

Kadaitcha

© Peter O'Shaughnessy

*Winner 2021 ABPA Queensland State Championship and the Serious Section of the Golden Wattle Written Competition,
North Pine, Queensland*

There's a strange sombre sound in the mulga tonight
a dark drone as a hundred feet stomp.
There are grim shuffling shapes in the dim fire-light
and the Martu men moan as they stomp –
the desert tribe's drone and they stomp.

And the terrified women and children must hide from the deeds
in the night they might see,
for a man will be 'sung' and the law will decide
on the fate the offender may see –
a judgement no children may see.

So the dancers have gathered from tribes in the hills –
Budidjarra and those from out back –
Mandildjarra and Kuwarra bring their dark drills,
but there's one man who's not going back –
the guilty man's not going back.

For there's murder been done and the elders have sung.
They've decided that he has to pay.
So the dance has begun and the sacred boards hung,
for that's part of the price he must pay –
the price that the guilty must pay.

So tonight he will sit in his terror and pain
with the wisdom of elders around.
He must sit all alone and he has to remain
with that dark, awful drone all around –
that frightening drone all around.

Now the drone's growing louder. The thumping feet crush
and the thunderous thump feeds his fear,
as the dancers grow frenziedly frantic then ... hush!
Sombre silence soon fills him with fear –
a silence that fills him with fear.

With a feathery hiss – like a sand serpent's kiss –
a dark grim ghostly creature appears
from the dim ghastly pit of a dreamtime abyss,
their most feared awful demon appears –
the feather-foot demon appears.

Then with barely a sound they bring out the feared bone
and they wait for the soft feathered tread
of the Featherfoot Man as he dances alone,
he's Kadaitcha with feathered foot tread –
all fear his faint, feathered foot tread.

Now the song has been sung and the bone pointing done –
sacred objects returned to their place,
for the dying's begun and there's nowhere to run
and the Featherfoot fades from this place –
Kadaitcha Man's gone from this place.

But the murderer knows that his death will soon come.
He's resigned to the fact he will die.
For the law men have sung and he knows he'll succumb
now the Featherfoot's willed him to die –
Kadaitcha Man's 'sung' him to die.



Vale Dean Trevaskis

Much thanks to the Byron Shire 'Echo' for permission to reproduce this article and photo..

This past Friday (August 13th), surrounded by family, Dean Trevaskis passed away peacefully. Dean had been fighting Stage 4 brain cancer (glioblastoma) since November last year.

Dean grew up in a little town near Melbourne called Shepparton and family has always been such an important thing to him. His dad passed away at age 54 of cancer. His mum Janis Trevaskis is still in Shepparton, and he has sisters Kerri and Jayde. He worked really hard to always check in on them and update them with how everything was going.

Dean studied nursing at La Trobe University in Melbourne and then went into psych nursing. He did that for 20 years and worked in some of the biggest psychiatric hospitals in the world, including Broadmoor in England where he looked after people like Peter Sutcliffe, the 'Yorkshire Ripper'. He also sold little devices called 'QuitKeys' which were meant to stop nicotine addiction, but his biggest passion was journalism and writing. He often wished that he did that instead of nursing.

Dean and Suze got married 22 years ago and have been living in Ocean Shores for the past 12 years. Dean was always passionate about trying to help other people. He was working on an article about suicide prevention, which I found. His goal was to make everyone else happy.

He always loved to hear me sing as well, and because we used to do bush poetry together he always wanted me to turn one of his poems into a song. We learnt guitar together as well, which was difficult because he was tone-deaf, as well as being actually deaf.

Go Shiners!

Dean was always a big supporter of the Moonshiners Rugby Club. He used to play for the team and occasionally write union stories for the sports pages of The Echo. He was always a passionate writer, bush poet and storyteller, which he has passed on well to me.

Another place he loved was the Ocean Shores Country Club. It was like Dean's second home. I remember him going at every spare chance he could and coming home in the middle of the night with a big grin on his face. I was really proud to see him become such a well known and well-loved face there, and to be surrounded by a community that I knew would do anything for him, just like he would do for them. He was so proud to call it his club, and I know he is up there now, very proud.

Dean established a local business, Deeper Water Cleaning, from the ground up ten years ago. He always employed local people and many people with disadvantages. His business ethics were strong and he was loved by his employees as much as his friends and well-respected by his customers.

There are not many people in the world as loved as Deano. The amount of people that have respect and love for him and have been inspired by him is amazing.

Though gravely ill, he was still the same person

Throughout Dean's illness, he was still the same person he always had always been. His resilience, hopefulness and love was and still is admired by everybody who had the pleasure of knowing him. He was a father, husband, son, brother, friend and mentor.

His selflessness and compassion lie in the hearts of everyone who knew him. His roles in the Moonshiners rugby club, Ocean Shores Country Club and community show that he will never be forgotten.

Before he passed, Deano told us all that he was coming back as a kookaburra, and now we have been hearing them everywhere. So, keep your ears out, he might be coming for a little visit.

Dean Trevaskis was the most inspiring, driven, dedicated, faithful, radiant, hopeful, intelligent, creative, selfless, loving, proud, loved, treasured, respected, giving, humorous, special, interesting and extraordinary person I've ever had the pleasure of knowing.

Rest easy, keep your head up, we love you to the ends of the Earth, and we can't wait to see you again soon.

Dean Trevaskis leaves behind his wife Suzette, his children Molly, Jimmy, Courtney, his mother Janis Trevaskis and sisters Kerri and Jayde.



Dean and partner Suzette in 2020. Photo

The Power of Kokoda

by Dean Trevaskis

I'll never know the sickening sound a fifteen-pounder makes
That blows your mate to pieces as the ground around you shakes.
Or how the memories haunt you if you chance to make it back.
I'll never know the price they paid to walk Kokoda Track.

I've slogged across its gruelling, steep, uncompromising grind,
That stretched the outer limits of my body and my mind.
But I wasn't being shot at in surprise attacks at night;
My name's not on a headstone in Bomana's rows of white.

I know about the stifling heat and oozing, rancid mud,
But not the putrid stench of death or rivers running blood.
I went to thank my Granddad and the other Diggers who
Withstood, then beat, the Japanese in nineteen forty two.

My group was drawn from family. My aunts and uncle came,
With cousins and a sister, bearing 'Hec's Mob' as our name.
We walked in Hector's footsteps with humility and pride,
Prepared to conquer challenges with history as our guide.

We spoke about the thirty-ninth and what they'd given here.
They overcame their low morale, malaria and fear
When told to fight until the death, until the job was done,
And fight they did, against the odds, outnumbered, six to one.

I watched my cousin cramp, then spew, three hours along the track,
His pallid face and sunken eyes reflecting an attack
Of crippling dehydration and a lack of self belief;
He focused on the blokes who fought and therein found relief.

He rose above his doubts and pain to redefine his best,
The spirit of the thirty-ninth was beating in his chest.
Their aura, undeniable, profoundly touched us all.
Their stories lifted weary legs each time we hit the wall.

Like Corporal Johnny Metson. On his bandaged hands and knees
He scabbled on the jungle floor, avoiding Japanese
For weeks with fifty comrades forced to head off track and hide;
With ankles shot to pieces, he refused the stretcher ride.

And brave Lieutenant Bisset. He was leading from the front,
Entrenched at Isuarava when his stomach bore the brunt
Of enemy machine gun fire; the morphine eased the pain.
He died within his brother's arms in drenching Papuan rain.

When Kingsbury turned a charging horde with Bren gun on his hip,
He lost his life and won the cross for selfless leadership.
The ripples of his actions had extended sixty years.
My sister raised the flag as past and present merged in tears.

She'd never travelled overseas, she'd scrimped all year to come.
Her struggle was the stigma of a teenage single Mum.
In that moment she was everything she thought she couldn't be!
With Kingsbury's spirit in her veins she cut her demons free.



My aunties were an inspiration plodding down the back,
They sang to keep their spirits high, they understood the Track!
The rest were fighting stomach bugs, collapsing knees and pain.
They'd say "don't worry, I'll be right" and soldier on again.

Brigade Hill saw us silenced by the mist which rose and cast
A melancholy shadow. Was it ghosts of Diggers past?
The likes of fallen heroes: Langridge, Lambert, Wilson, Nye,
Who went to help their stranded mates, aware that they would die.

My stomach churned for what they gave upon that sacred hill.
I'd not felt more Australian and I doubt I ever will.
Those Diggers are my reference point, a temple in my head.
I don't complain when things get tough, I think of them instead.

Our journey in their footsteps has instilled an attitude,
Of daily viewing ups and downs through eyes of gratitude.
It taught us much about ourselves demanding that we pause
And focus on our core beliefs, our inner strengths and flaws.

We felt a force along the track that pushed us all beyond
Our limits and our breaking points to form a closer bond.
We came back better people for a price those Diggers paid,
I never will forget them or the sacrifice they made.

Nanango Country Music

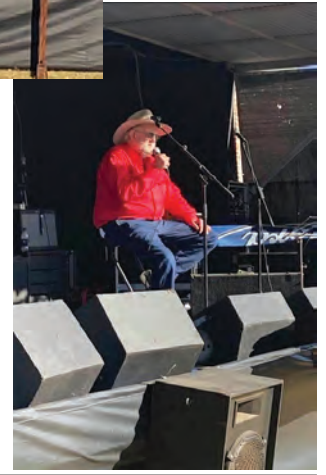
September saw the holding of the Nanango Country Music festival, where Bush Poets Breakfasts were again a big part of the events.

Friday and Sunday mornings saw Gary Fogarty, Jack Drake and Neil McArthur entertain the usual wonderful and vast audience of fans who continue to support the Events that are still going ahead in the current climate.

On the Sunday, the Poets were joined by some local and visiting walk-up Bush Poets who took the stage to join in with the entertainment.

Great to see Poetry still happening, and although it has been pretty much just Queensland over here on the East Coast, the good news is that the audiences are still there and haven't forgotten their joy in turning up to a Bush Poets Breakfast.

A big thanks to Jenny and Henry for having us along again.



Winton Outback Festival

It can be a wild old ride out West in Queensland, but to get there every couple of years and experience the Winton Outback Festival is an absolut bucket list item!

From the Country Music of Graham Conners and Co, to the hilarious theatre of the Quilton Dunny Derby, through to Whipcrackers, Parades, Ironman and Iron women Competitions and general outback hospitality, the Committee always find a place for Bush Poets Breakfasts.

This year, Marco Giori, Neil McArthur and Errol Gray were the invited Poets for three Poets Breakfasts which saw great crowds roll out of bed early to get along and enjoy a wonderful hot breakfast served with a healthy side serve of BUsh Yarns, Poems and Songs.

Being on such hallowed Bush Poetry ground, it was great to see an audience of people from three to a hundred and three getting along to enjoy the art of Aussie Storytelling.

The Saturday morning also saw the Elders One Minute Poetry Competition which was keenly contested by about sixteen budding Poets, with all sorts of Outback themes being moulded into sixty second masterpieces.

The Winner was Belle from Brisbane, who managed to get the audience's response in a clap-off

Graet to see the continued involvement of Bush Poetry in one of our most iconic Australian Festivals. Thanks Robyn!



Raymond Fryer's Pride

© Ross Rolley

Ray Fryer mustered Roper flats for close to thirty years, the Bushman's way when cattle-men would scorn inherent fears. A raw-boned, tall and quiet bloke whose life was apt to change: that man grew up on Table Top, a place on Hervey Range.

The boy had quit from All Souls' School before his Senior Test to work up in New Guinea, with a few more jobs out west. He watched and learned on basalt ground the western ringer's skills, to shoe a horse alone out bush and gallop rocky hills.

The year that Ray had turned Eighteen, in Nineteen Forty-Eight, his rough and stoic father died, his trusted lifelong mate. Young Ray pitched in with family, and bought the land next door: the place picked up and things improved through ending of the war.

The army needed rural blocks to build a training ground: the search was on for likely lots until a site was found. The Fryer lease was cut in half to serve some lauded scheme that sent a signal out to Ray to seek his boyhood dream.

He drove through distant countryside, he searched his agent's board to find broad-acre, pasture grass at costs he could afford. The junction of the Roper and the Wilton Rivers vied to be the heart of Urapunga – Raymond Fryer's pride.

He bought that run-down, unfenced land on feelings in his gut, the homestead built from bark and mud, a tiny, useless hut. Fresh water flowed so clear and clean across that distant place that rotten rails and fences etched a smile upon his face.

The Fryers knew the Roper Valley could not be their home, that Urapunga Station was the land for Ray to roam, to build a mighty cattle herd, his mission here on Earth, though not a place to rear their kids for years past their birth.

Ray's wife and growing family would stay at Table Top where he would visit in the 'Dry' when Roper rain would stop. This reads like some odd fiction tale of folk who lived that way; but grit and constant fervour served to hold the odds at bay.

He hunted feral cattle in that God-forsaken land, where ringers rode to burn on hides the Urapunga brand. Those mobs had never seen the yards or been behind the wire, had never heard the sounds of men or smelt a branding fire.

That was the task, all winter long, to fund expansive plans, to pay his men and shape his dream between those sun-burnt hands. The money flowed throughout each 'Dry' from clean-skins sold for meat until a plunging market posed the concept of defeat.

He fought and won so many times he knew he would not fail: when he set up his meatworks, he could breed and pack for sale. That venture was so typical of every Fryer fight as Ray would always give his best when he knew he was right.



The fame of Urapunga was no crown for just one man: the place evolved and built the name when 'Fryer Law' began. Ray taught the native people there. He shone the guiding lights, he taught the traits of courage and respect for human rights.

Ray built a school, new workers' huts and public trading store. He planned and built an abattoir on solid concrete floor. The station pick-and-shovel gang shaped every track and trail: a daily flying service brought fresh food and station mail.

A day on Urapunga, when the place was running hot, deserved the tag of 'movie set' - a 'shoot' on every lot. The Wilton Hilton catered with enamel pots of tea: the Boss Man watched and lapped it up – no place he'd rather be.

Ray Fryer shouldered, day and night, a constant driving force to overcome and conquer like a river down its course. He worked to forge an empire that would make a drover smile, committed soul and sacrifice to build a dream worthwhile.

Throughout the years, Ray lived that dream – he satisfied the beast. With no regrets, the time had come, he had to go back East. He left that place in splendid shape – for him some wrinkled skin, though young enough to serve due time with faithful kith and kin.

When Ray returned to Urapunga after many years, a wretched, broken, squalid greeting verified his fears. It seemed as if he'd never been, had never walked that ground, had never lost his sweat and blood, had dreams he'd never found.

The devastation was complete. Ray was beyond annoyed – the abattoir, his pride and joy, abused and then destroyed. The crucial aircraft landing strip was overgrown and closed: the ethics of some well-paid men lay brutally exposed.

He knew, deep-down, he loved that place with all his human might: he prayed for strength to start again, to shine that guiding light. His mind's eye saw the missing stock, the buildings' savaged state. He shook his head, he set his jaw... he drove out through the gate.



More Winning Poems
from the 2020
Ipswich Poetry Feast

Our Poetry Kids

with Brenda Joy

Favourite Pets

by Marli Farrer

I have a lot of pets,
which one will be first?
I just can't pick a favourite
but I do know who's the worst.

My first pet is Murphy,
he's a very lazy cat.
He gets stuck on the roof sometimes.
What do you think of that?

We got a second kitty
and Willow is her name.
She's very sweet and kind
but whining is her game.

Our newest pet is Clifford,
a dog that loves to play.
He's got a lot of energy.
We walk him every day.

How could I pick just one
I love all these pets the same?
But there's one more pet to mention
I can't tell you his name.

He likes to play some games
and although he's lots of fun
he can be very naughty
and get in trouble with Mum.

Sometimes he's very stinky
and could use a real good scrub.
He likes to go on adventures
and get dirty like a grub.

Even though he's trouble
I love him just the same,
clearly he's the favourite
and Daddy is his name.

© 2020 Marli Farrer (at

To find out how you can enter
competitions like the Ipswich Poetry
Feast, go to the ABPA Website
<http://www.abpa.org.au/events.html>

B right Orange

by Bonnie Buttimore

If I had to be any colour at all
Then I think I would like to be orange
Like lava erupting from a big volcano
Or a shining sun in the big, blue sky
Like a California Poppy sitting in the soil
Or basketball getting passed on the court
Or orange juice getting tipped into a glass
With bacon and eggs and toast for breakfast
Like a Jack O Lantern in Halloween
Or apricot hanging from a tall tree
Or a Pumpkin getting baked
Or a clam washed up on the seashore
Or a clown fish in the coral reef,
Just swimming around, looking
A goldfish in a fish tank
An oriole making its nest
Or an Irish Setter playing with its owner
Chasing an orange ball around the yard
I think orange is the best colour for me.

© 2020 Bonnie Buttimore (at age 7)

Misty

by Dalton Furtado

Mist in the morning, nice and nippy,
Petals in the basement, wet and slippery.
Blustery breezy, behind the trees,
Icey wind cools the breeze.

Russet autumn leaves falling down,
Saffron, scarlet, crackling brown
House windows opened early,
Really foggy moist and blurry.

Sparkly blue, freshly clean,
The dew flows down, Oh what a sight to be seen.
Paintings blasting light and furry,
Long vivid colours flurry.

Rain dripping dropping down,
Large beautiful showers run down.
Calmly spreading earthly fragrance,
Tingly blowing lovely essence.

Birds humming and singing in May.
Oh! What a wonderful autumn day!

© 2020 Dalton Furtado (at age 8)

KOTR 2021 Written Poetry Results

Serious

- | | | |
|----|----------------------------|-----------------------------------|
| 1. | Where the Curlews Nest | Helen Harvey, Coonamble, NSW |
| 2. | Freddy K | Tom McIlveen, Port Macquarie, NSW |
| 3. | The Master | Helen Harvey |
| HC | The Ballad of Billy Mateer | Tony Hammill, Qld. |
| C | Henry | David Judge |



Humorous

- | | | |
|----|----------------------------|--|
| 1. | The Weebo Sailing Club | Peter O'Shaughnessy, W.A. |
| 2. | Revenge of the Chooks | Catherine Lee, (Indonesia)/ Mona Vale, NSW |
| 3. | Dear Sir | Helen Harvey |
| HC | The Bandywallop Ball | Tony Hammill |
| C | How Bill Cured his Stutter | Helen Harvey |

King of the Ranges 2021 Written Bush Poetry Competition

Judge's Report

Although the actual King of the Ranges Horseman's Challenge and Bush Festival itself (rescheduled this time for 24, 25 September) again had to be cancelled, it was tremendous that a great number of poets – from just about everywhere – supported the Written Bush Poetry competition. A huge thank you to you all.

It was very pleasing also, that a general initiative of mine from many years ago, namely 'The Critique', was also well supported. I hate to discard a poem without giving any justification or offering any advice to the authors. Many of these pieces have great potential and may well lead to future success for writers, had they been willing to hear suggestions.

There are so many things to take into consideration when judging. Not only does the story need to be assessed but as this is a literary competition, there are specific requirements to consider regarding technical aspects.

Meter is always a challenge and perhaps the most difficult component to master. Only the most experienced of writers have an 'ear' for little errors and competitors who truly want to be successful, need to mark EVERY single beat of every word with either a heavy / beat or a light beat, according to the way the word is NORMALLY pronounced (not the way you may want it to fit). If this is done judiciously, the correctness (or otherwise) of the pattern can readily be seen.

The same diligence needs to be applied to the rhyming pattern. Try reading ONLY the rhyming words and see if they match as PERFECT rhyme. A Rhyming dictionary (Chamber's Rhyming Dictionary for preference) is essential. Near enough is not good enough.

Punctuation seems to pose an insurmountable problem to many. It's not just about putting dots and dashes in certain places. Writing means recognizing and understanding sentence construction. It's necessary to go back to what we learned at school (or should have) about how to know when a sentence is complete. Then it's about how to 'join' the extra bits, rather than just ramble on (whoops am I doing that now). p.s. A hyphen is not a substitute for a dash.

There seems to be some controversy as to the preference of judges for either a) the traditional style of starting each line of poetry with a capital letter or b) the more modern 'around the corner' style of only using a capital letter at the start of a sentence. BOTH formats are acceptable, and marking should not reflect a preference. However, consistency throughout the poem is essential and as sometimes occurs when using the traditional style, a capital letter at the beginning of the new line is not a substitute for correct punctuation.

Regarding overall literary merit, it is worth mentioning that a diving judge knows that it's easy to be faultless in a simple swallow dive but not necessarily so with a one-and-a-half-backwards-triple-spin-with-pike (or whatever). I feel we must encourage a high standard of writing and reward where possible, a cleverly written, eloquent piece (serious OR humorous) in keeping with the theme of the poem.

A trend that seems to be creeping into the written competition arena is the poem with asterisks or numbers in the margin indicating an explanation or glossary to follow. This is not a thesis or dissertation. It is an art form and I (along with two other credentialled judges consulted) feel it is distracting, even somewhat patronizing to do this and could be considered to contravene the guidelines on anonymity which dictates an 'absence of identifying marks'. In a performance competition, lapses of memory spoil the flow and 'break the spell woven by the storyteller'. Similarly, asterisks or numbers can have the same effect in a written poem. It was indeed a shame that some otherwise beautifully crafted poems were impinged upon by (in one case over fifty) marks in the margins.

While on the subject of anonymity, large or fancy fonts should not be used for the title of the poem. Finally, a lot of work goes into successful writing – no, REWRITING! It's wise to draft for each of the above, plus grammar, tense, person, spelling, conciseness, language, credibility, impact etc. etc. Please don't give up. The rewards are expansive and sometimes surprising.

The award for the winning humorous poem went to Peter O'Shaughnessy of W.A. with his quirky and very Australian poem 'The Weebo Sailing Club.'

The winning serious poem was well written, successfully implementing an unusual pattern that sat well with the poignancy of the poem. Both judges gave accolades to Helen Harvey of Coonamble, NSW, who placed in both categories with each of the four poems she entered – no mean feat! Her poem 'Where the Curlews Nest' took out the Overall Championship and Helen's name will be engraved on the bronze statue of the King of the Ranges Stockman.

It was certainly an honour and pleasure to judge and critique this competition and again, thank you for your support.

Carol Heuchan
Cooranbong, NSW

Vale Norma Jeffries

Dear Mr McArthur,

My name is Neville and I'm the son of Norma Jeffries. I'm not sure if you knew of my mum, she was active in the Bush Poetry scene for many years but gave up writing in recent years. She was still subscribed to the ABPA Magazine until this year and enjoyed it immensely. I'd like to thank you and everyone involved in the magazine for what you do; receiving the magazine was a highlight for her.

Unfortunately she passed away on the 15th August this year.

If you'd like to include the news of her passing in the ABPA Magazine you're more than welcome. She had a lot of friends in the Bush Poetry scene back in the day and some of them are probably still subscribers that may not have any other way of finding out. Anything that I can help with I'm happy to also.

Mum loved Bush Poetry and your publication gave her access to that in her later years so thank you very much for your work.

Neville Jeffries

Born in 1937 to Walter and Edith Burdett, Norma grew up in on a property in the area around Coolah and Bonshaw, NSW.

Norma spent most of her childhood helping her parents on the farm and spending time in the bush which shaped a lot of her poetry. She grew up reading Henry Lawson and Banjo Patterson and others, only spending one year at school.

She married her first and only husband Reginald and moved to Texas, QLD in the late 50's. and had 4 children with Reginald. They raised all their children in Texas.

She Started writing poetry after her children grew up, in the 1980's. and was encouraged by other Bush Poets to start entering her poems in competitions in the 1990's.

She loved travelling to different events to perform her poetry and meeting other Bush Poets. She won many 3rd and 2nd places and some 1st places.

Her husband Reginald died in 1992. Bush Poetry helped her get through this. She published a book of her works in 1997 ("A Child of the Bush and Other Australian Verse").

She moved to Warwick, QLD in 2000 where she joined the Rose City Writer's Group and continued writing Bush Poetry. She later moved to Gowrie Junction, just outside of Toowoomba in 2013 and lived with her daughter for the last 8 years of her life.

During this time she loved receiving the ABPA Magazine and enjoyed reading the poems from new and seasoned poets although she didn't write much herself.

She volunteered for the Cancer Council Foundation, the St Vincent De Paul Society and Daffodil Day at various times throughout her life.

She had 4 children, 7 grandchildren and 17 great grandchildren.

She passed away peacefully on Sunday the 15th August 2021.



"WHAT'S IN A NAME?"

© Peter White, Eagleby, 2021

The Wake

© Catherine Lee, 2019

Bowing to the pressure our "COON" cheese was changed to "CHEER".
In Australia that has opened up a can of worms I fear.
I don't think they understand what it is they've done.
That change of name from "COON" to "CHEER" is not the only one.

The people in CHEERABARRABRAN aren't happy with the change.
Not to mention CHEERABIDGEE where they just think it's strange.
In Queensland at CHEERGOOLA, CHEERAMBULA and CHEERDOO
folks there are wondering what they ever did to you.

In South Australia at CHEERALPYN and CHEERAMIA it's the same.
People are bewildered by the change to their place name.
It's no different in CHEERDAMBO, west of Woomera, in this state
and CHEERAWARRA people think this change is not so great.

Down in Victoria at CHEERGULLA and CHEEROOER WEST
people living there like the original name the best.
At CHEERAMBLE in New South Wales and CHEERDLE north of Perth
folks there are thinking you don't feel that they have worth.

Also in New South Wales at a place called CHEEREYS CREEK
people there aren't cheery. In fact they're downright bleak.
We're all the 'Silent Majority' and, as such, have little say.
A reaction may be coming if you keep treating us this way.

Our most 'Vocal Minority' are now chalking up their wins -
"CHICOS" changed to "CHEEKIES"; "RED RIPPER" were "REDSKINS".
I'll not purchase "CHEER" cheese. That stand I'll take myself.
"RED RIPPER" and "CHEEKIES" I'll leave sitting on the shelf.

Of the 'Vocal Minority' I enquire, "What's in a name?"
Your great rush to make this change is really quite a shame.
It was named for its inventor. It's a name that we should save.
Dr Edward William COON, I mean CHEER, is turning in his grave!

We had found him in a clearing underneath a blackbutt tree,
by a campfire choked with ashes cold and grey;
it was quite a creepy feeling watching open, sightless eyes
fixed on emptiness - yet something far away.
With his hair the only movement in the hot but gentle breeze
and his body in apparent calm repose,
there was nothing else around, and yet we felt an eerie chill
due to silence only pierced by cawing crows.

It was afternoon already, so we made another camp,
too exhausted from the search to race the light;
there was nothing we could do right then, for time had swiftly passed,
so not one of us was putting up a fight.
Then we drank his health all day until the rising of the moon,
reminiscing on our old mate now at rest—
kept on drinking till our whole supply of booze at last ran out,
and the crimson sun was sinking in the west.

We had covered him, prepared him for his final journey home—
now encroaching shadows swelled to hasten night,
so we one by one surrendered to the welcome call of sleep,
as some screeching cockatoos launched into flight.
In the morning, aching heads and harsh reality was faced,
leaving little time to readjust and mourn;
for a kookaburra noisily, impertinently mocked,
while a parliament of magpies greeted dawn.

We presented such a sorry bunch - were tempted to remain
just to let effects of alcohol subside;
yet we managed to arrange ourselves and tidy up the scene,
making ready for our long and taxing ride.
We believed we'd done him proud with our extended private wake
and procession for this bushman born and bred;
as respectfully we bore him out in silent solemn grief,
hidden curlews ceased their wailing for the dead.

Hello all,

The Victorian Bush Poetry and Music Assoc Committee that hosts the Muster, has made the decision to postpone the intended 8 - 10 October Muster, in hope it may be able to be held at a later date.
Feel free to Forward this email, or post the short advice below, on your Facebook page.

POSTPONED ... 2021 BENALLA BUSH MUSTER

You probably expected this decision, and due to COVID restrictions the Muster can't be held in October. Will be held at a later date, IF POSSIBLE.

See updates as they arise on Facebook pages of firstly Benalla Bush Entertainment, Victorian Bush Poets and friends, and Mulga Bill's Mates.

I will be posting some Muster Moments to compensate a little for our loss, and invite others to do the same, particularly on the weekend 8 - 10th Oct.

Thank you and keep writing and reciting!

Jan Lewis Sec. 0422 848 707 Colin Carrington Pres. 0401 076 085

Cheers from Jan Lewis, VBPA Secretary

Queensland's Frontier Wars

Jack Drake's New Book

It took three years, but Jack's new book is finally in print - a history of Queensland's Frontier Wars that debunks the myth that Australia was settled peacefully.

From the time of Federation, everyday Australians have been fed the myth that this country was settled peacefully. Nothing could be further from the truth. The grim reality of what really happened, is told in Queensland's Frontier Wars by Jack Drake (Boolarong Press, 2021).

"They came in the very beginning of the half light of dawn on 27 October, 1857 with Beilbah at the head of around 100 warriors.

An Aboriginal Scott had brought with him when he came to the Dawson in 1853, had been "turned" by Beilbah and the Jiman. In the dead of night, "Left Handed Bally" or "Boney" as he was sometimes known, had sneaked out and brained the station dogs with a waddy (club) so they would not give tongue when they got wind of the attackers. With Bally (pronounced Bawly) as the "inside man", the Frasers literally did not know what hit them."

This extract reports one of the few times indigenous fighters actually came out on top. As a result of this incident, somewhere between 150 and 300 of the Jiman people were slaughtered.

When asked to write this book in 2018, I began researching. I had a good idea of what had happened through previous reading, but as evidence began piling up, the scope of atrocity from colonial times, was truly appalling. As the title suggests, the book is about Queensland's experience but the same thing occurred Australia wide. The image of the hardy settler tackling the wilderness armed with little more than a stockwhip and pocket knife, was carefully nurtured by successive governments and early historians.

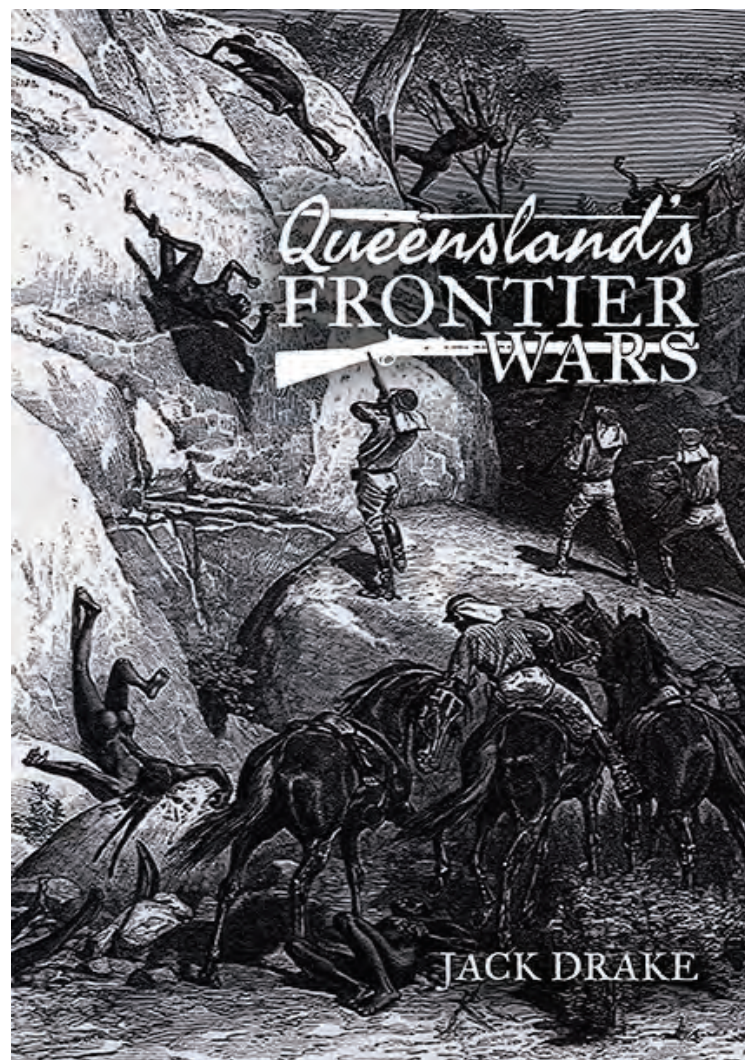
From the late 1960s, some historians began getting the truth out. They were ridiculed and labelled "Black Armband" by politicians and others who wished to preserve the status quo. However, it is heartening to see their efforts have not been in vain.

Queensland's Frontier Wars is written in the style of a storyteller rather than a dry academic tome. Nobody could say its subject is enjoyable or palatable, but it is a story that needs to be told.

Reconciliation will simply not be possible until the real story of settlement is available to Australians of all races and creeds. The book is available from the publishers, direct from Jack, Outback Books and selected book stores.

**Looking for something
different to give as a
Christmas Present?**

Order Now!



BANJO PATERSON AUSTRALIAN POETRY FESTIVAL

12 to 20 February 2022

We are all looking forward to interstate travel opening up to enable you all to visit Orange, NSW in February 2022 for the National Bush Poetry Performance Championships in association with the Banjo Paterson Festival. Make your travel plans and come to enjoy all that Orange has to offer.

In addition to the National Championship, we will have a Youth Poetry Competition, plenty of opportunities for walk-up performances, yarn telling, a book launch, historic site visits, breakfasts, brunches, twilight birthday celebrations (for Banjo), poetry in wineries and pubs, and markets. We will also host the presentation of the Blackened Billy Verse Writing Competition.

Reserve the dates and spread the word. There is a lot to see and do in the Central Tablelands of NSW with the Banjo Museum at Yeoval, other museums, art galleries, wineries, lakes, cafes and restaurants, as well as beautiful scenery in the lead into the magnificent Autumn colours of the region. Keep informed through the Orange360 website www.orange360.com.au and enter the National Championship competition through the ABPA website www.abpa.org.au

Len Banks
0428 4549 117
contact@rotarycuboforange.org.au



2021 Nandewar Report

A topical poem about the threat of world terrorism infiltrating even countries as remote from war zones as Australia, has taken out this year's Nandewar Poetry Competition.

Brenda Joy, the author of the winning poem *Roots*, is a prolific writer who has won many awards for her Australian rhyming verse including the 2014 Nandewar competition.

Brenda is one of a band of performers, which includes Narrabri's Max Pringle and Jacqui Warnock. These dedicated 'troubadours' travel the length and breadth of Australia keeping audiences entertained and keeping the unique Aussie cultural tradition of bush poetry about issues past and present, alive.

On behalf of all the entrants, Brenda extends thanks to The Narrabri and District Historical Society and to all concerned with the running and funding of this long standing, well respected, written award which, according to co-ordinator Max, this year attracted a record number of high-quality entries.

1st Place Brenda Joy for "*Roots*"

2nd place to Robyn Sykes for "*To Trash The Terrors*"

3rd Place to Catherine Lee for "*Lost*"

3 Highly Commended places were awarded and all three went to Robyn Sykes for her poems "*No Nursing Home For Hills*"; "*Glued to Character*" and "*Memo from The Hills*".

Once again it was a very successful competition and we would like to thank all those who entered and look forward to next year's event.

Max Pringle
Co ordinator

Great Aussie Reads

With Jack Drake



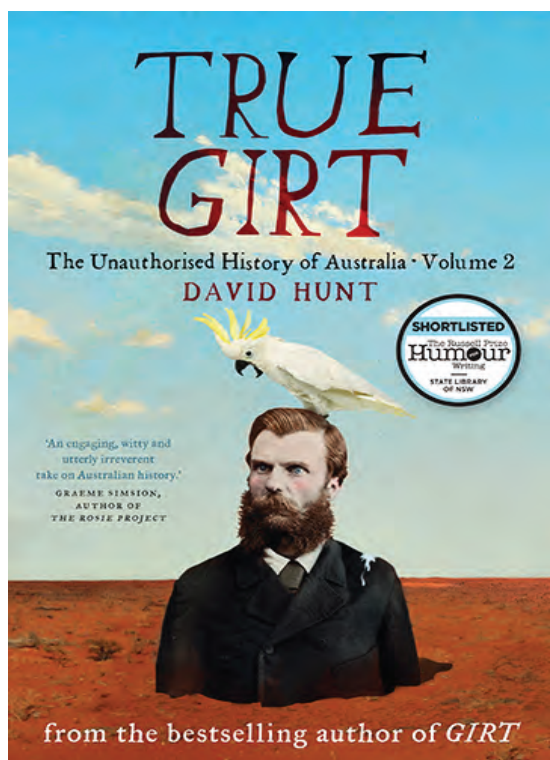
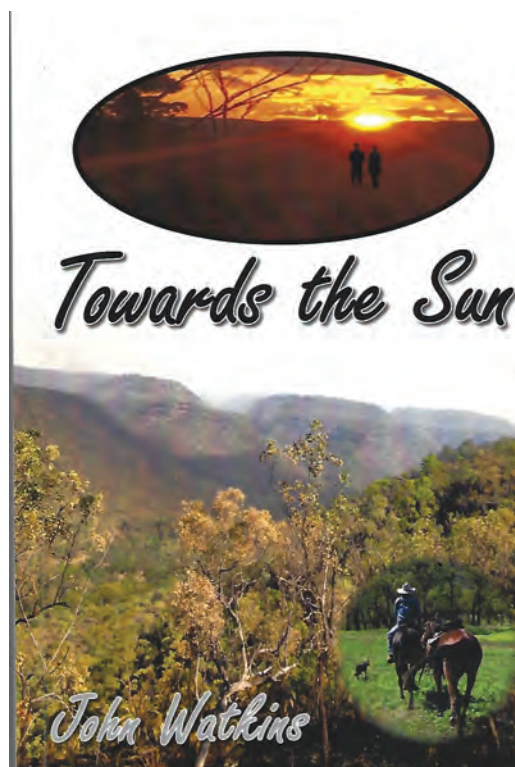
It's always nice to read a good novel by a new writer. It's even nicer when the author is a fellow poet. *Towards the Sun* by John Watkins from Springsure, Queensland (self published 2020) is one of those real page turners.

John has spent his life in the pastoral industry only taking time out to play rugby league, ride rodeo and write bush poetry. His life long bush knowledge and experience shines out in *Towards the Sun*.

The hero of the story, one Rhys Mathews, is a grazier who has had a bad run of luck and is not handling things too well. When some hikers go missing in the national park that adjoins his property, he saddles a couple of horses and unofficially join the search.

Rhys gets dragged into an adventure that includes murder, drug runners and wild action. It's a great story and I won't spoil the plot by telling you any more. Get a copy.

John can be contacted at jcarsonwatkins@gmail.com or found at John Watkins on Facebook messenger. I read *Towards the Sun* at one sitting and very little else got done that day. It's a real good yarn.



Some time ago I told you about David Hunt's hilarious take on Australian history, *"Girt"*. Now I'm back to let you know a bit about its successor *"True Girt"* (Black Inc Press, 2016).

Hunt has done it again. *True Girt* begins with his take on the Tasmanian experience in his totally irreverent style. It moves to the mainland to cover the Port Phillip settlement, pokes fun at our revered and largely incompetent explorers, and gives a mainly indigenous viewpoint to first nation dispossession.

True Girt then moves on to our much publicised bushranger culture including Captain Moonlite who was almost certainly "Gay" which meant happy in those days, and Ned Kelly who most definitely was neither gay nor happy.

Sometimes sequels fail to measure up to originals. This is certainly not the case with David Hunt's second satirical take on our history. Get your hands on *True Girt* and chuckle through it. I know I did.

More great Aussie reads at www.outbackbooks.info

Bushie

© 2005 Manfred Vijars

**Saluting: waving the flies away*
**Poley Stool: saddle with no pommel*
**Mountain Mule: brand of framed back-pack*
**Topos: topographical maps*
**japara: lightweight cotton*

Not been out on a muster where the flies and heat and dust are.
You're sitting high *saluting from your favourite *poley stool.
Not been a packhorse drover. Never "brought the cattle over" -
road-trains came and did all that while I was still at school.

And yet I've travelled over this great land but not as drover
was with a canvas rucksack well before my *Mountain Mule.
Spent time in tents *japara and would never have a bar o'
those caravans – mere mobile sinks all bound by highway's rule.

I started out quite simple, well before I grew a pimple.
Some blankets, axe and rifle rolled up tightly in a tarp.
A book of verse beside me and my dog would sometimes chide me -
(while fishing for some red-fin, wouldn't let him have the carp).

My mates and I'd go shooting, then round campfire light refuting
each story's grand enhancement (yes, us lads would sometimes skite)
Much later I'm bushwalking, moving on from hunting, stalking;
still in the scrub but getting high on wilderness delight.

On mainland states traversing bush that's scenic, wild, diverse in
Vegetation; and the landscape - a challenge in it's day.
We'd have sketch maps and a compass and adrenalin to pump us,
Journeys of discovery before *topos held their sway.

Some risks in our adventures so, our zeal we'd have to quench as
there's no one but ourselves to blame should we run out of luck.
Rough "hairy bits" would try us; I'm not trying to be pious -
"We all walk in, we all walk out!" That motto still has stuck.

Now when I go bushwalking I now find myself a-baulking
(not upon my load) - but the preparation's weight.
Permissions and insurance and such fees to test endurance
a pleasurable pastime's one that gets me quite irate.

So many folk bushwalking, now there's scores of merchants hawking
electronic wizardry and fashions by the score.
There's e-PIRBS and there's sat-NAVS and a host of other must-haves
mp3s and Sat phones (call a cab if feet get sore?)

No need to be a hacker, those things aren't worth a cracker
if you dunkem or the batteries fail. What would you do instead?
Now your gadgets lie abandoned, recall the lie of land; and
I still maintain your best survival kit's inside your head.

No fear of my gear failure – 'cause I shun techie regalia.
My hootchie and my hexie stove are modest but just right!
Simplicity in packing does not mean that I am lacking
comforts that will see me through a wild and stormy night.

Sometimes I go 'guerrilla' just to get myself a fill o'
true 'wilderness' experience - unshackled to a track.
Partake of pleasures primal and confess to the odd time I'll
slip under ranger's radar with my rude non-techie pack.

Can I call myself a bushie - with respect, not being pushie
'cause I sorta somehow fancy that I am one after all?
Though my bones are getting stiffer, I still long to catch a whiff o'
the smoking of campfire, far from population's sprawl.



2021 Queensland Bush Poetry Championship

Despite nail-biting and lock-down possibilities with Delta chafing its bit at the border, we were actually able to hold the championship as planned. While Rome was burning elsewhere, we have been lucky enough to have two good years in a row to hold our annual event.

Whatever your belief, God, a bush poetry 'muse', and/or a determined premier and state health officer rounding up the virus and keeping it penned. We Queensland bush poets can only be thankful.

Friday Night 10th September: 'Meet and Greet' at the Eagle Tavern, Eagleby.

Welcomed by the Logan Poets through Bob (Pa) Kettle and Gerry King and then opened by Melissa McMahon State MP for the area and supporter and sponsor of Logan Poets.

Melissa spoke of how her son was born prematurely in England and during his lengthy hospital stay Melissa read bush poetry to him so he wouldn't develop an 'English' accent, it was a lovely story.

We then ran the 'One Minute Poem' which was won by Tony Caswell with a close second by Andrew Ryan. Next was the Bush Poetry 'State of Origin Trivia', where we managed two Queensland teams and one that combined poets from NSW and Victoria. The questions were multiple choices, and sourced from both classical and modern poem.

A Queensland team consisting of Bob (Pa) Kettle, Paul Wincen, Anne Walter and Narelle Tucker were awarded hats and medals to commemorate their mighty win.

Saturday 11th September -Competition day.

Forty poets and supporters were gathered in the 'Lionel and Annette Mundt Pavilion' at Beenleigh for the competition. Five poets from NSW sent video clips for the event. These clips were shown first in each event then followed the actual poets. This could not have been done without Janine Keating, Grahame Hampson (Spin) and Don Macqueen.

Two TVs were set up, one for judges and one for the audience. The judges moved to their viewing area while the videos were played then back to their own table in front of the stage for the remaining event. The judges Ron Liekefett, Pam Fox and Sandra Harle did a mighty job despite these conditions.

Awards were given out by our Federal Member for Forde Mr Bert Van Manen a supporter and sponsor of the Logan Poets. Bert arrived early and was in time to hear the 'Original' section.

Wind Down- Sunday 12th September

Sunday we were at the Beenleigh Historical Village the Logan Performance Bush Poets poetry home. We had a good turn-up of about 40 poets and supporters and the day was well handled by Tony Caswell as MC. David Melville won the 'Logan's Favourite Lag' (convict) for the weekend.

The Results of the 2021 Queensland Bush Poetry Championship

State of Origin Bush Poetry Trivia: Bob (Pa) Kettle, Paul Wincen, Anne Walter and Narelle Tucker.

One Minute Poem: Tony Caswell. Logan's Favourite Lag: David Melville

Novice: Mike Gilmour, Andrew Ryan, Leo Huyghebaert

Classical: Gerry King, Andrew Pulsford, Paul Wincen, Mike Gilmour

Modern: Bob Kettle, Gerry King, Janine Keating, Andrew Pulsford

Original: Bob Kettle, Andrew Pulsford, Bernie Keleher, Dave Melville

The Overall 2021 Queensland Champions Male and Female with equal scores were Andrew Pulsford and Gerry King



The Logan Performance Bush poets wish to thank the following for without them this event could not have occurred.

Sponsors: Federal Member: Mr Bert Van Manen.

State Members : The Hon Cameron Dick MP State Treasurer, Melissa McMahon MP, Linus Power MP and The ABPA (Australian Bush Poets Assoc)

Hall and Sound Equipment: Mrs Annette Mundt

Judges: Ron Liekefett, Pam Fox, Sandra Harle

MC's: Jim Tonkin, Bob (Pa) Kettle, Tony Caswell

Technology: Janine Keating, Grahame Hampson (Spin) and Don Macqueen

Scorers and Collators: Ian Buddle, Wendy Buddle, Chris Keleher, Tony Caswell, Laurie Pulsford, Harold Mitcham, Anne Walter, Grahame Hampson (Spin)

Food: Narelle Tucker, Anne Walter Signs: Janine Keating



REMEMBER MATE

© T.E. Piggott

Remember now those days of gold,
the frosty nights, the bitter cold;
a roaring fire to beat the chill;
the old bush camp near Tin Dog hill.
Bright stars that shone in clear night skies;
the chilling howls of wild dog cries
and how we yarned each night till late,
the billy on -- remember mate?

Detecting then was something new
and we were there among the few
who dared to risk then all we had,
ignoring those who thought us mad.
But luck was soon to play its part
with nuggets found right from the start;
excitedly we'd check each weight
around the fire -- remember mate?

The south east wind blew cold in June
and blew each day till well past noon,
though dreams of wealth out there back then
would warm the hearts of us young men.
We'd follow every ancient track
that wound through hills somewhere outback
and looked for signs to indicate
that gold was near -- remember mate?

Some warmth at last and hearts would sing,
beneath clear skies each goldfields spring;
the country seemed to come alive
and all around once more would thrive.
We'd move our camp from place to place
all through those miles of endless space;
we loved it there, and life was great
long, long ago -- remember mate?
REMEMBER MATE

But once the summer had returned
each gram of gold had to be earned,
for with it came the dust and flies
that zeroed in on red rimmed eyes.
Relief was found as heat would soar
with bucket baths at Bluey's Bore
and with the moon we'd concentrate
on work at night -- remember mate?

With heat haze rising all around
mirages flooded sun baked ground,
where hills seemed islands now set free
to drift upon an inland sea.
Dust devils weaved liked drunken men
at first one-way then back again
and searing heat would not abate,
till late at night -- remember mate?

Though life was hard you'd have to say,
I doubt we'd change a single day,
for once that country casts its spell
it captures hearts as we know well.
And though those days are now long past,
some memories will always last
of days of gold; of luck and fate -
and life out bush -- remember mate?



Signs and Portents

© Ted Logan

Melbourne living through the time of COVID,
Like London in the time of plague!
Changes in people's lives and behaviour,
Signs and portents clear or vague.

Signs that times are different now,
Where everyone is wearing a mask,
As they go through their exercise drill,
Or perform their outdoor task.

Not to hide their facial features,
Like a Zorro or Burglar Bill,
But to control the spread of COVID
Which is making our close contacts ill.

Masks are moving now up-market,
Like a Venetian Masquerade,
Perhaps to make a fashion statement,
Or to show we are not afraid.

Decorated street trees festooned with paintings,
Cards and posters, messages of hope,
Good wishes sent to passers-by
Urging everyone to cope.

Hopscotch layouts chalked on footpaths.
Traditional "Taws" land on a numbered square.
Intrigued walkers stop to hop –
And wonder who is living there.

Smilers and milers and "once in a whilers,
" People out walking with dogs or alone,
Doggers and joggers and itinerant bloggers
Perhaps in a reverie, perhaps on the phone,
Girls on scooters, boys on bikes,
Teens on skateboards, bubs on trikes

Melbourne living through the time of COVID,
Like London in the time of plague!
Changes in people's lives and behaviour,
Signs and portents clear or vague.

THE CURIOUS LOSS OF CITY OF FOOCHOW

© Jeff Thorpe 01 February 2015

March 12 1877, she sailed from Sydney Calcutta bound,
after only five days City of Foochow ran aground.
Flinders Island claimed the ship on a breezy night of haze
however, not through rocks or reef or thick sargasso maze.
Soft run ashore on quicksand beach with forceful grip
slowly sealed the doom of this thirteen year old ship.

A fully rigged sailing ship with whole cargo of coal,
no steam or engine power to prise her from the shoal.
Captain Tait used all his skills to set the vessel free
but all to no avail as a wind change roughed the sea.
With each wave City of Foochow settled deeper in the sand,
a true surreal experience that could not have been planned.

Nothing could be done as the ship was further bedded,
forever on the north east coast of Flinders she stayed wedded.
Stores, sails and rigging were all to be recovered
nevertheless, the iron hull remained largely smothered.
Thankfully, no lives were lost through this night of strife,
none of crew of twenty-seven punished like Lot's wife.

Strong uncharted currents were blamed at inquisition,
the ship thirty-seven miles off plotted position.
Cambridgeshire not long before had suffered similar fate,
wrecked on Night Island, well off course on a blind date.
Eastern Bass Strait waters exposed as unforgiving,
City of Foochow's complement blessed to be still living.

Incredibly, one mast stayed upright, as if guarding the wreck,
perhaps the huge sand build up kept it fettered to the deck.
One hundred and ten years this stood before finally crumbling,
a solitary lookout standing to prevent more shipping stumbling.
How many ebbs and flows must have circled round this mast,
certainly not destined for the role in which t'was cast.

At low tide now the wreck can at times be seen
and lumps of coal still wash ashore to vandalise the scene,
Foochow beach is Flinders longest, stretches 30 K
with marsh behind the dunes and many rips and spray
sand bars still exist from progradation of the shore,
danger still for seafarers from the ocean floor.

Bass Strait's eastern waters have many tales to tell,
City of Foochow not alone in hearing the death knell,
Furneaux Islands Group has some two hundred wrecks recorded
and doubtless there are treasures the sea bed has extorted.
No place better to heed classic counsel given free
to every budding mariner, "do not disrespect the sea".



2022 ABPA Golden Damper Bush Poetry Competition

to be held at the Southside Uniting Church TAMWORTH

HEATS: will be held on Tuesday 18th and Wednesday 19th of January
All heats begin from 10.30am

FINALS: Thursday 20th January starting at 10.30am

There are two sections:

1. ORIGINAL – Performers to perform their own original works
2. ESTABLISHED – Performing other's well known or traditional works.

Nb. for Established, participants must not present their own work and must advise the original author's name (if not genuinely Anon.)

PERFORMANCE TIME: MAX. 6 MINUTES INCLUDING PREAMBLE
(Preamble simply sets the scene – keep it short)

After each heat, selected contestants will be invited to participate in the Thursday Finals.
Prizes and Certificates will be awarded to Winners and place-getters only.

Entry Fees - \$10 per section

To enter the Competition, fill in the Entry Form attached, and forward to:
"The Co-ordinator" ABPA Golden Damper Competition goldendamper@abpa.org.au

Or snail-mail to ABPA Golden Damper PO Box 701 Morningside Qld 417

ENTRIES MUST BE DATED NO LATER THAN 7TH JANUARY 2022

Every effort will be made to enter you on the day selected.
If you can give a second preference, or if you can come ANY day, please advise.

Confirmation of your entry will be advised by return email.

CONDITIONS OF ENTRY

- 1) Australian Bush Poetry is metred and rhymed poetry about Australia, Australians and/or the Australian way of life.
- 2) Contestants must be aged 16 years or over.
- 3) Entries will be restricted to the first 15 entries received in each section per day.
- 4) In the Performance of Established (well known or traditional) Works section, entrants may be required to provide a copy of the actual poem plus the original author's name. Anon must be attached only to works that are genuinely anonymous.
- 5) The judges have the right to immediately disqualify any entrant whom they deem to be using objectionable material. The stage must then be vacated.
- 6) Entries will be restricted to one entry per participant per category.
- 7) All performances will be restricted to a maximum of six minutes, including preamble. Points will be deducted for presentations exceeding that time limit.
- 8) The judges decision's on heats and finals will be absolutely final and without further discussion.
- 9) All matters relating to the conduct of the competition remain with the organisers and their representatives.
- 10) The organisers assume no responsibility for any claims concerning infringement of copyright.

PRIZES WILL BE AWARDED AS FOLLOWS:

FOR BOTH ORIGINAL and ESTABLISHED SECTIONS

FIRST PLACE - Golden Damper. Award + \$250

SECOND PLACE - Silver Medallion + \$100

THIRD PLACE - Bronze Medallion + \$50

The heats and finals will be judged by a panel of judges from the ABPA.

Please Note: It IS a requirement of this event that competitors choose different poems for the Heats and Finals.

Also, contestants may find that they are being videoed by members of the crowd gathered for this popular poetry contest.

You are Invited to be part of the 2021 Blackened Billy Verse Competition

The 31st Annual Competition continues the legacy of Tamworth Poetry Reading Group (TPRG).

Since 1991, thousands of entries have been submitted, recording many aspects of Australian country and character. Past Award winners provide exemplary guidance for writers seeking rhyme and metre mastery.

"The Blackened Billy Verse competition has encouraged writers to put pen to paper to produce the most incredible range of rhyming verse, over the years honing their skills to now produce some of the best bush poetry ever written, as good as, if not better than Paterson or Lawson." - Jan Morris, on behalf of the Tamworth Poetry Reading Group (November 2019).

Competition Founder Jan remains a guiding force. The 2021 Billy is in the kiln. Made in the hills of Moonbi, by two blokes who play with clay above where the fibreglass chook is perched to attract tourists and draw attention to the poultry industry. Ian and Fred have been crafting the unique and hard-won Billy trophy annually since 1991.

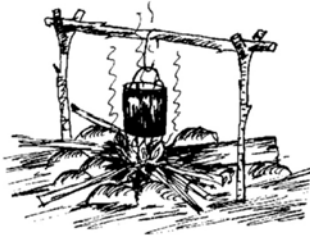
The Billy plaque will be custom-curved and engraved in Tamworth – as it has always been. The winner's trophy plaque will be engraved and attached in the community hosting the awards ceremony. The minor question is where will that ceremony be? The more inviting question is 'Will your name make it onto the Trophy Plaque?'

The 2020 Awards Ceremony was celebrated as part of the Banjo Paterson Australian Poetry Festival. It is anticipated the Awards for the 31st Billy will be announcing during the 2021 Festival, currently estimated to run from 13-20 February. Covid times add question, and Festival organisers will not decide for some time yet about happenings. Late October at earliest. In the interim, entrants should submit the BB2021 entries prior to the 30 November closing date.

In 2020, the Blackened Billy Verse Writing Competition was warmly welcomed by locals, poets and media, with newspaper and television tuning in to capture and share advice of the winners. The success of previous poetry events in Orange has lured an Australian Performance Poetry Championship to Orange for 2021. Excited to see what opportunities are realised, as the Covid-19 saga unfolds.

Entrants for the 2021 Blackened Billy Verse Competition may submit entries via postal or electronic means. Publication of future Tribute Books containing Blackened Billy Winners is likely. Will you be in it?

\$1000 Prize Pool



First Prize	\$500 plus Trophy and Certificate
Second Prize	\$250 plus Certificate
Third Prize	\$150 plus Certificate
Highly Commended	5 x \$20 plus Certificate
Commended	5 x Certificate

BANJO PATERSON AUSTRALIAN POETRY FESTIVAL

11 to 20 February 2022

Dear Poets

Planning is well under way for the 2022 Banjo Paterson Australian Poetry Festival to be held in the Orange region, NSW, from 11 to 20 February 2022. With great excitement, we are including the National Bush Poetry Performance Championship competition in the Festival in association with the Australian Bush Poets Association (ABPA). The competition will be run on Thursday 17 and Friday 18 February at the Orange Ex Services Club, (17 February being Banjo's birthday).

Details of the competition can be found on the ABPA website under the Events heading. <https://www.abpa.org.au/events.html>

We are most hopeful that interstate travel will be eased by February allowing this national competition to go ahead. I know that performance poets and bush poetry enthusiasts across the country are itching to get back together, so have a look at the details and prepare your entries.

For further information about the Festival, the Orange360 website (<https://www.orange360.com.au/>) will be updated in the very near future, with details of events and opportunities for walk-up performances during the Festival. In addition to the Festival program, Orange has a lot to offer by way of scenery, wineries, eateries, museums and historic villages. Book in early and secure your accommodation for February.

Regards
Len Banks
Rotary Club of Orange
Banjo Paterson Australian Poetry Festival

0428 459 117

Norma Jeffries 28th July 2013

The 1994 Bronze Swagman Award for Bush Verse was won with Gwyder Ball, written by Sherry Clarke. Another poet with work published in the book that year was Norma Jeffries.

I caught up with Norma, who now lives just outside of Toowoomba. Norma had a series of poems published in the Bronze Swagman books, and here is her 1994 offering, with her permission. Saw Norma at the 2013 Highfields Pioneer Village Poets Breakfast as well.



THIS FARMING LIFE'S A BREEZE

© Norma Jeffries

I bought this little farm, with it's quiet, distinctive charm
And a stack of books on things that farmers do
With the land I went to battle, bought a herd of dairy cattle
And a pair of blue Alpacas for a touch of something new.

With all this stock to feed, much fodder I would need
So I ploughed and scarified till the land looked like a mat
But in my quest for food explosion, I discounted soil erosion
And half my bloody paddock was washed across the flat.

A resourceful sort of girl, I gave Ostriches a burl
I bought an incubator and one hundred fertile eggs
I aspired those chicks with pride, then the mongrels up and died
So I swapped the incubator for a horse with four white legs.

Now you all know what's been said, about a horse that's not well bred
White footed ones are best off left alone
A stock horse he was not, and he couldn't race or trot
So I gave him to a Drover who was heading out to Scone.

At last we're coming out, of a wretched three year drought
With promise I awake to each new morn
The land is turing green, once again I'm feeling keen
To arise each day in time to greet the dawn.

But, when the drought was finally over, five cows got bloat from clover
And the Vet was duly sent for for the rest were lookin' crook
He suspected Brucellosis, the Bull Tuberculosis
And that mutt from Campbell's Gully ate my last Rhode Island chook.

The windmill fell apart, the tractor's hard to start
There's collar rot in all my citrus trees
The Bank declined a loan, Telecom cut off the phone
But aside from these slight hiccups this farming life's a breeze.

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 6571 1398.

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.

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) 4155 1007 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 the first Saturday of every month at 1pm at Aitkenvale Library Meeting Room at 7:00pm. Loads of fun. All welcome. Contact Barry on 0487 195 156

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. Bendigo Club, 22 Park St, Strathdale (Bendigo) 1pm to 4pm. Contacts: Geoffrey Graham 0412725470 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

Mansfield Bush Poets Group - Second Tuesday of the month 1pm - 3pm, Mansfield Library. Contact Val Kirley 0400 654 596

WA

Perth 1st Friday monthly 7-9.30pm The Auditorium, 26 Plantation Drive, Bentley Park. Contact Rodger 0419 666 168 or Sue 0418 941 016

Albany 4th Tuesday monthly. Contact Peter 08 9844 6606

Bunbury 1st Monday even months 7pm. Rose Hotel. Contact Alan 0400 249 243 or Ian 0408 212 636

Geraldton 2nd Tuesday monthly. Beliar Caravan Park. Contact Roger 0427 625 181

Kalgoorlie 1st Wednesday monthly. Kalgoorlie Country Club. Contact Paul Browning 0416 171 809