



Volume 18
 No. 5.
 October - November
 2011

A.B.P.A.

The Australian Bush Poets
 Association Inc.

Magazine - (since 1994)



Melanie Hall Jack Drake Susan Carcary

North Pine
 Overall Champions
 Paddy O'Brien & Jan Facey



'The Rhymer from Ryde'



**Graeme Johnson
 wins the EKKA overall**

Hunter PoetryFest!

Morrisset, NSW

28-30 October 2011

Hunter Bush Poets under auspices of Newcastle & Hunter Valley Folk Club

What makes this poetry festival so unique?

What makes it different from (or is it different to?) any other held in Australia?

Well, we're making a real effort to please **everyone**. Not just perhaps competition winners and not just paid professional poets. This festival will be truly interactive and **fun!**

There will be whacky word games, walk-ups and workshops on everything possible. There'll be poetry cryptic crosswords, crazy quizzes, ridiculous rhymes and all sorts of entertainment for the word nerd. There'll be forums on... well, whatever takes your fancy!

Whether you are a closet poet, a family reciter, a talented writer, a doyen of doggerel, a serious performer or someone whose interest has been aroused by a chance to be part of some 'different' entertainment, give it a try.

Some of the most qualified and respected in the industry will help with writing and performing Bush Poetry, creative writing, song and lyric writing, yarn spinning – workshops tailored to all levels. Even on how to get more out of **reading poetry**. There will be an informative lecture on publishing and marketing. Helpful critiquing will abound.

You can test your skills and wits or just thoroughly enjoy the unbelievable tongue twisting tangle some mad poets

can get themselves into when they try ad-libbing in impossible situations.

But best of all, there'll be wonderful opportunities to **share** poetry in a relaxed and friendly atmosphere. What more could you ask for than a chance to improve your skills, a chance to laugh along with some very funny wordsmiths and a sing-along around the campfire?

Oh, not to mention fabulous food (from Camp Oven specialists). And cheap accommodation. Or ticketed sessions. And a relaxed, inspiring location...

Enquiries: Trevor Harragon
tharragon@bigpond.com 02 49 56 5543
Carol Heuchan
carol@carolpoet.com.au 02 49 773210
www.hunterbushpoets.org.au

Hunter PoetryFest!

PRELIMINARY INFORMATION.

Date: Friday 28th October from approx 3 pm till Sunday 30th October 2011 – regardless of the weather (there's plenty of shelter)

Place: W.E.C. Camp & Conference Centre Morrisset NSW (halfway between Newcastle and Gosford)

Cost: For the whole weekend, it's \$100 per person which includes accommodation and all workshops, entertainments and activities.

Session Prices:

Friday Night -	\$10 per person
Saturday 9am till 10 pm	\$20 " "
Sunday till 5pm	\$15 " "

ALL meals, food, tea/coffee etc. will be available at very reasonable cost by Albion Park Camp Cooking Club.

Accommodation: Cabins with bunk/single beds, individual rooms with bunk beds.

All are clean, carpeted, air conditioned and have toilets/showers close by (undercover walk).

Beds have vinyl mattresses (bring own bedding. Help available for air-travellers)

There is a Dining Hall, an Entertainment Hall and accommodation with covered verandahs. The venue is away from the main part of the town, well set up and maintained and is situated in forty four acres of lovely park and bushland.

Camping/caravans can be facilitated and there are power outlets outside all buildings.

Every facility is wheelchair friendly.

Bring Pen and paper for note taking and/or games. There are plenty of chairs. BYOG and as we said, bedding if you are taking advantage of being able to stay overnight.

Friday Night Program (from 5pm) will start with:

+ **Blackboard Walk-ups** (all poets present invited to do a

poem. (App. 5mins)

+ **One Minute**

Spectacular!

Compere Carol

Heuchan will explain what the go is

and past One-minute

winners Australia-wide

will give

demos.

+Topics for the Hunter Fest 1 min Cup will be available (read out on Sunday am.)

+ **Yarnspinning** Host Frank Daniel will tell you all about it and he will do the yarns that have earned him his reputation. As will Milton Taylor and Greg North.

+ **Then it's "Game ON!"** Host *Greg North will put a panel of poets (including * Milton Taylor, *Carol Heuchan and *Paddy O'Brien) on the spot with scenarios requiring instant wordplay! (This game was hilariously popular at Woodford Folk Festival earlier this year.)

All welcome to join us afterwards around the campfire.

Saturday's and Sunday's activities (apart from the Brekkies) will be flexible and "Taylor made" to suit those present.



VICTORIAN BUSH POETRY CHAMPIONSHIPS

Keith Potger guest artist
BENALLA
14th – 16th October 2010

Keith Potger guest at VICTORIAN BUSH POETRY CHAMPIONSHIPS
 14th – 16th October 2010

A Variety concert with special guest Keith Potger is the highlight of Victorian Bush Poets & Music Association Championships weekend and tickets are proving popular.

2010 Champions were Betty Walton and Russell Heathcote. Lucky Betty is touring Ireland in October, but Russell will represent Gippsland Bush Poets again for the title.

And what has Keith Potger got to do with Bush Poets?

Wait till you hear *SINGING FOR DAD*, written by champion bush poet *Glenny Palmer*, who years ago adopted Brett, now with a family of his own. Keith wrote the music to her words about

Brett's efforts to find his biological father - a story echoed in families all over the world.

"I'll keep on searching for you 'til the day I stand before you and we'll sing our song together Dad, OK?"

Keith is in demand for Seniors' Week/Month and at Benalla will sing songs from his solo CD's as well as Seeker favourites. He will also be on the judging panel for the Aussie Song competition on Saturday afternoon.

Seniors' weekend wristbands to the VBPMCA Championships are \$20 including Keith's concert. You'll enjoy talented musicians and bush poets of all ages performing poems, yarns and songs for cash prizes in Traditional, Original and Modern categories on Friday, Saturday and Sunday.

The venue is Benalla Bowls Club and meals are available all weekend www.benalla.vic.bowls.net.au

The programme begins on Friday evening with a Yarnspinning concert, Poets' breakfast on the Saturday morning, competitions all day, concert and dinner in the evening, Poets' breakfast Sunday, more competitions, lunch and then the award ceremonies – but check the ABPA web site www.abpa.org.au Jan Lewis 0260774332 or email poet-farm@corryongcec.net.au www.keithpotger.com.au and check out The Seekers' songs on Youtube

THIS ETHERAL MUSTER MEMORIAL IS A TRIBUTE TO HONOUR AND TO REMEMBER WITH LOVE THE MANY GENERATIONS OF AUSTRALIANS ACROSS OUR VAST LAND WHO HAVE LIVED, LOVED AND LOST THEIR LIVES IN THE BUSH THEIR ENDURING LEGACY WILL CONTINUE TO LIVE ON IN OUR HEARTS FOR EVER THIS EVOLVING MEMORIAL COMBINES THE INSPIRATION OF TONY ESTCOURT WITH SUPPORT AND ASSISTANCE FROM THE CENTRAL WESTERN QUEENSLAND AND THE NEW SOUTH WALES BRANCHES OF THE AUSTRALIAN STOCKMAN'S HALL OF FAME AND OUTBACK HERITAGE CENTRE

ANDREW John Paton was a talented young stockman with a big future. Unfortunately, his saddle now lies idle. The 19-year-old was tragically killed in a car accident near Bungendore five years ago.

He was working at the Milton Abattoir and playing rugby union locally at the time.

'Pato' as he was known to friends and family was raised by his grandparents John and Ruth Davis in Temora and attended Yanco Agricultural High School.

Mr Davis - who now lives in Kings Point - said his grandson had an "active brain" and excelled at most things.

"Anything he did he made himself good at."

Young 'Pato' was passionate about horses and soon established a reputation for himself as a stockman.

"He was a good one - and I don't say that because he was my grandson," Mr Davis said.

One of Pato's bosses predicted the youngster would go to the top of his profession.

He had already worked stints in Queensland and the Northern Territory and had lined up a job as head stockman in the weaner camp on a property at Lake Nash when he finished at Milton Abattoir.

Mr Davis said his grandson had been held in high regard and when he heard of 'The Eternal Muster Memory Wall' at the Australian Stockman's Hall of Fame and Outback Heritage Centre, he knew it would be fitting place for a memorial plaque.

The Eternal Muster Memory Wall was only dedicated in late April this year but already carries more than 20 plaques in memory of people who have loved and worked in the bush.

Pato's plaque was the 22nd.

Mr and Mrs Davis recently travelled from their Kings Point home to Long Reach for the unveiling of the plaque and were full of praise for the Hall of Fame staff.

Mr Davis said the HOF staff had been marvellous and helped make the ceremony meaningful. "They were absolutely wonderful," he said, "They couldn't have made it nicer." "They made it really mean something. They made us feel good about the whole thing."

AUSTRALIAN BUSH POETRY COMPETITION

THEME:

The Timber Industry in Australia (Any interpretation, serious or amusing related to the timber industry)

Entry fee: \$5.00 (for up to maximum of two poems per author)

Successful entrants will be expected to present their work to the audience at the festival prize giving during the evening of 26 November 2011. Failure to comply with this condition will result in prize money being forfeit to the beneficiary of the festival in this case the Dunn Lewis Foundation. Any trophies and or certificates will be forwarded and position in the competition recognized.

Forward to:
 Southern Shoalhaven Timber Festival
 Poetry Competition
 37 George Avenue
 Kings Point NSW 2539

by October 31st 2011

If results are required please send SSAE. Poems will not be returned.

PRIZES

1st \$250 Plus Trophy and certificate
2nd \$150 Plus Trophy and certificate
3rd \$100 Plus Trophy and certificate

Southern Shoalhaven Timber Festival –
26 November 2011



Don't forget me
new CD folks
see page 14.

Dear Julia.

Oh! Julia OH! Dear Julia!
You've stopped me in my tracks,
I used to be in Love with you
Until this 'Carbon Tax'.
I thought you were real 'Bonzer'
When you grabbed young Kevin's job,
When you pal'd up with Bobby Green
And the "House of Windsor" mob.
But what has really knocked me
Is that now you're making jokes,
And changing the direction
For those poor 'Asylum' blokes.
You reckon "send 'em somewhere"
By aeroplane or bus,
To Malaysia - or to Iceland,
Where they won't make a fuss.
Now I've got a new suggestion
To solve this awful plight,
It's not so very costly
And the 'outcome' sounds real bright.
Why don't YOU go to Christmas Island
Where the pace is really slow,
There's lot's a boats unoccupied
With nowhere much to go.
Then you and Tim can head off
On a cruise to "Know - not - Where"
To 'Malaysia' or to 'Iceland'
For Honest - I don't care.

Skew Wiff. Sept 2011.

DAD AND DELL

© Harold Briggs Muswellbrook NSW 2003.



*Her hair was velvet brown, and her eyes that colour too.
Her nature was soft and gentle, loyal and very true.
A devoted faithful partner, in every single way.
Her love towards me special with her tail she would display.*

*Far more than my best mate, Della was this puppy's name.
When ever I would whistle her, Della always came.
Every day of every week, Della was by my side.
At times when things went awfully wrong, in her I could confide.*

*To me she was the best, at the age of ten plus two.
This loyal tan Kelpie dog ever blossomed as we grew.
A working dog and play mate, Dell had a special charm.
In days gone by where we grew up, on our dairy farm.*

*Then one day both our young worlds came crashing to the ground.
Her master disappeared, he was no where to be found.
I lost my Dad her a master, life was all down hill.
We could not cope with our great loss, life stood very still.*

*Her fretting never ceased, for the loss of what we had.
She searched our farm for months, just looking for my Dad.
Every car that travelled past, she always ran to look.
How could I explain to her, God had closed his book?*

*We struggled on together, took things from day to day.
Our bond of loving friendship had somehow slipped away.
This clever Kelpie dog, knew exactly what to do.
Taking her own life, to join her master whom she knew.*

*Left to mourn the passing of two so very dear.
I asked, why take them, as I shed another tear.
Many years have now passed, gone are those lonely days.
And I still carry scars, from life's unusual ways.*

*At the age of seventeen, life was work without play.
And a hollow empty feeling tore at my heart each day.
Life had dealt a brutal hand, not leaving time to tell.
The most important words of all, I love you Dad and Dell.*



Letters to the Editor



Dear Editor,

I run a small boutique publishing business in the Blue Mountains west of Sydney and one of our products is Narrator Magazine, a free online magazine for short stories, poems and essays to 5,000 words. For the last year we have been publishing it as a Blue Mountains publication, but from Summer 2011 we are 'going national' on a state by state basis, starting with a NSW/ACT edition.

Previously, we have published more than one submission from Greg North (current ABPA Secretary) and while Narrator isn't a bush poetry magazine, it is an Australian magazine and so bush poetry would not be out of place. As such, would you be interested in running an ad on your website

for our Summer 2011 edition?

If you have any questions or there are any problems with this, please don't hesitate to contact me.

Thanks and regards

Jenny

Jennifer Mosher

Managing Director and
IPEd Accredited Editor

Dear Jenny,

I have passed your request on to our President and Webmaster, Manfred Vijars for inclusion on our website www.abpa.org.au

Frank.

go to page 18.

ideas to print™
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Author Assist™



President's Message



G'day,

By now, many would have heard of the passing of Elizabeth (Liz) Ward recently. Liz has been a stalwart of Bush Poetry for many years, she was a prolific writer and courageous performer. This Great-grandmother would often drive her campervan to Bush Poetry

events around the country to participate in competitions and catch up with her Mates.

Our condolences go out to her family and friends - Liz will be missed.

The Hunter Poetry Fest 28th to 30th October (Details in the Magazine)

A State Championship Festival with a difference. Not only is there a State competition but also a variety of workshops and fun activities as a true Festival. There will be something of value for all. Some of the most qualified and respected in the industry will help with writing and performing Bush Poetry, creative writing, song and lyric writing, yarn spinning – workshops are tailored to all levels. Even on how to get more out of reading poetry. There will be informative workshops on publishing and marketing, helpful critiquing and opportunities to share poetry in a relaxed and friendly atmosphere around the evening campfire.

For Liz

For all the miles we travelled, for all the things we've done,
for all the things you taught me while we had so much fun,
for all the cakes and biscuits, for each camp oven meal,
for showing me the Outback, and keeping it so real.
I thank you Liz, for memories, for showing how you cared,
as echoes of the things we did and all the times we shared
come flooding back to help me - to help us ease our pain
'cos Liz, we'll miss you keenly, but great memories will remain.

I remember smoking bunnies, to keep them safe from flies,
I remember out at Hungerford and CHIPS instead of fries!
I remember "You can't miss it!" from a man with a hare lip
(a memory she shared with me of a special family trip
when she drove to the Blue Lake). Some humour never ends,
and it's gone into our language - at least her closest friend's.
When we went out to Camooweal, she showed me how to camp
she taught me how to go without - without electric lamp!

Because of Liz, my life has changed, she taught me how to fly
to set my goals and go for them. "You won't know 'til you try!"
She taught me we've a special Gift, it's up to us to find.
"In all your dealings with the world, remember to be kind."
Although she never suffered fools, and often could be terse,
she'd mitigate adversity - and always knew a verse
to cover every circumstance. Her legacy won't end!
I'll miss her lots, and won't forget, my mentor and my friend.

From Carol Reffold, 'the Patchwork Poet'

Strategy for the future of the ABPA
ABPA Membership has been fairly static these last few years and so has our funding. The primary source of our funding is from Membership subscriptions. As a Membership organisation, we give support to our membership through partial funding for State and National ABPA Competitions. There is also a desire from the membership to do more for the Youth. These projects are all revenue neutral and are slowly eroding our finances. We have a buffer in our investment fund, but to draw down from that fund without a plan for replenishment would be folly for the ABPA.

We seriously need to look to our future.

There are Australian Government Grants, Community Grants and Philanthropic organisations providing funding for a range of projects by non-profit organisations such as ours. One of the required documents to apply for this funding is a Strategic Management Plan. The process of building an ABPA Strategic Management Plan would help us, as an organisation, to define our current situation, clarify the key Issues, and plan strategies to address those key issues. This would be a working document with ongoing input and revision giving the ABPA a clearer vision into the future of our organisation.

I will be proposing this to the Membership as a motion at the AGM in January. Stay well, travel safely and enjoy the Poetry.

Cheers,
Manfred.

Kangaroo Valley Folk Festival

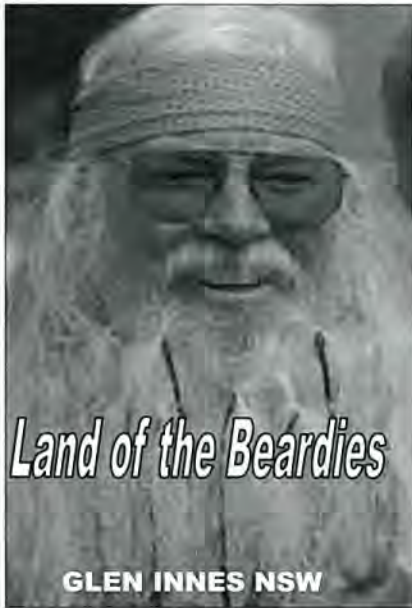
21-23 Oct 2011

**In Australia's most Beautiful Valley
BUSH POETRY COMPETITION**

poetry@kangaroovalleyfolkfestival.com.au

1. Child: 6 to 12 years
2. Youth: 13 to 17 years
3. Adult: 18 years & above
4. "Travelling Light"
The Crystal Creek Meadows
Kangaroo Valley Folk Festival Bush
Poetry Award

Bush Poetry Competition
PO Box 778, Nowra NSW 2541



Plus: Tribute to the lives of
Col Newsome & Keith Garvey

NEW ENGLAND HERITAGE in VERSE

Girl Guides Hall
33 East Avenue

GLEN INNES NSW

Saturday

5th NOVEMBER

**Bush Poets Breakfast and
Competition**

Entry forms from

www.beardiesfestival.com

Neville Campbell

02 6732 2663 0403 409 880

GLEN INNES Celtic Country

Celtic Country's Attractions

The festival is your chance to enjoy a fun-packed program and to experience Celtic Country's unique attractions:

The Australian Standing Stones, unique in the southern hemisphere and national monument to Australia's Celtic pioneers, World Heritage national parks, Land of the Beardies History House, one of Australia's finest folk museums, tranquil rural villages of Deepwater and Em-maville, fossicking, fishing...

It's an opportunity, too, to sample our great food - a district noted for its prime beef and lamb - and New England distinctive wines.

So who were the Beardies?

The District is known as the Land of the Beardies - but just who were the Beardies?

The most widely held view - but not the only one - was that the term referred to two stockman, John Duval and Chandler (first name unknown) who guided the earliest European settlers to the district. According to RB Walker's "Old New England" the two men were much in demand and were paid five pounds a trip' for their excellent services".

Duval a 28 year old farmer from Staffordshire, had been sentenced to death in 1825 for breaking and entering a house and stealing some clothes but

his penalty had been commuted to life in imprisonment in the colony. In 1834 he had received a ticket - of

- leave and was working on Captain Henry Dumaresq's Station Tillbuster near Armidale which included the mountain that now bears his name. Dumaresq's brother in Law Sir Ralph Darling was governor of the colony at the time. While there is no evidence that the two men themselves ventured much further north of what is now Glencoe, Duval and his boss Joseph Daley, had established Marowan (near Glencoe) as an outstation of Tillbuster.

There is much less known of Chandler who was assigned to Peter McIntyre. Chandler was based at Ruen-gurer or "Guira" Station about 12km northwest of what is now Guyra township and developed an extensive knowledge of the east.

According to history volume written by William Gardner between 1842 and 1854 the situation of these men being isolated and seldom at that time in the company of white men, caused them to be regardless in the use of the razor, consequently they in the course of time wore long beards, the early settlers of this part of the country were recommended to apply to the Beardies, to select suitable runs either for sheep farming or cattle grazing hence arose the name.

Edited by Tim Hughes

Narrator Magazine NSW/ACT Summer 2011 creative writing competition

Closes 31 October 2011,
(published 1 December 2011)

Submit your short story, poem or essay to 5,000 words, or your cartoon.

Any genre acceptable.

Open to residents of NSW and ACT aged 18 years and over.

**Prizes \$1,000 (first), \$500 (second) and \$250 (third) along with
People's Choice price of \$200.**

For more information, please visit <http://www.narratormagazine.com.au/>

Thanks and regards

Jenny

Jennifer Mosher Managing Director and IPEd Accredited Editor

URALLA

Given last year's feedback and success, the Uralla Bowlo Big Breakfast and Performance Bush Poetry Competition is a credible, enjoyable and valuable competition to enter.

As an added bonus, Uralla is a fantastic town to visit and enjoy, and totally immerse yourself into for a weekend!

The Poetry Competition will be held on Saturday 29th October, and this will be in conjunction with the Uralla Thunderbolt Festival which goes from the 28th to the 30th.

Please follow a link to our web address which has heaps of information to assist in the details for your trip to Uralla.

For all information call Kelly Walters Uralla Bowling Club. Ph. 02 6778 4192

www.urallabowlo.com.au/community

Bob Pacey



In full flow he can make a grown man cry at 10 paces. And such is his versatility that those tears might be of laughter or despair.

Bob Pacey, the Central Queensland's region's best-known bush poet, has a verse stored in his memory for just about every occasion. That's why he can be found reciting in pubs, libraries, show-grounds, museums and markets throughout Central Queensland and beyond.

Bob is a true blue local whose great, great grandfather Robert Pacey settled the area as a stockman with the pioneering family The Archer Brothers. So it may come as a bit of surprise to learn that such a natural and prolific poet didn't really pick up a pen until he was in his late 40s after much encouragement from his late aunty Pat Little and didn't perform in public until 2000.

He estimates he's now written in excess of 200 poems, inspired by subjects as varied as his dislike of New South Wales at State of Origin time to the smoke stack at Mount Morgan, Steve

Irwin, Slim Dusty, the delightful influence of alcohol and his prostate test.

"I can't imagine life without poetry now," he says in a short break from his current job as "general roustabout" at Coolwaters Holiday Village at Causeway Lake. "I have poems at home that have provided solace and helped me through difficult times. "And I love performing. I never let the truth get in the way of a good story and it's great when people laugh until they cry. What a great feeling that is."

After his first nervous outing at the Archer Park Museum in Rockhampton in 2000, he quickly developed a reputation for comedy. At 60 and with a repertoire of around 80 poems committed to memory, he admits he's still learning and still writing, although some poems come more easily than others.

Bob spent many years travelling throughout Queensland in his previous position as a supervisor with Denhams Supermarket and it was these travels that provided a lot of the inspiration for his poems, many of which appear in his recently released book *Bullshit Bullshit And Bob*.

Over the years Bob has had many poems published in both the *Morning Bulletin* and other local newspapers as well as on radio 4RO and the ABC. Bob was the inaugural winner of the "Poets In The Pub" in 2006 as well as representing Central Queensland in the Q150 Shed Tour. Bob recently recorded his first written

poetry win with his poem "Old Bill" in the SA Stockhorse Poetry Pub Scrawl.

Where his poetry will take him in the future is anyone's guess but his current position at Coolwaters Holiday Village in the Capricorn Coast provides him with a ready made audience and outlet for his poetry and many an enjoyable night has been had by tourists over a few drinks while Bob plies his trade. It would be fair to say that there is still a lot of poetry left in Bob Pacey and he will be giving it his best shot well into the future.

'Old Bill'

© Bob Pacey Qld.

Oh, your mane may be in tatters
And your coat a shaggy grey.
You can see a hint of stagger in your gait.
Yes, we've seen the years fly by Bill
Throughout the good times and the bad
But you're more than just a stock horse, you're my mate.

All those years of droving stock Bill.
Oh how the time has flown.
I'd swear you were a colt just yesterday.
I remember when I picked you
From that wild-eyed brumby mob
By gees you were a good'en in your day.

Wheeling cattle round the stock camp
While the rain came tumbling down
Chasing wild back country scrubbers with old Jack.
There was not a horse could beat you
When a mob had took to flight
I remember how we brought that baldy back.

At cutting steers around the yards Bill
There was ne'er better horse than you.
You were not the one to root or buck or stamp.
Holding cleanskins down for branding, sorting pikers
from the mob
Or riding nightwatch around a dark and rainy camp.

And when I broke my leg at "Shanghai"
Trying to catch that brumby roan
A pitch black night without a moon or lamp.
I never would have made it without you at my side.
You carried me for miles back to our camp.

Now the years have taken toll Bill.
The long paddock beckons still
But you've done your watch and now's your time to rest.
Let your final years pass slowly
Where the sweetest grasses grow.
In my memory Bill you'll always be the best.

So graze down by the river, rest quietly in the shade.
Wander slowly on the flats down by the bend.
Our droving days are over
But I'll always be there with you Bill.
You're more than just a stockhorse
You're my friend.



TRAILS

© Carol Heuchan 2007

We had skied the Bogong High Plain
and were gathered 'round the fire
in a hut beneath the snowline,
warmth and friendship to acquire,
while reflecting on the doings of the
day.

We recalled the thrill of drifting
through the powder, gliding free,
in an isolated region
where mankind would seldom be,
with the worries of the world a world away.

There'd been white-caped silent snow gums
standing sentry, row on row.
There'd been trails of tiny paw prints
tracking pristine, virgin snow.
So we shared the joys and visions we had seen.

We all marvelled at the wonders
of this land's diversity,
of its snow topped peaks, red outback,
of its beaches by the sea,
nothing like it anywhere we'd ever been.

As we mellowed in the firelight
and the gluhwein warmed us through,
so we looked towards each other,
as one often tends to do,
sharing glimpses of our homes and who we were.

The old weathered, creaking hut
was leaning in to hold us close,
in a hushed and hallowed silence,
(just its visitors verbose)
as it strained to hear the stories and confer.

We had come from far flung places,
many different walks of life,
mottled band of well-worn travelers,
(weather beaten signs were rife)
with a common love of skiing here to share.

As we proudly told of homelands,
talked of roots and family trees,
one withdrew from contribution
with her arms hugged 'round her knees,
only embered coals reflected in her stare.

Then she haltingly put forward
she'd no family at all,
just a string of foster parents
that she'd rather not recall,
with her early home a long forgotten place.

She'd been born in Larkspen, England,
lived in every town on earth,
passed around and left unwanted
since her mother died in birth
and her flippancy belied the tragic face.

Bogong High Plain



*"Did you say the town of Larkspen?
I could scarce believe I heard."
said a woman, not much older,
who had hung on every word.
"It's a tiny little village, scarcely known.*

*"There were two of us adopted
and my memory serves me clear.
Did you say your name was Beth, then?
Let me draw the lantern near."
Ah, the seeds of possibility were sown.*



*"Too much of a coincidence.
It just could not be true.
And yet - it's unmistakable -
I do look a lot like you..."
Oh, the shock of recognition like champagne.*

And the wind paused in its whistling
and the hut basked in the glow.
Then four trembling steps were taken,
as the tears began to flow
and two sisters held each other once again.



Hut below the snow line



Carol Heuchan

Author of **'Trails'**,
winning entry in
Broken Ski Written
Award, Snowy Mountains
of Music Festival,
Perisher, 2011

'LUNATIC'

Carol Heuchan's winning
entry in the Billy Mateer
written competition 2011.
Runner-up was Ellis
Campbell of Dubbo

**DO NOT READ THIS -
GO TO PAGE 17**

FIRST

Test your knowledge p.17

1. Adam Lindsay Gordon
2. False -
he was a Solicitor
3. Barcroft Boake
4. C.J.Dennis
5. His daughter
6. True
7. Gregory North
and Jan Facey
8. Twelve
9. George Essex Evans
10. False -
born at Bridgewater,
Somerset, England

Courage is not the absence of fear. It is the certainty that something else is more important than that fear.

In 1893, that certainty drove Billy Mateer on a 40 mile ride, in overwhelming conditions, to warn the township of Brisbane of an approaching wall of floodwater.

But what drove the single horse, Lunatic, against the odds? Was it loyalty, blind obedience, or that same certainty?

Lunatic

©carol heuchan 2010

Lunging and plunging and heaving with fright,
nostrils wide flaring and eyes flecked with white.
brave heart exploding, confronting the fight,
stark silhouette in the lightning lit night,
the urgency etched in his soul.

Lungs like a bellows to fan fires of hell,
flat bone and hooves forged from granite as well,
strong gaskins and quarters to thrust and propel.
No Heel of Achilles – as sound as a bell
and true to the blood of his line.

Wide eyes, kind and honest, the soul to reveal
a temperament willing to keep even keel.
Lithe sinews and tendons like cables of steel,
the heart of a lion, the archives reveal,
no need for the whip or the spur.

There cloaked in the guise of an ordinary steed
lies decades of breeding for strength and for speed,
with loyalty, courage and grit guaranteed.
Undaunted, unstinting, fulfilling Man's need,
united, one purpose - to try.

Such long, sloping shoulders to cover the ground,
descended from bloodstock of battles renowned.
From fields where the chargers of old could be found,
a plain packaged hero whose virtues astound,
gives his might to the will of the man.

As daunting a ride as has ever been told,
the leather so swollen and slippery to hold
with fingers all shrivelled and blue with the cold,
but ever the man and the horse brave and bold;
the mission is spurring them on.

Through rivers and rivulets brown stained with mud,
o'er silt sodden loam all awash in the flood,
Shimmering, glimmering, scud after scud,
the veins standing out like a delta with blood,
on his neck reaching, forging ahead.

Eddies and currents, the flood's ebb and flow,
flotsam and jetsam to dodge, blow for blow.
Scrambling and stumbling and silent they go,
exhausted, near drowning, their stamina low,
but their will ever forcing them on.

All draped with the debris derived from the river,
bedraggled, depleted, beginning to shiver,
the croup muscles cramping, the flesh all a'quiver
and still with a warning they're yet to deliver,
committed in body and soul.

Side-by-side swimming gamely in bucketing rain,
the man's hands all tangled in long strands of mane,
the horse heaving, gasping, finds firm ground again,
but slipping and sliding, hocks trembling with strain.
No pause - for there's no time to lose.

The hours, the minutes still ticking away,
the floodwaters paused like the foe to the fray.
A township unknowing the peril at play,
their lives in the hands of the man and the bay.
God speed - with the warning at last...

Somewhere in a ledger where heroes abide,
is Billy Mateer and the tale of his ride,
the deed duly noted and kept, stride for stride
and Lunatic's name has been written with pride,
along with the legends of time.

BILLY MATEER

In 1893, three separate cyclones crossed the Queensland coast in quick succession, leading the period to be termed 'Black February'. Flooding crippled the south east, as homes were lost, bridges and roads destroyed, while the agriculture industry suffered heavily.

Future politician Henry Somerset was living at his property, Caboonbah, near Toogoolawah at the time. He twice noticed flood waters rising quickly near his homestead. He sent a stockman named Billy Mateer across the D'Aguilar Range to warn Brisbane of the impending disaster.

Mateer rode around 40 kilometres in cyclonic conditions, through rough terrain, before making it to the North Pine (Petrie) Post Office to pass the message on. Tragically, the message was ignored and Brisbane suffered heavily when the flood eventually hit.



2011 - "The Ekka"



The iconic Brisbane Royal National Show (the Ekka) wound down after another fantastic year - and what a great success it was - idyllic weather - sunny skies and the dreaded Westerly winds that thankfully stayed away.

The "EKKA BUSH POETRY COMPETITION" was held on the first Saturday, with a little disappointment shown at the number of entries, although the performance standards were high.

Kevin Dean won the Established Section with a beautiful presentation of "Boko" - with CAY ELLEM coming 2nd and Tom Mauloni 3rd.

Graeme Johnson won the Original Section with an amusing poem about "Barbie and Ken" - another "new-found poet" Paul Montague took out 2nd place. Kevin Dean was 3rd. Graeme also took out the Bobby Miller Memorial Trophy - presented by the late Bobby's wife Sandy - this has always been a separate trophy presented for the 'most humorous' poem in the Competition.

In the Junior Sections Amy Bradfield from Warwick won the 12yrs and under 18yrs Section and her sister Emily Bradfield won the 12yrs and under.

All the winners received an elegant timber trophy generously donated by the Stockman's Hall of Fame and presented by Councillor Joan Scott - the winners and place-getters will also receive a Cash Prize from the RNA.

The "Ten Days at the Ekka" Poetry performances were quite an attraction with fifteen fabulous poets performing on a daily roster system on three different stages around the Show-grounds.

EKKA poetry coordinator Trisha Anderson said that she was "so very grateful to all the poets who gave their time to promote our wonderful genre."

Trish was very pleased to have another young performance poet, ten year old Jacob Drury from Brisbane and his cousin Timmy from Miles Q. who presented a number of entertaining songs. Another up and coming young talent to keep an eye on, according to Trish, is eighteen years old Frazer Lane who has performed with the Ekka poets for a number of years. "Remember that name" she says, "he's definitely going places"!

Grandad's Purple Donkey

© Kym Eitel

Winner of the inaugural Graham Fredriksen Written Poetry Competition from the 2011 Camp Oven Festival of the North Pine Bush Poets.



My Grandad told me stories, back when I was just a girl,
of fun and far-off places and my mind would be awl.
Exciting stories filled my head, I'd sit upon the floor,
and beg him, "Tell the donkey one, please Grandad - just once more."

To hide the gore of war from me, he'd make the stories fun,
and "happy ever after" was the close of every one.
He spoke of World War Two, Fromelles, the Sinai, Palestine,
showed medals, faded telegrams, old letters tied in twine.

Young faces smiled in tattered photos - smooth-faced teenage men,
but soon my thoughts would wander, "Tell the donkey one again!"
*"A steam boat with a thousand donkeys sailed to Anzac Cove,
and into clear blue water all the laughing donkeys dove ..."*

But I was just a five year old, I didn't see the truth
or heartache in the stories of his war-time stolen youth.
*"And mule-teams too, they liked to play in mud pools, Ypres, France.
When grumpy though, long ears laid back, they'd freeze in stubborn
stance."*

The shed was Grandad's refuge, like his peaceful, secret place.
From time to time, his words would slow. He'd stare off into space.
*"They're God's own special creatures - see the cross upon their backs?
They're mighty strong. They hauled supplies[&] and food in heavy packs."*

He jig-sawed wood and sawdust flew. He sanded smooth each piece.
Exertion seemed to soothe his soul, as though it brought release.
*"The donkeys walked on silent hooves when men played hide and seek,
pulled stick and canvas stretchers for the soldiers, hurt or weak."*

As droplets spattered, Grandad sniffed, "By Christ, it's hot in here."
It wasn't sweat. Each splatter was a burning, grief-filled tear.
The timber soaked up anger as he freed himself of pain
by telling funny stories - how the donkeys kept him sane.

*"Poor Belle slid down the mountain once, we had to winch her up,
and Duffy, he liked whiskey, he would slurp it from my cup.
And when their hungry tummies growled, they watched us as we ate.
I'd let them have my hard tack and the crumbs right off my plate!"*

And then he'd droop, his hands would stop, "Their hearts were full of trust.

I gladly shared my food with them ... can't live on rocks and dust."
He glued and hammered softly, and I soon began to see,
he'd built a donkey rocking horse, especially for me!

*"The dark haired donkeys, they could hide beneath the veil of night,
but grey ones glowed like night lights, if the stars were shining bright.
And so, to make them darker, and to keep them safe from view,
we dyed the donkeys purple with a Condy's Crystals brew."*

The camouflage of purple hid them well ... until they brayed!"
He laughed and shook a can of paint - a pretty purple shade.
Each brush stroke went on lovingly, like Gramps was grooming coats
of tiny, gentle donkeys on the shore, straight off the boats.

*"Those fearless purple angels pulled the Red Cross stretcher beds,
while fireworks whizzed and sparkled, making halos 'round their heads."*
When Gramps was sure the paint had dried, I touched it, cool and sleek,
then placed a thousand kisses on his smiling, stubbled cheek.

I rocked upon that special toy my dear old Grandad made,
and asked incessant questions, "What is shrapnel? What's grenade?"
He'd flinch, a mask would hide his face, *"Those words are full of woe.
Courageous mates like Blossom and Delilah helped me though."*

I memorised each donkey's name, each story and each deed ...
"new shave tails" - untrained donkeys that he had to train and feed ...
"hey, saddler! - bring a plate and punch!", as tummies shrank with thirst ...
"those faithful donkeys ..." Grandad paused and then his big heart burst ...

*"They swam through blood-filled water from the boats to get to shore
where bullets fell like hail stones in that thudding hell of war.
Through cannon's boom and sniper fire, with shrapnel overhead -
the ground was wet with blood where men and beasts lay sprawled out, dead."*

Tales tumbled out I'd never heard - he'd kept them locked inside.
I didn't want to hear them, so I snuck away and cried.
I made a little stretcher and pretended 'nurse at war',
with dolls as injured soldiers, crayoned blood across the floor.

When Grandad saw me acting out that gruesome war-time scene,
he snatched my purple donkey and he slammed the kitchen screen.
I cringed to hear the anguish in his voice as Grandad fled -
"I've filled her mind with poisoned thoughts! Oh, God just strike me dead."

My Grandma chased him, sobbing, but he pushed her hugs aside.
I'd shot him in the heart. He snapped. His joy for life just died.
The doctors gave him sedatives to keep him numb and calm.
They put him in a hospital to keep him safe from harm.

*"Come out and fight, you bastards! Come and face me, man to man.
Your name is on my bullet! Come and shoot me if you can!"*
My Grandma hugged me close and told me I was not to blame,
but Gramps had been okay until he saw my stupid game.

My rampant curiosity just would not let him be.
I gouged and clawed my probing way inside his memory.
Yes, I had brought those horrid visions back to haunt him so;
the stench of death and holding gutted mates while cursing foe.

He only lived a few more weeks before he passed away.
The doctors said that Gramps gave up. His heart just stopped one day.
His shed became **my** refuge where I cried each day and hid.
I swept the floor and tidied tools, the way that Grandad did.

One day, a glimpse of purple caught my eye, then gasps of joy -
wrapped carefully in blankets was my wooden donkey toy.
Gramps' stories flooded back anew. I knew them word for word
as though it was just yesterday, his rumbling voice I'd heard.

*"A steam boat with a thousand donkeys sailed to Anzac Cove,
and into clear blue water all the laughing donkeys dove ..."*
Oh how I'd love to kiss him now, tears burned and welled. I sniffed.
His heart and soul, his spirit, lived inside that special gift.

If I could turn back time, I'd change that day that caused his end -
my Gramps would still be living ... if I hadn't played pretend.



NORTH PINE BUSH POETS' CAMP OVEN FESTIVAL –

North Pine Bush Poets held their 16th Camp Oven Festival on the weekend of 19th, 20th and 21st August at the North Pine Country Music Hall. Many of us enjoyed returning to the Country Music Hall as it has many happy memories for most of the oldies. The atmosphere was great and about twenty five poets competed in the three day event. It was great to see some new faces and a few old faces that we had not seen for quite a while.

The standard in the Novice Section bodes well for the future of Bush Poetry and I was rather pleased that I was no longer a novice. After a couple of years of trying, Jim Kennedy won the novice and now he has to play with the big boys. Congratulations to Jim for his win in the Novice Written..

The high standard of performance kept the judges, Jack Drake, Melanie Hall and Susie Carcary on their toes and there were some very close results. Congratulations to Paddy O'Brien and Jan Facey on winning the overall championships.

The Saturday night concert starring the illustrious judges was wonderful with the three judges excelling themselves

I would like to make special mention of the huge debt that Bush Poetry owes to John and Sandy Lees. John and Sandy have been to every North Pine Festival except one and they attend many festivals around the place. They always have a job to do and they are a great help when a novice organiser needs help in the planning stages.

Unfortunately, we had no Junior entries this year and we will make it a project to encourage the youngsters in the future.

Cay Ellem – (pictured) Honorary Scribe for North Pine Bush Poets.



SAVE THE DATE:

More than 9,000 Elvis fans will gather in the Central New South Wales town of Parkes to celebrate Elvis Presley's birthday in January. Record crowds are expected for the Countrylink Parkes Elvis Festival from 11th to 15th January 2012.

The 5 day Festival Program features a dazzling array of more than 140 individual events. Highlights of the 2012 Program will include the Dean Vegas Feature Concerts, the ever popular Elvis Gospel Church Service, the iconic Elvis Street Parade, the Crowning of Miss Priscilla, the Elvis Golf Day & Dinner, the Back to the Altar Wedding Ceremony and the Clubs NSW Elvis Poets Breakfast at 7am for 7.30 am start, Thurs



12th January, 2012

Where: Parkes Bowling & Sports Club, 6 Cecile Street.

Cost: \$5 admission charge, free admission for Competition entrants. Breakfast available at the venue.

There once was a baby who left me,
and I needed a new place to dwell.
To stay I had only
a street that was lonely
on which was the Heartbreak Hotel..

When rock & roll turned its pages,
the king started to fear for his wages,
then he took a cue
from that old Rat Pack crew
and learned to sing 'Viva, Las Vegas!'

Poetry Competition: \$10 per entry.
Information: Available from the Parkes Visitor Information Centre 02 6862 6000.

Entries must be received by 2nd January 2012. The author or a representative willing to perform the poem must be available to attend the breakfast/competition Thursday 12th Jan 2012.

The Elvis Gospel Church Service has become a much-loved feature on the festival program. This special interdenominational service will return in 2011 to again pay tribute to Elvis' first love - gospel music.

Event details will become available closer to the festival. Check out the festival website for further information.

<http://www.parkeselvisfestival.com.au/>

**CLUBS NSW
ELVIS POETS BREAKFAST
PARKES NSW
7am for 7.30 12th January 2012**

Elvis was quite overgrown
When he died in his mansion alone
Twas no hounddogs howl
But the call of his bowel
That brought the King to
his final throne

Kind regards, Max

Max and Jacqui Merckenschlager
10 BORCHARDT ROAD CALOOTE
SA 5254

maxandjacqui@bigpond.com
www.reedycreekbabblers.com
mob 0428 878 163



Barry Tiffen, Carol Reffold, Annette Roberts,
Jan Lewis and Maurie Foun

MELBOURNE BOOKS: Anthology

You may already be aware that Melbourne Books is planning to publish an annual anthology of award-winning Australian bush poems, stories and written yarns, commencing with a first edition in the first half of 2012. I have been appointed to edit the 2012 book, and I'm seeking material to choose from. The publisher began printing a successful anthology called 'Award Winning Australian Writing' in 2008. That book contained 4, 4 and 7 bush poems in 2008, 2009 and 2010 respectively. This year Melbourne Books will print only non-rhyming winning poems and "non-bush themed" winning stories in its AWAW anthology and create the new "sister" book in 2012, specifically tailored for award-winning bush poems, stories and yarns.

For the first edition I have been allowed some latitude by the publisher.

Bush poems, stories and yarns which have either won or been placed second in recent competitions may be considered. I am receiving (or am already in possession of) a number of submitted works, with mid to late November flagged as my projected deadline.

Can you please assist me by
(a) giving me details of winning "bush" entries from your more recent competitions, and/or
(b) giving me contact details of winning authors from your competitions to help me seek their involvement
(c) writing a short promo (say 50 to 100 words) about your event, which you will allow me to include with an award-winning poem/story/yarn if it is chosen for publication
(d) help to inform any competition organisers you know whom you think I may have overlooked about this publishing opportunity

I'm happy to answer any questions you may have about the new publication.



Terry Byrt performing Australian Bush Poetry as a follow up on a poetry unit studied by Year 7 class at Nambucca Heads High School.

Terry started his performing life from the age of 6, and comes from a musical family, who always enjoyed getting together for sing-alongs. High school years saw Terry included in the choir, eisteddfod performances and school concerts.

'Clancy of the Overflow' by Banjo Paterson, was the first poem Terry performed at a staff Christmas party in 2002. It was this performance that gave Terry his love for Australian

Bush Poetry. In order to keep Bush Poetry alive in Australia, Terry believes in the importance of young people writing and performing. Terry explained the real meanings of some of the poems, explains the structure of bush poetry and gives an insight into the nature of Australian Bush poetry.

He had the kids and the maths faculty in the palm of his hand as he recited and sang a variety of poems from Australia's most loved bush poets. The students will be extending this work in class and with a Poets at Play workshop later this term.

Taking poetry to the kids is fast becoming an ever increasing pastime of many of our bush poets. From our early days when the ABPA was inaugurated, and even beyond, we have seen the likes of Carmel Randle, Marco Gliori, Glenny Palmer, Bobby Miller, Geoffrey Graham, Roderick Williams, Reid Begg and Milton Taylor performing and holding workshops and competitions for kids at various schools in their states.

The list may be much greater (spare my memory) bringing us up to our more recent 'educators' in writing and performance through Noel Stallard, Gregory North, Carol Heuchan, Lee Taylor-Brown, Ron Brown, John Davis and Gary Cullen. (The names that come to mind).

Junior bush poetry competitions have encouraged young writers and performers to join our ranks through the support of The Bronze Swaggie, the Bundy Mob, the Wool Wagon Awards, Dunedoo, Scone and Winton.

Still it is like pulling teeth to get children into our competitions.

There seems to be widespread apathy in the teaching environment towards fostering bush poetry in schools apart from the shining examples of a few individuals who realise the value of encouraging and promoting literary skills, creativity, drama and preserving our heritage.

No doubt we are all getting older, the ranks are thinning with every passing year. The future has to be in the next generation and is one of the reasons we have encouraged the Australian Bush Laureate Awards to award the Children's Poem of the Year. Today's writers need to be enticed to write suitable, appealing, *quality*, modern works for children.

Writing children's poetry, for reading or performing, is an art form in itself and needs to be fully embraced by the ABPA and its members in any way possible.

Frank Daniel.

Vice-president, Editor.

**THE
BRONZE SWAGMAN
AWARD**



Celebrating
**40
YEARS**
of
Bush Verse

1972 - 2011

*who's waltzing matilda, and he
sing us he waltzed and waltzed while his billie
we waltzing matilda, waltzing matilda
billie who'll come a waltzing matilda with*

After much anticipation, and many hours of work, the 40th Anniversary book of the Bronze Swagman Award has arrived, featuring the winners and runners-up from 1972 – 2011.

It is a celebration in itself, 40 years, and Winton Business and Tourism Association is proud to have achieved this milestone.

For copies of The Bronze Swagman Award – Celebrating 40 Years of Bush Verse, please send your details etc plus \$25.00 per copy (including postage) To: **"Winton Business & Tourism Assoc."** Bronze Swagman Award, P.O. Box 120, WINTON. Qld. 4735

*Also, the new entry form for the 41st Awards in 2012 will be out shortly.....
and the Committee has decided to make a few changes to the rules and conditions, so watch out for those.....*

Regards,
Louise Dean
Award Co-ordinator



COMPETITION RESULTS

NORTH PINE BUSH POETS CAMP OVEN FESTIVAL PERFORMANCE WINNERS NOVICE

1st Jim Kennedy 2nd Robert Stanmore
3rd Betty Melton
Open Classical/Modern Serious – Male
1st John Best 2nd Ron Liekefett
3rd Paddy O'Brien
Open Classical/Modern Serious – Female
1st Jan Facey 2nd Anita Reed
3rd Cay Ellem
Open Classical/Modern Humorous – Male
1st Paddy O'Brien 2nd John Best
3rd Barry Ellem
Open Classical/Modern Humorous Female
1st Cay Ellem 2nd Jan Facey
3rd Betty Melton
Open Original Serious - Female
1st Anita Reed 2nd Jan Facey
3rd Lin Kennedy
Open Original Serious – Male
1st John Best 2nd Paddy O'Brien
3rd Robert Stanmore
Open Original Humorous – Female
1st Anita Reed 2nd Dot Schwenke
3rd Jan Facey
Open Original Humorous – Male
1st Paddy O'Brien 2nd Robert Stanmore
3rd Bob Sanders
Duos
Anita Reed and Ron Liekefett
Yarnspinning
Paddy O'Brien
One Minute Mug
1st Bob Sanders 2nd John Best
3rd Noel Stallard
Encouragement Award Lois Sanders
Overall Champions
Male Champion
Paddy O'Brien
Female Champion
Jan Facey
NORTH PINE BUSH POETS
INUAGURAL GRAHAM FREDRIKSEN
POETRY COMPETITION

AWARD WINNERS
1ST Grandad's Purple Donkey - Kym Eitel
2nd Floodtide - David Campbell
3rd Reflections Rebel Rose - Kym Eitel
H.C. Missing - Ellis Campbell
H.C. The Old Blacksmith's Shop
John Pampling
H.C. Trapped - Veronica Weal
C. Maiden Sea Change - Brenda Joy
C. What is a Mate - Bob Sanders
C. Mowing the Brain - Ian Mc Faul
C. Roycroft's Ride - Veronica Weal
NOVICE WRITTEN ENTRIES
1st A Khaki Handkerchief - Jim Kennedy
H.C. Come and Catch 'em Here -
Terry Regan
H.C. Ballad of the Bra - Jim Kennedy
H.C. The Dungeon on the Hill -
Tom Mc Ilveen

BRISBANE EKKA RESULTS

ESTABLISHE SECTION
1st Kevin Dean - 'Boko'
2nd Cay Ellem - 3rd Tom Mauloni
Original Section
1st Graeme Johnson - 'Barbie and Ken'
2nd Paul Montague - 3rd Kevin Dean
BOBBY MILLER AWARD (Humorous)
1st Graeme Johnson
JUNIOR SECTION (12 - 18 yrs)
1st Amy Bradfield (Warwick Q.)
Under 12 years, Emily Bradfield.

CASINO RV VILLAGE

TRADITIONAL SERIOUS

1st Ron Rowlands
2nd Brendan Doyle
3rd Kathy Smith
Traditional - Humorous
1st Kathy Cherry
2nd Ron Rowlands

ORIGINAL SERIOUS

1st Tracey Smith
2nd Hal Perkins
3rd Tony Walker
Original - Humorous
1st Irvin Beeston
2nd Tracey Smith
3rd Brendan Doyle
Poets Brawl
1st Brendan Doyle
2nd Irvin Beeston

MILTON ULLADULLA KIDS POETRY

One of the keenest promoters of bush poetry amongst the schools on the NSW south coast would have to be Mr. John Davis of Kings Point, via Ulladulla.

For the past five years he has encouraged teachers and students from the Milton-Ulladulla south coast and Shoalhaven region to partake in an annual junior performance competition. Held at a different school each year, the 2011 competition was held on 10th September at St. Mary's Star of the Sea school at Milton.

As many as twenty-six performers have attended yearly with good crowds of parents, grandparents and other interested persons more than showing their support with never a hint of disappointment in the performances.

With numbers down a little this year, the twenty children attending set the bar high for future years producing over sixteen poems by various authors, including their favorites, CJ Dennis, AB Paterson, Henry Lawson and Pam Ayres plus a commendable number of original verses written by the young authors themselves.

The standard was high and all competitors are to be congratulated. Results as follows.

1st. Ezekiel Cameron; 2nd Jessica Unsworth; 3rd Kiera Crisp; 4th Kirsten Tidbuy; 5th Faith Ricketts.

The Showmanship award was taken out by Ezekiel Cameron whose total score was enough to secure the Jim Graham Perpetual trophy for his school, Shoalhaven Anglican School.

Shoalhaven Anglican School team also won the team high score prize for their school.

Mr. Davis said he can't thank the schools, the helpers and the sponsors enough who rally each year to make this event a success. It is very pleasing to find people who are prepared to do something to encourage our children to explore their skills.

It is hoped that the competition might attract more children from the far south coast in the future.



John Davis

G'day! Gregory and Joe, 'Skew Wiff' calling.

Janice and me are settling in at our new address quite well.



**55 Joeliza Drive,
REPTON NSW. 2454**

(Coffs Harbour, NSW, Australia)

Phone is (02) 6655 4723

email is : skewiff80@npes.net.au

I'm still trying to write a masterpiece

I've just made my first C.D.

Available now. \$20.00 posted.

Hooroo!

Grahame 'Skew Whiff' Watt

A Man's Dream

by Colleen McLaughlin - Springsure Qld.
Winner of the Camooweal *Bronze Spur Award* for 2011

There's a hunger deep within me for some land to call my own,
Far from greenhouse gas emissions, somewhere I can be alone.

Somewhere out where stars are shining, where there's dirt and dust and flies,
And the heat waves dance and shimmer underneath the cloud free skies.

Somewhere where you stand and wonder – is it really worth the toil
Do the days of green and plenty, balance out the barren soil?

Once the earth was never cluttered – never felt the stamp of man.
Life was ruled by Mother Nature, from whenever time began.

There was food that needed water – there were plants that liked it dry –
There was balance there for living. Man said, "Let me have a try.

Surely life would be more pleasant, with more time for rest and fun,
Must we hoard each leisure moment till we find the work is done?"

"You must just be more efficient," were the words heard clear and loud,
(They were weeds in Nature's garden, planted by a noisy crowd).

Mother Nature smiled benignly, tucked away her secrets deep,
Kept the laws to her entrusted, knew the rules she had to keep.

Give to some, like me, the longing for some dirt to call my own
So I'd know the satisfaction when I'd harvest what I'd sown.

There is nothing so efficient that it beats the magic feel
Of the dirt beneath your finger nails, because you know it's real.

When the dust clouds whirl around you, and the sky is brazen blue.
Then you know you're being tested – and there's nothing you can do

Only grit your teeth and bear it – feel the pain and carry on –
For your soul would not forgive you, if you quit, and all was gone.

Sometimes you look and wonder, "Is that water on the plain?"
No. It's only just mirages that have fooled you once again.

But clouds are hanging, dark and low, with flickerings of light.
Technology – the weather man – predicts, "No rain tonight."

But Mother Nature smiles a smile, and calls her army in,
And raindrops dance with gleeful feet upon the roofs of tin.

The morning brings your answer when your feet are caked with mud,
And the water's rushing, swirling, in a choc'lat frothy flood.

And it's now you know the hunger lying deep within your soul
Is the force that will enable you to keep that far off goal.

Efficiency and progress are the weapons made by man
To compete with Mother Nature, but she has, since time began

Known exactly when to water, and to balance it with dry,
And to give to man the blessing of an unpolluted sky.



COLLEEN MCLAUGHLAN

PUT ANOTHER LOG ON THE FIRE

The Southern Shoalhaven Timber Festival is the first of its kind to be held in the Shoalhaven Shire. This festival will highlight the history of the timber industry and its value past and present. Festival goers will get to view some of the important parts of the timber history of the Southern Shoalhaven.

We are calling all interested wood workers from all over to participate in this special event.

Stalls size is 3x3m \$25 (no powered sites). Larger sites are available for slabs/bulky items. We are working at having the most wood items at the one place and time to enter book of records.

All wood working clubs and wood workers are welcome even if it is just your hobby. We want you to participate in this first ever timber event held in the Shoalhaven Shire.

We expect to attract buyers from all over as this will be the first time galleries and other timber outlets will get the opportunity to purchase hand crafted timber products from the South Coast and other parts of our country.

No handcrafted wood working stall will be turned away. All proceeds from the festival will go to the Dunn & Lewis Foundation, gold coin donation entry for the public.

For more information contact Jim 0438181697
www.dunnlewisfoundation.org.au

dunnlewis1@bigpond.com
141 St Vincent Street Ulladulla 2539

see p 3

Whimsical Wanderings & More

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Book of the Year Award**

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wanderings and award
winning bush poetry
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Around the Traps

The Bundaberg Poets' Society Inc. held their AGM on September 10th and the new committee for the next twelve months is as follows:-

President - Edna Harvey
Vice President - Jayson Russell
Secretary - Sandy Lees
Treasurer - Cate Henry

The Bundaberg Poets' Society Inc. also expresses their deepest sympathy to the family of Liz Ward who passed away in September. Liz was one of the original members of the Bundaberg Poets' Society Inc. as well as a past President and co-ordinator for the Bundy Bush Poetry Muster. Liz loved her bush poetry and would travel to numerous festivals to compete in competitions. "

NEW ADDRESS Jan Morris
<janmorris33@bigpond.com>

**New office bearers,
Gippsland Bush Poets**

President: Marg Adams.
Secretary: Susan Clark.
Treasurer: John Britton.
Vice Pres: Lyn Johnston.
Committee: Andrea Maple
Colin Rowse, Des Bennet



Casino Bushman's Heritage Festival

The Annual Bushman's Heritage Festival was held from 12 - 14 August, 2011 at Casino Village RV Resort.

Gary Fogarty was the MC and he was ably assisted by well known poets Ray Essery and Shirley Friend who entertained the crowd throughout the weekend and conducted a poetry workshop with performance skills which was well attended.

Saturday night included a camp oven dinner of delicious pumpkin soup and damper and "melt in your mouth" roast meats and vegies supplied by Barb and Andy Shaw, who also provided camp oven cooking demonstrations and taste tests throughout the weekend.

Casino Lions Club catered for a Poets

Breakfast on Sunday morning before another hilarious session of humorous poetry and yarns.

In the Amateur Bush Poet's competition there were 26 entries across the 5 categories and the judges complimented all those who took part on the high standard of their work. In fact while there were prizes only for first placing the judges awarded a mention for the runners up - and in the Poet's Brawl there was a tie so the two finalists had to repeat their work much to the delight of the crowd - as this category was judged by audience applause.

A woman was sipping on a glass of wine, while sitting on the patio with her husband, and she said, "I love you, I don't know how I could live without you." Her husband asked, "Is that you, or the wine talking?" She replied, "It's me talking to the wine."..



2012
Blackened Billy
Written Verse Competition
the Essential Energy
Golden Damper Awards
Performance Competition



JAN MORRIS

The 2012 Blackened Billy Written Verse Competition and the Golden Damper Performance competition entry forms are now available.

The Blackened Billy Closes on 30th November and the winners will be presented with the much sought after Blackened Billy Trophy and prize-money on Friday 27th January at the Wests Leagues Club in Phillip Street Tamworth.

The Golden Damper Awards 2012 Performance Poetry competition sponsored by Essential Energy and the Tamworth Poetry Reading Group will be decided over two sections; Original and Traditional (or Established Works) and will be held at Wests Leagurs Club.

Heats will be held on 24th, 26th, 27th January with the Finals on 28th January

The 2012 Golden Damper entry forms will be available from 1 October from janmorris33@bigpond.com or send SSAE to PO Box 3001 West Tamworth NSW 2340.

REDNECK LOVE POEM

Susie Lee done fell in love;
 She planned to marry Joe.
 She was so happy 'bout it all
 She told her Pappy so.

Pappy told her, "Susie gal,
 You'll have to find another.
 I'd just as soon yo' Ma don't know,
 But Joe is yo' half brother."

So Susie put aside her Joe
 And planned to marry Will.
 But after telling Pappy this,
 He said, "There's trouble still..."

You cain't marry Will, my gal,
 And please don't tell your Mother,
 But Will and Joe and several mo'
 I know is yo' half brother."

But Mama knew and said, "My child,
 Just do what makes you happy.
 Marry Will or marry Joe,
 You ain't no kin to Pappy!"

A WRITERS POINT OF VIEW

As a follow up to a brief verse from Long John Best in the last issue of the ABPA magazine regarding performers not acknowledging the names of the author of the poem - Harold Meston of Beachworth Qld. wrote the attached from a writers point of view.

Reciters and Writers

O, Mr. Long John, I concur, you're spot on
 with comments about a reciter,
 who won't give the name of who wrote the same,
 and acknowledge the name of the writer.

A writer takes time to find rhythm and rhyme,
 while on hand they have Roget's Thesaurus,
 they sweat and they curse to create a verse
 and lay their emotions before us.

There are those who recite only verse that they write,
 and often don't say that they wrote it,
 so it does become a problem for some other reciters to quote it.

I agree those reciters who present other writers,
 should acknowledge the effort in brief,
 for the sum of their time in creating the rhyme,
 is quite often beyond belief.

Test your Knowledge

1. Name the only Australian poet acknowledged in Poets Corner in Westminster Abbey ?
2. "Banjo" Paterson was a Barrister - True or False ?
3. Who wrote the poem "Where the Dead Men Lie" ?
4. Name the poet affectionately known as "The Laureate of the Larrikan" ?
5. Henry Lawson wrote the poem "Bertha" - who was Bertha ?
6. P.J.Hartigan is better known as John O'Brien - True or False ?
7. Name the 2010 A.B.P.A. Australian Champions ?
8. How many siblings did Arthur Hoey Davis (Steele Rudd) have - 10, 11 or 12 ?
9. Who wrote the poem "Women of the West" ?
10. "Breaker" Morant was born in Adelaide (Sth. Australia) - True or False?

Questions compiled by Harold Meston. Answers page 8.

The Upper Lachlan Bush Poets
WOOLWAGON AWARDS

18-20th NOVEMBER 2011
Crookwell Services Club

Compered by "The Rhymer from Ryde"

Fri 18th 8pm - "Frank Daniel Tribute Night"
(inc. Open Mic. Variety Concert)

Sat 19th from 9.00am

Bush Poetry Performance Competitions

Novice, Adult Traditional, Contemporary,
Original Serious & Humorous
(Performance entries close 11.11.11)

Adult Written Competition

Original Serious and Humorous
(Written entries close 31/10/11)

Approx. **\$4,000.00 in Cash and Prizes**
(Incl. all comps. Trophies by Ron Evans)

Entry forms all sections write to B&D Murphy

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That's the sign that will be up in readiness for the Annual General Meeting of this organisation in January at Tamworth Country Music Festival.

Now it has long been suggested that nominees should be advertised in this magazine to allow members to consider their voting. We agree 100% and have aspired to doing just that for a number of years. But it just doesn't seem to be possible. Candidates are not exactly knocking the doors down. In fact, very few intimate their willingness in the weeks prior to the meeting. Despite early efforts, we are usually still desperate for candidates and, with few exceptions, these are reluctantly 'arm-twisted' at the last minute. Not an ideal situation.

The next issue of this magazine will be the final one before the AGM and will feature an outline of the duties and responsibilities of all office bearers (titles listed below). Perhaps one of the reasons volunteers are not forthcoming is that

members are unaware of the positions the organisation needs and just what each job entails and the value of these to everyone.

Unfortunately, I tend to feel that the cause is more likely to be that insidious affliction so common in society today - selfishness. Most people want others to do everything for them. Yet, while being unwilling to 'give it a go' themselves, are the first to criticise those who *do* give of their time and capabilities as best they can.

This Australian Bush Poetry Organisation is more than just a club or a vehicle for professionals. It is a *family*. And it desperately needs the united input of every one of its members.

You may think you are too busy or you may think you do not have the necessary expertise but I assure you, if you really look, you will find some asset - bookkeeping know-how, computer skills, communication skills, organisational skills, record keeping dedication, business contacts, entrepreneurial experience, artistic design skills, fund raising get-up-and-go, meeting procedure knowledge, letter writing skills, ideas and enthusiasm - every willing hand appreciated. Perhaps these 'skill-pools' could be drawn

upon for future sub committees formed to deal with specific issues. However, if you are willing to stand for any of the positions listed below, please contact our Secretary. Maybe we *will* be able to announce some nominees next month...

But most of all, SUPPORT those who are willing to keep this wonderful family going. An occasional 'thanks' is the very least each of us could give.

Signed:

Carol Heuchan
NSW State Representative.

OFFICE BEARERS:

State Representatives
(part of the Committee)
Additional Committee Members - 3
Magazine Editor
Web Administrator
Treasurer
Secretary
Vice-President/s
President




NATIONAL CHERRY FESTIVAL

Young Golf Club

3rd December

7.30 pm

\$1,000.00 Prizemoney

Two sections

SERIOUS and LIGHTHEARTED

(Traditional, Contemporary, Original)

Limited to twelve entrants only - no entry fee
entrants to receive two free tickets for Sat. night

Contact

Greg Broderick 6 Fontenoy Street Young 2594
ph. 02 6382 2506

email. gbroderi@bigpond.net.au

SLAM INFO!

In the accompanying photograph by Vicki Edmunds we find our old mate Gregory North of Linden NSW, Sandy Holmes of Katoomba NSW and Miles Merrill, the Poetry Slam Organizer.

Sandy and Greg will compete in the NSW final of the Australian Poetry Slam on 4th November in Sydney.

The Slam heat held in June in Katoomba in the Blue Mountains saw the pair win their way to the State Final to be held at the Sydney Theatre Company.

Two finalists from each state will

compete in the Australian final to be held on 27th November also at the Sydney Theatre Company.

Poetry Slam contestants are given a microphone, a live audience and just two minutes to impress the judges with their original spoken word, poetry, hip hop, monologues or stories. Five judges are picked at random from the audience and hold up score cards after each performance using a scale of 1 to 10. Of the five scores for each performer, only the middle three scores are counted.

Heats are being run in each state and territory until late November, see <http://australianpoetryslam.com/heats> for more information.

Kalari-Lachlan River Arts Festival

Coinciding with National Poetry Week, the inaugural Kalari-Lachlan River Arts Festival was held in Forbes NSW on the 3rd and 4th of September kicking off with Frank Daniel and a fairly lively poets breakfast at the Forbes Bowling club; leading up to Miles Merrill from Word Travels and a poetry slam and workshop.

Central West Libraries Manager Jan Richards said it was a unique event for Forbes.

"We didn't know what to expect as the poetry slam depends on the audience and performers who come along on the day," Jan said.

Host and creative director from Word Travels performing writers' association, Miles Merrill, conducted a poetry workshop with participants prior to the competition.

Miles encouraged people to tell their

unique stories, saying poetry was a powerful way to express their thoughts and ideas.

"Everybody has their own experience, their own story, their own way of getting their experience out to the world - the poetry slam is that opportunity to say 'hey, this is the world as I see it,'" said Miles.

The brave competitors presented their works to the large midday crowd at the main stage.

They were given a two-minute limit with their performances judged by randomly selected audience members.

First place was snapped up by Keith Rawsthorne of Forbes for his tribute to Mother Earth while Ted Webber (pictured) from Young took out second place with his bush poem entitled 'A Drunkard's Mate.'

G l e n

Couchman from Orange recalled nostalgic childhood memories

of visiting relatives with his free verse styled 'That Country Hospitality'.

Dulcie McLean from Orange delivered a sweet rhyme about a mischievous canine addition to the family.

Ten year old Marisha Downey of Forbes presented an imaginative tale about an evil witch.

Both Ted and Keith now have the opportunity to compete at the state final of the competition to be held at the Sydney Theatre Company on November 4th, 2011.





*EKKA Performers Tom Mauloni - Cay Ellem - Graeme Johnson
Kevin Dean - Emily Bradfield - Amy Bradfield - Paul Montague*



**POETRY
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**Keith Potger guest at
VICTORIAN BUSH POETRY
CHAMPIONSHIPS**

14th – 16th October 2010

A Variety concert with special guest Keith Potger from 'The Seekers' will be the highlight of the Victorian Bush Poets & Music Association Championships. p.3

