

Volume 17 No. 6 August - September 2012

# ABPA

Australian Bush Poets  
Association

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Swagman  
Results

ALL THE  
LATEST  
BUSH POETRY  
NEWS



## Women In Bush Poetry

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# NORTH PINE BUSH POETS



## CAMP OVEN FESTIVAL

17th 18th 19th AUGUST 2012

North Leagues & Services Club  
1347 Anzac Avenue, Kallangur, Qld.

FEATURING

**GREG NORTH BILL KEARNS RAY ESSERY**

Graham Fredrickson Open & Novice Written

**CLOSING DATE : 9th July 2012**

Performance Entry

**CLOSING DATE: 3rd August 2012**

Concert Bookings (after 1/8/2012) North Leagues & Services Club  
07 3285 2733

ENTRY FORMS AVAILABLE FROM DOT SCHWENKE  
12 Herbert Street Scarborough 4070

Information

Barry 07 3482 3541 cayandbarry@gmail.com

*Tamworth*



**POETRY READING  
Group**

Organisers of

**THE 2013 BLACKENED BILLY  
VERSE COMPETITION**

### ATTENTION WRITERS OF BUSH VERSE!

The Blackened Billy Verse Competition is regarded as one of the most prestigious BUSH POETRY competitions in Australia.

Writers of Bush verse are invited to compete.

First prize is \$500 plus the famous  
**BLACKENED BILLY TROPHY.**

Second prize is \$250 and third \$150.

Bush poetry is a traditional type of verse written with rhyme and rhythm that reflects the Australian way of life. The genre has widened in recent years to encompass modern living in both the city and the bush.

Look for writing Tips on the Australian Bush Poets Assn website [www.abpa.org.au](http://www.abpa.org.au)

Tamworth Poetry Reading Group welcomes entries from new and old writers. Entry forms will be available from September 1. Write to Jan Morris PO Box 3001, West Tamworth NSW 2340 or email [janmorris33@bigpond.com](mailto:janmorris33@bigpond.com)

Entries close November 30 and the winners will be announced at the Tamworth Country Music Festival in January 2012.

### ABPA Magazine Advertising Rates

Full page \$80  
Half Page \$40 (Row or Column)  
Third Page \$30 (Row or Column)  
Quarter Page or less \$20  
Bookshelf \$5

*Poets Calendar and Regular Events free (one line 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 or PDF Format to*

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

*All payments to be made within 14 days to*

*The Treasurer  
Kym Eitel  
24 Sneddon Road  
Limestone Creek  
Qld. 4701*

*or via Direct Debit to  
ABPA Account  
Commonwealth Bank  
BBS 064 433  
A/C No. 1023 1528*

*Please put your Name/Club/Invoice as reference so the Treasurer can identify who the deposit is from.*

# EDITORIAL



## Welcome To Our New Team Of Printers and Distributors.



ABPA President Manfred Vajirs welcomes Aiden aboard and vice versa!

Mylestones Printing distributed the June-July edition of the ABPA magazine. They are the new team who will be printing and distributing the ABPA magazine to the membership.

Mylestones support our Association as one of five businesses owned and operated by the Cerebral Palsy League (CPL), they also support some exceptional employees of their own. For nearly twenty years the CPL has been providing employment opportunities for people with a disability.

Aiden, the voice and 'first face' of Mylestones' front desk has been with them for over six years. He says that the job gives him a sense of purpose and belonging. Aiden's a bit of a 'shredder' playing his Gibson 'Les Paul' guitar. He has even ventured on to the ABPA website and Forum for a bit of a look around.

The rest of the team are capable, effective and efficient (they also laugh a lot).

Robyn Kozera, Manager Internal Relations said that working with Mylestones is more than just good business. "It allows us to give back and assist in providing employment for people with a disability, helping them to achieve their goals in life," Robyn said.

Cerebral palsy affects the way the brain controls the body's muscles, resulting in speech, movement and posture difficulties. Having cerebral palsy can sometimes be like being inside a body you can't fully control. Many causes are unknown, although it is believed to be associated with injury or changes to the developing brain. Every fifteen hours a child is born with cerebral palsy, making it the most common physical disability in Australia.

The ABPA is proud to support the community through our printing.



The Team at Mylestone Printers with ABPA President, Manfred Vajirs.

### ABPA Committee Members 2012

#### Executive

President - Manfred Vajirs      manfred@abpa.org.au  
Vice-President - Frank Daniel      fda70930@bigpond.net.au  
Secretary - Tom McIlveen      secretary@abpa.org.au  
Treasurer - Kym Eitel      treasurer@abpa.org.au  
Editor - Neil McArthur      editor@abpa.org.au

#### Members on Committee

...John Peel      peel\_jg@hotmail.com  
...Murray Hartin      muz@murrayhartin.com  
...Cay Ellem      cayandbarry@gmail.com

#### ABPA State Delegates

Queensland - Wally Finch      wmbear1@bigpond.com  
NSW - Tom McIlveen      portalarms@gmail.com  
Victoria - Jan Lewis      poetfarm@corryongcec.net.au  
Tasmania - Philip Rush      auspoems@bigpond.com  
W.A. - Irene Conner      iconner21@wn.com.au

Web Admin - Manfred Vajirs  
manfred@rocketfrog.com.au

Getting a magazine to press is a little harder than I ever imagined and makes the job that Frank Daniel has been doing over the years much more appreciated. The main areas that put the pressure on are collating the submissions and choosing what to include, what balance is required in certain areas, what the reader and member require and would like to see improved and then putting the whole lot into a package to distribute to the readership.

Certain requests have come out of the Survey sheet from the last edition (which can still be sent back). The first one we will be addressing is the re inclusion of the Events Calendar. This will inform all our reader of regular Club events, upcoming Festivals and Competitions as well as the closing dates for written competitions. This month the Calendar includes all I was able to gather from members and would encourage anybody who is involved in events to get the dates and details to me so as they too can be included from next month. These inclusions are free and available for any Bush Poetry associated event, although limited line space will be available. For larger and more detailed advertisements, the Advertising Rates are listed on the right.

Other members asked about the inclusion of Executive's contact detail. These appeared in the previous edition and will in every subsequent edition. Others suggestions are currently being assessed and it was wonderful to get such great and varied feedback on the direction you would like to see the Magazine take. All input will be seriously considered. The deadline for the October - November Issue will be September 30th.

May your August and September Poetry activities be both productive and enjoyable to all.

Neil McArthur  
ABPA Editor

#### Posted by DAVID HODSON

Thanks heaps for supporting the Cerebral Palsy League. Join with us in donating & supporting the Cerebral Palsy League at this year's Bridge to Brisbane.

Donations can be made at:  
[http://fundraise.bridgetobrisbane.com.au/cerebral\\_palsy\\_league](http://fundraise.bridgetobrisbane.com.au/cerebral_palsy_league)

The Sunday Mail Suncorp Bridge to Brisbane 2012 for Cerebral Palsy League

The Cerebral Palsy League of Queensland (CPL) is a non-profit organisation that provides vital support and services to over 5,000 children and adults with cerebral palsy and related physical disabilities because we believe everybody has the same right to a fulfilling life.

We provide services every day, at every stage of our clients' lives and have been doing so for over 60 years in thousands of homes, schools, communities and workplaces across Queensland.

We work alongside our clients to achieve important life milestones like walking, talking, learning, working and living independently through a broad range of services spanning direct personal care, therapies, technologies, equipment and employment. The individualised programs we provide equip our clients to fulfil their passions, participate in their communities, and express their creativity.

*Our vision is an inclusive world for all people.*

# Presidents Report

G'day Members,

First an apology regarding the "return date" on the ABPA Members Survey.

We anticipated the ABPA Magazine to be out much earlier, before the 7th July. Unfortunately we weren't able to get to the printer in time to change the date on the Survey. Never the less, in spite of the short response time we have had over 20% of Members return their surveys. Thank you.

The comments so far have been varied and constructive with common themes. These results will contribute to our future direction. To encourage as wide a participation as possible, we would encourage anyone who would still like to participate in the survey, to submit their forms by the 31st August. The results of the surveys will be published in the magazine when complete. Hard copies of the results will also be available for members perusal in Tamworth, January 2013.

## ABPA Strategic Plan

The ABPA Strategic Planning Sub-committee are now collating the results of the survey to include Member's input, and anticipate submitting a draft Plan to the Committee around August/September.

## ABPA Guidelines for Competition

The sub-committee for ABPA Competition Guidelines have submitted their draft guidelines and have been distributed to the Committee for comment. After Committee review and amendments (if any) the draft guidelines will then be made available for Member comment. Congratulations to Glenny and Grahame for their work to date.

## Magazine

It's good to see Frank on the mend after yet another stint in Hospital. The administration and leg-work for the magazine have been picked up by Neil McArthur, who has also scored a win/win with Mylestones for our printing and distribution (see article). We're all hoping that Frank can be back on board soon.

## Tamworth 2013

I met with Jan Morris in Tamworth to discuss the Golden Damper Awards. We have secured the venue at West's Leagues Club for January 2013. There will be little change to the 2013 programme from previous years. This is to ease the ABPA golden Damper sub-committee (yet to be formed) into the role. Jan has promised to 'hold our hand' through this one.

There will be an urgent need for volunteers for a sub-committee to help organise and run the ABPA Golden Damper Awards in Tamworth this January. Please forward your expressions of interest to the Committee, or myself: manfred@abpa.org.au or by snail mail to ABPA PO Box 701 Morningside Qld 4170.

While in Tamworth, I also met with the Australian Bush Laureate organisers. We reviewed the January 2012 Awards presentation and the system for validating the entries. Members are aware that the 'sticking' point of the ABPA - ABLA Agreement is "Conflict of Interest". After a lengthy discussion, it still remains a 'sticking point' with no resolution in sight.

## Membership Drive

New membership forms will be printed and distributed via the State Reps within the next couple of months. A suggestion was put to the Committee to subsidise club banners with the ABPA Logo and club name as part of a club affiliation programme. We are currently looking into costings for this programme.

There is an opportunity to wave the ABPA banner in the Tamworth 2013 Procession. Tom McIlveen has access to a tractor float for the parade. A great opportunity to fly our colours even if the float is populated by family, friends and groupies.

My hope is that this magazine finds you all well. With a wish for Frank and others who are ill among us for a speedy and full recovery.

Cheers,  
Manfred



Dear Editor/Committee/Members

As an active member of the WA Bush Poets & Yarn Spinners Association and as the WA Representative of the ABPA, I am really pleased to see the increased interaction between our group in WA and many of our counter-parts in the east.

For quite a number of years, our association in WA appears to have remained rather isolated from events outside the state – with the exception of a couple of poets who have enjoyed success in written competitions. However, the last couple of years have seen that situation changing, with a number of eastern state poets participating in events in WA – mainly at the Boyup Brook Country Music show – and more of our poets travelling to the east for festivals. That interaction, I believe, has had great benefits for both our poets, and for those poets who have travelled to the west. It is a relationship that I personally would love to see developed further.

This increased interaction has taken place at a time when the ABPA has also been reviewing its position and looking to increasing its profile in order to increase membership, looking at future planning for the association, and working towards having as many competitions as possible work on the same guidelines/rules.

I have also noticed that, while there is a lot of activity in the bush poetry scene in Queensland, New South Wales and Victoria, there is nowhere near as much heard about in the rest of Australia.

Looking at all these issues, I believe the time is right for the Australian Bush Poets Association to look at making their association a national body for bush poetry. This would allow us to encourage all bush poetry clubs/state bodies throughout Australia to become members so we can all work towards uniformity in our competitions, as well as having a combined, national voice with which to lobby our government departments in order to increase the profile of bush poetry in schools, etc. It is an opportunity to pull together the bush poetry community nationwide, and really foster a sense of being a part of the 'bigger' picture, and to promote events throughout Australia. Encouraging individual clubs to join as affiliated clubs will expose the association to many more members, and may allow us to look at benefits for these clubs/members such as a standard insurance package that is discounted for members, sharing of expertise, standardised competition guidelines, 'starter' packages of information for new competitions, and discounts for individual members at ABPA events, etc.

However, in order to do this, the overall structure, constitution and membership fee structure of the association may well have to be reviewed. I would like to suggest that we look into such possibilities while we are in our current strategic planning stage and would be interested to hear how other members feel about these ideas.

I also feel that festivals such as Tamworth are the ideal opportunity to run some workshops – while you have such a captive audience who are interested in bush poetry – to encourage new writers/performers, and to increase our membership. When I went to Tamworth a couple of years ago very much as a novice, I would have loved the opportunity to attend workshops on writing/performance. We now hold such workshops at Boyup Brook, and each year, I learn more, and feel that my work improves accordingly.

Please note, this letter is written as my own personal opinion/suggestions – not within my role in either association.

Thanks  
Irene Conner  
Jurien Bay WA



**The Land the Rhyme Forgot?  
By Andrew Hull**

Does Australian bush poetry have a natural home? The lines of Australian poetry meander through mountain ranges, muddy tracks, icy frontiers, slopes and plains, lakes and oceans. The skies range from rain-heavy grey, through deep blue, to pale and unforgiving yellow. The sunrises and sunsets span the spectrum. But arguably the most profound and enduring landscape associated with Australian bush poetry is that of the outback, and in no way is that better articulated than the annual 'Poets Trek' in Bourke.

Bourke has a long association with Australian poets. Henry Lawson, who spent less than a year in the region, found such deep and lasting inspiration in the landscape and people that it became a feature of his writing for all his days. Scottish born Will Ogilvie spent years working on and returning to Belalie Station and, though buried in his homeland, claimed to the last that 'the Back of Bourke' was where his heart remained. Breaker Morant – a figure synonymous with Australian individuality rode and wrote all across the plains of the West, and even the tempered pen of Banjo Paterson found inspiration in the dusty flood-plains of the Barwon and Darling Rivers.

Every year, poetry lovers, intrepid travellers, seekers of rare gems and lovers of Australian culture congregate in Bourke to join the two day trek which explores these outback landscapes, and the words that were inspired by them. The Poets Trek travels along the route taken by Lawson on his famous 200km walk to Hungerford on the Queensland Border. It meanders through the back roads once ridden by the Breaker, Ogilvie and bushranger Midnight. The trek courses through the famed Barrington Hotel and Belalie Station which both held close association with Ogilvie, returning to the iconic North Bourke Bridge to close off the journey over the river which has been the lifeblood of Western NSW and the inspiration for some memorable poems.

Travellers will tour through the historic sites of Bourke, visit the majestic (and controversial) Toorale Station, walk along the Warrego, Paroo and Darling Rivers and travel through the Cuttaburra basin. They will visit the Port of Bourke, Fords Bridge, Royal Mail (Hungerford) and Tattersall's (Barrington) Hotels. The journey will take them to lonely bush graves, hidden waterholes, forgotten way-stations, innovative and iconic buildings, rare collections and atmospheric sheds. All the while, guest poets, reciters, historians and yarn-spinners weave the narrative of the landscape through both traditional and modern verse. Every year a new guest poet is invited and this year the Trek is joined by award winning poet and Australian Bush Poets Association President, Manfred Vijars.

The Back O Bourke Centre and the Bourke Arts Council facilitate the tours, which are all taken in the comfort of a locally provided coach, or by 'tag along' tour in your own vehicle. All meals are provided, and the one overnight stay at Hungerford is '5-star' (you can see all of them through the roof of the shed)- it's a 'bring your own bedding' deal, but on a trip like this, you wouldn't have it any other way.

The Trek takes place on the 27th, 28th and 29th of September. Thursday the 27th is a day tour around Bourke and to Toorale Station, returning for an evening of poetry and a good nights rest. The Trek proper departs Friday the 28th, overnighing in Hungerford and returning via Barrington on Saturday the 29th. Saturday evening's entertainment will be another night of verse by the riverbanks in the form of the annual poetry performance competition.

For more information, visit the website: [www.poetstrek.com.au](http://www.poetstrek.com.au)

Bourke is just a day's drive from Sydney, Melbourne and Brisbane with air services to Dubbo and Cobar. For help planning your trip, or more travellers tips, visit [www.backobourke.com.au](http://www.backobourke.com.au)

**PETER MACE REPORTS FROM THE INDIA PACIFIC**

**LOST WITH ALL HANDS**

© Peter Mace

On the 20th of June I embarked on the Indian Pacific at Sydney's Central Station starting the three day trip across the Great Dividing Range, through Broken Hill, Adelaide, over the Nullabor to Perth.

I performed each evening prior to the dinner service before what had to be the epitome of a captive audience.

Following the advice of the mentors who have helped me on this Bush Poetry journey I did my best to make the passengers laugh, make them cry and make them think. The response was great. One evening I recited "Spirits of the Outback" the wonderful Veronica Weal poem to a group that included an American tourist from New Jersey, who had watched the twin towers come down. For those not familiar with the poem it starts:

*When those aircraft started falling, in an outrage so appalling  
That the world was changed forever on a clear September day  
Did you shed some tears of pity, for the pain of New York City  
Did you grieve for senseless slaughter in some country far away*

One of those special moments.

One of the main reasons for doing the trip was to visit the memorial to the HMAS Sydney 2 at Geraldton.

The director of the Finding Sydney Foundation, Mr Ted Graham arranged for the Mayor Ian Carpenter to take Anita and I to the memorial, where I had the chance to do 'Lost With All Hands'

Then back to Perth, spent the night with Roger Montgomery and John Angliss, back on the train and home.

The loss of the HMAS Sydney 2 on the 19th of March 1941 remains Australia's single worst naval disaster. The Sydney was lost after engaging the German merchant raider the 'Kormoran' off the coast of Western Australia, none of the crew of 645 Officers and men survived

On the 16th of March 2008 the 'Finding Sydney Foundation' using sophisticated sonar equipment was successful in locating the wreck of the Sydney. The wreck was located in 2,500 meters of water, four days after the wreck of the Kormoran was found.

A memorial to the ship at Geraldton includes the statue of a windswept woman looking out to sea, waiting for news on the ship and her crew.

The ships hull was laid down on a far distant shore  
When the threat to world peace was too great to ignore  
Designed for a purpose and that purpose was war  
The dockyards were building the Sydney

Launched as depression and fear of war held the day  
Soon in action to keep the Italians at bay  
By blockading ports in the Med, so far away  
From her namesake, the city of Sydney

With the world now at war the real work has begun  
Against Germany now, soon Japans rising sun  
The Bartolomeo felt her twin six inch guns  
The day she was sunk by the Sydney

She was steaming down south, to the west of Shark Bay  
When a freighter was seen at the close of the day  
With the flag of the Dutch flying there on display  
But a raider is stalking the Sydney

Sydney's Captain approached what he thought was a friend  
But the one thousand yards is to close to defend  
When the flag of the Reich on the mast did ascend  
And all hell breaks loose on the Sydney

Taking water and burning she turns on the hun  
Firing guns and torpedoes "these colours won't run"  
Now determined to finish what she had begun  
She fought to the end did the Sydney

The battle is over, both ships drift in the haze  
The Kormoran scuttled and the Sydney ablaze  
Then the painful conclusion made after six days  
All hands have gone down with the Sydney

The bronze woman stands gazing grief etched on her face  
Symbolizing the mothers and wives who with grace  
Who had waited for news on the last resting place  
Of their loved ones who served on the Sydney

-----  
It was just a dark smudge on a video screen  
But the hunters were cheering for what they had seen  
Then the thoughtful reflection on what it may mean  
Had they found the wreck of the Sydney?

A nation had waited sixty seven long years  
So long after the loved ones had shed all their tears  
Then a shadowy shape on the sonar appears  
And reveals the wreck of the Sydney

A cold watery grave for her captain and crew  
There is no one will ever know what they went through  
When the Kormorans guns and her torpedoes flew  
Straight into the heart of the Sydney

The fate of six hundred and forty five men  
Remembered in silence by the navy, and when  
The wreaths were cast out and the priest whispered amen  
They prayed for the souls of the Sydney

The wreaths were cast out - the priest whispered amen  
And they prayed for the souls of the Sydney

# DEMENTIA

## by Philip Rush

As well as being Tasmania's ABC 'Country Hour' poet for the last eighteen years, I am also a regular guest on Tasmania's ABC 'Sunday' programme, which is state-based, and comes on after 'Australia All Over.' I gave my first talk on 'Sunday' in February 1994, and have now completed about 620 talks, each about seven to eight minutes, and always finishing with a poem.

These talks have proved to be very popular, and have ranged from talks about old school days, music, health, wilderness, household items, time, bushwalking, camping, old advertisements, the Coolgardie safe, Condamine bells, swimming lessons, etc. etc. The health, or lack of it have proved to be very well received, especially the two on Skin Cancer and Hypertension (high blood pressure), for they encouraged quite a number of listeners to go for a check-up with their GP. This particular poem is about that debilitating condition, dementia; dementia in all its forms.

Most of us, especially those getting up in years, have had a family member or close friend who has been affected one way or another by Alzheimer's or other conditions leading to dementia. My father suffered from it, fortunately for only a short while, as did my grandmother. A cousin, while still relatively young, showed signs of dementia, which has now developed to such an extent he recognises none of his friends or family at all, much to their pain.

The talk I gave on dementia finished with the following poem.

Dementia, dementia!  
My friend's in absentia;  
His body's still here but he's fading away!  
A shell of a person,  
Which only will worsen  
As surely as eventide follows the day.

It's all most alarming!  
He used to be charming,  
The life of the party, and so debonair!  
But now he's so distant,  
His speech nonexistent;  
As he silently sits on his comfortable chair

It was very depressing  
When he started regressing  
He was very aware of the problems he had.  
He became most frustrated,  
And quite aggravated –  
Who was once a great husband and wonderful dad!

Before this regression,  
He'd topped his profession;  
A successful professor throughout his career.  
A fine reputation  
In many a nation,  
But now his existence seems hollow and drear.

At all sports excelling  
With passion compelling;  
And a dancing supremo on the cabaret floor.  
At painting he'd dabble,  
Played both chess and scrabble  
And at cards was a wizard! But not anymore.

Once always effusive,  
He's now most reclusive;  
Responding but rarely to touch or to smile.  
Sometimes a suspicion  
Of some recognition,  
If I sit and talk softly to him for a while.

Dementia! Dementia!  
He's now in absentia;  
Oh! where! Oh! where! has this fine fellow gone?  
Our overtures spurning,  
He won't be returning;  
But we've wonderful memories to help us go on!

From 'Australian Poems that would Delight a Duck' by Philip R. Rush

*I titled the poem below simply "JULY", for obvious reasons. It is written in a slightly unusual metre, four syllables per line, two of which are emphasised.*

*The metre is known as iambic trimeter, and is best described as 'de DUM de DUM'. It isn't easy to write in rhyming verse, and usually issues a challenge to the writer. So why do it? I think, as writers, we need to stretch ourselves at times, to explore different ways and different metres to those with which we are most comfortable: iambic septameter, for example.*

*(de DUM de DUM de DUM de DUM de DUM de DUM de DUM de DUM) I find it a great metre for story poems, and not all that difficult to write or to rhyme.*

*I've been the Tasmanian's ABC 'Country Hour' poet for nineteen years now, and my weekly poem on that programme is the last item on a Friday, coming on about four minutes to one.*

*This poem below was broadcast in July 2011, and I received more comments (most favourable!) about it than most of the other poems I've had on air. Judging from these comments, it seems the unusual metre intrigued most of those who commented on the poem.*

*I try not to write two successive poems in the same style or metre. You might like to do the same – extending or challenging ourselves can only improve our writing!*

### JULY

The sullen cloud  
Hangs like a shroud,  
As winter's bite  
Brings no delight  
To anyone  
Who loves the sun.  
For, in July,  
Our southern sky  
Is often grey  
Day after day.

And all this week  
The winter bleak  
Has brought the frost,  
And sometimes  
tossed,  
With storm and gale  
And driving hail,  
The tallest trees,  
Whose limbs and  
leaves  
Each flail and bend  
For hours on end.

In fields and towns  
The fog confounds,  
As it enfolds,  
With damp and cold  
And vagueness pale,  
Each hill and vale;  
And holds domain  
As it remains  
To spoil the morn  
With mist forlorn.

July also  
Brings sleet and snow,  
With cold that numbs  
Hand, fingers, thumbs,  
Nose face and ears;  
And interferes  
With daily plans  
Of many a man!  
So tell me why  
I love July!

Philip R. Rush ©  
07-07-'11

*This poem below "THE LAST DAY OF SUMMER", was written as I walked the kilometre or so down to dam and creek on our forty acres of bush in southern Tasmania. I always carry a notebook and pencil, as I know many other writers do, otherwise ideas and lines that come to mind are lost too easily if not written down immediately!*

*Being the last day of summer, I chose to walk in the twilight after tea, and write what I saw, heard and felt. It was an exercise well worth doing, as was the physical exercise, as well!*

*The whole episode took about forty-five minutes, with the last twenty minutes or so being too dark to see what I had written! I wrote in the semi-dark, turning pages often, so as not to write over the top of previous lines.*

*On arriving back at the house, I found deciphering those words I had written in the late twilight very difficult, and in some instances, impossible! But here's the poem, a contrast to 'JULY'*

### THE LAST DAY OF SUMMER

It's well past twenty minutes since the final summer sun  
Slipped low below the mountains to tell me day is done.  
And the colours of the sunset have faded right away,  
Leaving just a touch of purple and a stretch of deepening  
grey.  
There's a half moon in the heavens which still is shining  
white  
As it reflects the hidden sun that's settling for the night.

There're some wispy, horizontal clouds above the western  
sky,  
Telling me of changing weather that is coming, by and by.  
As I wander down our rugged track I watch the sleeping  
trees,  
Standing strong and tall and silent, for there's not as hint of  
breeze.  
I stroll a little further, and I sit upon a log  
Beside our hidden, tree-rimmed dam, and hear the singing  
frogs.

My evening walk continues as I head towards the creek,  
Where I take the dog each afternoon, seven days a week.  
The man-ferns stretch their massive fronds, a filigree of  
green,  
Covering the stream below, beautifully serene.  
The silence only broken by the water trickling by,  
And I drink the peace and beauty beneath the darkening sky.

I really should be moving for it's almost half-past eight;  
And the evening star reminds me that now it's getting late!  
As the greying twilight thickens, I decide it's time to go,  
For the day will soon be over as the stars begin to show.  
The house is half a mile away, and every step uphill,  
With the darkness ever closer and a taste of autumn chill,

I hear the kookaburras' curfew, and I hear the possums  
growl,  
I see the gliding shadow of the massive hunting owl.  
She's the Masked Owl of the forest, the largest of her race,  
And her prey each cringe in fear when they meet her, face to  
face!  
I see many pademelons as they hop across the track,  
But I cannot see their features, just a silhouette of black.

At last I reach the comfort of our back door and the porch,  
And didn't need, at any time, to use my pocket torch.  
The final light of summer has now completely fled,  
And, apart from owls a-hunting, the birds are all in bed.  
I said farewell to summer as I walked back up the hill;  
And I think, for three months only, I'll stay in autumn still!

Philip R. Rush © 29-02-'12

# BUNDABERG POETS' SOCIETY INC.

## BUNDY BUSH POETRY MUSTER 2012

On the week-end of July 13th, 14th & 15th the Bundaberg Poets' Society Inc. hosted another successful week-end of performance poetry competitions as well as the much anticipated Friday and Saturday night concerts in the Sails Function Room at Across the Waves Sports Club. Poets and visitors came from as far as Townsville in the north to Swan Hill and Corryong.

Thirty-two poets performed on stage in the poetry competitions including 6 in the junior categories. In conjunction with the performance competitions the club also ran an Australia wide written poetry competition, namely the Bush Lantern Award for Bush Verse, for three categories – opens, primary school students and secondary school students. Also prior to the Muster week-end in conjunction with The Guardian and Dymocks Booksellers the much anticipated Limerick competition was run.

The winner in the open category of the Bush Lantern Award was Tom McIlveen from Port Macquarie NSW. The winner in the Primary School category was Kirsten Buckholz from Bundaberg and the winner in the Secondary School category was Hannah Nugent from Toowoomba.

The overall poetry performance winner on the week-end after three days of competition was Maurie Foun from Corryong in Victoria. Performers who competed in all three categories (traditional, modern and original) in the Open Section were the only ones eligible to win the overall trophy. At the completion of all three categories (including both men and women) these scores were tallied to determine who had gained the most points to be named Overall Champion for the week-end.

The Friday and Saturday night concerts once again proved very popular and entertainment with stand out performances by Noel Stallard, Ray Essery and Jack Drake. Over 240 attended the concert on the Saturday night with nearly all the tickets sold prior to the commencement of the week-end as patrons were concerned they might miss out. When folk were leaving on Saturday evening comments such as "how long do we have to wait until the next event", "my friends will wish they had come now", "twelve months is too long to wait".

To finish off a fabulous week-end of poetry and friendship nearly 40 poets, family members and friends made their way to John & Sandy Lees' place for a sausage sizzle, chat.

A big thank-you to the competitors for their cooperation over the week-end which enabled the Bundy Bush Poetry Muster to run smoothly.

At the conclusion of the presentation of trophies Club President, Edna Harvey, thanked all who attended to make the 2012 Bundy Bush Poetry Muster a wonderful success and hoped all enjoyed themselves and that we will catch up at some other festival down the track.

For the 2013 Bundy Bush Poetry Muster mark your calendars for July 5th, 6th & 7th.

Until we meet again happy poetry days.

Sandy Lees  
Secretary/Muster Coordinator

### 2012 BUNDY BUSH POETRY MUSTER RESULTS

#### 8 years to U/16 years

- 1st .. Alex Buckholz .. *Meals on Wheels*
- 2nd .. Mitchell Riggs .. *Monkey Plan*
- 3rd .. Kirsten Buckholz .. *A Pocket Full of Kisses*

#### Col Shiels Memorial Encouragement Award: Reece Buckholz

#### Novice Traditional

- 1st Jayson Russell .. *The Drover's Cook*
- 2nd Reg Outen .. *The Bushman Abroad*
- 3rd Shirley Shepherd .. *The Man From Ironbark*

#### Novice Modern

- 1st Reg Outen .. *Perhaps The Wrong Place The Wrong Time*
- 2nd Jayson Russell .. *Mr. Whippy Rip Off*
- 3rd Bill Power .. *And The Band Played Waltzing Matilda*

#### Novice Original

- 1st Tom McIlveen .. *The Old Man and The Dairy*
- 2nd Lorraine McCrimmon .. *That There Darn Machine*
- 3rd Judy O'Donoghue .. *Boney*

#### Intermediate Traditional

- 1st Eddie Budgen .. *Where The Brumbies Come to Water*
- 2nd Malcolm Hannah .. *The Bushman's Friend*

#### Intermediate Modern

- 1st Lorraine McCrimmon .. *The Bathers*
- 2nd Trevor Stewart .. *The Battle of the Sexes*
- 3rd Eddie Budgen .. *Clear Waters*

#### Intermediate Original

- 1st Shirley Shepherd .. *Khaki Footprints*
- 2nd Trevor Stewart .. *The Mother-in-Law*

#### Intermediate Traditional

- 1st Eddie Budgen .. *Where The Brumbies Come to Water*
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- 3rd Eddie Budgen .. *Clear Waters*

#### Intermediate Original

- 1st Shirley Shepherd .. *Khaki Footprints*
- 2nd Trevor Stewart .. *The Mother-in-Law*

#### Open Traditional – Men

- 1st Tom O'Connor .. *The Death of Ben Hall*
- 2nd Maurie Foun .. *In the Droving Days*
- 3rd John Best .. *Old Australian Ways*

#### Open Traditional – Women

- 1st Jacqui Warnock .. *Only A Jockey*
- 2nd Jan Facey .. *Conroy's Gap*
- 3rd Janeen Mapson .. *The Worn Out Little Pony*

#### Open Modern – Men

- 1st Paddy O'Brien .. *Fencing In The Dark*
- 2nd Tom O'Connor .. *Remember Chubby*
- 3rd Lynden Baxter .. *Magpie Creek Air Disaster*

#### Open Modern – Women

- 1st Jan Facey .. *From The Lanterns*
- 2nd Jacqui Warnock .. *Played On The Banjo*
- 3rd Janeen Mapson .. *Mulligan's Mob*

#### Open Original – Men

- 1st Paddy O'Brien .. *Back In Me Youth*
- 2nd Lynden Baxter .. *The Stars of Bethlehem*
- 3rd Maurie Foun .. *Man's Gotta Do What A Man's Gotta Do*

#### Open Original – Women

- 1st Tracey Smith .. *Dust And All*
- 2nd Dot Schwenke .. *Looking Back On Clancy*
- 3rd Cay Ellem .. *The Policeman and the Snake*

#### Duo Performance

- Jacqui Warnock & Max Pringle .. *Waltz in the Courtroom*

#### Yarn Spinning

- Robert Stanmore .. *The Three Fish*

#### One Minute Cup

- John Best .. *Just Because It Is !!*

#### Overall Champion Poet: Maurie Foun



#### BUSH LANTERN AWARD FOR BUSH VERSE 2012

- 1st .. Tom McIlveen – *A Snowy Mountain Holiday*
- 2nd .. Allan Goode – *Your Shout*
- 3rd .. Yvonne Harper – *Advance Australia Fair*
- HC .. Tom McIlveen – *Eureka Mine Still Smoulders*
- HC .. David Campbell – *Floodtide*
- HC .. Tom McIlveen – *Dungeon on the Hill*

#### BUSH LANTERN AWARD FOR BUSH VERSE 2012 - SECONDARY SCHOOL STUDENTS

- 1st .. Hannah Nugent – *A Miscellany of Blue*
- 2nd .. Hannah Nugent – *Into the Night*
- 3rd .. Hannah Nugent – *Dam Jumping*

#### BUSH LANTERN AWARD FOR BUSH VERSE 2012 - PRIMARY SCHOOL STUDENTS

- 1st .. Kirsten Buckholz – *The Monster in the Marsh*
- 2nd .. Alex Buckholz – *Magpie Attack*
- 3rd .. Rose-Ann Breedt – *Life on the Goldfields*
- HC .. Emerson Guyatt – *The Olden Days*
- HC .. Rebeka Johnston – *Campfire*
- HC .. Reece Buckholz – *Outback Dunny*



Maurie Foun Overall Champion Poet 2012, Award

Right: John Lees gives the Audience advice during Noel Stallard's One Minute Performance.

# BOOK REVIEW



What a delight, finally a book on Australian Bush Verse by living, contemporary, and award winning Bush poets. The Australian Bush Poetry movement is alive and well with regular 'bush poetry breakfasts', gatherings and festivals held throughout Australia. The many festivals give writers the opportunity to present their works. Given the stiff competition it is no wonder that an excellence in written Bush verse is forthcoming. Australian Bush Poetry or Bush verse is not strictly about "bush" themes. By definition, Australian Bush Poetry is metred and rhymed poetry about Australia, Australians and/or the Australian way of life, where the subjects are as diverse as the landscape and Her people. We have a diverse literary landscape - rich language, metaphor and simile are all powerful tools for poets. These tools are used to great effect here in works which are essentially Australian and worthy of showcasing. The contributors in this collection are well known and revered within Bush Poetry circles. For the first time reader of Australian Bush poetry, this is an excellent introduction to the Australian cultural tradition of telling stories in rhyme and metre - Bush Poetry. I applaud the efforts of AWBV and hope they may continue for many years showing the World that Australian Bush Verse has always been contemporary, relevant and a sheer delight to read.

*Please enjoy as I have,  
Manfred Vijars  
President  
Australian Bush Poets Association.*

"...the first nationally distributed anthology wholly dedicated to competition winners taking inspiration from the Australian bush and way of life."

[www.melbournebooks.com.au/uploads/8/0/1/2/8012093/info\\_awbv.pdf](http://www.melbournebooks.com.au/uploads/8/0/1/2/8012093/info_awbv.pdf)

Max and Jacqui Merckenschlager are to be congratulated on putting together what appears to be a truly excellent production.

We urge members to support this book. The future of similar publications will depend very much on the success of 'Award Winning Bush Verse and Stories 2012'.

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Editors: Max and Jacqui Merckenschlager  
For interviews, review copies or other queries, contact: [info@melbournebooks.com.au](mailto:info@melbournebooks.com.au)  
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## GYMPIE MUSTER

The Gympie Muster Bush Poets Breakfasts is happening August 23rd – 26th (4 days) and once again is hosted by Marco Gliori. This year Poets include Robin Archbold, Peter Mace, Muz Hartin, Mel and Suzie, Errol Gray, Brad Maclean and Gary Fogarty. The Muster Breakfasts are running for 4 days in 2012, featuring Poets Brawls, Limerickathons, and on-stage antics and challenges that will have the audience not only involved (and sometimes severely embarrassed) but will start their day on a high for what is without doubt the biggest Country Music Camp in Australia. Unfortunately for 'guest' poets there is no competition this year, and the fringe concerts in which the Poets were involved for many years have been revamped, which means these Breakfasts are sure to have more impact than ever, inviting Muster Campers to get up nice and early so as not to miss one of the truly iconic Festival Shows, The Gympie Muster Bush Poets Breaky.



## Australian Camp Oven Festival - Millmerran 2012

The bi-annual Australian Camp Oven Festival held in Millmerran QLD is on again this year. The 6th and 7th of October will see this small rural township more than double in population, with most visitors setting up camp at the showgrounds for what has become a much loved and award winning Festival. Based around a team orientated (up to four people per team) camp oven cooking competition the Festival features a wide range of attractions and non stop entertainment over two fun filled days. Aimed at celebrating our pioneering past, the Festival has managed to develop an enviable reputation for one of the friendliest, most cost effective, family events on the Queensland calendar. Bush Poetry has become a main attraction at the Festival with crowds between 2500 and 3000 regularly attending the Poets Breakfast on Saturday and Sunday Mornings. This is a long way from the inaugural Festival where, Gary Fogarty, Ray Essery and John Major performed from the raised walkway leading to the amenities block. In actual fact it was two knockabout bush poets, Ned Winter and Gary Fogarty, who initially dreamed up the idea for the Festival. With Ned's busy tourist attraction, "Ned's Corner Roo Retreat", already established and bringing people to the district it just seemed logical to expand the idea to a community Festival. The boys presented their idea to the local Progress Association and the rest is history. This year's Poets Breakfasts will once again be of the highest quality with Marco Gliori, Ray Essery and Gary Fogarty headlining proceedings. Cameo appearances can be expected from the legendary camp oven cook come poet come yarn spinner, Ned Winter, and from Jack Drake who will also be presenting a very rare and interesting demonstration on loading pack horses. Just some of the many attractions at this year's Festival include, twice Aust Champion Whip Cracker and poet Noel Cuttler, the ever entertaining Pixie Jenkins, Starmaker Finalist Ryan Sampson, billy boiling races, damper throwing competitions, camp oven cooking demonstrations and non stop main stage entertainment.





# How Are Women Portrayed In Bush Poetry?

by DAVID CAMPBELL

We all know *The Man from Snowy River*, *Clancy of the Overflow*, *The Man from Ironbark*, *Said Hanrahan* and so on, but what did our traditional male poets have to say about the role of women in society? It was a question I asked on the ABPA website, and here, based in part on the responses (thanks to those who replied!), are a few poems that address the female side of the equation.

Let's begin with *The Women of the West* by George Essex Evans, a poet, journalist and public servant, who migrated from Britain to Queensland in 1881. This is a moving poem that highlights the challenges faced by those women who left the cities to carve out a life in the wilderness:

*The red sun robs their beauty, and, in weariness and pain,  
The slow years steal the nameless grace that never comes again;  
And there are hours men cannot soothe, and words men cannot say --  
The nearest woman's face may be a hundred miles away.*

Women make an appearance in a number of Henry Lawson's poems, including: the brave young woman riding off to warn her lover that the troopers are coming in *Mary Lemaire*; the first-person story of *The Drover's Sweetheart* as she waits for her man to return; the humour of an apparently unlikely union in *The Ballad of Mabel Clare*; the pathos of *The Helpless Mothers*; a wistful love that never was in *Mary Called Him 'Mister'*; the tragedy of *Mary Campbell in Reedy River*; the awkward meeting of the sexes in *When the Ladies Came to the Shearing Shed*; and, finally, Lawson's graphic portrayal of the squalid side of life in *The Women of the Town*:

*I have known too well, God help me! to what depths a man can sink,  
Sacrificing wife and children, fame and honour, all for drink,  
Deeper, deeper sink the women, for the veriest drunken clown  
Has his feet upon the shoulders of the women of the town.*

C.J. Dennis created my favourite, the feisty Doreen, who, when we first meet her in *The Intro*, spends her working day "pastin' labels in a pickle joint". She captures the heart of Bill, the larrikin Bloke, who sees she's not "jist a commin bit er fluff", and their relationship forms the basis of quite a number of wonderful poems. Dennis was also responsible for *Rose (of Spadgers Lane)*, the woman left behind mourning Ginger Mick, who "Chucked in 'is alley in this war we won". Rose's story follows her recovery when Bill rescues her from the clutches of an unpleasant character by the name of Spike Wegg, and takes her to his farm. There, Doreen, despite early misgivings, welcomes her with open arms, and Dennis entertains us with some wry observations about the mysterious bonds between women.

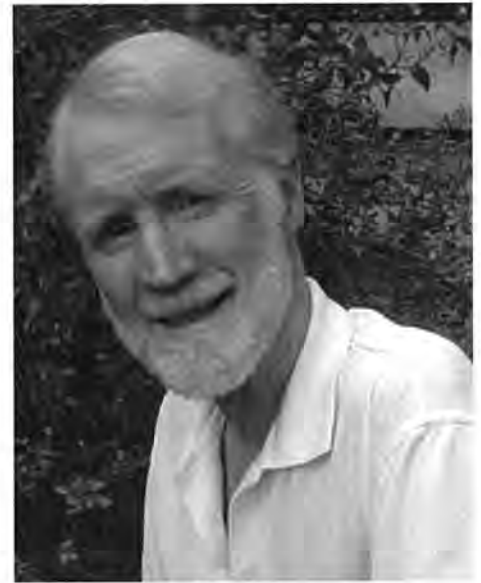
Father Patrick Hartigan, writing as John O'Brien, paid heartfelt tribute to Irish mothers in *The Little Irish Mother*, then gave us, in *Josephine*, a marvellous description of the faithful presbytery housekeeper who "knew the place from back to front", and also had a great deal of fun describing little Miss McCroddie's courtship in *The Tidy Little Body*.

There are short, but nevertheless interesting poems from such diverse writers as: Louis Esson, who came to Australia from Scotland in 1880, and painted a picture of isolation and drudgery in *The Shearer's Wife*; the notorious Harry 'Breaker' Morant, who revealed his sentimental side in the whimsical *Kitty's Broom*; and Hal Gye, the artist who illustrated many of Dennis's works, including *The Songs of the Sentimental Bloke*, who presented the delightful pen portrait of Mrs Polkinghorne:

*Straight as a poker was her back,  
Her face stern as the sphinx --  
No friendly nods or jokes to crack  
And, oh, no passing winks.*

This is only a brief look at some of the poems we have about women, but it serves to give an idea of the range of offerings available. It's perhaps appropriate to conclude with a few words from the inimitable C. J. Dennis in *A Woman's Way*:

*Women is strange. You take my tip; I'm wise.  
I know enough to know I'll never know  
The 'uman female mind, or wot su'prise  
They 'as in store to bring yer boastin' low.  
They keep yeh guessin' wot they're up to nex';  
An' then, odds on, it's wot yeh least expecks.*



## The Aftermath Of War

©David Campbell

She sits there in the evening as all the birdsong stills,  
and sunset turns to twilight that cloaks the vales and hills.  
I can't tell what she's seeing as daylight breathes its last,  
but one thing's very certain...her thoughts are in the past.

She sometimes lifts the curtain on days of long ago,  
and then I glimpse a story that many women know.  
I see it in the photo that sits beside her bed...  
a symbol of her sorrow and all the words unsaid.

"A good man," she would murmur, "so strong and tall and fair,  
he came from out near Mudgee...he ran some cattle there.  
I met him at the stockyard; in all that heat and dust  
the two of us...connected...an instant sense of trust."

"I saw him six times only before he went away,  
but still I can remember like they were yesterday.  
He took me on a picnic out where the mill now stands;  
we walked beside the water, just talking...holding hands."

"And then he took me dancing down at the local hall,  
I won a silver trophy: *The Belle of Mudgee's Ball*."  
She sits a while in silence and hears the music play,  
and feels his arms around her...the turn, the glide, the sway.

For in that magic moment she sees what might have been  
if war had not come marching and wiped their future clean.  
"I still don't know what happened," she whispers with a sigh.  
"They sent him to New Guinea; he kissed me once...goodbye."

"I never got a letter, no, not a single word...  
he vanished in the jungle, just how I never heard.  
One more among the thousands who disappeared from sight...  
another unknown soldier in war's eternal night."

"I waited, ever hopeful, as months turned into years,  
and prayed that he'd come smiling to laugh away my tears.  
But though I'll never see him he lives on in my mind,  
and I'm just one of many...the women left behind."

I leave her rocking slowly to live her life of dreams,  
and wonder at a future that still must be, it seems,  
a time to make the blunders that we have made before,  
that leave so many grieving...the aftermath of war.

*Have an article which may be of interest to other readers and members?  
We all have gained individual knowledge and experience from our writing pursuits and the ABPA Magazine is an outlet whereby you can share this knowledge and these experiences.*

Send your articles into  
editor@abpa.org.au

# Bush Poetry in Pittsburgh Pennsylvania

In February of this year ABPA President Manfred Vijars was contacted by Maria Mongelluzzo a senior high school student from Ellis School in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania seeking information about Australian Bush Poetry in particular the Lawson v Paterson "Bulletin debate". Maria was writing her senior year thesis on Bush Poetry and the divide between the city and the country. Manfred directed Maria to the ABPA forum to interact directly with some of the poets who frequent the site. So began a long distance sharing of viewpoints and ideas about Australian bush poetry. Maria received a warm welcome and at times I feared she would be flooded with information however she quickly built up a rapport with a number of the regular poets on the site. In particular Maria was after our views on the City versus the Bush theme of the Bulletin debate and how that is viewed in contemporary Australia. Over a number of weeks I was in contact with Maria as she put her paper together sharing stories of where I live, what influences I had with my writing and general Australian themes. Maria was delight to communicate with and her interest in Bush poetry was refreshing coming from one so young and from the other side of the world. In Maria's words she chose Australian Bush Poetry because of

"..... I had the opportunity to write on any subject that I wished and this greatly motivated and inspired me to challenge myself. I was overjoyed to be able to write about my true passion, Australia, and honored to be able to introduce my classmates and teachers to Bush poetry. Although I had difficulty in the beginning with this paper, even considering changing topics, I am happy I was able to work everything out. I also had the opportunity to communicate with modern day Bush poets in Australia. They graciously provided me with their personal poems and offered any other information I may have needed. They constantly expressed their encouragement and appreciation that I was taking the initiative to introduce Australian literature to my peers. The amount of poetry I had to opportunity to read really reflected the major themes and ideas in Australian literature and the beauty in its writing. The senior thesis allowed me to also share my enthusiasm about the Australian environment. I think the Australian environment is one of the greatest in the world. It encompasses so many different climates; snow in the mountains, tropical coasts, dense rainforests, and arid deserts. Writing this paper and studying the different landscapes for so long only fueled my desire to live there and experience the country even more. My paper has inspired me to learn more about Australia and continue to explore more unknown poets that contribute so much to the literary world.

I contacted Maria in early July enquiring how her thesis was accepted and was delighted to find that Maria received an "A" for her paper with the added accolade of her paper being presented to the Head of the school Randie Benedict. When I contacted Randie she was delighted to hear that Maria's work was so well received describing Maria as a terrific example of Ellis School student body and expressing her delight in Maria's passion for poetry. Maria presented a well researched and thorough paper about Australian Bush Poetry that is a credit to her application to her studies. The full thesis can be found at the following link (insert link) I encourage you to read the full paper. Please note both Neville Briggs and I had no input into Maria's description of us as "resected Modern Australian Bush Poets".



My name is Maria Mongelluzzo and I am a recent graduate of The Ellis School in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania in the United States and will be attending the University of Pittsburgh later this year. The final project of my senior year English class involved researching, exploring, and writing a thesis paper on any topic we were interested in. This paper offered me the opportunity to explore my passion for Australia. I am fascinated by the country's founding and history, original inhabitants, unique environments, and amazing people. I experienced all this and more on my visit to Australia in 2009 and have wanted to return everyday since. I was honoured and ecstatic to become the first student in my school to take on the subject of Australian authors. Although the process was long and difficult, due to the severe lack of print sources I had access to, my enthusiasm was consistent. I had the opportunity to contact poets in Australia who offered information, poems, and kind words of encouragement. I would like to extend my gratitude and appreciation to the poets of the Australia Bush Poets Association, without their help I would have never been able to complete this paper. Thank you for this amazing opportunity to share my work with you!

Marias Complete Thesis can be viewed online by visiting our website  
[www.abpa.org.au](http://www.abpa.org.au)

***Thanks Marty Boyce, for this wonderful and comprehensive story on how far and wide our Australian Bush Poetry extends itself.***

***If anybody else has a story on the extent that our genre reaches, then please share your story with us in future Magazines by sending your experiences to***

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

***or by posting on our web site***

***[www.apba.org.au](http://www.apba.org.au)***

# Bush Poetry For Kids

*A section dedicated to Bush Poetry by and for our young writers and readers*

*As Bush Poets, we have the wonderful chance, some say 'responsibility' to pass on the legacy of our genre to future generations of Australians. Be it from the days of Paterson and Lawson, or our own writings of contemporary and modernized Australia, the multicultural population of Australian children deserve to have the chance to listen, learn and make up their own minds on Bush Poetry. This is why, through our Association, we encourage our members to take the poetry to the kids. Try to get the kids involved in Competition at State and National level through both writing and performing. Many a time I have been to a festival where the total Kid's section is comprised of one or two entrants. Other times, recently out at Winton, the number of entrants exceeded 400! So we hope that providing both Children's Poetry and tips from our members with a great deal of experience in taking poetry into our schools, that we can try to get Bush Poetry into as many schools as we can around Australia and keep the tradition alive.*

*Of course, one extremely important thing to remember, is that if you intend doing more than a small workshop at one of your children's, niece's, nephew's of grandchildren's School, then you will need to register for the appropriate paperwork for your State, eg. Queensland - Blue Card. A quick Google search will tell you what is required in your state and how to go about qualifying for it. So once again we are happy to present our Kid's Poetry Section of the ABPA Magazine.*

*If you have anything to add to the Kid's Pages, please send it in and if you have a young writer in your area who you think we could feature then please encourage them to supply a poem, photo and a short bio on themselves so we can feature them in future editions of the magazine.*

*Remember, if we don't pass on our legacy of Bush Poetry, we may well be the last line of Australians involved actively in our genre, and that, my friends, would be a very sad thing. So tap into the patriotism and imagination of the children now while we have Bush Poetry running at an all time high. Your 'Gift' holds its value in it's sharing!*

## **THE BOOYAL BUNYIP (by Marco Gliori and Booyal State School 2012)**

*commissioned by Booyal State School Queensland to perform for their local community at the Booyal Banquet.*

In the backblocks up near Booyal where the Ironbark grows tall  
And annoying kids on weekends drive their parents up the wall,  
Where the rabbits raid the vege patch, and the toilets overflow  
With happy frogs, there hides a creature all the locals know.

The Booyal Bunyip yips and yaps  
And wipes the smiles off happy chaps  
It feeds on snakes and sugarcane  
And huddles in the table drain,  
Then leaps out with a YIP YAP YOU!  
And rides upon a Kangaroo.

YIP YAP! YIP YAP!  
The Booyal Bunyip likes to rap  
But one day soon we'll set a trap  
To wipe that Bunyip off the map  
YIP YAP! YIP YAP!

There's Bushies in the Booyal scrub  
There's rednecks drinking down the pub  
There's a wind that whips around your gills  
And a YIP YAP Rapper in the hills.

There's Booyal kids curled up in fright  
With a carpet snake that cries all night  
And a fat Goanna at the door  
With a Truckie, who just swore he saw  
A Bunyip on a Kangaroo,  
He crashed his truck... it chased him too!  
"Please let me in," he begs. "Boo Hoo!"  
And then they hear it ...YIP YAP YOU!

They held a meeting at the school  
And formed a plan that sounded cool  
They'd advertise a Rapper's Ball  
And give his weirdo mates a call.

YIP YAP! YIP YAP!  
The Booyal Bunyip likes to rap  
But one day soon we'll set a trap  
To wipe that Bunyip off the map  
YIP YAP! YIP YAP!

In the backblocks up near Booyal, where the thieving crows are rife  
And the yabbies outgrow catfish, it's a lazy sort of life;  
There's a cricket match on Sunday and a dance on up the hall,  
Where the Booyal Bunyip bounces in for the YIP YAP Rappers ball.

Of course he's on a Kangaroo  
And he's brought along a friend or two.  
There's a Himalayan Yeti now  
Moon walking with Friesian cow,  
And a Sasquatch sitting on a seat  
Who can't control his two big feet .

YIP YAP! YIP YAP!  
The Booyal Bunyip likes to rap  
NOW! Finally we've set a trap  
To wipe that Bunyip off the map  
YIP YAP! YIP YAP!

There are violent elves starting fights  
And fairies swinging off the lights  
There's a unicorn with a deadly hoof  
But... something's landed on the roof.

It's sagging like a sinking ship  
The Booyal Bunyip cries...YIP YIP???....  
Then everything turns upside down  
And inside out (like Booyal town)  
The Yamba Yowie starts to howl  
The night explodes, the smell is fowl!  
The trap has worked, can this be true?  
But then they hear it...YIP YAP YOU!

... and see... (to no-one's great surprise)  
A kangaroo upon the rise  
Upon it's back a sight insane...  
The Booyal Bunyip's mangy mane.

YIP YAP! YIP YAP!  
The Booyal Bunyip likes to rap  
But one day soon we'll set a trap  
To wipe that Bunyip off the map  
YIP YAP! YIP YAP!  
But not today, he's off his chain  
The Booyal Bunyip raps again  
YIP YAP YIP YAP YIP YAP! YIP YAP YIP YAP YIP YAP! YIP YAP YIP YAP  
YIP YAP! YIP YAP YIP YAP YIP YAP...  
YIP YAP YOUUUUUUU!!!!

*"Primary School children are fantastic to work with in this process. They are usually very keen to get up on stage and perform, so the exhilaration at that possibility drives them through the workshops with great enthusiasm. I tell them poems, then have them acting out a poem, then launch into a series of word 'theatre games' I have designed myself. After having warmed them up, we then write, simple rhymes at first, and generally by that time I have no trouble spurring them on. My greatest thrill is walking to the staff room during a break and hearing children reciting marching poems and ditties they have written either by themselves or in groups, with the aim of auditioning for me in a later workshop, hoping to be selected to perform in the finale concert. It is exhausting work, but once I walk into a classroom I simply surrender, get down to their level, and before long they have swept me off into that wonderful field of dreams that I never tire of playing in"*

*Marco Gliori*



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Qld 4370 for \$20.00  
anywhere in Australia.  
<http://marcogliori.com/>

# Young Writer Of The Month Brook Jurss



## Inland Tsunami.

© Brook Jurss

It didn't creep slowly, didn't give them a chance,  
Running ferociously in a savage advance.  
A torrent of water, brought on by the rain  
This injustice of nature, bringing heartache and pain.

Time was of the essence, no warning had come.  
These people, these families- they had nowhere to run.  
A great wall of water was unleashed that day  
Homes, possessions, lives swept away.

The fear and emotion- can one truly portray?  
Their devastation, loss, and utter dismay.  
As the water subsides, sad stories are told  
The depth of desperation begins to unfold.

Left to farewell those who took their last breaths,  
We pray they're at peace as we lay them to rest.  
Community spirit- can it lighten the blow?  
With help from a neighbour they didn't even know.

Strangers open their hearts, to give not to gain.  
To help rebuild lives, somehow lighten the strain.  
Time is said to heal all wounds, lessen the pain.  
Let's hope once again they will welcome the rain.



Brook Jurss first Bush Poetry experience was in 2007 at age eleven, when her Aunt and acclaimed poet in her own right, Val Dart, encouraged her to take the stage at the World Theatre, Charters Towers. Although she didn't place, she said it opened her eyes to what the other kids were doing and made her keen to learn more about reciting and performing. She returned in 2008 for the Queensland Championships and entered the Humorous section performing *The Black Hole* by Janine Haig. This gained her a first place and the Gold Trophy.

Getting up on stage became slightly less nerve wracking and the next year Brook travelled to Ravenswood to perform at the Qld. Championships 2009, where she again won Best Junior Performer.

In 2010, Brook turned her hand to writing, entering her first original poem in the World Poetry Championships and getting to perform her poem at the Venus Gold Fever Festival that year. The poem, *The Spirit Of This Town*, remains very special to Brook, as she portrayed the love and feelings she had for her home town of Charters Towers. It also won the Bush Curlews Bush Poetry Competition as well. She returned to Ravenswood in 2010 for the Qld. Championships once again, and made it back to back awards for Best Junior Performer.

"This competition at Ravenswood was one of the best experiences of my life, where I met so many talented and inspiring people who encouraged me to keep up with the poetry." Brook also performed in the Open Section that year and gave the Performers an awful fright with her high standard of performance and Poem choice.

"I wanted to write another original, but it wasn't until the QLD floods that I felt drawn to write again. The disaster was terrible, but the Aussie spirit shown through the rebuilding and recovery inspired me so much that I thought it deserved to be written in poetry. To me, bush poetry is all about capturing the essence of Australia and its people."

Her poem, *Inland Tsunami*, was successful in taking out first place in Little Swaggies Awards, a part of the Waltzing Matilda Awards and also in the 2012 Qld Championships.

"I intend on writing and performing more, not only for competition but for sheer enjoyment. Poetry is one of my greatest passions and I love both the written and performance aspects. One of my goals is to travel to the Australian Championships in the future. I feel blessed to be a young person keeping Bush Poetry alive and I encourage others to do so as well."

## A.B. Paterson College Winton Safari 2012

Each year at the beginning of Term 3, 100 plus Year 6 students, teachers and parents embark on a journey into Queensland's outback. The trip culminates with a re-enactment of Waltzing Matilda on the banks of the Combo Waterhole, west of Winton. This is significant to the College as it is named after 'Banjo' Paterson, and upholds all that is Australian from humble beginnings to perseverance, good manners and mateship. Along the way the children perform poetry and songs in caravan parks to appreciative audiences, while gaining an understanding of Australia's beginnings and how the day-to-day life in the bush differs to their own daily routines.

Day 1 consists of an all-day bus ride, departing the College at 6.00am and arriving in Mitchell at 5.00pm that evening. After a dip in the hot springs, it is up with the tents, dinner and bed.

Day 2, we travel to Longreach where we spend four nights. While in Longreach, we visit the Longreach School of Distance Education, the Stockman's Hall of Fame and the Qantas Museum. This is also where we perform our first concert. Longreach serves as our base for our trips to Winton. The first trip we explore the town, visit The Australian Age of Dinosaurs and The Waltzing Matilda Centre.

On our second trip, we travel to the Combo Waterhole and spend some time reflecting on the history of 'Dagworth' Station, the Great Shearers' Strike and the consequent birth of Waltzing Matilda. We 'feel' what it means to belong to our College and to be a proud Australian, and we remember the sacrifices made by all who have gone before us in order to appreciate this great place we call home.

The whole re-enactment culminates with the 'tossing in' of an A.B. Paterson College akubra to represent the drowning of the Swagman. We then depart Longreach and head to Yeppoon for the second of our concerts. Along the way, we overnight in Emerald and visit Ruby Vale where the children fossick in and explore the sapphire mines, a great experience and fulfilling hands-on activity.

We also stopped over at Coolwaters Holiday Village on The Capricorn Coast and we were very fortunate this year to perform our concert alongside Bob Pacey, their resident bush poet who entertained us all with some very funny bush poetry. It was an absolute pleasure for this to happen and the children were given a real treat and insight of another way poetry and storytelling can entertain.

Overall, the 'Winton Safari' not only gives the children the opportunity to see places that perhaps they would never see, but it instills in them a sense of pride, belonging and self-worth.

Drew Cox  
Winton Safari Co-ordinator

# Stephen Whitehead's Suggestions for Poetry Workshops in Primary Schools

I really enjoy giving poetry workshops in primary schools. I generally focus on children in grades 3 - 6 (aged 8 - 13). I divide a typical workshop (60 - 90 minutes) into thirds. In the first third, I do most of the talking. I introduce myself, and ask the children for their thoughts on the definition of poetry. I also ask them to nominate their favourite poems or poets. I then recite a couple of my own poems.

The middle third is devoted to writing. I ask the children to break up into small groups of one, two or three (no larger) and write a poem to perform to the rest of the class. Naturally, some of the children take to this much more easily than others. While they are writing, I move among them, fielding questions. As a general rule, a few children require no help, most require a little, and a few require a lot.

In the final third of the workshop, the children are offered the opportunity to come down to the front of the class and perform what they have written. My experience is that most want to have a go. If there are a few who are reluctant, I don't push them. It's interesting to see how quickly the children divide up the work between them. Some break a work up into parts, others will read in unison.

One of the biggest thrills I can receive is when a teacher comes up to me afterwards and says, "I was amazed that (insert name of your choice here) got up to read. He normally never says 'Boo!'. Surprisingly, that happens quite often. In fact, it is not at all unknown for this particular child to have been the star of the show!

© Stephen Whiteside 05.07.2012

## Early Windy Morning

Daylight came early this morning.  
The sky was a menacing grey.  
The wind was strong, too.  
It's strange, but it's true  
That it blew all the darkness away.

© Stephen Whiteside 28.07.92

## Night Vision

*I wear my glasses when I sleep.  
I know it sounds absurd.  
Otherwise,  
(I tell no lies)  
My dreams are very blurred!*

© Stephen Whiteside 25.04.91

## Tidying My Room

*Whenever I'm ordered to tidy my room,  
I never get rattled, I think with my head.  
I fill every drawer  
With the junk on the floor.  
I shove all the bigger stuff under the bed*

© Stephen Whiteside 21.04.91

Stephen Whiteside is a bush poet, author and performer. In the early 1990s he began writing rhyming verse for children and was published in the New South Wales Schools Magazine. The ABC published some of the poems on audio-cassette of Australian stories and poems for children. He has also been published in many other magazines including 'Countdown' 'Blast Off' and "Big Book of Verse for Aussie Kids" by Allen & Unwin, 2009. His poems have received awards from the Grenfell Henry Lawson competition, the Nimbin Poetry Competition and the Bronze Swagman Competition. Stephen is a GP in Melbourne.....  
For more of Stephen's works you can visit his Blog at <http://www.stephenwhitesidepoet.com/>

## Missing

©Peter Mace

*Gangs of grey Goannas  
galloped down the track.  
Chasing after moonbeams,  
but none of them came back.*

*We lost a lot of wombats  
when chased by hairy men.  
And though we searched all over  
they were never seen again.*

*When the emus all went missing  
from Mrs. Murphy's yard  
Mr Murphy put the 'roos  
under heavy guard.*

*Some say they all are living,  
some say they all are dead.  
But I just think they're hiding  
Underneath my bed.*

Mt. Perisher Broken Ski Junior Winner (Under 9 old)

Felix Boustead aged 6 for his poem

## The Old Goat

Once there was a goat that had a boat.  
The boat did not like the goat.  
And one day the boat bucked off the goat.  
Did the goat float?



The people you meet at a Poets Breakfast! Max Maclean of Tewantin, Qld runs into Agro at the Gympie Muster Poets Breakfast

Mt. Perisher Broken Ski Junior Winner (9-12 year old)

Caitlin Klippel aged 10 for her poem,

## My Mate.

*Who is my best mate? You ask  
Well, she is someone who works with me everyday  
She does the work of three men, without pay  
She shows great courage and has no fear  
I'm never afraid when she is near  
She forgives me when I yell; she never bears a grudge  
She makes me laugh when she's covered in sludge  
She understands me, especially when I'm sad  
She sits and comforts me, even when I'm mad  
She lies by my side all through the night  
She's on guard and could give you a fright  
She looks at me with love in her eyes  
My love for her is no surprise  
She's my companion, without I'd be lost  
I could never replace her, whatever the cost  
Who is she? you ask  
My best mate? Is my dog Tinker.*

# Marco Gliori Presents

## MARCO'S 4 Free Tips For Workshopping Upper Primary Schools Years 4-7

In 2012 Marco Gliori will conduct Performances and Writer in Residency Programs from Esperance WA to Emerald in Queensland. He is conducting major tours for Western Downs Libraries, Emerald District Libraries, as well as conducting over 70 workshops/performances for schools and education based literary festivals and teacher's conferences this year alone.

### Years 4 - 7

Class - small size groups - Workshop Time - 70 minutes

#### 1. Meet the Poet. 10-15 minutes

Students aged (approx) 9-12 years appear the most engaged by Bush Verse in my experience. I always begin a session with one of my poems like Granny and The Snake. But before I recite my poem I challenge 5 or 6 students to stand up, and in 30 seconds describe their most amazing snake 'experience'. Then, by performing my snake poem, I illustrate how everyday stories can be preserved forever in the 'word picture' that we call poetry. Repeat this process for another 2-3 poems maximum. (or more depending on their length)

#### 2. Perform. 10-15 minutes

A. Marching - As with the younger children (last issue), I may choose to do 2-3 of marching poems, with the whole class standing, marching, and repeating these lines one line at a time, after me.

eg: 'If you like a rodeo  
Clifton is the place to go  
Last Year  
One Steer  
Bucked a cowboy on his ear!  
YEE HAH!

At this stage I invite up three students and give them a copy of the marching songs I have recited (or different ones) to see if they can master the rhythm and lead the class off like I had been doing. I might start off by doing one myself and then they recite theirs one at a time. Have the marching poems written in large letters on a cardboard palm card.

B. Act Out a Poem - It is always good at this stage to keep the children performing, so it is a perfect opportunity to have some of them help act out a classic old Bush Poem like The Man from Ironbark.

#### 3. Write in Small Groups. 10-15 minutes

Write one of your marching songs on the board, so the children can see the poetry 'formula'. Then divide the class into groups of 4-5 and challenge those groups to write a marching song (give them say 10 minutes). They will get quite excited about this prospect, and are usually very keen to perform their poems in front of the class/school. You may need to visit each group and assist with the editing of the poems.

Note:- This group session also works well with Limericks. You might like to give them some names of places like Spain, France, Chad...then flood the black board with rhyming words challenging the children (groups) to come to up with the best Limerick about that place. Eg: There once was a boy from France

Teacher's find it much easier getting children to write their own poems when following small poetic formulas, like Haiku or Acrostic. But remember you are not the teacher, you are a workshop convenor, so you want your workshop to be entertaining, to have lots of movement, and to leave the students and staff feeling WOW...that visit was special.

#### 4. Writing Individual Poems 10-15 minutes

Once again, Primary School children mostly respond very well when they know they are going to perform a poem. Feed off that excitement, but don't expect too much. Very few children will be capable of writing long ballads.

IDEA!!! CRIKEY POEMS!!!@!!!

Step A - Get the children to choose a wild animal/jungle/outback/deep sea/ then brainstorm that particular animal by writing down on their page, a description of the animal, the relevant habitat, what it eats, how it kills, hides, exhausting their knowledge of the animal and its environment.

Step B - Get them to circle several words from their brainstorming page that they think might be easy to rhyme with and then make a list of three or four rhyming words below each of the words they have selected. (Not a technique I practice myself, but these are children)

Step C - Write on the board the following poem -:

Crikey! Have a look at that!  
The jungle's most unpopular Cat  
Crouching, lurking by the trees  
Keen to grab your knocking knees  
Then drag you to forbidden zones  
And chew upon your juicy bones. (by Marco Gliori)

Step D - Describe the formula to the children. 6 lines only. AA, BB, CC rhyming scheme. (approx) 4 musical beats to each line. Count these musical beats out with the children.

Instruct them to assume the character of a Wildlife Warrior such as the late great Steve Irwin whilst writing this poem, keeping in mind they are going to learn and recite this poem for the class/school at some stage, as if they themselves were Steve Irwin performing in front of a camera.

NOTE - : Divide your workshop sessions with a word/theatre game every 15 minutes or so. Google theatre games, to see which ones you can use or change. Make them relevant to either performing or writing.

Keep it moving during a workshop, keep yourself entertained and the children will be too.

#### BROCCOLI

©Neil McArthur

My Dad has got a garden  
He's as proud as proud can be  
But all that he can grow  
Is heaps of Broccoli

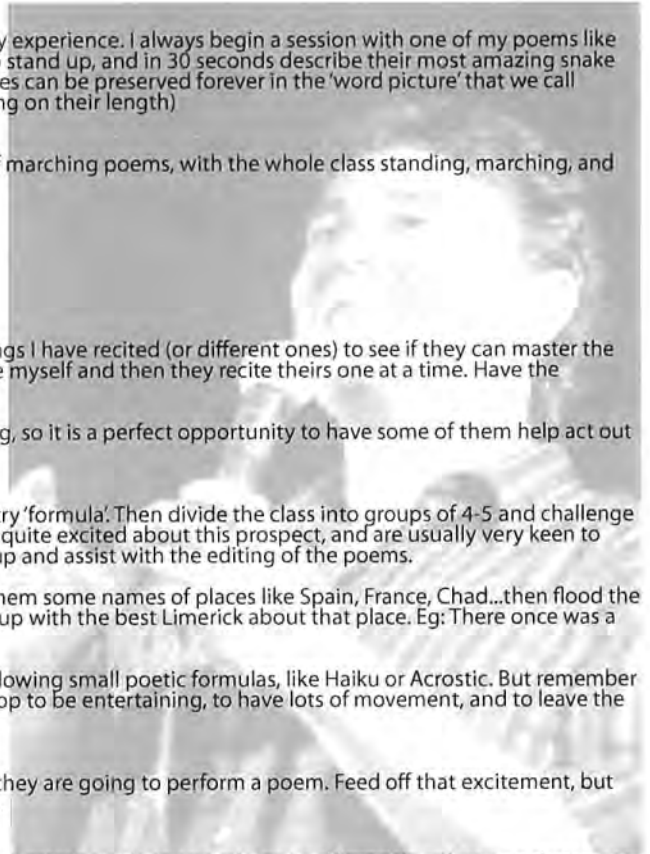
We have Broccoli for breakfast  
And Broccoli for tea  
Broccoli for dinner  
And for supper -----Broccoli!

He makes us Broccoli pancakes  
He makes us Broccoli stew  
Broccoli and Ice Cream  
And Broccoli Milk-Shakes, too

But my brothers and I hate Broccoli  
So we went out one day  
Then dug up all his Broccoli  
And threw it all away

Dad got really angry  
And went right off his brain  
He said that he would never  
Cook us Broccoli again

We all yelled "You Beauty!"  
Of Broccoli ---- that's the finish  
But out the window we saw Dad  
Planting heaps of Spinach!!



Hannah Nugent - winner of the Secondary School category of the Bundy Muster Bush Lantern Award for Bush Verse 2012

# Presenting The 2012 Bronze Swagman Winner Brian Bell

From the beginnings in 1972, the Bronze Swagman Committee has been privileged to receive a diverse range of poems from poets across the globe. There have been countless volunteers who have dedicated their time and efforts to ensure the original idea of written bush verse would continue, and we have produced a book for each and every one of those years featuring a selection of poems with many wonderful drawings from our illustrators to capture the moment.

And in 2012, our 41st year, the tradition will continue.

Thank you to everyone who entered the 2012 competition, and a special congratulation to Brian Bell and Helen Harvey for their winning success. The three highly commended poems were notable entries, and we look forward to publishing these poems, plus a selection of the 270 entries received into the 2012 Bronze Swagman Book of Bush Verse, usually available in November.

Please visit our website [www.bronzeswagman.info](http://www.bronzeswagman.info) for any further updates.

The Bronze Swagman Committee  
Winton  
Outback Queensland

## **Four Soldiers Back**

Four soldiers back to our backwater town,  
fresh from the Frontline, released from the crown.  
Finished with bayonets and bullets and gore,  
done with the terror – the nightmare of war.

Four soldiers back to the country they knew,  
fresh to the changes the war put us through –  
oversized factories, and each was a hive,  
packing supplies to keep soldiers alive.

Such was the local investment in war,  
assisting an empire that hungered for more –  
more of our produce and more of our kin,  
maximum effort that's led to a win.

Four soldiers back from the battlefield doom,  
Mothers and others preparing a room.  
Would that we had to find shelter for more.  
Wish we had castles for each of the four!

Wish we had more than the barest of fields,  
glibly depleted from stretching the yields.  
Wish we had goblets and carpets of red.  
Wish we could exorcise thoughts of our dead.

Four soldiers back, where entitlements were ten.  
We lost such a lot of our finest young men –  
Makeshift the gravesites so hastily filled,  
hillocks reminding how many were killed.

Stewart next door had a dream that is dust –  
two butchered sons and how Stewart has cussed,  
ranting and raving that life is unfair,  
bearing as much as a Father can bear.

Four soldiers back and they're well on their way.  
We bade them farewell, then we started to pray.  
The war may be over, but never they'd shirk.  
Four soldiers back will be looking for work.

Back to employment at factory or farm,  
lessening risk of them coming to harm –  
jobs they had started before they left home.  
How they look forward to toolbench and loam!

Henderson's father waits the return  
of one who will find him a little less stern,  
whose Mother has poured out an ocean of tears,  
welled by his absence as weeks became years.

Four soldiers back will have stories to tell,  
weeks of exhaustion and moments of Hell,  
tales about lifestyles abandoned, replaced  
with battlefield scenes that were never erased.

One with a leg off and wondering why,  
one who is deaf from explosions nearby.  
We'll need to be cautious and treat them with care,  
and speak not of mates they have left over there.

Four soldiers back to their loved ones so proud,  
waiting to celebrate, lively and loud.  
We'll see all the scars that the body can't hide,  
but none of the terror that's hidden inside.

Yes, four soldiers back, with their medals and bars,  
done with campaigning and littered with scars,  
stowed into ships that are cresting the foam,  
laden with treasure – our four soldiers – home.

© Brian Bell  
Glenbrook. NSW.



# VALE TOM STONHAM

Tom Stonham passed away on 23rd May 2012. He had spent the last fifteen years of his life living with his wife, Maureen, in the seaside village of Nambucca Heads on the Mid North Coast of NSW. He was born in 1925 in Balmain, (then known as "Tiger Town"), Sydney, and was long remembered by his nickname "TIGER TOM" for many years.

A seventh generation Australian, Tom loved to write poetry with rhyme and rhythm and over the past 50 years has used a range of topics from ancient history to outer-space. One of his favourite subjects is the fact and fiction of the American West.

Until recent years, Tom wrote purely for his own personal satisfaction, never taking any active interest in, or participating in written or spoken word competitions.

In 1997 however, he attended an advertised "Poets in the Pub" at a local hotel where, as part of evening's entertainment, the opportunity was offered to rhymers and bush poets to breast the microphone and share their poetry.

When Tom began his performance on that evening he presented the following "tongue in cheek" introduction of himself to the audience -

"I'm Tom, unknown bush poet,  
I'm well over twenty one.  
I'm old, I mean, the sights I've seen,  
things I've heard 'n' said 'n' done...

I've lived thru' War, Depression,  
Love, Black Hatred, Red-hot Rage  
but never in my life 'til now  
have I stood upon a stage.

So you'll understand I'm nervous,  
shy, off-balance, ill-at-ease.  
By the milk of human kindness, folks,  
be gentle with me please.

Tom got more than he bargained for that evening at the Bowra Hotel. Not only did he enjoy himself because of the evening's informal atmosphere but he also met and subsequently married the organizer of the event.

He served as an infantryman alongside American troops in the Pacific in WW11 and remembers much about them and those turbulent times. He then led an active outdoor life working as factory hand, fireman, bush worker, bus driver etc. etc.

Retired from everyday toil, his interest in poetry remained on the boil!

Tom had his own rules for writing rhyming verse as follows.

'THE FIVE 'C' FORMULA - 'Content' means subject matter, Perfect 'Clarity' comes next. Then 'Cadence', phrases, syllables that balance through the text ... 'Compression'; don't use twenty words when ten or less would do. Take great 'Care' writing poetry ... Your every word is YOU.

As a writer of rhymed and metered verse, Tom took pride in his strict adherence to the disciplines which govern and are essential to this art form. Readers of his work will indeed see this evidenced in his easily read and absorbed, 'conversational' writing style.

Additionally, as many of his poems are based on historical events, he took great care to research the subject matter to ensure accuracy of content. His speciality in his chosen craft are verse stories of great length, often taking years to create and polish. To date there are about ten such epics that have been completed or are in the process of completion.

His piece-de-resistance is entitled "THE THREE 'SHARPS' SHOOTERS", a verse story of one hundred 8 line verses, (4,500 words).



# DONNY LLOYD FAREWELLED AT SQUATTERS REST

Eulogy given at the funeral service of Don Lloyd on 16-06-2012 by Bill Kearns

I'd like to read part of a poem written by Don Lloyd, the poem is "The Mirror" and is not one of Don's better known works.

*When you tell me my faults face to face, You may find a mirror in my place  
And all the faults you see in me, See reflected back for you to see  
Judgement was never in God's plan, Jesus said extend a helping hand  
Do you really think you ease my load, By casting rocks upon my road?  
And the poem ends.....  
So we part and go our weary way, stumbling along on our feet of clay  
On a lonely road where friends are few, I wonder if you're lonely too,  
I rather hoped if you looked to see, You might have found some goodness here in me  
But judgements mirror only shows my falls, And you never did see me at all.*

and I often wonder, out of all the people that Don had contact with in his life, how many of them saw the person that Don really was? Sadly I know that many brushed him aside and didn't take the time to listen or look past the external appearance to catch a glimpse of the treasure within.

Donald William Lloyd was born at Pillar Valley on 26th November 1942, the eldest son of Herbie and Eva Lloyd. He is survived by his brothers John and Colin.

I first met Don when we were school kids going to school on the Woolli Bus. Don had many health problems as a young boy and consequently had a short and largely forgettable education. I lost contact with him then as he left school and went into the timber business cutting firewood and later cutting railway sleepers. Somebody told me once that he saw Don walk out of the bush carrying two freshly cut sleepers, one over his shoulder and one under the other arm, he was a very strong man. He spent some time in Queensland spraying groundsell bush and then returned to Pillar Valley and went into business as a scrap metal dealer.

I next met Don about 30 years ago when he rocked up at church and sat up the back to check it out. He was surprised to find someone he knew. We invited him home for coffee and after that Don became a regular visitor to my home. Don was going through a dark place in his life at the time and he would turn up at my place armed with a loaf of bread, some cheese and sliced beetroot and always a bottle of coke. He'd make his way to the dining room table where he would sit down with his head on his arms and groan "Oh dear" After a couple of hours, some cups of coffee, and many "Oh dears" he would say, "Well, thanks for your time" and go on his way. He would be back the next day to do it all again.

One day Don arrived when I was typing up one of my poems and asked what I was doing. He took a quick look at what I had written (Donny was a speed reader and he could take in a whole page in a couple of seconds) and he said, "I reckon I could do that". A few days later Don turned up with an old writing pad and about 4 pages of manuscript in pencil, all in capitals and not a comma, full stop or paragraph in sight. He left it with me to sort it out a bit and I began the task of transcribing what he had written into readable English. About halfway through I realised "Hey, this is not half bad." This was the beginning of Don's career as a writer. I upgraded my computer and gave Don my old one. Don quickly taught himself how to use it and from then on his works became readable even though it didn't improve his English.

This opened the door to a whole new life for Don as more and more people began to sit up and take notice that he was not just a big rough bloke in thongs and tracksuit but also somebody who could take heartache, tragedy and humour and put it into words in a way few other people could. I have seen Don reduce an audience to tears of laughter as he recited poems about dope smoking hippies in a Combi van and then reduce that same audience to tears and silence with a poem about a lonely little boy with only a teddy bear for company. Don wrote from his heart and reading through his work it is easy to see the compassion he had for the sad, lonely and downcast, and what gave his poems that true authenticity was that many of them were written from personal experience.

Don had his own opinions and not everybody agreed with them. I suspect that there are not many people here who have not had an argument with Don about something. I also suspect that Don quite enjoyed this and would sometimes stir up an argument for arguments sake however I'm sure he looked upon these confrontations as rational debate, not arguments. I have seen Don get into intense arguments with church people as he played Devil's advocate and challenged them on what they believed and then he would get into an equally intense argument with non-church people as he played God's advocate and challenged them in doing things God's way.

Don was generous to a fault, one of those people who would give you the shirt off his back. I suspect that there are many people here today, including myself, who have received one of Don's shirts. He once gave my wife some money to buy a dress for our little daughter. He said, "I know she's got clothes, but buy her something pretty." When he noticed that my wife didn't own a pair of ugg boots he was astounded. "Everybody should have a pair of ugg boots" he said. Because that was Don's uniform, Thongs in Summer and Ugg boots in winter. The next day he turned up with a pair for her. No big deal for Donny, it was just the way he was.

Don has battled poor health for quite a few years and despite the fact that he has informed us on many occasions over the past 20 years that he was dying; it still came as a shock when he suddenly lost the battle last Saturday.

Don has published 4 books and has recorded 4 CDs. He has performed his poetry in places far and wide and his material is being used by performers all over Australia. For this reason Don's legacy will live on whenever and wherever his poetry is performed but his memory will also live on in our hearts as a man whose unique gift we recognised and appreciated and as someone we loved.

I will finish with Don's own words:

*Now my typewriter's blown up, my pen's out of ink, My brain has just stalled, it will no longer think.  
So we've reached the part that you've looked for old friend, You need suffer no more for this is the end.  
Don, rest in peace old mate, we're going to miss you.*

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Donny Lloyd and Melanie Hall Share a laugh.



# SILVER WINGS ©Kym Eitel

Read Kym's winning poem from "Australian Theme" section of the Oracles of the Bush Festival at Tenterfield 2012

Gloomy silence hung over the homestead,  
and the stockyards were empty and still.  
Jack McLennan's gut knotted and twisted  
as a curlew's sharp scream gave a chill.

He cared not that the stockmen were missing,  
but oh where was his golden-haired Jess?  
He sensed trouble and reached for his rifle.  
Would he kill to protect her? Oh yes!

Jack McLennan was King of the ranges,  
both respected and feared was his name.  
There lived only one horse he'd not ridden;  
that's how Silver Wings earned wide-spread fame.

Not one rider had touched Silver's saddle  
for much more than three seconds each try.  
Eighteen hands of steel grey, rippling muscle;  
every man had been thrown to the sky.

But when Jessie, McLennan's teen daughter,  
leapt on Silver Wings' broad, dappled back,  
with her gentle hands, kind on the bridle,  
the rogue softened to sweet ladies' hack.

Yes, McLennan had two prize possessions,  
his young daughter, gold haired and fire eyed,  
and her maverick, silver winged gelding.  
Jack would die to keep both by his side.

Silver's stable was empty and eerie.  
Both his saddle and bridle not there,  
but the scuffle prints gouged in the saw dust  
signed the start of a heart-breaking dare.

Wooden stable walls heard the men's scheming  
when the stockmen had got on the sauce.  
With a skinful of booze and fake courage  
they'd decided to 'break' the big horse.

They had led the grey, right up the mountain  
to the yards up on Brumby Trap Peak,  
and the hills came alive to their cheering,  
Jess heard echoes from down in the creek.

Hoof beats splashed through the crystal clear water.  
Tearful Jessie rode hard on old Belle.  
Jessie chased men and horse up the mountain.  
Their intent, she had no way to tell.

Jack McLennan was bushman and tracker  
and he followed with jaw line set hard.  
If they so much as touched his sweet daughter,  
he'd have no qualms in leaving them scarred.

Lizards sunning on logs saw them passing;  
drunken stockmen with gelding in troupe,  
and then Jessie on Belle, then McLennan,  
only minutes between each new group.

Orange dingo eyes watched from a distance  
as the grey gelding bucked, kicked and fought.  
To remain on the beast was the challenge,  
but the stockmen's skills quickly fell short.

Sudden gunshots burst fire through the daylight.  
Frightened men spun around a whirl.  
Hot adrenaline fizzed in their bloodstream,  
but they scoffed when they saw just a girl.

Three drunk men and one young, slender female,  
all alone on the mountain's high spur,  
and the fire headed girl sensed new danger  
as they turned their attention to her.

Two shy possums crouched, watching on, tensely.  
Jessie leapt onto Silver Wings' back.  
Silver struck and slashed one stockman's shoulder,  
leapt the rails and escaped down the track.

Crazy laughter then rang through the tree tops  
as the thrill of the hunt filled men's blood,  
and the wombats way down in their burrows  
felt the hoof beats a-thunder and thud.

Cockatoos, from their nest, saw them racing.  
Three drunk men hunting one anxious girl;  
leaping logs, through the trees' whipping branches,  
dust clouds dancing in dizzying swirl.

Shining crows cawed and cheered for McLennan  
who was hotly pursuing them all,  
and they all witnessed Silver Wings flying ...  
horse and girl, sailed in mid-gallop fall.

Where the mountain side suddenly ceases,  
jagged cliff faces form a sharp edge,  
hoof beats clattered and crashed on the flintstones.  
Silver stretched in a leap off the ledge.

Jess's hair formed a floating gold halo  
as her Silver Wings soared through the sky.  
Did a curlew's cold scream fill the valley,  
or did Jessie let out one last cry?

Jack McLennan was law, judge and jury,  
with no witness, no court and no plea.  
Sweet revenge, just a squeeze of the trigger -  
as the Winchester boomed. One. Two. Three.

But then what does a man have to live for  
once his princess is taken away?  
Once he'd carved a fourth notch on the rifle,  
one more gun shot boom echoed that day.

Oh, if only the possums had told him  
of the secret the bush creatures kept -  
for brave Silver Wings once was a brumby  
and he twisted, right after he leapt.

Silver knew every ledge, trail and rock slide.  
As a colt, this was his turf to roam.  
He had landed below on an outcrop,  
caught his breath, and then carried Jess home.

Jess was dying to tell Dad her story,  
so she hoped he'd be home now from town;  
how her horse really had wings of silver,  
as though angels had carried them down.

Eerie silence hung over the homestead,  
and the stockyards were hauntingly cold.  
Both her father and rifle were missing -  
how she needed her father to hold.

Oh, if only the wombats could tell her,  
and if only the dingoes could speak,  
and if only the crows could caw English,  
they would clear up the secret, so bleak.

There's a brumby trap up on the mountain,  
sun bleached rails, white as skeleton bones.  
Are those spine tingling screams really curlews,  
or McLennan's ghost's heart-breaking moans?

# Bush Poetry From The Top End

## by Marty Pattie

Something odd happened in Far North Queensland from May through to the middle of July. It's Wednesday morning. 10.30. Big Jimmy Diamond, a dogger from west of Mareeba jumps off his quad bike back at his shed. Pedro pulls his cast net up from the wharf at Cooktown and strolls back to his house. In her office in central Cairns Glenda Goff puts her MYOB spreadsheets to one side and takes off her glasses. They all, amongst many others, put the kettle on and sit back... Bush Poetry is on the radio.

After 10 weeks the sixth annual ABC Far North Bush Poetry Competition wound up on July 18th with the popularity it garnered proving that the medium of radio is a fantastic vehicle to help drive the resurgence of the age-old art. Close to 300 entries were received over the course of the competition and coming from a broad demographic. Not just from North Queensland but all around the country from the south west of Western Australia to Victoria, with one entry even coming from a woman sailing her boat around the Gulf of Carpentaria. The youngest entrant was a 15 year old lad, whilst the oldest was from a grand lady weighing in at 102 years young.

The format has always been kept simple – free to enter and poems must be able to be read inside 3 minutes. The broadcast for the weekly segment involves the panel of 3 judges choosing a winning poem for that particular week, but it's more of a showcase and a celebration of Bush Poetry. Various aspects of bush poetry, favourite poems and poets and upcoming events are talked about, as well as topics to write about, tips on grammar, rhyme and meter and general encouragement for budding poets to put pen to paper.

The Competition is run in conjunction with The Cairns Show Society with the winner being invited to perform at The Cairns Show along with local poets and musicians. Back in 2008 The Show Society needed to cut back its work load. The bush poetry comp was dying a slow death in its format of the time, so they asked if any interested parties would be keen to take it on. Enter ABC Radio Far North who have since resurrected the concept and taken it ahead in leaps and bounds.

The competition culminated in a Grand Final broadcast coming live from the Freshwater CWA Hall near the foot of the mountains in Cairns. The CWA ladies put on a sumptuous morning tea spread for just a gold coin donation for their Biggest Morning Tea fundraiser. The 2 and a half hour broadcast featured all the weekly winners, with many there to perform their poems in person.

The hall was packed out quickly, with only standing room soon available, the CWA raised over \$500 for cancer research and everyone present celebrated the success of bringing Bush Poetry back to public broadcasting once again.

Congratulations need to go to all the poets, including many ABPA members, who submitted work to make this competition a success – and to Fiona Sewell from ABC Far North for being the dedicated driving force behind whole event.

As in any competition, the pointy end can see only one winner, but I reckon we can safely reach for a cliché – Bush Poetry was the winner!

1. Jim Egan, Cairns. – Where the Ol' Endeavour Flows
2. Zondrae King, Corrimal – The Hem of Her Apron
3. Bev Wilson, Julatten – A Bushman's Paradise

\* The people's favourite award was won by Geoff Mann from Edmonton with his poem The Shrieks of Scrubby Creek.



### WHERE THE OL' ENDEAVOUR FLOWS

© Jim Egan.

Twas great to hear your voice again! A kiss for lonely ears!  
It's been almost a decade love, and that's too many years.  
It brought back thoughts of yesteryear, the Cooktown that I know.  
Where curlews walk the streets at night, while lively breezes blow.  
Where people take you as you are, and never make you change.  
Where you can be a "poodle" or a "mongrel", full of mange.  
Where strangers are made welcome, as a "blow-in" like me knows,  
There lies a bit of heaven, where the ol' Endeavour flows.

Where black and white are all best mates, and never need to fight,  
But share a carton and a laugh, at morning, noon or night.  
To do a midnight 'wharfie', as I did so many times.  
Watched over by the Southern Cross, you have no fear of crimes.  
To hear a night-hawk calling, or to hear a watch-dog bark,  
Or hear a curlew crying, in the stillness of the dark.  
While high above on Grassy Hill, the Cooktown breeze still blows,  
I spent two years in heaven, where the ol' Endeavour flows.

So when I go to sleep tonight, my love, I'll dream of you.  
I'll dream you're lying by my side, with love so fond and true.  
Though unrequited love is sad, and dreams are all my own.  
While I enjoy your friendship love, I'll never be alone.  
But when I look up to the moon, and milky-way above.  
It's then I really miss you, as I have for years, my love  
And as the years go slowly past, my love for you still grows,  
My "angel" lives in heaven, where the ol' Endeavour flows.



Overall Winner Jim Egan from Cairns, complete with winners trophies



From Left 3rd place winner Bev Wilson from Julatten, Fiona Sewell from the ABC Far North and the winner Jim Egan from Cairns.

# Introducing Marty Boyce

New South Welshman, Marty Boyce is a regular at the Laggan Pub sessions and finds the inspiration for a lot of his work by listening to the yarns of the locals at the bar. Marty can be found at the Laggan Pub three Fridays of every week and is well regarded by the locals as evidenced by this glowing reference by the drunk bloke in the corner.

"Yeah I know Marty, he lives up the road in the old shearers quarters, he is terrific, always shouts when it is his turn and that poem he does about the bloke who did that thing is bloody brilliant, Laugh? Mate I haven't laughed so much since those two blokes got their ute airborne and ended up in Jim's Bull Paddock near Tuena and he also does that other really good one about sending his kid to Afghanistan or somewhere like that, mate that one is piss funny. Hey by the way I reckon it's your shout mate, make mine a new, yeah a schooner. Ummm where were we? Oh yeah don't say too much around him if he is sitting quietly, he remembers everything you say and puts you in a poem if you ain't careful."

Such glowing references are not given lightly and Marty can be well proud of the fact that he is acknowledged for his craft by such well know local identity. Marty has been writing poetry for a number of years, however it is only in the past two years that he has decided to have a red hot go at this craft. Always on the look out for new subject matter he can be found sitting quietly in the corner of the bar listening intently for any yarn that can be easily translated as verse. Among the works directly attributed to his dedication to the bar include, The Handpiece made of Glass, The Gun, T Bones 99, An easy mornings run, and the Day Boof's Sheep got wet.

Marty is supported by his long suffering wife Kylie, who has to listen to his practice runs of his poems, usually very badly recited to begin with, and then has to endure hearing them again and again whenever he has a crowd around who are willing to listen to him. Marty has shown terrific progress with is writing taking out the Emerging Poet section at Boyup Brook with his well crafted piece "Judged" on the WA Bush Poets and yarn spinners website the poem is acknowledged as being of particularly high standard for a novice poet and deserving of a commended award in the open section. This is in no small part due to the time Marty spent at Tamworth this year with other accomplished poets and the tuition he received from Glenny Palmer who was able to somehow munge the fundamentals of rhyme and metre into a head like a boarding house pudding.

Marty is a regular on the Bush Poet's forum often getting right into the middle of robust discussions about his craft and enjoys the comradery of the forum participants. Having the opportunity to meet some of the other poets has been a highlight of his short time as a "proper" poet. Marty is now in the process of putting together his first book (and potentially a CD, for release early in the new year, both will be a compilation of what he considers his best works from 2010-2012).



**The Hand Piece made of Glass**

He told anyone who listened of his prowess with the blade, of the properties he worked on and the tallies that he made. How he shored the biggest wethers and the daggiest of ewes. he was never out of work, but highly sought by all the crews.

He'd regale us all with stories of shearing out near Gunning or Windy Station, back when forty stands had all been running. How he cleaned them up at Hollywood on Rams as big as steers for the life of them no one had ever seen him with the shears.

He was asked if he could fill a spot on Boothman's crew one week, on a mob of country scrubbers from a block at Trunkey Creek. "Geez I'd love to mate, but cant, you see I'm heading further west, there's a bloke who pays top dollar- and he only takes the best."

At cut out time we found him in the corner of the local with beer in hand and spruiking he was being rather vocal. He reckoned he'd been at Tuppal on the Murray shearing Rams one wag quipped 'not bloody likely - more like out there marking lambs'.

For a bloke who worked so many sheds nobody knew his name. everybody reckoned someone would have met him in this game. Then an old bloke recognised him as he went up for his shout said "He's never shorn a bloody thing, this bloke's a roustabout.

I worked with him once at Havilah 'bout fifteen years ago and remember that he was no good - and pretty bloody slow. I recall the day they let him have a go at shearing then and could see his knees got shaky as he dragged one from the pen.

How he trembled as he took the piece, positioning the ewe made the first blow tentatively, closely watched by all the crew. Belly wool came off in patches like a poncey poodle pup and the main fleece was so shredded that we couldn't pick it up."

The poor bloke left quite dejected, for his cover had been blown. he just simply disappeared that night and left the town alone. But I reckon at another pub, a time will come to pass when you'll find him in the corner with his hand piece made of glass.

Marty Boyce 2012 ©

## Around The Tracks



If there is one bloke who seems to sum up the quintessential Aussie, chances are that bloke would be Jack Thompson

Jack is a living national treasure, a star of screen and stage, and most importantly for us, a huge fan of bush poetry.

Jack made a flying 2 day visit to Winton in western Queensland to film his role in outback thriller 'Mystery Road'. The film crew from 'Mystery Road' has been staying for the duration of the film shoot at the Matilda Country Tourist Park, where Melanie Hall and Susan Carcary perform every night

The film crew often comes to Banjo's Barn for dinner and a bush poetry show, but it was a special thrill for Mel and Susie when the crew invited Jack Thompson to the show on Thursday 12 July

A ripple of excitement ran through the audience as they recognized Jack. Mel and Susie were excited to recite for Jack and thrilled when he agreed to do a guest spot in their show. Jack spoke about the importance of our bush poetry heritage and he recited 'Mad Jack's Cockatoo' by that famous poet anon.

Jack graciously gave his time at the end of the show for photos and chats with the audience. It certainly would be the highlight of their holiday and a great and unexpected bonus of their night with the bush poets.

Mel and Susie perform every night in Banjo's Barn at the Matilda Country Tourist Park, Winton until mid August.



Jill and Bob Winnett hail from Lankey's Creek near Holbrook in NSW. They have been supporting bush poetry for many years. Jill has been writing poems since her school days but even more so in the last 30 years. She says she doesn't know where the inspiration comes from but she loves it.

Jill enjoys writing and sharing her poetry at walk ups, retirement homes and local clubs like Probus. Jill and Bob have wonderful memories as early members of the Snowy Mountains Bush Poetry Club, initiated by the late Neil Hulm. The club had a wide membership over Victoria and southern NSW.

Jill describes her hubby Bob as "a supporter, a critic, and a person who is always available for jobs at festivals". They travel all over the south to attend bush poetry festivals and are always eager to lend a hand. Jill says that she and Bob just love bush poetry and they really value the many wonderful friendships they have made along the way.



Right: Ray Essery celebrating his birthday in Charters Towers. His age has been disguised on his hat to keep his age a secret.



**ONE NIGHT AT JOE MAGUIRE'S PUB**  
©Tom McIlveen 2012

Like most Australian characters old Clarry was unique and seemed to radiate an indefinable mystique. He wore an old akubra, long before they were the craze, and spoke in bush vernacular, unheard of nowadays.

Intriguing and enchanting, he had seemed to be endowed with repartee and anecdotes to handle any crowd. He'd often spin a yarn or two and entertain the bar, with stories that were legend from Dungow'n to Nemingha.

We knew his tales were taller than a Goatee Mountain gum and probably incited by a nip or two of rum. Although the bar was noisy and his voice was often slurred, his audience would hang on each and every single word.

Depending on the clientele, each yarn was modified, and ranged from barely credible to almost bonafide. He'd share his life adventures from an infinite array, with some becoming folklore, and recited to this day.

A narrative he liked to share, and verbalise on cue, was deemed to be believable and absolutely true. It told of how he'd saved a calf from dingoes in the scrub and placed him proudly on the bar of Joe Maguire's pub.

'A bowl of milk!' he'd shouted, 'we have come to celebrate! And bring an extra schooner for me little orphan mate!' Inebriated poddies were a novelty at Joe's, a place where patrons came in search of banter and repose.

They liked to share a social drink, to fraternise and smile, and leave behind their cares and woes, for just a little while. They'd seen their share of oddities within those hallowed walls, from minor misdemeanours, to some brutal all-in brawls.

But never had they sighted such a spectacle as this; a poddy calf enraptured in a state of bovine bliss. Intoxicated jerseys can be difficult to gauge, especially when still unweaned and clearly underage.

He stumbled down the bar before deciding to collapse, on top of Joe's best glasses and his new dispensing taps. As gases started spewing out from broken valves and lines, they mingled with the fumes of Bundy rum and vintage wines.

The atmosphere subsided into hushed sobriety, as patrons gazed in wonder at this strange anomaly. The little Aussie battler struggled gamely to his feet and staggered further down in search of sustenance and teat.

He chose the hapless barman, standing ankle deep in beer, and grabbed the drooping lobe suspended from his sagging ear. He bunted in frustration at the shrivelling supply, then realised this teat was either barren, dead or dry.

But when he sought a lower zone, just down below the waist, the barman saw him coming and had turned around in haste. Disgusted with this offering and feeling somewhat ill, the homeless little vagabond had headed for the till.

He bunted once again and caused the drawer to open wide, then overturned the register and all the cash inside. As coins and notes had tumbled out to sink beneath the sludge, El Toro dug his heels in and refused to yield or budge.

Regurgitating curds of milk, he left a slimy trail, which reeked of rancid effluent and predigested ale. Appearing almost stagnant in the sickly yellow light, it oozed along the bar polluting everything in sight.

The filthy foetid muck had fouled the cellar liquor store, and seeped into the lines and kegs beneath the barroom floor. It dribbled through the kitchen wall and seemed to permeate, through every cup and saucer, platter bowl and dinner plate.

They say the beer's still tainted down at Joe Maguire's pub and many blame those lazy dingoes prowling through the scrub. No doubt those cagey canines would have had their gruesome way, had Clarry not been chasing strays that consequential day.

Though Clarry's still a legend from Dungow'n to Nemingha, he is no longer welcome down at Joe Maguire's bar. Infrequently he comes at night attired in full disguise, and rues the day he saved El Toro from his near demise.

Winner 2012 'Kembra Flame' Award

## Introducing Tom McIlveen

A SNOWY MOUNTAIN HOLIDAY  
©Tom McIlveen 2012

The snowy mountain ranges seem a million miles away from where I sit and contemplate in total disarray. A letter from my daughter had aroused a memory, and stirred a sleeping ghost that lingers deep inside of me.

Her words were reminiscent of another's long ago and written with the same distinctive poise and polished flow. 'It's snowing Dad, this place is like a winter wonderland and chilly Smiggins Holes is looking absolutely grand.'

'The Guthega and Blue Cow both are blanketed in white and Perisher has howling winds that seem to blow all night. We caught the Ramshead Chairlift up and followed Saschas Track to reach the frozen summit of the mighty Crackenback.'

'We skied Kareela Cross and then the fearsome Cannonball and finally the Funnelweb- the hardest run of all. We spent a night in one of Cooma's numerous motels and woke up Sunday morning to the sound of tolling bells.'

'The local congregation must have blessed us with a prayer, as sunlight filtered through the mist to warm the chilly air. We drove to Adaminaby just north of Eucumbene and fished the icy waters of the foreshores in between.'

'The trout declined our offerings, so feeling somewhat bold, we hired a boat to cruise the lake, despite the sleet and cold. The weather started turning and the sun refused to shine, so we resumed our journey, heading south to Jindabyne.'

'From there we headed west along the scenic Alpine Way and booked a room at Thredbo in some fancy Swiss chalet. I miss you Dad and truly wish that you could join us here, and sit beside the fire and tell us tales from yesteryear.'

'Remember how you told me that the road was made of glass, on board the morning shuttle heading up to Charlottes Pass? I never once considered it irrational or odd, when told that Kosciuszko was where Moses spoke to God.'

'You said he made the Snowy flood the town of Jindabyne and sanctified the Mountain as an everlasting shrine. I must have been more gullible than kids around today who seem to be much smarter and increasingly blasé.'

'They don't believe in fairy tales or rainbows anymore; it worries me to think of what their future holds in store. They google their enquiries from the depths of cyber space, with parents left redundant as computers take their place.'

'I know my kids respect me and they think the world of you, but seem to be bewildered by their father's point of view. He doesn't have your principles or sense of right and wrong, and seems to be belligerent, where you are calm and strong.'

'He's drinking more and seemingly about to hit the skids and recently becoming more impatient with the kids. I thought that this vacation would improve his attitude and overcome his melancholic tendency to brood.'

'Enough of my complaining Dad, I didn't mean to moan; I know you've got enough distress and problems of your own. I'm signing off and hoping that this letter finds you well. I miss you more than any written words could ever tell!'

The irony had struck me with a sense of déjà vu, as memories came flooding back and haunted me anew. Her letter was a duplicate of one I'd seen before, unstamped and still unposted, in an empty bedroom drawer.

My wife had also written to her father long ago, and spoke of our vacation, spent relaxing in the snow. Her words almost identical, to those I'd just received, explaining how she'd also felt rejected and bereaved.

The writing still was legible, though somewhat out of date, inscribed as, 'May the twenty fifth, in nineteen sixty eight.' She'd told him I'd neglected her, but doted on the kids, and said that I was drinking more and soon to hit the skids.

I wonder if my absence of emotion was the cause, that she had been unable to unlock my inner doors. The cancer that had ravaged her and claimed her in the end, had robbed me of a confidant, a lover and a friend.

Perhaps it was my negligence and failure to appease, that spawned the spark to kindle that insidious disease. A man can't verbalise the words a woman needs to hear, and mollify the doubts that seem to fill her heart with fear.

She needs his reassurance and a comforting embrace, to know that she is more than just another pretty face. The petals of a rose, like some exotic butterfly, will fade away without the sun, succumb, and slowly die.

If I could travel back in time and face my guilt and shame, I'd abdicate my fickle flaunt of affluence and fame. Judiciously I've come to understand and realise, the rainbow I'd been searching for was there inside her eyes.

If I could only hold her - I would linger for a while, to hear her sweet melodic voice and revel in her smile. I'd tell her, 'I am yours for now and all eternity,' and free that sleeping ghost imprisoned deep inside of me.

Winner 2012 Bundy Bush Lantern Award & 2012 'Broken Ski Award

## Muster at The Station

Be inspired by Australia's High Country Heritage. Jindabyne's annual Snowy Mountains Muster is calling all bush poets to submit their poems, with hundreds of dollars in cash prizes available. The 8th annual Snowy Mountains Muster (formally the Snowy River Festival) will be held again at the fabulous location of The Station, on the outskirts of Jindabyne, during the weekend of 29-31 December 2012.

While stockmen and women battle it out on horseback for the Stockman's Challenge title, the bush poetry stage will be alive and the poetry competition will be bigger than ever.

Celebrating all things High Country the bush poetry competition, will be once again hosted by champion bush poet Carol Heuchan. Carol is no stranger to the Bush Poetry world, having won seven Bush Laureate Awards and no stranger to the horse world either as an International Horse Judge and commentator.

"The muster is a great festival. Bush poetry camaraderie and the thrills and spills of fair dinkum Aussie horsemanship! At the best venue in the land. What more could you ask?" she said.

For those of you who like to take the stage, there are cash prizes available for best performances and while at the festival, stick around for the big New Year's Eve bash at The Station.

This is the second year the Stockman's Challenge will be taking place at The Station, Jindabyne and under its new name of the Snowy Mountains Muster, it will be attracting poets, riders and spectators from across the state and beyond.

The Stockman's Challenge displays the skills of the high country horsemen and women, with events including bareback skills, whip crack event, stock handling, shoeing and more.

As always the Muster will include a full three day program of horse and heritage events showcasing Jindabyne and the mountains' rich heritage based around brumbies, mountain stockmen and the Snowy River.

With country music, great food and market stalls, full bar facilities, and a range of heritage displays this truly is a non-stop good 'ol fashioned Aussie celebration not to be missed!

For more details (including accommodation packages) visit [www.snowyriverfestival.com.au](http://www.snowyriverfestival.com.au)



The packhorse was an integral part of the Australian high country and has inspired many a bush poem. Image courtesy Snowy River festival inc.



**The Station, Jindabyne, NSW**

*'Where the best and boldest riders take their place'*

.... AB Paterson

**29-31 December 2012**

**Bush Poetry Competition**

**Writers, Reciters and Poetry Fans,  
Start planning now to be part of this  
fabulous festival that portrays the  
people of the Snowy Mountains and  
celebrates High Country bush heritage.**

Written Competition - Serious and Humorous  
Categories

First prize \$150

Performance Competition details will be released  
soon.

Full details, entry forms, conditions and prize money  
available soon at

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

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

or phone Jackie Fenton 0421 644 131

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**Cervantes Festival of Art  
WRITTEN BUSH POETRY COMPETITION**

Cervantes Recreation Centre

October 25th- 29th 2012

**CLOSING DATE. 11th October 2012**

**ENTRY FEE: \$5 per poem - Open.**

**\$2 per poem - Juniors**

**PRIZES:**

**Open - 1st Prize - \$250**

**Junior - 1st Prize - \$100**

**Contact: [iconner21@wn.com.au](mailto:iconner21@wn.com.au)**

## Banjo Paterson Writing Awards 2012 Winners



This year marks the 21st anniversary of the Banjo Paterson Writing Awards and to celebrate the occasion adult category winners will receive a limited edition Banjo bust sculpture by local artist Michael Lewis as part of their prize.

Poet, solicitor, journalist, war correspondent and ballad writer Andrew Barton "Banjo" Paterson (1864 – 1941) was born near Orange and each year Central West Libraries in conjunction with the Central West Writers' Centre, The Central Western Daily and ABC Central West Radio announce the winners in the Banjo Paterson Writing Awards.

There are four categories:

- Short Story
- Open Poetry
- Bush Poetry and
- ABC Central West Radio Children's Writing Awards for children

A total of 219 entries were received in this year's awards.

The winning short story was described by the judges as "reminiscent of *The Drover's Wife* by Henry Lawson and captures the strength and resilience of pioneering women. Through unsentimental but striking language, the writer conveys the humanity of the characters and their intimate relationship with both the Australian landscape and each other. The image of the midwife riding a horse bareback through a fast moving river in flood strayed with me long after I had read this story, reminding me of the power of good writing that captures an intensely personal vision through language that is alive and authentic."

Congratulations to all the entrants of the 2012 Banjo Paterson Writing Awards. We are pleased to announce the following winners:

- Short Story:  
(\$1,000) 1st Place: Jim Kent, of Port Fairy Vic, for *Midwife*  
(\$400) 2nd Place: Fiona Skepper, of Elwood VIC, for *La Primavera*  
(\$200) 3rd Place: Jessica Hancock, of Maylands WA, for *The Hayshed*

- Bush Poetry:  
(\$500) 1st Prize: Tom McIlveen Port Macquarie, NSW for – *Rainbow Serpent's Progeny*  
(\$200) 2nd Prize: Debra Dunn, of Orange, for – *Monuments of Time*  
(\$100) 3rd Prize: Peter Rondel WA for – *The Great Flood*

- Open Poetry:  
(\$1,000) 1st Prize: Helen Thurloe, Avalon NSW for *Host*  
(\$400) 2nd Prize: Margaret Bradstock, of Coogee, for *Mawson: the Heroic Era*  
(\$200) Third Prize: Jo Mills, WA, for *Crown of Stars*

- ABC Local Radio Childrens Award:  
(\$200) 1st Prize: Parris Hammond, of Marrickville NSW, for *Letter to the Moon*  
(\$100) 2nd Prize: Charlie Campbell, of Orange, for the poem *Just One Day*  
(\$100) 3rd Prize: Annie Nash, of Coonabarabran, for the story *Me and a Horse Called Manny*.  
Yvonne Zola encouragement award to Bella Stoyles, of Orange, for *The Sling Shot Sergeant*.

The winning short story entry will be published in The Central Western Daily newspaper and the winning entries will also be published on the Central West Libraries website [www.cwl.nsw.gov.au](http://www.cwl.nsw.gov.au) and Central West Writers' Centre website [www.wordsoutwest.com.au](http://www.wordsoutwest.com.au).

## The Bronze Swagman Award 40 Years of History ...

The Winton Tourist Promotion Association (W.T.P.A.) was formed in October 1967, and because of the connection to Banjo Paterson and Waltzing Matilda, it was a natural concept to look at ways to encourage the writing of traditional Australian verse that was made so popular by A.B. "Banjo" Paterson, Henry Lawson etc. which is so much a part of our Australian heritage.

At that time, Winton had a number of residents writing and/or interested in Australian Bush Poetry.

In 1970, led by Bruce Simpson, these poets wrote and produced "Matilda Matilda", a local booklet commemorating the 75th anniversary of A.B. "Banjo" Paterson's writing of "Waltzing Matilda" in the Winton district. This booklet proved so popular, that the W.T.P.A. decided to run an annual national competition for written Australian Bush Verse, with the prize to be a Silver Swagman.

Miss Daphne Mayo, a famous Australian sculptress who had completed the famous fibre-cast swagman for the Winton Shire in 1959, was approached to create a swagman statuette to be used as a trophy.

In 1971, Miss Mayo was given permission to proceed with the statuette, but because of the high cost of silver, the swagman was cast in bronze instead, and a tradition was born.

Our most sincere thanks must go to Bruce Forbes Simpson, and his secretary, local bush poet Clover Nolan, for their dedication – not only at the beginning in 1972 – but for some years following during the rapid expansion of interest in what became known world-wide as the Bronze Swagman Award.

Countless volunteers over the 40 years have donated their time and effort without thought of remuneration and recognition to ensure that the Bronze Swagman award achieved this anniversary.... THANK YOU to everyone!

The Bronze Swagman Award  
2006 Winner at the Australian Bush Laureate Awards  
"Judith Hosier Heritage Award"

### Results of the 41st Bronze Swagman Award 2012

**Winner:- Brian Bell**  
Glenbrook, NSW.  
"Four Soldiers Back"

**Runner-Up:- Helen Harvey**  
Coonamble, NSW  
"I'm Glad That He's Not Here"

There were 3 Highly Commended entries:

**Jack Drake**  
Stanthorpe, Qld.  
"The Water of the Well – Beersheba 1917"

**Keith Lethbridge**  
Armadale, WA.  
"The Photograph"

**Shirley Ward**  
Laurieton, NSW.  
"The Ballad of Tom Hawes"

### 'The Kembla Flame' Results 2012

With some sense of 'jumping in the deep end', The Illawarra Breakfast Poets approached The South Coast Country Music Association with the idea of a written poetry Competition to be run in conjunction with their, well established, Music Festival. As there has not been anything like this before, we set out with high hopes and spread the word through the ABPA and the Country Music networks.

Entries which started as a trickle, soon became a flood, by the closing date the SCCMA were delighted to have 101 poems to present to the judging panel. We had asked for a distinctly Australian theme and, if possible, some humour. The first thing that struck the judges was the high quality of writing in general. Common faults were: not applying consistent metre and the use of assonance instead of rhyme. It was a most difficult task to separate the top dozen. The judges got together and compared notes and after some deliberation a final ranking was agreed on. Because there were so many excellent poems, it was decided to add three 'Commended' Certificates.

The Festival goers were entertained by Illawarra Breakfast Poets at the Poets Breakfast on July 15th, but a little let down that the winner of 'The Kembla Flame', Tom Mcilveen was unable to be present to accept the beautiful trophy.

Kerrie Green, who was awarded a Highly Commended Certificate for her poem 'The Kembla Flame', read her poem with great feeling and, looking around I saw more than one moist eye. All in all, 'The Kembla Flame' was a great success. We believe it to be one of the biggest competitions of the year. So watch out for next year when it will happen all over again. (See Results elsewhere in Mag.)

Results: 'The Kembla Flame'  
1st A Night At Joe Maguire's Pub – Tom Mcilveen  
2nd Sue's Barney – Leonie Parker  
3rd The Kembla Flame – Kerrie Green

Highly Commended:  
Our Convicts' Legacy – Tom Mcilveen  
Travelling With The Oldies – Brenda Joy

Commended:  
Bark Telephone – David J Delaney  
The Mystery of The Pinnacles – Terry Piggott  
Of Stores and Great Dreams – Yvonne Harper

**HUNTER BUSH POETS  
INCORPORATED PRESENTS  
New South Wales Championships  
Bush Poetry Written Competition 2010**



**Section A) Original Serious - \$150 first prize  
\$50 second  
\$30 third**

**No. of Poems ..... x \$10 Each = .....**

**Section B) Original Humorous - \$150 first prize  
\$50 second  
\$30 third**

**No. of Poems ..... x \$10 Each = .....**

**Placing and certificates to fifth place and/or H.C.& C**

**Overall Best Poem - The Champion  
will receive additional \$150 and trophy!**

Competition will be judged by qualified A.B.P.A. Judges.  
Poems will be critiqued, free of charge, if an additional large  
S.A.E. is included. (Tick box below)

NB This competition is for poems written with consistent meter and rhyme

**Please note: In addition to the entry form, each poem entered will need a cover sheet showing category entered (S or H), title of poem, author & contact details.**

**ENTRIES CLOSE 30TH SEPTEMBER 2012**

Poems must not have been published for monetary gain or placed on a website and must not have previously won a written competition. Poems should be typed (preferably) and in plain font, on plain white paper with no sketches or identifying marks - anonymity is essential. Pages may be numbered. Only the Title and S (for serious) or H (for humorous) may appear on the poem – no author name.

Name.....Fin. Mem. HBP Inc:

Address.....

.....

Phone .....email.....

TOTAL ENCL: \$ \_\_\_\_\_

Signature (I guarantee originality and eligibility of all entries)

.....

I have included a large, stamped addressed envelope for each poem I would like critiqued :

NB: Additional Awards will be made to highest placed poem/s by member of Hunter Bush Poets Inc.  
Chq./M/O & S.A.E. to: The Registrar, c/e Trevor Harragon 6 Dalmeny Drive, Macquarie Hills NSW 2285



#### Regular Monthly Events

##### NSW

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

"Bush Poetry In The Upper Lachlan." 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

##### QUEENSLAND

North Pine Bush Poet Group meet from 9am on 1st and 3rd Sunday of every month at the True Blue Cafe, Kurwongbah

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

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

Kilcoy Unplugged - 7pm 1st and 3rd Monday of the month at Kilcoy Bowling Club, 11 Royston St. Kilcoy. \$2 donation Contact John (07) 54651743

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

Redcliffe Peninsular Poets - 1st Tuesday of the month, 7pm to 9pm. Winton Room, Redcliffe Cultural Centre, Downs Street, Redcliffe. Contact Trish (07) 38847790 or Trish1942@gmail.com

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

Shorncliffe Cafe On The Park - 3rd Monday of the month from 6pm, 6 Park Pde, Shorncliffe. Contact Peter (07)32676204

##### 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

##### WA

Albany Bush Poets Group 4th Tuesday of each month. Contact Peter 98446606

Geraldton Growers Market Poetry Gig - 2nd Saturday of month. Contact Catherine 0409200153

West Kimberley Bush Poets and Yarn Spinners - 1st Sunday of the Month at Broome RSL Contact Peter 0407770053 2012

##### August

Gympie Muster Bush Poets Breakfasts and Campers Brawl. August 23rd-26th

Camooeal Droovers Camp Festival - 24th-26th August. Contact Brenda-Joy 0438 121 074

North Pine Camp Oven Festival - 17th-19th August. Contact Barry (07) 34823541

Mary Gilmour Weekend 10-12 August 2012 in Crookwell NSW. Contact Barry on (02)4832-1004

##### September

Bush Poets and Musicians Day, Beer Garden, Happy Valley Hotel, Ovens, Vic. 2nd Sept at 2pm featuring Col Milligan and Ken Jones. Open Mic Comp Contact Jo (03) 57511628

Kangaroo Valley Written Comp Closes 14th. email entries to publicity@kangaroovalleyfolkfestival.com.au Free entry, limit of two entries per person.

Closing Date for A Feast Of Poetry written Comp, Cooma NSW. Details (02)-6452-5546 or (02)-6452-2981 details or email lucia5@optusnet.com.au

Mildura Country Music Festival Walk Up Poets Breakfasts 28th Sept to 7th October. Contact Neil McArthur macpoet@iprimus.com.au

The Poets Trek at Bourke 27th, 28th, & 29th www.poetstrek.com.au

Hunter Valley NSW Championships Written Comp closes 30th September  
Contact Trevor Harragon 6 Dalmeny Drive, Macquarie Hills NSW 2285

##### October

Kangaroo Valley Folk Festival - Oct 19, 20 & 21 at Kangaroo Valley Showground.

Australian Camp Oven Festival, Millmerran QLD 6th & 7th October.

Kyabram Bush Verse Group - 'Around the Campfire' Thursday 18 October 2012 at the Kyabram Club 82 Allan Street Kyabram 7pm. Open mic. Visiting poets welcome. Contact Mick Coventry 0427 522097

Puffin' Billy Ipswich Bush Poetry Competition. Contact Wally Finch (07) 5495 5110 or (07) 3812 3366

Cervantes Festival of Art Written comp. 25th - 29th (Closing Date 11th Oct. Contact iconner21@wn.com.au

##### November

Tamworth Blackened Billy Awards close Entries close November 30

##### December

Young National Cherry Festival Bush Poets Competition. Contact Greg Broderick - (02)-63822596

The Snowy Mountains Muster in Jindabyne (previously the Snowy River Festival) 29th to 31st contact Jackie Fenton 0421 644 131

##### January 2013

Tamworth Country Music Festival - Details of Venues, Comps and Performance Opportunities to come.

Illawarra Folk Festival 17th - 20th January 2013

**AUSTRALIAN BUSH POETS  
ASSOCIATION**

**Proudly Supporting The Cerebral Palsy League  
Through Magazine Printing**