



ABPA

Australian Bush Poets Association

Volume 17 No. 7

Oct - Nov 2012



*Tributes To Our
Servicemen and Women*

Children's Poetry

*All the latest Bush Poetry
News and Results*

Member's Poetry

Upcoming Events

Survey Results

Lest We Forget.....

Southern Shoalhaven Timber Festival 2010 Open Written Bush Poetry Competition

Theme :- History Of The Bush

(Any area, district, people or characters and interpretation,

Serious or Humorous as long as it relates to the Theme Title)

First Prize - \$250 plus Trophy & Certificate

Second - \$150 plus Trophy & Certificate

Third - \$100 plus Trophy & Certificate

plus Three Commended Certificates

Entry \$5 for one or two entries. Conditions of Entry and
Entry Forms available at www.dunnlewisfoundation.org.au

or contact John Davis ph. (02)44552013

email jda76436@bigpond.net.au or ABPA web site

Entries Close 31st October 2012

FESTIVAL DATE 24th NOVEMBER 2012

Post to

Southern Shoalhaven Timber Festival Poetry Awards

37 George Avenue, Kings Point, NSW 2539

Cheques etc for entries to be made to Dunn Lewis Foundation

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 \$600 plus the famous
BLACKENED BILLY TROPHY.
Second prize is \$300 and third \$200.

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

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

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

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EDITORIAL



Calling For Submissions & Advertisers

Well, it's been a busy few months on the Bush Poetry front, and indeed a very busy time for myself. From one side of Australia to the other, between Workshops and Performances, twixt Magazine Moonlighting and Poetry Writing, and at last I can stretch out my feet up for a week. It has been an absolute baptism of fire in the position of Editor and one thing I have learnt quickly is that so many Members have so many preferences in how the Magazine is presented, and yet we have so few Members submitting articles and stories, let alone Poems.

This is not to say that people have a commitment to submit anything, it is just an invitation to all to send in items of interest, as sometimes people don't realise that what they viewed as interesting, will also be viewed the same by many other members, and therefore would be a great addition to the Magazine. Although not everything received would be guaranteed a start, everything would certainly be given consideration.

The other thing I have noticed, also, is the expectancy of many clubs and organisers in having their competitions and events advertised for free in the Magazine. Our Advertising Rates (as shown on the left) are extremely low compared to any other Magazine I have perused. The advertiser is given a Target Audience of almost 400 individuals and Clubs and also receive support on our website. Editorials as should be, will be reserved firstly for those accompanying it with a paid Advertisement. We need to generate income to keep our Magazine at a cost efficient level. We encourage all Members to encourage their local Festivals and Competitions to take out paid Advertising in our Magazine. A half page Ad at present, is only \$40 compared to \$400+ in some other comparable magazines. I really do see that as great value.

Also remember that any ideas and suggestions can be forwarded to the Committee at any stage and will be given full consideration. But do remember, that ideas are one thing, submissions are another.

Hoping all your pre-Christmas poetry activities see you in a favorable light and may all your days be healthy ones.

The ABPA is proud to support the Cerebral Palsy League through our Magazine printing.

Editorial Apology

To those members who contacted me after the last issue to mention that they were having trouble reading some of the small font size used, I wish to extend an apology on this oversight (pun intended). It is by no means an indication of the direction this Magazine will be taking, but was simply a hiccup in getting used to compiling this Magazine on my own. Hopefully you will find this to have been rectified this issue and in upcoming Editions.

Also an apology to Stephen Whiteside for the mistake in the spelling of his name. Although I tried to convince Stephen that it would be easier for me if he changed the actual spelling of his name by deed poll, he saw this as inconvenient to other areas of his life, and therefore I will now be forced to spell ALL names correctly. Sorry again Stephen, and thanks for your input to the Magazine.

And to anybody else whom I may have upset with a spelling or grammatical mistake or such, I again apologise.

But one area where contributors will need to be careful is in submissions of their Poetry. I take care in publishing the poems as submitted and do not spell check them due to slang, etc. Therefore, please make sure your Poem has been proof read by yourself and/or someone else familiar with it before submitting it.

ABPA Committee Members 2012

Executive

President - Manfred Vijars	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 Vijars manfred@rocketfrog.com.au

Join in our Forum Chat or post your poems for others to enjoy at

www.abpa.org.au

President's Report



G'day All

On the Sick list ...

Frank Daniel, Milton Taylor, Ellis Campbell & Glori O'Brien - NSW. Lee Miller & Peter Hine from Queensland. Our thoughts are with you as are our hopes for a speedy recovery. Sad news came through late today of the passing of Victorian Poet, Reg Phillips. We will pay tribute to Reg next issue.

MEMBER'S SURVEY

Some of the demographic results from the survey are posted in this issue as well as the Strengths, Weaknesses, Opportunities and Threats (SWOT) Analysis. The Strategic Management Sub-committee have been working through the input from the Members Survey and are in the final stages of presenting the ABPA Strategic Plan to the ABPA Membership for ratification. I'll mention again that the completed surveys will be available for member's perusal in Tamworth, January 2013.

HUNTER BUSH POETS

Stiff competition has been the main-stay of the many poetry festivals held throughout the Country. Last year the Hunter Bush Poets broke the mould and tried something different by hosting a weekend of interactive workshops. The workshops covered writing, performing, singing and lyric writing. Many of the participants in those workshops have acquitted themselves well in both written and performance competitions this last year. The organisers received some positive feedback - as well as suggestions for improvement, and have decided to run their 'improved' format this year. No matter what your perceived poetic level is I would highly recommend this weekend to everyone and would advise an early booking to guarantee your place.(see the ad in this issue)

ABPA FESTIVAL FLOAT

Your responses in the survey highlighted a concern that the ABPA does not have a higher profile in Tamworth, even though there are a number of Bush Poet's events throughout the Festival. The committee have access to a suitable vehicle for use as a Festival Float. The Festival Parade usually occurs through the Golden Damper finals. It is hoped that there are sufficient friends, family or members who are not involved in the competition who would be able to sit on the trailer and wave to the crowds. It is a great opportunity to fly our banners and lift our profile. If anyone will be available during the Tamworth Festival to help out, please contact Tom McIlveen on Mob: 0417251287, or Secretary@abpa.org.au.

ABPA GOLDEN DAMPER AWARDS

Last year, after twenty-five years of hosting the Golden Damper Performance competition, the Tamworth Reading Group asked if the ABPA were willing to take over this event. For 2013, the ABPA Golden Damper Awards will have the same format as previous years, with one change. The entries for the competition will need to be in by <####> December. We will need members on the ground in Tamworth to help run the event smoothly. We are calling for volunteers to be on hand during the competition at Wests to help with the judging, timekeeping, collating, ushering, stage management or MCing. This is an ideal opportunity for our membership in running a major festival. With this hands on experience, we can then determine the appropriate format for the ABPA Australian Championships for 2014.

If anyone is interested in being involved, please contact me on Mob: 0411160510 or manfred@abpa.org.au.

I'm sure you will all join with me in commending our editor, Neil McArthur for the work he is doing on the magazine. The Committee and Sub-committees (Strategic Planning & ABPA Guidelines for Competition) have also been working hard for the membership - Thank you.

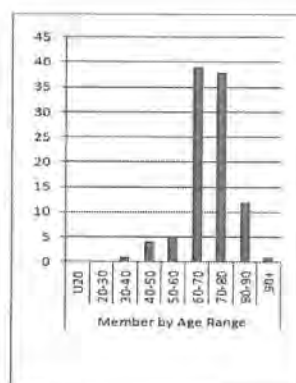
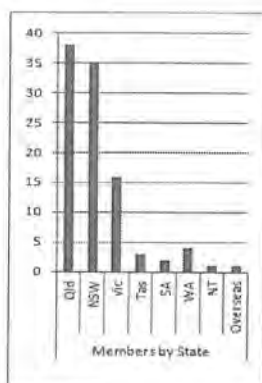
IMPORTANT NOTICE

The Annual General Meeting of the ABPA Inc. will be held at 2:00 pm, Wednesday 23rd January at St Edwards Hall Hillvue Road Tamworth. In line with the AGM, all positions on the ABPA Committee will be vacated. Members are encouraged to become involved and nominate for positions on the ABPA Committee. Work on the committee can be frustrating, but also rewarding knowing that we're striving for the longevity of our Association as "Keeper of the Culture".

Till next time, travel well and travel safe.

Cheers,

Manfred.



ABPA Strengths, Weaknesses, Opportunities & Threats (SWOT) Analysis – September 2012

STRENGTHS	WEAKNESSES
<p>The ABPA, as the National Peak Body for Bush Poets,</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> ... have a passionate membership of colourful backgrounds in an Australia wide organisation where the diversity each member brings to the association is valued. ... embraces the use of 'enabling technology' to facilitate the active participation in general discussion for the wider membership, and in regular committee meetings for decision making, irrespective of geographical location. ... have the resources to offer advice, information and encouragement to other groups and organisations in conducting poetry contests and events. ... through our magazine to each member, offer a platform for publication and opportunity for feedback. The magazine also offers a targeted advertising and is a vehicle for attracting new members. 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> ... The ABPA has a disproportionate, high median age, core membership and a low intake of junior members ... Cost impacts associated with attending and travelling to bush poetry events ... Meeting the needs of ALL the ABPA member demographics ... Newsletter is limited in distribution to the membership only. ... Average age of target audiences at poetry events ... Currently performing poets have a narrow target demographic ... Workload of voluntary executive - mammoth tasks spread thinly ... Speed of turnaround of member issues to resolution.
OPPORTUNITIES	THREATS
<p>The ABPA as a conduit to broaden members written and spoken Poetry endeavours</p> <p>Technology ...</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> to continue adaption of technology for wider membership benefit ... for communication ... social media - for wider market exposure ... digital marketing of our craft - spoken and written Magazine increase distribution to a wider target audience <p>Entertainment ...</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> ... to lift the profile of the Bush Poetry 'brand' and engage the wider Tamworth crowds through a regular 'showcase' event. ... to create an opportunity to expand/diversify our income stream. <p>Youth ...</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> ... to leverage the success of existing schools for a wider schools penetration ... to engage the youth at their 'digital' level <p>Strategic Plan ...</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> ... a regularly updated 'current' view of our Association as a basis for planning and achieving our longevity 	<p>Industry Status</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> ... Bush Poets considered secondary citizens in entertainment industry ... little acknowledgement of Bush Poetry contributions to festivals <p>Public Perceptions</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> ... limited impact as 'entertainment' <p>One Income Stream</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> ... depending on the "Membership model" as the primary income source, limits growth and can lead to pricing fallout with subsequent membership attrition <p>Key Personnel Burnout</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> ... minimal assistance for key positions leads to burnout and health issues <p>Internal Threats</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> ... jealousy and tall poppy syndrome ... egos

THE LEGEND STILL LIVES ON

©Graham Fredriksen 1956-2010

"Quick march !!" The old familiar tune is played;
we clap as weary legs again step forward;
a mottled army marshalled on parade
in Home Town—the Memorial Hall toward.
For some of them it's hard to keep the beat,
some were there as darkness met the dawn,
but marching grounds of old have seen these feet:
they've marched before—their legend marches
on.

The town's last veteran of World War One,
closing in upon his hundredth year,
rides in an open Jeep; the morning sun
has caught in ancient eyes a silent tear
shed for the gallant band with whom he stood
in days of sacrifice and martyrdom:
battalions of a blood-bound brotherhood—
the legend of the frontlines of the Somme.

The Rat of old Tobruk, now stooped and grey,
but stepping with determination grim;
a mannish boy when he first went away,
the desert took the child away from him.

And glinting in the sunlight on his chest
are medals of those battlefields long gone,
but in his mind the rifles never rest—
they are like the legend, they live on.

The Eighth Division man from Singapore,
the prisoner enslaved in Changi gaol,
he's marching for all those who went before,
who fell upon the Burma-Thailand rail,
on marches out of camps on Sandakan,
the nightmares of Sumatra and Ambon,
and in his heart he can't forgive Japan:
O wear his shoes—their 'marchers' still live on.

The Navy midshipman, who fought his fight
in landings off the coast of Borneo,
can still recall that one horrendous night,
the crash reverberating from below.
And ever in some distant harbour deep,
beneath the surging riot of the foam,
the finest of his youthful shipmates sleep—
but for today they live again at home.

The Royal Air Force ace whose wings were earned
flying Spitfires over northern France;
an eagle's view as sad, old Europe burned,
he daily dived with Destiny and Chance.
He ruled the air from Berlin to Calais,
across the Channel's turbulent black seas,
defending England in her darkest day—
our legends are the stories such as these.

The twenty-five-year-service Regular:
Korea; then Malaya; Vietnam:
machine gun forward scout, One R.A.R.—
seconded to the cause of Uncle Sam.

It seems to him he's known no other life,
just conflict and the military way,
a world continually torn by strife,
he's seen it all; he marches here today.

The National Serviceman from 'sixty-nine,
the only draw that he has ever won,
a twelve month tour of the firing line,
to hold a jungle back by point of gun.

And he learned how to wield an M-sixteen,
and jump brave-hearted from an Iroquois;
we watched him nightly on our TV screen—
what price a legend, nineteen year old boy?

The bikie who once served in Nui Dat,
with the skull and Digger's slouch hat print
emblazoned on the leather jacket that
tells his country proudly of his stint.
No cheering crowds were there to welcome him
the day that he came home from his campaign:
full fifteen years before the pain would dim—
to welcome the "forgotten" home again.

At last they halt in front the monument—
no glorifying, just a time to heal;
remembering in those silent moments spent
the names upon the cenotaph are real.
You read it there, it's etched in every face:
the prices paid subtracted from the gain;
the mates they lost in some far, sacred place;
and so the legend lives—alongside pain.

Ah! time must pass and older they must grow,
yet they can face the wide world level-eyed:
they answered when there came the call to go
where war and conflict would the world divide.
"Dismissed !!"—the ancient warriors fall out—
another year, another battle won;
it's fading now, the tumult and the shout,
but . . . their names evermore shall liveth on.

It is said: Those who would forget the past,
to repeat it Time would thus condemn;
so, for as long as those old soldiers last,
it is we of today should honour them;
for it was they who sacrificed their youth
that tomorrow's children would be free;
before us on parade has marched the truth—
the awful truth: There but for grace go we.

Death Penny

© Gary Fogarty

(This poem was written after a Death Penny was purchased in a pile of "rubbish" for \$50 at a garage sale. The buyer just sensed there was something important about this mysterious bronze disc as he foraged through the rest of the pile. On impulse he made his bid. Weeks of research told the story of the Death Penny and the sad loss of so many service men and women, among them Leslie Walter Clout who paid the ultimate price for his King and Country and lies today in a French field.)

This bronze disc caught my attention, though I had no idea what it meant,
Still the price they were asking was modest and on instinct my money was spent.
Though the name cast there on its surface was not known to me at the time,
Research quickly answered the questions and the price that I paid seemed a crime.

A memento the King gave to the families of the servicemen killed in the war,
And the women who served in the forces accounted for six thousand more.
Nicknamed a Death Penny in anguish, a poor token to replace a lost life,
Cold comfort to those who received them, sparking memories than cut like a knife.

Did he join for honour or duty, did he know what the war was about?
Or did he sign on for one big adventure, unsuspecting, one Les Walter Clout?
Just one of the thousands who answered when their King and Country did call,
Just leaving the Death Penny and memories, of the million men destined to fall.

He Died for Freedom and Honour and a million or more did the same,
The bronze medal they sent to his family forever will carry his name.
They came all wrapped up in cardboard, designed to acknowledge those lost,
But a death penny is poor compensation for families who carry the cost.

You can look for his rank, but won't find it, for all had paid the same fee,
The captains the corporals the privates, they died so we could live free.
The Death Penny refuses distinction makes equal each sex and each rank,
There's no list for cowards or pretenders locked up in the Death Penny Bank.

Now I'm not really into moralizing that the dollar is something quite bad,
But to buy a Death Penny for 'Fifty' seems to me to be fairly damn sad.
For you'd reckon the memory everlasting of a life that was lost in war,
Would rate high in the hearts of a family and be worth considerably more.

Form letter which accompanied plaque "Dead Man's Penny"

Base Records Office, Victoria Barracks, Melbourne 12.4.22

Always state Regimental Number, Rank, Full name, and Unit of Soldier in your Communications. Next of Kin should always notify Change of Address to Base Records, Melbourne

Dear Madam

I am directed to transmit, per separate parcel's post, the Plaque issued by His Majesty's Government as a memorial to those who made the supreme sacrifice in connexion (sic) with the war of 1914-1918, which I trust reaches you safely.

The King's Message, which is issued with the Plaque, is enclosed herewith.**

It is to be noted that the name inscribed on this memorial is that under which the deceased served and died, and no variation to this rule is permissible.

The Plaque, being second-class mail matter, may take a little longer to reach your address. If the delay is excessive would you kindly inquire at your local post office before communicating with the office.

The favour of the early return of the attached receipt form (which can be torn off) would be appreciated.

Yours faithfully,

Major

Officer i/c Base Records

*** Sometimes this sentence deleted)

The Last Post

©Heather Knight

(Winner North Pine Written Comp 2012)

A silence descends on this sobering place,
as the shadows grow long and enthrall.
A chill in the air is caressing my face
and my eyes are transfixed on the wall.

A reverent hush as the crowd starts to mill,
in a courtyard with names on a wall;
no talking or shuffling as all become still,
and the bugler begins his sad call.

My mind is attuned to a time beyond now
and to boys who were forced to be men;
they quickly discarded their shears and the plough
with a promise to come home again.

I listen, absorbed, to the sorrowful tone
and my mind in a trance is adrift,
reminded of boys who were only on loan
and whose time on this earth was too swift.

I see them embark with their horses and gear
as they march to the strains of the band,
a lingering kiss for a sweetheart so dear
and a wave to the crowd on the strand.

I picture the ANZACS approaching the shore
and the blood running out with the tide;
a nation was born as they died by the score
on a beach with no places to hide.

I see all the dugouts in valleys of sand,
hear the deadly report of a gun,
men breaching the trenches with rifles in hand
in a battle that couldn't be won.

I picture those boys who did not have a chance
as they fought in the sludge and the snow
and rows of white crosses in wintery France,
where the bullets and cold were the foe.

My thoughts are disturbed and I'm keenly aware
of a shiver that's tracing my spine;
the call of the bugler is drowning the air,
as the shadows and dark intertwine.

A silence descends on this sobering place
as the bugler completes his sad call.
A tear trickles slowly, caressing my face,
and I weep for the men on the wall.

THE GATE

©Neil McArthur

The gate, although wrought, and strung less than taut
Hung straightly from hinges of rust;
The lock long removed, the post deeply grooved
Age told in it's layers of dust.

I pushed back the gate, therein to create
A clear way from mailbox to door;
Up a path of cracked slate, laid at some long past date
But likely to last little more.

I set my worn boots on the path, at it's roots
And started my trek to it's end
'Longside where I walked, the bushes all talked
And whispered, "What brings you, old friend?"

I glanced at the leaves, which swayed with the breeze
Speech lost from the thoughts I portrayed;
For word's could not rise from memory's pries
And my secret lay battered and frayed.

Mind torn from the spell of these thoughts which did
quell
I trudged to the weathered front door;
And rose up the step with a falsified pep
Whilst doffing the cap that I wore.

The bell, in poor health, had congealed to itself
Through rust, from the long years gone by;
I pushed it three times, 'till I heard haunting chimes
And though to myself, "Why, God, why?"

The creak of the hinges brought shivers and cringes
As it opened to silent fanfare;
A lady so aged, from long years of rage
Stood barren and destitute there

Her eyes had declined all the comforts of time
Still a faint glint of hope flickered through;
Senility beckoned, and for one glancing second
She asked, "Michael, could that be you?"

I wished for to hide, as she broke down and cried
When my face replaced that of her son;
Reality came, like a cruel flood of rain
And unconsciously my deed was done.

"Mrs. Higgins?" I asked, through a war-hardened heart
"I'm sorry to show at your door;
With the news that your son, is numbered as one
Who will never return from the war."

She spoke not a sound, her worse fears abound
Closed the door for to block out the sun;
To that gate full of fears, through pity and tears
I sauntered, my cruel duty done!

Remember Mate

© Marty Boyce 2012

Remember mate how grand we looked the day we went on board
with spit shined boots and buckles bright each keen as mustard for the fight ?
It seems so far away now mate , how much our lives have changed
The Barrage going on tonight , by geez mate it's a splendid sight

STRETCHER BEARER!!!

Stay with me mate , it wont be long , some help is on its way.
Remember when you snuck a dance , that pretty girl in western France ?
God mate that night seems years ago , but what a time it was
The way she gave a little glance , and you thought, why not take a chance

STRETCHER BEARER!!!

Thommo mate, I'm with you here , I wont go anywhere
Hey what a about that footy game , that big Queenslander, what's his name ?
The way he rucked and palmed it down , you fed off him all day
and when the final siren came you scored the winning goal, and fame

STRETCHER BEARER!!!

You'll be alright , they're coming now , I see them on the ridge
a stretcher with a blanket warm, to take you from this metal storm
they'll have you at the aid post mate , just hang on for a while
Geez our blokes are moving like a swarm ,advancing now, maintaining form

STRETCHER BEARER!!!

It's over mate, the flares are up , objectives in our hands
here comes the bearers, hang on mate , I thought these blokes would be too late
you got a Blighty lucky mug , you'll have clean sheets tonight
They'll get you out, leave me to fate , the waiting is the thing I hate

STRETCHER BEARER!!!

I remember like it's yesterday , the mud and blood and fear
the bearers couldn't make it through , I tried mate, nothing I could do
I see your face each night in bed , clean sheets but restless sleep
I did the best a mate could do , I scream aloud the whole night through

STRETCHER BEARER!!!

Sir, Have You Seen My Dad?

Sue Pearce © 2012

The crowd was cheering, waving as the boat docked by the
quay.
He stood along his mothers side, a wee small lad was he.
As soldiers filed down-one by one-he searched each face with
care.
Then scanned the photo in his hand. No-no resemblance there.

The hours passed, the tiny lad began to show despair
when suddenly a hand reached out and gently brushed his hair.
A soldier, who'd been watching by asked "Why so anxious lad?"
The small boy answered, questioning "Sir, have you seen my
Dad".

Two years ago that very day a knock came to the door.
Informing them their loved one had gone missing in the war.
With hopeful hearts they waited.....daily papers they perused.
Acceptance of the soldiers death was something they refused.

The lad was just a newborn when his father set to sea.
He'd placed the photo by his crib, reminding him that he
would always hold him in his heart, no matter, come what may.
His letters home would always read "I love you more each day".

The soldier knelt beside the lad and said "Now let me see,
is this a photo of your Dad? How proud you all must be
for in his eyes their shines a pride that soldiers take to war.
A sacrifice where many lives are lost-forever more".

The soldier shook the small boys hand and bid the lad farewell
but, as he turned to walk away the teardrops freely fell.
For how on earth could he explain to sad and hopeful eyes.
His father wasn't coming home-he knew of his demise.

The days, the months, the years flew by, the boy became a
man
and bore a son who filled the void in life's eternal plan.
They shared a bond so special-of the kind he'd been denied.
But always in his heart he felt his father by his side.

The twilight years soon enveloped an aged and weary mind
where days were spent submerged in time, his thoughts now
running blind.
As frail hands clasped a photo, scanned by eyes forlorn and
sad.
His last words-whispered to his son "Sir..have you..seen..my
Dad".

AFGHANISTAN 2012

©Neville Briggs

From Oruzgan, the open road
has danger all around.
I met a digger walking there
across that barren ground .

I asked him ' Digger, what have you
been doing down that way ? '
He said ' I served obediently
for duty and my pay.
I did the task, I earned my pay ' .

' Look ! Digger, you've been badly hurt
by some sharp cruel force '
He said ' A mortal wound I've got,
but still I ran the course.
I held the line and stayed the course ' .

' Now Digger, why's your uniform
so torn and stained with red ? '
He said ' I've fallen down and lain
among the shattered dead.
I've fallen with the dead ' .

' I notice Digger, you're so pale,
your face looks stony cold '
He said ' My blood pours out to make
that sacrifice of old.
My name will join those names of old ' .

' So Digger why are you alone,
and where are all your mates ? '
' My mates have sent me on ahead;
they'll come along, some day.
For me the battle's over and
I'm going home, to stay ' .

KANGAROO VALLEY FOLK FESTIVAL



woohoo revue
le vent du nord • karen lynne
paul greene • nick rheinberger • doctor stovepipe
bruce watson • danny spooner • big erle and lots more

*6 intimate venues *kids' festival
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Competition Organisers Need To Ease Back On Publication Rules

by David Campbell

A flyer advertising a written competition lands in my inbox and I check out the rules. They won't accept entries that have already won a first, second, or third prize. Fair enough, that's quite common. But then I read on. Nor will they accept entries that have been previously published in any form, including on a website. That creates problems.

It rules out the poem that didn't win a prize, but was published in the anthology produced by that competition I entered earlier in the year. It also eliminates the poem I posted on the ABPA website. And the Highly Commended one that was published on that other competition's website. And the one that was printed in our local paper. And the one the environmental group used as part of its publicity campaign. So what's left?

That leads to other questions. What about the poem I handed around at that workshop? Does that constitute 'publication'? Then there was the competition that "reserved the right" to publish selected poems in an anthology. I haven't heard from them in months. Did they produce the book and, if so, was my entry in it? And the poem I read on our local community radio station. Has that therefore been 'published'? Then there was the competition organiser who wanted permission to circulate my short-listed poem among the members of his writing group. What are the implications of that? The trouble is, I can't give a cast-iron guarantee that any poems I've previously sent to competitions haven't been 'published' in some way. Once they've been submitted they're out of my control.

This rule makes it all too complicated. So I dump the flyer in the trash.

And that's a message for competition organisers...if you make your publication rules too all-encompassing you run the risk of losing entries. And therefore income. It's counter-productive. You may want people writing new poems specifically for your competition, but that becomes a totally unrealistic expectation when other competitions want exactly the same. There's simply not enough new work being produced to satisfy everybody.

Poets are not part of a production line, churning out poems at regular intervals. Weeks and months might go by without anything new being written or, if it is, it might take some time before it's polished to a satisfactory standard. In the first six months of this year I noted sixteen bush poetry competitions (including sub-sections for serious and humorous pieces) that were advertised. All of the organisers involved were undoubtedly hoping for plenty of high-quality entries, but they were battling for a limited, and possibly even decreasing, resource-base of material. Where is the sense in imploring writers to enter a competition while simultaneously alienating them by erecting massive publication walls around it?

So, when framing your rules, please give some thought to the health of the bush poetry world in general, and the importance of opening up opportunities for writers to submit their work. In other words, think beyond the confines of your own competition and consider what's best for all of us. At the moment, some poets are reluctant to post their work on the ABPA website for discussion and comment because doing so might disqualify it from competitions. That disrupts a very valuable learning process.

This is a two-way street. Poets appreciate all of the time-consuming voluntary work that goes on behind the scenes in the organisation of competitions. But competitions rely on the goodwill of writers, and the many hours that go into creating a poem. Each needs the co-operation of the other. So organisers need to consider what is fair and reasonable in terms of prior publication. Of course, publication doesn't need to be mentioned at all, but if it's felt to be necessary, here's a suggestion that some competitions use:

"Entries must not have been previously published for the monetary gain of the author."

That's much clearer than a blanket ban. It tells me that if I have profited financially because a poem of mine has been published somewhere, be it in hard copy or on a website, then it's ineligible as an entry. That's manageable. It frees up poems that would be excluded by a more restrictive rule.

Poets will still keep producing new poems, but competitions can't rely exclusively on them if they wish to remain viable. And we need as many strong competitions as possible. They provide an outlet for writers, they're instrumental in improving standards, and they play an important role in the overall promotion of bush poetry to the general public. So give us a chance to enter your competition. Ease back on those publication rules.

Otherwise all the effort that goes into running your competition might come to nothing. Your flyer could end up in the trash.



The Singer And His Song
©David Campbell

Winner 2012 Henry Lawson Society of NSW Literary Award, Gulgong

Each day a busker stands and sings,
and with his songs he always brings
a sense of places I once knew,
of people good and strong and true.
I pass him on the city streets;
he nods as with a smile he greets
the regulars who walk on by
and never fail to catch his eye.

I'm finding now I tend to stop
and listen for a while, then drop
a coin or two into his case
before I join the daily race
to reach the top, to make the grade,
to climb the ladder and get paid
a wage that shows, in style and dress,
that I've become a great success.

I have the right accessories...
a laptop, iPhone, sports car keys,
a host of friends, a good degree,
a fine apartment by the sea...
and yet he haunts me through the day,
this busker with the tunes to play
that speak to me of times long gone,
which I had ceased to think upon.

For when he strums his old guitar
he calls back visions from afar,
of valleys cloaked in morning's mist,
and mountains with their peaks just kissed
by dawn's first rays of golden sun,
to herald that the day's begun.
And I am scrambling from my bed,
with shadowed dreams still in my head.

The dogs are barking at the door,
my father's boots thump on the floor,
the rooster's crowing in the yard,
the water pipes are frozen hard,
my mother has the stove alight
to warm the kitchen as I fight
to banish sleep, and work on through
the many chores that I must do.

A paddock fence will need repair,
I have to check the chestnut mare
for she is almost due to foal,
and then I have to block the hole
a fox dug in the chicken run,
before I set out with my gun
to see if I can find his track
and bring that thieving villain back.

And somewhere in each long, slow day
I'll take the chance to get away,
to ride the colt up through the hills,
where in the forest birdsong fills
the air with music sweet and clear,
then carried on the breeze I hear
a sound I know can only be
a mob of brumbies running free.

Yet now my ears are filled with noise,
assaulted by our city toys...
the roar of buses, trucks and cars,
the throb of pubs and late-night bars,
the constant talk in strident tones
of people on their mobile phones.
No scent of wattle fills the air...
exhaust fumes choke each thoroughfare.

My office is a busy place,
where I maintain a frantic pace
by shuffling papers to and fro,
and telling bosses what I know,
yet still, through all my working day
I never seem to find a way
to do much good, for I produce
not one damn thing of any use.

And now I stand for one last time
before the busker, knowing I'm
not coming back, the die is cast...
I've nailed my colours to the mast.
I leave a hundred-dollar note,
and memo page on which I wrote:
"For showing me where I belong,
I thank the singer and his song."

*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*

Young Writers Of The Month

The Buckholz Children

Despite some Competitions reporting a fall in the number of Junior entrants over the past couple of years, Bundaberg continues to produce young writer/performers at a constant rate. Our Young Poets this month are the Buckholz children, Kirsten (12 years), Alex (10 years) and Reece (8 years) .

This year was the first year that Reece has been a member of the schools' writers group and has entered the written section. He received a Highly Commended. This year Kirsten was awarded first place and Alex was awarded second in the written section. They also entered the spoken section in the 8 to under 16 category and Alex was placed first, Kirsten third and Reece received the Col Shields encouragement award. The children worked on their poems as part of the school's writers' group and Dean Collins was guest speaker giving them tips about writing and public speaking.

The Buckholz children first became interested in Bush poetry after meeting Milton Taylor during a family holiday to Longreach in 2009. The children also enjoyed being entertained by Melanie Hall at Winton the same year. Milton then performed at the children's school, Walkervale State School in Bundaberg, and worked with the Kids Get Published writers' group at the school. Kirsten was a member of the group at the time.

The following year, 2010, Kirsten and Alex were both members of the writers' group and entered the Bush Lantern awards and received highly commended for their efforts. The children were encouraged by Dean Collins to enter the spoken section at the Australian Bush Poetry Championships held in Bundaberg that year. Reece won the under 8 section. Kirsten and Alex performed admirably in the 8 to under 16 section.

In 2011, Kirsten and Alex were again members of the school writers' group and as part of this group wrote and entered poems in the Bush Lantern Awards. Alex was awarded first place and Kirsten again received highly commended. The children also entered the speaking section in the Bundy muster and Reece won the under 8 section and received the Col Shields encouragement award.



Magpie Attack © Alex Buckholz

Warrumbungle National Park is where I met that bird
I was walking on the path when flapping wings were heard
I stopped and looked around to see what made that sound
My legs were shaking like a leaf, my heart began to pound

Then all at once I saw it come and then it turned to drop
Closer and closer it came to me, I hoped that it would stop
The bird neared me and all at once I knew it would attack
The needle sharp beak of it felt like a poisonous tack

I yodelled in lots of pain from the damage to my head
I clutched my hand upon my head and I was full of dread
Again that bird swooped down to me to do what it had done
That bird thought it was a game but to me it was no fun

I cried and ran, I darted, I looked for a place to hide
I found a big bushy tree so under it I lied
I looked from under the tree and a smile crept on my face
Instead of it attacking me, a stranger took my place.

The Outback Dunny By Reece Buckholz

I was shaking my legs, fast in and out
"I'm busting! LET ME IN now!" I did shout.
Finally, the door swung open wide
I closed the door Shut as I ran inside.

Inside were critters, they started to jump.
It was stinky in here just like a dump.
I opened the door I wanted to go back
a spider was there, it was hairy and black.

"It's smelly here, I don't want to stay in!
It's really smelly, it smells like a bin!"
The flies buzzed about, it was very gross,
I needed to go and the dunny was close.

I lifted the lid and wanted to spew,
It does not flush but will certainly do.
Someone was waiting, I heard the loud knock.
I gave a big grin as they turned the lock.

Stephen Whiteside's Suggestions for Poetry Workshops in Primary Schools

When writing for children, there are two cliches which spring to mind.

1. Don't write down to children.
2. Write for the inner child

Like all cliches, they are so because they are true - and in this case, they are also related. I suppose I could add a third - don't preach - also related to the first two.

I never seem to have had much of a problem with any of these, though I understand it is a real struggle for many. Childhood memories are vivid, and I don't find it difficult to imagine being back there again. Then it's just a matter of engaging myself in what I am writing. If I am entertaining myself as I write, there's a good chance it will entertain others also.

Particularly when you are starting out, it's important to road test your stuff. Find out how kids react to it. Your own children (if you have any) may not necessarily be the best guide. They may be reluctant to offend. Nieces and nephews may be better, the children of total strangers better still.

When I was starting out, I spent some time down at the local primary school - the school our children would be going to when they became old enough. I was allowed access to a number of classes. I performed poems, and invited feedback (not that I wouldn't have received it anyway!). I didn't charge for my time, because I didn't regard myself as professional back then, and the reaction of the children (and the teachers) was invaluable to me.

So what to write about? Again, when I was beginning, I went for the soft targets. Dinosaurs. Martians. Anything that's disgusting. More recently, I've been prepared to take a few more risks, choosing topics that appeal strongly to me rather than to the average child.

Animals are always popular - especially dogs and cats. Likewise, domestic poems. Kitchen poems. Bathroom poems. Back yard poems. Street poems. School poems, naturally. Holiday poems. Christmas poems.

How about educational poems? I do like to tackle these. I like to share my love of history, for example, with children, but it's a tough balancing act sometimes. It's a mistake to put too much detail in, and you need to work at keeping it entertaining. Make sure you don't turn it into a lesson. I've written poems about Mawson in Antarctica, sailing clippers, Ned Kelly.

Bush poetry competitions often call for poems 60 - 80 lines long, but these are generally too long for children. New South Wales School Magazine, for example (the most prolific publisher in Australia of poetry for children), stipulates a maximum of 30 lines. They will often publish poems of ten lines or less.

There is one important exception to this, though. If you write a longer poem that is sufficiently good, you may have success in persuading a publisher to take it on as a picture book. A decade or so ago, rhyming verse was very unpopular for picture books, but the wheel has turned. Having said that, though, it is not easy. If you wish to go down that path, study many picture books - and their publishers - first, before dipping your toe in the water, and don't expect to succeed first time.

Writing for children has many advantages over writing for adults. Your work can be re-published every five years or so, as a new generation of children arrives. It can be a struggle to find markets for bush verse for adults outside of Australia, but there are plenty of international markets for rhyming verse (or bush verse, if you will) for children. Publishers usually arrange for poems for children to be illustrated - often in full colour - which is a real joy.

Happy writing!

© Stephen Whiteside 16.08.2012

Stephen Whiteside is a bush poet, author and performer. In the early 1990's 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/>

If I Was A Sailor

© Stephen Whiteside 24.06.2011

If I was a sailor on an ancient sailing ship
I'd pay supreme attention to secure a proper grip
On the rat-lines as I scrambled through the rigging, lest I slip
And become a drowned sailor in the morning!

For I've seen those birds eye photos from the birds nest on the mast.
There's mostly sea below you as the hull rolls quickly past.
You get no second chances if you fail to hold on fast,
And a deep and icy grave below is yawning.

Yes, its practise, practise, practise if you sail a ship like this.
You must strike the ladder cleanly, and be sure you never miss,
But once you have it mastered, then the feelings total bliss,
As you feel a sailor's life before you dawning.

There's the main sail, the top sail, the royal sail, too;
Topgallant, sky-scraper, white against the blue;
Moon-raker, heaven-poker, working for the crew,
While just above the deck we have an awning.

So join me in the rigging as we watch the pennant stream.
The lubber's life is wretched, but the sailor's is a dream,
Though it's salt pork and figgy duff, not apple pie and cream,
And other comforts, too, you'll soon be scorning.

It's heave ho! haul ho! I've energy to burn!
There's dolphins surfing at the bow, and albatross astern!
I leap into the rigging, and my stomach doesn't churn!
I'm such a happy sailor this fine morning!

Simpson and his Donkey

© Stephen Whiteside 04.03.09

There was once a man named Simpson,
And he fought in World War 1.
He became a famous hero,
Though he never fired a gun.

He had a trusty donkey
Who was always by his side.
They searched for wounded soldiers,
And they offered them a ride.

For many days they walked the hills,
Assisting Anzacs hurt,
While all around the bullets whistled,
Kicking up the dirt.

It seemed they were invincible.
It seemed their lives were charmed,
As back and forth they walked across
The battlefields unharmed.

Simpson and his donkey, though,
Their luck it could not last,
And one day Simpson copped one
And, alas, he breathed his last.

But man and beast, they'd saved so many
At Gallipoli,
That now their names will live forever
Down through history.

And what, then, of the donkey?
I'm very pleased to tell
It survived the heat of battle,
And was cared for very well!

Bush Poetry For Kids

The Monster in the Marsh

By Kirsten Buckholz

There was a monster in the marsh but were the rumors true?
But where to search for that demon, I didn't have a clue.
I will try to find that monster, the monster in the bog,
That monster must be hiding amongst the thickening fog.

My heart was pounding against my chest as I crept along,
I wonder if that monster's weak, or if he's tall and strong?
I clutched a touch along my side just for reassurance,
My feet were slowing down and I need some more endurance.

Beads of sweat form on my face and trickle down past my eye,
My hands are getting clammy and my throat is getting dry.
My feet keep trudging on though they are getting very sore,
My muscles now are throbbing; I think I'm nearly done for.

My feet squelch in the mud, what a sensational feeling,
That monster will be hideous, not at all appealing.
My back is hunched right over and drooping towards the
ground,
There's the demon, right over there, hiding beneath the
mound.

I had him now, there's no escape, no where to hide or run,
As I got closer I thought, this is going to be fun.
That monster leapt in front of me and gave a mighty roar,
"What a silly brother," I said, and strode towards the door.

"This room needs cleaning up," I said and walked out of the
mess.
My brother should clean up his room so I don't have to stress.
How could my brother live in a room so vile and so harsh?
So now you know the story of the monster in the marsh.

Sarah Cynthia Sylvia Stout Would Not Take The Garbage Out

by Shel Silverstein

Sarah Cynthia Sylvia Stout
Would not take the garbage out!
She'd scour the pots and scrape the pans,
Candy the yams and spice the hams,
And though her daddy would scream and shout,
She simply would not take the garbage out.
And so it piled up to the ceilings:
Coffee grounds, potato peelings,
Brown Bananas, rotten peas,
Chunks of sour cottage cheese.
It filled the can, it covered the floor,
It cracked the window and blocked the door
With bacon rinds and chicken bones,
Drippy ends of ice cream cones,
Prune pits, peach pits, orange peel,
Gloppy glumps of cold oatmeal,
Pizza crusts and withered greens,
Soggy beans and tangerines,
Crusts of black burned buttered toast,
Grisly bits of beefy roasts...
The garbage rolled down the hall,
It raised the roof, it broke the wall...
Greasy napkins, cookie crumbs,
Globs of gooey bubble gum,
Cellophane from green baloney,
Rubbery blubbery macaroni,
Peanut butter, caked and dry,
Curdled milk and crusts of pie,
Moldy melons, dried-up mustard,
Eggshells mixed with lemon custard,
Cold french fries and rancid meat,
Yellow lumps of Cream of Wheat.
At last the garbage reached so high
That finally it touched the sky.
And all the neighbors moved away,
And none of her friends would come to play.
And finally Sarah Cynthia Sylvia Stout said,
"Ok, I'll take the garbage out!"
But then, of course, it was too late...
The garbage reached across the state,
From New York to the Golden Gate.
And there, in the garbage she did hate,
Poor Sarah met an awful fate,
That I cannot right now relate
Because the hour is much too late.
But children, remember Sarah Stout
And always take the garbage out!



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by Marco Gliori
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THE GOSFORD BUSH POETS

When Vic Jefferies and Peter Mace were invited to become the co-ordinators of the Gosford Bush Poets by the previous long time organisers, Bob and Esther Sennet, never did they suspect that the group would go on to become one of the most successful bush poetry groups in Australia!

From the first tentative meeting of eight poets and supporters seven years ago, the Gosford Bush Poets at their peak, have attracted crowds in excess of one hundred people to their monthly meetings, held at the Gosford Hotel and also introduced numerous newcomers and poets to the art and appreciation of bush poetry.

The group is strictly informal; everyone is encouraged to participate by reciting or reading their own or their favourite poetry or to simply enjoy the many talented local poets who attend each month.

On alternate months a guest poet is featured which has resulted in some of this country's very best bush poets appearing at the GBPs. Without exception, each of the guest artists has expressed their amazement at the wonderful reception they received, the depth of talent within the group and the enthusiasm of their audience.

The last seven years have been a special trip for Vic and Peter made hugely enjoyable by the enthusiastic support they have received from those who have attended and continue to attend. Probably the most amazing part of the journey has been the willingness of so many newcomers to the art to not only accept and enjoy bush poetry, but to also participate by reading, reciting and writing their own poetry.

The Gosford Bush Poets meet at the Gosford Hotel, corner of Mann and Erina Streets, Gosford, at 7pm on the last Wednesday night of each month (with the exception of December and April). Entrance is entirely free and everyone is welcome to present their own or their favourite poetry. A great night of fun and friendship is always assured and for further information contact Vic Jefferies on 0425252212 or Peter Mace at 0243693561.



Vic Jefferies



Peter Mace



Ethical Issues

by Gary Fogarty

As the Bush poetry world continues and hopefully expands, I think it is vital that we, as a group, address the ethical issues that from time to time arise. It is my belief that you can't legislate good behaviour and good ethics, the best we can do is to keep these issues in the light, debate them, and continue to search for the best possible solutions available to us.

In an attempt to put "Ethics" on the agenda I am writing this article to raise some of the issues I see confronting us. It is not my intention to hold myself up as some sort of expert, or as some shining light who has never done anything wrong himself, it is also not my intention to point the finger of blame or allude to misconduct by any individual. It is also my belief that many people, myself included, have from time to time acted unethically, not from any character fault, but simply because we were unaware of all the ramifications of our actions. I invite and encourage comment from others, either via the magazine, or directly to me if you would rather, as it is this debate and discussion about such issues that will serve and inform us best in the long run.

Issues that I see confronting us at the present include;

1. It is largely accepted as the 'right thing' to do in acknowledging the writer of a piece of poetry you are performing, however there have been a number of people who have become repeat offenders. I personally see this as a 'no-brainer' and see no excuse for not following the unwritten law.

The only argument I have heard against this common decency approach is that singers do not acknowledge the writer of ever song they sing. To me this is a flawed argument, firstly why should we not aspire to do better than the example set by singers, and secondly, song writers do get a form of financial recognition through the royalties due through APRA and AMCOS. There is no such royalty on the performance of poetry and it is a small price to pay to simply acknowledge the writer.

2. It is also largely accepted that if you wish to recite the works of a living poet that you should exhaust all avenues of contacting them for permission prior to using their work and to only use their work in the manner discussed. Once again a 'no-brainer' as far as I'm concerned.

Under no circumstances should the works of another poet be recorded or published without their consent. I personally have been victim of having a poem of mine published in a commercially available anthology without my consent and with no remuneration. It simply is Wrong.

Most poets I am aware of, myself included, have no problem in allowing others to recite their work, as we see it as a compliment that someone thinks enough of our poems to want to use them. The issue however does get muddier where payment is involved.

The issue of winning prize money in competitions using another writer's poem has been raised via this magazine in the past, with suggestions that the prize-winner should maybe divert some percentage of their winning to the writer. Personally I would not expect anyone winning with one of my poems to do this but on the other hand if they were keen to make that gesture I would accept. (as you see, ethics are not all black and white, are they?)

What I see as a much bigger and potentially very harmful issue is when people accept payment for a performance that is made up of a high percentage, or totally, with the works of other living poets. Is this a fair go?

Personally I see nothing wrong with reciters receiving payment for shows made up from the poetry works that are out of copyright (75 following the death of the writer) as it helps to keep alive these more traditional works and the history of our craft. The writers of these works have had that 75 year grace period to make a financial return from their own work.

I also see nothing wrong with reciters including a small percentage of poems from living poets (as long as they have sort and received the permission mentioned above) in their paid performances as it can be of some benefit to the writer, taking his works to a potentially larger audience.

Where I see the big issue is where reciters use the talents of other poets and compete for paid engagements against the very people whose work they are using. I see this as a huge ethical dilemma, as we have the situation where some writers have dedicated a large number of years in perfecting and improving their craft, lifting their profile and establishing reputations to a level where they can expect a professional level of payment. Like it or not it is a competitive business and these writers are now confronted with individuals using their own material and undercutting them on price to obtain work. Is this fair, I certainly think not. What can we do about it?

There is legally no royalties due in Australia if you record the poetry works of another writer, however I strongly believe that if you wish to record copyrighted material then you should, on moral grounds, offer to pay royalties equivalent to what is paid to songwriters. Once again for me a no-brainer.

3. This leads to one of the biggest ethical issues in my opinion. Competitive pricing, undercutting, call it what you will it has been and remains a problem which has major ramifications on peoples incomes, their livelihoods and their ability to provide for their families and their careers. I have no magic answer, so any suggestions would be welcomed.

All of us have started our poetry journeys as rank amateurs, and as such being paid for a gig is a far off dream. However for those who stick with it and put in the hard yards and have at least some amount of talent there comes a time when we may be offered money to perform. Then the problems of what to charge rear their ugly heads.

Here are some of my thoughts on the subject;

All of us as Bush Poets have an obligation to ourselves and to our fellow poets to negotiate as significant a fee as we possibly can, and we should always be on the outlook to keep moving our average fees higher. If we do not respect our own talents and our own craft then how can we expect anyone else to respect them.

This however must be tempered with common sense. It is of no use to break the event organisers, individuals, groups or festivals who are hiring us or it will lead to less, not more opportunities for poets in the future.

All poets are different with different skill sets, different talent levels, different levels of experience and therefore are more or less valuable to perspective employers and their abilities to demand higher fees will vary accordingly. The market will eventually sort this out, the problem however arises where some individuals unethically undercut their fellow poets to obtain work. Why would some poets work for less you ask, well the reasons are many, to raise their profile, for their own ego, simply because they love performing and they are not reliant in any way on their income from poetry to survive.

I have been in a situation where I was able to assist an organisation engage myself and four fellow poets for an annual event. I negotiated what I thought was a fair fee for the talents of all the poets involved. One of the poets I had sourced this work for saw fit to go behind my back and offer his services the following year for exactly half of what he was paid the first gig. I was also engaged again the next year for the same amount as the first year, so all that was achieved by this person was to half their own payment. Why? I have no idea, except to believe that they were trying to undermine my association with the organisers and step into my shoes as the poetry co-ordinator for the event. I am aware of other (too many) examples where a poet has offered to provide a team of say four poets for a lesser fee than an individual poet had been paid the previous year. Underhanded? I think so.

So what do we do, Poets just starting their career can not really ask or expect the same fees as a poet with 10 years plus experience, but they should not come in so cheap as to be undermining industry standards fought for and established by the very same experienced poets they are bidding against. I personally will perform for a lesser fee if I believe it is the only way of reaching a potential new audience (here I mean a new audience for Bush Poetry, not just for myself) or introducing bush poetry into a new area. In the past this has resulted in new venues for multiple poets annually or for work for a changing roster of individual poets. In these situations I attempt to establish a foothold and as quickly as possible more towards an acceptable fee structure. Am I wrong in doing this?

We all have favourite charities and or friends that we are prepared to do special deals for and I do not see this as a problem as they are the exception and not the norm. I am unsure how we address this major stumbling block, other than to counsel those who unintentionally do the wrong thing and maybe assist each other in identifying repeat offenders. The other way to combat this, I believe, is to more openly and honestly share information about what we get paid for gigs that another poet gets the year after us. Suggestions please.

4. My old hobby horse, how many poets actually organise or arrange for paid work for their fellow poets. Unfortunately the answer is way too few. Is it ethical to expect to be invited to this poetry event or that, if you yourself have never put yourself in a position to offer work to you fellow poets? I personally think not. Is it easy, no, although I have had some successes I have also, on occasion, used up a lot of effort for naught. But we need to continue to try, all of us, every single performing poet in the country needs to work at opening up new outlets for bush poetry, otherwise the maths is simple, more new poets will continue to come on the scene and we will have less and less work and payment to be divided between that greater number. Time to get off our backsides and forget all the lame excuses.

5. The last issue I would like to raise in this article is the uploading of other peoples work onto the internet via You Tube and other such applications. There are several examples of poets having others posting sub-standard performances of their work on the net without permission. Once again a 'no-brainer', it's wrong don't do it.

Similarly I think it is wrong to post a video of the poet themselves, performing their own work, without permission. The performance you chose to post may have been the worst that poet has ever performed and they may be in the process of producing a studio quality version of the same poem to post themselves. Once again pretty cut and dried. Comment and discussion on all the above and other ethical issues please.

Gary Fogarty



The Station, Jindabyne, NSW

'Where the best and boldest riders take their place'
.... AB Paterson

29-31 December 2012

Bush Poetry Competition

Be inspired by Australia's High Country

Last chance to enter!

Written competition entries must be received by 15 November 2012.

First prize is \$150 cash for both written serious category and written humorous category.

If you're in the area why not take the stage in the Poetry Performance Competition and stick around for a New Year's Eve country bash.

Full details and entry forms available at the NEW WEBSITE:
www.snowymountainsmuster.com

Or call Jackie on 0421 644 131 or email poetry@snowymountainsmuster.com to have an entry form posted or emailed to you.

BUSH POETRY BOOKS by AWARD WINNING AUTHOR KATHY EDWARDS

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NSW 2291

ph (02) 49292840
Mobile 0408 228 710
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YOUNG · NSW

Saturday 1st December 2012
YOUNG GOLF CLUB
Eleventh Successive Year!

Saturday Night Competition
Two Poems Each
Poets Breakfast in the Park with IGA
Big Breakfast
Sunday Morning Junior Poets
Competition
\$1000 Prize Money.
Each Contestant will receive a box of cherries

For further information and entry contact Greg Broderick
gbroderi@bigpond.net.au
02 6382 2506

NOMINATIONS ARE NOW OPEN for the 2013 AUSTRALIAN BUSH LAUREATE AWARDS.

Two things to note about the upcoming Awards... firstly, there is now a new category, for RECORDED AUSTRALIAN SONG LYRIC OF THE YEAR.

The new award will be awarded to the nominated recorded song lyric in the rhyming folk or country tradition judged to best reflect Australia's unique spirit and heritage and a special Golden Gumleaf trophy will be presented to the writer or writing team for the winning lyric that must be first released or published during the current eligibility period, October 1, 2011, to September 30, 2012.

Secondly, it has been decided to drop the fee for nomination in the Awards.

Award winners will be announced at the special gala presentation concert in the Tamworth Town Hall in Country Music Capital during the January festival, in 2013 on Tuesday January 22 at 2pm.

www.bushlaureate.com.au Ph. 02 6762 2993



Including
The Riding of the Rebel
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Scotty's Wildstuff Stew
and many more

From Victorian Female Champion Poet comes a collection of wonderful Original, Contemporary and Traditional Bush Poetry.
Available from Kathy Vallance
email:- rkvall51@tpg.com.au or Mobile 0439 256 332

Casino Village RV Resort held its Annual **BUSHMAN'S HERITAGE & CAMP OVEN FESTIVAL** on 17 – 19 August, 2012.

Gary Fogarty returned as MC and together with bush poet, Jack Drake, and together they kept the crowd entertained all weekend. The ever popular Andy and Barb Shaw and team cooked up a camp oven storm – with demonstrations and taste tests and provided Camp Oven Stew and Damper for Saturday night's dinner.

Our staff, talented residents and our Men's Shed were responsible for providing a fantastic stage setting for performers and creating a magical setting for a bush dance. Music was provided by our own "Mr Music" Hal Perkins.

RESULTS OF AMATEUR COMPETITION – with prize money and trophies going to:

Performance skills – material written by someone else:

Traditional - Serious Ron Rowlands

Traditional - Humorous Bill Palmer

Own material – written and performed by writer:

Original -Serious Brendan Doyle

Plus a highly commended awarded by the judges to

Joyce Humphrey

Original - Humorous Rex Soward

Poets Brawl – Peter Humphrey

We congratulate all the entrants of the competitions – some of whom had never written or performed bush poetry but after attending the writing and performance workshops hosted by Gary and Jack were confident enough to "have a go" with wonderful results. Well done everyone. Hope to see you back again next year.

Julie James, Corporate Manager



NORTH PINE BUSH POETS' CAMP OVEN FESTIVAL 2012

Report & Results

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

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

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

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

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

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

Cay Ellem – Honorary Scribe for North Pine Bush Poets.

2012 EKKA REPORT

Another iconic BRISBANE ROYAL NATIONAL SHOW (the EKKA) has wound down for another year.

We were lucky to have idyllic weather, blue skies and thankfully, (except for two days) the dreaded westerlies stayed away!

On the first Saturday we held the EKKA BUSH POETRY COMPETITION - held on the stage in the Wool Pavilion - again we were a little disappointed with the numbers - but, as usual, the standard was very high.

PETER MACE won the OPEN ESTABLISHED Section, KEVIN DEAN was placed Second and CAY ELLEM was Third.

In the ORIGINAL Section, BARRY ELLEM was placed First, with GRAEME JOHNSON Second and PETER MACE Third.

In its Tenth Year the BOBBY MILLER MEMORIAL TROPHY - generously donated by Bobby's wife Sandy was won by BARRY ELLEM - the Trophy being presented by Bobby's son PAUL MILLER.

In the JUNIOR Competition, the 12yrs and Under 18yrs Section was won by AMY BRADFIELD from Warwick and the 12 yrs and Under was won by BRIDGET HEGERTY from Brisbane.

All the winners won an elegant Timber Trophy generously donated by the STOCKMAN'S HALL of FAME and the winners and the placegetters will also receive a Cash Prize from the RNA.

I must also thank our Councillor for the Wool Pavilion MRS JOAN SCOTT without whose help the Competition would not have run so smoothly.

My thanks also go to the Judges, Comperes, Collators and to the 'Runner' - the Competition could not go ahead without your input.

Our "10 DAYS at the EKKA" performances were also very successful and very well supported - I organized a Roster system for the Poets and we were so fortunate to have so many fantastic poets performing - amongst them the current Male Australian Champion PETER MACE, three previous Australian Champions - CAROL HEUCHAN, GREGORY NORTH and RON LEIKEFETT - the irrepressible RAY ESSERY and many more local and interstate poets including juniors AMY and EMILY BRADFIELD - wonderful little poets from Warwick.

We had great venues - performing on the Wool Pavilion stage three times daily - and also on the large outdoor stage in the Stockman's Rest Park - our thanks to all the 'crew' on these Stages.

I am so very grateful to all these poets for making the effort to come to the EKKA to promote our beloved AUSTRALIAN BUSH POETRY - your input was greatly appreciated.

ALL in all, a wonderful "TEN DAYS at the EKKA".

TRISHA ANDERSON

CAMOOWEAL DROVER'S CAMP FESTIVAL 2012

As usual, the little border town of Camooweal and the Drover's Camp Festival provided an authentic outback experience for the hundreds of 'locals' and travellers who attended this annual event.

Music, Bush Poetry and Yarn Spinning intermingled with street parade, mail race, outback ball, bronco branding, whip cracking, art exhibition and the many tributes to the aging drovers who attended their reunion.

The well-loved country ballads and music of Tommy Maxwell, Rod Dowsett and the talented musicians who supported them, rang through the camp at the Saturday night concert. They were joined by Kalesti Butler who launched her first CD.

There was music and verse resounding in town venues all week and at the festival during the weekend, whilst the Sunday Poet's Breakfast and The Drover's Camp Talent Award, both run by Brenda Joy, had bush poets, yarn spinners and balladeers providing hilarious or heart-warming entertainment to an enthusiastic crowd right throughout the morning.

If you can plan to visit Camooweal on the 4th weekend of August 2013, we are sure you will have a great time.

Brenda Joy and Hal Pritchard
RESULTS

'Bronze Spur' (written competition) -

1st	Allan Goode of Nerang	The Rattle of the Knob
2nd	Grahame Watt	Main Street
3rd	Carol Heuchan	Partners

'Drover's Camp Talent Award' (performance competition) -
Bush Poetry

1st	Darryl McEvoy of Dalrymple Heights, Queensland
2nd	Richard Taubman of Murrunga, N.S.W.
3rd	Ed Moffitt of Mt Isa and Lex Shepherd of Buderim, Queensland

Yarn Spinning

1st	Richard Taubman
2nd	Kevin Harris of Tamworth, N.S.W.
3rd	Darryl McEvoy

Ballad/Song

1st	Kevin Harris
2nd	Ed Moffitt
3rd	John Davis of Mt. Isa

OVERALL TALENT AWARD

1st	Richard Taubman
2nd	Kevin Harris
3rd	Darryl McEvoy

Junior Competition

1st	Kalisha Tucker (age 5) of Emerald
2nd	Tyler Butler (age 3) of Emerald



Benella Bush Poet, Col Milligan with beautiful daughter Meiya.



The late Victorian Bush Poet Reg Phillips hamming it up on stage.



Three Wise Monkeys, Bill Kearns, Ray Essery and Greg North, judging the 2012 North Pine Competition.

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

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

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

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

Beaudesert Bush Bards meet on the 3rd Friday of each month from 9.30am at the Beaudesert Arts & information Centre, Mt. Lindesay H'way, Beaudesert. Phone 07 5541 2662 or 3272 4535.

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

Thursday 4th - Sunday 7th April 2013
Man From Snowy River Bush Festival,
CORRYONG www.bushfestival.com.au
MAN FROM SNOWY RIVER BUSH FESTIVAL -
Where Legends perform!



***YARNSPINNING * SONG/MUSIC**
***BUSH POETRY *LOTSA LAUGHS**

\$20 or \$15 Weekend Wristband or \$5 per session

6pm Friday Meet 'n' Greet **FRIDAY CONCERT**
 8.30 - 10am Saturday & Sunday **POETS BREAKFAST**
 10.30am Sat Workshops 1. Yarns' 2. Capt Pele & 'Mudpoo'
 1pm Walkup Camp 'You be the Judge!' 4pm **SONG COMP**
 7.30 pm Sat **VARIETY CONCERT - PETER KLEIN & Friends**
 10.30am Sunday 'Performers & Technology' workshop

VICTORIAN BUSH POETRY & MUSIC ASSOCIATION INC
 Jan Lewis 0260774332 Email: vbpm.com.au www.vbpm.com.au



BUSH ENTERTAINMENT MUSTER

12 - 14 OCTOBER Benalla Bowls Club, Arundel St

- Victorian Bush Poetry & Music Association Championships.
- \$4,000 prize money
- Performance sections include Original and Non-Original Poems, Yarns and Songs, Junior and of course Banjo's MFSR poem recital.
- If you can't attend - Written Serious and Humorous sections available.
- Guests - Geoffrey Graham and Gregory North and friends
- Poets' Breakfasts, walkups and concerts and 'join in' campfire sessions
- Lots of other festival activities including Bush Idol and Busking Competitions
- The 'Re-enactment' (Banjo's 'Man From Snowy River' poem on hillside)
- Experience real bush friendliness and flavour.
- Legends abound in poetry and music on 4 - 7 April in Corryong, NE Victoria
- Email info@bushfestival.com or phone Festival office 02 6076 1992
- www.bushfestival.com.au for all entry forms (closes 8th Feb)

See you at the festival - Jan Lewis, Poetry & Music events.

Victorian Bush Poetry Championships at MFSR Festival

The 2013 Victorian Bush Poetry Championships will be held at the Man from Snowy River Bush Festival

at Corryong in Victoria's North East on the first weekend in April.

Entry forms will be available in early December and entries will close 8th February 2013.

The MFSR Festival Board members are excited at this addition to the festival program

and look forward to working with Jan Lewis, to make it happen.

Poetry Competition sections will be similar to the successful ABPA titles held there this year.

Jan has been event manager for the Poetry and Bush Music since 1997, and is currently organising

the Victorian Bush Entertainment Muster at Benalla in October, which is a less formal get-together

for poets, yarnspinners and musicians.

Most poets have the MFSR on their 'gotta do it at least once' list, so this might be the opportunity!

Interstate poets can fix up their campervans and put 4th - 7th April in their diaries.....

Contact: Jan Lewis 0260774332 or info@vbpm.com.au or www.bushfestival.com.au



Betty Walton, Maurie Foun and Jan Lewis



Hunter PoetryFest!

E.C. Camp & Conference Centre

Morrisset, NSW

October 19 - 21st 2012

All Weekend - 'The Works' - Includes accommodation, workshops/critiquing, forums, entertainment, late night revelling everything except food, which is very reasonable and very good (Albion Park Camp Oven Cooking) **\$125 per person**
From 2.00pm Friday 19th till about 6pm Sunday 21st

Friday Night - "Get to Know You' night" - mainly socialising **\$10 per person**
From 2.00pm till 10.00pm (or whenever)

Saturday - all workshops/critiquing, forums, word games etc. **\$25 per person**
from 9.00am till 6.00pm


Saturday Night only - entertainment and games **\$15 per person**
OR SATURDAY PACKAGE - 9.00am till (as late as you like) **\$75 Double**

Sunday - all workshops/critiquing, forums, word games etc. **\$25 per person**
9.00am till about 6.00

This festival is a poetry lover's FEAST! Who could not love and learn from Pat Drummond, Noel Stallard and Carol Heuchan? And with a bit of luck, Milton Taylor and Frank Daniel?

That's not all. This venue is so fantastic - we must not lose the only weekend in the year that it is available. Next year there is a very real possibility that the International Poetry Rodeo could well be held right here!

BOOK NOW! Make sure you don't miss the best, fun filled poetry and music ever. www.hunterbushpoets.org.au or ph 02 49773210
Cheques to be made out to "Hunter Bush Poets Inc" and mailed to:
The Secretary, Trevor Harragon 6 Dalmeny Drive, Macquarie Hills 2285



UPCOMING EVENTS

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

Benella Bush Entertainment Muster 12 - 14 October at Benella Bowls Club contact Jan Lewis (02)60774332

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

Hunter PoetryFest, Morisset, NSW 19th - 21st October 2012 (02)49773210 www.huntermvalleypoets.org.au

Shoalhaven Timber Festival Poetry Awards closing date 31st October contact John Davis (02)44552013 or email jda76436@bigpond.net.au

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

November

St. Arnaud Country Music Festival - 16th, 17th & 18th November contact Jenny Torney 0427 831613

Tamworth Blackened Billy Awards close Entries close November 30

Shoalhaven Timber Festival 24th November 2012

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