



A.B.P.A.

Volume 18 No. 2

Australian Bush Poets Association

April - May 2013



Lest We Forget.....



2013 CAMP OVEN BUSH POETRY FESTIVAL

Hosted by the North Pine Bush Poets



Come see, Come hear, the best of Australian Bush Poets at the Norths Leagues and Services Club

1347 Anzac Avenue Kallangur Qld 4503.

16th 17th 18th August 2013

Sat and Sun Novice Intermediate and Open Competition

Gala Concert Saturday Night. 17th AUGUST

FEATURING

CAROL HEUCHAN & MILTON TAYLOR

Workshops Writing and Performance Friday 16th

Camping at Pine Rivers Showground

On your way to the Gympie Muster, stop over you'll love Our Scenic and Historic,
Moreton Bay Region,

Further info: Noel Stallard 07 3351 3221 email noel@noelstallard.com

or John Best 07 3886 2660 email longjohnbest@bigpond.com

Specifics and Entry Forms - ABPA Website later.

DATE CLAIMER 16th, 17th and 18th August 2013

18TH BUNDY BUSH POETRY MUSTER

Across the Waves Sports Club Inc.
1 Miller Street
BUNDABERG.

Special Guest Poets

Marco Gliori

Jack Drake

Performance Competition

Open (men & women separate categories)

Intermediate, Novice, Juniors (U/8 yrs & 8 yrs to U/16 yrs)

Duo Performances, Yarn Spinning
& One Minute Cup

Bush Lantern Award 2013 - Written Competition for Bush Verse

ALSO

Bush Lantern Award - Junior Category - Primary & Secondary School Students

FREE Poetry Workshop

In conjunction with the Bundy Bush Poetry Muster week-end Greg North will conduct a children's story telling session on Tuesday July 2nd in the Bundaberg Library and a **FREE** poetry workshop in the Council Library on Thursday July 4th from 10.00 a.m. to Noon.

Bookings are essential as numbers are limited.

All phone or e-mail enquiries:

Sandy Lees - 07 41514631
leesjdsl@yahoo.com.au

Edna Harvey - 07 41597198
edna_harvey@hotmail.com

Jayson Russell - 07 41550778
blanata@bigpond.net.au

Entry Forms

SSAE to

Performance Poetry Co-ordinator or
Bush Lantern Co-ordinator
(whichever applicable)
Bundaberg Poets' Society Inc
PO Box 4281
BUNDABERG SOUTH. 4670

Entry forms also available from
Bush Poets website
www.abpa.org.au



Cash Prizes & Trophies
in all categories

JULY
5TH, 6TH & 7TH, 2013

JULY
5TH, 6TH & 7TH, 2013

Greg North

Presentation of -
Bush Lantern Award
for Written Verse 2013
Sunday, July 7th

President's Report



G'day Members,

Have been on the road for a while now and will be till around mid-April. Had the pleasure of judging, with Janine Haig, the 18th Annual Waltzing Matilda Bush Poetry Awards Junior Festival, which was held in Winton last month. The children came from all over the Central and Western Queensland region. It was wonderful to see the kids shine at these events. There are reports and photos in this issue.

Watching the enthusiastic involvement of the many students in Bush Poetry, is a credit to the many poets and organisers involved with guiding and mentoring these students. There is great competition for the attention of our youth and we are in danger of losing the future of our unique Australian culture. Unfortunately there is an attrition of poets and teachers who have been dedicated to teaching and mentoring our youth.

The teachers are keen, the parents are keen and of course the organisers of junior bush poetry festivals are keen to have bush poetry play a greater part in the National curriculum. The time is right to do something a little different. To this end we will be launching the ABPA Youtube Bush Poetry Competition for the youth around October-November this year.

More details to follow.

I've come to appreciate, and realise how much I've been spoiled by the fast internet connection back home in Brisbane. Drop-outs and slow speed can be very frustrating given my little 'net-book' is mainly a communication device.

On another note, being reminded that this is the ANZAC issue, twenty of each issue are regularly being sent to our service men and women on active duty.

I hope our Easter travels have been safe ones, and we all remain in good health.

Cheers,

Manfred.

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 advertisement.

Send all details in plain text or PDF Format to

editor@abpa.org.au

All payments to be made within 14 days to

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EDITORIAL



Plenty happening in the Bush Poetry world in the upcoming months. Have tried to publish what I have been sent to date, but submissions are still fairly scant. If you have an upcoming event, then please consider sharing it with other members through this Magazine. It is the best form of publicity to your target audience that you can achieve and the rates are extremely reasonable. Memberships are still filtering through, even though the due date was 1st January, so some people have not received the previous Magazine. If you missed out you will need to let us know and consider prompt renewal in coming years. This is why Membership renewal forms were posted out in the October/November edition last year.

It is rather disappointing that we had no Easter input for the last magazine, and very little Anzac Day input for this one, and it does make me wonder if poets and members no longer write on these subjects to share with others.

Hoping everyone had a happy Easter period, and everyone's Poetic Endeavours bring themselves and their audiences the maximum of enjoyment.

Neil McArthur

Vale Boulia Bates



RIP Ronald Allan (Boulia) Bates

3.10.1937 – 23.01.2013

Boulia Bates was farewelled in style on Friday 1 February in Townsville where friends and family gave him a yarn-filled send off.

Born in Boulia, of course, Ron Bates did a variety of jobs during his life: he was a farmer, a publican, a professional fisherman, the Winton taxi owner/operator, an all-round bushman and bush poet. He travelled to Winton in his teens and later met and married Gloria with whom he had 3 daughters, Rhonda, Zita and Jenene. Melanie Hall's family hails from the same region so it is no surprise that Mel and Boulia were cousins. Mel was in Townsville for his funeral, she passed on the condolences of the bush poetry community and spoke about Boulia's contribution to the bush poetry world.

Boulia loved bush poetry. He wrote and recited and for some years was a regular at Tamworth. He performed and won at the Imperial Hotel and at the Oasis during the 90's and won several Golden Dampers. Boulia was also a regular entrant in the Bronze Swagman, achieving highly

Dear Manfred and Neil

Just received my March copy of A B P A and as always I sat down with a cup of tea and read it cover to cover, Yes up to its incredible standard. I appreciate the work and effort you all put in.

In 2002 I went to our local radio and asked them to give me tuition on how to use a microphone correctly so I could go around the Schools and Nursing homes performing poetry.

I was advised to do the radio Presenters course. At the completion of the course I was asked to do a radio program. I informed them the only thing I did was recite poetry.

They burst out laughing and said they had never had a poetry program on the radio.

They decided to put me on for three months trial to see IF people liked poetry.

I went on and did 90 minutes of poetry Rhythm and Rhyme program Poetry Stores & music

They received so many letters phone calls and Emails they said I must have hundreds of friends.

I have been doing a 90 minute program ever since (now in the 11 th year)

One program I played Kathy Edwards poetry and I just told people if they like the poetry Ring

Kathy Edwards in Newcastle and she will give you a copy I give out her phone number

Kathy Edwards rang me back and said, "Is that my agent in Port Macquarie,

I have just sold 3CD's and 4 Books.

This year the Radio Station says that I have one of the most popular programs on the air.

They told me they are STREAMING. I said well bully for you I am 75 and bungle my way through

Then they explained how the Radio program is going all around the world.

30 Hits came in from England and 25 Hits from America and they were all interested in the

Rhythm and Rhyme program. (They tell me they are not laughing at me any more)

90 Minutes is a long time to do a program and to make sure I get no dead air.

As most of the material comes from books I have to walk around town till I hear a good strong

male voice e.g. for Bushranger Shearer Drover Farmer Bull Rider etc.

I will send you a couple of copies of the programs I do, as it's a bit hard to explain them.

I am always looking for new themes to do a program with.

Carol Heuchan gave me the idea to do one about Mining. So if you think of a good subject Please let me know.

If you have some new CD's please let me know I would like to buy them. I can play them on my Program and promote the poetry'

Yours Faithfully

Janice Downes.

ON THE ROAD WITH MANNIE

Old Cork Station...

"Old" Cork Homestead, made famous in Hugh McDonald's lyric, "The Diamantina Drover" (Redgum, John Williamson), is abandoned. It served as an outstation until 1963 when a mini tornado blew the roof off. It has been unoccupied since then. Unfortunately the deterioration has been exacerbated by theft and neglect. Over time, travelers and campers to this permanent water hole on the Diamantina, have pulled timbers and floorboards from this historic building for their firewood.



The Old Cork Homestead is recognised as a place of great historic value, and its significance extends beyond the immediate district.

Old Cork was first settled in the 1860s when pastoralists were applying for blocks along the Diamantina. McIlwraith and Smyth took lease of the station around 1875.

This homestead was built during 1880-1885 with local sandstone and timber imported from south-east Queensland. The use of sandstone reflects its local availability, skilled workers and the high cost of importing alternative building materials before the road and railway infrastructure was developed.



Photo Quiz

Can you name each member of the Woodford Poets Mafia? Answers page 22



At The First Light of Dawn

©DaveSmith
April 2012

Authors Note.

I have been going to the ANZAC services in one way or another most of my life but this year I was very impressed by the amount of people who were in attendance especially the young people. We had walked along side the parade only to find on arrive at the Soldiers Park we had to stand at the back of the crowd almost out to the road.

I was so in awe of this it was the inspiration for this poem.
Dave Smith.

I rise up from my bed feeling cosy and warm,
and dress for the street in the dark of pre dawn.
I walk down the road as I shiver from cold
and join others who walk too; some young and some old.

We head for the park in the centre of town;
The flag's being raised and then lowered back down.
We have all come to honour those brave men who lost
the freedom they bought us, at their supreme cost.

There's a chill in the air on this damp, dawning day
but to suffer the cold is a small price to pay
for the lads who so willingly all left our shore....
carried never a thought, they'd return home no more.

The first rays of light show fine mist in the park,
I see many silhouettes in that grey dark.
A shake of the hand, nod to others I know,
the young people's tears that they try not to show.

I've been coming for years to remember my mates,
it's so pleasing to see such a crowd at the gates.
Some youngsters I asked why they brave this cold wet;
they answered as one... 'Mate; its "Lest We Forget."'



For The Fallen

© Laurence Binyon (1869-1943)

With proud thanksgiving, a mother for her children,
England mourns for her dead across the sea.
Flesh of her flesh they were, spirit of spirit,
Fallen in the cause of the free.

Solemn the drums thrill: Death august and royal
Sings sorrow up into immortal spheres.
There is music in the midst of desolation
And a glory that shines upon our tears.

They went with songs to the battle, they were young,
Straight of limb, true of eye, steady and aglow.
They were staunch to the end against odds uncounted,
They fell with their faces to the foe.

They shall grow not old, as we that are left grow old;
Age shall not weary them, nor the years condemn.
At the going down of the sun and in the morning
We will remember them.

They mingle not with laughing comrades again;
They sit no more at familiar tables of home;
They have no lot in our labour of the day-time;
They sleep beyond England's foam.

But where our desires are and our hopes profound,
Felt as a well-spring that is hidden from sight,
To the innermost heart of their own land they are known
As the stars are known to the Night;

As the stars that shall be bright when we are dust,
Moving in marches upon the heavenly plain,
As the stars that are starry in the time of our darkness,
To the end, to the end, they remain.



DON'T FORGET ME COBBER

©Thomas Hamilton

Don't forget me Cobber
The cry rang out from hell
That was Fromelles bloody battlefield
Where five thousand diggers fell

The soldier froze in his retreat
Then turned to face that voice
And ran back to save his wounded friend
For he knew he had no choice

That plea made so long ago
Has echoed down through time
Its a comfort when someone is there
When your life is on the line

Though they may pay the highest price
In answer to that call
To lay down your life for your fellow man
Is the greatest gift of all

Those who wore the uniform
And safely returned
Bore within their selfless souls
The ANZAC torch that burned

For there were other wars to fight
Against man and natures threat
Now their own descendants
Stand firm without regret

When bushfires flames devoured the sky
As hades scorched the earth
These volunteers in harms way
Truly proved their worth

Before the cyclones howling scythe
Or surging flooding tide
Those who rise for no reward
Fill our hearts with pride

You may call me jingolistic
But when word is matched by deed
That rescue on the fields of France
Sowed the bravest seed

When deadly threats confront us
There is one thing you will find
When an Aussie is in danger
You don't leave your mates behind

SHAKEY'S LEGACY

©Thomas Hamilton

He came down every evening to the local RSL
The folks there called him Shakey and it fitted
him so well
For his little body trembled as if by electric shock
Some patrons showed no pity , cause all they did
was mock

As he stumbled past the drinkers some of the bar
flies jeered
"You've spilt half your flamin' beer what makes
you act so weird
Can you thread a needle? and how do you eat
peas?"
They should have shown compassion but all they
did was tease

Then this chap came up and told me, "if you care
to listen son,
The mob that puts down Shakey never even held
a gun
He may be the butt of ridicule but deep down
they are all afraid
For the debt we all owe Shakey can never be
repaid"

"While others hesitated and lived a life so fine
Shakey followed his convictions and put his
young life on the line
He fought in the desert fury from Tobruk to the
gates of hell
Where a mine claimed all his comrades and
Shakey's nerves as well"

"We both came home together and many's the
time he said
How much better of he'd been if he'd joined the
gallant dead"
Chastened by that story as the time went on
I never called him Shakey, I always called him
John

I left that town but learned when I returned one
day
That John had finally found his peace for he had
passed away
When the parson read his story, his only five
minutes of fame
The bar flies who had mocked him just hung
their heads in shame

I guess when all is said and done John's story's
not unique
There are many more just like him as you pass
them in the street
When they gather 'round the cenotaph in the
dawns dim light you'll find
The war we thought fought long ago, still rages
in their mind

www.abpa.org.au

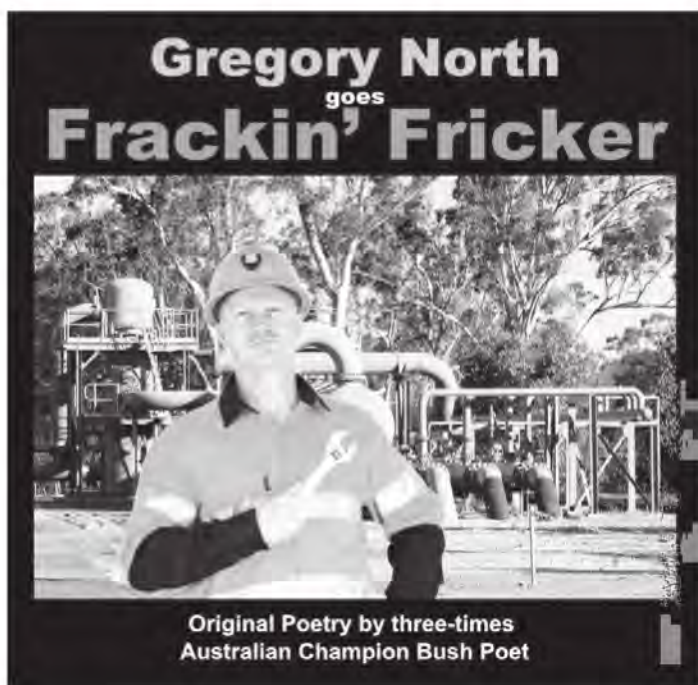
GREG NORTH

Past Australian Champion Bush Poet and Blue Mountains resident Gregory North was commissioned by Blue Mountains, Lithgow and Oberon Tourism to write a poem for the Blue Mountains Crossings Bicentenary. The poem was presented at the Bicentenary launch at Echo Point in Katoomba on Saturday 23rd February in front of NSW Governor Professor Marie Bashir AC CVO and 150 other invited guests. "I think it's a time for reflecting on what's gone before and also what's ahead. There are many lessons in our history as well as amusing human stories. I've tried to uncover some of them in my poem." The poem can be heard or read on Greg's website:

www.gregorynorth.com.au and he will perform it at various Bicentenary celebrations 2013-2015.

The Crossings Bicentenary is in May and will involve a Ball, Blue Mountains Blue Wave authentic re-enactment, Australia's largest ever aircraft flyover on 25th May, Holey Dollar Bicentenary Commemorative Coins, Monuments to the Three Explorers, Crossing the play, Aboriginal cultural experiences, interpretive signage at historically significant sites and much more. See more at

www.bluemountaincrossings.com.au



New Album now available. What started as a desire to record his Frackin' Fricker poem became an album with slam pieces, recent favourites, neglected verses and even a rap single! It contains 17 tracks of original poems and a rap with quirky characters and their humour along with a dash of weightiness.

\$22 posted. (Album or single tracks also available as downloads) www.gregorynorth.com.au

Special Offer: Buy 1 get 1 FREE. Buy the new Frackin' Fricker CD and get Fully Sick, Mate! CD FREE (please write 'Special Offer' when ordering by mail).

Gregory North 5 Dryandra Place Linden NSW 2778

www.gregorynorth.com.au

How Far We've Come

© Gregory North, February 2013

The Three Explorers' crossing is a dinkum Aussie yarn.
The kind that comes right after that laconic, "Air ya garn?"
A case of Chinese whispers that our nation glorifies.
Mark Twain said that our history reads like beautiful fresh lies.

It's likely that they weren't the first, but were the best, for sure.
A well-planned business venture by three men who wanted more
has since become a legend ... and it's replicated still.
A story that's familiar – free resources; use at will.

Of course, it wasn't perfect, their provisions got quite low;
they had no maps, no certainty, weren't sure which way to go
and lost the pathway back, a trap for all those who explore.
And many Europeans did. Let's see who'd gone before:

Compassionate Will Dawes despised ill treatment and corruption
and kept the count of paces walked in spite of interruption.
The first white man in Linden, an astronomer, marine,
surveyor, engineer and native linguist in between.

Then Paterson, a Scotsman and an officer of note,
tried hard to cross the mountains in – now wait for it – a boat!
Another daring doer that the mountains soon sent packing
was Sirius's quartermaster – tippler, Henry Hacking.

Ex-convict Matthew Everingham explored the northern side
and may have reached Mount Wilson, though it's tricky to decide.
Some Sydney cattle quickly gained their freedom from the plough,
so first non-native 'cross the mountains ... could have been a cow!

Then Matthew Flinders' mate, George Bass, thought he might have a go
with ropes and hooks for hands and feet. His route we'll never know.
But later on he found Bass Strait and sailed with other men,
then risking trade in Spanish seas, was never seen again.

A 'ranger of the bush' was surely first white 'cross the range.
Once freed, John Wilson carried out a cultural exchange.
He learnt some native ways and words, traversing lots of ground.
The governor thought he could help stop rumours getting round.

A group of Irish convicts scored this man as mountain guide
to prove to them that China wasn't on the other side.
No China nor utopia was found whilst in the bush
but Wilson reached near Goulburn when he made a second push.

So wild-man Wilson found a way around the mountain wall
but no one followed up and he gained no acclaim at all.
His journey was forgotten, he went bush. Within two years,
abduction of a woman meant he died from native spears.

Barrallier, an architect, surveyor, engineer
decided using depots may just conquer this frontier.
He met with Aboriginals – his journey still enthralls,
but ended in frustration staring up at waterfalls.

George Caley was a botanist and labelled with this jewel:
If born a gentleman, would have been shot whilst in a duel!
His effort was amazing with its constant up and down
described as like traversing tops of houses in a town.

A campfire error by his men could hardly be applauded –
description of that bushfire may have been our first recorded.
Then as he reached Mount Banks, expecting nature to submit,
he saw the gaping canyon and I reckon he said ... "Bother!"

Well, these are trips we know about. There may have been some more;
by 1813 kids grew up with bushland at their door.
So all of these explorers helped to build up information.
The crossing was a process with advances and frustration.

A mountain map existed too, before the white man came –
a detailed web of stories, landscape features, plants and game.
Some parts were shown to white folks who would never understand.
Subduing nature's not the same as living with the land.

But Blaxland, Lawson, Wentworth were the first to do it 'right'.
They marked their way, showed stock could pass and pastures were in sight.
They hadn't found extensive plains; there still was much to do
but as respected gentlemen, did all they needed to.

Macquarie said, "Yeah, right! And now you'll tell me China's there!"
"Oh, well, there's Lithgow pottery, but that's more earthenware."
Macquarie was compelled to follow up on their report
but breaching of his prison's wall was not a pleasant thought.

Political conditions, chance of economic gain,
available resources and adventure can't contain
enthusiastic businessmen who have a prophecy
and then their vested interests help dictate the policy.

Now, does that sound familiar? It seems nothing much has changed.
Some short-term gain with long-term pain. Can't that be rearranged?
The toll on Aboriginals cannot be quantified.
The ignorance, the shameful deeds were never justified.

The Three Explorers' journey caused a freedom of the mind
for Sydney Europeans who no longer felt confined.
And now I wonder have we made ourselves another trap –
locked-in to sap resources and ignore the looming slap.

So let's reflect on what's been lost – both beautiful and strange
but like the Three Explorers, have a vision things can change.
Our vision, like an ancient culture, never should succumb.
Let's ask ourselves the question: really, how far have we come?

*Audio download and pdf text of this poem available from
www.gregorynorth.com.au*

VOICES

© David Campbell

Winner 2013 Yass Show Bush Poetry Competition

I can hear them in the silence of the desert,
and they whisper in the vastness of the plains;
they are present in the searing heat of midday,
and the thunder that foretells the season's rains.

They will murmur in the branches of the snow gums
when a breeze is sighing softly in the night,
and they echo in the early morning chorus
as the magpies greet the coming of the light.

They're the voices of the lonely and forgotten
who have walked these roads to mend a broken heart,
or to find a new direction on life's journey,
and a chance that they might make a brand new start.

Some set out to strike it rich with golden fortunes,
but were cast aside when luck just didn't run,
and a later generation took to roaming
when they lost despite a war that had been won.

For the fighting just brought pain and desolation
to so many who returned with shattered lives,
and their agony increased and rippled outwards
to despairing mothers, daughters, sons and wives.

So they left and sought relief on quiet back roads
where the solitude might calm a troubled soul,
but the years slipped by and still they kept on dreaming
of the miracle they hoped could make them whole.

The Depression took its toll on many thousands
who were forced to hump their swag on aching backs,
in the search for fleeting work and signs of pity
out along the nation's dry and dusty tracks.

Then another war left misery and hardship,
for the shadow conflict casts is dark and long,
and a damaged mind keeps searching for redemption
in the struggle to distinguish right from wrong.

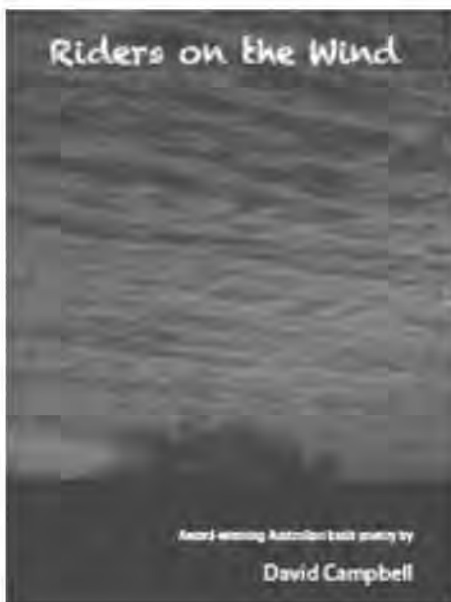
So the story keeps unfolding as time passes,
and the years create a harsh and heavy load;
though the cities hide the ghosts of lonely people,
there are those of us who seek the open road.

In the outback there is time to wander slowly
through a paradise away from trucks and cars,
with the sun to greet us warmly in the morning,
and at night the wondrous glory of the stars.

I can rest a while beside a pool of water
where some red gums give a welcome patch of shade,
and the animals and birds will all come calling
in a colourful, enchanting grand parade.

There is music of such beauty in the birdsong,
there is art in all of nature that I see,
so in truth there can be nothing that I'm lacking,
and no other place that I would rather be.

It is here, and only here, that I am happy,
where the voices keep me moving on my way;
they're my guiding lights, advisers, and companions...
and the reason I am still alive today.



! **David Campbell's** new book *Riders on the Wind* is now available: **104** pages; **40** award-winning poems plus photos. Also an e-book and CD. Book only: **\$23** (inc. postage); Book + CD: **\$33** (inc. postage); e-book: **\$9.99**. Book/CD via: camwriter@hotmail.com or 1 Spicer Street, Beaumaris, Vic., 3193 or mobile 0400 468 500. Download the e-book at: www.campbellwriter.com/books



Boyup Brook Country Music Club

2013 Festival

Bush Poets Report

Bob Magor is one of the most widely recognized poets in Australia today, and many poets recite his poems. Bob hails from Myponga, in South Australia, and his poems cover many hilarious incidents from his experiences as a shearer, dairy farmer, and sheep and cattle breeder. It was a real pleasure to welcome Bob to Boyup Brook, along with Peter Mace. Peter is the current Australian bush Poetry Champion, and when he is home, can be found on the central coast of NSW. Bob and Peter headed the lineup, which included fourteen local poets who all performed extremely well. New poets are really showing the benefits of reciting alongside experienced professional poets, who have been a feature of the program for the past six years.

Bush poets performed at three free concerts around town, leading up to the big Bush Poets Breakfast on Sunday morning. While the audience was less than we have had in recent years, we can still claim the title of the biggest in Australia, and with nothing like it overseas.....

Bob and Peter performed at the breakfast show at Harvey Dickson's Country Music Centre on Friday morning, before visiting the local schools for workshops with the pupils. These proved popular with staff and students alike.

Workshops were again well received. They allow the opportunity to learn from the visiting poets. With twenty at each workshop this year, we had more chance to have discussion and interaction with Bob and Peter.

Two members of the WA Bush Poets and Yarnspinners, Terry Bennetts and Keith Lethbridge (Cobber) combined to win the WA Senior Songwriter Award at the festival, with Cobber's poem "Little Irish Mother" set to music.

It is only through the support of our sponsors that we are able to bring poets such as Bob and Peter to our festival. A big thank you to Boyup Brook Farm Supplies, Blackwood Valley Beef, Primaries Wool, Boyup Brook Co-op, CSBP, Elders, Dyson Jones, and Professionals Real estate for their assistance this year.

Bill Gordon

Bush Poetry Coordinator
Boyup Brook Country Music Club



Peter Mace, Bill Gordon and Bob Magor at the Boyup Brook Festival this year.

Murray Hartin's Ireland Trip

Pubs, music, singing, fantastic people, Guinness, cider, whiskey, great food, sensational scenery and, of course, the accent.

Folks, if you're thinking to yourself "I wouldn't mind going to Ireland", all I can say is "Book the ticket!!".

Here are a few diary extracts

Monday, June 4, 2012

Folks, I've hit Ireland at full speed, which is pretty much a slow shuffle these days. Flight over was good, watched The Rum Diaries to get in the mood. Was picked up at Dublin airport by an old mate Mark Russell and we had a night out just to ease into the Emerald Isle.

Took the Guinness Storehouse tour late Friday morning then jumped on a bus to Limerick. Got off one stop early but it all worked out and was picked up by Brian Cadogan who, with wife Margaret, would be my host for the next six days. Played golf at Shannon International on Saturday and playing there again today - hopefully a lot better. Going to an open mike poetry night on Wednesday at Limerick's famous White Horse hotel (famous for poetry - it's not very big) and with any chance will get to say a few words. This place is fantastic and the people I'm staying with are like long lost rellies. Played golf in the burning heat of an Irish summer (drizzling rain and 16 degrees, should be fine today though).

Wednesday, June 6

Went to an amazing little pub last night in the village of Tulla with Patty Murphy (seriously), a mate of Brian Cadogan's. Patty's old man and the publican were friends. The publican, Flan, is very close to 90 and he didn't open the pub until Patty knocked on the door at 10.55pm pretending to be the police. Flan said "For Christ's sake Patty, you know I don't open until 11!"

My Irish debut at The White House Hotel.

The bloke who ran the poetry night, Barney, was straight out of any classic Irish comedy, dressed in black tie, wisps of red hair hanging on for dear life and an accent you'd pay to hear. A small man but a voice that came from the double bass section of the band.

He put me on last of the walk-ups before the break and the main attraction - a semi-local poet called Arthur Watson who was brilliant.

There wasn't a lot of rhyme from the early poets and most of it was serious. 1-2-3 poems each.

I did Rain From Nowhere and The Yoga Incident and it blew me away that they got it all. Yes, I did slow it right down.

Very emotional in fact considering this was my main reason for being in Ireland, to recite in an Irish pub.

I've been invited back as guest poet next week so Peter Capp and I will make the journey from Doolin.

I can't wait to unleash Cappy. They won't know what hit them when he starts talking about styrofoam mining in Tierra Del Fuego, picking Wongans in the hills east of Perth and Theo Brickadopolous, the greatest bricklayer Greece has ever produced.

Cappy and Jen are picking me up today and the next stage of the no-real-plans journey will begin to unfold.

If it gets better than this I could die of happiness - but what a way to go.



June 11

Three days since my last report and a lot has happened. Brian drove me to Liscannor to meet up with Cappy, Jen and Jen's mate Jan at the Anchor Inn. Prior to this Brian took me on another one of his "treats" and this time it was to the wonderful thatched-roof village of Adare where we gate-crashed a wedding in a beautiful Cathedral, got some wonderful shots of the stained glass windows and some video of the harp player and then it was on to Auntie Lena's pub.

****(Aunty Lena's is a fantastic old pub where I met a mad Londoner artist called Toby Jovey (I kid you not) who married Annie from South Australia, lived there for 18 years and was great mates with Brett Whitely. He said he'd meet me at McHughs in Liscannor later that day. Missed him at McHughs (which was two doors up from the pub I was staying in) but they said he'd gone to Egans (three doors up from McHughs) and that's where I found him. Talking to Toby in that pub about his Brett Whitely days was like being in a Peter Cooke and Dudley Moore skit when they were doing Derek n Clive - so I can't repeat the language. I then went all the way back to the Anchor Inn (5 doors back the other way - you do a hundred metre pub crawl in Liscannor and you end up in rehab) and had the best seafood dinner ever, best oysters EVER, Galway Oysters. A seafood platter with no sign of batter. Just oysters, crab claw, smoked mackerel, poached salmon, mussels, langoustine (mini lobster) for 30 bucks Aus.)*

June 17

Good news people, ukulele lessons have stalled but, wait for it, I have been singing in public with other people who play ukuleles. You've never heard Khe Sanh until you've heard it accompanied by Cappy's mate from WA, Jeff Swain, on the uke with me singing back-up. Truly a great moment in both Australian and Irish entertainment?

The audience went wild so we shook hands with both of them and bought them a drink.

Have been hanging out at a place called McGanns, one of the Doolin pubs and last night they had some people playing and singing traditional Irish stuff plus modern covers. A couple of voices that would take out Australian Idol simply by burping.

Just having lunch which consists of smoked salmon, tomato, cheese, red onion, cheese and iceberg lettuce on a crusty roll nicely complimented by a can of Bulmers Cider.

Heading back to McGanns this arvo armed with the Blues Song I wrote this morning. (Well, I did the words, left the music to the experts quite obviously.)

June 18 and beyond

Had a couple of nights on Inisheer, the smallest of the Aran Islands (250 people – 3 pubs). Recited a bit with the locals and also went on the publican's trawler checking his lobster and crab pots. Great Fun.

Back to Doolin for a few nights, then another night with the Cadogans in Limerick, bus and train to Belfast where I watched the Australia v Ireland cricket match (rained out after seven overs) and flew home the next day.

Sensational.

There are lots of great places to go to in Ireland but the people provide the magic so to get to know them you have to stay put for a while.

*We're just a bunch of Aussies
Staying here in Doolin town
A crazy bunch of Aussies
Hunkered down in Doolin town
And back home we drink from dawn
Right until the sun goes down*

*In The Land Of Kangaroos
The sun it says goodnight by seven
Then we hit the cot
And dream of pretty girls in heaven
But in Doolin we're in trouble
Cos the sun it don't go down until eleven*

*That's four extra hours of boozin'
Our livers they're in toxic shock
Beaten by the Guinness
And a really mucked up body clock
And right here at McGanns
We're the sickest damn sheep in the flock*

*But we're back because we're Aussies
It's hard to keep the good men down
Now it's time for us to go
With our sorrows well and truly drowned
And soon as we get out of rehab
We'll be headed back to Doolin town
Yeah when our livers have recovered
We'll rush on back to Doolin town.*



WINTON JUNIOR BUSH POETRY FESTIVAL 2013

Winton has just hosted and another successful Junior Bush Poetry Festival, their 18th. Louise Dean has again excelled at efficiently organising this popular event with the assistance of her dedicated local volunteers. Carmel Randal certainly passed her enthusiasm and vision for young poets into capable hands.

To see more than 300 school age children, our future Bush Poets, step onto the stage over the two days of the Festival is something I have found impossible to miss for the past nine or ten years. It is a delight to be invited to judge this event each year and I have watched some of the young performers step shyly onto the stage as five-year-olds and revisit each year as they mature and grow in confidence. This year some of those "babies" competed as high school students.

This is a truly unique Festival, and it shouldn't be. We need mentors for these young people. Poets who can work with the schools to encourage and advise. How apt that the home of Banjo's Waltzing Matilda is showing the way for our future poets.

I wish more Bush Poetry fans could witness the excitement and joy of a school child who has braved the stage, the audience, the judges and remembered their words.

Their reward? The knowledge that they did it, the applause, the praise of their audience and a certificate or medal to commemorate their achievement.

I am coming back next year!

Janine Haig



Clover Nolan Award Finalists



Clover Nolan Award

Winner: (Right) Hayley Pearce, Year 4, Longreach S.S.

Runner Up: (Left) Rachel Hall, Year 7, LSOE

Judges, Janine Haig, Manfred Vijars

WINTON JUNIOR BUSH POETRY FESTIVAL 2013

18th Annual Waltzing Matilda Bush Poetry Awards Junior Festival, was held in Winton over the 26th & 27th March 2013. The children came from Winton, Barcaldine, Aramac, Longreach, Muttaborra as well as many outstations serviced by the Longreach School of Distance Education.

School-kids from prep-school to years five performed on the first day of competition, and the years six, seven and secondary on the second. My overall impression is that, in terms of public presentation there is a strength of character with bush kids that would leave many of their city counterparts for dead. Ironically, given their isolation, it's the kids from the school of distance education who consistently shine at these events.

Watching these kids perform, it's sometimes difficult to remember you're 'judging' them. The 'stand-out' kids for this year were the years one and seven and the 'prep' school kids. These remarkable kids were involved in over three hundred performances during this festival. The 'prep' school kids are not judged, but if only we could harness their enthusiasm, the success of Bush Poetry would be assured well into the future.

There have been many dedicated individuals involved with organising the competition and the ongoing mentoring of these remarkable kids. Their collective efforts have instilled a love for Bush Poetry here in the heart of Matilda Country. Unfortunately, the numbers are waning due to the attrition rate of dedicated mentors.

I believe that the ABPA would be remiss if we didn't get behind supporting this great event for the future of our Culture.



Students from the School of Distance Education practicing.



Encouragement Award (Sponsored by Janine & Jennifer Haig)
Winner: Jessica Hona, Year 6, Winton S.S.



The ABPA President's Award for Performance
Winner: Trent Wills, Year 7, St Patrick's, Winton



The Banjo Award, for best Banjo Paterson Poem (Sponsored by Gary Fogarty)
Lilly Alexander, Year 7, Longreach School of Distance Education

The Sounds of Galvanized Iron.

A Symphony in "G" (Gal.)

©Grahame Watt

When the pioneers Anthem is written
As a symphony piece so fine,
No sounds will compare, with the sounds so rare,
That are played on 'Galvanized Iron'.
There's the 'creak' of heat as the sun beats down,
And the 'crack' of iron as it cools,
The homestead roof sings of summer and frost
As this way and that way it pulls.
The old Shearers Hut and the half-a-tank shed
Make sounds like a rhythmical strum,
With the echoing 'flap' of old rusted sheets
As the wind plays a slow plaintive drum.
A solo from possum, and flying fox too,
At midnight a duet combine,
Thumping, staccato, disturbing the sleep,
With a frolic on 'Galvanized Iron'.
The 'rattle' of chain on the dog kennel roof,
As the 'Heeler' leaps so keen,
Is an overture to a working day,
As dawns first light is seen.
The "Ring" of a tank, when the water is down,
And the full 'Thudding' sound so divine,
We listen to hear of ration or wealth,
To the sounds of 'Galvanized Iron'.
And who hasn't heard the echoing walls
Of the Tin Shanty Hall, unlined,
Reaching afar in the cold frosty night,
With a chorus of "Auld Lang Syne".
A rising crescendo of storms on a roof,
The thundering 'crash' of hail,
The deafening "ROAR" on Corrugate Iron
Is enough to make a man pale!
But the sweetest sound that a man can hear,
Is the 'murmur' of rain, no doubt,
Playing a Love Song on 'Galvanized Iron'
At the end of a ten-year Drought.

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The Big Avoca Do 2013

Another big crowd of over 170 people turned out for the third annual Big Avoca Do, which was held at the Avoca RSL Hall on the 23rd March. Local Bush Poet Col Driscoll and the Big Avoca Do committee presented a 4 hour variety show of Bush Poetry and Ballads featuring guest artists Gary Fogarty, Col Milligan, Greg Storer, Felix Meagher and Big Avoca Do regular Neil McArthur.

There were laughs a plenty from the poets, each displaying their unique styles of original poetry and yarns to a very appreciative audience. Special Guest Greg Storer had the crowd spell bound with his songs about life on the farm, featuring several tracks from his Backwater album, as well as a few tunes written for and recorded by his little sister Sara.

Musician and Playwright Felix Meagher, who filled in at the last minute for another Big Avoca Do regular Dennis O'Keeffe, added a touch of Celtic charm and audience participation to the night with traditional tunes played on the guitar and fiddle.

Local Bush Poet and 2012 Victorian Female Champion Kathy Vallance performed several poems and assisted Col Driscoll in awarding the 3rd annual Pyrenees Poet Written Bush Poetry Award to Avoca resident James Mowbray for his winning entry "Food, The Great Temptation." For his efforts James won a trophy, monetary prize and a 1 year membership to the ABPA courtesy of the sponsors.

This year the Big Avoca Do raised about \$4K in funds for the Avoca Mens Shed, and the members of the Shed participated in the organising of the event by building the stage set and providing the catering.

After a rather late night at the Big Avoca Do the Poets and Musos fronted up to the Moonambel Hotel on Sunday for an afternoon session called 'Poets @ The Pub,' where they again entertained a crowd of about 100 people.

"It gives those locals who couldn't make it to Avoca the chance to see these wonderful entertainers in action in their own back yard," said Col Driscoll.

All in all it was a highly successful weekend and proved that support for Bush Poetry is alive and well in the Pyrenees Region of Victoria.

Col Driscoll

Food, The Great Temptation

©James Mowbray 2013

The crowds they come to Macca's
To KFC and such
Their appetites need filling
No burger is too much

There's such a great selection
Of goodies by the score
They're all with photos lit up
And like they say "there's more"

Of course there's healthy salads
Mixed with all the snacks
But they're just extra filling
To put between the stacks

Some others could be tempted
To partake of these delights
When hunger pains are biting
And they see the restaurant lights

And more discerning minds have they
And takeaways they spurn
Not for them the calories
Or hamburgers they burn

The food they eat's a cut above
Your average sausage sizzle
It's made with practiced hands and skill
Down to the last sweet drizzle

They've been watching Masterchef
And all those other cooks
Where everyone's an expert
On how to stuff a chook

So they sit down at home to eat
The product of their cooking
Some's good, some's bad
And some, it doesn't bear a looking

"Well, food is food" I hear you say
"It's there to be enjoyed"
From Sunday roast to coffee break
It keeps the chefs employed

But what about the farmers
The cockies on the land
They work their butts off day and night
To keep up with demand

And then of course there's Woolies
And Coles and IGA
Without the food they'd all go broke
Big Mac would fade away

Of course we could try growing
A veggie patch or two
With sprouts and spuds and pumpkin
And lettuce, just a few

We'll need some meat and sausages
Now that's another thing
We'd have to bump our pet lamb
Or what our neighbours bring

On Fridays we'd go fishing
Down the local creek
We might even catch a yabbie
Or a carp once a week

Of course; you have to have a license
To make everything most lawful
You need gumboots for the mud
But the stink is something awful

If you'd rather have a chicken
Just like the Colonel's got
You'd better sharpen up the axe
Make sure you hit the spot

But then again, food's to enjoy
Sometimes it's really great
Except sometime you might expect
It's passed its use by date



From Left, Vic Woman's Champion, Kathy Vallance, Winner James Mowbray, Organiser and Poet Col Driscoll



Winner James Mowbray with his trophy, prize money and 12 month ABPA membership subscription

Beaudesert Bush Bards Workshop Held on 16th February

Thirty-two people attended the poetry writing workshop conducted by the Beaudesert Bush Bards which was so ably tutored by Brenda Joy of Charters Towers.

Everyone enjoyed Brenda's instruction and felt inspired to apply more discipline to their writing. Brenda had so much knowledge to impart that time just flew and all were wishing they had more time with her. The club members plan to allocate a portion of their future meeting time to work through the notes supplied at the workshop.

As President, I thank Brenda, the many participants for their attendance and the BBB members for their help with the planning, promotion and execution of what proved to be a great day of both learning and fellowship.

Pamela Fox, President.



Official Report – Adelong Show “Best of the Bush” Bush Poetry Competition

On March 10th 2013, the Adelong Show Society held their second “Best of the Bush” bush poetry competition as part of their annual show.

It was only a small field of competitors but once again there were some very good quality performances on the day. Competitors were able to present two poems and were judged on their best performance of the two. There were two categories in the competition – an open category where competitors were able to present their choice of an original, modern or traditional bush poem; and an Adelong-themed bush poem section.

Mick Donahue of Tumut was the MC of the competition and provided some of his own distinctive poetry between the performances as the judges were completing their judging sheets. He was assisted by up-and-coming country singer, Emily Pike of Carrathool, who also provided some songs in between.

The winning poet in the open category was Sue Pearce of Tumut with an original poem entitled, “The Lone Dog’s Cry” – an emotional poem about an old dog that had lost his master. The runner-up was Jim Lamb of Young with the Banjo Paterson classic, “Song of the Wheat”. Heather Roach of Adelong returned this year and defended her title with another win in the Adelong-themed poem section with her poem “Along for the Ride”. Adelong based performer, John MacKenzie narrowly missed out on being among the placegetters.

After the prizes were presented, competition judge, John Peel of Tumut, presented a mixture of traditional and original poems for the appreciative audience that were in attendance.

This competition will be running again in March next year, so keep an eye out for it, it is likely to be bigger and better than ever.

John Peel



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**ILLAWARRA BREAKFAST
POETS**



Early last year a group of poets called, Illawarra Breakfast Poets, decided to organise a written Australian Bush Poetry competition. Wishing to establish it as an ongoing event with an iconic trophy and hoping to draw local support, they approached the South Coast County Music Assn and asked if they would like to enter into a joint venture to co-inside with the Country Music Festival that has been running, in July, for many years at the Dapto Leagues club.

After scouring trophy magazines and all the local shops, a suitable crystal, flame shaped, trophy was sourced. And so 'The Kembla Flame' was born. News was spread through the networks of the Folk Festival scene and the Australian Bush Poets Assn as well as advertising and spots on both the community radio, 2VOXFM and local ABC. Entries began at a trickle and then a flood of over 100 entries poured in.

With such success it is guaranteed that 'The Kembla Flame' will quickly become a much sought after trophy. It will be found standing proudly alongside the 'Bronze Swagman', 'The Blackened Billy', 'The Bush Lantern', 'The Boree Log' and other icons of our craft. The Kembla Flame is now open to receive entries for 2013's competition. Entry forms and conditions are available from the 'Events' section of the Australian Bush Poets website www.abpa.org.au or from zondraeking@gmail.com or the SCCMA through BruceShepherd@gmail.com closing date 7th June 2013.

Profile On Robyn Griffin

(nominated by North Pine as their biggest supporter)

My late mother loved poetry and would often read to us at night by the light of the kerosene lamp in the days before electricity was connected and TV was available.

My mother and her sister could write poetry well, and I lament the fact that my mother did not live long enough to become involved in the resurgence of Bush Poetry in Australia. I know she would have been on the stage with the best of them. I also credit my love of Banjo's poems to my Year 6 and Year 9 teachers. They both read it to the class prolifically.

After a marriage break-up in 2001, I realized that I needed to get out and do something different. I knew Graham Fredriksen performed at North Pine Bush Poets and was involved in running "Kilcoy Unplugged" for some years, so I decided to venture up to Kilcoy one night. I found the poets of Kilcoy very friendly and welcoming and thoroughly enjoyed the evening. A good laugh was just what I needed.

After attending Kilcoy Unplugged regularly for about a year, I heard about other poetry events. I began attending North Pine Bush Poetry events and camped at their "Camp Oven Festival" which I thoroughly enjoyed. I soon realized there were dinki-di Aussies and they were my kind of people. I still say Bush Poetry attracts the nicest type of people. This was particularly evident when I had a health problem some years later. I was overwhelmed with the support and kindness I received from the bush poets throughout Australia, particularly from North Pine Bush Poets and Kilcoy.

I am not a performer and much prefer to listen to the poetry. I remember when Kilcoy first received their new lectern, I was inspecting it before the poetry began for the night, when Pat Markey said 'That suits you Robyn'. That night I recited the only poem that I could remember from my school days, "My Country" by Dorothea Mackellar. To this day it is still the only poem that I can recite in full, in spite of Kevin Dean's many attempts to inspire me to perform. I know that performance poetry is not my forte; I'm much happier being part of the audience.

I have met some truly lovely people through Bush Poetry and it would be very difficult to single out one person as a favorite Bush Poet. There are however two Bush Poets who, when I first met them struggled to recite a poem and often read their poems. Kevin Dead was reading all his poems when I first met him and Barry Ellem was struggling to remember his poems. Both of these poets have improved in leaps and bounds over the years to make them into the top class poets that they are today, with a repertoire of 80 plus poems. I find it very inspiring to watch emerging poets rise through the Bush Poetry movement, to a top class act.

Banjo Patterson is very much a favourite of mine, and any humorous poem that makes me laugh.

I have enjoyed trips to many festivals and long for the day to venture further afield to other poetry festivals. I really hope that



Bush Mates

©Bouliia Bates

There's a man named Kelly Dixon, a friend of Bouliia Bates,
They've both been true blue bushmen, out where there are no gates.
One sticks with stock, the other with hay. Their lives are really full,
They've turned their talents to poetry. Bush prose and that's no bull.

They know the stuff they write about. Bush ballad poem or prose.
Horses, cattle, old timers, they write up all of those.
Original or traditional, each poem they write has both.
The kind some turn into song, and hope for money growth.

These two are real live bushmen, stockmen, horsemen true.
They entertain with experience, they're bush mates through and through.
Their women folk are wonderful, they back their men with pride,
The loyalties are great to see, when around them disciplines slide.

The world could do with more mates, with the caliber of these men,
As honest as the day is long, always ready to help a friend.
I'd ride the ridges with them, any old day at all.
Tis great to see such fellowship, in men who stand so tall.

Cobargo Folk Festival Report

Cobargo Folk Festival was held, as usual, on the last weekend of February.

We arrived on Thursday to find the camping grounds around the local sports complex already busy. All the powered sites were taken and almost all the spots around the oval were occupied. As we are a self contained unit we simply found a level area and set up. Friday evening saw the first of the spoken word events with Vic Jefferies, Arch Bishop and myself doing a round robin concert.

Saturday morning saw a fine day, but clouds were threatening very early. There was a fairly good turn up and we got underway five minutes early. Vic Jefferies was the MC and many of the usual poets from the surrounding area were present. Barry Lake from Narooma, Laurie MacDonald from Canberra, Lorraine McCrimmon from Bungindore, and Arch Bishop Toowomba to name a few. A total of 27 presenters kept the crowd well entertained.

Then the rain came continuing til morning. The water had formed a shallow lake in the marquee about 8 to 10 cm deep. Poets and audience all turned up in a motley variety of gumboots and raincoats. One bloke even had a tarp over his head. The variety of poems was really surprising but the show was stolen by a gent I haven't seen before who had just started reciting when the power went off. Undaunted he went on in a rousing baritone to complete one of the longest poems I have ever heard. Unfortunately I didn't note the name of the poem or author. Definitely one I had not heard before.

Sunday afternoon there was a discussion/debate on "Are we getting smarter?"

Mediator was Martin Pearson and there were two poets on the pro side and two opposing. At the end of the debate/friendly chat the audience was asked, 'has anyone changed their mind', to which one lone person raised his hand. With all eyes turned to him he was asked 'please explain'. The answer being "Well I came in believing we were getting smarter but the fact that there are all these people here listening to this rot.." The whole place (including the presenters) broke into uproarious laughter. To which the moderator said. "There is nothing more to say. Thank you and good night".

Zondrae King
A woman of Words



Vic Jefferies



Barry Lake in full flight

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Retractions and Apologies From The Editor

1. To Noel Stallard. A big, big apology. The last three times his name has appeared in the ABPA Magazine it has been misspelt with an e where the an a should be. My humble apologies Mr. Stallerd. No, seriously, My apologies Noel. As a past president and prolific performer, I have no excuse for getting the spelling wrong. Noel **STALLARD**.

2. Correction to February - March edition. B.J. Stirling's poem, '**The Testament**' won the written humorous section of The Snowy Mountains Muster, not the Corryong Competition.

3. To all members, re. the previous magazine. Any close cut margins, any pixilated printing and for some financial members who failed to recieve their magazines, I do apologise and all will be caught up, but unfortunately Queensland, including our Printers, were caught up in severe flooding. Our thoughts are with all who suffered the terrible conditions.

Photo Quiz Answer

From Left: Gary Fogarty, Bill Kearns, Peter Capp, John Best, Peter Mace, Murray Hartin, Marco Gliori and Ray Essery.



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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

Port Macquarie (Hastings-Macleay) Poetry Group now meets 2nd Sunday afternoon 1pm to 4pm, Port Macquarie Senior Citizens Club (Pioneer Room), south end of Munster St, Port Macquarie. Contact Rod, Janice, Ian, Tom or Bessie 6584 5425

Milton Ulladulla Bush Poets and Yarn Spinners Group First Sunday Every Month at Ex Servos Club Ulladulla 2pm start visitors welcome contact John Davis 02 44552013

QUEENSLAND

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

Kurripla 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 Edna (07) 41597198; Jayson (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, Recliffe. 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

Top of the Murray Poets and Bush Storytellers (TOMPABS) meet Monthly (mostly Tuesdays in Corryong) for writing workshops Monthly on 3rd Sunday for Music and Poetry at Maurie Foun's 'Poets' Paradise' also for ukelele, accordion, Older Day Care entertainment etc. If you're up our way, contact Jan Lewis (02) 60774332

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

Perth monthly muster, 1st Friday at the RSL Club, Fred Bell Pde, East Victoria Park at 7pm. Contact Dave 0438341256 or Terry 0894588887.

AUSTRALIAN BUSH POETS
ASSOCIATION

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Through Magazine Printing