

# A.B.P.A.

Australian Bush Poets  
Association  
Volume 18 No. 3  
June - July 2013



**Winter Edition.....**





# 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](mailto:noel@noelstallard.com)

or John Best 07 3886 2660 email [longjohnbest@bigpond.com](mailto:longjohnbest@bigpond.com)

Specifics and Entry Forms -available at [www.abpa.org.au](http://www.abpa.org.au)

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

July 5th, 6th & 7th

## 18th BUNDY BUSH POETRY MUSTER .. 2013 Across the Waves Sports Club Inc. - Sails Function Room 1 Miller Street, Bundaberg.

July 5th, 6th & 7th

#### Performance Competitions

- Under 8 - Recite favourite poem
- 8 Years to Under 16 Years
- Open - Traditional, Modern & Original
- Intermediate - Traditional & Modern
- Novice - Traditional, Modern & Original
- Yarn Spinning
- Duo Competition
- One Minute Cup

#### Performance Enquiries

SSAE to:

The Performance Co-ordinator  
Bundaberg Poets' Society Inc  
PO Box 4281  
BUNDABERG 4670

Closing date for Competition  
June 21st, 2013

Doors open at 8.30 a.m. for competitions to commence at 9.00 a.m.



ENTERTAINMENT



Sails Function Room at Across the Waves Sports Club

FRIDAY EVENING: Walk-Up  
Poetry/Variety Concert  
Admission: \$3-00

SATURDAY EVENING: 'The Concert'  
featuring  
Marco Giori - Jack Drake - Gregory North  
Admission: \$15-00



Sandy Lees .. 07 41514631 or [leesjdsl@yahoo.com.au](mailto:leesjdsl@yahoo.com.au)

Concert Ticket Bookings .. Phone or e.mail Sandy Lees on above contact

Entry Forms also available on ABPA website: [abpa.org.au/bushpoetry/entry.htm](http://abpa.org.au/bushpoetry/entry.htm)



# President's Report



G'day Members

Not long returned from a wonderful trip to the Centre and it's hard settling down back into a routine. While on the subject of travels, I'll be off overseas for the month of August and may only be reachable via email. In my absence any ABPA queries should be directed to our Secretary Tom, or Treasurer Kym.

Was saddened to hear of the passing of Peter Hine. Peter was part of the Scarborough, "Poets on the Park" group, a regular performer and writer. He held his "Last Book Launch" (that's what he called it), and unbeknown to the many who attended, this was also his 'Wake'. His wishes were not to have a funeral service. Goodonya Pete - that's class.

ABPA Strategic Plan should be up on the ABPA website by now. It's available for perusal and comment. This plan has been derived from membership input via our earlier survey and subsequent suggestions. As this is a 'live' document, ongoing comments are welcomed.

The "ABPA Guidelines for Competition" are being reviewed by the ABPA Committee and should be ready for membership input shortly. This will be made available on the ABPA website a well.

A hearty Welcome to the 50 new members who have joined so far this year (as of May). On behalf of the ABPA Committee, I hope you will feel welcome and comfortable amongst your newfound peers.

Our first on-line "ABPA Youtube Youth Bush Poetry Competition", will be launched mid September 2013 and close at the end of October. More details will follow.

Our secretary, Tom McIlveen, will be organising the ABPA float for the Tamworth cavalcade during the Country Music Festival. Graeme Johnson will be the co-ordinator for the ABPA Golden Damper Competition during the Tamworth Festival 2014.

A call out to anyone with IT experience who would like to assume the role of 'Web Admin' under the direction of the ABPA Committee, please contact me at, [manfred@abpa.org.au](mailto:manfred@abpa.org.au).

Hope this finds us all well.

Kind Regards,

Manfred

## **ATTENTION.**

### **ABPA Youth Bush Poetry YouTube Competition 2013**

***A call out to any members who work with schools***

***The ABPA Youth Youtube Performance Bush Poetry competition will be launched mid September 2013. Part of the advertising for this event will be by way of a personal invitation sent out by the 'prez'!***

***It would help considerably if we had a list of those schools who have had Bush Poet involvement, referrals are far more effective than a blanket mailout.***

***If you'd like to support our drive, Please forward your list of schools by email to, [manfred@abpa.org.au](mailto:manfred@abpa.org.au) . Or by post to Manfred***

#### ABPA Committee Members 2013

Executive;  
President - Manfred Vijars [manfred@abpa.org.au](mailto:manfred@abpa.org.au)  
Vice-President - VACANT  
Secretary - Tom McIlveen [secretary@abpa.org.au](mailto:secretary@abpa.org.au)  
Treasurer - Kym Eitel [treasurer@abpa.org.au](mailto:treasurer@abpa.org.au)  
Editor - Neil McArthur [editor@abpa.org.au](mailto:editor@abpa.org.au)

Members on Committee;  
...John Peel [peel\\_jg@hotmail.com](mailto:peel_jg@hotmail.com)  
...Murray Hartin [muz@murrayhartin.com](mailto:muz@murrayhartin.com)  
...Cay Ellem [cayandbarry@gmail.com](mailto:cayandbarry@gmail.com)

ABPA State Delegates;  
Queensland - Wally Finch [wmbear1@bigpond.com](mailto:wmbear1@bigpond.com)  
NSW - Tom McIlveen [portalarms@gmail.com](mailto:portalarms@gmail.com)  
Victoria - Jan Lewis [poetfarm@corryongcec.net.au](mailto:poetfarm@corryongcec.net.au)  
Tasmania - Philip Rush [auspoems@bigpond.com](mailto:auspoems@bigpond.com)  
W.A. - Irene Conner [iconner21@wn.com.au](mailto:iconner21@wn.com.au)

Web Admin - Manfred Vijars [manfred@rocketfrog.com.au](mailto:manfred@rocketfrog.com.au)

Membership Payments to The Treasurer, ABPA  
c/o 24 Sneddon Road, Limestone Creek, Qld. 4701

# EDITORIAL



Here we are heading towards the end of the financial year already and the end of my first year as ABPA Editor. It has been a very rewarding journey to date and I must give a big 'Thank You' to our Treasurer Kym Eitel for both guiding me through the initial shock of the work and for her wonderful temperament as a Treasurer and friend. Also to Manfred, our President for all his help, Micheal and his staff at Mylestone Printing and for those members who have submitted items for inclusion in the Magazine. It has not been all happy sailing of course and if there is anything you believe you can contribute to the Magazine to improve it then please don't hesitate to let me know. At times certain events and results and articles are simply not published due to not being submitted. Often they are sent to our website, [www.abpa.org.au](http://www.abpa.org.au) for inclusion, but not sent to the magazine as well. So remember that this is your Magazine and it is here for you to make your voice, poetry or advertising heard in the world of Australian Bush Poetry. Thanks again to all members for their patience thus far with my job as Editor.

Cheers.  
Neil McArthur

## R.I.P. Chris Jensen

Bush Poetry has unfortunately lost another great supporter. Chris Jensen passed away in Toowoomba on May after a battle with Pancreatic cancer and will be fondly remembered by many in the bush poetry fraternity. For 13 years Chris was the breakfast announcer at ABC Radio Toowoomba (formally with ABC Rockhampton), continually attracting over 30% of the radio audience against some very strong competition.

During his tenure with the ABC, Chris was a strong and fiercely loyal supporter of Australian Country Music and Bush Poetry, continually starring down fierce opposition from his superiors and others to give much needed airplay to original Australian material. In later years Chris's voice continued to be heard on local FM radio in the darling Downs Area.

As well as being one of the first radio announcers to provide air-play for bush poetry, Chris also officiated as a Judge at numerous events including the inaugural Australian Bush Poetry Championships at Winton in 1995.

I will remember Chris, not only as a top class, professional broadcaster, but as a tenacious defender of Australian artists who always conducted himself with compassion and integrity. I had arranged to visit him in hospital and regret that word of his passing reached me before I had this final chance to catch up for a yarn.

All bush poets should remember Chris Jensen for what he did for our art-form, many of us will remain grateful for the interviews and air-play he so willingly provided and some, like myself, will mourn the passing of a great bloke and a great mate.

Gary Fogarty



Dear Neil

This is a word of warning about the idiosyncrasies of rhyme, prompted by a judge's error in a recent written competition. Poetry judging is obviously a highly personal issue, with individuals responding in different ways to subject-matter and style. But sometimes a judge makes an elementary mistake, and that's what this letter is about.

We're all aware that 'again' can be pronounced in two different ways...to rhyme with either 'pain' or 'men'...but there is a less-recognised problem with the very common word 'because'. In my part of the world 'because' is pronounced 'becozz', that is, it rhymes with 'was'. That's where you'll find it in the Penguin Rhyming Dictionary (along with 'Oz'), but I recently received a competition judge's report telling me quite emphatically that my use of the rhyme in this way was wrong.

Quite clearly that judge pronounces 'because' differently, perhaps as 'becawzz' (to rhyme with 'laws'. C. J. Dennis, for example, wrote it as 'becors' and rhymed it with 'wars'. I've also heard it pronounced 'becoss' (to rhyme with 'boss'), and even 'becuzz', to rhyme with 'fuzz'.

It's easy to see where 'becawzz' comes from, as part of the word is 'cause' and when talking about a 'worthy cause' there's only one way to pronounce that. But once it becomes 'because' then we have to allow for alternative pronunciations, which may depend on the part of Australia the writer comes from, or even which school was attended.

There are other, less common words, that can create problems. For example, the rhyming dictionary puts 'castle' with 'parcel', but a lot of people (including those in the TV show of that name!) would rhyme it with 'hassle'. Likewise, the dictionary puts 'data' alongside 'later', whereas many would say it rhymes with 'barter'. And how do you pronounce the colour 'maroon'? Does it rhyme with 'bone' or 'boon'? (The dictionary suggests the latter, but heaps of people would disagree.) Does 'clerk' rhyme with 'bark' or 'lurk'? ('Bark', according to the dictionary.)

Then there's the American influence. Most of us would rhyme 'route' with 'boot', but sometimes I hear the American version, which aligns it with 'doubt'. And 'wrath'... does it rhyme with 'moth', 'bath' or 'hath'? (The dictionary says 'moth'.)

There are other examples, but that's enough to make my point. I'm emphasising the different pronunciations of 'because' because it's such a common word. So the message is straightforward...when judging written competitions we need to do our homework and have a flexible approach that allows for the different ways some words are pronounced.

David Campbell

# ON THE ROAD WITH MANNIE

## The Combo Waterholes...

There's a stone monument at the Combo Waterholes, placed there by the members of the Southport Flying Club 29th, September 1990

It's inscribed ....

### *The Combo Waterhole*

*This is the billabong where the swagman shearer drowned while escaping from the troopers after being caught with a suspected stolen sheep.*

The story inspired Banjo Paterson to write the song 'Waltzing Matilda' in 1896, music was arranged by Christina MacPherson (coincidentally the great aunty of Dave Proust's wife, Terese).

*"Once a jolly ....."*

Unfortunately there was no record of anyone ever dying at Combo Waterholes, neither was there any police action there at any time. Under the police regulations in force at the time, even attempted suicide called for an enquiry. There were however, two deaths in the area around Paterson's time, George Pope and Samuel Hoffmeister. George Pope accidentally drowned at the Dagworth Scour Hole in September, 1891. Samuel Hoffmeister committed suicide by a billabong nearly four months before Paterson wrote his ballad. Seven of Hoffmeister's mates heard a shot and raced down to the billabong near their camp and found him dead with a revolver in his hand.

Hoffmeister was buried on Kynuna Station on the 5th September 1894. (the death certificate can be found here ... <http://blogs.slg.qld.gov.au/jol/2012/04/12/the-origins-of-waltzing-matilda/>)

Hoffmeister's 'Billabong' is just off the (former) Cobb & Co coach road about 13 k upstream of the Combo Waterholes. That road is now part of a stock route between Kynuna and Winton.

It is well accepted that Paterson often enjoyed picnics here at the combo Waterholes. Sadly, all that's left of old Dagworth station is nothing but rubble and rubbish (it was burned down on the 2nd September 1894)

There's a board in the Kynuna pub with the following message ...

'Banjo' Paterson recorded in "Golden Water" that through this window (in the Kynuna pub) he saw MacPhersons of Dagworth pass champagne 'to those very shearers' who had burnt their woolshed, wool and 143 young 'jumbucks!

This extraordinary event ended the great shearers strike of 1894 and began the legend of 'Waltzing Matilda'.

The song was baptised here with that champagne in January 1895, and went from here to Winton, Australia and the World.

It was there that Paterson, a Sydney lawyer, brokered a truce which proved to be a turning point in Australian history. The battle of Dagworth, fought 20 miles from Kynuna, 2 September 1894, was to be the last armed conflict between Australians. It was here that those Australians decided that, rather than shoot each other in a civil war, they would have a drink together. They sang a song they all understood and then went back to work.

Both 'Swagman' and 'Squatter' sank their last drinks at this bar.

Stranger, go in peace from here as a friend - Waltzing Matilda.

(Richard Magoffin)



*The Cobb and Co marker along the stock route from Kynuna to Winton*



*Combo Waterholes looking South*

# WHEN YOU'RE WEARING MAROON

©Gary Fogarty

When the waring teams are readied, when the battle lines are drawn,  
When the time for prayers, regrets and doubts has just got up and gone.  
When the stands are packed to bursting, 'cause they know their team won't yield,  
That's when thirteen maroon clad warriors take their place out on the field.

When the whistle signals battle, when the blue hoard makes it's charge,  
When only the lion-hearted would dare face the next barrage.  
When man to man and head to head the waring legions strive,  
That's when winning is the trophy for those who can survive.

When the scoreboard says you're losing as the time clock runs its course,  
When you're battered, bruised and broken by a bigger stronger force.  
When you dig deep to find the courage and get back in the game,  
That's when twelve good men beside you will stand up and do the same.

When their pressing on your try-line as the minutes tick away,  
When the fans are hushed to silence as they clasp their hands to pray,  
When defeat is like a demon reaching out to grasp your dream,  
That's when courage is united in the heartbeat of a team.

When you spot the gap, and make the break, when the crowd begins to roar,  
When their cheers come out to greet you as you race away to score,  
When the football gods have smiled and they've smiled just for you,  
When the grandstand's like a maroon flag that's waving just for you.

When you've donned your favourite colours, and dared to dream that dream,  
When that misfit bunch around you has been moulded into a team,  
When the pride in what your part of has swelled up inside of you,  
That's when you've played for Queensland, you're a Canetoad, through and through.

## *Weathering The Storm*

©Neil McArthur 2013

In ancient times when sooks were born  
And none had heard of Melbourne Storm  
They all sat at their table round  
Backslapping on the game they'd found

Till warriors from 'cross the seas  
(We call them Kiwi refugees)  
And raiders from our Capital  
Came on out to ring their bell

And horsemen from the lands up North  
Also dared to venture forth  
Then weekly came the tragic tales  
Of beaten teams from New South Wales

But now the Conquering force is here  
Battling foe both far and near  
Who steal their men and other crap  
And lie about our salary cap

But points don't lie, or hide the woes  
Of wounded Knights and Rabbitohs  
They herald in a new age born  
Of our new King, The Melbourne Storm!!

(Though some saw sense before they fell  
And went and joined the AFL)

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

# State Of Origin

©Robert Pacey

Have you ever been to Lang Park  
When the Origin is on  
Have you stood up in the outer  
And then sung the Queensland song.

Do you remember 1980  
When Arthur Beetson reigned supreme  
Did you hear the roar that shook the ground  
When he came on the scene.

And when Wally Lewis played his last  
What pride it all did bring .  
Did you feel the Queensland spirit  
As we all stood and hailed "The King".

Then when Alfie made his comeback  
They wrote him right off from the start  
But he proved all of them wrong again  
By playing from the heart.

This pride we have in Queensland  
The passionate love of where we live  
Always inspires that extra effort  
When it seems there's nothing left to give.

Yes it's a passion born of battles past  
The scars that memories renew  
And it grows north of the border  
A hate of all things that are blue

It's not something you can manufacture  
If it's not there from the start  
It's with you on the day your born  
Imprinted on you heart.

The Blues they try to duplicate it  
When the dust of battle settles still  
Sometimes they think they've found it  
But we know they never will.

It rises up in every players chest  
When its needed most of all  
And it will set your skin a tingling  
When you hear that "Queensland" call.

When our backs are pinned against the wall  
When all hope looks to be lost  
It's that call that will unite us  
To fight and win at any cost

Battle weary warriors  
Almost written off by all  
Seem to find that something extra  
When they hear its haunting call.

It unites us in our victories  
But it never leaves us when we lose  
It simply steels our passion  
To defeat those bloody blues.

You can see it in the hearts and souls  
Of every Queensland son and daughter  
The steely gaze of courage  
As our players head out to the slaughter.

It's that pride that helps to keep us strong  
It's place in history renown  
That will drag us off the bloodied turf  
To claim another crown.

So dismiss us at your peril.  
Discount our chances if you dare.  
When that final whistle sounds  
Our victory cry will fill the air.

"Queenslander"

## GO THE MAROONS

When the final whistle's blown on the third and final game  
And the Blues are looking round again for someone they can blame  
And Big Mal's patting shoulders saying "Fellas you've done good."  
And the Queensland spirit's flying high, just the way it should  
When the shield is in our keeping for yet another year  
Once again I'll thank the footy Gods that I was born up here.

Wazza

## STATE OF ORIGIN NIGHT

©Heather Searles.

This is only my opinion, but I'd like to make it heard;  
I'll most likely be outvoted; but I found it quite absurd  
when I noticed people missing from our group the other night,  
and discovered they had chosen ——— have I really got it right?  
They had chosen in their wisdom, they would rather stay away  
just to sit in front of telly, watching mindless dorks at play.  
So, I briefly watched a replay; I was interested to see  
what was really so appealing; but it looked so strange to me

There's a bunch of blokes in short pants, with their socks up to their knees;  
reminiscent of that fashion often worn by retirees.  
One team was dressed in red gear, while the other dressed in blue,  
but I found it hard to fathom just what all were meant to do.  
Now, perhaps I'm missing something, but the gist of it was such –  
that the blue team and the red team didn't like each other much.  
Now the object of their conflict was a stitched up leather ball.  
I was doubtful of its value, for it wasn't round at all.

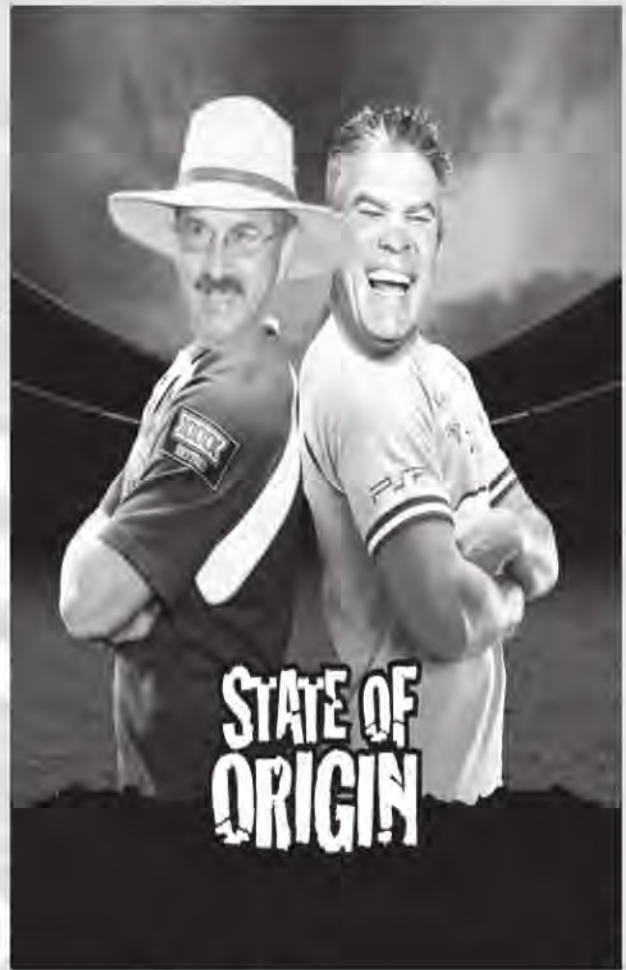
So I settled back and waited; thought they'd kick it 'round a lot,  
but the nearest bloke just grabs it, and runs off like a shot.  
Next thing you see the other team all ready for attack;  
they pin him face down on the ground and try to take it back!  
Now the outcome of this conflict is a major dummy spit;  
first a verbal altercation, then some body's getting hit.  
Then fists go flying right and left, there's chaos everywhere.  
If they want that ball so badly, you'd think they'd learn to share.

I'll admit to being puzzled by the purpose of the scrum;  
when every second player had his head up someone's bum.  
Not that I'm suggesting there was anything untoward;  
but luckily I'd taped it so I set it on fast forward.  
This spared my tender feelings, for I really feared the worst,  
so I kept the whole rolling till the tangled legs disbursed.  
I concluded as I witnessed just one last parting blow,  
I should have watched Midsomer Murders; it's such a better show.

## STATE OF ORIGIN

©Len Newey

This night has finally come, hard to believe, it's true  
It's origin football fever, and it's coming after you,  
Flags and banners are waving, everywhere you go,  
Parties at every venue, as the crowds begin to grow.  
Whether you are going to the game, or a gathering at your mates  
You will be left in awe, as you watch these Origin greats  
Queensland are formidable, they live and breathe this game  
New South Wales, need redemption, they are feed up with the shame  
Both teams will play hard, it will be Origin at it's best  
So give them your support, to help them in their quest  
When they enter that hallowed ground, the crowds begin to roar  
And the sirens sounds the start, of the yet another war  
The casualties will be many, and the blood begins to flow  
But they still go on relentless, to stand and face their foe  
You must admire these heroes, they endure so much to win



### Editor's Note

Although responses were sought from NSW fans, it appeared that many have lost interest, refused to acknowledge the existence of State Of Origin, or have simply fallen to the depths of depression and had themselves committed.

For those who do not like or follow State Of Origin, most poetry submissions this issue were on the topic, not all could be printed. If you prefer other subject matter, we have tried to supply a balance, although it appears that very few members are submitting anything these days. Hopefully this may change in the future,





# THE DROVERS' CAMP CAMOOWEAL

As part of the 2013  
Drovers' Camp Festival

23rd – 25th August

CAMOOWEAL

is again hosting the

Drovers' Camp

Talent Award

The 3 categories Yarns,  
Bush Poems & Ballads  
judged and awarded prizes  
separately and the best of any  
2 categories will receive the  
DCTA trophy.

For info or **Entry Form** contact  
**Brenda Joy, PO Box 1727**  
**CHARTERS TOWERS Q.4820**  
**Ph. 04 3812 1074**  
**email halenda@live.com.au**



## Camooweal Calling

The little town of Camooweal will be a hive of activity again for the weekend of the 23rd – 25th August, 2013 when the Drovers' Camp Festival takes place to commemorate the important role Camooweal played in Australia's overlander heritage.

Situated as it is on the Queensland/Northern Territory border, Camooweal was a focal point for drovers to congregate awaiting calls to collect stock from the beef cattle stations of North West Queensland, the Northern Territory and the Kimberley regions and to 'drive' them to the southern rail heads and markets. Many of the remaining men and women who carried out this Australian tradition, still congregate each year at the annual Drovers' Camp Festival.

Whilst the old drovers are ever willing to engage with anyone at any time to yarn about their interesting lives, the Drovers' Camp and the town celebrates with a street parade, a mail race, an outback 'ball', bronco branding, whip cracking, a horse race meeting, historical displays of memorabilia from the droving days, craft and book stalls, and art and craft and photographic exhibitions. There is entertainment throughout the weekend and Saturday night brings a big country music concert under the starry outback sky.

For performing artists there is ample scope for 'walk-ups' on the stage at the Drovers' Camp on Saturday and at the Sunday morning Bush Poets' Breakfast followed by 'The Drover's Camp Talent Award' open to Bush Poets, yarn spinners and balladeers.

Thank you to the ABPA for publicising this event and we hope you are able to take the chance to come and enjoy an authentic outback experience.

For further information about the droving tradition or the festival, go to the Drovers' Camp Website [www.droverscamp.com.au](http://www.droverscamp.com.au) or email [info@droverscamp.com.au](mailto:info@droverscamp.com.au).



## ***Victorian Bush Poetry Championships at Man from Snowy River Festival***

At the Victorian Bush Poetry Championships at Corryong's Man from Snowy River festival, Roderick Williams and Robyn Sykes were triumphant in winning the overall Champion Male and Champion Female titles. To qualify, they had to compete in four Poetry Performance sections – Classical, Modern, Original Serious and Original Humorous. Roderick also won the coveted MFSR Recital from Robyn and Ken Tough.

In a very tight competition, Roderick won each section and Robyn won three of the four, and the Written Humorous section as well. For the Yarnspinning Champion, a popular winner was Betty Walton, who announced that this was her last competition. Twenty four poets performed on stage in the poetry competitions and 10 more in the junior categories.

The Original Written (Serious) was won by Tom McIlveen from Port Macquarie NSW, who also won 3rd prize and 2nd in the Humorous Section, plus the Written Champion Award for highest scoring poem.

Junior winners were (Written) Prep – Gr 2 Georgia Gledhill; Gr 3/4 Ellie Holland; Gr 5/6 Genna Towers, Secondary 7 – 12. (Performance) Gr 3/4 Corryong College Gr 3/4 Group;

Gr 5/6 Ash Burke. No entrants for P – 2 or Sec 7 – 12 Performance.

The Championships judges and guest performers were Graeme Johnson (head judge), Gregory North, Jill Meehan and MCs Geoffrey Graham, Colin Milligan, and Trevor Best. Tom O'Connor, Sue Pearce, Noel Bull, John Peel and Robert Markwell also assisted with the non-Championship sections. The spirit of 'Banjo' came with Geoffrey Graham as he 'became' the Banjo, popping up in various other places over the weekend.

As well as the competition, friendly collaborations were evident at The Meet 'n' Greet, Anzac Tribute concert, Poets' Breakfasts and campfire concerts on Banjo's Block and Finale on Sunday night.

Thanks to our loyal Poetry sponsors and trophy makers and also to Camp Cooking Club, who come from Albion Park to provide us all with great camp tucker.

Jan Lewis



*Winners Roderick Williams and Robyn Sykes*



### ***Attention***

11 - 13 October 2013, Benalla Entertainment Muster, Benalla Bowls Club, NE Victoria. Poets Breakfasts, Workshops, Walkups, Concerts, Victorian Song Championships and

a C J Dennis show with Mac Craig and Stephen Whiteside..

Enquiries to Jan Lewis  
info@vbpma.com.au 0260774332

# Competition Results

## Man From Snowy River Festival

These are the official results for "The Man from Snowy River Bush Festival" (2013 Victorian Open Bush Poetry Championships). I have copied from the result list given to me at the conclusion of the festival. It is more detailed and gives the titles of the winning poems and yarns as well.

The performance winners were (in order of 1st, 2nd, 3rd):

### Classical

(L) Jenny Markwell, Robyn Sykes, Rhonda Tallnash  
(M) Roderick Williams, Ken Tough, Peter Klein

### Orig Serious

(L) Robyn Sykes, Jenny Markwell, Rhonda Tallnash  
(M) Roderick Williams, John Peel, Peter Klein

### Orig Humorous

(L) Robyn Sykes, Kathy Vallance, Rhonda Tallnash  
(M) Roderick Williams, Ken Tough, Barry Tiffen

### Modern

(L) Robyn Sykes, Rhonda Tallnash, Kathy Vallance  
(M) Roderick Williams, Barry Tiffen, Noel Bull

### Man from Snowy River Performance

Roderick Williams, Robyn Sykes, Ken Tough

### Jack Riley Heritage Performance

John Peel

### Yarnspinning

Betty Walton, Matthew Hollis, Ken Jones

### Intermediate

Paul Connelly, Ray Lobo, Michelle Roberts

### One Minute Poem

Rhonda Tallnash, John Peel

### Laurie Sheridan Award

Ken Jones

### Seniors Award

Jill Winnett

### Jan Lewis Award

Narelle Morris

### Matilda Award (best female performer)

Robyn Sykes

### Clancy's Choice Award (best male performer)

Roderick Williams



Ken Tough at the National Folk Festival

## Tenterfield Oracles Of The Bush

### Winners 2013

Adult poetry (performance)

Section 3. Novice prize, Patsy Award – Noel Charles.

Section 4. Original work

Looming Legend – Paddy O'Brien

Heather Searles, runner-up.

Section 5. Previously published works –

Neil Jones

Heather Searles, runner-up.

Special award. "The Teddly" Ted Maguire Memorial Award for contribution to Oracles Robyn and Dave Kennedy ("Mr and Mrs Bling").

Adult poetry (written)

Section 1. Humorous. Leonie Parker, Brassall, Voices

1. Special merit – Tom McIlveen, Port Macquarie, Maguire's Pub; Yvonne Harper, Coopers Shoot, Tennis Idle; Allan Goode, Nerang, An Aussie Christmas.

Section 2. Aussie theme. Terry Piggott, Cannon Vale W.A., End of an Era 1.

Special merit – Allan Goode, Nerang, Your Shout; Tom McIlveen, Port Macquarie, Dungeon on the Hill; Zondrac King, East Corimal, Rivers on the Rise.

Tenterfield Oracles of the Bush 2013

Carolyne Newman.

The National Folk Festival is held annually in Canberra each Easter and attracts many thousands of people. An integral part of the festival is an extensive poetry and spoken word program which includes a competition for the National Folk Festival Reciter's Award. The competition extends over the first three poet's breakfasts and the person judged to have presented the best recitation of a poem is declared the winner.

This year being the thirty first consecutive year the award has been presented the competition is now considered a traditional part of the festival and is keenly contested.

The winner receives the perpetual Reciter's Trophy to safe guard for twelve months, permission to have his/her name inscribed thereon, two free tickets to next years festival, the opportunity to recite the winning poem in the largest venue on the ground, in front of at least two thousand people and the onerous task of being the next year's judge!

This year saw sixty seven poets compete for the trophy over three days and the winner as judged by last year's winning poet, Vic Jefferies, was Ken Tough from Pretty Beach, New South Wales who delivered a very moving rendition of Milton Taylor's poem, Down Memory Lane.

The reception that Ken's beautiful recitation received from the couple of thousand people in the Budawang Auditorium during the festival's final concert was absolutely amazing and as a result, I think many more people will be attracted to attending the poetry program at the National Folk Festival next year.

Vic Jefferies

# Writing Tips From Philip Rush

## WRITING VERSE FROM A DIFFERENT PERSPECTIVE; BEING OTHER THAN YOURSELF!

To write a poem from one's usual perspective can sometimes be a little limiting. More interest and challenge can be given the verses if one writes from a different angle altogether. In the poem below you will see what I mean. It's writing from the horse's perspective, and not necessarily mine. By doing this I think there is a greater authenticity, drama and interest in the poem than if I had written it as though I was relating the story of the gelding, rather than having the horse telling his own story. Have a go at it sometime – write a poem about a pet, a tree, a river, or whatever from their perspective, not yours!

Thus, like many poets, I am often asked to write a poem for a specific occasion, and one that was asked of me back in 1999 was for the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Tasmanian Carriage Drivers' Association. This came with some fairly specific instructions: I was asked to write about a stallion by the name of 'Mountain View Paluka Adelphi', these being the names of the three carriage horse studs in the State. After taking some notes during our conversation over the telephone, I was about to hang up when a further request was given. "Could you call the poem 'The Gelding.' Being rather surprised at this request, I asked why. The poem answers the question!

### THE GELDING

A dashing young stallion and handsome was I,  
With a flair for the fillies and fire in my eye;  
I had my own paddock for two years or more,  
And I lived very well, for the mares were next door!  
They'd look at me longingly hour after hour,  
And stand there agog at my strength and my power.  
I'd play up a treat; kick my heels in the air,  
Show off what I had to all of them there.  
I'd gallop about, I'd rear up on high,  
There never was stallion as manly as I!

This life, I had reckoned, was too good to last.  
I was harnessed one day, and my freedom was past.  
I was taught how to walk, I was taught how to trot,  
When to lift up my legs, and when I should not.  
I was taught how to pull, bend my neck at the poll;  
A show-ring career for me was their goal.  
A rusty, old jog-cart, while still on the farm,  
Was the first thing I pulled, yet it did me no harm.  
I soon was adept and they took me to town,  
And I did very well, both up hill and down.

I resented this training but, after a while,  
I learned I was good, had an excellent style.  
In fact, I was great, all the people would clap  
As I passed in a cart, or a carriage, or trap.  
I enjoyed the attention, I held my head high,  
And soon the resentment was gone from my eye.  
I played to the crowds that I passed in the street,  
And kept a strict rhythm with all of my feet.  
And then, I remember, a long time ago,  
Out came the carriage to use for the Show!

My very first Show! It was not very grand:  
It had, I'll admit, a Scottish Pipe Band;  
But nothing much else; I think that I won  
As the best harness horse – I guess it was fun.  
But bigger and grander was still yet to be,  
And the better the Show, the better I'd be!  
I won ribbons a-plenty, I won ribbons galore,  
But still all I wanted was to win even more.  
Oh! I still loved the fillies, I still loved the mares,  
And enjoyed their respect at all of the fairs!

But then came disaster! I suppose it was spring;  
I misbehaved badly, I did the wrong thing.  
I was drawing a carriage at some fancy Show  
When I saw this young filly with get up and go.  
So I got up and went, and the filly came, too,  
And this caused an uproar, a hullabaloo!  
My master was livid! I felt pretty good,  
Doing the things that young horses should.  
But Master thought different – "You've caused enough strife!  
It's home for you, lad, and out with the knife!"

I kept winning prizes; my high-stepping gait  
Won ribbons at home, and fame Interstate.  
But my interest in fillies had dwindled somewhat,  
And I scarce gave a glance as they passed at a trot.  
I might sometimes have said, "Girls, have a good day."  
But I no longer cared to wander or stray.  
My name, in the show-ring, when young, fit and healthy,  
Was Mountain View, something, Paluka Adelphi.  
But not any more; and, just now and then,  
My Master will call me – a plain, simple "Ben."

I trot over to see him – well, that isn't true,  
I walk rather stiffly, that's all I can do.  
I have my own paddock down here on the flat,  
But no mares or fillies, there's no more of that!  
My Master will stroke me, and then go away,  
I mightn't then see him the rest of the day.  
So I stand in my paddock, I stand and I dream  
Of being the Champ of a great carriage team.  
And sometimes, just sometimes, I heave a huge sigh,  
And think of days past with a tear in my eye!

*From 'Australian poems that would flummox a Farmer.  
By Philip R Rush © 08-01-1999*

# Introducing The Blue Mountains Poetry Group

The Blue Mountain's Poetry Group meet at Blackburn's Hotel 15 Parkes Street Katoomba on the second Sunday of the month 2pm till 5pm where we perform, recite, yarn and sing, providing an afternoon of entertainment and an opportunity for visitors to have a go too.

The Mountaineers write and perform our own original material, often with a strong local flavour, along with traditional Bush Poetry in honour of Australia's Poet 'Lorikeet' Denis Kevans.

As well as our monthly meets the group has been a part of the Poet's Breakfast at the annual Music Fest for the past twenty years.

This year will be our second Winter Magic poet's breakfast event Start the Day Laughing at Blackburn's hotel 22nd June 9am-11am.

Last year we took part in the Blue Mountains City Library's event "Poetry under the Stars"

Enquiries email:

GREG NORTH greg@gregorynorth.com.au

DENIS RICE tdrice@southernphone.com.au

The P.Ps

We're just a bunch of amateurs we're not an elite club,  
we're just a few mad poets who go reciting in the pub.

Once a month you'll find us there all fired up to go,  
we put on our best voices and allow the words to flow.

There's Denis with his guitar always in good voice,  
Greg recites the oldies and some new ones of his choice,

Elouisa 'n' Sandy will have you reeling with their jokes,  
Linda with her ditties and many more great folks.

For the serious or silly, the visitor or local  
you can count on entertainment as we're  
always very vocal.

The pub has many patrons who go in for lunchtime grub  
with an added serve of laughter from  
the poets in the pub.



L J Muller 2012

## The Copper Croc Awards

Hearty Congratulations to all award winners! and our sincere thanks for the incredible support you all gave to this sad, but worthy cause. croc now has his ongoing Legacy through the outpouring of love and 'hands on' assistance that those who were able, contributed. Zondrae and Wayne King were slogging away on the end of a shovel and rake before Zondrae could have a quick shower and (very elegantly) hit the stage! .....(not to mention months of prior slogging to produce croc's book.) They had only travelled 1500 km's to 'enjoy' the preparations.....true Angels.

Hal Pritchard & the lovely Brenda Joy travelled a similar distance, albeit with a very cranky car engine giving them untold grief. True to form, Brenda's wonderfully lively performance and musical prowess showed no signs of prior mechanical distress....yet more Angels. And just when we thought this was going to end up being an 'all sheila' turnout, the inimitable Bob Pacey (shades of Bobby Miller!) came galloping in on a white horse, in his 4X vest...I dunno about calling him an 'Angel' though.....perhaps he'd prefer 'The Shining Knight'? We put on a bonza show that well & truly gave croc his well deserved send-off. ('Damned right!' I can hear him saying.)

There are legions of others deserving my profound thanks for helping to create a fabulous bush poetry venue.....not the least being my incredible family who travelled 9 hours after work to get here & work even harder. A local 'in the know' commented they've done 6 months work here in 5 days!! My Angel neighbour Gail & my indomitable friend Ann (a lay preacher who not only coped with my hysterics but had a more than full calendar of sudden funerals in Theodore...and...administered the written competition for me) deserve much more than the gifts I had bought for them....that I can't find any more...croc's SES leader Barry, who provided us with lighting & much more....A HUGE thank you to each & every one of you that MADE this event possible, & successful. When I have tidied up my personal 'loose ends' from croc's passing...& possibly had some sleep...I will endeavour to acknowledge you all.

As croc would say....."Bless yer all!"

Glenny

# THAT'S HOW IT IS...

© Brenda Joy, 2013

Winner 2013, Boyup Brook Country Music Festival Bush Poetry Competition, Boyup Brook WA  
and 2nd Place, 2013 Dunedoo Bush Poetry Competition, Dunedoo NSW

Throughout the seasons we have shared we've known both joys and pains,  
the kiss of sun through dreams we dared, the tearful touch of rains.  
We joined together man and wife in passion born of youth  
and mellowed through each phase of life to find a deeper truth.  
The marriages that can endure the tests and rise above  
vicissitudes become secure.                      That's how it is with love.

When we combined we found the space that we would call our home,  
a wild, remote, enticing place on which to write our tome.  
And just as partnerships will grow through nurturing and care,  
our land brought love. Through seeds we'd sow, our hopes were planted there.  
Its needs enmeshed us in its grip, we came to understand.  
It bonded our relationship.                      That's how it is with land.

We planted memories and dreams within its fickle soil.  
We reaped the produce of extremes, the harvests born of toil,  
the barrenness of empty years when it was seized by drought,  
yet through response of smiles or tears there wasn't any doubt.  
This patch of earth we called our own through times of peace or strife  
became our refuge, safety zone.                      That's how it is with life.

But land and life are borrowed gifts that we can come to lose  
and fortune takes dramatic shifts when companies can choose  
To confiscate a person's dreams and drill below the earth  
in mining exploration schemes. That's all our home was worth.  
They tore the gases from its heart – get-rich, commercial plan –  
so 'Progress' played its cruel part.                      That's how it is with Man.

We felt the shock of disbelief but found we had no say.  
We wore the anguish born of grief but had to walk away.  
Against authority and might, in anger and despair,  
we were too powerless to fight and so we had to bear  
the pain of governmental crime in our declining stage  
as winter stalked our earthly time.                      That's how it is with age.

Our land, just like our still-born child, will always be a part  
of who we are, for love is filed forever in the heart.  
As aching bodies weather through inevitable tears,  
I'm grateful Darling I have you to share my latter years.  
We've grown together, man and wife and we will rise above  
this further trial of earthly life.                      That's how it is with love.

Poets can also go to our website

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

to share their works, read others submissions, share in writing exercises, find out about upcoming  
events, review results or simply join in the great and friendly banter in our Forums.  
Membership is free.

# THE DUNGEON ON THE HILL

©Tom McIlveen

The apple gum was hardy as it thrived in barren dust  
and seemed to be an icon that we children grew to trust.  
We knew it would be standing and awaiting our return,  
not knowing of our journey and the lessons we would learn.

Just like that gum we persevered, endured the harder years,  
despite the separation, all the heartache and the tears.  
When relocating saplings, they will struggle to survive,  
at best they will be stunted, only rarely will they thrive.

Our sibling group was split one night in nineteen sixty two,  
the younger ones were taken and the elders never knew  
the misery and heartache of the dungeon on the hill.  
The memory still haunts us and it likely always will.

As helpless little children are like fledglings in a nest;  
if taken out too early you will traumatise the rest.  
The ones that have been taken, start to fret if they're denied  
the comfort of a family, alone and terrified.

With fear and apprehension, we were taken off by night;  
our father's sorrow warning us that something wasn't right.  
That first cut was the deepest and the scars would soon reveal,  
that wounds no longer bleeding are the ones that never heal.

Like tragic little soldiers we marched bravely off to war;  
attired in somber uniforms and boots that others wore.  
The youngest just a baby and too young to face the foe  
of fear and shame and loneliness, that only orphans know.

Ten thousand plus had paved the way and walked the floors before;  
their ghostly presence lingered in the basement corridor.  
You'd feel them in the clothes we wore for they had worn them too,  
and see them in the listless eyes of those we met and knew.

You'd hear them on a windy night; they'd howl and whine and moan,  
and knew they were among us still, their wretched souls unknown.  
The chapel of a morning, was aglow with candlelight  
and offered something better, giving hope and brief respite.

A seed of hope was planted to be answered with a prayer,  
that 'God loves little children and he handles them with care'.  
We prayed to be delivered from the misery and pain,  
the solitude and sadness of that terrible domain.

Those cold New England winters, nearly more than we could bear,  
as hungry little refugees without enough to wear.  
The coloured stained glass windows showed how Jesus paid the price,  
from birthplace in the manger to his final sacrifice.

Despite His healing miracles, they sentenced Him; He died,  
betrayed and persecuted and then harshly crucified.  
His final words inspired us and we knew them to be true;  
'My Father please forgive them, for they know not what they do!'

That hardy apple gum back home, for which we'd often yearned,  
was there to give us comfort when we finally returned.  
We'd left as little children, and came home as soldiers will,  
with smiles to hide the heartache—of the dungeon on the hill.

# Southern Shoalhaven Timber Festival 2013

## Open Written Bush Poetry Competition

All poems MUST relate to the Australian bush or rural themes, bush characters or people, Bushmen living in towns or townies going to the bush, drovers, stockmen Animals etc. serious or amusing.

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

OPEN BUSH POETS WRITTEN COMPETITION  
PRIZES FIRST \$120 SECOND \$80 THIRD \$50 PLUS TROPHYS  
ENTRY FEE \$10 PER POEM

LOCAL BUSH POETS WRITTEN COMPETITION  
PRIZES FIRST \$50 SECOND \$50 THIRD \$20 PLUS TROPHYS  
ENTRY FEE \$5 PER POEM

OPEN BUSH POETS PERFORMANCE COMPETITION  
PRIZES FIRST \$70 SECOND \$50 THIRD \$30 PLUS TROPHYS  
ENTRY FEE \$5

Entries Close 31st October 2013

FESTIVAL DATE Saturday 16th November 2013

Entries to SHOALHAVEN TIMBER FESTIVAL POETRY COMP  
37 GEORGE AVENUE KINGS POINT NSW 2539

Entry cheques payable to DUNN & LEWIS FOUNDATION

Closing date Entries post marked no later than 1st October 2013

Entry forms contact John Davis 37 George Avenue Kings Point NSW 2539



*"Tribute" to Stan Coster*



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**Special guest artist - Graham Rodger**

**Confirmed Guest Artists:** Carol Heuchan - Twice "Australian Poet of the Year", Gary Fogarty, Ray Essery, Jack Drake Tallwood Bush Band, 5 Minute Men, Graham Rodger, Dennis Dryden, Laura Downing, Tracy Coster, Errol Gray, Brothers3. 8 Ball Aiken, Lindsay Butler OAM, Shaza Leigh, Peggy Gilchrist, Greg Bain, Justin Standley, SAMI, Margie-May, Lana Ross, Bryce Walley, Taylor Pfeiffer, Victoria McGee, Merv & Chris Webster, Barry & Lin Chandler, Bob & Michelle Ovenden

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Email: [jeanette47@bigpond.com](mailto:jeanette47@bigpond.com) Or download all forms from:

**[www.coffscostcountrymuster.com](http://www.coffscostcountrymuster.com)**



## Results - Copper Croc Awards

WINNER: Carol Heuchan (Cooranbong NSW) 'Spectrum'  
2nd Place..Terry Piggott (Canningvale WA) 'The Bushman and The Warrigal'  
3rd Place.....Catherine Lee Clarke (Mona Vale NSW) 'Revenge of the Chooks'

V/H/C:  
Allan Goode (Nerang Qld) 'Uncle Erko's Mud Machine'  
Irene Conner (Jurien Bay WA) 'When the Wattle Turns To Gold'  
Brenda Joy (Charters Towers Qld) 'Closure'  
Tom McIlveen (Port Macquarie NSW) 'Our Convict's Legacy'

H/C:  
Donald Crane (Toowoomba Qld) 'Bush Mother'  
Allan Goode (Nerang Qld) 'A Broken Drought'  
Allan Goode (Nerang Qld) 'A Letter Home'  
Allan Goode (Nerang Qld) 'A Country Town Event'

Commended:  
Irene Conner (Jurien Bay WA) 'Re-Birth'  
Brenda Joy (Charters Towers Qld) 'Call of The Kimberley'  
Tom McIlveen (Port Macquarie NSW) 'Jim The Drover'  
Allan Goode (Nerang Qld) 'James'

Wild & Wonderful Australia Section.  
Winner: Tom McIlveen (Port Macquarie NSW) 'The Yandel'ora Pastures'



## Report from the Tumut Festival of The Falling Leaf April 2013

I have just had the pleasure of sharing a wonderful weekend of poetry and friendship with some of our poetry mates. Ten poets travelled to Tumut for the Festival of The Falling Leaf and what a wonderful job they did of opening the Gala Day and then moving on to the poets corner, where they entertained the large crowd during the day.

The weekend began with a meet and greet night around the campfire at Riverglade Caravan Park on Friday, Gala Day and campfire night Saturday and Poets breakfast Sunday. Everyone enjoyed the non competitive get together, which saw poets enjoying the company of other poets. The idea behind the get together was to promote Bush poetry in the area, and by the comments received after the campfire night on Saturday, it was a resounding success.

Poets taking part in the weekend included Laurie Macdonald [Canberra] Kath Edwards [Newcastle] Maurie Foun [Corryong] Jan Lewis [Corryong] John Peel [Tumut] Ted Webber [Young] Jim Lamb [Young] Robyn Sykes [Binalong] Mick Donohue [Tumut] and yours truly. Steve Thew, a blues musician from Melbourne, joined us on Friday night backed by Linton Vogel and Maurie Foun. John Peel entertained us with a couple of songs [yes, he sings as well!!!] All in all it was a bonza weekend and I can't wait to do it again. Thank you all.

Cheers

Sue

### Riders on the Wind

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](mailto:camwriter@hotmail.com) or 1 Spicer Street, Beaumaris, Vic., 3193 or mobile 0400 468 500. Download the e-book at: [www.campbellwriter.com/books](http://www.campbellwriter.com/books)



## Watch out from our next edition for our 'all new' Book Review section with Jack Drake!

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# KIDS GEAR UP FOR QLD. CHAMPIONSHIPS

Students from left to right: Harrison Rinaudo, Paris Cantwell, Felicity Flanagan, Daniel Mossop and Madison Tantalo.

The students of Gilroy Santa Maria College in Ingham have had a head start with Bush Poetry being introduced into the National curriculum for term two in 2013. Teacher David Price contacted the Townsville Bush Poetry Mates Inc for assistance in judging a written competition from entries submitted by the schools year 8 students. Ballad writing is high on the agenda for the assignment that will be the culmination of studying and learning the techniques of both Traditional Poets e.g. Banjo Paterson and Henry Lawson as well as poetry from some local Bush Poets including works by Dan Sheehan the author of The Pub With No Beer.

The winner and placegetters of the schools written competition will be announced at the Queensland Bush Poetry Championships to be held in Townsville on the 14th, 15th & 16th of June at Pimpac Hall.

Gilroy Santa Maria College students are eyeing off the Quart Pot trophies for the under 18 and under 13 years poetry performance sections of the QLD Bush Poetry Championships. Medallions will be presented for the schools own competition winners in conjunction with the Queensland Championships.

President of the Australian Bush Poets Association Manfred Vijars said "having Bush Poetry added to the national curriculum will keep our culture and heritage alive, "Bush" meaning Australian and written with rhyme, meter and verse, these unique stories will be preserved and re told in the future. He added that this was not only important but absolutely marvellous to finally have Bush Poetry recognised and valued by having it including it in the National Schools Curriculum."

The Townsville Bush Poetry Mates are encouraging the younger generation to enter this year's competition; closing date for the Championship is May 10th 2013, entry forms are available on our web site, Townsville Bush Poetry Mates.



The Townsville Bush Poetry Mates will again be hosting the Queensland Championships in 2013.

If you are to be in the area at that time, please drop in to the best hospitality and Bush Poetry entertainment either side of the Black Stump.

Why not try your hand at entering the Comp? There are Novice Sections as well as the Open and Intermediate. Also there is the terrific fun of the One Minute Tug'O'Words comp.

Otherwise just sit in the audience and experience the tears and laughter of the Bush Poets vying for the title of 2013 Queensland Champion.

You will not be disappointed!



## TOWNSVILLE BUSH POETRY MATES INC.

WILL HOST THE

### 2013 QUEENSLAND OPEN BUSH POETRY CHAMPIONSHIPS

(CONDUCTED UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE ABPA INC.)

AT THE PIMLICO PERFORMING ARTS  
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IN TOWNSVILLE 14-16 JUNE 2013

#### PERFORMANCE CATEGORIES

Open (Male and Female)

Intermediate

Novice

Open Duo

Open Written

(Nominations close 13 April 2013)

Juniors Under 13 Years

Juniors 13 and under 19 Years

Open Yarn Spinning

Townsville's One Minute Tug-'O'-Words

Enquiries: Phone Lyn on (07) 4723 7879

Email: [bushpoetrymates@bigpond.com](mailto:bushpoetrymates@bigpond.com)

# DISCOVER IPSWICH

I bet you didn't know that we still have dinosaurs in Ipswich. If you want to see their footprints then take the kids to the Denmark Hill conservation park in Quarry Street up near the Water Tower, and follow the bush track down to Triassic Park. Here you will see the footprints of dinosaurs as well as fossils from 250 million years ago.

The earliest evidence for dinosaurs in Australia comes in the form of theropod tracks from the Blackstone Formation of the Ipswich Coal Measures near Dinmore, in Queensland, dating to the Late Triassic (around 210-220 MYA). The smaller tracks have been assigned to the ichnogenus Grallator. These prints are no longer than about 7 cm (2.7 inches).

Would you like to see the Ipswich Dinosaurs? Their names are Ippy, Limey and Stoney and most nights if you are having a BarBQ's in the Bob Gamble Park they come out. Maybe it's the smell of sausages cooking that entices them from their lair, but you can only see them at night when they emerge from beneath the murky waters of the Bremer River underneath the Bradfield Bridge at the River Heart Parkland on Bremer Street.

They are part of the Water and Light laser display which is just one of the new Riverside Walk attractions, and their story is projected onto one of the bridge foundation blocks for all to see. The littlies love them – why not take your kids down to see them as well.

The River Heart Parklands now also has a beautiful water playground and waterslide area for the kids a bit further along the riverbank from the Bob Gamble Park. Just take a stroll along the boardwalk.

Just another three of the great free attraction that we have here at beautiful Ipswich, along with our showpiece Queens Park and we are only 40 minutes west of Brisbane.

THE IPSWICH POETRY FEAST is already underway and entries are now being taken for this prestige Poetry event, one of the highlights of the Ipswich yearly calendar. It covers all poetry styles – so if you write free verse as well as bush poetry you might like to hedge your bets.

The ultimate winner will receive a replica of The Babies of Walloon statue which would be a wonderful addition to your collection of trophies if you already have a collection and if not what a great trophy to aspire to win. The Babies of Walloon is the title of the Henry Lawson poem about the two little Broderick girls who drowned at Walloon here in the 1890's. A statue commemorating the girls is the centrepiece of the Henry Lawson Bicentennial Park at Walloon just 15 minutes from the Ipswich CBD. Lawson wrote The Babies of Walloon after hearing this sad tale while working as a journalist on The Boomerang newspaper in Brisbane.

Entry details can be found on the following link -

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

Maureen Clifford

## THE MIGHTY HAVE FALLEN

Oh how the mighty have fallen  
and with them the end of a dream  
for nature has been and eroded  
their banks as she travelled upstream.  
In the empty void of nights darkness  
as we sit around firesides coals  
it's apparent that all here are saddened,  
a sadness felt deep in our souls.

They lie there behind us all tangled,  
their limbs are in sad disarray.  
Their corpses rest stiff, cold and silent  
and who over them will now pray?  
It seems it's the end of an era,  
we'll not see their like here again.  
Their loss will be felt by so many  
and hundreds will share in the pain.

And now down the track we hear movement  
and see a glow of orange lights  
and out of the darkness emerges,  
four tippers, a bobcat and right  
behind is a huge Franna crane truck  
with muscle to lift twenty tonne,  
they have come for post mortem and burial,  
a sad job but one to be done.

Midst the whine and the squeal of the chain saws  
and the thundering crash of big limbs  
there's a murmur of hushed conversation  
and it isn't discussing which hymns  
should be sung now to honour the fallen,  
but rather where they should be placed  
for by day's end all will be taken  
and all signs of them be erased.

By nightfall the site's cleared and empty,  
just marked by the heavy trucks tracks.  
It's quiet here now by the river,  
which at last to her bed has gone back.  
A blanket of brown wraps around her,  
but there is no sweet lullaby  
the red gums that sheltered her waters  
are gone now all that's left is sky.

Those beautiful gums by the river  
were ripped by her and tossed aside  
and now she repents and lies docile, but  
see the cost of her rampant pride.  
And oh how the mighty have fallen  
and sad though it is to relate;  
what took nature one hundred years to grow strong  
took her just hours to eradicate.

Maureen Clifford © 04/11

*I wrote this about Colleges Crossing a popular picnic area here in Ipswich right on the banks of the Bremer river. Prior to the 2011 floods there was a little eatery set in the middle of a lovely paved courtyard area with the biggest fig tree ever in the middle that supplied shade over the whole area. The eatery was a demountable building and so the council was able to get that out prior to the floods rampaging through the area but the big tree is gone and the rest of the area stripped bare. The council spent a lot of \$\$\$\$'s and time putting the area back to rights as it is an extremely popular spot with Ipswich people. No sooner was it done in 2013 than another flood came through and took it away again. Such a shame*

# Vale W. John Moss (aka Croc)

'Croc' was born on a farm in the little hamlet of Pudsey, in Yorkshire UK. He came to Australia in 1957 with his family, on 'the ten bob' ticket, to settle in Adelaide. A very astute school teacher, Mr Clive Manhood, asked croc why he was always gazing out of the window in class & croc replied that he wanted to know what was beyond that big hill over there. Mr Manhood quickly ascertained that text books were never going to cut it with croc, & set about engaging his interest with a custom made curriculum, specific to croc's ever enquiring mind. He introduced croc to Banjo Paterson's poems, (croc's poetic hero) & between that & the compass & OS map reading skills, croc was on his way to his lifelong love & pursuit of poetry, & extensive exploration of world wide terrain; in particular his passionate protection of all of Nature's wonderful 'wild things.' These he always referred to as "my Gods."

Some 7 years later the family moved to New Zealand where croc grudgingly completed his formal schooling...& then hit the road... running. He was accepted into University Veterinary Science but declined the option as he did not wish to be regularly attending suffering animals. He then completed 4 apprenticeships in quick succession. He became a highly skilled Lithographic Offset Printer, running machines bigger than some blocks of buildings. Here his admiration for German engineering, & indeed some German philosophies, was born. He also became a highly skilled spray painter responsible for Prestige Motoring fleets. His next trade was as a Motor Mechanic which he detested, so he 'binned' the final exam papers, & launched into becoming a qualified Cable Jointer working for the then Post Master General's Department. Somewhere in amongst all of this he was the New Zealand Prime Minister's chauffeur, with whom he was on first name terms. As was second nature to croc, he was a valued member of 'The New Zealand Search & Rescue Service' & frequently did pole top rescues for power companies, & also "saved bloody townie weekend warriors who think they can take a Mars Bar & a bottle of water onto a New Zealand glacier, & survive."

During the late 1970's croc 'saw the writing on the wall' for New Zealand's society & economy, & when his life was personally disrupted he tossed up between returning to the UK or coming back to Australia. To his ultimate & unforeseeable regret, he chose the UK. There he continued his lithographic printing career with a view to going to Hong Kong "to make the big dollars. But the bloody Poms gave the bloody place back!" before he was able to do so. And "Thanks to bloody Margaret Thatcher the UK suffered a depression which cost me, & most others, their homes....." croc then decided that "...since they've made me a prisoner here they can bloodywell look after me!" And so he settled into a simple retired life where he stated "the biggest decision I have to make is what I'll have for breakfast." Unbeknowns to him, his decisions were about to become far more demanding when "a bloody Aussie bomb went off in my house!"...et al our own Glenny Palmer, who he had come to know...and ultimately love... on The Australian Bush Poets Association website. A very apt quote is noted under a photo of croc & Glenny in croc's highly entertaining new book of poetry (& other shenanigans), "The World According To croc" that says ".....and two worlds collided." That, in itself, is a remarkable stand-alone story that Glenny will set about writing, as the completion to "croc's journey." It will be called "The 21st Century Brownings" as despite croc's deliberately unkempt appearance, (his particular anti-social statement) he wrote the most beautiful love poems to his sweetheart. Many of his other poems are quite sublime in their expression of his deep love for Mother Nature and all of her wild creatures. Motor Neurone Disease finally claimed croc's life just one week before the event Glenny had organised for poets to celebrate croc's life and say their farewells to him. He was buried the day before the event, but true to his style & the Aussie way, the show went on. It was a fitting send off for this charismatic highly skilled poet.

## The World According To

## CROC...



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## ***Aussie Bush Poets Hit New Zealand Festival.***

A weekend jam-packed with poetry, music and dance at the Bards, Ballads and Bulldust Festival ensured the Maniototo region of New Zealand celebrated the sesquicentenary of its gold rush in style. With groups of musicians and poets fanning out from Naseby to centres such as Ranfurly, Dansey's Pass, Waipiata and Oturohua, there was ample opportunity for locals to catch their favourite performers - and there were some terrific performers on the program. One such performer was John Grenell, a 68-year-old NZ county music legend who began his career at a talent quest in Naseby 50 years previously, at the centenary gold rush celebrations. He featured in both the newspaper and television coverage of the event and was welcomed home like the prodigal son. Peter Mace and Robyn Sykes, both current Australian Performance Champions, received a great response from the kiwi audiences as they presented Aussie bush humour, plus an occasional serious poem (especially about bushrangers, given the gold connection). One of the aims of organiser Roger Lusby, himself a bush poet, was that the weekend would build bridges over the ditch as well as showcase some top talent. He should be well pleased with the results.

With seven groups of performers rotating around seven venues, performers had plenty of time to strut their stuff. They also had the opportunity to kick up their heels at the dance following the main Saturday night concert, attended by over 200 people.

A few more bums on seats at a couple of venues would have been appreciated, but overall Bards, Ballads and Bulldust was a great event and a fitting conclusion to Maniototo's gold rush celebrations.

Robyn Sykes



***Peter Mace, Robyn Sykes and organiser Roger Lusby.***

## ***Poetry at the Saleyards***



***Peter Mace performing in the amazing venue at the Gloucester Saleyards***

The rain stayed away and the crowd poured in at Gloucester Saleyards on 6th April for the fourth "Poetry at the Saleyards". Gloucester Rotary Club organizes this event, which has gone from strength to strength.

A portable stage is erected in the ring where stud stock are sold and the tiered seating means everyone has an excellent view. Patrons are advised to bring cushions and everyone turns up with nibbles and eskies. As one Sydney visitor said: "money couldn't buy the atmosphere" which is wonderful. The cattle in the back yard were quiet this year but they sometimes get in on the act.

Feature poet this year was current Australian Champion Peter Mace who squeezed a visit to Gloucester between his many festival engagements. Peter delighted the audience with his relaxed true blue style.

Another new face this year was Bob Bush from Vacy who does a lot of entertaining around the Hunter Valley. He read offerings from his latest book.

Gloucester's own favourite bush poets Gabby Colquhoun and Claire Reynolds, who have supported this event since it began four years ago, graced the stage once again.

The crowd was treated to the wonderful harmonies of local country music group The Bowden Brothers for an hour before the poetry began and again during the interval.

The evening raised well over five thousand dollars for the local Nursing Home. All in all a great night and great advertising for bush poetry.



## The Rathdowney Heritage and Country Market

The day started out well with a sumptuous breakfast provided by the RADHA With bush poetry and copious amounts of lovely cappuccino to help wash it down.

Jim Tonkin was full of his normal jokes and Lisa Young provided a wonderful mix of Aussie songs on both ukulele and piano.

The barn was well decked out with heritage paraphernalia and lent a good atmosphere to the competition.

There were 7 events and all events were contested with places to third. It was a full day and competitors provided entertainment till 3.00.

The market was busy throughout the day with hand-made and home grown products.

This is a rest year for the Rathdowney group with the full festival returning in 2014 on Easter Sunday.

Gerry King

### Results

*Event 1 The Rathdowney Idle : Paddy Obrien; Wally Finch; John Flanagan*

*Event 2 Yarn Spinning: Wally Finch; Ron Rowlands; Paddy Obrien*

*Event 3 Poetry Reading: Ian Gasking; Greg Dennis; Joy Drescher*

*Event 4 Novice : Sue Groat; Greg Dennis; Ian Gasking*

*Event 5 Open Established: Paddy Obrien; Wally Finch; Dean Travaskis*

*Event 6 One Minute Poem: Joy Drescher; Max Jarrot*

*Event 7 Open Original: Dean Travaskis; Paddy Obrien; Wally Finch*

*Winner of the written (\$250) and one highly commended certificate was Tom McIlveen.*

*Yvonne Harper managed three highly commended, and*

*Alan Goode was also awarded a highly commended.*



*Geraldine King performing at Rathdowney*

## PLUCK A DUCK

© Elaine Delaney 5/11/2006

(Based loosely on the true tale told me, of a duck frozen in the Apsley River, Walcha, some years back during a severe winter) Can get down to -18below

It's very hard to pluck a duck, that's frozen on the flat,  
Snap buried 'neath a foot of ice – just imagine that!  
This little duck shunned lady luck, he's had his final quack,  
His little beak and feathery down, are plastered to his back.

When he sought his roosting place, down by the river bed,  
And found a spot that looked quite safe, to lay his little head,  
Nestling down beside the bank, keeping watch for fingerling trout,  
He couldn't know, it would hit 18 below, 'ere the night was out.

Walcha-ites grow used, to frost and ice and frozen water pipes,  
And bedwood bound they thus secure, everything at night.  
Each evening wise folk head outside, and turn the water off,  
But little ducks out in the rough, are forced to do it tough.

Locals lock their prize birds up, so predators on the prowl,  
Find no prey at end of day, even when the weather's foul.  
Poor wild birds have no one close, to tuck their feathers in,  
So seek their rest in watery nest, where it's either sink or swim.

The cold and dark is no one's lark, wildlife's skating pretty thin,  
When winter chills bring on the ills, and the sun keeps sleeping in.  
For the old red fox, with wile and cunning, is sniffing out fresh prey,  
He makes night camp down on the bank, to wait for light of day.

Imagine his bewilderment, when at the crack of dawn,  
As he stretches out, and looks about, and has a lazy yawn,  
A plump teal duck is staring up, through ice and frost at him.  
The duck looks stuffed, but good enough, to take home to dine in.

Frozen paws and tongue and jaws, pay a heavy price,  
Try as he might, he's lost the fight, to break cold, solid ice.  
He's not a dog to defy the odds, and yaps, enough's enough!  
There's no hope, with shoulders sloped, trots somewhere else to sup.

While fresh froze teal, no sight, no feel, a sad and lifeless sight,  
With deathly mask, forever fast, in cold sheets, wrapped up tight,  
Will have to wait, till ages pass, and aeon springs awake  
Final thaw, look down in awe, atop plucky duckies pearly gate.

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*Organisers of the International Cowboy Poetry Rodeo*

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**Entry Forms** [www.hunterbushpoets.org.au](http://www.hunterbushpoets.org.au) or [www.abpa.org.au](http://www.abpa.org.au)  
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To help offset costs, articles regarding a festival or event would be appreciated if accompanied by a paid advertisement.

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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

Binalong - A Brush with Poetry @ Black Swan Wine Bar and Gallery. last Sunday of every odd month, 2-4pm Open mic. Contact Robyn Sykes 02 6227 4377

### 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 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, 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 Kevin Dean (07) 38810986,

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