



A.B.P.A



Australian Bush Poets Association
Volume 21 No. 2 April/May 2015



*They shall not grow 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.*



'Lest We Forget'





ABPA QUEENSLAND CHAMPIONSHIPS
 AT THE
20TH BUNDY BUSH POETRY MUSTER 2015
July 3rd - 4th - 5th
 Across the Waves Sports Club, 1 Miller Street, Bundaberg.



Gary Fogarty

Special Guest Poets

Bill Kearns

Presentation of the Queensland Written Championship - Bush Lantern Award for Bush Verse 2015

Marco Giori

Cash prizes and trophies in each category.

Performance Competition

Open (men & women separate categories)
 Intermediate, Novice, Juniors (*U/7 yrs, 7 yrs to 12 yrs & 13 yrs to 17 yrs*)
 Duo Performances, Yarn Spinning
 & One Minute Cup

CONCERT TICKETS
 Saturday Night \$15-00 pp
 Prior purchase advisable



Qld. Written Championships
Bush Lantern Award 2015 Written Competition for Bush Verse

ALSO

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

Closing date: May 22nd, 2015

FREE Poetry Workshop

Gary Fogarty will be conducting a children's story-telling session on July 1st in the Bundaberg Library at 10.00 a.m. and a **FREE** poetry workshop in the Sails Function room at Across the Waves Sports Club on Thursday, July 2nd from 10.00 a.m. to noon.

All phone or email enquiries :-

Sandy Lees – 07 41514631 or leesjds1@yahoo.com.au
 Edna Harvey – 0 428574651 or edna_harvey@hotmail.com
 Jayson Russell – 07 41550778 or blanata@bigpond.net.au

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

Entry Forms

SSAE to

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

2015 CAMOOWEAL DROVERS' CAMP FESTIVAL

21st - 23rd August, 2015

www.drovercamp.com.au email info@drovercamp.com.au

**DROVER'S CAMP
 TALENT AWARD 2015**

The three performance categories of Bush Poems, Yarns and Ballads are judged and awarded prizes separately (\$100 each), and the best of any two categories will receive the DCTA Trophy.

Junior section 1st = \$25
 all junior entrants receive DCTA certificates.

For information or entry form contact Brenda Joy,
 PO BOX 1727, CHARTERS
 TOWERS Q. 4820
 email halenda@live.com.au
 phone 04 3812 1074

ENTRY FORMS ALSO ON
 ABPA WEBSITE -- Events



**DROVER'S CAMP
 POETS'
 BREAKFAST**

7.30 a.m. Sunday
 23rd August
 with

John Lloyd
Brenda Joy
Carmel Lloyd

and more.
 Possibly also
Noel Stallard

All walk-up
 performers
 welcome

**THE POST OFFICE HOTEL
 BRONZE SPUR
 AWARD 2015**

for written bush verse.

First Prize - handcrafted
 Bronze Spur Trophy + \$300
 2nd \$150 and ribbon
 3rd \$75 and ribbon

CLOSING DATE
20th July, 2015

For entry form and conditions of entry contact Ellen Finlay
 Written Poetry Coordinator,
 46 DIANE STREET,
 MOUNT ISA Q.4825
 phone (07)4743 5070
 0427 127 864

ENTRY FORMS ALSO ON
 ABPA WEBSITE -- Events



**THE 13TH ANNUAL
 NANDEWAR POETRY COMPETITION**

CONDUCTED BY
 NARRABRI & DISTRICT HISTORICAL SOCIETY INC.
 SPONSORED BY
 NARRABRI SHIRE COUNCIL



FIRST PRIZE: \$150 AND TROPHY
SECOND PRIZE: \$100
THIRD PRIZE: \$50

ENTRY FORM

Available from:
 Narrabri Shire Visitor Information Centre
 Phone : 6799 6760

Or
 Narrabri & District Historical Society Inc.
 P. O. Box 55
 Narrabri 2390

Entry forms to be returned to:
 The above address

THE NANDEWAR POETRY COMPETITION 2015

Conducted by
 The Narrabri & District Historical Society Inc.
 In conjunction with the rules of the ABPA
 ENTRY FEE: \$5.00 PER POEM OR 3 POEMS FOR \$10.00.
 CLOSING DATE. Entries date stamped no later than July 30th

EDITORIAL



G'day and welcome to our Anzac Edition of the ABPA Magazine. This issue we concentrate on the 100th anniversary of the Anzacs. Thanks to all who contributed.

We also look at what has been and will be taking place in Australian Bush Poetry circles.

I know how busy I have been between Qld and Victorian gigs and I can only imagine how busy others have been building up to the Australian Championships at Coryong and Anzac Day Performances!

One thing I would like to talk briefly about this issue, is an idea I saw implemented by Victorian fellow Poet, Col Driscoll. The last two years, amongst prizes given at the Pyrenees Poetry Shows is a 12 month membership to the ABPA. Personally I see this as a wonderful idea and wonder how many other Festivals/Comps may consider doing so as well? For the price of \$33 it is not much and will help our membership base grow and hopefully have a flow on effect. Naturally if the Award Winner was already a member, then the Membership could be transferable to someone else if they wish, be it family or friend. It seems a small price to pay for encouraging new members. Good on ya, Col.

Also I have had several bodies contact me this issue regarding Editorial for their events, yet not wishing to pay for Advertising in the Magazine. I discuss this with our President, Hal, and Secretary Brenda Joy who took it to the Committee Meeting, as I don't think our regular Advertisers wish for our Magazine to be carrying non paid promotions, especially by some organisations who barely expose Bush Poetry. Therefore the Magazine will continue to support those Advertisers who support us, with Editorials and publication of results. Understandably the magazine only comes out bi-monthly, in which case any one who wishes to approach our Web Master and Treasurer, Greg North, can do so, for advertising on our ABPA website.

But for now, continue writing, performing, competing or however you enjoy keeping our Bush Poetry alive.

Happy writing and performing to all and safe travels!

Neil McArthur

editor@abpa.org.au

NOTE:- Next Magazine Deadline for submissions is May 31st

ABPA Magazine Advertising Rates

Black and White Ads

Full page \$80

Half Page \$40

Quarter Page or less \$20

Full Colour Ads (Space limited)

Full Page \$200

Half Page \$100

Quarter Page or less \$60

Poets Calendar and Regular Events free (one or two lines only)

To help offset costs, articles regarding a festival or event would be appreciated if accompanied by a paid Ad.

Send all details in plain text or PDF Format to editor@abpa.org.au

All payments to be made within 14 days to The Treasurer Greg North - 5 Dryandra Place Linden NSW 2778

or via Direct Debit to ABPA Account Comm. Bank BSB 064 433 Account No 1023 1528

Please put your name/club/invoice as reference so Treasurer can identify who the deposit is from.

ABPA Committee Members 2014

Executive:

President	-- Hal Pritchard	hal@abpa.org.au
Vice-President	-- Manfred Vjars	manfred@rocketfrog.com.au
Secretary	-- Brenda-Joy Pritchard	secretary@abpa.org.au
Treasurer	-- Gregory North	treasurer@abpa.org.au

Members on Committee:

...John Peel		peel_jg@hotmail.com
...Robyn Sykes		robynsykespoet@gmail.com
...Carol Reffold		patchworkpoet@hotmail.com

ABPA State Delegates:

NSW	-- Tom McIlveen	portalarms@gmail.com
Queensland	-- Wally Finch	d.dropbears@bigpond.com
South Australia	-- Bob Magor	bobmagor@chariot.net.au
Tasmania	-- Phillip Rush	auspoems@bigpond.com
Victoria	-- Jan Lewis	lintonandjan@poetfarm.com.au
West Australia	-- Irene Conner	iconner21@wn.com.au

ABPA Editor	-- Neil McArthur	editor@abpa.org.au
Web Administrator	-- Greg North	treasurer@abpa.org.au

MINUTES OF THE ABPA ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

All members of the ABPA may access the minutes of the 2015 AGM held in Tamworth on 21st January, 2015.

If you wish to do so, please contact the Secretary secretary@abpa.org.au.

President's Report



In this year of commemoration of the ANZACS, particularly in this issue of the magazine, we join with all Australians in paying tribute to those who have served and are serving our country in global wars.

"Lest we forget."

Committee for 2015

There was only one change to the ABPA Committee for 2015. Graeme Johnson did not wish to stand for office and Manfred Vijars was elected to the position of Vice President. We thank Graeme for the extensive work he did on behalf of the ABPA during 2014. A brief introduction to members of your 2015 Committee is on page .

Committee Commitments 2015

This year there is a need to look into issues such as the ABPA 'constitutional' procedures, and to review the Strategic Plan. As we are currently running at a loss, the ABPA financial situation also requires attention. We need to be able to continue to support the production of our wonderful printed magazine and to assist clubs to hold competitions, particularly at a National and State level, without having to put up our membership fees. Therefore to make ourselves financially viable we need to increase the number of ABPA members and there will be a concentration on this aspect. The new membership/promotional brochure is available from the Secretary. We encourage everyone to avail themselves of this brochure and to promote our association at festivals and events whenever possible. It is, after all, the responsibility of all members to help the ABPA to thrive.

In addition, it was felt that contacting and setting up cross links with travelling organisations where events attract people who could be interested in bush poetry, required a specific focus. Many opportunities exist to expand into these potential markets and it was felt that a public information/promotional 'officer' was needed to co-ordinate these procedures. Committee member John Peel has taken on this new role and any assistance you can offer would be greatly appreciated.

Towards Tamworth 2016, Tom McIlveen will continue to co-ordinate activities at St.Edward's Hall, Graeme Johnson has been appointed to continue as co-ordinator for the Golden Damper Performance competition and Robyn Sykes will again compile her gig guide information sheet for bush poetry events.

Whilst it was decided at the AGM to leave the Golden Damper to function as it has successfully done to date, there is the possibility that current sponsorship could be withdrawn and other ways of making this essential 'prestigious' competition affordable, will need to be explored.

Bush Poetry Events

The ABPA National Championships are in Corryong 9th – 11th April. This highlight of the ABPA annual calendar looks set to be the great success that previous competitions held in conjunction with The Man From Snowy River Festival have been.

Already this year there have been some wonderful competitions held in Dunedoo and Narrandera (and by now Rathdowney too, where some innovative ideas are being trialled). We have the Queensland and West Australian State Championships to look forward to as well as a host of other events throughout 2015. Notices regarding and reports about these events can be found on the ABPA website but we do encourage all organisers to also put their (low-cost) advertisements into our magazine to help support this publication and to allow those who do not have access to electronic media to be kept informed. The printed magazine is something we all value whether we have access to the internet or not.

Continuing on our Australian trek as President and Secretary of the ABPA, already in 2015, Brenda and I have participated at Tamworth, Dunedoo and Narrandera and we are on our way to Corryong. It has been gratifying to meet and work in with festival committees and organisers and this 'hands on' approach has led to a mutually beneficial liaison between clubs and the ABPA. We thank all those wonderful people we have met and also the many others who are helping to promote bush poetry Australia wide.

In poetry, Hal

I Marched For Him

©David Campbell

Winner 2015 John O'Brien Festival Poetry Competition (Theme: 100 years of Anzac)

I marched for him on Anzac Day when I was just a lad;
my father said we had to pay respect for all we had.
"He died for us, we can't forget the sacrifice he made,
and we're forever in his debt, his memory can't fade."

*Hear the bugle call, see the wounded fall,
weep the first of many tears
as we learn the cost of the lives we've lost
down the long and lonely years.*

I marched for him on Anzac Day through teenage years as well,
my head held high as if to say: "I know you went through hell
at Sari Bair, and all I've read of Monash and his men
brings pride, despite the many dead, for they were heroes then."

*Hear the drumbeat sound over broken ground
where the trenches hide the slain,
and the dying cry to a foreign sky,
for they'll not see home again.*

I marched for him on Anzac Day when I became a man,
tradition that I should obey the only way I can,
despite the thoughts that plagued my mind at questions that were raised
about those leaders who were blind, and campaigns wrongly praised.

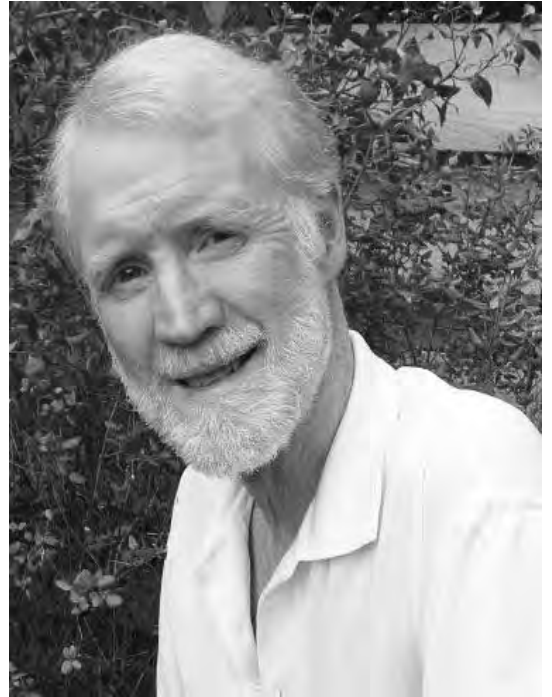
*Hear the words of doubt, the debate about
what was done, the why and how,
try to comprehend how the grief might end,
for we've men still fighting now.*

I marched for him on Anzac Day the year our son was born,
and in his mother's arms he lay to welcome that cold dawn,
though photographs are all he'd know, in faded black and white,
of one brave man who fought the foe, and vanished from our sight.

*Hear the anguished cries when a soldier dies,
hear the sweethearts, daughters, sons,
when there's no known grave for the lives they gave
in the thunder of the guns.*

I marched for him on Anzac Day in step beside my son,
his medals proudly on display, a new start now begun
for one more generation's sake to keep his name alive,
a tribute that might help to make his legacy survive.

*Hear the steady beat of the ghostly feet,
as the drumbeat echoes still,
where they march through time for an ancient crime
on a bleak and distant hill.*



Realities of War

by Jack Drake

Dad was not a combat soldier, but he played his part as well.
Hauling ammo to the front, he saw his share of shot and shell.
The only things he'd talk about were the mateship and the fun
but not a word about the bloodshed and the harvest of the gun.

I listened to the stories he and his old mates would say
when I drove him to the Service and the Pub on ANZAC Day.
They'd laugh about the navvie tricks and ratbag digger pranks
but to their fallen comrades they just willed their silent thanks.

Still with the gory fascination of an inexperienced kid
I passed them beers and tried to glean the secrets that they hid.
My Wild West mentality craved to hear the things they saw,
but by mute consent, they covered the realities of war.

Then my Dad's mate Trevor Parker, led me quietly away
and said "Jack, the things you want to know are better left to lay.
We understand the questions of the ones who were not there
but forcing memories on the ones who were, simply isn't fair."

"That's why none of us like talking of the horrors that we saw.
All that 'Death or Glory' bullshit has no real place in war.
I hope you never load and fire as shells tear up the ground
splattered with your best mate's blood, while death is all around."

"May God decree you never see your friend sprawled in the clay
shot to bits and crying for a mother far away.
Chopped down by machine gun fire and pleading to be dead
as rifles crackle viciously and shells whine overhead."

Then Trevor Parker stammered and forced himself to say
how he held his mate's intestines in while life force ebbed away,
and I felt acute embarrassment and shame washed over me
when tears poured down his face for I'd unleashed the memory.

"Mr. Parker, Christ I'm sorry" I mumbled in my shame.
He clasped me by the shoulder and said "Son, war's not a game.
I understand your interest, that's why I took you to one side,
but it hurts too much to talk about the ones of us who died."

He said "If you hear a soldier skite and glorify the War
you can bet he worked behind a desk in admin. or the store.
The ones who fought up at the front, won't have too much to say"
and we both dragged out our hankies and wiped our tears away.

We walked back in the bar and Dad glanced at us as we came.
He was laughing at a yarn about a Crown and Anchor game
and the look that passed between them there, Trevor and my Dad,
confirmed he knew about the little talk that we just had.

Since then I've had occasion to observe some Army types
Peace time soldiers declaiming their gung ho service hype.
They're but a shallow imitation of the men who went before.
Those facing live rounds knew the true realities of war.

And they wouldn't talk about it, all the carnage and the pain.
They just picked up the pieces and got on with life again.
So I'm sorry you old diggers, for my tactless crass mistake.
I see now that you're all heroes like my father, Alec Drake.

Now each ANZAC Day I see them and for me there is no doubt
when I watch the old men marching some with medals, some without.
I respect how they all suffered and the gift to us they gave
but the Realities of War those men will carry to the grave.



Pyrenees Original Bush Poetry & Song Festival

Saturday March 21st 2015 was World Poetry Day and to celebrate this fact Ararat based bush poet Col Driscoll decided to grow his annual 'Big Avoca Do' fundraiser and 'Poets @ The Pub' weekend with the inclusion of poetry workshops, poets walk up and a variety concert at the Beaufort Public Hall.

The result was the inaugural 'Pyrenees Original Bush Poetry & Song Festival' held over three days and including guest artists Jack Drake, Neil McArthur, Darren Colston, Maggie Murphy and duet Patrick Evans & Suzette Herft.

In the week leading up to the festival, school workshops were held at both Avoca and Beaufort primary schools with over 240 kids in attendance.

The Friday night walk up and variety concert in Beaufort provided a platform to help re-establish the once popular 'Bard of Beaufort' annual walk up which had not been held for several years. The small but enthusiastic crowd provided plenty of walk up poets, including a bloke from Stawell named David Hill who was awarded an encouragement award for his original poem "What are ANZACS". For his efforts Dave will receive a year's membership to the ABPA and will have his poem published in the ABPA magazine.

The committee of the Pyrenees Arts Council, who joined forces with Col Driscoll to get the show up and running again, were delighted with the night and they are looking forward to growing the concept into a highly successful event over the next few years.

The 5th annual Big Avoca Do was held at the newly refurbished Avoca Town Hall on the Saturday night with a crowd in excess of one hundred people enjoying a tried and true combination of Bush Poetry, Comedy and Music provided by the guest artists. Funds raised on the night will go to assist the Avoca Primary School with their entry in the 2015 RACV Energy Challenge. Several of the school kids opened the show with poems they had written after being inspired by their recent poetry workshop with Col Driscoll. Over the last 5 years the Big Avoca Do committee has raised over \$24k for local causes through their shows, and the locals really loving their Bush Poetry.

Sunday arvo saw Col, Jack, Neil & Darren entertain the locals at the 5th annual Poets @ The Pub at the legendary Moonambel Hotel. It was a great way for the lads to relax and have some fun after a huge weekend entertaining the good folk of the Pyrenees Shire.

It's fair to say that the Bush Poetry scene is getting even stronger down Victoria way, and it's great to see both local and interstate artists accepting Cols invitations to be a part of the newly formed 'Pyrenees Original Bush Poetry & Song Festival'.

What are ANZACs

© Dave Hill

As I was relaxing in the back yard
under a shady willow tree.
My grandson came out running
then he sat down on my knee.

He looked me straight in the eye and said
Grandpa, " what are Anzacs?"

Well I didn't know where he heard that from
he really took me by surprise.
But I could tell he really wanted to know
by the look he had in his eyes.

So I told him they were brave Aussies and Kiwis
who volunteered to fight a war.
And they were proud to serve their countries
just like their fathers did before.

An Anzac's a bloke you can truly trust
and he'll never turn up late.
He'll watch your back in the heat of battle
and he'd share his last smoke with a mate.

The hardest part was leaving home
that's when my legs turned into jelly.
I had to say goodbye to your grandma
with your mum still inside her belly.

We had this real strict sergeant
who was really hard to please.
He'd march us all for days on end
through mud up to our knees.

But it never mattered how tough things got
or how far he made us roam.
It would always lift our spirits
when we received a letter from home.

I've held grown men in my arms at night
while they cried themselves to sleep.
I tried to stay as strong as I could
But I sometimes had to weep.

Don't get me wrong, we were all scared
Just like your first day in prep.
But we were just like the kangaroo and emu
we never took a backward step.

Now every April I march with my mates
but it's not to glorify war.
It's to honor good men who have fallen
and be thankful there wasn't more.

It's also a chance to catch up with old mates
that we only see once a year.
We sit down and talk about old times
over an icy cold glass of beer.

So now it's up to little boys like you
to keep the Anzac spirit alive.
And show respect to all the diggers
the ones who managed to survive.

And I hope you realise how lucky you are
to be born in this country free.
And I pray you'll never get the chance
To be an Anzac, just like me.

MEET YOUR 2015 ABPA COMMITTEE

The Committee serves the ABPA on a voluntary basis, in accord with company practices and membership requirements. Any ideas or concerns with the fluent running of the ABPA are welcome. Contact the Committee via secretary@abpa.org.au or through your State Delegate.

EXECUTIVE MEMBERS

PRESIDENT -



Hal Pritchard
SECRETARY - Brenda Joy

Whilst not a poet, Hal's background in management and television linked him to the entertainment world throughout his career as an electronics engineer. Brenda's background as a nightclub singer, a special needs teacher, a visual artist and a minstrel songwriter led her into the ABPA almost via natural progression. Having a wife as an award winning writer and performer also drew Hal into the bush poetry world. Initially this was on a support basis for Brenda but since taking over as President in 2014 with Brenda as Secretary (and also as his personal assistant), the partnership roles have reversed considerably. Both Hal and Brenda are dedicated to the preservation and expansion of our Australian cultural heritage through the art of storytelling. They have always travelled extensively and their conjoint adventure in helping to run the ABPA has continued this process. When not on the road they reside in Charters Towers, North Queensland and use their holiday home on Coochiemudlo Island in Moreton Bay as a summer base.

VICE PRESIDENT - Manfred Vijars

Manfred Vijars needs no introduction. Having served as ABPA President 2010-2013, Manfred brings his experience and expertise to this year's Committee.

Welcome back Manfred!

TREASURER -



Gregory North

Encountering his first bush poets in 2003 was a life-changing event for Greg. He was extremely fortunate that those poets were Denis Kevans, Milton Taylor, Terry Regan and Brian Bell - all wonderful writers and performers. How could anyone fail to be impressed? Soon afterwards he became friends with many other poets like the great Frank Daniel. With their encouragement, Greg went on to become male Australian champion three times in a row.

He realises the importance of giving back to the organisation that helped him meet poets and win awards. Serving as Secretary in 2010 and 2011, he took over the Treasurer's role with the failing health of Kym Eitel in 2013.

Greg manages to make a living from performing bush poetry and you can see more information about him on his website.

Not only does Greg do the very demanding job of Treasurer but he is also ABPA Webmaster. Greg's contributions to the smooth running of our association is both vital and essential.

ORDINARY COMMITTEE MEMBERS



John Peel

John has served on the ABPA committee since mid-2008. He served as the Victorian representative in his first two years and following on from there in his current role as a committee member. He is honoured to serve his fellow poets in paving a future for bush poetry.

As a poet, John has been writing poetry since his late primary school years. This life-long love of bush poetry led him to the world of performance bush poetry in 2005, which was also the year that he first became a member of the ABPA. John is proud of his achievements as a poet and believes that there are bigger and better things still to come.

John has accepted the demanding role of Public Relations Officer for the ABPA. John lives in the Southern NSW town of Tumut.

John's long term contribution to the running of the ABPA is greatly appreciated.



Robyn Sykes

As well as being the current Australian Women's Bush Poetry Performance Champion, performing poetry all around Australasia, bringing to life the people and issues of rural Australia at concerts, cafes, campfires, celebrations, fetes, festivals, aged care facilities, agricultural shows and school... Robyn Sykes finds time in her busy schedule to serve the needs of the ABPA.

Robyn, whose credits include a Golden Dampier and the Bryan Kelleher, Henry Lawson (Gulgong) and Corryong Larrikin awards has been an ABPA committee member for the last two years. She brings to the Committee her experience as President of the Binalong Arts Group where she was the driving force behind Binalong's successful 2014 hosting of the NSW Bush Poetry Championships. She is an ABPA accredited judge for both performance and written poetry.

Robyn has lived on her husband's family farm near Binalong since 1983. She has spent the last 30 plus years raising four sons, writing, observing... and learning to love sheep.

Robyn's continuing service as a committee member and her extensive contribution to running ABPA and other bush poetry competitions, is valued.



Carol Reffold

Carol, known throughout Australia and beyond as the "Patchwork Poet", has "...travelled many miles enjoying the company of fellow poets". She brings to the Committee her experience as an event organiser and as a seasoned performer.

She is always willing to help the cause of Bush poetry - story telling in verse.

Carol will contribute her resourcefulness to the ABPA National Championships in Corryong and we thank her for keeping on in her role as ABPA Committee member.

ABPA STATE DELEGATES



NEW SOUTH WALES -
Tom McIlveen



QUEENSLAND -
Wally Finch



SOUTH AUSTRALIA
Bob Magor



TASMANIA -
Philip Rush



VICTORIA -
Jan Lewis



WEST AUSTRALIA
Irene Conner

SPECIAL COMMITTEE APPOINTMENTS

Thank you from us all for taking on these demanding communicative positions.

MAGAZINE EDITOR
Neil McArthur
editor@abpa.org.au

WEBMASTER
Gregory North
webmaster@abpa.org.au

Frank Daniel Encouragement Award

Following the passing of great bush poetry mate Frank Daniel on 22nd December 2014, his daughter Catherine has offered to donate a large perpetual trophy that can be engraved each year with the winner's name (and held for a year) and a smaller trophy that the winner can keep as an encouragement (not a best) award in memory of Frank Daniel.

Complying with Catherine's wishes, it has been negotiated with her that this award be presented to an up and coming junior poet at a selected ABPA National or State Championship each year.

ABPA President Hal Pritchard expressed the ABPA's gratitude to Catherine Daniel and advised her that the inaugural Frank Daniel Encouragement Award will be given at the Australian Bush Poetry National Championships in Corryong in April. Catherine will be going to the ABPA Nationals which adds the wonderful bonus that she will be able to present the award herself to the initial recipient.

Frank Daniel's involvement with bush poetry was both long-term and active. As an inaugural member of the ABPA, over many years he fulfilled the demanding administrative roles of President, Vice President and Magazine Editor. Frank assisted with the running of various bush poetry festivals and gained much personal success in competitions as a performing bush poet and yarn spinner.

In addition, Frank worked tirelessly for many charities and fund raising organisations and performed at community events around Canowindra where he spent his latter years. He was a much loved member of that region of NSW.

Last year Frank compiled the monthly insert for the ABPA Magazine promoting the achievements of other long-term members of our Association. We now pay tribute to Frank's own achievements and to the man we all respected and admired.



THE GUNS HAVE LONG BEEN SILENT

©Thomas Hamilton 12/8/2014

They were the flower of this land, as fit as they were lean
Placed upon a deadly stage, to act this tragic scene
Others came from overseas, new chums to our shore
United in their loyalty, in this the first Great War

Among the list of nations, Australia was a teen
Innocence of youthful years, for battle made them keen
They rallied to the colours, free of colonial yoke
But they couldn't see the terror, hidden beneath death's cloak

Each one was so different, as they played the mortal game
But when the final whistle blew, their graves all looked the same
They were both saint and sinner, no phoney airs to hide
A slouch hat and a cheeky grin, the symbols of their pride

ANZAC COVE and the NECK, are remembered in the tears
Passed on by generations, that followed through the years
The flint struck so long ago, became the brightest flame
That gave birth to the legend, no enemy could tame

Was it too high a price to pay? To gain the worlds respect
For reason dissolves the fog of war, when you take time to reflect
Rallies and parades pass by, tributes and prayers we say
But they can't fill a mother's loss, she carried from that day

The guns have long been silent, this is now a place of peace
For though it's been one hundred years, the memories will not cease
You will hear the wave's soft whisper, pay heed to what is said
As each surging tide recalls, the names of our brave dead



Remember It

©Caroline Tuohey

"We will remember them," we say,
on each and every Anzac Day.
The brave, the scared, the young, the old;
the ones who've had their stories told.
Momentum gathers every year;
some bow to pray, some shed a tear.

The people in our vast free land,
know freedom's price was blood on sand
when boys all landed on a beach,
to die with cover out of reach.
So April twenty-five is when,
we honour those who fought back then.

Some wear the medals on their chest,
of family members laid to rest
in fields where markers stand in rows,
receiving tears as sadness flows
from pilgrims who respect the waste
of young men all shipped off in haste.

Then other people read the tales
of bombs made up from tins and nails.
The bookshops give us all a chance
to understand the circumstance
of hell on earth that was the trench,
awash with maggots, mud and stench.

Our flag is waved by children who
don't really know what war can do
to wives and mothers left alone,
to live with fear of what's unknown.
But waving flags shows they are proud,
to stand in a revering crowd.

Australians all: we mustn't dare
stop showing that we deeply care
about the soldiers, all of whom
were brave in war's destructive doom.
Gallipoli and all its pain:
Remember it. Again. Again.

Vale Harold Cunningham

16.02.1935 – 18.08.2014

From his first encounter with bush poetry in Tamworth in the early 1990's, bush born and bred Harold and his wife Margaret were (Margaret still is) very staunch supporters and members of the ABPA. They travelled many thousands of Ks to as many bush poetry competitions as possible. Aply assisted by Harold, Margaret (with permission) could always be seen in the front row videoing as many artists as she was permitted to film. Also, she was always the first to the product table to purchase cassettes, CD's videos or DVD's to add to their vast poetry collection.

Margaret is determined to continue to support our genre but Harold is sadly missed. Belatedly, bush poetry says goodbye and thank you to "every poet's greatest fan".



COO-EE CALLING

© Brenda Joy 2012

Winner, 2012 'Coo-ee March Section', Coo-ee Festival, Gilgandra, NSW

Outside the wind of winter wails –
a chilling, churning dirge.
Its penetrating force assails
where age and aches converge.
Bare-boned from autumn's onslaught, thin,
susceptible to cold,
her failing heart is giving in
with body frail and old.

Once youthful blossoms bloomed to joy
with fruits of summer's phase.
Her husband's love, her baby boy –
serene and sun-blessed days.
But love refrains in Coo-ee's call
became a song for war
that lured her gallant man to fall
on far and foreign shore.

The march that saw her man depart
in 'Hitchen's Own' brigade
soon stole the laughter from her heart
as price for war was paid.
The news of bloody battles fought
caused pain beyond belief
and hero's medals won had brought
no solace in her grief.

The strength it took to work the farm
through seasons' harsh extremes;
To make ends meet, to ward off harm,
put paid to girlhood dreams,
whilst bringing up her son alone
without Dad's Coo-ee call
to fill the skies with joyous tone –
the hardest blow of all.

She raised their son to manhood age
– she didn't shirk her task –
but loneliness throughout this stage
was more than life should ask.
The tears she wept in empty years
without her husband's aid
to help allay her woman's fears,
saw hope and beauty fade.



COO-EE DREAMING

© Brenda Joy, 2011

In the peaceful lilt of the Castlereagh
the Coo-ee calls resound,
like the echoed voice of a by-gone day
where dreams of youth were found.

And the water's flow to the rhythmic tune
of history's soulful dirge,
beneath searchlight glow of the crescent moon
where dreams of night emerge.

I can feel the pulse of the Coo-ee March
that called the boys away
to the distant shores of the triumph arch
where dreams of glory lay.

And I hear the beat of the rally drum
(hypnotic, throbbled refrain)
to the boys, naive of the pain to come,
where dreams of power reign.

I can see the boys of the Coo-ee call
(reality of war)
as the heroes scream and the gallant fall
where dreams exist no more.

And their eyes are glazed in a haunted stare
as Hellish fires burn
and the spirit's wracked and the soul's laid bare
where dreams to nightmares turn.

I can hear their plea echo through the spheres
as spectres flee from view.
*Let all men be freed from their conquest fears
where dreams of war renew.*

And the Castlereagh which revealed this sight,
resumes its peaceful flow
as I pray one day we may all unite
where dreams of love still grow.



FAREWELL MY LOVE

©T.E. Piggott

She watches waves build up once more then sees them crash and rush to shore,
while out across the restless sea a blood red glow still tints the sky.
This lonely beach again the scene to dream of things that might have been,
her pilgrimage continues still, though sixty years have now passed by.

She rests beside a nearby dune her white hair silver in the moon,
this woman now despite her age has come to bid farewell once more.
Yet even after all these years, on days like this there's always tears;
a special time to be alone and relive days from long before.

Within her heart she sees him still, this man she loved and always will,
his dark good looks and smiling eyes, as clear as though he's here today.
She sees once more his handsome face; remembers still their last embrace,
then comes that sense of loneliness that never seems to fade away.

Their wedding day she can't forget, despite her loss there's no regret,
as fear of war was cast aside to celebrate their special day.
That time though brief had brought such joy – oh how she'd loved her sailor boy
and for a time great happiness; but there would be a price to pay.

Too soon the war was close at hand - invasion fears had gripped the land,
so forces were dispatched in haste to meet a fast advancing foe.
Great battles raged on land and sea throughout a world that once was free
and worries for his safety grew as time approached for him to go.

She'd waved farewell from on the quay and watched him sail away to sea,
not knowing then this was goodbye. But soon the rumors filtered through
of sounds of battle near this bay, just out from where she sits today
and then at last it was announced; his ship was lost with all its crew.

The telegram confirmed the worst; its message not believed at first
and like so many others then she lived in hope he had survived.
She prayed for months he may be found out on some island safe and sound,
but not a word was ever heard that might have seen her hopes revived.

There's those who say his ship's out there - beneath these waves he rests somewhere
and so she visits here each year to keep a promise she has made.
She comes regardless of the cost to mourn a love forever lost
and she can sense she's close to him, but soon that feeling starts to fade.

The tears are running down her cheek the way they'd threatened to all week,
there's no attempt to brush them off; her guard is down, she's lost in grief.
Her tortured mind imagines then a sinking ship and drowning men
and even after all this time there's still a sense of disbelief.

These memories she can't forget, despite the years they linger yet,
those special times although long past still hold a place within her heart.
A sense of loss is always there; it's hers alone, she cannot share,
her private and her social life must always be kept well apart.

Now wistfully she looks to sea; the moment's past, her spirits free,
then painfully she stands once more beneath the moon that's shining bright.
She knows her wait is not in vain for soon they'll surely meet again
and wearily she hobbles off along the beach and out of sight.



Boyup Brook 2015 – Competition Results

Open category

Winner:	<i>Eugene</i>	Tom McIlveen	Port Macquarie NSW
Very Highly Commended:	<i>Contemplation</i>	Warren Cox	Brisbane Qld
Highly Commended:	<i>Pilbara</i>	Brenda Joy	Charters Towers Qld
	<i>The Lodger</i>	Keith Lethbridge	Armadale WA
	<i>The Old Wongoondy Hall</i>	Keith Lethbridge	Armadale WA
Commended:	<i>Links</i>	Brenda Joy	Charters Towers Qld
	<i>Old Riley's Billy Lids</i>	Tom McIlveen	Port Macquarie NSW
	<i>Australia's Loss</i>	Val Read	Bicton WA

Emerging Poet

Winner:	<i>The Doctors Surgery</i>	Freda Harvey	Parkes NSW
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Judge's Report

It was my pleasure to judge this year's Boyup Brook written Competition. The most pleasing thing for me was the number of well written quality poems, making it hard to settle on the winning entries and I'm sure a different judge would possibly have selected some of the poems that just missed out on an award.

There was so little difference in the quality of many of the poems that in the end it came down to personal preference and even then I found myself swapping poems back and forth, so close were some of the minor placegetters to each other in quality.

The winning poem 'Eugene' was a very well written and touching poem that depicts the problem encountered by returning soldiers suffering from wounds or battle fatigue or even dealing with public opinion about some conflicts.

The poem that was runner up 'Contemplation' was also a beautifully written poem with a wonderful poetic lilt to it which I very much enjoyed reading.

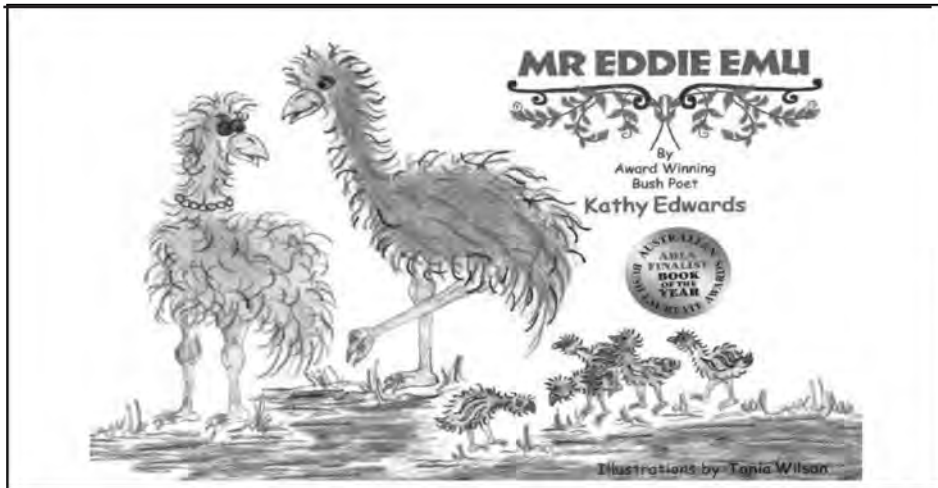
All the other Award winners were well-written poems that could possibly do well in other competitions as opinions among judges do vary.

I enjoyed reading all the poems including those written by people just starting out. There were many very good poems that with a little bit of a polish here and there could really improve them.

On the downside a common mistake in quite a few poems was the failure to maintain the same syllable count in each line once the initial first sentence or stanza had been settled on. This was particularly noticeable in entries from lesser experienced writers but even in a couple of very well written poems as well, which unfortunately resulted in them losing points because of this. Another common mistake was with the meter in some poems. I know just how difficult it can be to master this, but urge all those who struggle with this problem to continue to persevere and it will eventually become automatic and easy pick up mistakes when you're writing Rhyming Bush Poetry.

Finally thank you for entering the Boyup Brook Written Competition and let me wish you good luck in any future competitions you may enter your poems into.

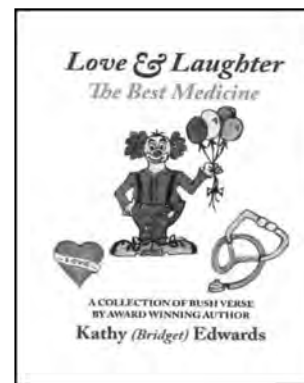
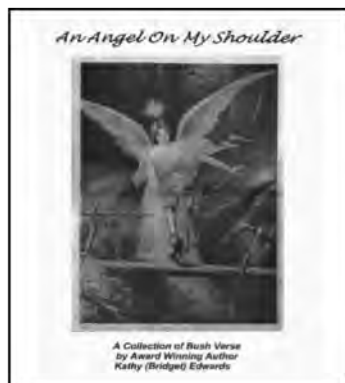
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Results
Milton Show Society Bush Poetry
Adult Performance Competition

Milton NSW
21st February 2015

First: Ralph Scrivens Corrimal NSW
Second: John Peel Tumut NSW
Third: Mark (Bushy) Thompson (along the track)

Organiser John Davis reported that a pleasingly large crowd of around 80 packed into the marquee during the Milton agricultural show to listen to some of Australia's best bush poets. Thirteen competitors vied for \$1000 in prize money. They were Allan Stone, Kevin Dean, Jim Lamb, Ralph Scrivens, Bill Williams, Lorraine McCrimmon, Dave Bartlett, John Sears, John Peel, Ken Potter, Mark Thompson, Billy Lasham, Jonathon Travers and a mystery woman!

A children's competition was also held with Cody Peck, Jennifer Stein, Emily Stein, Sarah Peck and Lucas McDonald giving performances.

The event was so successful that it is tipped to be a real feature of next year's show and hopefully with double the prize money.



reprinted courtesy of Milton/Ulladulla Times

BANJO PATERSON AUSTRALIAN POETRY
FESTIVAL POETRY COMPETITION WINNERS

2015

Group Class

1st prize (\$300 plus a trophy and certificate): Mathew and Andy Dickerson from Dubbo –
"Teenager affliction"

2nd prize (\$50 plus a certificate): Robyn Sykes from Binalong and Gwen Hinchliffe from Kiama –
"Blue-eyed blackmail"

Junior Class

1st prize (\$300 plus a trophy and a certificate): Kal Maple from Orange – "The city swagman"

2nd prize (\$25 plus a certificate): Andy Dickerson from Dubbo – "Australia's greatest poet"

Novice Class

1st prize (\$300 plus a trophy and certificate): Len Banks from Orange – "The garden wedding"

2nd prize (\$100 plus a certificate): John Rae from Orange – "Dogs know"

3rd prize (\$50 plus a certificate): Adrian Pride from Orange – "Quick go the beers"

Open Class

1st prize (\$600 plus a trophy and certificate): Peter Mace from Empire Bay, NSW – "Size does matter"

2nd prize (\$200 plus a certificate): Robyn Sykes from Binalong – "Ditzi Mitzi"

3rd prize (\$100 plus a certificate): Mathew Dickerson from Dubbo – "Who is doing the dishes"

Come and join in all the fun of the ABPA Forums on our website

www.abpa.org.au
Membership Free

**ABPA, N.S.W. STATE PERFORMANCE AND WRITTEN CHAMPIONSHIP
EXPRESSIONS OF INTEREST**

In 2015, the ABPA National Championship is being held in Victoria and ABPA State Championships are being held in Queensland and West Australia.

To date there have been no applications to hold a State Championship in New South Wales.

Therefore, expressions of interest are sought from clubs and organisations in NSW.

Please direct any enquiries to the Secretary of the ABPA secretary@abpa.org.au for Committee Consideration.

GREAT AUSSIE READS

with Jack Drake

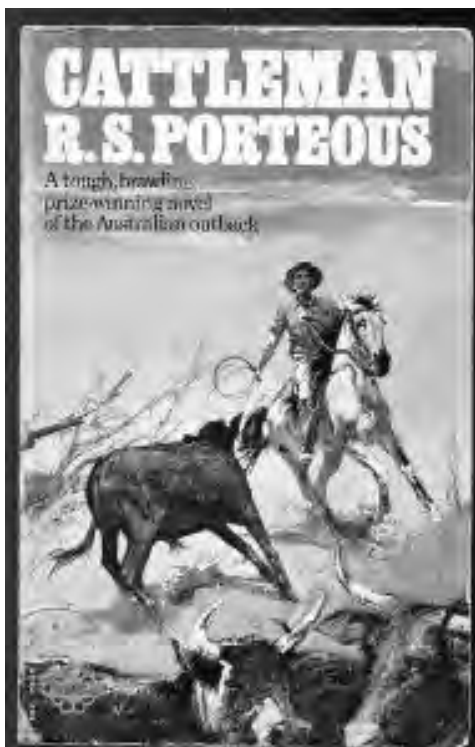
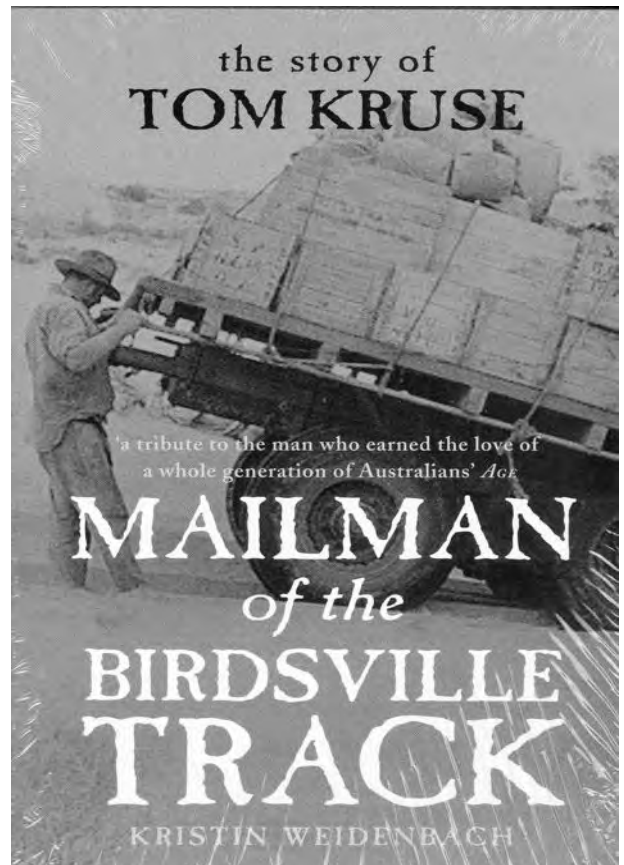


Mailman of the Birdsville Track by Kristin Weidenbach (Hachette Australia 2003) is the heart warming story of Tom Kruse, the most famous Outback Mailman since Mrs Gunn immortalised 'The Fizzer' in We of the Never Never.

Tom Kruse drove mail and supplies from Maree in South Australia's north, to Birdsville just over the Queensland border, in the 1930s, '40s and '50s. Tom became a legend of the corner country and achieved fame internationally following the screening of his Birdsville Track exploits in the 1954 documentary film 'Back of Beyond'.

Many years later, Tom's favourite truck, a 1936 Leyland Badger, was rescued from where it had been abandoned in the desert, and restored for a final run from Birdsville to Maree in 1999. The author's father worked on the restoration of the old truck along with Tom Kruse, then in his 80s, and a few others, so Kristin Weidenbach was involved with the Kruse family as more than just an author researching a story.

Her treatment of a genuine Aussie battler is delightfully told. Mailman of the Birdsville Track is a must for those of us who thrive on stories of real Australia and Australians.



Cattleman by R.S. Porteous (George G. Harrap and Co Ltd 1960), won the Brisbane Courier Mail Centenary Award when first published.

A big brawling novel of the Australian Outback, Cattleman sweeps the reader along with its central character's turbulent life. As he lies dying in a hospital bed, big Ben McReady recalls his life from the time he ran away to find work as a drover's offsider, to eventually finishing up a Cattle Baron.

Porteous has crafted McReady's story with obvious knowledge of his subject matter.

Set in the early 20th Century, Cattleman follows its hero's career as a drover, struggling selector, World War I lighthorseman, cattle duffer, family man and eventual station owner. The story is fast paced with a rather quirky conclusion as Big Ben arranged his legacy in his own individualistic style.

All in all.....a Great Aussie Read.

Jack Drake

EUGENE

©Tom McIlveen

"There's something amiss in your manner Eugene...ever since you returned from the war. There's something that's dark and intangible there that I've never encountered before. Your eyes are as cold as a wintery night and as distant as South Vietnam... and something has altered inside of you Boy...since you tried to appease Uncle Sam."

"I'm sorry for being unsociable Mum, it's those drugs that I'm taking for pain... they put me to sleep when I should be awake, and are driving me nearly insane! The doctor has said I'll recover in time, and be rid of the crutches and chair... and maybe I'll even be working again, with his pills and remedial care."

"I know that your body is healing Eugene, but it's what they done to your mind! They've brought you back home with your senses intact, but have left your emotions behind. I hear you at night, when you moan in your sleep and awaken with tormented screams, and know that you weep for those pitiful souls, who are haunting your conscience and dreams."

"I'm empty and aching and wondering why we were scorned by the homecoming crowd, who made us ashamed to be serving abroad, when we should have been honoured and proud. They spat on us Mum, for the blood on our hands and the guilt that we couldn't disguise... and saw through the devil-may-care nonchalance, in the shadows that darkened our eyes."

"Ignore them Eugene...they are gullible fools who mistakenly misunderstand, that soldiers like you, are mere pawns in a game and just links in a chain of command. The masters of war will abandon you Son, when political push comes to shove; then cast you aside into bottomless holes, from their ivory towers above."

"We fought for a cause we believed to be right, and supported a country in need, but only succeeded in stirring a pot of corruption, extortion and greed. Who governs the meddling media Mum, when they blame us and damn us to hell? For they are the ones who manipulate wars to ensure that their newspapers sell!"

"But who will be buying their papers Eugene, when the truth has been finally told, and who will be sending our soldiers to die, when the masters relinquish their hold? Remember my son... that the stones of rebuke have been thrown by the righteous before, and soldiers like you will continue to bleed - for as long as there's hatred and war."



Chinchilla Melon Festival

Well, what more can be said about the ongoing success of this wonderful Festival! This year's festival saw 15,000+ visitors roll into the beautiful country town of Chinchilla for all the annual event including the Rodeo, Watermelon Skiing (all events were geared towards Melons!), the unveiling of the biggest Melon, the star-studded line up of musical artists at the Saturday night Concert (featuring local lad Dean Ray!) and of course the two Poet's breakfasts which featured Gary Fogarty (also Festival MC) Jack Drake and Neil McArthur. The superb weather had the streets full and it was amazing to see hundreds turn out for the Poets Breakfast.

This is a great example of how a Community gets together to offer it's visitors a great variety of entertainment which is the key to the great success of this event. Also on the Bush Poetry side of things, it is hats off to Gary Fogarty for all the work he has put into this and so many other Festivals over many years to keep the line up fresh, vibrant and entertaining for the crowds. Great work, mate!



Victorian Poets in W.A.

In February, Carol Reffold and I, who are the Victorian members of the Australian Bush Poets Association Committee, ventured from one side of Oz to meet Western Australian Poets at the Boyup Brook Country Music Festival. Guests were Susie Carcary, Melanie Hall and John Best.

The photo shows Carol and me centre stage with two of our hosts – John Hayes and Bill Gordon. John and his wife Anne (who we met at Corryong last year) for hosting us in Perth and acting as chauffeurs.

Rural Boyup Brook is about 3 hours south of Perth, where Bill and Meg did a grand job of hosting a merry band of poets and musicians in the shade around their impressive shearing shed. We had star treatment inside the home-stead!

Such lovely friendship and camaraderie of our poets; we had a magical time and highly recommend others to try a trip to the West, preferably at Festival time or when their Championships are on.

Many thanks from Jan Lewis.



ANOTHER SUCCESS FOR DUNEDOO

Thanks to the splendid organisation by festival co-ordinator Eric Beer and his team, the support of the Dunedoo and District Development Group and the very generous monetary contributions from Personal Wealth Management and the many supporting sponsors from the town and district, the 17th Dunedoo Bush Poetry Competition was a great success. With the 20 participating poets performing a wonderful selection of both heart-rending and humorous poetry and with M.C. Brenda Joy keeping the show lively and moving along from start to finish, the festival was not only full of laughter but it also provided a lot of healing for those who had endured the loss of loved ones in 2014 and in recent years.

Eric Beer was particularly happy with the Thursday night meet and greet where the local singing group 'Sing Australia' joined with 95 poets and friends to open up the festival with impromptu performances and to share camaraderie.

He was also pleased that many took advantage of the informative bus trip to Mendoran on the Friday and that the Parkes Caravan Group were in town to attend the Intermediate Class competition on the Friday afternoon and the Yarn Spinning competition on the Friday night.

Lloyd Graham, the President of the DDDD group was particularly pleased with the workshop given by Brenda Joy to years 5-8 of Central and St. Michael's schools and he was elated when he took out the Yarn Spinning Award with his tale of dog trials in Merriwa. Needless to say, his win was very popular with the local community.

Saturday saw a full day of competition in the Open Class and each category was very closely contested. Judges Des Kelly, Sandra Nicholson and Hal Pritchard had their work cut out to determine the winners.

In the evening, following the Official Welcome and the Mayoral address, the 130 people from all over the state and beyond filled the hall with laughter as the poets contested the male and female humorous categories. All also enjoyed sharing supper and converse.

Following the recitation of Ron Steven's winning poem A Reasonable Approach the award presentations continued culminating in the announcement of the Overall Male and Overall Female winners of the Open performance competition. Terry Regan took out the male award and Rhonda Tallnash was the female winner.

As an ANZAC tribute Brenda Joy performed her Blackened Billy winning poem, Where Poppies Bloom and then Des Kelly led the crowd in a ceiling-raising-singalong of war songs.

Despite the full-on nature of the Saturday show, many poets and friends turned up for the Sunday morning walk up session and the 'Breakfast with the Poets' Brawl' which had an interesting twist introduced by Eric Beer in that the one minute poems had to be about the poet that each contestant had 'drawn out of a hat' during the festival. This really got everyone researching and learning more about poets and poetry.

Cay Ellem was the eventual winner decided by the audience after a 3-way tie had to be recontested. Eric Beer reported that "Speaking with the visitors and poets, they expressed their admiration for the week-end of Bush Poetry. A lot of work by a small devoted group of volunteers, certainly made this week-end a great success and cemented the future for many more festivals. We all look forward to support for our 18th Festival on week-end of the first Saturday in March 2016." A huge thank you to all concerned and to Dunedoo for their continued provision of such a delightful outlet for bush poetry.

Although Milton Taylor was in hospital and unable to get to Dunedoo this year, he did contribute by working with Eric Beer in the planning stage and by pre-judging the written competition. His presence was felt throughout the festival and everyone missed him being there and wished him a speedy recovery.

Dunedoo Bush Poetry Festival 2015 Results

WRITTEN

Written Winners

1st A REASONABLE APPROACH by Ron Stevens

2nd IF GOD ONLY KNEW by Tom McIlveen

Highly Commended

A MOTHER'S SON by Yvonne Harper EUGENE by Tom McIlveen EVELYN'S RIDE by Ron Stevens

THE FINAL HYMN by Yvonne Harper

Intermediate

1st Don Clarey 2nd Jeanette Clarey 3rd Jim Lamb

HC Freda Harvey & David Fatches

PERFORMANCE

Yarn Spinning

Lloyd Graham

Classical

Female 1st Rhonda Tallnash 2nd Jenny Markwell 3rd Cay Ellem HC Heather Searles

Male 1st Terry Regan 2nd Garry Lowe 3rd Ken Potter HC Barry Ellem

Contemporary

Female 1st Rhonda Tallnash 2nd Heather Searles 3rd Jenny Markwell HC Freda Harvey

Male 1st The Rhymer from Ryde 2nd Ken Potter 3rd Paddy O'Brien HC Terry Regan

Original Serious

Female 1st Jenny Markwell 2nd Heather Searles 3rd Rhonda Tallnash HC Dulcie McLean

Male 1st Terry Regan 2nd Ken Potter 3rd The Rhymer from Ryde HC Paddy O'Brien

Original Humorous

Female 1st Rhonda Tallnash 2nd Heather Searles 3rd Cay Ellem HC Jenny Markwell

Male 1st Garry Lowe 2nd Paddy O'Brien 3rd Terry Regan HC The Rhymer from Ryde

A REASONABLE APPROACH

© Ron Stevens

Winner 2015 Dunedoo Bush Poetry Festival Written Competition

You should be careful of old ladies, Son.
You brushed her twice as you were circling past.
I know you think you're only having fun
or, in your terms, 'having yourself a blast'.
Yet if that dear old lady had been thrown
onto the shopping mall's unkind cement,
who knows whatever fragile age-worn bone
might have been bruised or most painfully rent?

Which is why I have grabbed you by the arm,
young fellow, while I attempt to explain
how skateboards can cause a great deal of harm
when in control of a scatterbrain.
You're forbidden to ride in shopping malls
and should be using the council's skate-park,
that costly structure with graffiti scrawls declaring,
'See me, my own inane mark!'

It's not that I am blaming you for that;
perhaps you write in perfect copperplate;
are not at all the scruffy dim-wit brat,
my first impressions had suggested, Mate.
No, what I'm blaming you for is the way
you whizzed around with total disrespect
for age, while laughing like a drain – horseplay
around that lady, which has to be checked.

Especially as she's my loving Nan
who's spent most of her life in caring for
her own and others' kids; who also ran
a boarding house for youths when Hitler's war
had snatched away her son, that red-head bloke
who's grinning still upon her mantleshelf.
Those times were tough, and always being broke
was part of life, with little thought for self.

That's why this doting grandchild always gets
such pleasure when I'm watching her enjoy
this café's scones and milkshake, with no threats
of bailiffs at the door – a simple joy
which surely none would ever begrudge her
at nearly ninety-six. You hear me, Kid?
Believe me, I would very much prefer
to kick your bum than make this reasoned bid.

But I must stay within the gentle law,
just lecture you although it does no good.
To kick your bum means goal for me, I'm sure
and you'd remain a youth misunderstood.
So I am forced to let it go at that,
ignoring your complacent victor's sneer.
You know we oldies can't hope to combat
the rise of me-power in control here.

Be thankful, though, I didn't choose to call
a red-headed kid from across the street,
informing him that fatally of all
the oldies you had selected to treat
with disrespect was his beloved Great-Gran.
I don't approve his frequent schoolboy fights
but being from a Celtic brawling clan,
he'd happily punch out your bloody lights.

100 Years Since ANZAC

© Jim Cosgrove 2014

There's 100 years since Anzac, since the war to end all wars
Yet Australia's sons and daughters still respond to freedom's cause
In those hundred years of fighting there's a lot that's still the same
And the good old Aussie Digger still brings honour to his name.

We behold the Aussie Spirit in this proud Centenary
And the birthplace of a Nation - "Anzac Cove - Gallipoli"
Where a Lone Pine tells the story of those men who paid the price
And is testament to Glory found in acts of Sacrifice

For it's not the prize of victory that marks our celebration
But the 'Spirit' of Gallipoli that so describes our nation
It's the character of Mateship, it's the courage that they showed
And the selflessness that saw them fall with faces to the foe

They were young and full of life when they responded to the call
They were looking for adventure and they knew no fear at all
When confronted by the torments that for all who war awaits
They endured the hell and horror through commitment to their mates

They endured great deprivation, hunger, hardship, thirst and pain
Beside their mates, with gritted teeth they'd joke and not complain
They would clamour over trenches with machine guns spewing death
They knew their Mates would watch their back until their dying breath

At battles on the Western Front, in jungles of Korea
The mud of the Kokoda Track, the Last Charge at Beersheeba
The Tunnel rats of Vietnam, Malaya, Timor Leste
Tobruk, Iraq, Afghanistan - Our diggers gave their best

Let us recall our Diggers' traits of which we all take pride
The Larrikin, the Optimist, the ones who always tried
The willingness to lend a hand and greet life with a smile
The willingness to sacrifice their lives in times of trial

Across the years these Anzac voices call to you and me
Do not forget the sacrifice of mates who set you free
Of those young souls whom age won't weary nor the years condemn
By living Anzac Spirit lives - We will remember them

So when we hear the bugle play its solemn haunting strain
When Last Post bids us to recall young vital lives again
In silence may our hearts reflect on Anzac's hundred years
On those who sacrificed their lives and those who shed their tears

Then as the bugle rouses us from silent reverie
As themes of life and freedom dawn anew for you and me
Australians all let us rejoice - For we are young and free
The Spirit of the Anzacs starts its second century.



Havin' Fun, but missing you Aussies.....

Carol Heuchan

Another busy and exciting year. London and Paris in October (horse business for the first few days, the rest for me). Then my sixth U.S. Tour – Colorado and Nevada this time – hectic as heck but WOW!

First day in Denver, the only day off so went to the National Western Stock Show at the Coliseum with friends. From then on, it was poetry every day, doing twenty four shows in three and a half weeks! Schools first, all Elementary and Middle (Primary) this time and accompanied by some fantastic U.S. entertainers. Not sure whether it's my accent or my stockwhip that fascinates them most. Question time is always interesting and at one school, an 8th Grade boy asked entertainer Pop Wagner "What is the difference between Cowboys and Cowgirls?" Pop ummed and aahed for a while in his laconic manner till I

hopped up and took the mic. "We do the same job. We just do it prettier." And the kids cheered.

Fourth day and all the artists moved into the Table Mountain Inn (magic place) in Golden, Colorado and the Gathering got under way in earnest. What a reunion! The camaraderie, flirting, fun and genuine 'family' warmth everyone feels for each other is hard to imagine. As is the event organisation which is a continual, ongoing process of performer selection and invitations to apply, with forms galore covering every possible contingency - fees, per diems, travel, accommodation, location maps, bios, meal tickets, stage requirements, night concert/daytime theme session set times, sound check timetables, shuttle chauffeur-ing, M.C. advice, contacts, V.I.P. functions, multi media requirements, merchandise consignment and responsibilities, autograph signing arrangements, courtesy tickets for other shows, jam sessions details and even massage vouchers (yes, for courtesy massages between shows!) Questions like:

'Are you travelling alone?' (No, hopefully with a pilot.)

'Are you willing to share a room?' (Yes, with Richard Gere.) etc. etc.

Yet for all this organisation, the Gatherings are magical, seemingly spontaneous affairs of such brilliant entertainment and genuine caring and joy, they would challenge any benchmark anywhere I am sure.

O.K., there are downs. The coffee is liquid boot polish that would take the leather off a pack saddle. Er, I'm struggling to find another down. The jam sessions (poets AND musicians as equals), the parties, the cowboy clothes, the shyacking, the fun, the oh-so-enthusiastic volunteers, the wit, the constant face-aching laughter, the 'pinch me, it's real' feeling would feed your inner soul for decades.

And if that's not enough, with no time to recover, it's fly to Nevada for the big one, the National Cowboy Poetry Gathering in Elko. Two days of school shows, sharing the stage with great kids and awesome musicians. (I even got to crack the stockwhip to 'Ghost Riders in the Sky.' (Yippy-ay-yay!)

Then it's Ranch Tour day. And you would think after five years of these, I would be getting less awed. No way! The T Lazy S this year and it is an incredible, four hundred thousand acre ranch – and they have four more including the Horseshoe Ranch, two hundred thousand acres, next door, all owned by the Mines. Their holistic management is truly impressive. Records of breeding stock – and they're mixed bred, not just 'paper' cattle –kept and studied for the things that matter to beef production, for decades. Water diverted back to the ranch means it has its own on-site feedlot. They even implement 'press and release' imprint training on calves/youngstock to ensure easier future handling. But hand in hand with this state-of-the-art thinking, goes ancient Vacquero handling methods. No bikes, no trucks, just their own bred and trained horses and very capable cowboys who use no less than the fifty or sixty foot lasso, no fixed tie, no rubber on the horn. This takes skill, but it means a dally and a slow down, rather than a jerk stop and that's less stressful on the cattle and sure a lot easier on the horses' backs. Then right beside me I watched a cowboy bring in a fifty horse remuda (working cow horses) to a rope yard – a single rope tied to a fence and brought around in a semi circle by just one cowboy. Those fifty horses FLEW into precision parking, packed tight, their heads facing the rope. Amazing! The head buckaroo, a Native American, threw the rope over the backs of the horses to catch and pull out the one he wanted. Absolutely jaw-dropping. What a privilege to see something as rare as that. Thursday and the 31st Annual Gathering really kicks off. A long day for me with a 6.30 Poetry Breakfast for the local Rotarians. Then the Official Breakfast and Welcome held at the Stockman's Casino. Hugs by the bucketload as some of the greatest entertainers and legendary cowboys (and girls) as well as VIPs and organisers come together. The shows begin.

The Western Folklife Centre was once the Pioneer Hotel and is now is the heart of it all. Well, the bar is for sure. The Pioneer Bar, about four times as long and ten times as busy as any you'd find, is where we all congregate and socialise between show commitments. The long room behind the bar is perfect for dances (and boy, can those cowboys dance). Upstairs are the offices, the brain. Along the other side of the bar (corner street access) is the Shop – full of the performers' merchandise and all sorts of western jewellery, trinkets and memorabilia. Then behind that is a Gallery and each year, the featured culture has an exhibition and this year's was outstanding. It was the year of the Baha cowboy – from that little strip of land at the very bottom of Mexico. No roads on the ranches there and the boys packed their instruments out on mules. The display of art and leatherwork was just breathtaking and came with craftsmen who worked right there as we watched. A replica of their 'food hut' was built in the middle of the Gallery and in there we saw amazing transformations using ancient arts. A cardboard cut-out mule became remarkably lifelike in the hands of the artist and on it went the hand tooled, layered saddle and genuine accoutrements. The music of the Baha echoed though out and we danced and revelled at the chance to enjoy a diverse culture with a common thread close to our hearts.

A sobering came with the news of the loss of one of the expected performers, Dave Bourne. Each and every one who knew him withdrew into memories they had shared. With his fabulous fingers on the ivories, he brought the saloon bar to life and vivid in my mind is the year a piano was wheeled into the foyer and we danced and sang till the wee small hours. Rest in Peace, friend. You contributed so much so much to joyous times. The later news of the passing of Glen Ohrlin was a huge shock. I was honoured to spend some time with him this year and he said to me that he didn't think he would make it to another Gathering. Not gone, just waiting at the end of the trail...

The show must go and as they say and so it did – in grand fashion. Electric atmosphere in concerts large and intimate, thrilled fans, enthralling workshops and films and fun-filled dances.

Parties at Sara Sweetwaters' (thank you Sara) and a special wrap up party at Waddi Mitchell's Ranch (thank you) capped another memorable year. Serenaded by the Legends, (wow). What more could a girl ask? To never let it end, that's what!

The ABPA Bush Poetry Championships

Festival dates 9th – 12th April 2015

Adult Entries Close Friday 13th February 2015

Junior Entries Friday 20th March 2015.

Performance entries are accepted in date order and capped at 20 per section. No Late entries accepted.

Accommodation: 02 6076 277 (Poets Campsites \$80 for whole festival for vans/tents. \$40 for small tents.

Weekend passes: 4 day festival pass costs \$90 or \$80 for Commonwealth Concessions. Volunteers \$40.

Enquiries Jan Lewis 02 6077 4332 or
info@vbpma.com.au

Festival Office: 02 6076 1992

Festival email: info@bushfestival.com.au

Website: www.bushfestival.com.au

2015 Aust Bush Poetry Championships at MFSR Festival

The 2015 Australian Bush Poetry Championships will be held at the Man from Snowy River Bush Festival at Corryong 9 – 12th April 2015. (Everyone should come to MFSR at least once!)

The MFSR Festival Board members are excited at this highlight to the festival program and look forward to working with Jan Lewis, the Poetry event manager to make it happen like it did in 2012.

Following ABPA guidelines, we have Original Humorous and Serious, Contemporary and Classical sections. We'll also cater for Open, Intermediate, Novice and Junior classes.

Entries closing 13th Feb here <http://www.bushfestival.com.au/main-events/poetry-bush-music/>, or on ABPA and VBPMA websites or contact Jan Lewis 0260774332 or info@vbpma.com.au

Interstate poets can fix up their campervans and put the dates in their diaries..... even though there is limited indoor accommodation, there's plenty of room for camping, and possibly billets.

With a 1914 -15 theme, our guests will enrapture the audience with a great repertoire of Anzac and other poems and ensure an unforgettable weekend for poets and fans alike.

GUESTS: Geoffrey Graham, Chloe and Jason Roweth, Graeme Johnson, Brenda Joy, Carol Reffold and John and Carmel Lloyd and friends.



Top of the Murray Poets
& Bush Storytellers
(TOMPABS)

and the

Man From Snowy River Bush Festival
Poetry & Music

2015 Australian Bush Poetry Championships

Thursday 9th to Sunday 12th April 2015

Contact Jan Lewis Events Manager (voluntary)

ABPA Victorian Rep

Secretary info@vbpma.com.au

MAN FROM SNOWY RIVER BUSH FESTIVAL

THURSDAY 9 To SUNDAY 12 APRIL 2015

- 3 day - \$60,000 Man From Snowy River CHALLENGE, Art & Photography Competition,
- Street Parade,
- Re-enactment of AB Paterson's Man From Snowy River Poem,
- Ute Muster, Street Stalls,
- HIGH COUNTRY RODEO,
- Arts & Crafts Market,
- Entertainment Marquee ANZ High Country Station Team Muster,
- Aussie Bush Idol Talent Quest,
- Busking Competition,
- Dog Jump,
- Working Dog Competition,
- Campdraft,
- Team Penning,
- Arena Entertainment,
- COUNTRY ROCK CONCERT with The McClymont Sisters

Tickets: www.bushfestival.com.au

2015 Bush Poetry Schedule

Thursday 9th April

12:30pm Concert including Junior performers

5:00pm Anzac Concert
(Entertainment Marquee, Res Reserve)

6:30pm Meet, Eat & Greet for
POETS & MUSOS – Bottom Pub,
Corryong

8pm Open Mic – Bottom Pub,
Corryong.

Friday 10th April

1:15pm Red Poppies Concert (note
– will finish in time for the Street
Parade.)

5:30pm 'Bush Songs are for Sing-
ing' with Chloe and Jason Roweth

6pm MFSR Poem Recital Final and
YARNSPINNING

Saturday 11th April

10am Aust Bush Poetry Champi-
onships - Classical Poetry

2pm Championships (cont'd)
Modern Poetry (please note –
Novice/Intermediate fitted in
when time allows)

7pm Aust Bush Poetry Champion-
ship – Original Humorous Compe-
tition followed by Variety Concert

SUNDAY 12th April

10am Aust Bush Poetry Champi-
onships – Original Serious poem,
one minute poem and Matilda
awards.

2pm Junior Poets followed by
AWARDS.

For The Fallen

Poem by Robert Laurence Binyon (1869-1943), published in *The Times* newspaper on 21st September 1914.

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



Laurence Binyon composed his best known poem while sitting on the cliff-top looking out to sea from the dramatic scenery of the north Cornish coastline. A plaque marks the location at Pentire Point, north of Polzeath. However, there is also a small plaque on the East Cliff north of Portreath, further south on the same north Cornwall coast, which also claims to be the place where the poem was written.

The poem was written in mid September 1914, a few weeks after the outbreak of the First World War. During these weeks the British Expeditionary Force had suffered casualties following its first encounter with the Imperial German Army at the Battle of Mons on 23rd August, its rearguard action during the retreat from Mons in late August and the Battle of Le Cateau on 26th August, and its participation with the French Army in holding up the Imperial German Army at the First Battle of the Marne between 5th and 9th September 1914.

Laurence said in 1939 that the four lines of the fourth stanza came to him first. These words of the fourth stanza have become especially familiar and famous, having been adopted by the Royal British Legion as an Exhortation for ceremonies of Remembrance to commemorate fallen Servicemen and women, as it has for Australians.

Laurence Binyon was too old to enlist in the military forces but he went to work for the Red Cross as a medical orderly in 1916. He lost several close friends and his brother-in-law in the war.

Calling all Poets, YarnspINNers, Balladeers, Singer/Songwriters

Geelong the Pulse FM 94.7



Tim Sheed, Australian Bush Poet and his wife Christine, will be hosting a new weekly Community Radio Program in Geelong, commencing October 2015. The program will feature a combination of Poet's Corner (New & Upcoming Poets), What's On (Festivals, Poetry Meets), Music, Reviews (Books, Film, CD, Theatre) and Featured Guest Artist of the Week.

If you are interested in being a Featured Guest Artist and/or having your work featured in this Program, please forward your Contact Details & Promotional Materials to -

Tim Sheed
P.O. Box 357
Portarlington, Vic. 3223

Further Contacts
Mobile: 0438861271
e.mail: timothysheed@bigpond.com

The Perfectionist.

I know a 'certain some-one'
Who's perfection to extremes,
Who's never wrong in any way,
Not in your wildest dreams.
And this 'certain someone'
Is so pure and so polite,
And never ever makes mistakes,
And always is so right.
It really is amazing,
And I could sing a song,
About this 'certain some-one',
Who's never ever wrong.
It's not the local Parson,
Or the bloke who never lies,
It's not the Judge and Jury,
Or that Angel in the skies.
I'd tell you who's perfection,
And I could tell you more,
But I'd better hide this poem,
As she's coming in the door.

.....
Skew Wiff.

TOBRUK "RATS"

With the announcement of the return of the Ninth Division to Australia and services paid tribute to its prowess. In Australia, General Blamey paid tribute from the field; while from Parliament, Prime Minister Curtin, Opposition Leader Fadden, and Army Minister Forde discharged the high task of recalling to this country the Division's fighting history. This is what he said:

"THE Ninth Division actually came into existence as a formation in the Middle East in October, 1949. Some of its units had previously been in Iceland and some had come direct from Australia. When it was ordered to embark upon the campaign in Greece, some of its best-trained troops were transferred to the front which had been prepared for this campaign. Units from other AIF Divisions were transferred in exchange to the Ninth."

"After the Division had been re-constituted, and following the first highly successful Allied drive across North Africa, the Ninth Division, which had participated in the previous campaign, was withdrawn and the Ninth Division was brought into Cyrenaica to be involved and engaged."

"When the powerful Axis counter-drive across North Africa began, the comparatively untrained and untrained Ninth Division was given the task of defending the western slope of the area which had been won in our earlier attacks. Our soldiers were heavily weighted against them, and they were compelled to withdraw in stages, losing substantially for the ground they gained. Their heroic rearguard action ended at Tobruk where a strongly organized resistance was begun."

"Originally, it was intended to hold Tobruk for only eight weeks to enable the strengthening of our defences between there and Egypt."

REMEMBERED

"The fact that Tobruk was held for seven months speaks for itself."

"A point to be remembered is that the defenders of Tobruk did not only win a tactical success. It was a defence in which the spirit of daring and aggressiveness predominated. The enemy got no quarter. The Ninth Division fought well. The enemy were not on the trail of the retreating Allied formations and gave them no time to become set. The defence plan of Tobruk was mapped out in three to four hours to meet the immediate Axis onslaught."

"At the siege the German Panzer Divisions were defeated. They were the Panzers that had swept through France, and had never previously suffered defeat."

"The British Royal Horse Artillery smashed the assault tank attacks and our limited tank reserves advanced their defensive line and launched an offensive. The Australian Infantry also had allowed the enemy tanks to pass them in its co-operation with the new and planned tactics that won the attacking German infantry."

"During the succeeding seven months, enemy attacks suffered repulse after repulse at Tobruk. The Ninth Division was relieved in November, 1941, except for one battalion which carried through until the very last hours."

"Most of the Division went to Palestine and Syria where they earned our greatest accolade when they held them off as far as the Turkish border."

"When the Germans were again threatening Egypt last year, the Ninth Division was thrown in to assist in defence of El Alamein against the Axis attack. They stopped the Axis forward surge."

"When the Soviet Army began its counter-drive which routed German Armies, the Ninth Division was one of the spearheads of the attack."



MORSHEAD

ALEXANDER

"The glorious achievements of the Ninth Division in this great action were hailed throughout the world."

"MR. CHURCHILL said: 'The Ninth Division under General Morshead in the memorable battle of Egypt has gained great distinction.'"

"THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF (General Sir Harold Alexander): 'Your reputation as a soldier has always been famous, but I do not believe you have ever fought with greater bravery or distinction than you did during that battle when you broke the German and Italian Armies in the Western Desert.'"

"GENERAL MONTGOMERY the First-Captain Sir Leslie Morshead: 'I want to congratulate you on the magnificent work your Division has done on the right of the line. Your men are absolutely splendid and the part they have played in this battle is absolutely beyond all praise.'"

"The expression of appreciation of the Ninth Division is complete with-out a tribute to its gallant Commander, Lieutenant-General Sir Leslie Morshead. He has earned the admiration and love of his men by his skill and daring and he has earned the gratitude of the Government and people of Australia by his magnificent achievement."

2015 ROSTO OLIVES

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