



# A.B.P.A.

Australian Bush Poets Association

Volume 21 No. 4  
August/September 2015



# Illawarra Breakfast Poets and Illawarra Folk Club present

## 'The Kembla Flame' © Written Poetry Competition (First \$500)

Including  
**'The Kembla Star' ©**  
award for Local writer. (\$100)

Closing date 05/08/2015  
winners announced at the  
'Folk By The Sea' Festival, Kiama 5th Sept 2015  
Full details at [www.abpa.org.au](http://www.abpa.org.au) events page or  
email [zondraeking@gmail.com](mailto:zondraeking@gmail.com) 0401160137

**Entries close on 14th August, First place is \$500.**

*Author's name must not be on the poem.*

*Poem must not have won first in any other comp. Poems must be good Rhyme and Metre and have an Australian theme.*

*The Kembla Star (New Award) for the poem that scores highest by a local writer, that is living within 150 Km of Wollongong.*

*Winners will be announced on Saturday 4th September at the 'Folk By The Sea' Festival.*

*Competition is presented by Illawarra Breakfast Poets and Illawarra Folk Club.*

## Written Poetry Competition First Place \$100.

16th to 18th October 2015

**Prizes will be presented at the Kangaroo Valley Folk Festival  
Saturday 17th October 2015**

### Rules & Conditions:

Section 1: Child (Under 12 Years) no fees

Section 2: Youth (12 to 17 years) no fees

Section 3: OPEN (over 18 yrs) Rhyme and Metre (Bush) Poetry - First prize \$100.

Entry fee OPEN SECTION ONLY - \$5 per poem

\* Entries will be numbered when received and authors name must not appear on the poem.

\* Section 3: Poems not necessarily about the bush but should be something Australian,

\* must have *consistent rhyme, and metre*. (Bush Poetry) and not have won any first place.

\* Sections 1, 2, all styles of poetry will be accepted.

\* Closing date: 2nd October 2015

\* Entry fee - Open (section 3) only is: \$5 per poem - no limit to the number of poems entered

\* Cheque or Money Order to be made to 'Shoalhaven Folk Club Inc.'

\* Copyright remains with the Author but permission is given for Kangaroo Valley Folk Festival to use the poems entered for promotion & advertising.

**\*\*Please send 3 copies of each poem.**

Addressed to : Secretary - KVFF Poetry Competition,  
24 Connaghan Ave, Corrimal East NSW 2518

Entry forms from KVFF website

or Aust. Bush Poets Assn. website [abpa.org.au](http://abpa.org.au) go to 'events' page or  
[kangaroovalleypoetry@gmail.com](mailto:kangaroovalleypoetry@gmail.com)

**First Place:** Sections 1 and 2 will receive Trophy and Certificate  
2nd and 3rd will receive a Ribbon and certificate.

Open Section : First Place \$100 and Certificate

'Highly Commended' and 'Commended' Certificates may be awarded.

# EDITORIAL



G'day and welcome to our August/September issue. I see our Southern Members are freezing down there at the moment, as I type this sitting beside the Pool in Charters Towers, dressed in shorts, singlet and thongs! A notable change to this and future issues will be the change of paper used within the Magazine. The Committee, along with myself, has decided to drop back to a plain Bond paper due to the alarming increase in the cost of the paper we have been using in the past. One would think that paper doesn't grow on trees!

Of course, this will be inconsequential to what we hope will be a continuation of interesting content for all members. Speaking of which, do you have any? It seems to be getting increasingly burdened upon a few to supply Magazine content, where it would be desirable for many, many more to submit items of interest. I am happy to include anything of interest that I receive, but I am simply not receiving much at present.

On a happier note, we are heading from the Winter months of Competition into a more comfortable Spring and Summer of Festivals. After another memorable Coryong and the continued great work of the Bundy Muster crew, we now head towards such events as The Gympie Muster, The Mildura Country Music Festival and before we know it, the Woodford Folk Festival and our big one, The Tamworth Country Music Festival!!!! All will be here before we know it. Bush Poetry continues to thrive at these events thanks to the great work and continued efforts of organisers such as Marco Gliori, Shirley Friend, Sam Smyth, and many others, who put Bush Poetry in the Must See event pages at these iconic Festivals.

There is also a swath of associated and separate events on the horizon for our Writers as well, kicking off with the prestigious Kembla Flame through to the Blackened Billy. So get your voices and pens at the ready and continue to enjoy all that our genre brings our way.

Happy writing and performing to all and safe travels!

Neil McArthur

editor@abpa.org.au

NOTE:- Next Magazine Deadline for submissions is September 22nd

## 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

Bendigo Bank

BSB: 633000

Account: 154842108

*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 Vijars	manfred@rocketfrog.com.au
Secretary	- Brenda-Joy Pritchard	secretary@abpa.org.au
Treasurer	- Gregory North	treasurer@abpa.org.au

### Members on Committee:

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...Robyn Sykes		robinsykespoet@gmail.com
...Carol Reffold		patchworkpoet@hotmail.com

### ABPA State Delegates:

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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



The ABPA is the communication link up between organisations, between professional, amateur and 'just for fun' poets, between writers, performers, festival, event and competition organisers and bush poetry supporters in general.

Thanks largely to the work of Gregory North, Webmaster, Maureen Clifford, Facebook Co-ordinator, Neil McArthur, Magazine Editor and Manfred Vijars, Forum Administrator, the ABPA is able to offer communication links to suit the taste and needs of all its members. The main website presents information and features that are important for newcomers and members alike. The Facebook and the ABPA Forum site provide for social interaction and exchange and the magazine provides a memorable and historical record of all aspects of the ABPA. We must thank all our networking team for the valuable contribution they make towards keeping newcomers and members aware, interested and informed.

The grass roots of the bush poetry movement, however, is at club level. It is here that you have a local/area community whose members can actually meet up together on a regular basis. The ABPA Committee feels that it is vitally important that clubs continue to provide these outlets for those who wish to join together to perform, listen, workshop, discuss or simply to enjoy fellowship with others who love bush poetry in all its diverse dimensions. The ABPA magazine lists clubs' 'Regular Monthly Events' so that members know where to go in their district. It is also the clubs who run festivals and competitions at local, state and/or national events.

## **ABPA Queensland Championships**

As reported by Sandy Lees, the Queensland Championships held in conjunction with the 20th Bundy Bush Poetry Muster, were a great success. There were over 46 adult competitors and 26 juniors. The involvement of so many young writers in both the performance and written competitions was particularly gratifying. We welcome the new ABPA Queensland Champions, Written – Shelley Hansen from Maryborough, Performance Male – Lynden Baxter from Monto, Performance Female – Kathy Vallance from St.Arnaud. As Sandy reports, all events were well attended and the concert was a full house.

Thanks go to Sandy and her team in Bundaberg for again organising such a wonderful event.

## **The Frank Daniel Encouragement Award**

The Committee has agreed that, unless there is an application to hold an ABPA National Championship in 2016, the Frank Daniel Encouragement Award, which is destined to move from Championship to Championship, should remain in Corryong and be presented at the ABPA Victorian Championships in March, 2016.

## **ABPA National Championships**

Applications to hold an ABPA National Championship in 2016 or beyond are very welcome and may be forwarded to the Committee through the Secretary. We understand the funding and time limitations on club resources and would favourably consider a group application where more than one club combined to hold an event.

To promote the many wonderful bush poetry clubs and to help keep them in touch with each other through exchange of ideas, we are going to feature one club per month in more depth on the ABPA website. If you would like your club to be featured, please send through to Brenda Joy, ABPA Secretary either a report of your aims, goals, achievements and activities or for help towards putting together a synopsis for sharing. We would love to be able to hear what is being done at individual club level in our Australia-wide community and to find out more ways in which we can support you in your endeavours towards the preservation and expansion of our genre.

In poetry, Hal

# Teddy, Teddy!

© Shelley Hansen

Teddy, Teddy! Daddy's shouting, now he's come home from his outing –  
and he's smacking all the windows with a chair!  
And I know that he's been drinking, but I don't know what he's thinking  
to have given me and Mummy such a scare.

Teddy, Teddy! I'm so frightened! Now my bedroom door has lightened  
and I know that Daddy's standing right outside.  
He is muttering and talking, but I hope he'll keep on walking  
if I lie here very still and try to hide.

Teddy, Teddy! Mummy's crying and I think she might be dying  
'cos I heard him hit her really really hard!  
And I know I should be sleeping, but I'm standing here and peeping  
through the curtains, where she's lying in the yard.

Teddy, Teddy! Hold me tightly! Mummy's face is so unsightly –  
purple bruises from her mouth right to her hair!  
Look! Her eyes are dark and haunted, and her spirit seems so daunted  
and she doesn't even notice I am there.

Teddy, Teddy! Grandma's here now. Daddy's all polite and cheer now.  
When he's sober he can be quite nice, you know.  
Mummy thinks that he is changing, so she's started rearranging  
all the furniture – to make it look "just so"!

Teddy, Teddy! We were hoping that at last he might be coping  
and not wanting to be drinking day and night.  
But he had a bottle hidden, and when Mummy came unbidden  
she discovered it – so now they've had a fight.

Teddy, Teddy! They are calling a policeman! Mummy's falling  
with her arm all cut and bleeding from a knife!  
Daddy stabbed her in the kitchen – said he couldn't stand her "bitchin"  
and a mongrel dog would make a better wife!

Teddy, Teddy! Grandma's praying but I can't hear what she's saying –  
now she's shooing me to bed while it's still day,  
'cos she doesn't want me knowing all the coming and the going –  
but she doesn't know I know it anyway.



Congratulations Shelley Hansen on winning the prestigious 2015  
Bush Lantern Award for written poetry at the 2015 Bundy Muster!  
Well done.



Teddy, Teddy! Daddy's leaving and I know that Mummy's grieving  
and she wants to rush right out and bring him back.  
Though he pushes us and shoves us, she believes that he still loves us  
and it's only drink that causes each attack.

Teddy, Teddy! Mummy's lonely and I think that she is only  
waiting day by day for Daddy to return.  
Though she thinks the best about him, it's so peaceful here without him!  
But she doesn't want to listen or to learn.

Teddy, Teddy! He's returning, and now Mummy's fondly yearning  
for the days she tells herself were happy – then.  
So it must be right to treat her like a whipping post, and beat her!  
If it wasn't, why submit to it again?

Teddy, Teddy! There's no glories like they tell us in the stories  
of a happy-ever-after fairytale.  
There's just violence and weeping, and a midnight footstep creeping  
to my bedroom – where I watch, and wait – and quail.

Teddy! Teddy! That's not caring! Shouting, fighting, beating, swearing!  
They don't love me. They don't want me anymore.  
There's just you and me. Together we must find a way to weather  
out the storm until we reach the sunlit shore.

Teddy, Teddy! It's confusing! Will I too, one day, be choosing  
to be married to a man who loves like this?  
Will I bear his sudden rages – just another of life's pages  
smudged with staleness of his alcoholic kiss?

Teddy, Teddy! I will never marry anyone! Not ever!  
For it isn't right that love should hurt this way.  
Teddy, come to me and cuddle, pull the covers up and huddle  
while you listen carefully to what I say ...

Teddy, Teddy! When we're older and we've grown to be much bolder  
we will run away to make a brand new start!  
Then we'll fill our days with laughter and be happy ever after  
and I'll love you from the bottom of my heart!

# Tributes to Milton Taylor



Farewell my dearest friend,  
you're in our hearts today.  
you've opened up the sliprails  
you've headed far away.  
But we will meet another time  
in a place we no not where,  
and it will be a happy place  
for we will all be there.  
To a wonderful, talented and  
generous man, whose legacy,  
through his poetry, will go on.  
We will miss you.

*Carmel and John Lloyd.*

Some people amble through  
our lives, affecting us in ways that ensure  
they are never forgotten.  
They're different, they make us laugh and  
see the fun when trouble stands before us,  
and they bring to the fore the good memories  
of our lives. They also help us reflect on moments  
when when we are challenged  
emotionally, or when others we love are  
effected by difficult times.

Their words paint pictures in our  
minds enabling us to relive our childhood  
and revisit the homestead, the animals or  
the gravel roads of our youth.  
Milton Taylor was such a man.

I meet Milton at a poetry competition  
in Cloncurry many years ago, he was the one  
out of all people there who made me feel included, I meet up with him 10 years later in the Maniototo district in New Zealand,  
we immediately feel in step with each other again as he shared some of his great stories and poems.

We went on to perform together in my home town in Central Otago and the locals still talk of Milton in that concert.  
Milton was very much at home in New Zealand, he had worked there for many years and knew many of the special stories of our  
history, many he put to poetry like "The Grave of somebody's Darling", an example of a poem taken from our local history and  
told in the special way Milton had the gift to do.

I last saw Milton at Bunderburg Poetry festival, where he was judging and performing. The friends we brought over from  
NZ to that weekend still talk of Milton, his friendly encouraging ways and his ability to hold an audience in the palm of his hand.

I along with many others miss the fact that we are no longer able to share a space alongside Milton, however we are  
blessed by the many poems and stories he left behind.

Australia you have lost one of your greatest bush poets and the New Zealand festivals are the poorer now as we are no  
longer able to ask Milton to join us.  
Milton thanks for being you.

My condolences go out to his family and all his friends, and to the Australian Bush Poetry Association on the loss of such  
a unique individual.

Your sincerely Roger Lusby

## MILTON

This Death it is ambivalent, when Grief and Joy collide.  
We'll grieve, no more we'll meet our friend, no more in him confide.  
But Joy does seem to over ride the sadness dealt by Fate,  
for we feel privileged to have known and loved this poet mate.

Though shearer it was as performer Milton made his name.  
His many times Australian Champion lifted him to fame.  
But strangely these are not the things that would define this fan  
it's more the warmth, the empathy shown by this poet-man.

The hug he gave on greeting showed his warmth and how he cared.  
His, "love-you-brother" would express the mateship that he shared.  
"Express and not conceal your love", for him was uppermost.  
For most of us the "Milton-hug" is what we'll treasure most.

A generous man who helped young poets write, perform, contest,  
and with success he'd urge them on towards some further quest.  
Some names that come to mind like Sonny Mutton, Carmel Dunn,  
and Dean Trevaskis treasured all the work that Milton done.

He's left a love of poetry with kids who went to school.  
He brought to life our Aussie verse, he made it fun and cool.  
He'd have the kids as characters: he truly left his mark  
for they'd remember all their lives The Man From Ironbark.

If Milton was competing fellow poets were in fright,  
they knew how high the bar was set when he strode to recite.  
His awesome reputation would suggest, "He can't be beat"  
though Milton never took for granted how he would compete.

In recent years his health declined, he struggled to stay well.  
But still he kept competing; health discomforts he'd dispel.  
Ironically his health felt good when struck by cardiac  
At least the end came quickly with this sudden heart attack.

He qualifies as "legend" in our rich bush poet scene  
His writing and performance are among the best we've seen.  
We're honoured and were privileged to have known this poet mate  
And I'll keep hugging people thanks to this bush poet great.

*Noel Stallard May 2015*



©Grahame 'Skewiff' Watt

I was sitting quiet at Grenfell,  
                                   On an Autumn day so bright,  
 Just sitting there and thinking  
                                   Of a line or two to write.  
 I was thinking of a poem –  
                                   'bout "The Lights of Cobb and Co",  
 And thinking of the problems  
                                   "When your Pants begin to go".  
 Just sitting reminiscing,  
                                   Not doing any harm,  
 With my thoughts of early poems  
                                   And the 'Fire at Ross's Farm'.  
 When this stranger from the country,  
                                   (From down the Southern way.)  
 He came and sat beside me –  
                                   And he'd quite a lot to say.  
 He said he'd Never met me,  
                                   But he'd seen a line or two,  
 And he liked my style of writing –  
                                   (He said his wife does too.)  
 He rambled on and rambled on,  
                                   Such stories never heard.  
 I just sat there and listened,  
                                   I didn't say a word.  
 He told me 'bout his Motor Car,  
                                   (A 'Flashed up thing ; it seems)  
 And how he loved the Outback –  
                                   And all his wildest dreams.  
 He confided lots of secrets,  
                                   (Which I swear I'll never tell.)  
 How he argued with the Bosses,  
                                   And Cursed them all to Hell.  
 Two hours he kept on talking,  
                                   In a friendly sort of way,  
 And I just sat and listened,  
                                   As I do most every day.  
 It's funny how these visitors,  
                                   These people that I meet,  
 Remind me of the long ago,  
                                   And the "Faces in the street".



## The Procrastinating Poet

© David Campbell

I'm a dedicated poet, and yet when it's time to show it  
 I can always find there's something else to do.  
 I procrastinate and dither, let my inspiration wither  
 on the vine instead of writing something new.

I will while away the hours and use all my mental powers  
 on excuses for my unproductive plight,  
 so instead of getting to it I'll say "Someone else will do it,  
 and I cannot think of anything to write!"

So when Neil is out there pleading for the poems that he's needing  
 for the magazine I'll simply look away;  
 though I've got a good idea, I'm afraid it's none too clear,  
 but I'll write it pretty soon...just not today.

I'm too busy to be writing, and there must be more exciting  
 things to occupy my very precious time  
 when I have an extra minute than to sit down and begin it,  
 for I've better stuff to do than play with rhyme.

And if poetry is dying I will shake my head while sighing  
 that it's sad to see a great tradition fall.  
 I'll debate the whys and wherefores, all the maybes and the therefores,  
 and I'll wonder how on earth we dropped the ball.

I will look for all the reasons...perhaps poetry has seasons,  
 and with winter now upon us it's too cold.  
 Maybe time will resurrect it, in the meantime I'll neglect it,  
 and return one day before I get too old.

## The Bottom Line

Little Jack Horner sat in the corner  
 perched on his derriere.  
 Little Miss Muffet sat on her tuffet,  
 but what was she wearing back there?

Was it bloomers of cotton, I've just quite forgotten,  
 or panties of satin and lace?  
 For shame she was daring and not even wearing  
 a covering there in that place!

When later the spider, who sat down beside her,  
 Miss Muffet leapt up then to run.  
 She was quite a flirt and the wind caught her skirt  
 exposing a little bare bum.

So little Jack Horner came out of his corner,  
 "There's action a plenty he thought."  
 In flight from the spider, as she fled he had spied her  
 and said "That's a pretty good sort."

The very next day, Jack had his way,  
 so Miss Muffet's no longer a Miss.  
 A lusty affair from a bare derriere,  
 so the bottom line's come down to this.

Jacqui Warnock 2015 Bundaberg Poetry Muster One Minute Cup

# Bundy Muster 2015 Wrap Up

BUNDABERG POETS' SOCIETY INC.

## Qld. Bush Poetry Performance Championships at the 20th Bundy Bush Poetry Muster



On the week-end of July 3rd, 4th & 5th the Bundaberg Poets' Society Inc. hosted another successful week-end of performance poetry competitions as well as the much anticipated Friday and Saturday night concerts in the Sails Function Room at Across the Waves Sports Club. Poets and visitors came from as far as Townsville in the north to several towns and cities in New South Wales and Victoria.

Forty-six (46) poets had registered to take part in the Novice, Intermediate and Open categories plus the Duo competition, Yarn Spinning and One Minute Cup but there were some late entries taken on the week-end. Twenty-six (26) children had registered to recite their favourite poems in the three (3) junior categories. The children's performances were something to marvel at and most comments were - "how awesome were the children".

In conjunction with the performance competitions the club also ran the 2015 Qld. Written Competition - Bush Lantern Award for Bush Verse with categories for Opens, Primary School students and Secondary School students. Also prior to the Muster week-end in conjunction with The Guardian and Dymocks Booksellers the club ran a poem competition with the theme being "Wide Bay Burnett Region". This created some interest amongst the locals.

The winner in the Open category of the Bush Lantern Award was Shelley Hansen from Maryborough, Qld. The winner in the Primary School category was Lillian Lawrence from Capella, Qld. and the winner in the Secondary School category was Alice O'Grady from Eumundi, Qld.

The 2015 Qld. Male poetry performance winner on the week-end after three days of competition was Lynden Baxter from Monto and the 2015 Qld. Female poetry performance winner was Kathy Vallance from St. Arnaud, Victoria.. Performers who competed in all three categories (traditional, modern and original) in the Open Section were the only ones eligible to win the overall trophy. At the completion of all three categories these scores were tallied to determine who had gained the most points to be named Overall Champion for the week-end.

The Friday and Saturday night concerts once again proved very popular and entertainment with stand out performances by Marco Gliori, Gary Fogarty and Bill Kearns. The Saturday evening concert was sold out with two hundred & fifty (250) attending the concert with very few tickets available on the week-end. People were walking out after the concert saying "great night; we will be back next year; I'm glad I was able to purchase tickets; would not have wanted to miss this night".

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

At the conclusion of the presentation of trophies Club President, Edna Harvey, thanked all who attended to make the 2015 Qld. Bush Poetry Performance Championships at the Bundy Bush Poetry Muster a wonderful success and hoped all enjoyed themselves and look forward to catching up somewhere down the track at other festivals.

To finish off a fabulous week-end of poetry and friendship over 50 poets, family members and friends made their way back to John & Sandy Lees' place for a sausage sizzle and chat.

For dates for the 2016 Bundy Bush Poetry Muster check [www.apba/bush poetry/events](http://www.apba/bush poetry/events) in a few month's time but usually it's the first week-end in July.

Until we meet again happy poetry days.

Sandy Lees  
Secretary/Muster Co-ordinator



Qld. Champions, Kathy Vallance & Lynden Baxter



# BUNDABERG POETS' SOCIETY INC.

## **2015 QLD. BUSH POETRY CHAMPIONSHIP RESULTS**

### Under 7 years

- 1st - Shelby Walker .. My Lost Puppy
- 2nd - Tallara McIntosh .. My Lost Puppy
- 3rd - Anneliese Taylor .. Picnic

### 7 years to 12 years

- 1st - Paige O'Dea .. Mango Chutney
- 2nd - Harmonie Green .. The Dark
- 3rd - Poppy Derbyshire .. Ballet

### 13 years to 17 years

- 1st - Kira-Lea Cathcart .. Taking His Chance
- 2nd - Alex Buckholz .. Mum Rides The Dodgems
- 3rd - Freya Cathcart .. Geebung Polo Club

Col Shiels Memorial Encouragement Award:  
Kaydence Walker

### Novice Original

- 1st - Trevor Stewart - Springtime In My Childhood
- 2nd - Ross Vallance - Home Brew
- 3rd - Dawn Dolinski - Mother-in-Law

### Novice Traditional

- 1st - Mick Martin .. Shearing on the Castlereagh
- 2nd - Frances Smallwood .. Do They Think I Do Not Care
- 3rd - Ian McDonald .. My Country

### Novice Modern

- 1st - Kerry Sprigg .. Pierced to the Eyeballs
- 2nd - Ian McDonald .. Redundant
- 3rd - Jayson Russell .. Mr. Whippy Ripoff

### Intermediate Original

- 1st - Mick Martin .. All About Barton
- 2nd - Kay Gorrington .. The Pact
- 3rd - Jim Kennedy .. George (1955)

### Intermediate Traditional

- 1st - Jayson Russell .. Holy Dan
- 2nd - Maureen Luke .. We're All Australians Now

### Intermediate Modern

- 1st - Trevor Stewart .. The Cattle Dog's Revenge
- 2nd - Maureen Luke .. Pill Mania

### Open Traditional – Men

- 1st - Ron Liekefett .. The Road to Denahey's
- 2nd - Barry Tiffen .. The Road's End
- 3rd - Tom McIlveen .. Sari Bair

### Open Original – Men

- 1st - Lynden Baxter .. Ochre Sunset
- 2nd - Mal Beveridge .. Missing Faces
- 3rd - Tom McIlveen .. The Cooee Caller

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- 1st - Lynden Baxter .. Ochre Sunset
- 2nd - Mal Beveridge .. Missing Faces
- 3rd - Tom McIlveen .. The Cooee Caller

### Open Modern – Women

- 1st - Kathy Vallance .. Senior Cit's Bus Trip
- 2nd - Lyn Tarring .. The Golfer
- 3rd - Jennifer Bell .. Twenty-one Today

### Open Original - Women

- 1st - Kathie Priestly .. The Body Snatchers
- 2nd - Jennifer Bell .. Bush Spirit
- 3rd - Kathy Vallance .. Ivan's Greatest Sporting Moment

### Open Traditional – Women

- 1st - Kathie Priestly .. Scots of the Riverina
- 2nd - Jennifer Bell .. Jim's Whip
- 3rd - Kathy Vallance .. Taking His Chance

### Duo Performance

Lyn Tarring & Kathie Priestly

### Yarn Spinning

Janeen Mapson

### One Minute Cup

Janine Keating

**Qld. Champion Male Poet: Lynden Baxter**

**Qld. Champion Female Poet: Kathy Vallance**

### BUSH LANTERN AWARD FOR BUSH VERSE 2015

- 1st.. Shelley Hansen .. "Teddy, Teddy!"
- 2nd.. Jim Kennedy .. "George (1955)"
- 3rd.. Catherine Lee .. "Children of the Anzacs"
- HC.. Robyn Sykes .. "Mates"
- HC.. Tom McIlveen .. "When Our Bobby Returns"
- HC.. Bob Bush .. "Hickory and Steel"

### 2015 QLD. WRITTEN CHAMPIONSHIP - BUSH LANTERN AWARD FOR BUSH VERSE - SECONDARY SCHOOL STUDENTS

- 1st.. Alice O'Grady .. "Moving Around"
- 2nd.. Gemma Kirk .. "Support Is So Important"
- 3rd.. Jazlyn Miller .. "The Invasion"
- HC.. Alex Buckholz .. "The Creature From The Swamp"
- HC.. Alex Buckholz .. "Terminal Trouble"
- HC.. Kirsten Buckholz .. "Wisdom of Life"

### BUSH LANTERN AWARD FOR BUSH VERSE 2015 - PRIMARY SCHOOL STUDENTS

- 1st.. Lillian Lawrence .. "My Family They Were Anzacs"
- 2nd.. Tiann du Plessis .. "Anzac Day"
- 3rd.. Reece Buckholz .. "I Don't Want To Go School"
- HC.. Rhea Kurian .. "Famous Australia"
- HC.. Olivia Weekes .. "Adventures on the Beach"
- HC.. Jamilla Jacobs .. "Beach Dreaming"

# LINKS

© 2013 Brenda Joy

Winner 2015 The Alan Llewellyn Award, Eaglehawk Dahlia and Arts Festival

His footsteps trod the earth, he carried just a spear.  
His kingdom was the desert sand terrain.  
His talent was his worth, the cycles were his year  
and monoliths were thrones of his domain.

Where simple rock art told of secrets to survive,  
the world around him was his spirit's home.  
The hunting Man of old kept Dreamtime lore alive  
and ancient song-lines\* drew his tribal tome.

Explorers, pioneers, were next to tread the land  
through links to north and south and east and west.  
They overcame their fears. Horizons would expand  
as white man stretched beyond the coastline's crest.

The cattle king would reign in isolated state –  
a fragile, tin-shed castle was his home.  
His empire will remain while campfire yarns relate  
to realms where lost biographies are blown.

The drover came to own the stock route tracks he'd ride –  
his legend tells of realms where dreams belong.  
The saddle was his throne and heaven was his guide.  
His era still survives in rhyme and song.

Enclaves along the track where each would ply his trade,  
suppliers, stockmen, station hands or cooks,  
all played a part out back as history was made,  
yet knowledge came direct, not out of books.

But now the world's gone wide with 'Progress' at the helm  
and modern Man has lost the crown he wore.  
He's destined to abide in someone else's realm  
where social mores and Mammon\* set the law.

Yet though the past has gone it plays a vital part –  
it links us to our true identity.  
The song-lines linger on deep down, inside the heart,  
where dreams of kings and kingdoms wander free.

*\*song-lines – pictorial guidance 'maps/codes' drawn in sand or on rocks, secret wisdom passed down through Aboriginal tribal initiation ceremonies.*

*\*Mammon – wealth worshipped as an idol*



# GHOST CHILD

© Kym Eitel

Winner, 2011 'ABPA Australian Written Poetry Championship', Morisset, NSW.

*The two year old daughter of a local farming family, drowned in the creek near their house. The parents say they can still hear her playing in their bedroom each night ...*

As they're laying in the darkness, trapped by trials and curse of life,  
there's a broken-hearted husband and his broken-hearted wife.  
Are they sleeping? Are they dreaming of their little one passed on?  
Cold, wet teardrops on their pillows prove the aching hasn't gone.

So they listen to the darkness for they feel their child is near -  
creeping, creeping as they're sleeping. Yes, there's sadness, but no fear.  
They hear little footsteps patter, and they hear her gentle breath,  
never aging, never aging, youth preserved in tender death.

Oh, the mother's heart is shredded and she longs to stroke blonde hair  
but she knows it's just a ghost child, just the empty warm night air.  
Yes, for many nights before this, she has scrambled out of bed  
feeling certain that the noises weren't just memories in her head.

As she flicks the light and searches, calling, crying; heart lays bare,  
all her expectations shattered, for her daughter isn't there.  
So they sadly lay and listen to the one they'll never hold,  
to their ghost child softly playing in their room, with hair of gold.

Amy's curly locks are sunlit, laughing eyes of summer blue,  
smiling cheeks are soft and chubby with a glow of rose-pink hue.  
Such a perfect little cherub in the photos on the wall -  
she is smiling, giggling, laughing, but for parents, teardrops fall.

They hear scuffling, shuffling, muffling as she plays with toys and sings.  
They hear clinking on the duchess as she tries on Mummy's rings.  
And the cat is watching, watching, with its knowing feline stare  
and it's purring, blinking, purring. Unseen fingers stroke its hair.

Then the angel girl is sleepy, hear her softly, softly yawn,  
then they feel the blankets lifting as she slips in bed at dawn.  
So for now, the family's whole again - with mum and dad, she lays.  
Feeling peace at last, they fall asleep, to dream of better days.

Was it just imagination or a desperate, desperate dream?  
Did they feel her red-lipped kisses by the wisp of moon's bright beam?  
But the morning light brings tears of joy to sail a thousand ships,  
for their cheeks wear lipstick kisses from their angel girl's sweet lips.



# 2015 HENRY LAWSON SOCIETY LITERARY AWARD RESULTS.

## THE LAND LEONARD TEALE PERFORMANCE POETRY.

This year we saw some new faces in this section, and in particular four of the final ten performers were women, a big change from the years past when only one of the contestants was usually a woman. The finals, as usual, were held on Saturday night, June 6th in the famous Gulgong Prince of Wales Opera House, with an enthusiastic audience of 100 people.

First — Maggie Murphy (Heathcote Vic)

Second—Jenny Markwell (Wangi Wangi NSW)

Third— Terry Regan (Emu Plains, NSW)

Highly Commended:—

— Heather Searles (Branxton NSW)

— Ken Potter (Wollongong, NSW)

— Ken T ough (Pretty Beach NSW)

— Des Kelly (Gulgong, NSW)

Commended Awards:-

— John Davis (Kingspoint, NSW)

— Beverley Jackson (Glenwood Qld)

— Ron Stevens (Dubbo, NSW)

"The Dead Come Home"

"Tittle Tattle"

"The Death of Ben Hall"

"The Meeting of Truth"

"The Ghost at the Second Bridge"

"Thommo the Banker"

"The Trailer"

"An Old Master"

"The Sheepdog Trial"

"Paddy at a Mudgee Winery"

Audience Vote:— Ken Potter



Main placegetters in The Land Leonard Teale Performance Poetry, L to R. Terry Regan 3rd Place, Maggie Murphy 1st place with her Henry Lawson statuette, and Jenny Markwell 2nd place.

Photo Courtesy of Mudgee Guardian.



L to R. The Open Poetry Section. John Roberts, Highly Commended; and Ron Stevens 2nd Place, are congratulated by Cr. Esme Matens and Henry Lawson Society Patron Geoff Sharp.

Photo Courtesy of Mudgee Guardian.

## ADULT WRITTEN POETRY AWARDS

### Judges Comments

There were many fine entries in this year's competition. The quality of poetry was extremely high, which made some of the placings difficult to award. A wide range of subject matter evoked wonderful word pictures for the reader. However, I believe the winning entry was a standout piece, free flowing and rich in imagery and language.

1st Place "Chronicle" by Catherine Lee of Mona Vale, NSW

2nd Place "Knowledge and the Boy" by Ron Stevens of Dubbo, NSW

3rd Place "Reflections of the Kimberley – Circa 1950" by Brenda Joy of Charters Towers, Qld

H/C "Old Men in the Street" by John Roberts of Cunnamulla, Qld H/C "Fire at Dawson's Run" by Catherine Lee of Mona Vale, NSW

H/C "A Coo-ee Dawn" by Ron Stevens of Dubbo, NSW

C "The Letter" by Tom McIlveen of Port Macquarie, NSW

C "Paw Prints In The Dust" by Terry Piggott of Lynwood, WA

C "When Bobby Returns" by Tom McIlveen of Port Macquarie, NSW

### Emerging Written Poetry

1st "Mutton Stew" by Heather L. Butler of Surrey Downs, SA

H/C "Skip" by David Fatches of Wangi Wangi, NSW

C "Some Quiet, Mate" by Andrew Tate of Fitzroy, Vic.

# Café Comedy

by Robert William Service

She

I'm waiting for the man I hope to wed.  
I've never seen him - that's the funny part.  
I promised I would wear a rose of red,  
Pinned on my coat above my fluttered heart,  
So that he'd know me - a precaution wise,  
Because I wrote him I was twenty-three,  
And Oh such heaps and heaps of silly lies. . .  
So when we meet what will he think of me?

It's funny, but it has its sorry side;  
I put an advert. in the evening Press:  
"A lonely maiden fain would be a bride."  
Oh it was shameless of me, I confess.  
But I am thirty-nine and in despair,  
Wanting a home and children ere too late,  
And I forget I'm no more young and fair -  
I'll hide my rose and run...No, no, I'll wait.

An hour has passed and I am waiting still.  
I ought to feel relieved, but I'm so sad.  
I would have liked to see him, just to thrill,  
And sigh and say: "There goes my lovely lad!  
My one romance!" Ah, Life's malign mishap!  
"Garçon, a café creme." I'll stay till nine. . .  
The café's empty, just an oldish chap  
Who's sitting at the table next to mine. . .

He

I'm waiting for the girl I mean to wed.  
She was to come at eight and now it's nine.  
She'd pin upon her coat a rose of red,  
And I would wear a marguerite in mine.  
No sign of her I see...It's true my eyes  
Need stronger glasses than the ones I wear,  
But Oh I feel my heart would recognize  
Her face without the rose - she is so fair.

Ah! what deceivers are we aging men!  
What vanity keeps youthful hope aglow!  
Poor girl! I sent a photo taken when  
I was a student, twenty years ago.  
(Hers is so Springlike, Oh so blossom sweet!)  
How she will shudder when she sees me now!  
I think I'd better hide that marguerite -  
How can I age and ugliness avow?

She does not come. It's after nine o'clock.  
What fools we fogeys are! I'll try to laugh;  
(Garçon, you might bring me another bock)  
Falling in love, just from a photograph.  
Well, that's the end. I'll go home and forget,  
Then realizing I am over ripe  
I'll throw away this silly cigarette  
And philosophically light my pipe.

\*\*\*\*\*

The waiter brought the coffee and the beer,  
And there they sat, so woe-begone a pair,  
And seemed to think: "Why do we linger here?"  
When suddenly they turned, to start and stare.  
She spied a marguerite, he glimpsed a rose;  
Their eyes were joined and in a flash they knew. . .  
The sleepy waiter saw, when time to close,  
The sweet romance of those deceiving two,  
Whose lips were joined, their hearts, their future too.



Born in Lancashire, England to a bank cashier and an heiress, poet Robert William Service moved to Scotland at the age of five, living with his grandfather and three aunts until his parents moved to Glasgow four years later and the family reunited. He wrote his first poem on his sixth birthday, and was educated at some of the best schools in Scotland, where his interest in poetry grew alongside a desire for travel and adventure.

In his youth, he worked in a shipping office and a bank, and briefly studied literature at the University of Glasgow. Inspired by Rudyard Kipling and Robert Louis Stevenson, Service sailed to western Canada in 1894 to become a cowboy in the Yukon Wilderness. He worked on a ranch and as a bank teller in Vancouver Island six years after the Gold Rush, gleaning material that would inform his poetry for years to come and earn him his reputation as "Bard of the Yukon." Service traveled widely throughout his life—to Hollywood, Cuba, Alberta, Paris, Louisiana, and elsewhere—and his travels continued to fuel his writing.

A prolific writer and poet, Service published numerous collections of poetry during his lifetime, including *Songs of a Sourdough* or *Spell of the Yukon* and *Other Verses* (1907), which went into ten printings its first year, *Ballad of a Cheechako* (1909) and *Ballads of a Bohemian* (1921), as well as two autobiographies and six novels. Several of his novels were made into films, and he also appeared as an actor in *The Spoilers*, a 1942 film with Marlene Dietrich.

A casual usage of what would today be considered ethnic slurs complicates contemporary readings of his work, though his epic, rhymed, often humorous poems about the West's wilderness, Yukon gold miners, and World War I show the narrative mastery, appetite for adventure, and eye for detail that enabled him to bridge the spheres of popular and literary audiences.

He was a correspondent for the *Toronto Star* during the Balkan Wars of 1912-13, and served in World War I as an ambulance driver in France. After the war, Service married Germaine Bougeoin and they resided mainly in the south of France until his death.

Service's two-room cabin in the Yukon, which he lived in from November 1909 until June 1912 while writing his Gold Rush novel *The Trail of Ninety-Eight* (1911) and his poetry collection *Rhymes of a Rolling Stone* (1913), is maintained as a historic site for visitors.

# From Winton

## Waltzin' Matilda Centre Destroyed

Fire gutted the Waltzing Matilda Centre at Winton at 2.00 am, Thursday, 18th June. For the locals, and indeed most of us Australians, it feels very much like we were gutted as well. For any of us who have been visitors in person or in spirit, there is a sense of belonging with this iconic outback museum. It belongs to us and we belong to it.

Winton fire brigade was joined by another unit which travelled 200 kms from Longreach to fight the blaze. Their combined efforts could not prevent the destruction of the gallery, kitchen, and, reception areas. The fire appears to have started around the kitchen and art gallery which have been destroyed and significant water damage has also occurred from the firefighting efforts.

Although some of the museums treasures and memorabilia were saved too much valued content has been destroyed by fire, heat, and, smoke. Needless to say this is also includes a loss of irreplaceable heritage items. The full impact and extent of the damage is still under assessment. When interviewed on Thursday 18th, Winton Mayor, Butch Lenton told journalists how fire crews fought to save whatever they could including a World War One exhibition.

"With the Banjo Room with the war stuff in it, if that there has gone, well, that history will be gone that's for sure," he said. "Unfortunately it is a bit of a kick in the guts but we will tough it out and keep going with it. There have been no injuries and we are grateful for that, but unfortunately you lose a lot of history which you can't regather."

While investigators sift through the wreckage to find the cause, Winton residents and staff alike have real concerns for the immediate future. Timing of fire is bad as it is bound to have an adverse effect on the second Outback Film Festival.

Robyn Stephens, Winton Shire Councillor and Outback Tourism Board member says the town is in shock. "We're all very devastated this morning to wake up to this sad news. But one good thing is there were no lives lost"

It is hoped sections of the tourist attraction will be able to operate in the near future but the growing concern for the community is to remind people that Winton is still alive and trading.

"We've gotta get that message out that Winton is still open for business, we're still opening our arms up for tourists to come through."

Cr Stephens told Clare Blake that Winton has got quite a number of iconic attractions in town that still has a lot to offer tourists.

The A.B.P.A. Community wish Winton all the best in a time when drought has caused such hardship, that this is another hurdle they can overcome.



Local Fire Crews fight the early morning fire



Bruce Collins and Winton Mayor Butch Lenton inspect the burnt-out remains of the Waltzing Matilda Centre after fire destroyed the museum on June 18.

*Rusty Regan cashed his chips way back in seventy-three,  
In seventy- five Bruce Simpson wrote a verse for history.*

Winton Business and Tourism Association is reaching out to our friends across the land to assist us to make sure that neither Russell (Rusty) Regan the drover, who at present is in an unmarked grave in the Winton cemetery nor the poem written by Bruce Simpson after Rusty's early demise are forgotten.

We are aiming to raise \$5,000 to create a memorial in the cemetery to commemorate the poem, the writer and the inspiration -- Rusty Regan for future generations.

Further information can be found on our website [thebronzeswagman.com](http://thebronzeswagman.com) where those who would so desire are able to make a donation through our online shop.

It is not our intention to bombard our supporters with advertising but we felt that many folk out there would have an interest in this project.

Regards  
Graham Dean  
President Winton Business and Tourism Assoc. inc.

# GREAT AUSSIE READS

with Jack Drake



Alf Chambers is a genuine Australian cattleman and like a lot of old bushies, a natural storyteller. He tells his life story in a light hearted vein in *Battlers of the Barkly* by Alf Chambers (C.Q.U.Press 1998).

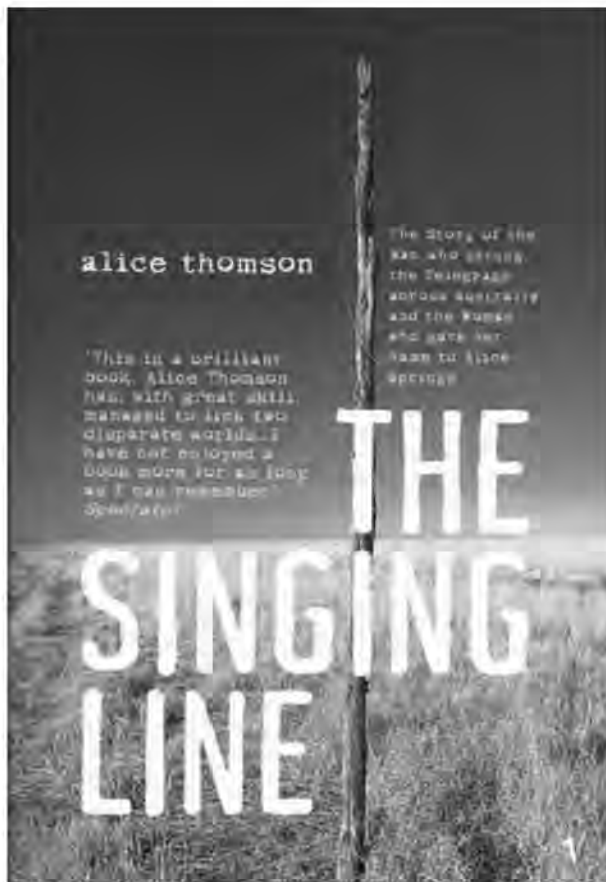
The Chambers family settled the abandoned station Eva Downs on the Barkly Tableland in 1937. *Battlers of the Barkly* tells how they built the place into a viable property with many asides about the remarkable characters who inhabit those regions 'further out'.

I read this book with a great deal of chuckling. There were some great yarns like the story of Bullwaddy Bates who is generally recognised as the inspiration behind Tom Ronan's *Moleskin Midas*, the first book I reviewed in *Great Aussie Reads*. One story that tickled my fancy, was how two uneducated bush brothers arguing in a pub, managed to get their language totally confused. One who had managed a year or two of schooling, turned on his brother who had received none, and informed him "...he was so illegitimate he couldn't even sign his own name."

*Battlers of the Barkly* is a great read penned by a man with the genuine talent of a born raconteur.

## Battlers of the Barkly

Alf Chambers



*The Singing Line* by Alice Thompson (Random House 1999) is the history of Charles Todd who directed the construction of Australia's Overland Telegraph from Darwin to Port Augusta in the 1870s. It is also a personal history of the Todd family written by the great, great granddaughter of Todd's wife Alice.

The book contains another dimension because it includes a latter day odyssey when the author and her husband decide to follow her ancestor's footsteps south to north through Australia's centre.

Both Charles and Alice Todd were quite eccentric characters and this trait seems to have come down through the generations. The adventures of the two 'new chum poms' with no outback experience attempting to follow the original telegraph line, range from hair raising to hilarious.

*The Singing Line* is quite well written and spans over a century of Australia's history. Alice Thompson, who is a journalist in everyday life, has sprinkled her narrative with insight and humour. She has carefully researched the historic accounts of her great, great grandmother and grandfather as well as describing the travels of Charles and Alice with the fresh perception it sometimes takes a non-Australian to achieve.

More great Aussie reads at  
[www.outbackbooks.info](http://www.outbackbooks.info)

*Jack Drake*

# IF GOD ONLY KNEW

©Tom McIlveen

Winner of the Australian Bush Championships 2015

I wish I could take you away Little Sis, from this cold and despicable place.  
I wish I could take you away from all this... and then vanish with nary a trace.  
I'd take you to somewhere that's sunny and warm, where the wind doesn't howl of a night;  
away from this terrible, hideous Dorm, where they constantly argue and fight.

We waken each morn to the torturous sound of the Mother Superior's bell,  
and cringe in our beds as she swings it around, like the gong of a harbinger's knell.  
We kneel down and pray at the foot of the cross in response to her clamorous call  
and wonder if Jesus will notice our loss as he hangs there askew on the wall.

If God only knew what I'd give to be free of this orphanage high on a hill;  
he'd probably send down an angel to me when the demons have taken their fill.  
They haunt me at night and bewilder my dreams with their mockery, slander and mime;  
then taunt me with visions of mountains and streams from another dimension and time.

A time when our lives had been warmed and caressed by the comfort of family love.  
When we had been nurtured and seemingly blessed by the power of God up above.  
Our lives had been simple and innocent then and devoid of all anguish and shame  
but now as I kneel down before him again, I'm immersed in resentment and blame.

I'm broken and hurting, and wondering why we were taken from our own abode  
and dumped like a litter of puppies to die in a ditch at the side of the road.  
Perhaps their intentions were righteous and good when they left us that terrible day,  
but now, I would beg them, (if only they could)...to reclaim us and take us away.

If God only knew of the heartache I feel, when I see you with tears in your eyes...  
perhaps he would help me control and conceal the emotions behind my disguise.  
I hear you at night as you whimper and moan for the love that's been coldly denied  
and whimper myself, when I'm lying alone...till I'm empty and aching inside.

"I know Little Sis, that you're missing your Mum, and I know that you're feeling the cold;  
your fingers and toes may be frozen and numb, but your heart is still fiery and bold!"  
I'll be there by your side when it crumbles and breaks for the want of a family's love.  
I'm there Little Sis... with whatever it takes, with an angel from God up above.

"Remember how Dad used to muster the sheep and you'd follow him round on the farm?  
He'd tease you and call you his Little Bo Peep, as he swung you around on his arm."  
He'd doted on you from the day you were born, with your feminine ribbons and ways,  
and frolicked with you, when the sheep had been shorn, in those wonderful faraway days.

At last I can take you away Little Sis, from this cold and despicable place.  
At last I can take you away from all this, to the warmth of a mother's embrace.  
I'll take you back home where we'll kneel down and pray for the wretched residing here still.  
Back home... where we both will be far, far away from this dungeon that stands on a hill.

# Competition Results

## Grenfell Henry Lawson Festival Verse Competition Results 2015

### Class 1 – Traditional Verse – Australian Theme

First Prize	Heir to the Throne	Tom McIlveen, Port Macquarie NSW
Second Prize	Henry	Wendy G Seddon, Medowie NSW
Highly Commended	We Were Soldiers	Tom McIlveen, Port Macquarie NSW
Highly Commended	Some Quiet, Mate	Andrew Tate, Fitzroy VIC
Highly Commended	My Country (Australia Day 2015)	Rita Ashby, Grenfell NSW

### Class 2 – Humorous Verse – Australian Theme

First Prize	The Ballad of Beryl and Ned	Hugh Allan, Turrumurra NSW
Second Prize	Amphigouri	Peter Freckleton, Hampton VIC
Highly Commended	Biscuits	Kim Kent, Port Fairy VIC
Highly Commended	The Cook's Revenge	Kim Kent, Port Fairy VIC
Highly Commended	When Rhyme is a Crime	David Campbell, Airleys Inlet VIC

## 2015 Copper Croc Written Competition RESULTS

1st	"In the Name of the Father" – David Campbell
2nd	"Within" – Carol Heuchan
3rd	"Dear Henry" – Shelley Hansen
Very Highly Commended	"Sealed With a Kiss" – Tom McIlveen
Highly Commended	"Soldiers Don't Cry" – Tom McIlveen
	"Bobby" – Tom McIlveen
Commended	"Injustice" – Val Wallace
Wild and Wonderful Australia	"Child's Play" – Robyn Sykes

## The Results of the 44th Bronze Swagman Award for 2015.

Winner:	Terry Piggott, Lynwood WA	"Lonely is the Campfire"
Runner -up:	V P Read, Bicton, WA	"A Tribute to My Grandfather"
Highly Commended:	Peg Vickers, WA	"Three Showers a Day"
Highly Commended:	Gary Fogarty, Qld	"Every Day We Bleed"
Highly Commended:	Terry Piggott, WA	"A Bloke Called Basil"

## Results of Orange Banjo Paterson Literary Awards Bush Poetry

1st	Chronicle by Catherine Lee, Bangkok, Thailand
2nd	Poets at The Royal Hotel by Ron Stevens, Dubbo, NSW
3rd	A Call To Arms by Tom McIlveen, Port Macquarie, NSW

## Results of The Broken Ski Award for written original poetry OPEN SECTION

1st	Dreamtime Dreaming	Terry Piggott, Lynwood West Australia.
2nd	Channel No 5	Shelley Hansen, Maryborough Qld
3rd	A Bushmans Farewell	Terry Piggott, Lynwood West Australia.
Highly Commended	Memories of a Country Show	Shelley Hansen, Maryborough Qld
Highly Commended	A Snowy River Tale	Tom McIlveen, Port Macquarie NSW



# Poems from our Young Bards

It has been very sad to see the works of our young Poets no longer being submitted by anyone for our Magazine. Early on in my time as Editor it was one thing that made me very proud when I received their Poems or just articles on their achievements etc. It is with extreme gratitude that I thank to our Secretary, Brenda Joy, I can once again publish some wonderful work by some budding young writers. NBrenda is the Host Editor for the Young Xpressions pages of the Free XpresSion literary magazine. This covers all forms of young writing – stories, free verse, articles – but some of the submissions are bush poetry and when this happens she seeks permission for them to also be published in the ABPA magazine. We sincerely thank Free XpresSion for allowing us to publish these pre-published poems from their wonderful Magazine.

Thank You Brenda Joy!

## I WANT A PONY

I want a pony  
the colour of cream,  
I'll give it lots of love and care  
and every night I'll dream  
of jumping over fences,  
and riding down the track  
about to win the Melbourne Cup,  
but then the 'real world's' back

A horse, a horse, that's all I want  
and what is Mum's reply?  
"A horse costs too much money  
and the petrol price is high."  
But still I hope and wish and pray  
and read all the books I find  
on how to care for ponies  
in case Mum changes her mind!

I know a lot about them  
now like what they need to eat  
and how to brush them every day  
to keep them looking neat.  
I emptied out my piggy bank  
to buy one for myself  
but I only had four dollars  
so it went back on the shelf.

I really want a pony  
to call my very own  
but I think that it will have to wait  
until I'm fully grown  
'cause Mum is still refusing  
and Mum sure is the boss  
but my 11th birthday's coming up  
so keep your fingers crossed!

© 2007 Amy Bradfield (at age 12)  
and Emily Bradfield (at age 9)  
Previously published in  
Free XpresSion February 2015



## THE STOCKMAN

He works all day out in the sun  
for barely any pay.  
He is a modest fellow  
and you'll never hear him say  
a bad word about anyone  
(less he's talking to his dog)  
and he'll be out there riding in  
sunshine, rain or fog.

His mount is of the stock horse kind,  
no better will you find.  
A horse for working on the land  
but the stockman, he won't mind  
whether he's out all by himself  
on a cold and windy day,  
or with a group moving eighty head  
down the road about 5 K.

See, the stockman knows the outback.  
He knows the stock-whip's crack,  
and he knows how little tucker  
is in his hessian sack.  
He knows the hills and mountains,  
the rivers and creeks.  
A homestead of his very own  
is all the stockman seeks.

And a family for himself,  
a girl to love and hold.  
That is what's worth working for  
so the stockman hears it told.  
But for now he keeps on droving  
for the little it is worth  
and he will keep on riding  
'til his dream is given birth.

© 2010 Amy Bradfield,  
Queensland (at age 15)  
Previously published in  
Free XpresSion February 2015



## GRANDPA

Going round the paddock from sunset till dawn,  
rounding up the sheep, ready to be shorn.  
Away on the motorbike, riding through the sun,  
never waste any time, the jobs gotta be done.

Doing so much work, when will it go away?  
Past are the times when we had fun today.  
But after all we understand,  
and we're always here to lend a hand.

You've suffered through droughts and floods,  
but you're still going strong, you're still tough.  
Your retired now and having fun,  
but somewhere you still have an urge to run.

Even though you're getting on  
you're still here, still going strong.  
You will always be near, no matter where you are,  
even on your travels far.

You're very nice and ever so kind  
and you're my grandpa and I think you're divine.

*I Love You Grandpa*

© 2015 Neave Duff (at age 12)  
Previously published in  
Free XpresSion June 2015



## FRIENDS

Friends are always there,  
ready to help you when you need a hand.  
Inside our hearts they will always live.  
Every good trait they have to give.  
Never say no when you need help.  
Diligent, brave and always true to their self.

© 2015 Neave Duff (age 12)  
Previously published in  
Free XpresSion June 2015

# OPTIMISTIC OWNERS

© Gary Fogarty

This world's full of crazy optimists who never court defeat,  
The type who simply take the knocks, bouncing straight back to their feet.  
Those who've always got a reason. however the cards may fall,  
And my guess is racehorse owners are the craziest of all.

You will find them any race day when the weight's been called correct,  
Drafting up brand new excuses why they don't get to collect.  
How their nag's a budding champion just slightly down on luck,  
And you won't believe the circumstance that brought their boy unstuck.

He drew too wide to get across, had to cover too much ground,  
They galloped on him at the turn and he pulled up not quiet sound.  
The jockey didn't listen when we said to keep him handy,  
That filly was on season and he's feeling a bit randy.

He was just about to make his move but got blocked for a run,  
Even Phar Lap needs a little luck, our poor old bloke had none.  
The hoop went for home too early and they swamped him on the line,  
Whose damn orders was he following? They sure as hell weren't mine.

Did you see him in the back straight cop that god almighty check,  
Apprentice bloody jockeys, mate, they're a big pain in the neck.  
The track is just too damp to suit, last week was too damn hard.  
He sweated up quite badly walking around the saddling yard.

He was railing like a greyhound but got boxed in down the straight,  
He was giving plenty on the line but they pulled him out too late.  
I think his teeth need doing because his blood counts not quite right,  
What do you mean the saddle shifted 'cause the girth strap wasn't tight.

A female jockey, well I never thought I'd ever see the day,  
I'm not religious but I think now's the time to kneel and pray.  
This racetrack doesn't suit him because the turns are just too tight,  
And the straight's not really long enough to give him time to fight.

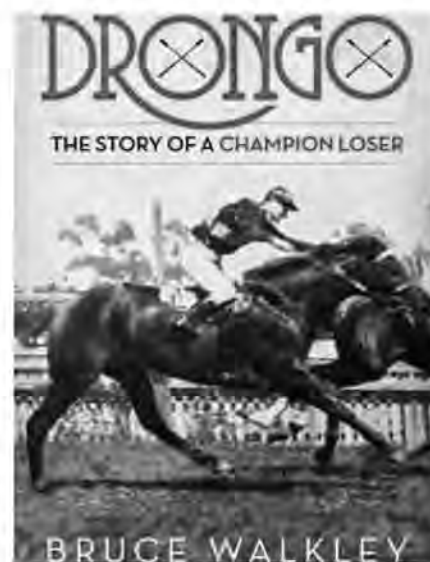
The distance didn't suit him, I think he's looking for more ground,  
He's probably a bit underdone but we thought we'd send him round.  
There's a virus in the stable and we think he's probably crook,  
The Vet reckoned he was doing fine but maybe he's mistook.

The bloke who shod him was hopeless, it's amazing he can walk,  
The race was fixed by the bookies, so says the betting ring talk.  
They got him over excited, loading him into the gate,  
Our jockey's hit a dry patch and can't beg a winner of late.

The stewards are near blind, didn't see him get knocked off his feet,  
The hoop's come back in the ambulance to make my day complete.  
The handicapper thinks he's a legend, look at the weight he's copped,  
I hate to complain but that payload would see a semi stopped.

Yes, their excuses are near legend, forever excusing defeat,  
Ignoring the fact that true champions don't always get beat.  
Backing their theories with money, in hope there is no way to lose  
Ignoring the voice in their heads, that's singing the "Mug Punter Blues".

Here's to all racehorse owners, let's toast to what sets them apart,  
For unlike the nags their feeding these blokes have really got heart.  
Let's swallow the bulldust their spruiking, simply pretend we don't know,  
The reason their champ keeps losing, is simply, the mongrel's too slow.



# CHILD'S PLAY

© Robyn Sykes 2015

A deity in nappies skipped excited with 'the happies',  
tipped her life-encoded Lego with relief;  
chose purples, pinks and lightest blues, rich splashes of the brightest  
hues, to fashion polyp cities as a reef.

Grabbed blocks for nearby nation, clumped expanse of brown creation,  
dumped a shattering of Sao crumbs for sand.  
Formed play-dough folks to settle there with fire-sticks but no metal  
ware, entrusted them with sacred care of land.

With shakes of Mum's paprika jar, bub-linguist cried "Eureka,  
Ja"; tossed languages as spices all about.  
Some tissues, glued, made paper-barks, while stencil trimmed to taper  
marks evolved to the echidna's snuffle-snout.

Then glitter turned the wattle gold, she scattered the whole bottle,  
moulded silver foil to sparkle as the seas.  
From buttered piece of fairy bread came western blooms like lairy  
red-brushed rainbows. Then she hummed to bring the bees.

A solid bead of rusty brown, dropped centre stage, made dusty  
crown of desert dreams. She chuckled 'Uluru';  
draped sequined cloak for quartzite spoil on Christmas-paper bauxite  
soil; cast clay for taipan, quoll and jabiru.

Dad loved her bold creative hand. "We'll keep this as a native  
land for those who love a larrikin's mad flair."  
Parental pride in cheeky art gave - some would say - a streaky  
start that, fresh and free, advanced Australia Fair.

The landscape may have weathered but her spirit can't be tethered,  
shut in, shows up in a dogged freedom-push;  
the joy when leaving city strife for country's earthy, gritty  
life; the bling and sting that brand the Aussie bush.



# A Daily Checklist for Old Blokes

© Neil McArthur 2015

Did you take your pills this morning?  
Did you eat your Muesli too?  
Did you stretch your legs and stretch your back  
As us old blokes should do?

Have your morning constitutional?  
And Prune Juice in a glass?  
Did you check your pulse and heart-rate?  
Did you tuck in your Senior's Pass?

Did you glue in your dentures?  
And check your hearing aid?  
Clean the old bifocals?  
Is your Health Insurance paid?

And did you trim your nose hairs?  
Did you shine your head?  
Did you check the old obituaries  
To make sure that you're not dead?

Have you paid your Life Insurance?  
And down payment on your grave?  
Did your plastic hips survive  
When you stood near the Microwave?

Did you separate your eyebrows?  
And give your ears a shave?  
Did you double check your prostate?  
And give wrinkled Willie a wave?

And did you get the walking farts  
As us oldies often do?  
Did your scrotum hit the water  
When you sat down on the loo?

Have you tended to you will?  
Organised a coffin bearer?  
Did you check the Caravan was set  
For another reign of terror?

It's bloody hard when we grow old  
And then become a member  
Of the Old Bloke's Club, but it's not too bad  
'Cause soon we won't remember!!





# Barcroft Henry

---

# Boake

(1866–1892)



Barcroft Henry Thomas Boake was born in Sydney in 1866, the eldest son of Barcroft Capel Boake and Florence Eva Clarke. His father (Barcroft was an Irish family name) ran a photography business from his studio at 330 George Street, Sydney. Young Barcroft's childhood was spent in Sydney, and for two years in Noumea, where he spent time with a friend of the family. When living in North Sydney, which was then mainly bush, he had to ride his pony to Milson's Point before going to school across the harbour. Later he was to be described "a good horseman, and a first class bushman" and it was said "he looked infinitely better on a horse than off."

Barcroft had four younger sisters, Adelaide, Violet, Clare and Evie. Photographs of his family have been included on Hugh's site. When he was thirteen Barcroft's mother died in childbirth and his grandmother took over her role in the household. One of Adelaide's children, Doris Kerr, later became a published author, writing under the pseudonym of Capel Boake.

Barcroft trained as a surveyor in Sydney before taking up a surveyor's assistant position in 1886, based at Rocklands Farm, near Adaminaby in the Monaro district of New South Wales. He spent two happy years in this district, becoming friends with the McKeahnie family, and in particular their two daughters, Jean and May. Their brother Charlie, who features in some of Barcroft's poems, was an excellent horseman and was said to be one of the men on whom Banjo Paterson based the Man from Snowy River. Barcroft's experiences at this time, which were later to feature in his poems, included chasing brumbies in the Snowy Mountains and skiing at Kiandra.

At the end of his term at Rocklands, Barcroft headed north to seek adventure and work as a stockman and a drover. He initially worked on a sheep station at Trangie (near Narromine) then headed north again, droving cattle on the main Queensland/Victoria stock route from the Diamantina and then working at Burrembilla Station, near Cunnamulla, in Western New South Wales.

On returning to Bathurst in 1890 he lost all his savings when his droving boss splurged his cheque in a drunken spree. He had little choice but to return to surveying in the Riverina where he began to write poetry based on his bush experiences. His work first appeared in the Sydney Mail in 1890, and in 1891 his first verses were published in the Bulletin. This was the beginning of a brief but productive period in which many of his poems were published in the Bulletin.

In December 1891, at the end of his term of engagement in the Riverina, he returned to Sydney where he was caught by the effects of the 1891- 1893 financial depression. His grandmother was dying and his father's photography business had failed. After four months of being unable to find any work, and not long after apparently receiving news that "his best girl" was going to be married, he took his own life. Ten days after disappearing from his home he was found hanging by the lash of his stockwhip on the shore of Sydney Harbour at Folly Point, not far from where he used to live as a child.

The story of Barcroft's brief but interesting life is told in the form of a novel in Hugh Capel's book, "Where the Dead Men Lie, The Story of Barcroft Boake, Bush Poet of the Monaro."; While the story cannot be entirely "true" historically, it is told in a way that seeks to be true to the spirit of what happened. The nature of Barcroft's relationships with the McKeahnie girls is a key feature in this story.

In 1896 Barcroft's father wrote a detailed Memoir about his son. A copy of this interesting document is included on Hugh's site. A G Stephens drew substantially on this Memoir when wrote his own Memoir, included in the 1897 edited collection of Barcroft's poems.

# Where the Dead Men Lie

Barcroft Boake

Out on the wastes of the "Never Never,"  
That's where the dead men lie,  
There where the heat-waves dance forever,  
That's where the dead men lie;  
That's where the Earth's lov'd sons are keeping  
endless tryst - not the west wind sweeping  
feverish pinions, can wake their sleeping -  
Out where the dead men lie!

Where brown Summer and Death have mated,  
That's where the dead men lie,  
Loving with fiery lust unsated,  
That's where the dead men lie;  
Out where the grinning skulls bleach whitely,  
Under the saltbush sparkling brightly,  
Out where the wild dogs chorus nightly,  
That's where the dead men lie.

Deep in the yellow, flowing river,  
That's where the dead men lie,  
Under the banks where the shadows quiver,  
That's where the dead men lie;  
Where the platypus twists and doubles,  
leaving a trail of tiny bubbles;  
Rid at last of their earthly troubles,  
That's where the dead men lie.

East and backward pale faces turning,  
That's how the dead men lie;  
Gaunt arms stretched with a voiceless yearning,  
That's how the dead men lie;  
Oft in the fragrant hush of nooning,  
Hearing again their mother's crooning,  
Wrapt for aye in a dreadful swooning,  
That's how the dead men lie.

Nought but the hand of Night can free them;  
That's when the dead men fly;  
Only the frightened cattle see them -  
See the dead men go by;  
Cloven hoofs beating out one measure,  
Bidding the stockman know no leisure,  
That's when the dead men take their pleasure,  
That's when the dead men fly.

Ask, too, the never-sleeping drover,  
He sees the dead pass by,  
Hearing them call to their friends - the plover,  
Hearing the dead men cry.  
Our currently featured poet is:-  
Seeing their faces stealing, stealing,  
Hearing their laughter peeling, peeling,  
Watching their grey forms wheeling, wheeling  
Round where the cattle lie.

Strangled by thirst and fierce privation -  
That's how the dead men die  
Out on "Moneygrub's" furthest station,  
That's how the dead men die;  
Hardfaced greybeards, youngsters callow,  
Some mounds cared for, some left fallow,  
Some deep down, yet others shallow,  
Some having but the sky.

"Moneygrub" as he sips his claret  
Looks with complacent eye  
Down at his watch-chain, eighteen-carat,  
There in his club hard by:  
Recks not that every link is stamped with  
Names of the men whose limbs are cramped with  
Too long lying in grave-mould, camped with  
Death where the dead men lie.

## A Bushman's Love

Barcroft Boake

You say we bushmen cannot love—  
Our lives are too prosaic: hence  
We lose or lack that finer sense  
That raises some few men above  
Their fellows, setting them apart  
As vessels of a finer make—  
The acme of the potter's art—  
Are placed apart upon the shelf.  
So he is more than common delf,  
And, more than brute in human guise,  
Who, seeking, finds his nobler self  
Twin-mirrored in a woman's eyes!  
Yet these things bring their penalty:  
For oft the merest touch will break  
These vessels of a finer make;  
And throats attuned to noblest key  
A draught of air will set awry,  
And stifle in an ulcerous sore  
The voice that floated to the sky  
And silence it for evermore . . .

You say we bushmen cannot love—  
That, like our foe, the fire-fiend,  
We blaze, until a river-bend—  
Nay, less, a pebble-graven groove  
Where waters thread—doth bid us stay:  
Our passions for a month, a week  
Flare out and then they die away—  
For separation, like the creek  
That stays the bush fire, bars the way.

You say we bushmen cannot love.  
Well, have it so! but this I swear—  
That she possessed a power to move  
The dullest boor to do or dare.  
But I, as being somewhat shy,  
Became the target for her wit  
How oft in wantonness she'd pit  
The blazing lances of her eye  
And keener rapier of her tongue,  
That carelessly made lightning play,  
Until to action I was stung,  
And, like a dumb beast, stood at bay . . .

# Calling all Poets, Yarnspinnners, 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

# 2015 CAMOOWEAL DROVERS' CAMP FESTIVAL

21<sup>st</sup> - 23<sup>rd</sup> August, 2015

www.droverscamp.com.au email info@droverscamp.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 1<sup>st</sup> = \$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  
2<sup>nd</sup> \$150 and ribbon,  
3<sup>rd</sup> \$75 and ribbon

CLOSING DATE  
20<sup>th</sup> 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

## MUSTER POETS BREAKFASTS 2015

Oldly 'Old Man, pull up a stump, the Poets are a cracker,  
they'll spin some an-oo bull-dust, like a dinkum bloody whacker,  
not a waster or a drongo, wouldn't about those dills for quads,  
crikey, they're the sort of yarns Binamu Danders tell their Billy Lids,  
So pull on ya' 'Bulgee smugglers, have a cuppa, leave ya swags,  
Come say g'day to Marco and his mob of bloody dugs.



MARCO  
ELJORI

Neil's been waiting his Matilda out along the Birdsville track,  
bumping songs with a dog named Mavis when he gave the lumps a crack  
at a pit-stop, near the back of Bourke, an outback one horse bangy  
where the flow jams like a blanket and publican was stumpy,  
but the yarns this bloke has maverick up would make an owo cry,  
you'd be for golummarket while you ask yourself, 'was that a bloody lie?'



NEIL  
MACARTHUR

Muzzie used to be a jurnie, an he's used to spreading hulls,  
he'll be spunkin' his ripanorters if you've got a leg to pull,  
he's back from riding Turbentine, and cooking berry sangers,  
and strike a light this fella's got some rippin' bloody changers!  
He's been whistling to him and doing Yoga on the scrubs,  
but he wouldn't about if a shark bit when at the rotubby dub.



MUZ  
HARTIN

Ray's the Mulhambury old bloke and he reckons life is beautiful,  
but he lives on fumes' road-kill he's collected with his ute,  
forgive him, he's a cockroach, not a bludger, I must admit,  
just a hoodlum of a cocky whose become a bloody bit  
with the old bags and the Jillarvos who reckon that he's sweet,  
it'll make ya creak to watch him as he sweeps 'em off their feet.



RAY  
ESSERY

Brad's the lad who shetlas swans to, he's the fitter' Jackaroo,  
and fat-dinkum he's a corker from the back of Thurni,  
He can wrap like a Tassie Tiger, wearin' double pluggers,  
and he's got these two young nippos who are cheeky little buggers,  
He's love-smuck like a wounded bull, yet he cannot find a bird,  
he's the new claim with the cute ham, but hey, don't believe a word.



BRAD  
MACLEAN

Al's the wag who drives the Corolla, and a dopey great galah,  
he once got himself in trouble with a big Bondi Cigar  
that he offered to a tourist who banged on a rippin' blue,  
so Al took off in his boardies, it was time for shooting through!  
Now he's cravin' in his Turry, wearing trackies skinnin' caddies,  
catchin' red-claw for his nose-bag, tellin' jokes to all the oldies.



ALAN  
GLOVER

Laura yodels like a dingoo! (That's a compliment you goons),  
she'll have ya giggling so much that ya' fumes might loose's fumes,  
She's like a honus Jiffaroo and more, her songs are Micky Mouse,  
been laughin' glads for a D and S (so we all think she's grumpy),  
I wouldn't bloody stir her though, (bumped my clobber in the gob),  
met a had young Duffie if a cocky out there was lookin' to start a mob!



LAURA  
DOWNING

So get up off your platters, dinin' ya' hard, make a brew,  
come down and join the Poets, Marco's lined up quite a crew,  
Watch 'em pull the wool, and spin a yarn, and take you on a ride  
while underneath the buffoon there's a slice of Aussie pride,  
And as you mullies they will MUSTER, what a way to start the day,  
bring ya' mates and meet the larkies... and just laugh the blues away!



## Mildura CMF 2015

### Walk-Up Poets Breakfasts

Every Morning

from Friday 25th September to Sunday 4th October

8am till 10am

at **The Edge Hotel  
Burronga**

Hosted by **Neil McArthur**

The Edge Hotel has become a favorite haunt for the early risers at the Mildura Country Music Festival and it is not uncommon to have 400 to 500 people attend to watch the Walk-Up Poets. Come and put your name down and jump up to share your Poetry Passion with the audience! First in first served, naturally, but this is now the third biggest CMF in Australia!!

Hope to see some of you there



**North Pine Bush Poets Group Inc.**



# Camp Oven Festival

Featuring the talents of Gary Fogarty and Robyn Sykes

**28th — 30th August 2015**

**Norths Leagues Club**

**1347 Anzac Avenue**

**Kallangur**

- Novice Any Other Poet
- Novice Original
- Yarnspinning
- Intermediate Any Other Poet
- Intermediate Original
- Paddy & Glori O'Brien One Minute Cup
- Open Any Other Poet Male
- Open Any Other Poet Female
- Open Original Male
- Open Original Female

Closing Date: 3<sup>rd</sup> August 2015

For an entry form or any further information, please contact

Contact Mary 07 5495 5110  
wmbear1@bigpond.com

## Logan Village Bush Poetry Competition

*Queensland- it's not too far away anymore!*

On September 13 the Logan Music and Heritage Festival is on again, so get your poems ready for this awesome event, starting at 9.30am.

The usual events: Novice, Classical, Modern, Original, One Minute, all on the day.



**Or Enter by submitting a DVD, Flash Drive or memory card of yourself performing your own original poem. (too easy!)**

**AND/ OR Present your poem on a DVD using multimedia.  
You can get help with this one**

*Entry form for all these events is on the ABPA website or email Gerry.  
Ring Gerry for more information 0755478342 0413672218 or email*

*geraldineking@virginbroadband.com.au or Jim on 0403871325 or email: jimmyj1131@gmail.com*

## **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 (except January), 2-4pm Open mic. Contact Robyn Sykes 02 6227 4377

The Queanbeyan Bush Poets meet at 7pm on the fourth Thursday of the month in the Casuarina Room at the RB Smith Community Centre, Crawford Street, (opposite the Council Chambers). Contact Laurie McDonald on 02 6253 9856

Port Macquarie Minstrels, Poets and Balladeers meet fortnightly; 2nd and 4th Sunday of each month at 1pm in the Pioneer Room, Senior Citizens Hall south end of Munster St, Port Macquarie. Contact Tom McIlveen 0417 251287

2nd Sunday - 2:00 pm Poetry at the Pub Katoomba Blackburn's Family Hotel. All forms poetry, free entry. Contact Denis Rice 02 4782 6623 tdrice3@southernphone.com.au

### **QUEENSLAND**

North Pine Bush Poet Group meet from 9am on 1st and 3rd Sunday of every month at The Distillery - North Pine Hotel, Old Petrie Town, Dayboro Rd. Petrie Contact :- Wally or Mary 07 5495 5110.

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

Bundaberg Poets Society Inc. 2nd Saturday of the month. Rum City Silver Band Hall, Targo Street. Contact Edna 0428 574 651; 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

Townsville Bush Poetry Mates Inc meet every first Tuesday of the month at Aitkenvale Library Meeting Room at 7:00pm. They also meet at Bellevue Hotel, Allen Street, South Townsville, every third Tuesday of the month at 6:00pm for 'Pub Grub' and 7:00pm for 'Walk-Up' poetry. Loads of fun. All welcome.

### **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'. Contact Jan Lewis (02) 60774332

Bendigo Goldfields Bush Poets - Third Sunday even numbered months, except December when second Sunday. Newmarket Hotel, cnr Nolan St & Strickland Rd, Bendigo 1.30pm to 4.30pm. Contacts: Geoffrey Graham 03 5446 7104 or Ken Jones 03 5441 5121

### **WA**

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

Perth monthly muster, 1st Friday of each month 7pm - 9.30pm at The Auditorium, 26 Plantation Drive Bentley Park 6102 Contact Dave 0438341256 or Terry 0894588887.