

A.B.P.A.

Australian Bush Poets Association

Volume 22 No. 3
June/July 2016



21st BUNDY BUSH POETRY MUSTER 2016

July 1st - 2nd - 3rd

Across the Waves Sports Club, 1 Miller Street, Bundaberg.

Performance Competitions

- Under 7yrs - Recite or read favourite poem
- 7yrs to 12yrs - recite or read favourite poem
- 13yrs to 17yrs - recite or read favourite poem
- Open - Traditional, Modern & Original
- Intermediate - Traditional, Modern & Original
- Novice - Traditional, Modern & Original
- Yarn Spinning
- Duo Competition
- One Minute Cup

FREE poetry workshop will be conducted by Jack Drake on June 30th from 10.30 a.m. to midday in Sails Function Room at Across the Waves Sports Club



Performance Enquiries

SSAE to:
The Performance Co-ordinator
Bundaberg Poets' Society Inc.
PO Box 4281
BUNDABERG 4670

Competition closing date: June 17th, 2016
(Time permitting late entries will be taken on the week-end)

CONCERT TICKETS
Saturday Night \$15-00 pp
Prior purchase advisable.
Refer to information below.

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

ENTERTAINMENT

FRIDAY EVENING:

7.30 p.m. Walk-Up Poetry/Variety Concert

"State of Origin Theme"

Admission: \$3-00

7.30 p.m.

SATURDAY EVENING: 'The Concert'

featuring

Jack Drake - Glenny Palmer - Noel Stallard

Admission: \$15-00

Sandy Lees .. 07 41514631 , 0427514631 (text message) or leesjds1@yahoo.com.au

Concert Ticket & workshop bookings .. Phone or e.mail Sandy Lees on above contact

Entry Forms also available on ABPA website: abpa.org.au/bushpoetry/entry.htm



2016 CAMOOWEAL DROVERS' CAMP FESTIVAL

26th - 28th August, 2016

www.droverscamp.com.au email info@droverscamp.au

DROVER'S CAMP TALENT AWARD 2016

10.00 a.m. Sunday 28th August

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 CAN ALSO BE
DOWNLOADED FROM
ABPA WEBSITE
abpa.org.au - Events



DROVER'S CAMP POETS'

BREAKFAST

7.30 a.m. Sunday
28th August
with

John Lloyd
Brenda Joy
Carmel Lloyd

and more.

All walk-up
performers
welcome.

M.C. - ABC's
John Nutting

Please note changes

THE POST OFFICE HOTEL

BRONZE SPUR AWARD 2016

for written bush verse.

First prize = handcrafted
Bronze Spur trophy + \$300
2nd \$150 and ribbon,
3rd \$75 and ribbon

CLOSING DATE

22nd July, 2016

For entry form and
conditions of entry
contact Ellen Finlay
Written Poetry Coordinator,
PO Box 21,
CAMOOWEAL Q.4828
phone (07)4748 2022
0427 127 864

ENTRY FORMS CAN ALSO BE
DOWNLOADED FROM
ABPA WEBSITE
abpa.org.au - Events

EDITORIAL

Notification of Membership Subs increases For 2017.

Due to the rising costs in all areas of compiling, publishing and posting the Magazine, the following has been decided upon at the recent ABPA Committee Meeting:



NOTICE TO MEMBERS

After extensive discussion following recommendations from the 2016 AGM, the ABPA Committee has approved the following increases in Membership Fees and Conditions. These will come into effect on the 31st of December 2016 for the 2017 Membership Year.

1. The ABPA Annual Single Membership Fee will be \$45 per year entitling the member to a **hard/paper copy** of the ABPA Magazine.
OR
2. The ABPA Annual Single Membership Fee will be \$35 per year entitling the member to the ABPA Magazine in **electronic format** only.
3. The ABPA Annual Dual Membership Fee will be \$15 per year. (Note: This means that a couple with a hard/paper copy would pay \$60 per year and a couple receiving an electronic copy would pay \$50 per year. Only one copy of the ABPA Magazine is issued per couple.)
4. The Junior (Under 18) ABPA Annual Membership Fee will remain at \$20 per year entitling the member to an electronic copy only of the APBA Magazine. (Note: Discretionary judgement may be made about a hard copy being provided for juniors members in remote areas without internet access. Requests to be made via the ABPA Treasurer.)

Happy writing and performing to all and safe travels!
Neil McArthur editor@abpa.org.au

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 Shelley Hansen
99 Lindah Road West
MARYBOROUGH QLD 4650
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.

NOTE:- Next Magazine Deadline for submissions is May 25th

ABPA Committee Members 2016

Executive:

President	– Tom McIlveen	president@abpa.org.au
Vice-President	– Hal Pritchard	halenda@live.com.au
Secretary	– Rhonda Tallnash	secretary@abpa.org.au
Treasurer	– Shelley Hansen	treasurer@abpa.org.au

Members on Committee:

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

ABPA State Delegates:

NSW	– Rob Christmas	r_e_christmas@yahoo.com
Queensland	– Cay Ellem	cayandbarry@gmail.com
South Australia	– Bob Magor	bobmagor@chariot.net.au
Tasmania	– Phillip Rush	auspoems@bigpond.com
Victoria	– Jan Lewis	info@vbpma.com.au
West Australia	– Irene Conner	iconner21@wn.com.au

ABPA Editor	– Neil McArthur	editor@abpa.org.au
Web Administrator	– Greg North	web@abpa.org.au

AUSTRALIAN BUSH POETS ASSOCIATION

**Proudly Supporting The Cerebral Palsy League
Through Magazine Printing**

President's Report



Greetings to all fellow ABPA members. The new committee has been busy and is continuing to gel together very nicely. There is a great rapport between committee members and we are forging ahead in leaps and bounds under the guidance and direction of our wonderful, enthusiastic Madam Secretary Rhonda Tallnash.

I would also like to thank vice president Hal Pritchard for his support, and our tireless treasurer Shelley Hansen who has taken to her new role, like a duck to water. Thankyou also to fellow committee members Cay Ellem, Jan Lewis, Irene Conner, Rob Christmas, Carol Reffold, Robyn Sykes and Johny Peel for your support and contribution to our online skype committee meetings.

I would like to take this opportunity to thank Janine Keating from Gladstone, for the wonderful work she is doing in seeking out potential sponsors for the ABPA. If anybody is able to help out or knows of potential sponsors could you please reply to me at thepoetofoz@gmail.com, so that I can forward your name and contact details onto Janine.

With the Committee's approval, two new ABPA ancillary roles have been taken on for 2016.

1. 'ABPA FUND RAISING OFFICER'

In accordance with AGM recommendations, Janine Keating will be utilising her broad experience in this area to locate and approach possible sponsors for the ABPA. We certainly hope that she is successful in her endeavours.

2. 'ABPA PROMOTIONS OFFICER'

Brenda Joy has undertaken to continue to promote the ABPA and Bush Poetry in general through new avenues and outlets around Australia. This will be in addition to the link up work that Brenda already does which includes archiving, collecting up the features re poets, achievers and clubs and the award winning poems for the ABPA website and sourcing the children's writings for the ABPA Magazine.

Although it is hoped that the above roles will result in increased awareness of the ABPA and increased opportunities for bush poets, neither of the above roles will be intruding into the fund raising or promotions done by organisers for their individual events or into the way in which the professional poets seek out their own employment outlets.

In a sense we can all be involved in helping the ABPA if we circulate information relative to what our organisation has to offer through all avenues, wherever we go and in whatever we do.

We have recently purchased a new batch of ABPA membership badges and will be selling them for \$8.00 each and I would like to urge members to buy one whilst stocks last.

Vice President Hal Pritchard has mentioned that the ABPA is the hub and the various regional clubs are the spokes in the wheel, so we all need to encourage members of regional clubs to join the ABPA. Secretary Rhonda Tallnash was proactive at the National Folk Festival in Canberra recently, in approaching prospective members and explaining the merits of our wonderful organisation. We all need to be doing this, if the organisation is to continue to grow. Shelley Hansen and Cay Ellem have offered to do the same at the upcoming Bundaberg Bush Poetry Muster 2016. Speaking of which, if you haven't been to a Bundy Muster, then you need to put it on your bucket list! July the 1st, 2nd and 3rd. It is well and truly one of the great highlights on the annual Bush Poets' calendar.

The committee has discussed the problem of Supplementary Judges for Remote Competitions - It is difficult to find judges for remote area competitions and the cost is often prohibitive for a smaller committees. It has been suggested that a Supplementary List of available judges be compiled and placed on the ABPA Website. However there must be a provision that the competition has made every effort to find ABPA judges and Supplementary Judges are not able to judge at Championship Level. Also for remote areas, the ABPA will allow only two judges, but never just one. Potential Supplementary List judges must submit their application for consideration to the ABPA.

The following RESOLUTION was put to the vote and passed.

That the ABPA compile a list of Supplementary Judges who are available for remote area competitions. The provision includes that...

Every effort has been made to 'employ' the ABPA Accredited Judge(s) before using a Supplementary Judge,

- Supplementary Judges are not to be 'employed' for State and National Championship Level Competitions,
- Potential judges submit an application to the ABPA, and
- When necessary, two judges may be used in remote area competitions, but never just one judge.

In Poetry, Tom McIlveen

To The Editor,

I noticed a comment in the editorial of a recent edition of our Newsletter which I believe needs further, comment, discussion and analysis. The issue was raised regarding negative comments towards organizers of Bush Poetry Events, claims about which poets get offered 'spots' on shows. It's a 'closed shop', a 'mates club', a 'boys' club. Of course everyone is entitled to their own opinions, but I believe that this is a very unhealthy situation for our Bush Poetry industry.

I would like to start by saying that it is my belief that to have a strong and progressive Bush Poetry Industry we need to be able to provide support and opportunity to all sectors of our industry, professionals, semi-professionals, amateurs, poetry lovers, reciters, those who participate purely for the enjoyment, writers, performers, work-shoppers, women, men, children, organizers judges, audiences, producers and publishers and every other sub-sector I can't think of at the moment.

We need to heed the old adage, "divided we fall", and stop criticizing and attacking our own. It has always been my belief that there are way too few of us Bush Poets who actually get involved with the creation and/or organisation of Bush Poetry events, thereby creating work for ourselves and our fellow poets. To hear criticism of organisers simply because 'so and so' did not get a jersey, does frustrate me.

Now let's take the example of a poet organizing a hypothetical Bush Poetry Show at the Tamworth Festival.

Things the organizer/poet has to attend to:-

- # Organize and pay for a venue .
- # Identify a need for your show. With over 1000 shows, the majority free to the public, you need to clearly identify a need for your show and how to encourage people to pay to see it.
- # Organise and pay for quality Sound Engineering.
- # Organise and pay for Stage Decorations/back drops etc.
- # Organise and pay for Advertising and Promotion.
- # Organise and pay for/volunteer a Back-up Team. There is way too much to do for one person to handle. You need a team.
- # Organise and pay for the printing and selling of Tickets.
- # Organise and pay for any Extra's. Even a simple raffle brings extra organisational and financial input.
- # Putting together a team of performers (The main reason for this letter). The responsibility falls fairly and squarely on the organiser and he/she has plenty to consider. For e.g :-
 1. You have your personal money invested in this show and you alone are responsible for attracting large enough paying audiences to meet the shows expenses.
 2. To do this you need as strong a team of performers as possible.
 3. Not all the performers on your wish list will be available, for a wide range of reasons.
 4. Performers all have their own personalities and some just don't get on with, or want to perform with some others. It's a fact of life and you have to keep it in the back of your mind when putting g a team together.
 5. It is not as simple as getting 8(for want of a better number) good performers, you need 8 good performers who can work with each other, 8 good performers whose personal styles complement each other so that your audience gets a well-balanced show.
 6. Performers all have their own style which may/ may not suit the style of your show.
 7. You need performers who will turn up on time, respect other's stage time and not get carried away and go overtime – performers who put the show before themselves and are prepared to adapt when circumstances change - Performers who come prepared – performers who are team players.
 8. You need performers who understand you cannot keep putting up the same show year after year and won't be personally upset when you need to rotate your performers.
 9. It is risky/reckless to engage poets you haven't seen perform (preferably in a show situation) It's the responsibility of the poet seeking a spot to rectify this situation.
 10. I believe the organizer has the right to engage the performers he/she believes will better assist them in firstly getting their financial/effort investment back, and then hopefully in turning a profit.
 11. The entertainers can expect payment for their talents. The organizer is responsible for these performer payments regardless of ticket sales.
 12. Have you ever considered how tough mentally it is to field calls and enquiries from fellow performers (some of whom are good mates) and having to tell them you don't have a spot for them. It is a very, very tough thing to do.
 13. I believe the organizer does have a responsibility to explain clearly to all who apply to be on their show, the reasons why they will not be used. I think this is just manners, and while it can be time consuming, it is something that should be done.
 14. I believe the organiser has a responsibility to clearly indicate to his/her chosen entertainers exactly what is expected of them for the show. Length of performances, fellow team members, what are the payment provisions (I am a strong believer that a performer should never have to go looking for their payment), what type of entertainment is required etc.

I find it disheartening to hear fellow poets belittling those who work hard and fund/organise shows that provide work for others. Have you taken the time to ask why they do not have a spot for you on their show? It is a privilege to be asked to perform on someone's show, it is not a right. How many times have these complainers organised a show and invited the person they're complaining about to do a spot, my guess would be,..... never?

I do a lot of work in assisting new and emerging poets in whatever way I can, from encouraging walk-ups, to judging written and performance comps, to workshops, to personally reviewing and mentoring individual poets as I believe that we always need new people coming through to ensure a strong future for us all. I do get very disillusioned when I see some of my fellow established poets sidestepping these sorts of responsibilities and basically looking out for 'Number One'. I do however understand this attitude, as it is just too common for the performers, who have elevated their skills to a level whereby they get a reasonable amount of paid work, to be heavily criticized and ignored by fellow poets who mistakenly consider that they no longer need any help or offers of work.

Let's have a bit of a think before attacking our fellow poets, especially those who are actually out there creating work for us. How about, before voicing our criticism, we get off our butts, organise our own show and offer work to the people we criticized, they would probably enjoy picking up a pay cheque for simply doing a spot on someone else's show, without having their own hard earned money at risk and without all the work, worry and stress that any organizer encounters.

East Meets The West

By plane and van, East Coast Poets Neil McArthur and Col Driscoll met up with travelling couple Marco and Julie Gliori for a series of shows in southern WA. The trip started with Col and Neil heading to the Fairbridge Folk Festival for a series of performances from Poets breakfasts to The Great Yarn Spin with local legends, Loaded Dog. A wonderful Festival and well worth a look if you happen to be over that day.

Next step of the trip saw us meet up with Marco and Julie, who are currently travelling Australia. We all met up in Albany where we all combined for a show at the Middleton Bowling Club to a packed house. Wonderful coastline down that way and would have loved to have been able to spend more time there. But then it was time to head off to Kojanup for another Show at the Football Club, where everyone was on a high after a dramatic win by the local Cougars Football Club. Another great crowd.

Next step it was off to Whicher Ridge Winery near Busselton for their legendary Long Lunch with mine hosts Neil and Cathy Howard. What a great day and a great way to kick off the South West Bush Poetry Festival. For the next week we visited numerous schools in the area, doing workshops and presentations to over 1000 kids of all ages. A quick trip to the Navy Club in Freemantle on Anzac Day as well as an Adult workshop and a couple of trips to the Men's Shed, and then the week culminated with another show at the Busselton Magpies Football Club. A wonderful turnout for an event which was raising money for the Black Dog Ride, which raises awareness of Depression in our community.

The West Aussie Crowds were great and loved the Bush Poetry. Neil and Cathy Howard, in only their second year of running the festival, really stood up and did a great job with the sponsors and organising the shows and schools. Hopefully it will only continue to grow stronger over the next few years.

Bush Poetry is certainly alive and well in West Australia, with many strong clubs forming and more than just a general interest amongst the public. That was my third trip West to perform and certainly not my last. Great audiences, different faces and a whole new landscape make any opportunity to go West an absolute must.

Neil McArthur



Neil & Cathy Howard at the Long Lunch together with poets Neil McArthur, Marco Gliori and Col Driscoll along with local Busselton MP and Whicher Ridge Winery staff.

REMEMBER MATE

© T.E. Piggott

Winner Tenterfield Oracles 2016

Remember now those days of gold,
the frosty nights, the bitter cold;
a roaring fire to beat the chill;
that old bush camp near Tin Dog hill.
Bright stars that shone in clear night skies;
the chilling howls of wild dog cries
and how we yarned each night till late,
the billy on -- remember mate?

Detectors then were something new
and we were there among the few
who dared to risk near all we had,
ignoring friends who thought us mad.
But luck was soon to play its part
with nuggets found right from the start;
excitedly we'd check each weight
around the fire -- remember mate?

The south east wind blew cold in June
and blew most days till well past noon,
though dreams of wealth out there back then
would warm the hearts of us young men.
We'd follow every ancient track
that wound through hills somewhere outback
and looked for signs to indicate
that gold was near -- remember mate?

Some warmth at last and hearts would sing,
beneath clear skies each goldfields spring;
the country seemed to come alive
and all around once more would thrive.
We'd move our camp from place to place
all through those miles of endless space;
we loved it there, and life was great
long, long ago -- remember mate?

But once the summer had returned
each gram of gold had to be earned,
for with it came the dust and flies
that zeroed in on red rimmed eyes.
Relief was found as heat would soar
with bucket baths at Bluey's Bore
and with the moon we'd concentrate
on work at night -- remember mate?

With heat haze rising all around
mirages flooded sun baked ground,
where hills seemed islands now set free
to drift upon an inland sea.
Dust devils weaved liked drunken men
at first one-way then back again
and searing heat would not abate,
till late at night -- remember mate?

Though life was hard you'd have to say,
I doubt we'd change a single day,
for once that country casts its spell
it captures hearts as we know well.
And though those days are now long past,
some memories will always last
of days of gold; of luck and fate -
and life out bush -- remember mate?

Corryong - The Jewel of Victorian Bush Poetry -2016

The Man from Snowy River Bush Festival: March: 31st - April 3rd – 2016.

From all points of the compass they came: an army of poetry and spoken-word devotees on their annual, not to be missed pilgrimage to Corryong, where camaraderie swept them up at The Man from Snowy River Bush Festival. ABPA Victorian Performance Women's Champion and Matilda award winner was Sue Pearce, and Men's Champion and Clancy award winner was Lynden Baxter from Qld.

Barry Tiffen won the MFSR Recital of Banjo's poem and Champion Yarnspinner was Rhonda Tallnash who also won the Jack Riley Heritage award. Lisa Ride won the Lawrie Sheridan Encouragement award. ABPA Written Champion was Brenda Joy and Novice Champion – Des Bennett. See full winners list on the MFSR & ABPA websites. www.bushfestival.com or www.abpa.org.au or email Jan Lewis info@vbpm.com.au

Representatives of many literature and poetry groups attended this festival, including the C. J. Dennis Society and 14 members of the Henry Lawson Memorial & Literary Society Inc., and poets coming from all over Australia. Contestant Travis Johnson came from Alberta, Canada. A highlight of the poet's breakfast one morning was his rendition of a Robert Service poem which received a most respectful standing ovation!

The poetry component of the Festival was held at Banjo's Block and the impressive Youth Hall owned by the Corryong Lion's Club who provided excellent catering all weekend.

Appreciative audiences both new and regular attendees, as well as locals, were entertained from the Junior Competition on Thursday, with Lazy Harry leading the singalong with 'Home among the Gum Trees' to Maurie Foun's MCing the Farewell concert at Colac Colac Caravan Park on Sunday to an estimated 250 people, the crowds were treated to excellent poetry.

Thanks to our loyal Poetry sponsors: especially National Folk Festival, Australian Bush Poetry Association, MFSR Bush Festival, Vict Bush Poetry & Music Association.

The planning which must go into a festival such as this is immense and the Bush Festival organisers – especially Jan Lewis and her team of helpers, whose job it is to run the poetry segment, were congratulated. We look forward to your support again 30th March – 2nd April, 2017 (especially Monday pack up please!) We do appreciate your support

Carol Reffold and Tony Lambides Turner



2016 ABPA VICTORIAN STATE CHAMPIONS
PERFORMANCE CHAMPIONS



WRITTEN CHAMPION



Lynden Baxter and Sue Pearce
(photo by Jennifer Fennell, Upper Murray Photography)



Brenda Joy
(photo by Hal Pritchard)

01 Written Serious Poem 2016 VICT BUSH POETRY CHAMPIONSHIPS

BRENDA JOY	MURRAY MOON	1ST
BRENDA JOY	FLOW	2ND
TOM McILVEEN	WE WERE SOLDIERS	3RD
BRENDA JOY	TO ANCIENT TO BLEED	HC
TOM McILVEEN	THE LETTER HOME	HC

01 Highest Scoring Novice in Serious

DES BENNETT	THE LADY OF THE SWAMP	
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02 Written Humorous Poem 2016

TOM McILVEEN	WORKIN' FOR THE DOLE	1ST
JAN BENTLEY	WILL I WASH MY CAR?	2ND
TOM McILVEEN	THE BREATHALYSER	3RD
BRENDA JOY	BASIC GUIDE TO ARGUING WITH A WOMAN	HC
BERYL STIRLING	PROPER BILLY TEA	HC

02 Highest scoring Novice in Humorous

JAN BENTLEY	WILL I WASH MY CAR	
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02 Written Poetry Novice Champion

DES BENNETT	LADY OF THE SWAMP	
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02 Written Poetry Champion 2016

BRENDA JOY		
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03 BANJO'S MFSR Performance FINAL 2016

BARRY TIFFEN	MFSR POEM	1ST
JOHN DAVIS	MFSR POEM	2ND
RHONDA TALLNASH	MFSR POEM	3RD

04 Classical Poem Performance 2016 Women

SUE PEARCE	OWNERLESS (John O'Brien)	1ST
RHONDA TALLNASH	THE OLD WHIM HORSE (E Dyson)	2ND
KATHY VALLANCE	WHEN RODDY CAME TO IRONBARK (A G Criet)	3RD
JENNY MARKWELL	BLACK BONNET (H Lawson)	HC
ROB CHRISTMAS	THE BUSH CHRISTENING (A B Paterson)	HC

04 Classical Poem Performance 2016 Men

TOM O'CONNOR	HOW I WON THE V C (Crosscut Wilson)	1ST
LYNDEN BAXTER	HOW WE WON THE RIBBON (W Ogilvie)	2ND
JOHN PEEL	THE MAN FROM WATERLOO (H Lawson)	3RD
BARRY TIFFEN	HOPEFUL HAWKINS (C J Dennis)	H C
TRAVIS JOHNSON	AUSSIES (B Miller)	HC

05 Original Serious Poem Performance 2016 Women

RHONDA TALLNASH	THE SHIRT	1ST
JENNY MARKWELL	SURVIVING THE SOMME	2ND
SUE PEARCE	DANNY BOY	3RD
CHRISTA DWYER	MAGIC MOUNTAIN PLACES	HC
KATHY VALLANCE	THE LAST SCHOOL BELL	HC

05 Original Serious Poem Performance 2016 Men

LYNDEN BAXTER	LORDS OF THE DANCE	1ST
JOHN PEEL	FLAMES OF FURY	2ND
BARRY TIFFEN	THE CALL	3RD
HARRY REED	LOOKING BACK AT HAIRY JACK	HC
BILL GORDON	SANDAKAN	HC

05 Orig Humorous Poem Performance 2016 Women

SUE PEARCE	THE CHOCOHOLIC AFFAIR	1ST
KATHY VALLANCE	THE MAN CAVE	2ND
RHONDA TALLNASH	THE PLOT	3RD
JENNY MARKWELL	AQUA AEROBIC HELL	HC
LISA RIDE	DRIVING TO CORRYONG	HC

05 Original Humorous Poem Performance 2016 Men

JOHN PEEL	MY ROCKY HORROR NIGHTMARE	1ST
JOHN DAVIS	THE RINGERS AND THE ROO	2ND
HARRY REED	FINAL QUARTER	3RD
BARRY TIFFEN	OH HAPPY DAY	HC
LYNDEN BAXTER	THE KANGAROO CUP	HC

06 JACK RILEY HERITAGE AWARD

RHONDA TALLNASH	THE SHIRT
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07 Open Modern Poem Performance 2016 Women

SUE PEARCE	REMEMBER (Milton Taylor)	1ST
RHONDA TALLNASH	POT ROAST (N McArthur)	2ND
ROB CHRISTMAS	APPLE STEALING GANG (Colin Thiele)	3RD
JENNY MARKWELL	REQUIEM FOR A PIONEER (M Merckenschlagler)	HC
KATHY VALLANCE	SENIOR CITZ BUS EXCURSION (B Kearns)	HC

07 Open Modern Poem Performance 2016 Men

LYNDEN BAXTER	BALLAD OF CREAMY ECLIPSE (G. Frederickson)	1ST
TOM O'CONNOR	EUGENE (T McIlveen)	2ND
BARRY TIFFEN	MAN WHO WASN'T THERE (David Longwell)	3RD
JOHN PEEL	THE BOYS (Brian Bell)	HC
BILL GORDON	CALL OF THE OUTBACK (T Piggott)	HC

08 Open Yarnspinning Performance 2016

RHONDA TALLNASH	Through Child's (Original)	1ST
MATT HOLLIS	Old - NSW (Original)	2ND
MICK COVENTRY	An Owl of a Time (Orig)	3RD
ROB CHRISTMAS	The Bubbalonga Bunyip (Original)	HC
BETTY WALTON	Cheque's in the Mail (Lance Parker)	HC

09 Novice Poem Performance 2016

IAN McDONALD	WOMEN OF THE WEST (G Essex Evans)	1ST
ROSS VALLANCE	HOME BREW (original)	2ND
MARGARET BEECHEY	MAN FROM IRONBARK (A B Paterson)	3RD
JACK LEAHY	THE BUSHMAN'S CLUB (Graham Jenkins)	HC
DAVID TAYLOR	MULGA BILL (A B Paterson)	HC

10 Intermediate Poem Performance 2016

JULIE MORRIS	GHOSTS OF LEGENDS PAST (Original)	1ST
JUDY BOYD	FIRE AT ROSS'S FARM (H Lawson)	2ND
TRAVIS JOHNSON	MILDURA TO THE MOUNTAINS etc (Orig)	3RD

11 MATILDA AWARD (Best Overall Female) 2016

WINNER	SUE PEARCE	1ST
RUNNER UP	RHONDA TALLNASH	2ND

12 CLANCY'S CHOICE (Best Overall Male) 2016

WINNER	LYNDEN BAXTER	1ST
RUNNER UP	JOHN PEEL	2ND

SPECIAL AWARDS

One Minute Poem	KAYLIN HANDLEY	1ST
One Minute Poem Runner up	JAN BENTLEY	2ND
Lawrie Sheridan Encouragement Award	LISA RIDE	
Seniors' Encouragement Award	RUTH DAVIS	
Jan Lewis Encouragement Award	CHRISTA DWYER	



DIGGER TAKES A BRIDE

©Keith Lethbridge

You might reckon old Digger was past his prime,
In fact, he was over the hill,
His "get up and go" had got up and gone,
But his mind was romantic still.

And he fell in love with a sweet young thing,
By the name of Mary McQ,
Who worked as a skimpy barmaid,
At the Camel and Kangaroo.

She was tall and tanned and talented,
Athletic, poetic and curvy,
While Digger was feeble and flatulent,
And suffered recurrent scurvy.

And Mary's old mum flew into a rage,
Of blasphemy, grief and tears,
For a son in law like Digger
Is the worst of a mother's fears.

She tore her hair and howled at the moon,
And swore he could never be trusted,
But the more she ran old Digger down,
The more her daughter lusted.

And when Mary agreed to name the date,
Old Digger was pleased as punch.
He ordered an extra jug of ale
For his regular liquid lunch.

Then Mother McQ laid down the law,
That if Digger was truly caring,
He'd go for a medical check up now,
To see how his health was faring.

So Digger fronts up to the Doc next day,
Who checked him from head to toe.
He looked old Digger right in the eye,
And lectured him, sad and low:

"As your medical practitioner,
I'm duty bound to speak:
The ... activities of marriage
Could prove fatal within a week!"

Old Digger stared right back at the Doc,
A sorrowful look in his eyes,
"Well Doc, that's a chance I'll have to take,
I guess if she dies, she dies!"

I'm happy to report that Digger's
Still alive today ...
The doctor, on the other hand,
Has sadly passed away.

And so, let's pause to contemplate
The moral of this tale:
There's more old drunks than old doctors,
In the Shire of Armadale!

SAD OLD COUNTRY SONG

©Keith Lethbridge

This evening's been a magic scene,
A night we won't forget,
A ton of fun for everyone,
And still not over yet.
As most folk head back home to bed,
The battlers linger on....
It's time to sing a sad old country song.

We've filled our soul with rock 'n' roll,
And danced a waltz or two,
I notice some still sipping rum,
Beside the barbecue.
The kids have made the bed parade,
The coffee's hot and strong....
It's time to sing a sad old country song.

It takes me back along the track,
Where river blue gums grow,
To happy days and childhood ways,
A long, long time ago.
We're riding bikes and flying kites,
A puppy trots along....
It's time to sing a sad old country song.

Then later dreams of other scenes
Come rolling back to me,
Of leaving home and off to roam
The far East Kimberley.
The golden bliss of love's first kiss,
Then heartache later on....
It's time to sing a sad old country song.

The ups and downs of country towns,
The years of living rough,
The ache and pain of cutting cane,
The good times and the tough.
The joy and strife of married life,
Back home where I belong....
It's time to sing a sad old country song.



SHE ONLY SPEAKS IF YOU LISTEN

BY Kevin Pye

Winner Dunedoo Written Section 2016

As I gazed upon a wagon, long retired from heavy work,
I imagined there a teamster, goading cattle west of Bourke
As they strained their leather harness, hauling bales of western wool
While the master bushman Mills was always keeping contracts full.

Grey and splintered spokes adrift, could speak of times of overload
Built three tiers in height and swaying, Triple A the stencilled code.
Roads of yellow talcum dust that rose from cloven oxen's hooves,
Choked the creaking brakes and clogged the hubs that groaned through ruts and grooves.

Hughie sent some raging storms to bog soft tracks and flood low creeks,
Foiling homeward journey plans, detained somewhere— sometimes for weeks.
Days ahead held no respite, a heavy toll no man and beast
Both yoked down by need to work, their schedules due at railheads east.

Rusting rims now hang askew, no longer forged to spotted gum-
Wear and tear and dry rot too have claimed each rotting axle drum.
Sixty years of idleness have claimed demise for her today;
Glory days of outback ways are slowly lost in her decay.

Books of prose reveal his love for Cloud and Painter, Curly too,
Spirit changed black Friesian steers, who were the best in Dudley's view.
Giant leaders Plum and Butler, could be 'stirry' when approached;
Polers, Scarlet, Cobbler, Rager, 'cracks' that never had been coached.

Tall Spruce paired with Placid Sultan, were broad-horned and inky black
With the roan ones Chalk and Ginger, up-front leaders of the pack.
Eighty bullocks working strongly, Dud recalled each one in time
With decisive recollections, harnessed eights in working prime.

See him saunter by the wagon, twirling smoke from bent-stemmed pipe
Plaited greenhide snakes past Pigeon, Painter feels a gentle stripe.
One last job up north of Gulgong takes him up Mendooran way;
Where the summer grass is sweetest, they'll camp by the Castlereagh.

Red hot coals I vision glowing and the billy boiling well,
Tea leaves (measured by the handful), brew an aromatic smell;
Charcoal tarts and fresh cooked brownies are all rising up tonight
While the stew pot's steaming over with a wild duck shot in flight.

This old drover's life had pleasures that his writing lives to show
Under crystal starlight banners, Milky Way a splendid flow.
There's a cork line sitting loaded for the Yellow Belly's bite
And it bobs upon the ripples, each reflecting clear and bright.

Nearby, hobble chains are jangling where the horses nibble grass
While his cattle lie contented, two with bells of chiming brass,
Til the dawn wakes up tomorrow, when they'll leave the T.S.R.
For their five miles steady eastwards, to agist on "Old Menah".

There are bales from "Happy Valley" as he works his way back home
Where he'll farm "Wilgowrah's" creek flats, to the west of old Mount Frome.
There's a mob of steers to fatten on the hills at "Windamere"
Making time in warm conditions while the weather's fine and clear.

When this canvas of our country, comes alive from times now past,
I am gazing on a relic standing sadly there downcast;
This old wagon in the hayshed speaks to all of those who hear,
Telling stories of her lifetime, in Australia's yesteryear.

To a raconteur and bushman, well revered in our outback,
I pay tribute to his spirit as he travels Heaven's track.
Camels, bullocks, horses, donkeys, Dud could tame and train them all
And deserves his place in history—now renowned in Stockman's Hall.

Our Poetry Kids

Submitted for the ABPA Magazine 2016.06 and 07

Poems by Amy Bradfield of Warwick, Queensland
The History Book
Homeless Pony
Colours
by Caitlan Klippel of Corryong, Victoria
My Mate

OUR POETRY KIDS

Some more of the lovely poems that have been pre-published in the *Young Xpressions* pages of the *Free XpresSian* magazine come from two of the ABPA's most promising young poettes. Thank you to Amy and Caitlan for letting us all their developing gifts.

Brenda Joy

THE HISTORY BOOK

©Amy Bradfield written at age 12

I was searching through some books today,
When to my great surprise
A book I'd never seen before,
Lay there before my eyes.

It was faded, old and dusty,
On the cover was a star.
I wondered where it came from,
So I thought I'd ask Grandpa.

It was your great Granddad's
To him it was so dear.
He told me to look after it,
His instructions were quite clear.

I took it to my bedroom,
Where I put it on my bed.
I went to get some water
And think about what Grandpa said.

When I returned, the star was shining
I dropped my glass in fright.
Never before and never again
Will I see such a mysterious sight.

The old man stood in front of me
His face aglow with light.
I'll have my book back now he said,
Good night child and sleep tight.



HOMELESS PONY

© Amy Bradfield written at age 15

'Ponies are for special kids.' That's what Mum would always say.
Besides, we're always moving round so she'd just get in the way.

But I would dream of ponies, all day and night as well.
A certain one called Ginger - but shhhhhhhhhhh, don't tell!

'Cause Mummy's always crying for we have such little food,
And we're always sleeping in the park. So sad is Mummy's mood.

I'll tell you how it started: the day Mum's eye went black.
All she did was cry and cry and said that Dad's gone back,

Back to where we used to live, a long long way away.
Very soon we packed and left and we were on our way.

That's when I saw a pony, a pretty little thing.
She was dirty and unloved and I was going to bring

My meagre food scraps for her to have a little bite
but there was never any left and we soon moved from that site.

But I remembered Ginger: her coat, her eyes, the lot.
I wished that I could clean her up, though I still remembered what

She looked like when I saw her first, when her eyes were locked with mine,
In that moment, time stood still and that suited me just fine.

I hope that she has found a home. Where her owners really care.
I wish there was a way to know, to see her somewhere there.

I want to find my Ginger. I have to find a way
To make that horse my very own, to love her, every day.

Until that time, I'll carry on and help my Mum along.
I'll be a good girl, every day; I know I must be strong.

But my homeless pony Ginger, will always be with me
And everything will be alright. Just you wait and see.

COLOURS

©Amy Bradfield written at age 12

Eenie, Meenie, Minie, Moe,
All around us colours flow,
Eenie, Meenie, Minie, Moe,
How can this be so?

Pink, Purple, Red and Green
And some colours that I've never seen.
Which one do I like the best?
Deciding this, is such a pest!

Pink reminds me of little girls
Whose hair is full of curls.
Purple is calm and steady
And makes me want to grab my Teddy.

Red is angry and fast
And gives me such a blast!
Green reminds me of the earth
And all the people that live around her girth.

Wait a minute,
now I know,
My favourite colour is,
the RAINBOW!

MY MATE

©Caitlan Klippel written at age 10

Who is my best mate? You may well ask,
she is someone who works with me every day
She does the work of three men, without pay
She shows great courage and has no fear
I'm never afraid when she is near
She forgives me when I yell; she never bears a grudge
She makes me laugh when she's covered in sludge
She understands me, especially when I'm sad
She sits and comforts me, even when I'm mad
She lies by my side all through the night
She sits on guard and could give you a fright
She looks at me with love in her eyes
My love for her is of no surprise
She's my companion, without her I'd be lost
I could never replace her, whatever the cost
Who is she? you may well ask
My best mate? Is my dog Tinker.



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**VENUE: CWA HALL, BETTINGTON ST
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GREAT AUSSIE READS

with Jack Drake



Most people interested in Australian history have heard of Daisy 'kabbarli' Bates, a rather colourful eccentric who lived in a tent on the Nullarbor Plain ministering to relics of the indigenous people of the area in the first half of the Twentieth Century.

Daisy Bastes has been held up as something of a saint but the real story of her complex personality has finally been told in *Desert Queen* – the many lives and loves of Daisy Bates by Susanna De Vries (Harper Collins Publishers 2008).

Coming from a dirt poor, bog Irish childhood, Daisy spun a web of fantasy about herself telling tales of a refined aristocratic background following her assisted migration to Australia.

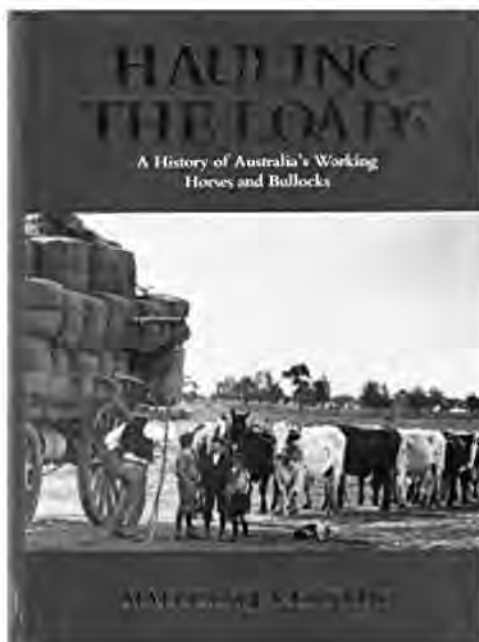
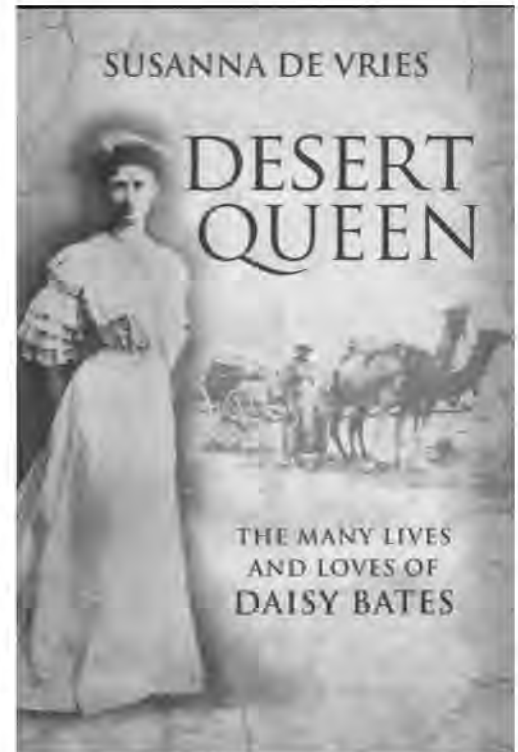
She married three times. Her first husband was none other than Breaker Morant. They deserted each other within weeks and Daisy went on to marry twice more with no record of any divorces in sight.

She had a son whom she left along with his father and seemed to flit through life from one escapade to another either unable or unwilling to take a backward glance.

On the plus side she did show genuine concern for the plight of remnant Aboriginal communities. Her contribution to researching and recording the life and customs of indigenous Australians was considerable and her writings are a valuable, if not always totally accurate, research source.

I have known of Daisy's rather convoluted personality for a while due to my good friend researcher, Jim McJannett. Susanna De Vries received a great deal of help from Jim and has acknowledged this by dedicating the book to him.

The credit for putting this fascinating piece of history in book form, is all Susanna's however, and she has done a marvellous job of putting the facts and fantasies of Daisy Bates' remarkable life down in a very readable form.



More great Aussie reads at
www.outbackbooks.info

The history of rural and urban Australia, and by association, Bush Poetry, has been influenced by the horse as much and probably more, than any other single entity.

Hauling the Loads – A History of Australia's Working Horses and Bullocks by Malcolm J. Kennedy (Melbourne Uni Press 1992 and later C.Q.U. Press 2005) is the most complete account available of the arrival and subsequent progress of horses and cattle in this country.

The book explores in great detail, how horses and bullocks provided transport and motive power from the first fleet until the complete takeover of motor power in the last half of the 20th Century.

Kennedy has explored all facets of the part played by beasts of burden in the exploration and development of Australia from European settlement to the advent of motorised transport. The book is masterfully researched and is a 'must read' for anyone interested in horses, transport and Australian history.

If I have a criticism of *Hauling the Loads*, it would be that the author is an academic who obviously has little or no practical working knowledge of his subject. However, he has made no claims in this direction and it is only an old bushie like myself who would pick up the occasional deviation from Australian terminology and practical knowledge of bush horsemanship.

As a work of research, *Hauling the Loads* is certainly the most complete treatise written about a fascinating and romantic era in this land's history.

Jack Drake

My Bloody Life!

© Glenny Palmer

“THAT BLOODY POSSUM” Episode 2.

sub-Episode 3250 of ‘Croc & Glenny’s Oscar Winning barneys.’

“Do you think my head zips up at the back!?” You can have the bloody lot on yer own! I’m orf... to the bush; with me one way ticket to Longreach!!

“Don’t forget yer boots!” Boing! Splat! (two size 11 German army boots connect with his departing head.)

And so...croc finally got to ‘go bush’ last night. But the ensuing 60 minutes of rare and blessed peace was sadly not to last. That bloody possum we thought had been permanently evicted, but whose cousin croc had unknowingly imprisoned in the dungeon behind my lounge room (and its sub-floor ceiling) went absolutely ballistic up and down the wall where croc’s newly installed electric wiring is. It was like world war 3 out there. I was fearful of him ripping out wiring, and at the very least, causing a fire. This was very problematic. I had very recently sworn on my Granny’s grave to never let croc back in...so pride and practicality were now in direct conflict. The booming crash of my expensive tins of paint facilitated a prompt decision...practicality! After all, I could always find another pair of boots to launch if the occasion arose.

And so...suitably humbled...and desperate, I made the humiliating call. To my surprise croc actually answered. Was it safe to just endure the possum pandemonium or not? Now I don’t know if it was remorse and/or his love for me, or the love of his electrical wiring work, that prompted his turning around to come back to deal with the emergency. What a man! Fancy foregoing this pristine opportunity to unmercifully gloat at my expense. Maybe I’ll keep him after all.

But I digress....

My newly adopted humble persona dictated the co-operative surrender of my treasured antique bird cage, aka possum trap...again. (that did hurt!) After sitting quietly together for 3 hours (amazing ain’t it?)...holding the string on the beautifully ornate ‘trapdoor’ of my treasured antique cage, behind which was my last surviving banana, we chucked it in and got stuck back into possuming today. What a saga. We...well he... eventually discovered just where Joey-poss was snoozing in the upper sub-floor, (“there you are you little f*#^er!”) and I got this bonza idea. I’d get my hair dryer under his furry bum & heat him out. So here I was on a ladder in the kitchen, heating up the ceiling, just below where he was curled up. It didn’t work. ‘Petticoat logic’ apparently. Then I thought if we could get hold of some chloroform we could put him to sleep & just pick him up. But Woolies don’t sell it. Then I thought maybe he could suck him out with the vacuum cleaner? Or maybe chuck a fishing net over him. Or...we could put some super glue at the entrance & he’d get stuck there & we could nab him. Croc wanted to remove the kitchen light beside where he was curled up, & get me to poke a wire at his behind....er...no! I thought it better to undo the light’s wiring & electrocute him....and the possum as well.

No. We were going to do it croc’s way....as usual...(can’t say my ways, though highly inspirational, were too good this time though.) So I then became chief light holder while croc teetered precariously on a plank, with his head at a 45 degree angle, peering into a sub-floor possum nest. He had told me how vicious possums are when threatened, & what long claws they have, so when it came time to poke him out....which meant he would come face to face with croc, (which was the best idea yet to scare the possum off) I was too frightened to stay downstairs in case he bolted up my leg & removed my face. Plus I didn’t want to witness a murder should it come to that. So, with associated blaspheming threats, croc poked a 10 foot star picket at him, upon which Joey became most unsociable and stuck his face out and hissed right into croc’s face. Croc ‘twatted’ him with a table leg. He took off out back in the dungeon, to croc screaming words at me I’d never heard before, for not ‘helping’. He kept that up for the rest of the afternoon, and harped on about my ‘rank stupidity’, so I suggested he finds himself a dirty big bikie bloke who has boobs & other ‘desired equipment’, as that would be his true soulmate. (He doesn’t seem to get that I’m actually a girl, & not that able to cope with mortal combat very well.)

So as far as I know the possum has shot through. He must have bolted out through the lounge while we were rather loudly engaged in this “communicating.”

Pray to God he has....along with croc... who’s gone bush again.

So that is the story of the possum... and how I came to have a migraine... & croc considering taking up booze again.

(I just thought how hellishly funny it would be if Joey Poss has taken refuge in the back of croc’s travelling van.....)

Competition Results

Dunedoo 18th Bush Poetry Festival

Written Winners

1st	She Only Speaks if You Listen	by Kevin Pye
2nd	September Skies	by Shelly Hansen
3rd	The 1926 Forrest River Massacre	by Max Merckenschlager
Highly Commended		
I Regret to Advise		by Kevin Pye
Commended		
Gone Metric		by Max Merckenschlager
The Glint		by Max Merckenschlager

Intermediate

1st	Jim Lamb
2nd	Jeanette Clarey
Enc	Kerry Sprigg

Yarn Spinning

Pa Kettle

Classical

Female		Male	
1st	Rhonda Tallnash	1st	Pa Kettle
2nd	Heather Searles	2nd	Terry Regan
3rd	Jacquie Warnock	3rd	The Rhymer from Ryde
HC	Lois Sanders	HC	Max Pringle

Contemporary

Female		Male	
1st	Rhonda Tallnash	1st	Pa Kettle
2nd	Cay Ellem	2nd	Jim Lamb
3rd	Jacquie Warnock	3rd	Max Pringle
HC	Heather Searles	HC	Don Clarey

Original Serious

Female		Male	
1st	Rhonda Tallnash	1st	The Rhymer from Ryde
2nd	Jenny Markwell	2nd	Terry Regan
3rd	Heather Searles	3rd	Max Pringle
HC	Jacquie Warnock	HC	John Seers

Original Humorous

Female		Male	
1st	Jenny Markwell	1st	Terry Regan
2nd	Cay Ellem	2nd	Max Pringle
3rd	Rhonda Tallnash	3rd	Pa Kettle
HC	Heather Searles	HC	Don Clarey

Overall winners

Female		Male	
Rhonda Tallnash		Terry Regan	

More Results Can be found on our Website www.abpa.org.au

The 'Meet and Greet' in the newly renovated Jubilee Hall on Thursday evening was witness by approximately 85 poets, friends and locals who came to listen to the many poets that took advantage of the 'open mike' poetry. St Michael's School children joined in the evening by singing several songs that they had been practicing for some time. Sing Australia also sang many tunes of Australiana in keeping with the theme, "Love of the Bush".

The bus trip set off on time on Friday morning to a woolshed, allowing the visitors to witness shearing. Although a common occupation in the country, many city folk have not witnessed actual shearing being done 'in the shed and under real conditions'. Following morning tea, the bus continued on to Coolah for lunch in McMaster Park. Following that, Cleon Pearson gave a historic talk on the 'old wooden' Presbyterian Church in Coolah. John Horne assisted, giving a local interest chat enroute back to Dunedoo.

Competition started at the Sports Club early with the Intermediate section. Five competitors took part with Jim Lamb from Young, winning with the Henry Lawson poem "The Bush Fire". Following on the always entertaining Yarns was won by 'Pa' Kettle, from Queensland.

Saturday morning started with the Classical Female section. Eight competitors competed with Rhonda Tallnash from Victoria winning from Heather Searles, Jacquie Warnock third and Lois Sanders, Highly Commended. In the Male Classical, Pa Kettle won Terry Regan second, 'The Rhymer from Ryde' third and Max Pringle, from Narrabri, Highly Commended. The Original Serious Female section was won by Rhonda Tallnash with her poem of 'The Shirt' second was Jenny Markwell, third Heather Searles and Highly Commended Jacquie Warnock. In the Male section 'The Rhymer from Ryde' first, Terry Regan second, Max Pringle third and Highly Commended John Seers from Padstow.

Saturday afternoon started with the Female Contemporary section, where Rhonda Tallnash again won Cay Ellem from Bribie Island second, Jacquie Warnock third and Highly Commended Heather Searles. In the Male Contemporary "Pa' Kettle won, Jim Lamb second, Max Pringle third and Don Clarey from Dubbo, Highly Commended.

The Saturday evening entertainment saw approx. 120 people in the Central School Hall witness great poetry by many artists. Kevin Pye from Mudgee was the winner of Written section with his poem 'She only Speaks if you Listen' and fortunately, Kevin was in the audience and was thrilled to be able to read his poem. Follow the Mayor opening the proceedings for the night, the Original Humorous Female section started. Jenny Markwell from Wangi Wangi won with 'Aqua Aerobic Hell', Cay Ellem second, Rhonda Tallnash third and Heather Searles Highly Commended. The Male Humorous was won by Terry Regan from Emu Plains, second was Max Pringle, third was 'Pa Kettle' and Highly Commended Don Clarey. We then had Des Kelly and Brenda Joy entertain us with several audience members being called onto the stage of assistance!

The Overall Female winner was again Rhonda Tallnash with Terry Regan also again taking home the Male prize.

Sunday morning again was at Jubilee Hall with egg and bacon breakfast and the 'Poets Brawl'. This was fun, with 15 poets for one minute with their title that they had acquired over the week-end. Heather Searles took out the coveted prize with her poem about a 'Brown Snake'.

We wish to thank the many volunteers that assisted over the week-end and we look forward to the 19th Dunedoo Bush Poetry Festival based around the first Saturday in March 2017.

Back in My Day

Bob Pacey ©

When I was young my Mum and Dad would bore me near to tears
how they had it tough as kids and got the strap
That's when I made myself a promise that there was no way in hell
that I'd subject my own kids to all that crap.

There was no way I would nag them about my childhood days
and all the things I had to do without.
But now I'm in my sixties I can't help but rant and rave
cause they've bloody got it easy there's no doubt.

Now I'm not a grumpy bastard but it fair gets up my wick
when I hear the young kids start to have a whinge.
Their phones run out of credit or their facebook will not work
fair dinkum mate it causes me to cringe.

They think they've got it tough cause they can't download a tune
to listen too with plugs stuck in their ear.
Or they had to catch the bus because no one could drop them off
and they're expecting me to shed a bloody tear.

I'll tell ya mate that's nothing and before you roll your eyes
I reckon you're as spoilt as you could be.
I used to ride my bike to school 10 miles either way
then did my chores when I got back home for ----- free..

The Internet was science fiction and we could only dream
that it might be invented in our life.
If we wanted to find info for a project for our school
We'd look it up at the library or get in strife..

We had pen friends that we wrote to from all around the world
and the letter took forever to arrive.
No e mail that traverses every where in space and time
Just to show the world that you are still alive.

There as no such thing as "time out" when we played up in our teens
We always knew the punishment in store.
The belt hung in the kitchen or the spoon was on the bench
And mum and dads rules really were the law.

No swearing was allowed and if we dared to break the rule
our mouths got washed with soap if we were rude.
No microwaves or blenders to prepare our food for tea
the stove was what we used to heat our food.

No mobile phones or I pads on which to sit all day
We played our games all outside in the sun.
And our music came on records that you only played at home
But only if you were the lucky one.

We did not have call waiting if you were talking on the phone
A busy signal then was all you got.
And we never knew just was calling we just had to take pot luck
there was none of this caller ID rot.

No mp3's or I pods no music downloads off the net
an old fashioned radio was all the go.
If you wanted to record songs you would wait around all day
and hoped the DJ played it on his show.

The television in the lounge room was the only one we had
and our parents picked the channel all the while.
And when we had to change the channel, we had to get up off our bum
and walk across to the TV to turn the dial.

Saturday was our day cause that was when the cartoons showed
And we'd all gather round to watch the show.
No designated channel that would run both day and night
No children's channel always on the go.

So I'll tell ya stop ya whinging you spoilt little brats
You've go it easy that is all that I can say.
You just don't know what tough is and I guess you never will
You would not last for five minutes in my day.

Hi Neil,

Thanks for all your efforts on our behalf. We enjoy the magazine and share as much as we can with our local Laggan Bush Poets each month.

We would like to bring to your attention that Laggan Bush Poets are separate from Upper Lachlan Poets who met at Crookwell. This is causing some confusion at our Crookwell Visitor Information Centre. As far as we are aware, the Upper Lachlan Poets are not active at this time.

Could you please note the monthly - 1st Wednesday night at Laggan Pub should be advertised as Laggan Bush Poets. Mike and myself are the contact as advertised and we are the only ones authorised to make any changes if and when required. All other details are correct.

No one is sure how, when and where the changes came about, but Laggan Bush Poets would appreciate you changing the details as mentioned above, as soon as feasible, so there is no confusion.

Laggan Bush Poets is flourishing and each month seems to get better. How this is possible we aren't sure but it really is because of the locals and visitors who turn up, even in our bleak winters, to share with everyone present. We have some talented poets and it is also encouraging to see new people feel at home and get up and have a go.

We had 26 present at our May meeting and if we drop below 15 on any given evening, it appears the dining room venue at Laggan Pub looks quite empty.

Many of our poets are performing this coming weekend at the Crookwell annual Bake N Brew .

This event is growing in popularity each year. This weekend the organisers have over 50 plus caravans/motorhomes booked in to the grounds, as well as into the Council caravan park. Many of our Poets (and musicians and friends who also attend our meetings) will provide entertainment on the Saturday afternoon, Saturday evening and at the Poets' Breakfast on Sunday morning.

The camp fire cooking and home brewers provide sumptuous fare for everyone attending and a huge bonfire will keep noses and 'toeses' warm and toasty on Saturday evening when temperatures will plummet, with frosty conditions forecast.

Thanks again for all you strive to achieve, it is no easy task, but we hope a rewarding and fulfilling one for everyone involved.

Kind regards and thoughts,
Elaine and Mike Delaney

MALLEE FARMER

©Max Merckenschlager

Another month of gripping drought and harvest hopes are dim,
while shrunken dams are drowning stock that haven't strength to swim
and cloudless skies are mocking blue from Lameroo to Palmer.
The benchmark for an optimist must be a mallee farmer.

Our paddocks wear a tinge of brown in place of waving flags¹
and reckoning is dropping fast to seed instead of bags.
Perhaps we should be swapping sheep for camels, goats and llamas —
more suited to this country of us battered mallee farmers.

Depression does its sordid rounds till saddened heads are hung
and comfort offers cold relief, when country bells are rung.
There's days you wonder "What's the point of changing from pyjamas?"
the work's become a grim charade for many mallee farmers.

Hot, slaking winds are whipping soils that swirl in devil-horns
to checkmate every move we make and rook our frantic pawns.
We're sure to pay for bushland chained — the signs are in our karmas
of buried fences we'll rebuild on dunes of mallee farmers.

Our stock are stripping gums of bark and epicormal shoots,
the frontline for survival of their ancient calloused roots.
We've done the priests and forecasters, the rain-dancers and sharmas;
if you're another humourist, indulge us mallee farmers.

'The bank' won't look us in the eye when passing down the street;
he has some bitter news at hand and wants us in to meet.
We're living on the razor's edge and hardly need this drama
it seems that God has given up His stoic mallee farmer.

And city folk — now there's the joke — they cheer when told "It's fine
for weekend country-touring or for tossing out a line!"
The weather-man in good books is a suave and gushing charmer.
Perhaps he'd like the drier wit of any mallee farmer?

Ah, what the hell ... perhaps we'll sell this lousy lump of dirt
and settle in the suburbs where the welfare cheque's a cert.
What's that? I hear a drumming on my corrugated armour.
YOU BLOODY BEAUT! I'm glad to be a dogged mallee farmer!

1 refers to the leafy "flag" stage of growth in cereal crops

BASIC GUIDE (to arguing with a woman)

© Brenda Joy 2015

Winner, 2016 *Oracles of the Bush*, Humorous Section, Tenterfield, N.S.W.

I wouldn't say that blokes are slow
but certain things they just don't know.
For instance they don't understand
the hidden language of each land.
Now 'Women Talk', that's what I mean --
a code for arguing that's been
a mystery to blokes world-wide.
So fellas! Here's your basic guide.
First word is '**Fine!**' It means, "I win.
You're wrong, I'm right, so just give in."

If you continue arguing
and ask "What's wrong?" this well could bring
the answer "**Nothing!**". Blokes, take care.
This word means something. So – beware!
This is the calm before the storm
and following the basic norm
a "**Nothing**" fight will end, no doubt
in "**Fine**" – and that means, YOU MISS OUT.
If she should give a long loud sigh,
she's hopping mad. You don't know why?

Perhaps she's asked you more than once
to do a chore. Don't be a dunce.
She means 'RIGHT NOW' so should she add,
"**Don't worry, I can do it!**" -- Bad!
She'll do it, BUT she won't be pleased
and woman's wrath can't be appeased.
So blokes don't do a foolish thing
like questioning 'cos this will bring
you back to "**Nothing!**" see above,
once more that means, NO LOVEY DOVE.

Now, let us look at "**Go ahead!**"
If you should do this, mate, you're dead.
It's not permission, it's a threat.
You'll be forever in her debt.
And if she shrugs with "**That's Okay!**"
she's working out just how you'll pay.
Then should she say, "**Whatever!**" mate –
your death would be a better fate,
"**Whatever**" means the bedroom door
could well be closed for ever more.

It's not all hard. Perhaps one day
she will say, "**Thanks**" but do not say
"**You're welcome**" if she adds, "...a lot"
'cos "**Thanks a lot**" means, "**You're a clot.**"
If she goes silent there's no chance
she's thinking of a nice romance.
Don't ask, "**What's up?**" That's salt in wound.
She will say, "**Nothing!**" Were you tuned?
If so, wind back to "**Fine**" and OUCH!
That's why, you're sleeping on the couch.

NORTH PINE POETS SHINE AT TENTERFIELD

Five members of North Pine Bush Poets entered the Oracles of the Bush competition this year all five got into the finals. What a great effort! Then to top it off, Mal Beveridge won the Looming Legend. If it had been state of origin it would have been great because seven of the finalists were from Queensland and another was born in Queensland. That leaves Paddy kicking for NSW and he belongs to North Pine. So come on the rest of you. Next year we set down a challenge to bring more of your club members to Tenterfield and remember, there's \$1017 prize up for grabs.

Photo : Cay Ellem, Barry Ellem, Mal Beveridge, Paddy O'Brien and Mick Martin



BREAKER

Barbara Nelson (May 2016)

Now Breaker is my cattle dog, but more than that, a mate
A kelpie cross, he has more brains than dogs I've owned to date
He seems to know just what I want before I say a word
Like 'Push 'em up' or 'Bring 'em on' it sometimes seems absurd

With 'Here to me' I barely speak before he's by my side
'Come-by', 'Right there', 'Lie-down' obeyed, he does it all with pride
We've worked together through the years, he's never let me down
When my wife died he seemed to know I needed him around

I swear he listens in when I am talking on the phone
He nods his head so wisely that I never feel alone
And just before the mail-man's due he races out the door
Meets and greets the guy, then brings the letters in his jaw

I have a son who works up north, I miss him every day
A chat with him so precious since his mother passed away
Old Breaker comes beside me when I sit to phone my boy
He rests his head upon my lap, I think he shares my joy

But the strangest tale I need to tell was when I had a stroke
And Breaker lay beside me while I thought that I might croak
As I collapsed, aware I could be breathing my last breath
I wondered how my boy would learn that I had met my death

Now Breaker's eyes were fixed on mine, I wished he could converse
And call my son to let him know, prepare him for the worst
I watched the dog as he sat up and slowly closed his eyes
And I passed out, not knowing I was in for a surprise

I've no idea how long I lingered till at last I woke
To find two ambos tending me, and weakly then I spoke
'How did you know I needed you? I couldn't telephone'
The ambos said 'Your son called us and said rush to your home

Your dog met us and quickly led us here to check you out
He'd pulled a blanket over you – smart dog without a doubt
We brought you round and did your obs and now we'll take a ride
The hospital is ready and the doctor notified

Don't worry, though against the rules, we'll bring your dog along
I reckon he's the reason you're alive, perhaps I'm wrong
But how on earth could your son know his father was in strife?
My feeling is somehow your dog has helped to save your life.'

Though many folk will think I'm mad, I'm sure as I can be
That Breaker accessed my son's mind, the way he does with me
Though some will scoff, deep in my heart I know this story's true
And we'll be mates until the end, now tell me, wouldn't you?

Rusty Regan Project

As a community project, Winton Business and Tourism Association (WBTA) has initiated a special project to improve and upgrade the grave of Russell (Rusty) Regan, who was the subject of Bruce Forbes Simpson's 1975 award winning poem "Vale Rusty Reagan".

Rusty was a local character within the Winton community back in the 60's and 70's, a drover who found hard times. He was typical of the ilk of loners who headed out west leaving their past behind, going on the road or scrounging odd jobs wherever possible.

Bruce Forbes Simpson also has a long association with Winton and has been a strong advocate for the Winton community. This project will ensure that Bruce's contribution to droving and bush poetry will never be forgotten.

Many poets have generously donated to WBTA's fundraising endeavour, and with Winton Shire Council financial and in-kind support, the project is now on track to be completed in 2016.

With **TED EGAN** as Patron of the project, and with the approval from Bruce Forbes Simpson, WBTA is pleased to announce the following details:

Proposed program:

Saturday 10th September 2016
WINTON

Unveiling of the Rusty Regan grave at the Winton Cemetery, 4pm

Followed by an evening at the Winton Club:

- * **Barbecue meal and drinks for sale**
- * **Open Mic for songs, yarn-spinning and bush poetry**

Donations can still be made via www.thebronzeswagman.com

Or just contact us if you would like to be involved in any way:

Graham Dean
0487 803 737 or wooka2@bigpond.net.au

**Come out to Winton:
Everyone Welcome!**

CURRY MERRY MUSTER BUSH POETS' BREAKFAST

The annual Curry Merry Muster Bush Poet's Breakfast is being held in conjunction with the festival on **Friday 5th August, at 7.30 a.m. in the Mary Kathleen Park, Cloncurry, QLD.**

Performance, Walk Ups and Bush Poetry Competition.

This year's breakfast will again be hosted by Brenda Joy.

If you want to let Brenda and Hal know you'll be there, you can contact them on halenda@live.com.au

For all other details contact the breakfast **co-ordinator:**

Kate Taylor, 0438 676 314 katetaylor33@live.com

Muster details are on www.currymerrymuster.com.au

HOPE YOU'LL COME

NEW WRITTEN COMPETITION

"THE BETTY OLLE POETRY AWARD"



- For traditional Australian rhyming poetry with an Australian theme.
- Open and Junior (12 years and under) sections.
- Open section - First Prize \$500 plus trophy.
Runner-up \$200 plus certificate.
- Junior section - First Prize \$100 plus trophy.
Runner-up \$50 plus certificate.
- Entry fee - Open \$10 per entry form (maximum of 2 poems)
- Entry fee - Junior section - free.
- Closing date - 15th August 2016.
- Entry forms and conditions of entry available from the ABPA website - events and results page.
- Conducted by the Kyabram Bush Verse Group in memory of foundation member Betty Olle.

The aim of the Betty Olle Poetry Award is to provide an opportunity for poets to share their work, to encourage the writing of new work, to acknowledge the skills of our junior poets, and to keep the spirit of Bush Poetry alive.

John Patrick O'Connor (1929-2016)

Poets will be saddened to learn of the sudden death of Jack O'Connor of Shepparton.

Jack suffered a fractured skull as a result of a fall whilst working in the garden at Ave Maria Retirement Village. The fracture caused an inoperable bleed on the brain and he passed away five days later surrounded by his loving wife and family.

Jack was born in Swan Hill. Soon after the family moved to a property on the Lachlan River at Euabalong. He loved the river and the bush and riding his horse to school. Lack of secondary schooling opportunities resulted in the family returning to Meath in the Mallee. Jack attended Assumption College, Kilmore where he excelled in athletics and football and made life time friends. He chose a teaching career, teaching at many country schools and playing and coaching football in several different leagues. He won several Club Best and fairest and played in premierships in Sandhurst and Rochester in the Bendigo League and Congupna. He was named in the side of the half century at Lalbert, Shepparton and Congupna. Not a bad effort for a boy who had never seen an Australian Rules games until he was nearly twelve. After football he played golf off a single figure handicap.

He married Fay Mooring in 1957 and had six daughters. He was a devoted father and encouraged the girls in sport, fishing, horse riding and education. In 1958 he moved to Shepparton teaching in several schools and was principal at Guthrie St, Shepparton and at Mooroopna.

Jack's love of poetry led him to the festivals and competitions where he and Fay and Tom and Desma became regulars. He competed from Bundaberg to Benalla and had success in both reciting and writing. He particularly loved Narrandera and Corryong. Jack loved the camaraderie of the bush poets and was always encouraging the younger and newer members. He is survived by his wife Fay and five daughters, his grandchildren, his brother Tom and two sisters.

He was a kind compassionate gentleman who was modest about his personal qualities; he was sadly missed by his family and many friends.

Thanks to Tom and Jack's family for the above information.

To those of us who knew Jack, know he exemplified bush verse and the traditions associated with it. When Jack and Tom were kids they would be enthralled to hear their mother's brothers (there were 7 of them) reading verse regularly around the table at the old farm at Euabalong. With an upbringing like that is it any wonder they had a passion for bush poetry. Both Jack and Tom always threw themselves into delivering the poems with passion and fervour. This same integrity, Jack applied to his work and his sport and his life. A country gentleman. Our thoughts go out to Fay and the many family members. Tom had his 80th birthday last January with some 200 attendees – a timely family get-together. RIP Jack.

.....Geoffrey W Graham



B I N A L O N G
**BUSH
POETRY
PRIZE**

Hosting the 2016 ABPA NSW Bush Poetry Championships

The program is designed for maximum enjoyment and to include poets at all ages and stages.

The festival opens on Friday 9 September at 7pm, and kicks off with novice and intermediate poetry competitions, and 'walk-ups'—for non-competitive poets and yarn-spinners.

The Saturday and Sunday programs include: Binalong Bush Poetry Prize competitions, which are weighted toward humour.

The program also includes, non-competitive activities such as music, time to relax and an opportunity to explore the township of Binalong.

Saturday night will feature our *'Celebrate Australia Concert'*.

The event has four competitive sections

- Written
- Open Performance: Classical, Modern, Original
- Intermediate and Novice Performance
- Junior Written and Performance

OVER \$5,500 IN PRIZE MONEY

Entry forms available at:

www.abpa.org.au or www.binalongartsgroup.org.au

E: robynsykespoet@gmail.com or P: 02 6227 4377

**CLOSING DATE FOR ENTRIES MON 1 AUGUST, 2016.
POST TO: THE COMPETITION CO-ORDINATOR,
PO BOX 100 BINALONG NSW 2584.**

(No late entries will be accepted).

9-11 SEPTEMBER

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.

"Laggan Bush Poets." 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

SINGLETON BUSH POETS. Meet at the Albion Hotel, John Street Singleton. 7pm on the first Tuesday of each month. Contact Neville Briggs 02 65711398.

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 :- Manfred - 0411 160510 or Cay - 07 34083219.

Kuripia 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 Janice Ebrington 0421941494

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.

Bribie Island Bush Poets meet at 6.30 pm on the 4th Monday of each month in the Conference Room of the Blue Pacific Hotel, Woorim on Bribie Island. Contact Cay - 07 34083219.

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

Henry Lawson Memorial & Literary Society Inc. - Meet third Saturday each month/except January. Monastery Hall St. rear St. Francis Church, Lonsdale street. Melbourne. All Welcome. From 1-30pm till 4-00 pm. Contact: Maree Stapledon: 0408 100 896

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.

AUSTRALIAN BUSH POETS

If you wish to find out more about the Australian Bush Poets Association, or if you are not already a member of the ABPA and wish to become one, please go to our Website www.abpa.org.au to download a membership form, or contact the Secretary secretary@abpa.org.au