

A.B.P.A.



Australian Bush Poets Association

Volume 23 No.2

April/May 2017



Lest We Forget





**WA Bush Poets
& Yarnspinnners**



Act-Belong-Commit
Toodyay
Bush Poetry
Festival

Hosting the
Australian Bush Poetry
Championships

Fri 3rd - Sun 5th Nov 2017

Proudly sponsored and supported by



For entry forms and more information, visit
www.wabushpoets.asn.au

or contact **Bill Gordon 0428 651 098**
president@wabushpoets.asn.au

Toodyay Hosts the Australian Bush Poetry Championships

WA Bush Poets are holding their annual State Championship in Toodyay on 3rd – 5th November, 2017. This year the **Australian Championships** are being held in conjunction with that event. Written entry forms and conditions are now available on ABPA website

Toodyay is situated 80km north-east of Perth, in the picturesque Avon Valley. Toodyay enjoys a rustic charm with a unique valley backdrop with the Avon River flowing through the centre of town. It is classified as a Historic Town by the National Trust. The town's architecture reflects its colonial and convict past, also offering an enviable array of charming studios, galleries, boutique shops, varied accommodation, wineries, eateries and family entertainment.

Toodyay is an excellent base from which to visit places such as New Norcia, Australia's only Monastic town, The Chittering Valley Wine Trail and Bindoon, famous for its citrus orchards. Midland is a comfortable hour away on the air-conditioned Avonlink commuter train, traveling through the spectacular Avon Valley National Park. More information about Toodyay, including accommodation can be found at www.toodyay.com Caravans and motorhomes check out www.toodyayholidaypark.com or www.toodyaycaravanpark.com

Some of the best Bush Poets from across Australia will be converging on Toodyay for the Australian Championships. Visitors to the Bush Poetry Festival can be assured of a feast of traditional and modern poetry in the style of the great masters Banjo Paterson and Henry Lawson. There will also be a concert on the Friday night and a family Bush dance on the Saturday night. **Everyone is welcome and there is no charge for any of the weekend.**

EDITORIAL



It is so good to see so many Bush Poets finally putting their hands up and sending me such a great array of Poetry. I was quite interested at the AGM in Tamworth in January to hear a comment from a member that they didn't think their poetry was of a good enough standard to send to me for publication in the magazine. It is, in fact, a great joy for myself and I'm sure for other readers, to have the chance to read a variety of poems and styles from a variety of poets.

As editor for a few years now, I have seemingly published submissions from a small collective group of poets (which has been a great support to me) and little from less known names. I am now collecting quite a treasure trove of Poetry to use in future Magazine, as space permits, and get back to more poetry content within the magazine keeping a balance with Poetry News and results.

A big thank you to those members who have been sending me regular material such as Jack Drake's Great Aussie Reads, Gary Fogarty's tributes to event organisers, Brenda Joy's submissions from our Poetry Kids and Glenny Palmer's articles.

So please, if you are a member, don't doubt yourself or your poetry and send it in to me for publication. There's nothing more stimulating to see your own work in print!

Also please note that all Poetry submissions, results, write-ups, Advertisements etc should be sent directly to me at editor@abpa.org.au as at present they seem to be getting sent to the Secretary, our Promotions Officer and even our Treasurer. This is a very good way for those emails to get lost in communication and miss being published.

Also a reminder to all Members and Groups that we have found it necessary to increase the price of advertising by a minimal amount to help cover increasing costs of Printing (including a sharp increase in paper costs). It has also been necessary to drop quarter page colour Ads as with the small amount of colour advertising we do, financially we cannot justify paying for an extra A4 page of Full Colour when only one quarter is actually in colour. The costing is the same as if the whole page was in colour. The new Advertisement Price Listing is below. All Ads published this Magazine will, of course, be billed under the old rates.

Neil McArthur

editor@abpa.org.au

NOTE:- Next Magazine Deadline for submissions is May 27th

ABPA Magazine Advertising Rates

ABN 17 145 367 949 ARBN: 104 032 126

Black and White Ads

Full page \$95

Half Page \$55

Quarter Page or less \$35

Full Colour Ads (Space limited)

Full Page \$240

Half Page \$140

Quarter Page not available

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, Word or PDF Format to editor@abpa.org.au

All payments to be made within 14 days to

The Treasurer Carol Hutcheson

ABPA Treasurer

48 Avoca Street

KINGAROY QLD 4610

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 2017^v

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Facebook Editors	Brenda Joy Pritchard & Shelley Hansen	promotions@abpa.org.au
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President's Report



Greetings to all fellow ABPA members and magazine readers. What a tumultuous month it has been here on the home front! The long, hot summer served us a grand finale of our very own Black Sunday...capping off the hottest summer on record. Fanned by north westerly winds and unprecedented 50 degree heat, a bush fire very nearly wiped us off the map. Saved by local and regional fire fighters, it was a very near thing. I got to see firsthand the incredible work that these men and women do. They literally risk their lives to save other people's properties. You only ever get to hear about the properties that are lost on the news...not the hundreds that are saved. They are heroes, each and every one of them, and having been up close and personal with them of late, I will sing their praises for evermore! No sooner had the soot and ash settled, then the rain started! And now...floods! I think Dorothea Mackellar said it best... 'Land of the rainbow gold, for flood and fire and famine...she pays us back threefold! We also got to see the famine this year...couldn't even grow a cherry tomato...(and they normally grow like weeds around here). Thankfully good old Coles and Woollies saved us from destitution and starvation.

Speaking of fires and poetry, I would like to extend condolences to Eric Beer and all those affected by the Dunedoo fires, which resulted in this year's cancellation of the annual Dunedoo Bush Poetry Festival performance competition. Many of the people involved with the festival have been directly or indirectly affected by these terrible fires. We wish Eric all the best and have no doubt that Dunedoo will be back next year, bigger and better than ever!

We have recently lost another legendary bush poet in Col Wilson, affectionately known as Blue the Shearer. Col was a prolific writer and will be best remembered for his scintillating wit that he seemingly managed to put into verse with such ease. Many of his poems are still recited by performers throughout Australia, and will no doubt continue to grow in popularity with his passing. If it's true what they say about rock and roll heaven having one hell of a good band, then it's a sure bet that there will be some extraordinary poets entertaining the masses in that heavenly realm.

Congratulations to Bob Pa Kettle, Ken Tough and Port Macquarie's very own Celia Kershaw for Banjo Paterson performance awards at Orange last month. On behalf of the ABPA, Thank you to Orange Rotary and Council, as well as Greg North and Rhonda Tallnash for judging. Congratulations also to performance winners at Milton Show... Ken Potter, Johny Peel, John Raine, Duncan McDonald, Mike Lavis and Col Defries. Corryong's annual Man From Snowy River Bush Festival and ABPA Victorian State championships are almost upon us. Kicking off next Thursday the 30th of March through to Sunday April 2nd.. Also we have Tenterfield's Oracles of the Bush, starting on Thursday March 30th through to Sunday April 2nd.(If you are reading this from the website posting, otherwise undoubtedly done and dusted by the time you get to see it in the magazine.) These are certainly both highlights on the annual bush poets' calendar and if you haven't been to one, (as Molly Meldrum used to say)...Do yourself a favour! With the cancellation of Dunedoo this year, Corryong and Tenterfield are bound to be inundated with Poets and visitors, so it would be wise to investigate accommodation beforehand.

Thank you to our outgoing committee vice president Hal Pritchard, Treasurer Shelley Hansen, and committee members Johny Peel and Robyn Sykes. Our new committee met for its inaugural meeting last Thursday. Criteria and rules for Poetry Anthology were discussed, but a lot of work still needs to go into formulating the details regarding this. An increase in magazine printing fees was also discussed, of which I am sure Neil will elaborate more on in this edition. Also discussed was the eligibility of performance poems being performed at National level. Any poem having won at National level would be deemed ineligible for further National performance competition.

Our new treasurer Carol Hutcheson has taken over the reins from Shelley Hansen and is already making great inroads into much needed fund raising for the ABPA. Cold, hard cash is what we need to survive as an organisation and what better way to do it than with good old fashioned chook raffles. My only worry here Carol, is that with modern day snail mail, those 'chooks' will be well and truly thawed out by the time a winner receives them. (Just kidding). The prize will actually be of assigned \$400 value to be collected from a preferred retailer, and a little more precious and non perishable than a 'chook'. How good is that? She is hoping to run one of these every few months. Tickets will cost \$5 each and will be issued by email or self stamped envelopes for those without email. To comply with Queensland gaming rules, there will be a limited number of 400 tickets in each raffle. Cheques and direct deposits are needed. Paypal is not acceptable. I am earnestly asking all members to support Carol wholeheartedly with this! It is imperative that we all get behind her to ensure the longevity and indeed the very survival of the Australian Bush Poets Association. This magazine, that we all enjoy so much in hard copy, is becoming increasingly cost prohibitive to produce in today's world of excessive, exorbitant printing and distribution costs. I believe that without this magazine in hard copy, the ABPA will just fade away into cyber space and lose much of the momentum that our stalwart, founding members have established since its inception. Many organisations and associations like ours are struggling in today's economic climate and the ones that are surviving quite often resort to the good old 'chook raffle'. I have seen many football, cricket, soccer and life saving clubs over the years continue and indeed survive in this manner. The raffles are the life blood that keeps them running. Sponsors and donations are needed to get this up and running. Can you please contact ABPA TREASURER Carol Hutcheson.... on ph 074 1625878 or at treasurer@abpa.org.au

Well that's all from me until the next edition.

In Poetry,
Tom McIlveen

The Folding \$tuff

- ✍️ 80% of membership fees goes to producing our magazine: the balance stretches between various fees, running ABPA shows and competitions, supporting poetry groups, & more = 140% of income.
- ✍️ We are officially drought declared and the tanks badly need filling.
- ✍️ The Famous Australian **Chook Raffle** is alive and we are going for it, starting soon, ALL by email (or SSAE+chq+30c) & bank dir/deposit.
- ✍️ It is customary for the **prize** to be **donated** so I need **donations** from you all to total **\$400.00 to start** or a sponsor with \$400.00/s.
- ✍️ Our **Limited Issue Chook Raffle will raise \$2000.00** each time: the \$400.00 prize assigned to the winner's preferred retailer (rules apply)
- ✍️ **400 x \$5.00 tickets** each raffle then consecutive ones for six mths.
- ✍️ Run in accordance with Qld and NSW Gaming Rules and audited.
- ✍️ I will **email everyone** on our list inviting you to participate as soon as the prize money is raised - the email from me is not a scam.
- ✍️ **Bendigo Bank** is being approached for sponsorship for other stuff.
- ✍️ Our **Public Liability Insurance: 10 spaces left, or we pay for them.**

Hello from Carol Hutcheson your family friendly and transparent Treasurer, keeping members aware of how your money is used and the need for more, how we are going to get it and help you to get some from your own efforts.

Email me: treasurer@abpa.org.au Ph: 07 4162 5878
Write: 48 Avoca Street, Kingaroy, Queensland. 4610
Bank: BSB 633 000. A/c: 154842108. Ref: Your Name.

Brain Food

I invite you to try your hand at this, email it to me, as it will help you win that prize money. Winners next mag. This A. B. Paterson poem is written in specific metre and abab end rhyme. The 'money' word in it is 'pelf'. Use the same metre and same rhyme pattern to write four lines using these 'money' words: for **Seniors** the word is: **bawbee**; for **Juniors** the word is: **dough**.

Extract from 'The Walgett Episode'

Then he smiled a smile as he pouched the pelf,
"I'm glad that I'm quit of them, win or lose:
You can fetch them in when it suits yourself,
And you'll find the skins - on the kangaroos!"

Letters To The Editor

. Dear Neil

Firstly, thank you for your splendid efforts with the Magazine. You have taken it strides ahead from the place our dear friend Frank Daniels had maintained, to a Magazine I am proud to offer to newcomers to read (and return). Since the loss of my dear Wayne, I have had to sell my house and have passed my collection of several years (downsizing) on to other members of the Illawarra Breakfast Poets but still receive, with delight, my copy bi monthly.

Six months have passed and I am now living, comfortably, in the new Marco Polo aged care facility at Woonona... + I will soon be connected to the internet - you know that fast, available to all, NBN computer world, - and I will also soon be contactable by land line. (The construction type of this building does not allow mobile reception).

As I have really been "off the air" for six months it occurred to me how more and more competitions are relying on their email addresses for the place for writers to get entry forms etc. I have not been able to do this and, even though I haven't been writing much, I feel I am about to get my second wind. Perhaps competition secretaries will include a daytime phone number for those like me (still off line) to contact for details. For old friends - it is possible to leave a message on my old mobile number and I can get back to you.

Neil, keep up the good work and with some luck I may be able to begin again to be an active member of our association.

best regards..
Zondrae King

Dear Ed, please feel free to disregard my words and do what you do so well. I thought this pic was OK, the story worth telling and the message important.

I don't like to push myself out there so much but for those reasons, I am OK with it. High profile allies for bush poets are hard to find and Gary's message is better told by others sometimes, that is to say, in support of his message.

Y'vette D'ath presented Mick with a cheque for \$250, which he requested in lieu of payment, for his Australia Day poetry performance. The cheque is for the Royal Flying Doctor Service. Y'vette was intrigued by the poetry and is a self confessed fan of Australian poetry. The truth is, Gary Fogarty is to blame! At a workshop in Bundaberg, Gary told that we degrade the value of our own work and that of well

known writers/performers if we do not charge appropriately . "I have rarely done public poetry performances free since that time. It is a good lesson to learn, in my opinion. There are good poets out there trying to earn a living by performing their craft in public. We are really doing them, and ourselves, a huge disservice if we either perform badly or do a show free. We place our own value on what we present"

There will be many that either don't want to charge or don't feel confident enough to ask. Mick urges all performers to consider Gary's words and ask him to do a workshop for your group on "ethics in bush poetry".

Cheers
Mick Martin



"Queensland's attorney general Y'vette D'ath and Mick Martin at the Lions Club of Kippa Ring Qld. Australia Day celebrations".

OLD COUNTRY HALLS

© Will Moody

Winner 2017, Dunedoo Bush Poetry Competition – Serious Section

All those 'Big City' halls where they hold fancy balls
when the upper-class make their debut
built of granite and glass, massive doors, polished brass,
they are big and impressive, it's true.

But there's many, like me, who'd be quick to agree
that when ghosts of the past come to call
it's a fairly safe bet that the scene would be set
in the grounds of an old country hall.

But the years have moved on... nearly all are now gone,
having served their communities' needs.
But a few still survive thanks to locals who strive,
backing up their brave words with good deeds.

Take one typical case... it's a much cherished place
that a high scarp enfolds in its arms
where a forest once grew. Now its river winds through
down a valley of neatly fenced farms.

There are only two roads and they meet where the goads
of the bullocky once pricked the hide
of the beasts in his team, as they forded the stream
one road crossed and one ran alongside.

At this old crossing place, time has scarce left a trace
of the hamlet that once used to stand
where the forest recoiled as the pioneers toiled,
carving out a new life on the land.

Just a church and a hall and some gravestones are all
that remain for the tourist to see
as they're towing their vans 'cross the bridge that now spans
where the bullocky's ford used to be.

Though the village is gone, local hands carry on
with the work of preserving their hall,
giving what they can spare to maintain and repair,
lest this relic should crumble and fall.

And the ghosts of the past, to my fancy, hold fast
to the history these walls enfold.
Oh, if these walls could speak, could we just sneak a peek
at the scenes they have witnessed of old!

Lit by kerosene lamp, safe from cold and from damp,
see the dancers retreat and advance.
See the bashful lads blush as they ask in a rush
"Would the young lady care for a dance?"

From the fiddler's bow come the songs they all know
with a bush bass providing the beat.
Then a squeeze-box joins in to contribute its din,
while a tin whistle tries to compete.

Now the older folk waltz with occasional false
steps as silk dresses rustle and sway
to the lilt of a song that makes grandparents long
for the home that they left, far away.

Now another day dawns on the neatly kept lawns;
on the fence rails, like birds, children perch.
There's a wedding in hand and the well-wishers stand
as the newly-weds walk from the church...

...to the hall that's now decked out with all you'd expect:
there's white ribbons and gold wattle boughs.
There are white table cloths drawing flies, bugs and moths.
while the music's supplied by the cows.

But the gathered crowd care not a bit, for it's there
friends and neighbours and kin join as one
in community pride to salute a new bride
and her groom, as they always have done.

Then our ghost pioneers share a day drenched in tears
that are shed for an old comrade's sake.
For he'll come back no more from that faraway war
and the old hall is dressed for his wake.

And the plaque on the wall of the old country hall
gains a new name to add to its list.
A community grieves. Sorrow under the eaves
of the hall where their laughter is missed.

The community shrinks as, increasingly, links
with the past become rarer each year.
Those first settlers are gone and, as time marches on,
signs of wear on the old hall appear.

As our phantoms retire from these scenes they inspire
leaving shadows to dance on the walls,
echoes ring down the years from those dour pioneers
who bequeathed us our old country halls.

But those few that remain are revived once again
by the loyal and hard-working few.
And the shadows we cast mix with those of the past
as our bush band strikes up right on cue.

So I offer my thanks to those thinly manned ranks
who are holding time's progress at bay.
We salute one and all. May your old country hall
stand for many and many a day.

Will has very kindly donated his total prize money (\$150) to our "Sir Ivan" Bushfire Appeal. The Organisers were very touched by this very kind gesture of goodwill and I am sure the people affected will appreciate also.

A Veteran at Twenty Five

©Peter Mace 2016

Chad stands before the mirror as he pins his medals on,
And prepares to join the ANZAC celebrations.
Thoughts return to comrades lost and blazing desert sands,
The heat, the dust, the endless operations.
A voice calls out behind him as he prepares to march,
"Wearing your Fathers Medals" a lady cries.
It is not the first time and it will not be the last,
He smiles and lets the comments pass him by.

Five years of active service, it may not seem so long,
Until you hear this young man's gripping tale.
The term "Uncommon Soldier" is one that comes to mind,
As he recounts his feats in great detail.
Five thousand men applied to join the "Special Forces"
That number would be whittled down to eight.
Trained to be Commandos, the fittest and the best,
That training would determine our man's fate.

First tour of Afghanistan at the age of twenty two,
In the battles to defeat the Taliban.
Coming to grips with children being used as human shields,
In the border regions up near Pakistan.
It was on his second tour, yet another four week stint
Seventy K's away from Tarin Kot.
With Chad the forward scout, they came under heavy fire,
The searing pain, he knew that he'd been shot.

A bullet through his groin that blew half his arse away,
Still held onto his weapon, only just.
As his mates sought to protect him, and to stem the flow of blood.
With the bullets striking hard into the dust.
He lay there with a broken leg, shrapnel in his gut.
With the temperature touching fifty five.
A prior one, he heard them say through the racket and the pain.
The code he knew, "Unlikely to survive"

The Yanks sent in a chopper that would save this young man's life,
Flown to hospital in Kandahar.
Medivaced to Australia, six months recuperation,
But how he missed his pot plant and cigar.
Whether for unfinished business or a simple stubborn streak,
One more tour of Afghanistan, his last.
Medically discharged at the age of twenty five,
With all the skills and memories that last.

As we sit and hear his story midst the peaceful Aussie bush,
Of mates who gave, well, all that they could give.
One can just be thankful men like Chad put up their hands,
So that we may live the life we choose to live.



Several years ago, some service medals were found at a local rubbish dump. They had belonged to an old man who had died recently and it brought home to me the fact that the casualties of war were not all confined to the battlefield. And so I wrote:

THE GHOST OF PRIVATE BROWN

© Bill Kearns

"Deceased Estate" the notice read and "everything must go",
A house and worn out furniture was all there was to show
That old John Brown had lived at all, he died sometime last year,
This final chapter written by the local auctioneer.

The sale was not a big event and didn't take too long,
Worn out people bought the worn out goods and mainly for a song.
A battered cardboard box was left and a dried out greenhide whip,
And the auctioneer's offsider dumped them at the local tip.

I was down there when he dumped it, I was dumping rubbish too,
And as I passed the broken box, I saw a flash of blue.
I wondered what it might contain in idle speculation,
But the contents of that cardboard box were quite a revelation.

Some tarnished service medals and some ribbons I did find,
And a letter from a soldier to the wife he'd left behind.
These pitiful reminders of some sixty years ago
Were all there was to tell the tale of a man I didn't know .

For John had heard the call to arms and served his country well,
But he didn't find adventure, Private Brown walked into hell.
With five good mates from his home town he'd set off for the war,
With a patriotic vagueness of what they were fighting for.

But cut to bits by shrapnel or a bullet in the head,
By the time the war was over all of Johnny's mates were dead.
And as each soldier met his end and gave the sacrifice,
A part of John had died as well, for that was Johnny's price.

Just an automatic soldier he survived from day to day,
But why he tried to stay alive, he really couldn't say.
And when the war was finished and he'd faced his last attack,
His spirit stayed with those who died and just his ghost came back.

He came back to his wife and son and tried to start again,
But where his spirit once had been was now just endless pain.
And a man without a spirit lives his life in disarray,
For though he loved his wife and son, he drove them both away.

In aimless desperation he just drifted 'round this land,
Tormented by the demons that he couldn't understand.
His nightly sleep was fractured by the sounds of bloody battle,
From the fearsome crash of mortar to machinegun's deadly rattle.

John was wearied down with age and condemnation of the years
As he battled with his demons and a flood of unshed tears.
He lived his final years away in total desolation
Between the pub and his verandah in lonely isolation.

So I picked the medals up for I thought this was a disgrace
That the local tip was to become their final resting place.
They deserve a place of honour as befits a soldier's life,
For they represent a life laid down and not the years of strife.

For many soldiers left their spirit on the battlefield,
And carried to their graves, those painful wounds that never healed.
So may the memories of ghost soldiers like old John Brown stand tall,
For in many ways ghost soldiers paid the highest price of all.

Gary Fogarty continues his Tributes to Festival Organisers. Do you have a person or group you feel needs to be acknowledged? If so then please send them in to the magazine.

Trisha Anderson

Some people dedicate an enormous amount of time and effort into the organisation and continuation of one Bush Poetry event or another, and this is very commendable. Others like Trisha Anderson become serial contributors, stepping up to the plate over and over again, at different events, all aimed at promoting the genre we all love.

Trisha's first major contribution to the organising of Bush Poetry Events was the running of successful evenings at the beautiful, Heritage Listed, Palma Rosa house in Hamilton (Brisbane). Seven or eight times a year for 15 long years, Trisha invited 1 or 2 poets (and or singers) to provide the entertainment for relaxed, enjoyable evenings in this remarkable Brisbane house. Over that 15 years Trisha worked extremely hard to develop and expand a list of Brisbane based Bush Poetry lovers who proved over and over that they would support good quality Bush Poetry shows. Money from these evenings went towards paying the entertainers and also into the restoration and preservation of this iconic house. Only the sale of 'Palma Rosa' in 2010 brought an end to these popular evenings.

The Brisbane Royal Show (the Ekka) has included a Bush Poetry component in their entertainment schedule now since the early 1990's, when one of their own Committee members was responsible for the early organisation and running of a Bush Poetry Competition and performances. When that Committee member stood down in the mid 1990's Trisha Anderson was head-hunted by the Ekka Committee to continue organising Bush Poetry each year in August.

For 10 days each year 4 to 5 half hour performances are presented by a roster of about 15 poets. On top of this there is a competition, catering for both adults and schoolchildren and Trisha is the driving force, organiser and promoter who has pulled it all together for approximately 15 years now. It is a big job and thankfully Trisha is determined to see the tradition continue for years to come.

It comes as no surprise to Bush Poetry enthusiasts that women contribute as much, if not more than men to our genre, but there is only one single event I am aware of that caters 'exclusively' for women.

The Poettes Show has run successfully at the Tamworth Country Music Festival for the last 17 years. Again with Trisha Anderson in the driving seat this show has evolved to the stage where it can attract crowds in excess of 100 (which is no mean feat at Tamworth) and in the process highlight the wonderful talents of our female poets. The show has had a colourful history with numerous venue changes over the years and many would have given up when confronted with some of the many teething problems. Trisha can now laugh at running the show from the middle of a Bowling Green, from a dirty, dusty, manure filled room at the Showgrounds and from a Tea Shop that nobody could find, but the fact that this show now days runs successfully at St Edwards Hall is testament to her strength of character, her belief in the concept and her commitment to Bush Poetry. The shows not only give our female poets their own platform but showcase poetry written about women, poetry written for women and poetry written by women. The show which runs at each year's Tamworth Festival is on the last Friday and is open to any performing female Bush Poet in the country.

Trisha Anderson, take a bow, your contribution to three long running Bush Poetry Events has been amazing. Two of these events are ongoing and we wish you well as you continue to wave the Bush Poetry flag proudly.

DUNEDOO Bush Poetry Festival CANCELLED

Sadly, the Dunedoo Bush Poetry Festival Performance Competition, scheduled for 3rd - 6th March, will not be held. Eric Beer, the Co-ordinator, advised that it was a majority decision taken recently by the Festival Committee following the current and on-going effects from the very recent bush fires in the Dunedoo region. Many people involved with the festival have been directly or indirectly affected by these severe fires and it was felt that the community was unable to go ahead due to these circumstances. Blaze Aide volunteers are currently in the district offering support to those who have endured loss and hardship. The Written Bush Poetry Competition has already been judged and winners will be announced on 3rd March. Results and reports will be circulated after that date.

The ABPA appreciates the position and how difficult it was to come to this decision, and thanks Eric Beer for his considerable pre-festival background work. Also the Dunedoo Festival Committee and the Dunedoo and District Development Group are thanked for the support they have given to Bush Poetry over the years. May the blessings be towards the continuation of Dunedoo festivals in the future.

The Day The Music Died at Mt Beauty Music Festival

Mt Beauty Music Festival, Rollo Kiek hopes the decision to abandon the Mt Beauty Music Festival in 2017 is a "clarion call" to the community to re-invigorate the festival that began as the Mt Beauty Music Muster. PLANS for this year's Mt Beauty Music Festival have been abandoned – financial losses, fewer venues and difficulty attracting key volunteers putting an indefinite hold on the event. Organisers say ticket sales and sponsorships have halved in the past five years. Organising committee chair Rollo Kiek, who has been a part of the festival since its inception 17 years ago, said they had decided the event should go into recess until 2018. "Despite the artistic success of the festival, this year we lost a considerable amount of money and have insufficient funds to embark on another festival with due probity," he said. "How can we sign contracts with artists when we can't guarantee that we can pay them? Compounding the lack of financial security is the loss of key people in the festival's administration due to other commitments."

BOBBY IS BACK

© Tom McIlveen

Winner, 2016 Serious Section, ABPA WA State Championship, Toodyay WA.

When our Bobby returned from that terrible war,
he was broken and scarred to the bone.
He'd folded his swag with a bunk on the floor,
and had slept in the dairy alone.
When the demons were gone, he'd emerged from his cave
looking wasted and woefully frail...
and borrowed a razor to lather and shave
from a bucket he'd found in the bail.

In a calico shirt and his new dungarees,
he'd resembled the rest of the crew...
and though he'd appeared to be sound and at ease,
he was hardly the Bobby we knew.
There were shadows that darkened the china blue eyes
that had once been unclouded and warm,
and lurking behind his complacent disguise
was a phantom devoid of all form.

He would tremble whenever the demons would come
from the blood-spattered trenches of France,
and welcome them in with a bottle of rum,
as he drank himself into a trance.
They would taunt him with images, faces and smells
of the dying, the dead and decayed;
from Pozières down to the bowels of Fromelles,
where the bones of his comrades were laid.

He would cringe in the darkness as shrapnel would burst
in the trenches surrounding his shed,
and scream at the shadows who cackled and cursed
with the voices inside of his head.
When the shelling was over and finally done,
and the smoke of the battle had cleared...
he'd sleep with his hands on a make-believe gun,
till the demons had all disappeared.

I would stop by his shed, on my way to the yards,
with a billy and afternoon tea,
and though we would bond over checkers and cards,
he'd remained like a stranger to me.
He would try to amuse me with verses of song
he had learnt in some faraway land,
but blunder the words as he shuffled along
to the beat of some mystical band.

I was only a kid, but I soon understood
that our Bobby was losing his mind.
He'd fought for a cause that was noble and good,
but had left something sacred behind.
He had traded his innocence, conscience and soul
for a medal, a stump and a peg...
and somewhere in France, in a desolate hole,
they'd interred what was left of his leg.

He had shown me the mess that the doctors had made
with their scalpels and carpenter's saw,
then wept for the lads of the Fifteenth Brigade
as he knelt by his peg on the floor.
He would ramble and rave to remember a name,
when his memory started to clear...
then bury his head in confusion and shame,
till their faces would slowly appear.

He would then introduce me to some of the boys
who'd been spared from the horrors in store...
for midst all the carnage, the chaos and noise,
they had died on Gallipoli's shore.
There was Billy from Brighton and Andy from Bell,
and another named Jindabyne Jack...
and some other bloke who'd been struck by a shell,
in the very first mortar attack.

Now that Bobby is back, he can always be found
in the bars of our local hotels...
still cursing his peg as he stumbles around
from Le Pozières down to Fromelles.
Though the fighting is over and freedom restored
to a world that has suffered and burned –
I wonder if history books will record
that our Bobby...has never returned.



AUSTRALIAN WAR MEMORIAL

Boyup Brook Country Music Festival - Bush Poetry Report

Bush Poetry is alive and well in Boyup Brook. 1100 people turned out for the Sunday morning Bush Poets breakfast, slightly down on previous years, but still well over a third of the total festival audience. Fourteen local poets presented an excellent two hour program before handing over to Robyn Sykes and Dave Proust for the final hour. Proust and Therese were in Boyup Brook in 2010 and festival goers have been pushing me to have him back. They were not disappointed, and his duets with Therese were particularly popular.

Robyn showed why she was the 2012 Australian Female Champion with her energetic presentations leaving people half her age gasping in amazement. Robyn and Dave combined to give very interesting workshops on writing and performing. With each having a very different style, the workshops showed the diversity that exists in bush poetry.

In all there were four other events that featured poets in action, including the Friday morning at Harvey Dickson's Country Music Centre, undoubtedly the most unique venue of its kind in Australia. Proust was MC for that show, and was put to the test when the power failed as things got underway. He ad-libbed for 15 minutes while power was restored, and set the scene for a great morning's entertainment.

Heavy rain in the preceding week brought a major flood in the Blackwood River. This led to the hasty construction of a levee bank to protect the stage in the Music Park, but unfortunately this venue had to be abandoned for the weekend. A temporary stage was set up on the adjoining hockey ground as the show must go on. The support from the shire and the community in making this happen reinforces my belief that Boyup Brook is a great place to call home.

Meg and I would like to thank all the poets who attended and helped make this the most enjoyable and one of the best events on the bush poetry calendar. Our farm becomes a campground for the festival, and we all enjoyed the company of an extremely harmonious group of friends among the WA bush poets.

Thank you also to the sponsors, without whom we would not be able to bring poets over from the eastern states. Being able to perform alongside the likes of Dave and Robyn and to benefit from their workshops has lifted the general standard of WA poets for many years now. Boyup Brook Farm Supplies, Primaries Wool, Elders, CSBP and John Rich Real Estate have been sponsoring us for some time now and their support is greatly appreciated.

Bill Gordon Bush Poetry Co-ordinator

REPORT POETRY COMPETITIONS 2017 MILTON SHOW

Despite inclement weather the poetry competitions and award giving ceremonies at the 2017 Milton show were very successful. The performance competitions were held in the marquee at the JNA THOMPSON TAVERN with juniors commencing at 9:30 AM followed immediately by the presentation of their awards. There was a good group of young performers and they were excellent and entertaining with their performances.

The open performance section started around about 11 AM and once again the audience was entertained by a range of top performances and across a broad spectrum of authors including some well presented and well written original poems. The awards for this section were presented by showgirl contestant Caylie Wise.

There was also a competition for written poetry set to this year's shows theme which was OUR FEATHERED FRIENDS and although we would have liked to have seen a greater number of entries once again the quality of the entries was great. The awards for this particular competition were given out after the awards had been awarded for the open performance competition.

Competitors for the open competition came from a variety of areas including Wollongong, Tumut, Canberra, Bungendore, Sussex Inlet, St George's basin as well as a contingent of local performance poets and of course the junior performers were all local kids and all of their parents can be very proud of the way their children performed and conducted themselves.

As well as having excellent poetry performances we were also entertained by singer and guitarist Peter Dawson who was a great hit with the entire audience and I'm pleased to be able to say that Peter will be back again next year.

At this stage it is envisaged that the performance competitions will be held once again at the 2018 Milton Show.

Attached is a list of all winners of awards.

POETRY COMPETITION RESULTS 2017 MILTON SHOW

JUNIOR PERFORMANCE

- 1ST LUCAS MCDONALD
- 2ND TILLY GRAVENOR
- 3RD LILY MILFORD
- 4TH FREDDIE GRAVENOR
- 5TH CHLOE GRABIA
- 6TH LORCAN UNSWORTH

OPEN PERFORMANCE

- 1ST KEN POTTER WOOLONGONG
- 2ND JOHN PEEL TUMUT
- 3RD JOHN RAINE SUSSEX INLET
- 4TH DUNCAN MCDONALD ULLADULLA
- 5TH MIKE LAVIS CANBERRA
- 6TH COL DEFRIES ST GEORGES BASIN

WRITTEN COMP

- 1ST BETTY WHITE ULLADULLA
- 2ND BETTY WHITE ULLADULLA
- 3RD JOHN RAINE SUSSEX INLET
- HIGHLY COMENDED JOHN RAINE SUSSEX INLET
- COMENDED LILY MILFORD ULLADULLA



Chinchilla Melon Festival - Bush Poets At Work!

The rural town of Chinchilla is reeling, the perfect storm of the prolonged drought and the severe downturn in the resources industry have impacted dramatically on this country community.

Amazingly, and as testament to the underlying strength of this country community, anyone in town for the iconic Chinchilla Melon Festival on the 18th and 19th February would have seen none of this as the entire community banded together to welcome an estimated 18,000 visitors. Those visitors would have seen a dynamic vibrant town at its very best, enthusiastically extending a warm welcome and providing a Festival Program packed with energetic activities and entertainment for every age group. It is little wonder that this Festival sits proudly in the list of the top five tourism events in Queensland.

A part of the program from the very first Melon Festival, Bush Poetry is still a major contributor to the entertainment mix. Hosted by Gary Fogarty, and joined this festival by Ray Essery and Bill Kearns, the two Bush Poets Breakfasts on Saturday and Sunday mornings played to record crowd numbers again this year and justified the Committee's policy of always engaging only the very best of our performing Bush Poets.

With audience numbers at record levels, all three of the poets reporting good product sales and an immediate booking from the Festival Committee to have Bush Poetry as part of the next Festival in 2019, everyone involved was more than happy. Perhaps the best news however was the subtle change in the demographic of the audience, there was a large percentage of 'Bush Poetry First Timers' and, most pleasingly, a noticeable contingent of younger (late teens to early thirties) people watching, listening to and enjoying performance Bush Poetry. It was a strong reminder that our Bush Poetry community must continue to work diligently at attracting and entertaining new audiences and promoting our genre in a positive light at every opportunity.



Australian Bush Poets Association - ABPA



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LONE PINE LAMENT

A Poem by Trevor Bryant. © Music by Bill Eime

A young wife mourns the death of her husband, killed during the disastrous Anzac attack on the Turkish trenches at Lone Pine, August 1915.

Oh, you seemed so young and free when you went to war that day,
Full of courage knowing you were right.
As you held me in your arms you said you wouldn't stay,
You'd soon be back to warm my lonely night.
But you knew not what lay waiting in the hills above the sea,
In the little cove they call Gallipoli.
No you knew not what lay waiting in the hills above the sea,
In that little cove they call Gallipoli.

Long will I remember the day the message came.
The ANZACs stormed the summit at Lone Pine,
They told me you were wounded in a burst of cannon flame,
And died before the morning sun could shine.
And they lay you in the hillside beneath that lone pine tree,
In the little cove they call Gallipoli.
Yes they lay you there with honour beneath that lone pine tree,
In that little cove they call Gallipoli

They told me of your courage and the pain you had to bear,
And promised me it hadn't been in vain.
Then they granted you a medal that you will never wear,
And told me it would ease my grief and pain.
But a hundred shiny medals cannot bring you back to me,
From the little cove they call Gallipoli.
No, a hundred shiny medals won't bring you back to me,
From that little cove they call Gallipoli.

Now so many years have passed, and the time has brought you fame,
For a nation needs its heroes so it seems.
But every year in April as they salute the ANZAC name,
I mourn for all our wasted hopes and dreams.
They lie with you forever in that far off cemetery,
In the little cove they call Gallipoli.
Yes, our dreams are lost forever in that far off cemetery,
In that little cove they call Gallipoli.



SOLACE

© Brenda Joy

Winner 2017 Open Bush Poetry Competition – Boyup Brook Country Music Festival, WA

I am lying here beside you
as your body's wracked and heaving
with your laboured, rasping breathing
as you face the throes of death.
How I've prayed, as trials have tried you,
for a deeper understanding
but the hurt's been too demanding.
Now I wait your final breath.

While my heart is full of sorrow
for I know we'll soon be parting
and the grief's already starting,
I am flooded by my tears.
With the dawn of the tomorrow
I'll be left behind without you
and the things I've loved about you
will be lost to lonely years.

No more joyful reminiscing
of our sunlight days of laughter
and our plans for 'ever after'
in our grey, nomadic years
Oh the closeness I'll be missing
on the farm and in our travels
Now the thread of life unravels
and my hopes have turned to fears.

My protective arms enfold you
but your struggle's all-consuming
as the call of death is looming
and survival forces wane.
Though my heart cries out to hold you
with its beating I am bleeding
tears of anguish. I am pleading
your release from earthly pain.

As the pastel dawn is breaking
I can feel a peace ascending
and your final battle's ending.
Now your body's lying still.
Yet there can be no mistaking –
I can sense your new-found glory
as you start another story
in attune with Spirit's will.

Now I know you're in God's keeping.
Though my tortured heart is grieving
I'll find solace from believing
in the life that lies beyond.
So despite long years of weeping
all the sorrows will be righted
when once more we're reunited
through love's everlasting bond.

Anzac Poems from OUR POETRY KIDS

THE DAY I WENT TO WAR

by Abbey Jones

(St. Joseph's Catholic School, Tenterfield, NSW)

I sailed away from shore
excited to go to war.
That will change when I arrive,
my only goal – to survive.

As I galloped up the hill
hoping not to be the next kill,
I leapt off my great black horse
ready to use great force.

The sergeant yelled "ATTACK!"
The enemy started back
but soon ran straight ahead
with guns shooting hot lead.

After many years it was done.
Britain and the allies had won.
We got back on the boat –
there was no need to gloat.

For now, we were on our way
to see what Australia had to say
to the people who saved the land.
The nation extended a grateful hand.

Everyone is proud to say they are
and we all are from Australia.

© 2015, Abbey Jones (at age 12)

I MISS YOU

by Ashleigh Druett,
(Florey, ACT)

I remember the times
when we used to smile
but now that you're gone,
it hasn't happened for a while.

I'm sure that you miss me,
because I do too
and in my heart,
I'll always love you

You've missed all the cuddles
and you sure missed the kisses,
but in my dog's eyes
you're the one that he misses

© 2012 Ashleigh Druett, A.C.T. (at age 9)

ME AND YOU

by Courtney Ford

(St. Joseph's Catholic School, Tenterfield, NSW)

I'm proud to be an Aussie '
cause I'm real true blue
I thank God for the ANZACS,
they died for me and you.
They did it hard, they did it tough
they must have been made from real
Aussie stuff.

They fought miles away in Gallipoli
risking their lives to save you and me.
They were lonely, they were scared
but they battled on being brave
thinking of the people they had to save.

Down in the trenches all night and all day
they must have wanted to be miles away.
One hundred years, how time has flown
fighting for us,
what bravery they've shown.
If it happened again, what would we do?
Who would stand up to them –
would it be me and you?

©2015 Courtney Ford (at age 10)

LOSSES

by Ashleigh Druett,
(Florey, ACT)

We've had some losses yesterday
and we've had some the day before
but this person's very special to us,
so we can't give up no more.

We've had some tears and cries
from the pain we've lost so far,
but now the lord will give us energy
so we can always see in the dark.

We've had some trouble seeing
but we can't give up just now,
we'll have to cope in the end
and then we'll take our bow.

But we won't do it on our own
we will work together as two
and if the prayers do not work
you will know we will always love you.

© 2013 Ashleigh Druett (at age 10)

BILL and JACK'S NEW ZEALAND ADVENTURE

On Thursday 23rd February this year, Aussie bush poetry opened the National Rally of the New Zealand Motorhome and Campervan Association in Nelson, New Zealand.

Poets Bill Kearns and Jack Drake were contracted to entertain a thousand plus crowd at Richmond racecourse near Nelson in the north of New Zealand's South Island.

The show had a distinctly Aussie feel, opened by a very accomplished didgeridoo player who entertained for half an hour before Bill and Jack gave most of those present, their first taste of Australian Bush Poetry.

The crowds was great and feedback from the organisers said "The Poets' performances were the highlight of the event."

HENRY LAWSON IN PATCHWORK

Sandy Gordon, an extremely talented lady from Motueka in the South Island of New Zealand, has reproduced Will Dyson's famous portrait of Henry Lawson in Patchwork.

The patchwork portrait was displayed on stage during Bill Kearns' and my recent show at the New Zealand Motorhome and Campervan Association's National Rally near Nelson.

We had the opportunity to view the work close up at the home of Sandy and her husband Peter Gordon, who is a huge Lawson fan and is one of the most knowledgeable people regarding Henry's history particularly relating to the poet's time in New Zealand, I have met.

Sandy shares Peter's love of Lawson and poetry in general, and her portrait in patchwork is a work of art and a wonderful tribute to one of Australia's truly great poets.

Sandy explained the process behind her work to me. "The image was digitised which produced a paint by numbers type image. From this, I used 5 different shades of brown to white fabrics which were cut in many hundreds of shapes, then applied onto a base fabric. The portrait was then built up by extensive free motion stitching to enhance the image."

Bill and I were blown away by the portrait and Sandy's huge talent so I thought we should share it with the rest of our ABPA members.

Jack Drake



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In early 2015 I was asked to pen and recite a poem for the rededication of the memorial grave of Major General Sir Cyril Brudenell Bingham White, which is situated in the cemetery of the small township of Buangor, 15 ks east of my home town of Ararat.

The family provided me with a small amount of information, which was greatly appreciated because I, like many Australians, had never heard of the man. Once I began my research I was amazed that this military hero had received little or no recent recognition at ANZAC Day or Remembrance Day ceremonies, or indeed was not a household name in the country he so brilliantly served. However the more I learned about him, the more I came to realize that he would be more than comfortable with his relative anonymity, such was the nature of this humble, but truly great Australian.

NB: the last 4 verses are a short poem, written by an anonymous digger, which was published in the Melbourne Herald in 1918. The "Birdy" he refers to is Lieutenant General William Birdwood, under whom General White served in the WW1 campaign at Gallipoli.

Ode to the Quiet Bloke

©Colin Driscoll – 3/15

When we think about the Anzacs and the sacrifices made
When we visit those memorials where brave young souls are laid
When the bugler plays The Last Post on a frosty April dawn
When we vow "Lest We Forget" and then bow our heads to mourn

Please, spare a thought for one man who seldom gets applause
A quiet man who gave his all in honour of the cause
A mastermind of strategies, a military might
A local true blue hero, is our Major General White

He was born up in St Arnaud, but when he was 5 years old
His family moved to Queensland, round Gladstone so we're told
He went to school in Brisbane, keen to join the Bar
But he never got to follow in the footsteps of his Pa.

He started out his working life in a Brisbane Bank
From there he joined the military, Lieutenant was his rank
But he yearned for something greater; he yearned to make his mark
The inspiration for the journey on which he would embark

First marriage, then to England, where he learnt the art of war
Then success saw him seconded back to Australia's shore
Where he oversaw the makings of our military machine
The AIF, the bravest troops the world has ever seen

But not without its problems, and not without a fight
Convincing politicians that they had to do this right
He knew this fledgling country couldn't send its troops to war
Unless they'd been prepared like they'd never been before

His planning was meticulous, his strategies were sound
They had to be before these men set foot on foreign ground
He joined ranks with New Zealand, and with that treaty sworn
Our boys sailed off to join the war; the Anzac legend born

They fought for King and country on far off distant shores
In Egypt, France, Gallipoli, the war to end all wars
And as those brave young diggers were taking up the fight
One man was fighting for those men, our Major General White

He stood up to the British and he questioned their command
To many men were sacrificed each time they made a stand
He'd seen it way to often; none more than Suvla Bay
Where one hundred years of waves and tears can't wash that blood away

But undoubtedly his finest hour, in his own words, not mine
Was withdrawing eighty thousand troops away from the front line
From Anzac Cove and Suvla Bay they sailed into the night
The Turks were none the wiser, thanks to Major General White

Known to all he served with as a leader and a friend
A dedicated service man right to the very end
A truly great Australian, yet renowned by very few
Some say the greatest soldier this country ever knew

And he walked within the shadows of more decorated men
Whose deeds have been recorded by the wielder of the pen
None more than in the writings of one Charles E W Bean
But I quote this little poem, June 28th, 1918.

The poet bloke wot writes about the good that Birdy's done
He mighter said a word about the man behind the 'gun'
I'm not referring to me mates nor cobbers from a fight
But just about the quiet bloke, our Major General White

Old Birdy'e was fair enough when things were going good
E'd oof it round the trenches and e'd ask about our food
No rooster was more game than 'im, e'd go where no man goes
But 'e's too enthusiastic in offerin us for shows

And when a stun's fair started old Birdy didn't mind
You'll find 'im potterin round in front or possibly behind
Twas plain to us the clever 'ead that's needed for a fight
Was plannin in the old chatoo; our Major General White

We done a lot for Birdy an' we 'elped 'im on a few
An' e's gathered in the limelight, but give a bloke his due
And when the tale is proper told with censors put to right
You'll learn the Anzac champ-i-on is Major General White



We Must Maintain Standards in Written Competitions

By DAVID CAMPBELL

The ABPA assessment sheet for written poetry competitions requires that successful entries should demonstrate a "clear mastery of metre". However, as an ABPA accredited judge, I'm seeing some pretty clear evidence that in some cases this requirement seems to be open to a range of fairly liberal interpretations. We face a serious problem if "clear mastery" is now being interpreted as "Oh well, as long as there's some sort of metre in evidence, that'll do".

This is an important issue. If standards are set they need to be adhered to, because that is the basis on which opinions are formed about a craft like ours. If they're not upheld in our major written poetry competitions, then where are they upheld? If those standards appear to be slipping, bush poetry suffers, and competition reputations are damaged as well.

For me, "clear mastery of metre" means that the poet has to be demonstrably in complete control of the metric structure of a poem. There can certainly be variations within a poem, but they need to follow an identifiable pattern. So "clear mastery" does NOT mean a haphazard mix of different metres, nor does it mean random combinations of masculine and feminine line-endings. If I see a poem with quite erratic metre in a written competition I wonder why the writer didn't take a bit more time to get it "right". Is it carelessness, a case of not considering it important, or a lack of understanding?

If we're going to overlook faults like these it creates a real dilemma. Where do we draw the line? Do we also accept poems that pay little attention to accurate rhyme? In other words, do we ignore basic structural weaknesses and let other factors (storyline, for example) be the major determinant of a result? Remember that judges deal with a poem as it appears on the page. There is no opportunity to ask the poet what he or she meant, or how it should be read, or whether suddenly switching metres was deliberate or not. We have to make an objective assessment of the degree of skill on display. And the guidelines make it quite plain that if "clear mastery" is not there, the poem should be penalised.

Either metre and rhyme are the foundation stones of our written competitions or they are not. There is no half-way house. One of the great challenges (and joys) of bush poetry is trying to create a free-flowing narrative within the constraints of metre and rhyme. That is what needs to be recognised and rewarded in a competition. It's sometimes argued that we should relax the rules in order to make things easier, to encourage people to "have a go". That's fine in the learning phase, if you're writing for your own pleasure, or perhaps in the junior and novice sections of a written competition. But improvement comes with learning how to iron out the kinks. And if that improvement isn't fostered and encouraged, if the public example isn't set with our open competition prize-winners, then it won't happen.

Another argument I've seen is: "Who cares about a couple of mistakes, as long as it reads well?" Two points. Firstly, I'm not talking about "a couple of mistakes", but poems which are consistently out of kilter metrically, giving the impression that the poet is simply unaware of what he/she is doing. And secondly, it is quite possible for a poem to be very untidy in terms of metre and yet still make a good performance piece. Performance can hide all manner of technical sins. (Elsewhere in the magazine is a poem called Metric Madness which illustrates the sloppy approach to metre which I'm criticising. In a performance, its faults could easily be disguised.)

And finally, it needs to be recognised that those poets who do put time and effort into getting a poem's metre strictly correct are only going to be discouraged if they see prize-winning poems with very undisciplined metre. Imagine running a marathon and discovering at the finish that the place-getters had been allowed to take shortcuts. The likely response will be: "Why bother entering again?"

Metric Madness

© David Campbell

This metre is a funny thing
(de-dum-de-dum-de-dum-de-dum).
If done just right then stanzas sing
(de-dum-de-dum-de-dum-de-dum).
But it can often drive me crazy
(de-dum-de-dum-de-dum-de-dum-de)
when poets seem to get quite lazy
(de-dum-de-dum-de-dum-de-dum-de),
with feminine line-endings tossed
(de-dum-de-dum-de-dum-de-dum)
quite randomly, for what is lost
(de-dum-de-dum-de-dum-de-dum)
is confidence there's recognition
(de-dum-de-dum-de-dum-de-dum-de)
that poetry for competition
(de-dum-de-dum-de-dum-de-dum-de)
requires some thought and lots of care
(de-dum-de-dum-de-dum-de-dum)
or you'll leave judges in despair
(de-dum-de-dum-de-dum-de-dum),
and wondering why more precision
(de-dum-de-dum-de-dum-de-dum-de)
was not employed, with some revision
(de-dum-de-dum-de-dum-de-dum-de).

And the same is true, it must be said
(dum-de-dum-de-dum-de-dum-de-dum)
of the folk who make me see quite red
(dum-de-dum-de-dum-de-dum-de-dum)
by mixing up their metric feet
(de-dum-de-dum-de-dum-de-dum),
with some, like this, iambic beat
(de-dum-de-dum-de-dum-de-dum),
whereas some will be trochaic style
(dum-de-dum-de-dum-de-dum-de-dum),
and a bit of fun for quite a while
(dum-de-dum-de-dum-de-dum-de-dum),
but perhaps, in good time, it might be
(de-de-dum-de-de-dum-de-de-dum)
anapestic that tries to break free
(de-de-dum-de-de-dum-de-de-dum),
and then throw in a feminine ending
(de-de-dum-de-de-dum-de-de-dum-de),
and it's clear that the message you're sending
(de-de-dum-de-de-dum-de-de-dum-de)
is that metre is far from exciting
(de-de-dum-de-de-dum-de-de-dum-de).
and so anything goes when you're writing
(de-de-dum-de-de-dum-de-de-dum-de)|

Midnight Cenotaph

© Ron Boughton Oct. '14

A cenotaph; that could well be,
in any Australian town,
Beckoned me on midnight's crown:
by a symbolic flame that burned within
And there the hair raised on my skin
As next to me so grave and thin
Stood an old digger of rigid chin,
sad eye and wistful frown.

He spoke then in a voice of soul,
to 'never glorify war!'
Those words of cognition raw:
there spoken aural borne as to evoke
A stream of solemn tears that choke
As if war victims blood did soak
All his memories! silently bespoke,
of horrors that he saw!

His words transfixed as then he told,
how too much Hollywood
Had misplaced, misunderstood:
the legacy of wars affliction decreed
As truth would never dare impede
The hero's win at record speed
Who atop would stand for dollars greed;
silent graves of the good!

And those survived of broken mind,
and spirit not intact
Shake their heads of brazen act:
to wonder wherefore is honours demand,
And why documentaries planned
Of rehabs. maimed and burned, were banned
And the traumatised all classed offhand,
by those who would detract!

Do not tarnish, don't commercialise
the ultimate sacrifice!
Was his message, his advice:
as, is not the wont of powers that be,
For damage done to what degree
To the regs. or naive draftee
They do not account, instead foresee,
as numbers to suffice!

He vanished then, in silent flight,
an apparition I had seen,
Who rejoined in spectral scene:
the ghostly ranks assembled, thousands strong
Whose flesh and blood did once belong
Upon this earth until the wrong
Of wars vile and tuneless sullen song,
did humanity demean!

THE VETERAN

©TOMAS HAMILTON 27/12/2016

Most of you will know me, for I have a familiar face
Amongst the childhood photographs, I would not look out of place
I put my age up to enlist, for that there is no shame
For of all those who followed me, you'll find some did the same

In Gallipoli and the mud of France, I received my education
A generation cruelly lost, the pride of this great nation
I know not where they lie, those who gave their all
Names consigned to history, names found on a wall

All too soon I volunteered, when the bells of war again did ring
You'd thought I'd learned my lesson, but I hadn't learnt a thing
All across this planet, I marched and sailed and flew
Till a fragile peace was restored, under the mushroom cloud that grew

Some see me as an angel, dressed in nursing attire
You think I served behind the lines, away from the deadly fire
But my sisters fell on a sandy beach, or beneath an oceans swell
Yet you are slow to recognise, they gave their lives as well

Korea was a hellhole, as cold as it was hot
Some called it a police action, the one the world forgot
Bunkered down in a blizzard, I knew it would not be long
Before the blaring of a bugle, would herald the screaming throng

I served in unofficial wars, from Malaya to Borneo
Firedog and confrontation, are code words few will know
An enemy defeated, but it still came at a cost
Just a minute's silence, for all the mates I lost

I next went off to Vietnam, and to this I must confess
Once again I had been conned, to clean up France's mess
Now in my senior years, I'm left in little doubt
I didn't lose that bloody war, my country sold me out

Then for over twenty years, I knew peaceful times
I spent my days giving aid, and clearing deadly mines
When locals see me, I banish all their fears
For I can bring them solace and dry the children's tears

I deployed to the Middle East, Australia's longest war
And returned to find the black dog, growling at my door
Now I pause and say a prayer, for those who gave up hope
Our nation has forsaken them, the ones' who did not cope

It's just my Aussie nature, part larrikin part lout
And I've dragged my weary arse, from Suvla to Tarin Kowt
Though I now have all the coms, like emails, skype and text
I scratch my head and wonder, where in hell they'll send me next



GREAT AUSSIE READS

with Jack Drake



Samuel Marsden is something of an enigma in Australasia. Here in Australia he is remembered as "The Flogging Parson" while across the ditch in New Zealand, he has achieved almost saintlike status as a saviour and advocate of the Maori people.

Very Strange Tales. The Turbulent Times of Samuel Marsden by Bill Wannan (Lansdowne Press 1962) tells the story of this convoluted character from our days of early settlement.

Bill Wannan was a prolific recorder of Australian history in the mid twentieth century and *Very Strange Tales* is probably the most complete treatise on the mysterious Mr. Marsden. The Reverend Samuel Marsden began his career as a clergyman in Yorkshire. Prior to that he had been an apprentice blacksmith until he came under the influence of the church. He arrived in Sydney aboard 'The William' in 1794 to fill the post of Assistant Chaplain.

Marsden was described as "of unprepossing appearance, his ruddy face marred by shrewd unkindly eyes, a slightly bulbous nose and a mouth that in its down turning thinness suggested a lack of humour and cruelty".

In *Very Strange Tales*, Bill Wannan shepherds the reader through the early days of Botany Bay and Sydney and how it affected Marsden and his subsequent career. He also digresses from the main theme to describe other events in the history of Australia and New Zealand.

Marsden was definitely a paradox. A pious churchman, industrious farmer and judgemental wowser on one hand. He also dabbled in gun running, bootlegging and the collection of human heads. *Very Strange Tales* is very worth reading.



As 2017 marks the Centenary of the Charge at Beersheeba, it is appropriate to review a work on the Light Horse written some time ago.

"*Light Horse to Damascus*" by Elyne Mitchell (Hutchinson Publishing Group 1971) tells the story of the Australian Light Horse campaign in what is now the Israel, Jordan, Lebanon and Syria region.

The late Elyne Mitchell, author of the children's books, "The Silver Brumby" series, was the daughter of General Harry Chauvel who led the Light Horse in the Middle East. Told through the eyes of Dick, a young Light Horse trooper and his horse 'Karloo', "*Light Horse to Damascus*" is aimed at a younger audience, like the bulk of her work.

However, it is just the sort of work that could inspire our younger members and friends to write, and as a work of historical fiction, is well worth a read.

I picked the book up in a second hand bookshop in Grafton a while ago, and thoroughly enjoyed it. The Chauvel family's history is a proud Australian story and it is interesting to note that they have a four generation connection with another prominent Australian family.

The person trusted to escort Harry and the rest of the Chauvel boys from their home at Tabulem in the Clarence River valley, to boarding school in Warwick, Queensland travelling on horseback, was the great, great grandfather of "The Man", Anthony Mundine.



More great Aussie reads at
www.outbackbooks.info

Jack Drake

Wombat Bush Poets

Wombat Bush Poets enjoyed a great day out performing at the Yeoval Banjo Paterson Museum as part of the annual Banjo Paterson Festival held at Orange in March each year. The 5 hour program included a presentation by the Reserve Bank on the new \$10 note, no free samples though. As with the old note Banjo and Dame Mary Gilmore are featured along with some impressive new technology.

At the lunch break Chris Gryllis, a greek migrant and developer of the Banjo Paterson Estate in Nth Orange, made the official handover to the Yeoval community of the Banjo Paterson Hat. The Banjo Hat will be a great asset to the Banjo Paterson Bush Park which is situated opposite the Yeoval Banjo Paterson Museum. We all enjoyed the lovely camp oven lunch with proceeds going to the local community.

The Wombat Bush Poets to make the journey were David Styles, Ted Webber and Jim Lamb. Freda Harvey, fresh from her Tamworth experience, Greg North, the feature poet at this years Banjo Paterson Festival and Don Swonnell, who performed at the Henry Lawson Cave, were made honorary Wombatiens for the day. Two members of the Parkes Vintage Car Club did well in the open mic session. The very appreciative audience stayed until the 3pm finish and were asking for more however we had to wrap it up and skedaddle back for a 7pm start at the Wombat Hotel.

Wombat Bush Poets meet at 7pm at the Wombat Hotel for poetry, music and open mic. Last Sunday of even months except December. Contact Ted Webber 0459 707 728



Cheers,
Jim.

Saving The Earth?

(c) 2014 Manfred Vijars

Our Earth is in crisis so Mankind declares.
But Earth's been around over four billion years
and around and around and around and around.
And the things She's gone through are simply astounding,
rebounding from crisis to crisis.

Earthquakes, volcanoes, reversal of poles,
solar flares, sunspots, as onward She rolls
cosmic rays, meteors, magnetic storms,
massive upheavals, extinguished live-forms
and the Earth's self-renewal continues

It's a hundred odd thousand since Man first saw skies
a mere two hundred years to industrialise.
The wheels of our industry constantly grind
extracting and building and now we find
we've created a great rubbish dump !

Earth's not in crisis - Mankind's in the pinch.
For all our destruction the planet won't flinch.
We're at war with ourselves, defiling our worth
and our arrogance says we'll look after the Earth?
We can't even look after each other.

Earth's not concerned about winning or war
She's roll on around and around evermore
renewing each cycle while fixed in Her place,
a speck in the Universe - vast empty space -
A cradle for Civilisation??

And when mankind is gone and no longer around
The earth will keep rolling around and around
now rid of it's fleas - once more She'll rebound -
and our civilization? Couldn't get off the ground!
... So, The Universe will have to look elsewhere ..

Autumn Dawn.

© Nick Hancock

A glorious sunrise feasts the eyes, as I stretch to greet the dawn,
Filtered through golden mottled leaves, an autumn morn is born.
Brahman cattle peacefully graze, in pastures blessed with rain,
The sleeping campfire smoulders, awaiting life again.

A kookaburra sits silently, warming to the sun,
Whilst Apostle birds chatter noisily, their bustling day begun.
My faithful Kelpie beside me, resting gently against my leg,
A bond of love between us, without a word being said.

A lone Pied Butcher settles, upon a scorched ash tree,
A magnificent solo chorus... enjoyed... by no one else but me.
Hidden amongst the tree tops, migrating white winged trillers,
Seeking daily sustenance, from grubs and caterpillars.

Distant wallabies bound along a fence, seeking passage hidden,
The barrier guarding new sown crop, from which they are forbidden.
I bask in spiritual pleasures, each unique, in its own way,
Nature's beauty surrounds me...at first-blush, another day.



CHUNUK BAIR

by Jack Drake © 31.1.2016

There's an ANZAC story begging to be told in rhyming verse.
Gallipoli held nothing good, just very bad and worse.
We invaded, fought and died there, failed and had to go
But men forged the ANZAC legend there a hundred years ago.

The tales of grit and courage on that barren piece of coast
Were spawned in death and bloodshed never one in idle boast.
New Zealand's sons won glory there in anguish and despair
When the kiwis took the high ground in the night at Chunuk Bair.

Stark and unobtainable, rocky, steep and bare
Beetling over ANZAC Cove stood lofty Chunuk Bair.
The Turks were dug in solid there to give our forces hell
As battle bedlam drifted out across the Dardenelles.

Mounted Rifles and the Maori boys were leaders of the charge
Up the Rhododendron Spur against the Turk barrage.
They cleared it for the main assault. Command was out of touch.
They ordered Auckland in the breach but they were not enough.

The Wellingtons were ordered up that slope of one in three.
Eyes upon the ridge top. Backs to the Aegean Sea.
General Johnson told the troops to gird their loins and go
But the Wellingtons commander gave a hard emphatic "No".

A Lieutenant Colonel led them by the name of Bill Malone,
A scholar and a farmer with a jaw like blasted stone.
He was known to be fussy and his views on 'brass' were bad
But his men all called him 'Molly' and loved him like a Dad.

He overrode his orders with a fierce colonial pride.
"I refuse your daylight sortie. My men won't suicide".
"Throw men up there in shooting light. There'll be none left to fight.
My men are brave, not stupid. We will take the ridge at night."

And they took it in the darkness with the bayonet and the knife.
The Turks who fled from Chunuk Bair did so in fear of life.
They waited there for daybreak when the guns would seek them out
Digging in securely to defy the Turkish rout.

They took that ridge and held it in the face of Turkish guns
On Chunuk Bair that desperate day, those kiwi mothers' sons
Lost their lives in hundreds paying dues for country gained
Over seven hundred men went up. Just seventy remained.

They held the ridge 'till nightfall on that fateful August day.
But Gods of War decreed that there was one more price to pay.
Was it chance or something else? Some dark unholy powers?
Malone lay dead. The shell that got him....it was one of ours!

The kiwis handed Chunuk Bair back over to the Brits.
Survivors straggling down to base damn glad to call it quits.
Turkey's future President retook the ridge next day.
Nothing gained but a butcher's bill New Zealand had to pay.

On heights of Chunuk Bair today, two monuments stand high.
A tribute to New Zealand men against Aegean sky
And a statue right beside it to commemorate the works
Of a great man – Kemal Ataturk, Commander of the Turks.

And Kemal stands reflective in a contemplating pose.
His image seems suggestive of someone who really knows
What happened in those desperate days for he himself was there
When the kiwis took the high ground in the night at Chunuk Bair.



2017 DUNEDOO BUSH POETRY FESTIVAL

WRITTEN BUSH POETRY COMPETITION - RESULTS

Conducted under the auspices of The Australian Bush Poets Association Inc.

Open Serious

- 1st Will Moody - Old Country Halls
2nd Tom McIlveen - Bluey
3rd Terry Piggott - Top Camp - 'Up in the Devil's Lair'

Highly Commended

- Tom McIlveen - A Snowy River Tale
Will Moody - Driftwood
Terry Piggott - The Lady Of The Lakes -- 1

Commended

- Tom McIlveen - The Wild One
Tom McIlveen - Won't You Come?
Tom McIlveen - Jimmy
Shelley Hansen - The Legend Of Leichardt

Open Humerous

- 1st Shelley Hansen - Lost For Words
2nd Tom McIlveen - When Irish Hearts Are Happy
3rd Wendy Seddon - Love Electronically

2017 BOYUP BROOK WRITTEN POETRY RESULTS

OPEN:

- Winner
'SOLACE' - Brenda Joy

Highly Commended

- 'WONT YOU COME' - Tom McIlveen
'THE JUMBUCK DRAMA CLUB' - Shelley Hansen

Commended

- 'WRECK OF THE YONGALA' - Wendy Seddon, NSW
'FROM GALLIPOLI WITH LOVE' - Tom McIlveen
'A BOVINE WORLD' - Donald Crane

EMERGING POET:

- Winner
'A SHARED BIRTHDAY' - Peter O'Shaughnessy, Eaton WA

2017 BANJO PATERSON AUSTRALIAN POETRY COMPETITION (Organised by the Rotary Club of Orange, NSW)

OPEN CLASS

- First:
Bob "Pa" Kettle from Goodna Qld "Larrikins"
Second:
Ken Tough from Pretty Beach NSW "Bondee's mob"
Third:
Celia Kershaw from Port Macquarie NSW "The mud crab"

NOVICE RECITAL CLASS

- First:
Andrew Pulsford from Urangan Qld "Mountains"
Second:
Les Smith from Moree NSW "Missed again"
Third:
Scott Barrett from Borenore NSW "Gundela mourning"

NOVICE READING CLASS

- First:
Val Wallace from Glendale NSW
"Christmas greeting or keeping up with the Jones's"
Second:
Cathy Hines from Orange NSW "Orange"

WINNERS

HIGH SCHOOL STUDENTS CLASS

- First:
Kalumn Lee Maple from Orange NSW "Sunday"
Second:
Kalumn Lee Maple from Orange NSW "Writing her a love song"

PRIMARY SCHOOL STUDENTS CLASS

- First:
Amy Robinson from Year 4 Orange Public School NSW "A cat's secret"
Second:
Fenella Beer from Year 6 Orange Public School NSW "The bush night"
Third:
Abigail Kiely from Year 4 Orange Public School NSW "Nocturnal mysteries"

Encouragement Award:

- Indigo O'Donnell from Year 6 Orange Public School NSW "Crazy koala"

More Results Available At www.abpa.org.au



SHORT STORY COMPETITION

3000 words max

Entries close 30th April

FREE ENTRY

Full details:

www.outbackwritersfestival.com.au

2016 saw our first Outback Writers Festival. They are held in Winton, Outback Queensland

Dates: Tuesday 20th June 2017 – Thursday 22nd June 2017

*Meet n Greet Workshops Master Classes
Book Fair Meet the Authors Poets Breakfast
Social activities Venue: Historic Winton Club*

Authors appearing include Annie Seaton, Pamela Cook, Kelsey Neilson, Ivan Rudolph, Anne Alloway, Lori Patrick, Debra O'Halloran, Rose Silva

Please contact President Jeff Close closeandmoller@gmail.com

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Award

for Bush Verse



ENTRIES CLOSE 30th April 2017

The 46th year of Competition

Post entries to
Bronze Swagman,
PO Box 44, Winton Qld 4735

Please contact Jeff Close
closeandmoller@gmail.com if you would like
further information or an entry form



THE 15TH ANNUAL

NANDEWAR POETRY COMPETITION

CONDUCTED BY
NARRABRI & DISTRICT HISTORICAL SOCIETY INC.



FIRST PRIZE: \$150 AND TROPHY

SECOND PRIZE: \$100

THIRD PRIZE: \$50

ENTRY FORM

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

Entry forms to be returned to:
The above address

THE NANDEWAR POETRY COMPETITION 2017

Conducted by

*The Narrabri & District Historical Society Inc.
In conjunction with the rules of the ABPA*

THE NANDEWAR POETRY COMPETITION 2017

Conducted by

The Narrabri & District Historical Society Inc. In conjunction with the rules of the ABPA CONDITIONS

This competition is an OPEN event for ORIGINAL verse having good RHYME and METER.

Previously published poetry that has not won a first prize in any written competition will be accepted.

A4 size pages should be used keeping each entry separate, using one side of paper only.

Entries should be typed where possible.

Cover sheets should be used. Entrants name or other details must not appear on any of the poems.

Cheque or money orders for the total amount of entry fees should be made out to Narrabri & District Historical Society Inc. and must accompany all entries.

CLOSING DATE. Entries date stamped no later than **July 30th** the year of the competition will be accepted.

Copyright remains with the author. Poems will not be used in any anthology without the author's permission. Poems will not be returned.

The winners will be announced at a function on the October long weekend of the same years. Venue to be announced.

If required entrants should supply a SSAE for results to be posted after the awards are presented.

The judge's decision will be final and no further correspondence will be entered into.

As well as 1st; 2nd; and 3rd places there may be Highly Commended awards made according to the judges discretion.

ENTRY FEE: \$5.00 PER POEM OR 3 POEMS FOR \$10.00.

Extra poems can be listed on a separate cover sheet. Entry forms may be copied.

Humerous Poetry Preferred

**ONE
SHOW
ONLY!**

MERRIWA 2017



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Tim McLaughlin

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jsinclair@upperhunter.nsw.gov.au or (02) 6540 1300

YOU DON'T WANT TO MISS THIS. \$5 EACH AT THE DOOR



VENUE: CWA HALL, BETTINGTON ST
DATE: SUNDAY 11TH JUNE 9-11AM

ROSTO



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.

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, Recliffe. 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.

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 the our Website www.abpa.org.au to download a membership form, or contact the Secretary secretary@abpa.org.au