



A.B.P.A.

Australian Bush Poets Association

Volume 24 No. 1 February/March 2018

Tamworth Roundup



Tenterfield Oracles of the Bush

Bush Poetry Festival

6th to 8th April, 2018

Featuring

**Col Driscoll, Ray Essery, Col Milligan, Bill Kearns
and Darren Colston.**

Written and Performance Poetry Competitions

www.oraclesofthebush.com

Milton Show Society Poetry Competition

3rd & 4th March 2017

8am - Poets Breakfast

Come and be a part. Walk up and present

9.30am Junior Poetry Speaking Competition

11am Bush Poetry Speaking Competition

Poems can be light hearted, serious, classical, contemporary or original.

Maximum of 15 performers accepted on date of application. Entry fee \$15.

Prize money: 1st \$600, 2nd \$350, 3rd \$250 and three highly commended each \$100.

Entries close 15th February 2018.

Entry forms on ABPA website and www.miltonshowsociety.com

Show Theme Written Humorous Poetry Competition – ‘Milk and Meat’

Entrants must be residents of Shoalhaven LGA.

Prizes: 1st \$100, 2nd \$60, 3rd \$40

For more details see www.miltonshowsociety.com

Contacts:-

John Davis PN 02 44552013 Mob 0425299829 EM jda76436@bigpond.net.au
or Graham White PN 0410541533 EM kidgeeridge@shoal.net.au.

EDITORIAL



Congratulations to all who put their hands up for Committee positions at the AGM at Tamworth this January. Welcome aboard Gary Fogarty as President, Ray Essery returns as Vice President, our new Secretary is Meg Gordon, but we await a new Treasurer. A full list of Committee members can be found below.

For those who took their poetry talents to Tamworth this year, well done! All venues seemed to be well attended, even though the regular Music establishment deemed figures to be down this year, perhaps because of the long week of 40+ degree temperatures and return to school in Vic and Qld.

Could anybody who wishes to contact me re advertising, results, correspondence and mainly submissions for our magazine, PLEASE send them to me at editor@abpa.org.au or even macpoet@telstra.com and DO NOT send them to Promotions, our secretary and especially not to our Treasurer. Lord knows they have enough to do as it is. Some important submissions have gone astray and therefore have never reached my desk nor been published as they should have been. Promotions Officer is no longer a position, as it should never have been. A more suitable title of Facebook Editor now stands and we thank our long serving member Jan Lewis for taking over this role.

I am looking very forward to working closely with our new Committee and seeing some of our inconsistencies resolved, such as these blurred lines in Job Description and the confusing role of Judges. We have no State Championships left on the East Coast, very few groups who could run them or the Australian Championships and we have lost a lot of great Festivals. This does not bode well for the future of Bush Poetry, be it written or performing. Too many Judges for so few Competitions and entrants. In fact the best run, attended and judged Comp I have seen this year was at the MCAV at Omeo which had nothing to do with the ABPA! We need to unite writers, performers, amateurs professionals, traditionalists, contemporary writers etc. And I really believe that at last we have a great combination of enthusiastic people running the ABPA.

We are not dead in the water yet and a change in Committee may well mean a change in direction. So please get behind the new Committee also and help out where you can.

Neil McArthur

editor@abpa.org.au

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

ABPA Committee Members 2018

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.

Executive:

President	-- Gary Fogarty	president@abpa.org.au
Vice-President	-- Ray Essery	essery56rm@bigpond.com
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NT	-- Lance Lawrence	

Non Committee Positions

Webmaster	Gregory North	web@abpa.org.au
Magazine Editor	Neil McArthur	editor@abpa.org.au
Facebook Editor	Jan Lewis	janlewis1@hotmail.com
Returning Officer	Penny Broun	

President's Report



Thank you for the opportunity to serve the ABPA Membership as President for the next 12 months. I sincerely hope I can justify your faith in me.

Firstly, a big thank you to all Committee Members and Appointed Officers who are not continuing, these are never easy roles and you all deserve to be recognised for your efforts. Committee will in due course be sending you a more formal thank you message.

Secondly, thank you to those who put their hands up to serve on Committee this year, welcome aboard, hopefully together we can achieve positive results for the ABPA and Bush Poetry. Appointed officers will be contacted shortly to see if they wish to continue in their role, and if so, this will be endorsed at the next committee meeting. Where it is not the case (and we have had some resignations) we will be looking for members to fill these roles.

The position of Treasurer was not filled at the AGM, and while we are fortunate that current Treasurer, Carol Hutcheson, is prepared to continue for a short period, we need one of our members to volunteer their services. If a suitable person does not come forward by the time Carol steps down, we will have no alternative but to disband the ABPA as it is not legal to continue without a Treasurer. Unfortunately it is that simple.

Thanks to the efforts of Will Moody, the ABPA Anthology is available for sale. Due to the 'Print On Demand' method, once the initial 30 copies are sold, we will need orders to be placed before the next 30 can be ordered. We will print a more detailed explanation of how this will work following our first Committee meetings.

Congratulations to the organisers, workers and performers at ALL the Poetry events at the Tamworth Festival. Time restraints have not allowed me to talk with all involved as yet, but most Bush Poetry Events would appear to have had positive outcomes. I cannot praise enough, those among our membership who put in the effort to organise shows, competitions, workshops etc for the benefit of all. Well done. Congratulations to all finalists, winners and placegetters of the various competitions conducted in Tamworth, I assume these results will be posted elsewhere in the magazine.

Lastly, I believe a strong, focused, accountable and vibrant Association is essential to the future of Bush Poetry in Australia, and I want to lead a committee focused on serving ALL of our members and the Bush Poetry movement in general. We need to irradiate the ridiculous divisions that have emerged in recent years and work as one. We need to question everything we have done in the past, and search for new, innovative ways to progress our chosen art form. I will be publishing my phone number in the Magazine and inviting every single member of the ABPA to contribute their thoughts and ideas as often as they like. I undertake to present these ideas, regardless of if I personally agree with them or not, in full to Committee meetings and make sure they get a fair and full hearing.

All the best for the year ahead.

Gary Fogarty
(0417723400)



The Folding \$tuff

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.

'Happy New Year' in February is not too late to wish you all an inspiring year ahead - good health, good poetry and good laughs.

Thank you for sending your **2018 subscriptions** in early. For those who didn't and paid after this magazine was issued, it means that the Treasurer hand-wrote the envelope to post you your magazine. Our printer, who is contracted to post too, automatically prints your address and inserts the magazine into the bag. But as long as our valued members do renew their membership at some time early in the year - I don't mind at all if you don't mind waiting!

Yes, if we maintain the changes made in 2017, the ABPA ought to be **showing a profit** by the end of 2018. Losses are out!

Our new publication '**Poets Past and Present**' is \$28.00 posted by ordering and paying to the Treasurer. There is good profit for us and it will be one of our main fund raisers this year. No more chook raffles. You will actually get something tangible for your \$28.00.

This book is **one of the best ways to promote** modern Australian Bush Poetry in the community - very professionally presented, a Who's Who of poets, just the 'right' price, all volunteered works, all profits to the ABPA. It is a 'must have' for yourself, for gifts, and fulfils our mission statement on all levels.

We are very pleased to say that money raised by raffled donated items for the **Golden Dampier Awards** in Tamworth were substantial. We may have covered costs and everyone had fun. The figures are not all in yet but it looks promising. This is another way to encourage the love of Australian Bush Poetry in the community - put our unique culture into people's hands by winning it in a raffle!

At this stage, there is still **no replacement Treasurer** so I'm here until 31st March or earlier. Please consider this rewarding job. Have a chat with me to see what you could do. Signing out, thank you.

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

Annual Memberships up to December 2018 - 6 magazines/year.
Posted Members Magazine: \$45. Emailed Magazine: \$35. Dual Family M/ship: one posted Mag \$60: one emailed Mag \$50. Juniors \$20 + emailed Mag. International posted Mag: \$70 or emailed \$35. Members joining Oct to Dec receive 2019 membership too. At least 50 new members are needed to enrich our family and the 'books'.

Brain food

The 'money' word last magazine was **flush** for the four line poem challenge and, you wouldn't believe it, some were about the other below-the-plimsoll-line flush. Here are three beauties suited to family viewing, all in perfect rhyme and metre. From Kevin Pye...

Some secrets are so hard to keep and this one makes me blush..
I dropped a bundle on The Cup that would have made me flush.
With losing ticket in my hand I've lost the chance to gush..
The frame for 'Losing Bet' this time I trampled into mush.

From © Harry Reed...

When I am flush it means I hold
Some cash to splash on friends fourfold
But when I'm skint, not flush at all
It's just the rent man who will call.

And from Anonymous...I've seen the flush of anger,
the blushing flush of pride,
but Scotsmen deign to languor
their flush of wealth to hide.

This is my last column, hope you have enjoyed it. Happy writing. xx

POSITION VACANT: TREASURER

2018

Dedicated and Voluntary and Gratifying

The member/s who accept this position/s will be elected at the AGM on 24th January 2018. After discussing and considering your experience and capability, please ask a member to nominate you on the form in this magazine.

Treasurer: Attends to all membership business including correspondence, lists for magazine labels, posting magazines, bill paying, business invoices/receipts, Post Office authority, Bookkeeping, Banking, Insurance, Annual Reports, records, Committee meetings by Skype, understanding of members and their needs in a professional and compassionate manner with responsibility, suiting this unique literary club.

Own reasonably powerful computer and printer, very good computer knowledge, workplace experience helpful, good internet connection, Skype, your dedicated time, humour.

The job will by necessity be split into three or four Portfolios with the elected Treasurer (by the 2017 Treasurer initially) responsible for the training of the Portfolios and it does not matter where the member lives as it is all electronic.

Four jobs led by and including the elected Treasurer are: Membership Portfolio: Bookkeeping Portfolio: Insurance Portfolio. I will happily take on the Insurance Portfolio. Each of these Portfolios requires responsibility and is designed to allow members the time to be bush poets, retirees, gardeners, parents etc and not be over worked. A good professional rapport with other ABPA volunteers is expected and fun!

Please, don't be afraid to confidentially discuss this with me, Carol Hutcheson by email or phone. Thank you.

[Treasurer@abpa.org.au](mailto:treasurer@abpa.org.au)
Phone (07) 4162 5878
Carol Hutcheson,
ABPA Treasurer and
General Factotum.
Stay cool. I am!

OUT NOW

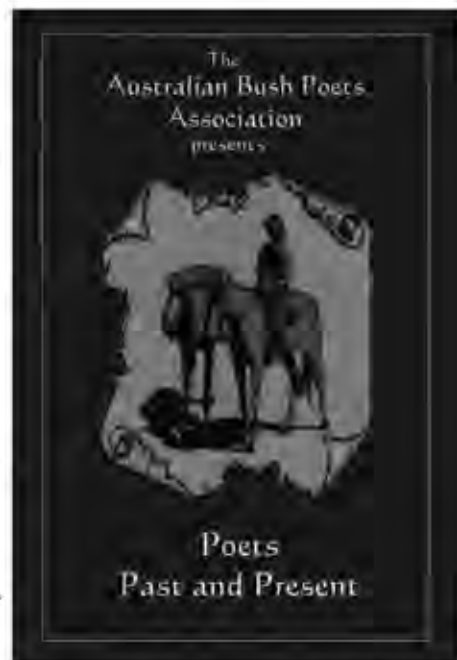
As promised.....

Our very own
'Who's Who' of
Modern Bush
Poetry

from our winning
Poets' archives
since ABPA
records began.

A 'must have' of
62 poets, 118
pages of poetry,
total of 192 pages.

'Evocative'



Thanks to Editor Will Moody and to contributors, archivists, proof reader, helpers. Profits to ABPA.

\$28.00 per book posted. To order: post cheque with details to The Treasurer, 48 Avoca St, Kingaroy, Qld. 4610, or direct bank deposit: ABPA. BSB: 633000. A/c:154842108 plus details, by email or post. treasurer@abpa.org.au Delivery within 4 weeks

And Did Those Hooves...

© Catherine Lee

Winner – 2018 Blackened Billy Written Verse Competition

We led you from your fields of green, each pastoral, idyllic scene;
replaced serene locations with the combat zones of war.
Oblivious of our intent or what this change in lifestyle meant,
you dutifully followed to whatever lay in store.
Enlisted for a regimen of chaos, yielding horses then
from Britain to America, Australia to France,
were shipped at sizable expense, sheer misery their recompense—
compelled to take their part in man's macabre, destructive dance.

Regardless of your abject fright—the booming guns and flashing light—
you fetched and carried, charged the blazing furnaces of hell,
stood staunchly by your master's side, though thousands of you fell and died
from agonising injuries, disease or vicious shell.
Despite exhaustion, hunger, thirst, you underwent the very worst
of all that we could throw beneath your faithful, weary feet;
yet loyally you soldiered on, till finally when hope was gone,
so many of you floundered and conceded grim defeat.

So while those hooves sunk deep in mud, braved putrid slush and pools of blood,
you surely must have felt that we had brought you to your end;
yet suffered on without a voice—were coached for this, had little choice—
through wretchedness you couldn't ever hope to comprehend.
For could those soulful, baffled eyes that witnessed carnage, realise
in any shape or form what such insanity could mean?
To enter such despair as this—an Armageddon's dark abyss—
was truly inconceivable, repulsive and obscene.

You pulled supplies, transported arms, increased morale and eased our qualms
with silent acquiescence and rapport beyond compare,
moved injured men past din and stench, or rushed a well-protected trench—
with every vile experience we stomach, you were there.
When cannon fire and shrapnel hail that fell so close did not prevail,
with nostrils flared and ears pulled back, you bravely stormed on through;
so highly trained for gross distress—yet how to grasp the viciousness
and contrast to bucolic lives of freedom you once knew?

You tolerated cruel disease of influenza, ticks and fleas,
and those who lived returned to work the dreaded fronts of death,
where some would snort the poison gas - or drown in some obscure morass,
too overcome to lift their heads to take a vital breath.
You gasped for water, strained to choke when breathing dense, explosive smoke,
endured the mange or ringworm and the tough, uneven sod;
observed the slaughter of your kind - God knows what thoughts spun in your mind
whenever equine corpses lined the battlefields you trod.

Those pounding hooves that ruled the plains in summer sun and driving rains
or cantered, streaming manes aloft, along some golden shore,
were forced to labour under fire and plough through bodies, viscous mire,
unquestionably petrified by such horrific gore.
Yet still upon your mighty backs you bore us in these foul attacks,
dodged missiles as you staggered over brutal, strange terrain.
The bond we formed emerged supreme—a solid and respectful team—
confronting the unthinkable and all that's inhumane.

So did you then, with conflict done, imagine you'd return to run
once more in forests, mountain ranges, southern sun-drenched lands?
Like us, did you anticipate, expect that we would compensate
your steadfast, loving service with a life of no demands?
But lives of quarantine revealed your harsh, abhorrent fate was sealed,
although we failed against the law to which we had to yield;
for had not sturdy, dripping flanks borne wounded soldiers back to ranks—
saved lives amidst each terrifying, burning foreign field?

They classified each passive mount—the records show the final count—
for transfer, sale, or tragically, condemned you to the grave;
but first, though they could not enthuse, they cured your hides and took your shoes,
while splendid manes and tails, distasteful orders were to shave,
My painful choice - to let you go and leave you to the ruthless foe,
or grant you instantaneous and merciful release;
unjust reward for valour shown—an act for which I can't atone,
regardless of the fact I granted liberty and peace.

In countless restless, haunted dreams that summoned fear and comrades' screams
I'd see from clouds of mist and flame your chestnut coat approach,
and there in deep, expressive eyes that seemed to gaze beyond the skies,
did insight of enforced betrayal shine - or sad reproach?
Unable to accept, adjust to how we broke your matchless trust,
frustrated by the knowledge I'd been helpless to explain,
I pointlessly thereafter built a labyrinth of crushing guilt,
till finally I had to come to terms - or go insane.

So now when musings bring you back, we amble on that quiet track
above the station, out beneath the stars beyond the reach.
Your flanks are dry, your gaze is calm, without a remnant of alarm;
you're safe at last - security that none can ever breach.
Much time has passed - so many years since once we walked that vale of tears;
we recognise your sacrifice with permanent regret,
but know those hooves forevermore resound upon Valhalla's shore,
so honour you lest ever—God forbid—we should forget.



Blackened Billy Results

PLACE GETTERS

1st and winner of the Blackened Billy Trophy	
Catherine Lee	And did those Hooves
2nd Tom McIlveen	Pappinbarra Dreamtime
3rd Shelley Hansen	On the Brink

HIGHLY COMMENDED

Donald Adams	Horse Sense
Tom McIlveen	Bluey
Val Wallace	A Parcel from Home

COMMENDED

Terry Piggott	Top Camp Up in the Devil's Lair
Terry Piggott	The Love of her Life 2
Tom McIlveen	Pappinbarra Burning
Shelley Hansen	Communication Breakdown
Terry Piggott	The Poverty Tin
Terry Piggott	The Ruins
Helen Harvey	Her Place

Kembla Flame Results

From Zondrae King

Placing are as follows:- 1st "Lament", Brenda Joy
Runner up "Billy Crowe," Leonie Parker
H.C. "Cap in Hand," David Campbell
Commended, "The Long Dusty Road", Terry Piggott
Novice, Maureen Stahl, "Rounding Up The Chooks"

LAMENT

© Brenda Joy



Though she'd been barely ten, she could well recall
how her Dad marched away to the 'Coo-ee' call
as recruit in the war that would end them all
and her heart overflowed with pride.
For Gilgandra paid tribute to 'Hitchen's Own',
to the boys who'd demand that the Huns atone
for the losses incurred in the Turkish zone.
They would honour the men who'd died.

She could still hear the strains of the Coo-ee cheer
that resounded throughout her eleventh year
when the townsfolk would gather around to hear
of the victories being won.
But the months dragged along, so the tensions grew
and the news from the Front didn't quite ring true
as reports of disasters were filtered through –
missing husband, or dad or son.

And the hardship of toil that increased each day
with the pain in their hearts that would not allay,
and they prayed for the men who were far away
but their fears couldn't be relieved.
As the elderly tired, so they felt the strain.
(Would they ever embrace their beloved again?)
So the Coo-ee became a subdued refrain
while the psyche of a nation grieved.

When she entered her teens how she longed to know
of the father who'd marched many years ago
and the sense of her loss seemed to grow and grow
for the heart of a girl will yearn.
There are moments a daughter has need to share.
She remembered her father's embrace and care,
till at times it was more than her thoughts could bear
as she pined for his safe return.

Then at last came the day when 'the boys' came back
and she ran to the train coming down the track –
but the man who emerged with his army pack
was a shade of the one she'd known.
Like a tattered reminder of senseless war,
with a body no surgery could restore,
he would never be able to march – no more!
How the cheers had a hollow tone.

In the throes of Depression, the times were tough;
(being heroes of war wasn't quite enough)
while the treatment of those who had served was rough
where the jobs and supplies were short.
Shattered men got no solace or accolade
for the depth of the sacrifice gamely made
and the semblance of gratitude soon would fade
with privations the war had brought.

As the bitterness spread so the bond was feigned
in the home where relationships too were strained.
It was clear only memories now remained
of the father for whom she'd pined.
For this stranger was lost in his inner hell
where distortions and demons of anger dwell
and no family offers of love could quell
all the terrors that mazed his mind.

With his grip on his sanity less than whole,
came the nightmares that wracked his depleted soul,
with the shakes and the sweats he could not control –
paralysed by his abject fear.
The nocturnal barrage that he came to dread
with the screams of the maimed trapped within his head –
and he prayed for the day he would end up dead
with the ghosts only he could hear.

And she never was able to understand
what her father endured in that foreign land
where the gods of the battle enforced command
to a torture beyond compare.
While the promise of Coo-ee was not fulfilled
(over half from the march were deformed or killed)
and the names Poiziers and Ypres just chilled –
for the souls of the damned lay there.

Tamworth Reports 2018

Poets Showcase Breakfasts & Step-Up Show 2018

Gary and Cindy Fogarty

For the third year in a row we are happy to report an increase in ticket sales with a lot of people joining us for more than one day. Despite our best efforts we think the 'word of mouth advertising' by satisfied audience members has more to do with the increase than anything else. We will keep striving to deliver quality Bush Poetry Shows by showcasing the very best available performing poets Australia has to offer and hopefully our audiences will continue to grow in future years.

The staff at The Frog & Toad (Econo Lodge) provided a sensational buffet breakfast and went out of their way to assist us and make our audiences comfortable.

A big thank you to all our featured poets, Gary Fogarty, Ray Essery, Errol Gray, Marion Fitzgerald, Jack Drake, Bill Kearns and Cobber Lethbridge, you delivered big time, and your professional conduct ensured the smooth running of the shows.

We are happy to say we featured 14 different poets in the Step Up Show this year, and we could not be any happier with the contributions you all made. We hope that you all enjoyed the experience.

Our auction raised \$150 for the Westpac Rescue Helicopter, thanks to the generosity of John Bowden. Thank you to every body who contributed to, and/or attended our shows.



John Bowden receives his Auction prize



Gary Fogarty belting out another Ballad

Peel Inn – Nundel

Once again Ray Essery organised a pleasant, relaxed Bush Poetry Show at the historic Peel Inn at Nundel on the last day of the Festival. A great setting, a relaxed atmosphere and the combined talents of Ray, Gary Fogarty and Errol Gray, with cameo performances by Mal Beveridge and Mick Martin ensured that a sizable audience were entertained in style. With limited seating and growing popularity it would pay to book early for next years show.



Ray Essery and Errol Gray



Mick Martin



Mal Beveridge

'two poets and a comic walk into a golf club'

Yarns and bush verse, festival home-truths, Golden Guitar Galfs and a whole lotta laughs.



The Tamworth Golf Club again continued its tradition of hosting one of the funniest shows at the Festival with Marco Gliori, Murray Hartin and Alan Glover taking to the stage for five matinee shows and drew appreciative audiences as they do every year. The Golf Club has been hosting Bush Poetry shows as far back as when the Naked Poets kicked off their incredible run.

It is great to see the tradition continue and I'm sure the boys will have something even bigger and better lined up for next year.

For those who haven't caught one of these hilarious shows, make sure you put it in your calander for next year!

Outgoing President's Report

Greetings to all fellow ABPA members and magazine readers .

Tamworth Country Music Festival 2018 and our Annual General Meeting has come and gone for another year, with a subsequent changing of the guard and a new look committee for the upcoming year. Following my recent eye dilemmas and rehabilitation, I am gratefully handing the reins over to our incoming President Gary Fogarty, whom I believe will make an excellent committee and executive leader, (and reputedly from all accounts, still has his 20/20 vision). He has my total support and I will be remaining on the committee to help in any way I can. I would like to take this opportunity to thank outgoing committee members for their outstanding contribution in 2017 and welcome back existing members Vice President Ray Essery, committee member Max Pringle, state delegates.....Rob Christmas, Bob Magor, Phillip Rush, Jan Lewis and Irene Conner. Welcome to new incoming state delegate Mick Martin for QLD and new committee member Bill Gordon from WA...and of course, last but not least, our wonderful incoming West Australian entrepreneurial organiser extraordinaire, secretary Meg Gordon...What a team !!!



Bush Poetry is alive and well in Tamworth! Great crowds attended all of the venues and Saint Edwards Hall once again proved that persistence pays. The numbers are increasing as the word spreads through word of mouth, and we are getting new blood turning up to compete in the Frank Daniel awards, with a few newbies even being persuaded to compete in the Golden Dampier awards. We have picked up new ABPA members and encouraged up and coming performers to get up and have a go. These are the poets and performers of the future and if we don't continue to foster bush poetry at grassroots level, it is going to wither and fade away. A huge Thankyou to all the members, judges, collators, tea ladies and raffle sellers who helped out and supported us at St Edward's Hall to make the Golden Dampier, the Frank Daniel Awards, the Poettes and the Writing and Performing Workshops an outstanding success...special thanks to Meg Gordon, Trish Anderson, Penny Broun and Ray Essery! Thankyou to all members who so kindly donated raffle prizes and to all those who sold tickets. We have managed to top up dwindling ABPA coffers this year and financially support the Golden Dampier without a sponsor. Well done!

Thankyou also to Bill Kearns for helping me with the writing workshop, and to Jack Drake and Rhonda Tallnash for performance workshop. Both workshops proved to be very successful, with two participants claiming they were the best that they had ever attended.

That's all from me... here's to a wonderful year of 2018!

Yours In Poetry...Tom McIlveen.



Golden Dampier finals at St Edwards in full swing being mc'd by incoming resident Gary Fogarty.



Full House at St. Edwards Hall



Golden Dampier Finalists 2018

OUR POETRY KIDS

Featuring more poems from young writers of the ASPIRE advanced learning program at the Citipointe Christian College, Carindale, Queensland.

Thank you to their teacher, ABPA's Zita Horton.

LAMINGTONS

by Adrian Jesuthasan

The lovely lamington is so tasty!
I'd much rather it to some pastry.
In the middle is soft sponge cake,
It's light and fluffy when it's baked.

The history of the lamington
starts with the old tale ...
Mrs Lamington had an unexpected guest
and went pale!

She looked around frantically
for something to make,
In the kitchen was melted chocolate
and a sponge cake.

She grabbed the sponge cake
and ran to the pan -
She tripped, and the bowl
is where the cake came to land
Some coconut sprinkled right onto the top
Mrs Lamington realised that this
would be a flop.

She trembled, and gave the cake to her
guest
He tasted it and thought that it was the best!
So Mrs Lamington made everyone a lot
more.
It was the lovely lamington that we now
adore.

© 2015, Adrian Jesuthasan (at age 10)

BOOKS

by Lucy Milne

Books are so much fun to read
and something I really need!
I could read all day and read all night,
I'd read, read, read with all my might.

Books take your mind anywhere
and make you read on, if you dare!
Books are an easy way to chill out,
and I really love them, there's just no doubt.

People reading all over earth...
Babies being read to, right from birth....
Overall, books are pretty great
and really, truly hard to hate.

©2015 Lucy Milne (at age 10)

BUSHFIRE

by Carmen Oxenford

One boiling day in summer time
it was over forty degrees,
the sun beat down and sparked a flame
that hid amongst the trees.

Silently, the flame enlarged
and soon engulfed a tree,
the fire spread throughout the bush
and stretched too high to see.

Birds were flying for their lives,
mice were running round,
and, as the fire destroyed a house,
bricks tumbled to the ground.

Destruction was the fire's name
as it rushed through the town,
and as it tore the town apart
ashes drifted down.

Then the fire decreased its heat
and slowly disappeared,
and once the flames had been put out
the danger finally cleared.

The town was left demolished
with a few homes left to stand
In the blackened ashes of the bush
and the burnt trees of the land.

© 2016 Carmen Oxenford (at age 12)

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BILL FROM BACK O' BOURKE

©Beryl Stirling

Bill from Back o' Bourke, in love, became quite starry eyed,
His fervor and sincerity acknowledged far and wide.
But when it came to marriage, Bill just never made the grade,
For every time some so-and-so would rain on his parade.

The barmaid at the local pub, a red head name of Nancy
Was on the list of local girls that caught our hero's fancy.
But when he tried to chat her up and get a little nearer,
She slapped his face and called him names and took off with a shearer.

He then pursued the squatter's maid, a dusky lass called Bindi.
The elders of her tribe, outraged, made threats that got him windy.
They threatened him with boning and Bill turned a greyish pallor,
Deciding that discretion seemed the better part of valor.

Soon he was in raptures for he thought he was okay
With the comely Chinese waitress at the Wonton Take Away.
Alas! Once more love faltered, for her parents looked askance,
Discouraging, quite strongly, multicultural romance.

At last he met Fenella and was sure this was the one!
She liked a beer and dancing and was really lots of fun.
They talked of getting married and had even set a date
When she suddenly had second thoughts and ran off with his mate.

He felt betrayed and shaken when she chose the other bloke
And he took off from the farm to try his luck down in the smoke.
City sheilas, so he hoped, would be more down to earth –
Appreciate his attributes and recognize his worth.

Of course he had to find a job. Poor Bill was stony broke.
And a fella needs a quid or two to charm the women folk,
So he tried out for the 'boys in blue' and very soon was hired;
Built like a truck and six feet four – just what the force required!

Law enforcement blokes, back then, were chosen for their size.
And believed that big was better, so our Bill was quite a prize.
But his major aim in Sydney was to find himself a wife
So he started playing Rugby League to boost his social life.

Now when it came to tries and goals he soon became a hero
But when it came to bonding, well, he scored a massive zero.
Though avid female fans were always keen on slap and tickle
When it came to going steady they were manifestly fickle.

So Bill went looking elsewhere in his search for Missus Right
But his love life seemed at that time, to be stricken with a blight.
While waiting for his luck to change, he worked at his career
And traffic code transgressors soon were filled with mortal fear.

Spendid in his uniform, you'd find him every day,
Standing sternly at the crossroads keeping motorists at bay.
Drivers that were speeding he'd meticulously book
And immobilize dissenters with a single dirty look.

It happened though, one afternoon, he stopped a red Rolls Royce
And the driver was a corker with a really sexy voice.
She gazed at him admiringly and begged him to excuse her –
Bill thought: "My golly! This is it!" and vowed he'd never lose her.

He recklessly walked off the job and joined her in the car
And she drove him to a playhouse where it seemed she was the star.
They shared a loving interlude and things were looking good
Till she got a better offer and shot through to Hollywood.

Now unemployed and shattered, there is very little doubt
He'd 've starved; but soon was hired by "Les Girls" as 'chucker-out'.
Where soon he fell in love again but damn near had a stroke
When he found he was embracing not a sheila, but a bloke!

A lassie from the Salvos found him dazed and offered aid
But his hope of finding romance there was hopeless I'm afraid.
His new love was bespoken. Thought of Bill just as a brother,
But said she'd always pray for him and hoped he'd find another.

Bill now yearned for Back o' Bourke but hadn't got the fare,
His home became the park for he was now in deep despair.
A bench and morning paper were his bed and breakfast now.
And Sydney girls and footy seemed quite meaningless somehow.

Then one night, while sleeping rough, he dreamed about his Mum –
And thought he heard her saying: "Son, oh what have you become?
Return to Back o' Bourke, my boy and comfort poor Fenella,
Who lost her hubby in the floods and needs another fella.

I know that things are crook down there. Come back where you belong.
Fenella truly loves you and she knows she done you wrong.
Seek underneath that bench, my son, where bugs and earthworms lurk
And I think you'll find the needful for your fare to Back'o Bourke'.

His dream merged into memory – the blazing stars at night
The Darling and the rolling plains, the scavenging black kite.
The sounds of farm machinery, the bleating of the sheep –
And presently, quite overcome, poor Bill began to weep.

Home is where the heart is. Underneath the bench – a fiver!
His ticket bought, sought out a pub and paid for a revive.
The barmaid was a blue eyed blonde – her name was Jane, she said
And Bill thought: "Bugger Back o' Bourke" and fell in love instead. . .



Poetry At The Mountain Cattlemen's Association Of Victoria

Travelling around Australia with Bush Poetry as my only tool, I often come across some hidden gems in the world of Bush Poetry. And then sometimes I come across Competitions that are not so much hidden and have a long and deeply ingrained history within an Association different to ours.

Thus it was a wonderful surprise and an unforgettable trip to Omeo, Vic to attend this year's Mountain Cattlemen's Association of Victoria Get-Together. I was talked into going after many attempts by my great mates Dennis Carstairs, Col Milligan, Brad Howarth and Rob 'Bubba' Chmelik.

Of course they didn't tell me that as a volunteer I would be helping park about 4000 vans, keeping the Bar stocked in shifts and pulling down what seemed like ten thousand kilometers of security fencing!! Only joking. It was great to be part of the festival working as a volunteer with some awesome people I had never met before.

My duties also included assisting Col Milligan with the Sunday morning Poets Breakfast which was extremely well attended by both audience and wonderful performing poets, most of whom I had not had the pleasure of meeting nor being entertained by in the past.

On the Saturday I had the wonderful job of hosting the Bush Poetry Competition, which included the Highly Prestigious Don Kneebone Award, named after the late, great Poet, author and Cattleman, Don Kneebone. This is an award that has been going for many, many years with a perpetual trophy etched with many a great name in Bush Poetry alongside a \$1000 prize. This award can only ever be won once by any poet and the 2018 winner, with an outstanding poem (poems must be original, performed and relevant to the Mountain Cattlemen) was Julie Morris with her poem 'Law Of The Land'.

There were sections for Juniors, Bush Minstrels, Traditional etc. and all funded by wonderful Sponsorship from those involved in the Cattlemens as well as local Members of Parliament from their own pockets! The great thing is that it is judged by their own judges without any need whatsoever for ABPA judges to get involved. One of the long serving members, Graeme, and Don Kneebone's daughter, Christine along with a guest judge handled the judging to perfection and I could not disagree with any single decision they made. It is a breath of fresh air.

So this, combined with the main events such as the Cattlemen's Cup, The Hay Stacking Competition, foot races, entertainment all day, a great variety of food stalls, an Auction where the main attraction was a hand made, marble top, inscribed Bar, which was a magnificent piece of craftsmanship (and went for over eleven thousand dollars) made a weekend of mateship, camaraderie and just pure bliss in the surrounds of part of the magnificent setting of the Victorian High Country, a most memorable and notable weekend in my life. I hope to be there again next year, when the MCAV make a decision on where it will be held, because they share, as well as care for our High Country.

Don't believe me? Then come along and join in next year. The members will take you in as part of their family.

Neil McArthur

The Mountain Cattlemen's Association of Victoria represents a hardy group of people whose families and predecessors have grazed their cattle and maintained the Victorian High Country dating back to 1834. Cattlemen are celebrated as icons of the Australian bush. From Australian settlement to the present, caring for their cattle and custodianship of the land has been a cross generational family undertaking, so their training in the mountains is a lifetime experience.

The cattlemen are known for their love and knowledge of the bush, for independent action but with the ability to cooperate. They are persistent. They have a profound interest in the past.

They respect their elders because of past lessons learned. As the cattlemen went about their difficult business, a unique Australian culture and heritage was gradually developed without them even knowing!



2018 Tenterfield Oracles of the Bush

In its 22nd year Oracles of the Bush will be held in beautiful Tenterfield from the 6th to 8th April 2018. Oracles is purposely timed in Autumn when Tenterfield is ablaze with Autumn colour creating a perfect backdrop for this boutique bush poetry event.

The program is packed with intimate breakfasts, lunches, and open air venues where you can mingle and get to know the professional poets and fellow patrons. The lineup this year is Col Driscoll, Ray Essery, Col Milligan and Bill Kearns, supported by the unique voice of Darren Colston. These guys are all amazing performers, a little bit funny, and little bit serious but always totally enjoyable. Over the four days poets will perform individually at various venues and come together on Saturday night to present the main concert.

Oracles provides a platform for budding writers and performers to hone their skills. Prize money for 2018 exceeds \$3000 plus trophies. The organisers encourage all amateurs to participate. A great way to gain experience and learn from the constructive remarks of the professional judges. The Looming Legend Bush Poetry Competition is open to adults and juniors. Details of the competition are available on our web site: www.oraclesofthebush.com A new event this year will be the Legends Twilight Race Meeting. You are invited to frock up and join us for an evening of fun and laughter. Have a little flutter, cheer on the horses and jockeys or be part of the fashions of the field. Anything is likely to happen!

Indulge in damper and tea under Tenterfields famous Bald Rock in the Bald Rock National Park and be entertained by Bill Kearns. Please bring your own chair for this unique event.

Our poets will be performing in clubs, art galleries, museums, parklands, country sheds, caravan park and the historic railway station. We look forward to welcoming you to Tenterfield in April.

Ticketing and program information is available on our web site: www.oraclesofthebush.com

E-mail: oraclesofthebush@gmail.com or phone 0484 904 553 or 0407 203 728.

Pre-purchased tickets are essential for most events.

Longyard Hotel TCMF Report

What another wonderful year of Poets Breakfasts at the Longyard hotel this year! Along with our resident ratbags, Marco Gliori, Ray Essery, Prousty, Errol Gray, Jack Drake, Bill Kearns, Col Milligan and co. we were this year joined by Greg Champion, Terese Proust, John Lloyd, Rhonda Tallnash, Cay and Barry Ellum, Paddy O'Brien and a host of surprise guests!

Each morning was a different show, with a different combination of entertainers and the crowds were again big and enthusiastic. Our last Sunday was our quietest day with the audience looking as jaded as the poets after a week of 40 degree heat! It was great having some surprise guests pop in such as Keith Leithbridge from WA, and Murray Hartin as well as a young poet, who's name escapes me due to having it written in my phone which melted during the festival!

Gary Fogarty and Marion Fitzgerald popped in on the last weekend and jumped up for a couple of spots, which was especially great of Gary after running a week of his own shows at the Frog And Toad.

It is a pleasure to work with such professional people and next year I hope to increase the guest spots throughout the week and give some more poets exposure to the wonderful and loyal crowds at the Longyard.



Marco Gliori



Greg Champion



Greg North



Errol Gray



Prousty



Lineup for Ray Essery's
Book Signing

Cheers
Neil McArthur



John Lloyd

They'll Walk into the Wind

By Jack Drake © 13.7.13

Historical Note: In June of 1909, the Farquarson brothers of Inverway Station and a few Aboriginal stockmen walked 1,020 store bullocks over 200 kms across the notorious Murrniji Track with only one scant drink for sixty weaker beasts. This trip was the greatest dry droving stage in known history and these incredible bushmen lost a mere five bullocks.

The jump-up loomed above them. The wind was in the east,
it's steady sigh against the eye and face of man and beast.
One thousand Shorthorn bullocks - big raking nor-west "stores",
about to face The Murrniji in years before the bores.

By men returning from the east, a dreadful tale was told.
They'd barely get horse water at all three waterholes.
Conditions said,.. don't start the mob, no water, tracks just dust.
The weather said,.. don't chance it. The budget said,.. they must.

The Farquharsons were pioneers – those men who showed the way.
They drove across the Old Gulf Track in Nat Buchanan's pay,
and now with cattle of their own, in weather cold and fine,
the brothers took a desperate chance in June of nineteen nine.

They held them back from water 'till late on in the day,
then let them drink at evening. They'd fill right up that way.
One hundred miles before them. All the waters nearly dry.
Six men, the mob and horse plant took on The Murrniji.

An old hurricane lantern, a twinkle in the night,
held by the rider in the lead, they marched behind the light.
Thirsty cattle will not rest – a fool's errand to camp.
With nought to do but walk them through, they followed up the lamp.

They got them near the Yellow Hole and swung the cattle wide.
To dodge the smell of water, they took the upwind side.
Took the horses into water, just enough to get them by,
and did the same thing later at the hole named Murrniji.

The Bucket Hole was just as bad but sixty tail end beasts
went in with the horses to get half a drink at least.
The knocked up shuffling stock horses. The groaning desperate cattle.
Exhausted stockmen scarce awake and reeling in their saddles.

Grey dust rose above them from footfalls on the ground
and from that stricken mob arose a low and moaning sound.
The only water still ahead, Newcastle Waters Station.
That blessed east wind holding true, their single sole salvation.

Used up men fought slumber with mind and soul and heart
and rubbed tobacco juice in eyes to keep the lids apart.
The fourth day dawned red in the east beneath a brazen sky.
A bovine reaper rode the tail as beasts dropped out to die.

They struggled through the afternoon. It seemed they had to fail.
A wrung out, strung out mob with miles between the lead and tail.
"We're almost done" a drover croaked. "They'll perish like as not".
A whiff of water rode the wind. The lead began to trot.

Water! Blessed Water! Now they knew they'd reach it soon,
and then the lead was belly deep in Newcastle Lagoon.
Hour by hour they straggled in, snatched from disaster's brink
to wade out in that waterhole and drink, and drink, and drink.



NO GREATER LOVE

Rhyl Graham. ©2009

Quietly sitting by the old gum, she watched him swim in the creek,
With her bright eyes and golden hair, he could see that she was meek,
Showing off as all lads do, she saw he was tall and thin,
His happy smile had won her heart, tho' he had coloured skin.

They often talked of her family, who came from over the sea,
He told her of his elders, how they roamed this land, wild and free,
And it was then, that they knew, their two worlds had collided,
The vow they made to each other; was never to be divided.

Tho' life was often a struggle, love and hard work saw them through,
They taught their children goodness. How to be honest, kind and true,
A home of joy and laughter, in their life they did create,
He knew his children loved him; they always met him at the gate.

Suddenly from over the sea, there was trouble on our door,
Our country had to play its part; he signed up to join the war.
For six long years it took its toll on those who went to fight,
Each one came home a different man, and most don't sleep at night.

Now life for this young family had to take a different road,
To help him through his bad times, each now had to share the load,
When memories came flooding back, his actions were underhand,
"It's just the war, my dears," she'd say; to help them understand.

Trying to forget the horror, he found solace in a drink,
But there were times when it took over and pushed him to the brink,
He found the kitchen pantry was the safest place to hide,
As he gathered all his family and pushed them down inside.

"Heads down! In the bunker!" he'd yell as he closed the door,
They huddled there in fear as shots rang out through walls and floor,
Then only when all was calm, would they gently crawl back out,
And hold his shaking body as he came through another bout.

These times were part of life now, and she was always by his side,
He ignored all help on offer, far too great was his pride.
The children grew to hate him for what he had put them through,
They chose to leave it all behind, but she stayed, forever true.

The years passed and their life went on, so changed from their first love,
But love it was that held her to him, till he was called above,
She lived a peaceful life now, no more times to be afraid,
The happy memories made her smile, but sad ones always stayed.

Her aging years, they came so fast, she began to doubt her mind,
Some things she could see so clearly, even though she had gone blind,
Once again, she's by the creek, and she takes his outstretched hand,
"Come, my love, let's start afresh. There's no war in this here land."



WOT ARE THEM SIGNS FOR DAD?

© John Dooley

There's lots of big trees planted in King's Park outside the city
and a plaque beneath each one a name does bear.
They still remind us of the soldiers who died in years gone by
so that we shall all remember them fore'er.

As a man walked down the roadside in King's Park one sunny day
he fell over, hurt his leg, it felt quite sore.
As he stopped to catch his breath, he looked around and saw the plaques
'Now I wonder what the hell those signs are for?'

He glanced quickly at his watch and said, "Oh no, it's getting late,
my wife'll kill me if I don't get home by noon.
Don't think those signs are that important for me to waste my time."
But decided that he'd come again real soon.

As he hurried on, a car flashed by, driver in a hurry
sat next to him his son, a youngish lad.
The boy was staring at the plaques, on his face, a puzzled look.
He turned round and asked, "Wot are them signs for, dad?"

"Eh? What signs?" His dad yelled harshly, his eyes glued upon the road,
"There's no time to look, it's lunch, we've got a date.
They're probably there to stop young kids like you destroying trees.
Who cares, they're not important and we're late!"

'There's no time to look..! 'Who cares..?' 'They're not important and we're late.'
these words cover many statements often said.
As we eat and drink and plan our lives, there is no thought of war,
nor a thought or words for those who are long dead.

With lunch now finally over, the young boy goes off to play
and he gently picks a bird up off the floor.
"Hi, dad, just look, this poor bird's dead, don't you think that's really sad?"
Dad replied, "Too bad, who cares, there's plenty more."

'Too bad...! 'Who cares..!'- 'There's plenty more...! these are echoes of most wars,
and the many soldiers who no longer roam.
There's 'Plenty more,' who disappear or are found in foreign fields.
Ne'er again to see the place that they called home.

The young lad persuades his father, as most sons are wont to do,
to walk back with him, the signs he wants to see.
Dad said, "I'm not that fussed myself, you might be disappointed."
Then he stopped, just stared and said, "Well, bugger me!"

Soldiers names, their ranks their dates of birth, are there for all to see
on the signs beneath the trees in Perth's King's Park.
In the silence as you read them, you can almost hear guns fire
But that's just the noise of a single doggie's bark.

They walk silently together, reading out the many names,
of young soldiers, men and women, husbands, wives.
"Are the soldiers buried here, dad?," asks the boy, with wide-eyed looks.
"No, son, just the names of those who gave their lives."

"What you see are many names of those who died that we might live,
we'll remember them though they're not buried here."
Then he straightened up, with head held high, looked sadly at the signs
then saluted, thanked the dead and shed a tear.



LYNDEN'S LAST POEM

Lynden wrote this poem while undergoing chemotherapy and radiation treatment at the Bundaberg Cancer Clinic. He died before he could finish it so Lois Baxter (Lynden's sister) has respectfully completed it.

THE DARK HORSE NAMED CANCER

© Lynden Baxter & Lois Baxter

There's a dark horse in the breaking yard
A rogue, a renegade
I have to keep my eye on him
I'll need to ride him hard

My catching rope is soft but strong
The black steed snorts and rears
The medicine man must pen this song
And the bushman whispers prayers

The round yard rails are strong and high
As this bushman makes a stand
And on the gate a double tie
Secured with a shaky hand

So let this macabre dance begin
All I have is fear and hope
Answered call and fraying threads
On life's fragile silver rope

The hours were long in the chair today
But today, the final round
No more white lightning in my veins
Take my chance on common ground

Take my chance back home to lick my wounds
Find a quieter path to tread
With shorter steps and measured life
Choose to not look far ahead

Yes the hours were long in the chair today
At the Hope Street Cancer Care
Big country town, a city now
Never thought I would end up there

To this rough and ready bushman
She passes on her power
She says 'Your time with us is done,
You have earned the Hope Street flower'

'Yes for you, we have this gift of hope
An orchid pale and fragile
But it's roots are tough and will is strong'
That made this bushman smile

I asked about the orchid
And the reason for the gift
And I learned of their tradition
To help the spirits lift

'Take your orchid from this surreal place
Of hope and love and pain
Care for it as best you can
Watch the flower bloom now and again'

And I took the orchid to my home
But that black horse broke the gate
And the numbers on those days of mine
Began to dissipate

A broken rope like broken trust
Can't take the strain and frays
Unravels like this life of mine
Counting down my days

I'll try my best, take every chance
To tame this brumby beast
And not get thrown or trampled down
I'll do my best at least

A life well lived, a death too soon
I've had a decent run
I gave it everything I had
But in the end, the dark horse won.

REST IN PEACE LYNDEN



Catch Cry Of A Nation

© Neil McArthur 2018

As they dozed inside their Stockade on that warm December morn,
No Miner ever dreamed about the legend being born;
As they woke to cries of "Joe!" and faced the bayonet and gun,
Ensuing death was heralding, "Eureka has begun!"

For such a small uprising which was brutally suppressed,
The players in this unjust war could hazard not a guess
That a Miner's fight for justice, could breed such inspiration,
Yet "Eureka - Bloody Beauty!" is the catch-cry of our Nation.

Folks argue over where the battle happened on that day,
A mile from here or there is just irrelevant, I say;
It's the Spirit that incited all those Miners, old and young,
Who stood up for their rights, and died, but somehow still had won

From up atop the Free Trade Hill, the legend of our Land
Watched down upon the gallant band who fought so undermanned;
It watched a wounded Lalor walk, when all his hopes seemed lost
And blood seeped to the white stars of his hallowed Southern Cross.

Within our blood, it surges still, the courage shown that day,
To overcome such daunting odds is now our social way;
The mettle of those Miners drives us through our history,
And "Eureka - Bloody Beauty!" is our call of victory.

Be it Bradman carving hundreds which would win the Ashes back,
Or Phar Lap scorching up the turf of Melbourne's Cup Day track:
That Patriotic tingle caused the stiffest cove to cry
"Eureka - Bloody Beauty!" with a tear in each one's eye.

The people of the world rejoiced when war came to an end,
For such a horror to abate, seemed hard to comprehend;
In native tongues from 'round the world they cheered the peace at hand,
While "Eureka - Bloody Beauty!" echoed through our Southern Land.

It was heard there at Gallipoli amongst the fighting's din,
But who can rein the brave heart of a bold young Aussie in
And those that died did boldly, like the Miners of the past,
For the Spirit of Eureka stood beside them 'till the last.

The heart of an Australian is made of pure gold,
Emblazoned with the Southern Cross, which makes us game and bold;
It was passed to us through history by Lalor's gallant gang,
"Eureka - Bloody Beauty!" - it's our verbal boomerang.

When worker's rights were challenged and the Unions flexed their arms,
When Governments gave into 'little people' on their farms;
Whenever we drew victory from steel jaws of defeat,
"Eureka - Bloody Beauty!" rang through each Australian street.

You'll hear it from the farmers when a downpour soothes the drought,
You'll hear it on a payday from an outback roustabout;
Or down in Southern Cities when our Summer breaks the chill,
"Eureka - Bloody Beauty!" - bred from near the Free Trade Hill.

It strikes like liquid lightning in our patriotic veins
Each time we see our flag aloft at each Olympic Games;
A legacy Australian from the 'fields of Ballarat,
"Eureka - Bloody Beauty!" - but there's more to it than that.

So the next time that you raise your fist and call Eureka's name,
Be it when you've struck it lucky or your team has won the game;
Recall it's true foundations - how those Miners made their stand,
"EUREKA - Bloody beauty!" - it was they who freed this land!



COBBER SCOOPS THE POOL IN TAMWORTH



WA's Keith "Cobber" Lethbridge came home to Armadale with extra special cargo.

He won both sections of the **Golden Damper** — Established with a poem of Peter Blyth's (Albany WA) "One Of The Best" and — Original with "The Legend of Mother McQ"

Second in the Established Section with a poem by Noel Stallard was Jacqui Warnock reciting "141 Cream Cowrie Shells".

Anita Reed third with "The Waste of War".

Second in the Original Section was Catherine Boomer presenting "Charlemayne" and third was Jacqui Warnock with "Leaving Town".

L-R Anita Reed Qld , Jacqui Warnock NSW, Catherine Boomer NSW, Keith "Cobber" Lethbridge WA

GOLDEN DAMPER FINALISTS



L-R Bill Gordon, Greg Dunn, Tom McIlveen, Tom O'Connor, Heather Searles, Paddy O'Brien, Cay Ellem, Jacqui Warnock, Catherine Boomer, Anita Reed, Mick Martin, Mal Beveridge, Keith Lethbridge



BUT WAIT THERE'S MORE.....

Cobber also took home the Frank Daniels Award with his poem "The Flying Dogma".



THANK YOU

THANK YOU

THANK YOU



To all the willing workers who made the **Golden Damper Competition**, **Frank Daniels Award** and the **Workshops** program work so well.

Carol Hutcheson started the ball rolling with invitations to enter the Golden Damper competition and finding some volunteers to Judge, MC and be a general help where needed. She also organised our banner retrieval and Hall Hire.

Local contact, **Jan Morris** was very helpful with trophy and certificate organisation. **John and Kevin Adams** did a great job getting around the Tamworth area delivering flyers. The remainder of the flyers were distributed at Tamworth outlets and bill boards during the week of the festival.

(The question was put to the crowd at the Golden Damper finals where they had received news about the Bush Poetry at the Festival and just as many hands went up indicating flyers and newspaper articles. The majority of hands went up for word of mouth notification. **So keep spreading the word!**)

I would like to extend my thanks also to **Tom McIlveen** and **Ray Essery** for willingly being on the phone whenever a problem came up or a decision had to be made prior to the event. **Susan Ashton** had great ideas for signs and the flyer design and I thank her also.

During a very hot and draining week, I was very appreciative of the assistance with many of the housekeeping jobs that needed to be done. Tea, coffee and water was in constant demand and many hands assisted with this task. Thank you to those who donated biscuits and milk. Chairs and tables were moved speedily when the request was made. Signs put out and collected each day. **Mick Martin** set up much needed extra fans.

Max Pringle was ever on hand for timekeeping.

I personally think the Golden Damper has a future with the ABPA steering the program and with the continuance of a willing team, I can see many successful competitions ahead.

The Workshops were very well received and the comment that every presenter wants to hear was "the best workshop they had been to". So many thanks to **Tom McIlveen, Bill Kearns, Rhonda Tallnash and Jack Drake**. I hope this initiative is continued.

To our judges **Trish Anderson, Rob Christmas, Bill Kearns and Ray Essery**, I say a special thanks for a great effort to be so willing to give up their time during the week. I am sure the contestants appreciated the continuity of judging styles throughout the heats and finals.

The MC's **Freda Harvey, Cay Ellem, Manfred Vijars** for the heats and **Gary Fogarty** for the finals held the sessions together with wit and necessary information and your efforts are much appreciated. **Cay Ellem** also lent a hand with the bookstall and in particular was responsible for promoting and selling the Anthology that was very successfully put together by **Will Moody**. Sales of the Anthology were good. Thank you also to **Manfred** for the great photos.

Finally to one special person who I could not have done without, **Penny Broun**, who was ably assisted by **Lynne Finedon** as the doorkeepers, raffles and book sellers. They had a massive job as all the donations for the raffles came pouring in. The decision to sell off some of the books early was a good one as more contributions came in as the week went on. We were able to have a raffle draw each day which made ticket sales easier and many visitors went away with some very good bargains. If this becomes an ongoing idea, more hands are needed to organise these donations. The final auction of the John Dengate prints resulted in one of the prints being snapped up by Bill Kearns and the other two will wait for another time. Also auctioned was a set of Paterson and Lawson books.

The final financial outcome will be available in time but all indications are that we came out ahead so a big thank you to all involved as well as my gopher **Bill Gordon**.

Meg Gordon Co-Ordinator

Generous Prize Money!

DUNEDOO

**Bush
Poetry**



Festival

1st - 4th March 2018

Spoken Performance Includes Male & Female sections for

- Intermediate/
- Classical
- Original Serious & Humorous
- Contemporary

Plus Combined written section for serious & humorous entries

The festival includes Walk Up, Meet and Greet,

Morning Tea & Lunch Activities, All Day

Saturday Competitions & Sunday Night Concert, Poets' Breakfast plus much more!

Entry forms available from Kylie Rose 0427 637 266

coordinator@dunedoo.org.au

Bush Poetry at the Man from Snowy River Bush Festival

Corryong 5 - 8 April 2018.

Jack Riley Heritage Award (male & female), *One Minute* and *MFSR Recital* and Comps, Poets' Breakfasts, Concerts.

Entry forms on <http://www.bushfestival.com.au> from 8th December
(Vict Championships in 2019)
Jan Lewis 0260774332 or janlewis1@hotmail.com



Rhonda Tallnash has her name on this Award
– Will you?

The 47th Bronze Swagman Award for Bush Verse
Entries close 30th April 2018



First Prize: \$500 plus statue

Second Prize: \$200

Highly Commended certificates

Entries for 2018 may be posted to Bronze Swagman,
PO Box 44, Winton, Outback Qld 4735

Or emailed to closeandmoller@gmail.com in WORD
format. but please ensure you get an email in reply
within 4 days to acknowledge receipt – otherwise post.

See www.bronzeswagman.info for more details,
conditions and entry forms

If I can be of any help please contact me.

Jeff Close Hon Co-ordinator

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 Bush Poetry group meets fortnightly 2nd and 4th Sunday of each month at 1pm in the Pioneer Room, Senior Citizens centre south end of Munster St, Port Macquarie. Contact Bill Yates 6583 3360, Barbara 6584 0208 or Bessie 6583 5255.

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, 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.

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, crn 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

NARRANDERA'S
JOHN O'BRIEN
Bush Festival

16-18 MARCH 2018

WE INVITE YOU TO JOIN US FOR THE
"AUSTRALIAN FESTIVAL OF WORD & SONG"
a great time for all



- POET'S BREAKFASTS
- POETRY COMPETITIONS
- WRITING COMPETITIONS
- TRIBUTE TO ANZAC
- IRISH LUNCHEONS
- BUSH POETRY CHAMPIONS
- TALL STORIES, YARNS AND JOKES
- STREET PARADE AND MARKETS
- BUSKING COMPETITION

02 6959 5545 www.johnobrien.org.au

Proudly Supported by



Narrandera
Shire Council

JOHN O'BRIEN BUSH FESTIVAL RETURNS FOR 2018

The John O'Brien Bush Festival is set to return to Narrandera Shire in 2018 with a bang! After a break in 2017 the John O'Brien Festival Committee has arranged a stellar line up of performers and activities over the 16-18 March 2018 weekend.

The festival is a celebration of the poetry of Australian bush poet John O'Brien where lovers of the Irish-Australian tradition can enjoy three days of bush poetry, music and song. The festival is held around St Patrick's Day acknowledging the poet's connection with our pioneering Irish heritage.

Events will take place at venues throughout Narrandera including the John O'Brien Hall, where community members will have the chance to kick up their heels and enjoy a spin around the dance floor at the Bush Dance or attend an Irish Luncheon. Marie Bashir Park will host "Brekkie in the Park" featuring poetry performances, both Saturday and Sunday. Lions Train Heritage tours will leave from the Visitors Information Centre. One of the most popular events, the street fair, including entertainment, and the street parade will make East Street the epicentre of festival activities on Saturday. The weekend will feature an array of talented artists such as The Poet and the Harpist, Marie Forde, Grant Luhrs, and the King and Queen of Green. A host of champion poetry acts including Greg North, Brenda Joy, Robyn Sykes and John Peel will make you laugh and make you cry, while the ever popular Anzac Tribute will be compered by Noel Stallard. These performances are just some of the delights on offer during the Festival.

Mayor Cr Neville Kschenka said "I am very pleased about the return of the John O'Brien Festival in 2018. It is hallmark event for Narrandera Shire, bringing people from many parts of Australia to join in the festivities of the weekend. Come along and become immersed in Australian, and Irish, word and song."

Wristbands and tickets are now on sale.

For the full program and the link to purchase wristbands or tickets visit www.johnobrien.org.au or the John O'Brien Facebook page

www.facebook.com/johnobrienfestival or phone the Narrandera Visitor Information Centre on 02 6959 5545.

Join us at our Website

www.abpa.org.au

Interactive Forums including Member's Poetry, General Bush Poetry Discussion, Tips and Workshops etc. etc. along with keeping up with all the latest ABPA Competitions, Results and past winning Poetry

AUSTRALIAN BUSH POETS ASSOCIATION

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



16th-25th FEB 2018

**BANJO PATERSON
AUSTRALIAN POETRY FESTIVAL
SIGNATURE EVENTS**

The 2018 Banjo Paterson Australian Poetry Festival, to be held in Orange NSW, the birthplace of A. B. Paterson, will celebrate all Australian Poets and feature outdoors and healthy lifestyle activities for the whole family.

Don't miss the signature events to be held during this Festival!

**BANJO PATERSON
NIGHT MARKET
FRIDAY 16 FEBRUARY**

**CONCERT AT YBOVAL
FEAT. ANNE KIRKPATRICK
SATURDAY 17 FEBRUARY**

**ROTARY BREKKY &
POETRY IN THE PARK
16, 22, 23, 24 FEBRUARY**

**POET'S BRUNCH & LUNCH
DAY AT YEOVAL
SUNDAY 18 FEBRUARY**

**BANJO BREKKY
BIRTHDAY CELEBRATION
SATURDAY 17 FEBRUARY**

**EMMAVILLE COTTAGE
FAMILY MARKET DAY
SUNDAY 18 FEBRUARY**

**BANJO PATERSON
POETRY COMPETITION
SATURDAY 17 FEBRUARY**

For more information on the Banjo Paterson Australian Poetry Festival accommodation and packages

www.visitorange.com.au