



A.B.P.A.

Australian Bush Poets Association

Volume 24 No. 3 June/July 2018



THE 'BETTY OLLE' POETRY AWARD



- For traditional Australian rhyming poetry with an Australian theme.
- Open and Junior (12 years and under) sections.
- Open section - First Prize \$500 plus trophy.
Runner-up \$200 plus certificate.
- Junior section - First Prize \$100 plus trophy.
Runner-up \$50 plus certificate.
- Entry fee - Open \$10 per entry form (2 poems)
- Entry fee - Junior section - free.
- Closing date - 30th August 2017.
- Entry forms and conditions of entry available from the ABPA website - events and results page.
- Conducted by the Kyabram Bush Verse Group in memory of foundation member Betty Olle.

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

We Need YOUR Help To Promote Bush Poetry

The ABPA Committee has directed our Officers (Website Editor, Magazine Editor, Facebook Editor & Promotions Officer) that we would like the information presented to our members and the public through these outlets to equally reflect all sectors of Bush Poetry. In the past there has been a tendency for 'Competition' based information to be heavily represented. While we still wish to strongly support 'competitions' we would also like to see the other Bush Poetry sectors get increased coverage. To assist in refocussing our direction to better reflect the aims and objectives of the ABPA, we ask that members involved in those other sectors, (Bush Poetry Shows, Festivals, event organisers, workshops, product releases, school visits, success stories, poems recorded as song, Video's etc. etc.) to provide our officers with more relevant information.

Our Officers are all volunteers and they need YOU to send them relevant information. PLEASE send information to multiple Officers if you want coverage in Multiple formats, it is not the responsibility of our Officers to forward your information on, that responsibility is YOURS, and all you need do is CC in the extra email addresses. By broadening our appeal to the wider community we will increase our value to potential sponsors and increase our fan base.

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As promised....
Our very own
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Poetry

from our winning
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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.

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Expressions Of Interest

The ABPA Committee would like to hear from any member who believes they have skills, experience or abilities in the areas of securing Funding and/or Sponsorship. Please

EDITORIAL



A Big thank you to all who answered my call for submissions in the previous edition. I have received many responses, but what I have received will only last for the next couple of editions, so please, keep them coming! It was great to receive poetry from so many first time contributors amongst our membership. Great to see those names becoming attached to poetic works.

Now we move into the great Australian Winter and a few poets will be making the sojourn North to perform in Caravan Parks to entertain the growing migration of Grey Nomads heading to the sun for the Winter months. Greg North is back in Winton, Brenda Joy will be in Charters Towers, Bob Pacey will continue as the resident ratbag of Yeppoon and Susie & Mal will be putting grins on peoples faces again this year in Lightning Ridge. I'm looking forward to another season at the Top Tourist Park in Charters Towers for my tenth year. Many others will be making their way around as well.

No news as yet on any National Championships or State Championships happening this year or next year as yet. It really is a shame that so many festivals have disappeared, a lot due to nobody wishing to take up the torch carried by the same people for many years. Once they took their well deserved break from their hard work, we seemed to be left with a lot of competitors but no Organisers. Hopefully this may right itself over the next few years. Maybe not.

Great to see Festivals such as Corryong, Tenterfield, Nerranrera, Avoca etc. still going great guns as far as Poetry is concerned. The Bush Poets will again be taking other Festivals by storm, such as Casino Beef Week, The Gymie National Music Muster and the Mildura Country Music Festival. I am not receiving notifications of many other Festivals as yet, but it may well be worth checking out our Website and our Facebook Page.

Also a big thanks to Peter Mace for this month's Cover Photo of Campbell (Irvine) The Swaggie, which he took at this year's National Folk Festival in Canberra.

Neil McArthur

editor@abpa.org.au

NOTE:- Next Magazine Deadline for submissions is July 26th

ABPA Committee Members 2018

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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

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President's Report



The ABPA Committee has approved a new Adjudication Sheet for Performance Bush Poetry Competitions which will be on our website soon. Thanks to Jack Drake & Marco Giori for working on developing the new sheet. The Committee will be reviewing other areas as time permits, Written Poetry Comp Adjudication Sheets, Accredited Judges Lists & Competition Guidelines. If members have input of any kind that

they would like considered during these reviews, then please contact either myself or any Committee Member and let us know. After all it's your Association & we value your thoughts.

I often get asked, "What can individual Members do to help promote Bush Poetry?", & the answers are many & varied. I will do my best to highlight just a few:-

1. **Improve your own writing/performance at every opportunity** – regardless of your experience or ability, it's always possible to improve. The better we are, the bigger the audience we'll create. There's many ways to improve your craft. **Attend workshops. Watch other entertainers & study their techniques**, comedians, dancers, mimes, singers, dancers, actors & Bush Poets all have techniques we can adjust & use in delivering Bush Poetry. **Find a mentor**, most experienced Bush Poets I know are happy to offer help & advice, just ask. Competitions, these can provide an early opportunity to work to an audience, while Judge's comments & audience response can be a good learning tool. (I'd urge poets to consider not spending too long in 'competition mode' as it can often hinder you from progressing through the poetry ranks)

2. **Share your success**, If you have a good win in competition or have other notable success with Bush Poetry, than share this news by sending a 'Press Release' to all relevant newspapers, newsletters, radio stations and TV stations. They will not come knocking on your door, but if you send them a properly constructed press release, you may be surprised with how often they will use your information. This will lift your profile & promote Bush Poetry. Don't expect someone else to do your promotion for you.

3. **Constantly look for opportunities to perform**, instead of competing for the limited number of performance opportunities already established at Festivals or events, **look for situations you think may benefit from a good poetry performance and ask**. Eg, approach your local RSL club, suggest how a well performed poem might enhance their Anzac Day Celebrations, approach your local P&C Assn, suggest that as a fund raiser they might like to consider a Bush Poetry Show (I ran my first Poetry Show in Millmerran, for the Progress Assn, we sold just over 400 tickets, paid 4 poets & made over \$3000 profit)**If your town or region has an established Festival or event, approach them and explain the benefits of having a poetry show as an attraction. Suggest to your local Lions Club that their Xmas Party could use a good laugh** and that a good Bush Poet can deliver exactly that. You will get a lot of No's, but it may surprise you how many Yes's you get. If you don't think your own poetry skills are up to it at this time, then invite along a more experienced poet.

4. **Always, always put the Best Poets available (allowing for Budget & other factors) in front of your audiences**. This single factor is essential to promoting Bush Poetry & ensuring our future. While it is an honour to be asked to perform at any venue, it is a compliment to be asked to return.

Gary Fogarty (0417723400)

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

Following the Sun

© Lynne Finendon

I have a smallish home, it rolls on wheels and so
I drive around our Oz and visit friends I know.
It has a nice warm bed, a wardrobe for my clothes,
a stove to cook, a sink, a water tank and hose,
a table there with seats, its bathrooms fine but yet,
the space is miniscule so dunny gets all wet.
I have the right sized tank for water that is grey
but I don't fill it much, it sort of stinks that way.

With mirrors, cameras too, you'd think that I could back,
no, trees and things jump out and threaten to attack.
Life on the road you know, it ain't peaches and cream.
There's storms and sticky mud and times your poor nerves scream,
like when your engine fails in the worst bloomin' spot,
I curse that Murphy bloke, he really should be shot!
No help in sight, no phone, you're nowhere near a town,
it's getting bloody dark, no time for breakin' down!

Then up a truckie comes, yeah, help has come along,
he'll get a tow truck out, the waiting won't be long.
There's drongoes tossing trash when bins are standing by,
I wonder if their home is something like a sty.
Next thing, my toilet's full, perhaps my book is wrong.
Well, I could dig a hole, the pong is somewhat strong.
An old ute comes along, red faced I ask the chap.
The dump point's round the bend and crickey, there's a tap!

A truckie tells me off, has deadlines must get there.
I answer him real sweet and say that "I'm aware,
I'll move off when I can so you can earn your pay,
I'm not a bloody cockroach crawling in your way."
He sees that I am solo, driving on my own,
his deadline disappears, he no more wants to moan.
"Please meet me for coffee, my stop is up the hill."
I smile, say "thanks I can't, I don't have time to kill."

I'm starting to forget, need fuel and failed to stop.
Was that the last garage? Should I ask them at a shop?
A sign says no more fuel for the next 200 k's,
I won't make that I know, cripes! Spare me bloomin' days.
Up front BP appears, it's in a brand new spot,
my Lucky Angel comes! Though, sometimes she does not.
The beaches north have crocks and they are rather grim,
so I find waterfalls, in crystal pools I swim.

I left my swimmers off 'cause they were far too wet,
now, here comes people down, they'll see me nude I bet.
Folks don't come this late here, at least nobody sane.
My swimmers out of reach, it's Murphy's Law again!
Behind a rocky pile, I hide in water deep
and every now and then, I take a little peep.
Lo and behold they strip and in the pool they dive.
I scramble out all smiles. My Angel did arrive!

I camp beside the roads where strangers turn to friends,
we sit and drink and talk until the daylight ends.
Far north most problems are the coolness of your fridge
and country folk help out, they're dinkum, ridgery-didge.
I spend time with my kids and all my family too.
There's rallies to attend and many things to do.
I want to travel on until my days are done
and always go up north to revel in the sun.



Tenterfield Oracles Of The Bush

Hi Brenda,
Thanks for your continued support of the Oracles.

We had superb Autumn weather and full houses. Our poets, Col Driscoll, Col Milligan, Bill Kearns and Ray Essery supported by musician, Darren Colston captured the audiences with their brilliant performances. They performed individually during the weekend at various outside and indoor venues collimating with the major concert on Saturday night. Many patrons left the concert commenting - best ever or one of the best!

We had poetry under Bald Rock in the National Park with tea and damper on the campfire and Kill Kearns rocked his performance. This year we introduced a fun night of a Twilight Race Meeting to kick off the weekend. It was a hoot!

The weekend was up close and personal with the poets performing at intimate historic venues and outdoors among the autumn leaves in parklands. Mother nature was kind and the weekend was bursting with positive vibes. We were delighted at the number of first time visitors and always excited to greet return patrons.

The Looming Legend poetry competition was extremely well supported. The written section, in particular saw entries from every state in Australia. Written and Performance sections were very high standard and gave the judges a few grey hairs deciding the winners. The junior sections were equally well supported as was the Junior Art competition. Lots of proud Mums and Dads, Grandparents, family and friends packed the hall for the children's concert.

Our Oracles Legend, Mr. George Mulherin, was our ambassador the weekend and absolutely nailed his role.

Dates for next year are April 5th to 7th, 2019.



A Marvellous Crowd as always for The Poet's Brawl

Written	
Section 1:	Humourous (\$400)
Winner	Brenda Joy (Charters Towers)- "Let it all Hang Out"
H.C	Daryl Lloyd (Boonah) "The Wedding"
H.C	Tom Mcilveen (Port Macquarie) - "Busted Flat"
H.C	Tom Mcilveen (Port Macquarie) - "Fishing for a Guicci"
Section 2:	Quiet Achievers (\$400)
Winner	David Campbell (Airey's Inlet) - "Little Granny"
H.C	Shelly Hansen (Maryborough)- "The Jumbuck Drama Club"
H.C	Terry Piggott (Gumtree Way) - "The Canoligan"
H.C	Catherine Lee (Mona Vale) - "Possum"

Performance	
Section 3:	Novice
Winner	Caleb Moylan

Section 4:	Original
Winner	Carmel Wooding
Runner Up:	Claire Reynolds

Section 5:	Previously Published
Winner	Carmel Wooding
Runner Up:	Claire Reynolds

Thanks again
Carmel Rose
President



Darren Coulston leading the chorus at the Saturday Night Concert



Bill Kearns spruiking his Bull in the National Park

LET IT ALL HANG OUT

© Brenda Joy

Winner – Humorous Section, 'Oracles of the Bush', Tenterfield, NSW 2018

A ruling I've just heard about that's brought me to the fray
concerns the washing habits in some parts of USA.
Now from that land of liberty and 'rights of people' laws,
they've put some strange restrictions on to doing laundry chores.

They have no inhibitions re the right to tote a gun,
yet feel there's things more sinister that never should be done.
In certain states a deed that earns a punishment by fine,
relates to hanging washing out to dry upon a line.

Oh, what a deprivation ladies face within those States –
to be forbidden to enjoy what in Australia rates
as part of our inheritance. We can do as we please.
Our legacy allows our clothes to billow in the breeze

This solar thermal drying scheme is absolutely free
whilst scent of gum ambrosia smells wonderful to me.
And many US ladies feel the need to air their views;
they've set up 'Right to Dry' campaigns to be allowed to choose.

But protests get them no-where when their toffy neighbours frown
on those who want to show their clothes and "... bring our district down!"
They'd rather use devices guzzling fuel as they dry —
and so the US energy consumption shoots up high.

They use up carbon credits. They are not prepared to live
by taking full advantage of what Nature has to give.
Yet those who use appliances are sorry to attest
to shrinkages and loss of lint as clothes get more distressed.

And what is wrong with what we wear, especially when it's clean?
Perhaps some prudish people don't like undergarments seen,
but there are undies on display in every shopping place
so having them pegged out to dry is hardly a disgrace.

So let them keep their pseudo, rough and tumble modern world.
I'd much prefer to aerate sheets with wind – like sails unfurled.
Some rules to me are just unfair and if I must conform,
I'll show my independent streak by kicking up a storm.

I'll hoist my washing on the line and strut my wooden props
and if they take my 'Hills' away, I'll pull out all the stops.
I'll demonstrate the use of breeze, protest for open air
and on my happy rotary, you'll see them dancing there...

...the bras and cotton panty briefs will flap with hubby's jocks.
(Our smalls don't set off smoke alarms or give electric shocks.)
I'll blow my washing in the wind, my privileges I'll flout,
and agitate to keep the right to let it all hang out.



Canberra's National Folk Festival 2018

The National Folk Festival held in Canberra over the Easter week end, is over for another year and the Poet's Breakfasts were again over subscribed but there were several other walk-up events to accommodate this 'excess' of poets – if ever there can be such a thing.

The 36th Reciter of the Year Award was won by John Peel with the rendition of his poem When Elvis Came Back from the Dead and judge Chris McGinty also gave honourable mention to several other poets.

A highlight this year was the presentation of the inaugural Blue the Shearer Award for Best Original Poem presented by its author. In the recent April/May edition of this magazine, Keith McKenry outlined the details of the origins of this award following the sad death last year of Col Wilson a.k.a. Blue the Shearer. Col's widow Pat Wilson came down from the Blue Mountains to present the award to Peter Mace for his poem What Price a V.C. Again Chris McGinty was forced to agonise over the decision with many other fine poems featuring.

The Yarnspinners Award, held each year at The Stockcamp was won by Dave and Malcolm Upton who actually run this popular venue, with their collection of Snake Stories some of which were actually alarmingly true.

Laurie McDonald.

Five days in a Perfect World.

The slogan for the 2018 National Folk Festival where poetry once again was very well represented due in great part to the efforts of the festivals director of poetry Laurie McDonald.

Laurie cobbled together an eclectic group of performers including Dick Warwick from Washington state in the US, Greg North, John Peel, Keith McKenry, Jacqui Malins, Sandra Renew and yours truly.

There were four, two hour Poets Breakfasts, where on each occasion we were unable to get through the complete list, an indication of the popularity of the spoken word, Poetry in the Park for an hour each day as well as another two hour session each night.

The Bush Poets team of Greg North, Rhonda Tallnash, John Peel and Dick Warwick maintained their dominance over all other forms of poetry in the annual competition.

This year a new award was initiated in memory of Col Wilson aka Blue the Shearer.

The award was for the best original poem performed during the first three Poets Breakfasts

The Reciters award was up for grabs again for what I believe was the thirty fifth year.

The reciters award was taken out by John Peel and I was fortunate enough to win the Blue the Shearer trophy that was presented by Blue's widow Pat.

The day before the festival started Anita and I along with Nick and Jan Lock decided to drive to Wee Jasper for the day, an area where Banjo Paterson spent some time. Along the way we came across a couple of characters in kilts practicing the bagpipes. Turns out they were about to play at the local school so we tagged along.

Only in Australia, the school had six pupils, all boys so they got a bit of time off to learn the art of playing the bagpipes, hear a few of Banjo's Poems and listen to Nick sing.

Peter Mace



Peter Mace and Pat Wilson.



Peter Mace and John Peel with trophies



Chris McGinty, John Peel, Peter Mace, Pat Wilson, Keith McKenry, Laurie McDonald.

Will Ogilvie - The Third Major (continued)

By Anthony Hammill

I will conclude with a variety of scattered shots aimed towards our subject.

Rose West married Henry Hernfield, who became a station-master. She involved herself in political party and church work and was highly regarded as a selfless individual. She died suddenly at age 57 at Granville, Sydney, and was buried in the West family vault in the Northern Suburbs Cemetery. She was survived by her husband, two sons and a daughter.

It seems certain that Rose is the 'fair girl' Will refers to in his exquisite dedicatory verse 'Fair Girls and Gray Horses', as the poem was published in *The Bulletin* in 1898, and also in the book by the same name, the year after the affair. Will met Rose on Botfield Station near Trundle while working for Simeon Levi West. She was his muse for some memorable poems, and for that we owe her thanks.

I and some friends celebrated the centenary of the book's publication on 12 November 1998 with three bottles of sparkling red wine ('For red wine ruins no rider's nerves..') though by necessity in different locations. Red was Will's favourite colour in his days of wine and roses ('I envy all red roses..'), and he associated both with his love interest. He wrote from the heart and employed the theme of romance far more than any other bush balladist ('Maybe rhymes among the roses/Have a music of their own..'). He was also the outstanding poet of the horse, which was such a fundamental feature of the bushman's life.

I am puzzled as to why Will has not been afforded more recognition than he has been. His verse can be often sad and beautiful, or joyous and beautiful, sometimes humorous, and always powerful. His most prominent admirer was Reg Williams, who corresponded with him and met him in Scotland. Reg first published the collected verse 'Saddle For A Throne' in 1952.

W.H.O. celebrated Australia in several heart-warming poems, even after returning to Scotland. We are all the richer for his presence among us, and the poetic record he left of pioneering times means that he will always be part of us.



Mary Ann Rosaline (Rose) West.



Will Ogilvie

A BIT MORE ON OGILVIE

Gary Fogarty

As an unashamed Will Ogilvie tragic, I read with interest Anthony Hammill's informative article in the last issue of our Magazine. I thought I might just add a few extra pieces of information which may be of interest to my fellow Ogilvie fans. The poem Anthony mentioned about a polo match was titled 'The Glory Of the Game', and John Meredith claimed in his book 'Breaker's Mate', that it is believed that Banjo Paterson's poem 'Geebung Polo Club' was based upon the same match.

The Cobb & Co Museum in Toowoomba has in its possession a single spur that it is believed to have belonged to Will Ogilvie and to have been worn by him while he was working in Australia. Also in their possession is a tuft of tail hair believed to be from Ogilvie's favourite horse while here in Australia. That horse is believed to be 'Loyal Heart' (a grey of course and also believed to be the inspiration for Ogilvie's poem, 'The Pearl Of Them All') and the tuft was sent to Ogilvie in Scotland after the horse had passed away. While the providence of both pieces has unfortunately become a little muddled over the years, the curator at Cobb & Co told me he believed that both items were bought back to Australia by George Ogilvie when he came here for the opening of the Stockman's Hall of Fame. The pieces are not on public display, but the curator was very happy to get them out of storage and show them to me.

As many may know, I recorded an album of Ogilvie's poetry in 2009 (*The Tartan Saddlecloth*) and during that process I traded letters with the Will Ogilvie Memorial Committee and all four of Will's grandchildren (the oldest of his living descendants). The Will Ogilvie Memorial Committee published a small book, "The Hill Road To Robertson" in 2009, it is a selection of both his Australian poems and Scottish poems and the copy they presented me with holds pride of place in my small library. On the Guest List for the testimonial dinner held in Ogilvie's honour, that Anthony mentioned, were two well know names, A.B Paterson and Henry Lawson, although Lawson apparently was a no-show on the night.

DROUGHT

William Henry Ogilvie

My road is fenced with the bleached, white bones
And strewn with the blind, white sand,
Beside me a suffering, dumb world moans
On the breast of a lonely land.

On the rim of the world the lightnings play,
The heat-waves quiver and dance,
And the breath of the wind is a sword to slay
And the sunbeams each a lance.

I have withered the grass where my hot hoofs tread,
I have whitened the sapless trees,
I have driven the faint-hearted rains ahead
To hide in their soft green seas.

I have bound the plains with an iron band,
I have stricken the slow streams dumb!
To the charge of my vanguards who shall stand?
Who stay when my cohorts come?

The dust-storms follow and wrap me round;
The hot winds ride as a guard;
Before me the fret of the swamps is bound
And the way of the wild-fowl barred.

I drop the whips on the loose-flanked steers;
I burnt their necks with the bow;
And the green-hide rips and the iron sears
Where the staggering, lean beasts go.

I lure the swagman out of the road
To the gleam of a phantom lake;
I have laid him down, I have taken his load,
And he sleeps till the dead men wake.

My hurrying hoofs in the night go by,
And the great flocks bleat their fear
And follow the curve of the creeks burnt dry
And the plains scorched brown and sere.

The worn men start from their sleepless rest
With faces haggard and drawn;
They cursed the red Sun into the west
And they curse him out of the dawn.

They have carried their outposts far, far out,
But - blade of my sword for a sign! -
I am the Master, the dread King Drought,
And the great West Land is mine!



Will Ogilvie (A Tribute)

© Gary Fogarty

When that old horse called Memory is saddled, when the gates of the yard are flung wide,
When the rider's heart cannot be hobbled as he urges his mount to full stride.
When none but the truest of comrades would dare brush his stirrup with mine
It is then Will, you rise to the challenge and capture my world in a rhyme.

Those reckless wild rides as a youngster, when fear never reigned in our call,
When we rushed our mounts at their fences, risking our necks on a fall.
When the sweet stolen kiss of a lover was like spurs to our wildest dare,
When we took what life had to offer, with never so much as a care.

Those long weary days in the saddle when we dined on the red soil dust,
When we challenged the wild eyed 'mickies' and in horses and dogs placed our trust.
When we followed a crash in the timber, though blinded for sight of the lead.
When the grey mare grabbed at the snaffle and gave every inch of her speed.

When bone weary, dust covered and hungry, we bedded them down for the night,
When like ghosts from past musters we're shadowed by the last fading rays of sunlight.
When the glow from the campfire is beckoning, when panikins are brimming with tea,
When the horses are hobbled and grazing, then's the time for our thoughts to run free.

Run free in the pace and the rhythm, that you've set from your saddle, your throne,
As your stories bring memories flooding of fair ladies and grey horses we've known.
For the name may be changed from 'Willangie', for we all have our favorite steed,
That money can't buy from a pauper, when we're racing to challenge the lead.

The romance of the bush and it's music, now hobbled for life to our heart,
The blind faith that we place in a hand shake, the mateship that sets us apart.
The excitement of saddling that 'rebel' that's showing the white in his eye,
The longing that strikes without warning when a travelling mob passes by

You have plaited your words in our senses, your phrases have captured our soul,
The rhythm of your verses sustains us, like the old mare nurtures her foal.
You have spurred our desire for the telling of yarns the bushland gave birth.
Now I lend my voice to their telling in the hope that I add to their worth.



Our Poetry Kids

The iconic *The Man from Snowy River Bush Festival* is held annually in Corryong, Victoria. Thank you to Jan Lewis for co-ordinating this. In 2015 this festival co-incided with the ABPA Australian and Victorian State Bush Poetry Championships for Performance and Writing. Megan won in the junior age group with an outstanding performance and her success is on-going.



Here is a 2017 updated bio from Megan together with her latest poem –

“My name is Megan Roweth and I live in Millthorpe, a small town in NSW, with my Mum, my Dad and my little sister Joanna.

“My interest in poetry began when my dad first started performing it. I used to listen to him learning poems. They were interesting so they stuck in my mind and I learnt them by ear. I began travelling around to festivals with my parents and reciting poems at Poets’ Breakfasts. I also began to write poems of my own. That was when I was six years old and I have been performing ever since.

“I love reciting poetry and I don’t plan to stop doing it any time soon.”

Megan

THE TIDE

by Megan Roweth

She should be at home with her mother,
Instead she rocks on the sea,
Instead she’s far from her country,
So far from where she should be.
Most of her town will be gone now,
Smothered by guns and the bombs,
At least she’s slightly safer here,
Though most of her house is still gone.
Australia turned them away,
and her home is just a war.
She just hopes that their boat doesn’t sink,
and that somebody opens the door.

© 2017 Megan Roweth (at age 10)

And an earlier poem from Megan –

A RACE TO ICE-CREAM

by Megan Roweth

I’ll tell you a story not so commonly known,
‘bout a race to get something
that comes in a cone.
Well, there’s an ice-cream store
just down the road
where customers must wait an hour
just to be served.

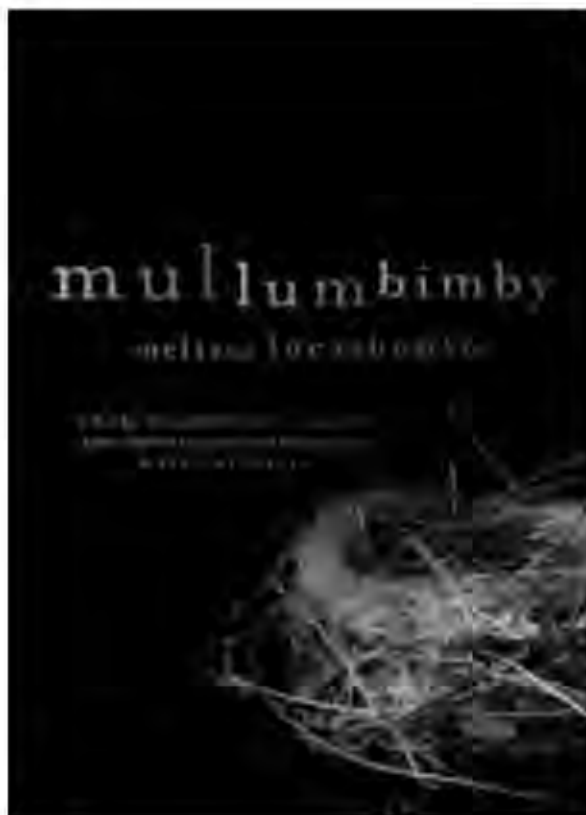
One winter’s day I was off to get some
when I saw me mate Dave was on the run.
“I must get there first!” I said
over the slam,
so as quick as the wind I turned and ran.

I was running along, as quick as the wind,
when suddenly my path
was blocked by a bin!
I had to run round,
and wouldn’t you know,
Now my path was blocked by some snow!
But I caught up of course,
slipping all about,
but when I asked the man he said,
“We’ve all run out.”

© 2015 Megan Roweth (at age 7)

Great Aussie Reads

with Jack Drake



I have always been very interested in indigenous history and culture but I realise there are elements and nuances in that society which I, as a white Australian, have little chance of understanding in any real depth.

However, I recently picked up a novel called Mullumbimby by Melissa Lucashenko (University of Queensland Press 2013) that gave me, an outsider, a very thought provoking look into the hearts and feelings of our traditional owners.

Mullumbimby is no heavy volume attempting to unravel the meanings and values of the oldest civilization on earth. It is simply a funny/tragic story told in an irreverent, tongue in cheek manner by an author who really knows her subject.

The heroine, Jo Breen, is a Bundjalung woman who uses her divorce settlement to buy a small piece of her people's homeland. She works as a grounds person to pay the mortgage and provide a home for her family in an attempt to reclaim a spiritual connection with the land.

Throw in another indigenous family who also claim land rights, a few redneck white neighbours who appear to just be obstructive on principle, a new boyfriend currently pursuing his own native title case through the courts, and a page turning story ensues.

Mullumbimby managed to simplify a complicated concept for me by showing Aboriginal attitudes to society in a very simple, down to earth manner. Melissa Lucashenko has done a wonderful job with her fifth book and I will definitely be seeking out her previous works. Mullumbimbywell worth reading.

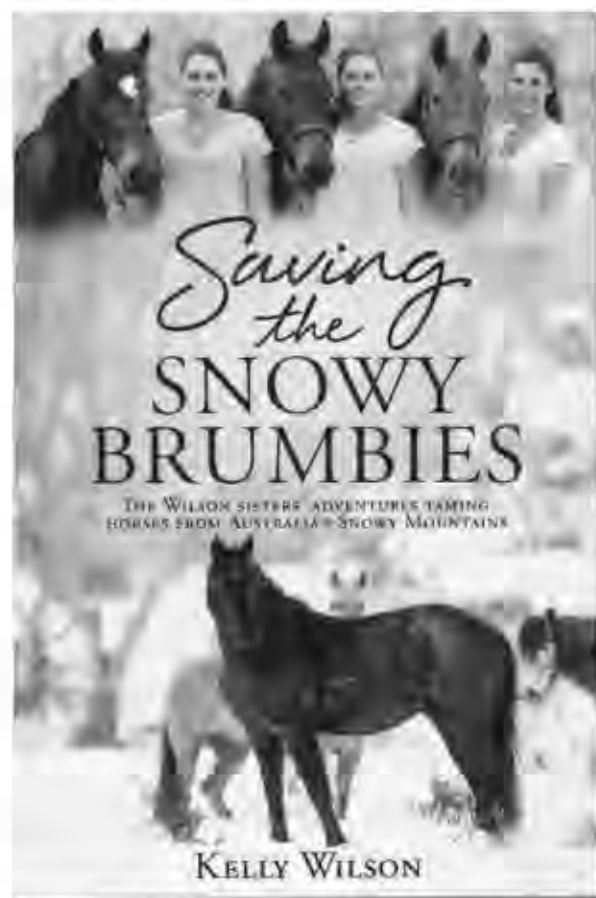
The Australian brumby is one of our most controversial animals. Wild horses seem to inspire more impassioned debate than any other introduced creature. Horse lovers revere them and greenies seem to hate them with a passion.

Saving the Snowy Brumbies by Kelly Wilson (Random House 2017) is a beautifully written and photographed work that examines the brumby question from all sides despite being written by a horse lover.

Kelly Wilson and her sisters Amanda and Vicki, are consummate horse-women. Born in New Zealand to a family of modest means, they indulged their passion for horses the only way they could afford. Classily bred mounts were beyond their financial means so the girls began working with and learning from the wild horses known as 'Kaimanawas', from the rugged Kaimanawa Ranges in New Zealand's North Island.

The Wilson sisters have become internationally famous for their work with wild horses and their prowess in world class show jumping. In their native New Zealand they have starred in their own TV series Keeping up with the Kaimanawas and have travelled to the USA to work with wild Mustangs.

Saving the Snowy Brumbies documents their adventure in Australia working with brumbies in the Snowy Mountains. The book contains a large collection of beautiful photographs and a sensitive, informed text. I loved it, and am certainly going to seek out Kelly's three preceding books.



More great Aussie reads at
www.outbackbooks.info

Jack Drake

Genius To Insanity

©John Raine.

I've heard it said that a very fine line
Twixt genius and insanity exists.
But, I have a thought and the thought is all mine,
That a similar dilemma persists.
'tis a thing that I see, not too clearly defined
And leaves many people bereft,
How the practises be in the business man's mind
So damnably close to plain theft.

The ads you are reading can be downright misleading
But " No lies, it's in the fine print ".
Or, the ones that you hear on the media so clear
While disclaimers go by at the sprint.
" No deposit " they say." And no interest you'll pay
For many long months " they exalt.
But they never declare the wild interest you'll wear
Should you run by hard times and default.

'tis the boss you should thank for what cash you can bank,
" It's my work that gives you a living "
But, the slightest decline in his bottom line
Means to you it's the boot he'll be giving.
Now, the banker will say "The computer's the way
To do all your banking " for them,
Though, the wages they save, still, more money they Crave
And charge to use their a.t.m.

So, the mad grab for cash for the business man's stash,
has everyone fighting for money.
He can't see, I suppose, past the end of his nose.
That's what makes it so sad, but so funny.
By the time he finds peace, 'twill be time to decease,
Then what will his money atone?
Spoiled children and rash to waste all his cash,
And a cold and lonely head stone.

But, maybe I'm wrong, for life races on
At a frightening and maddening pace.
And the meek, I am told, on the earth have a hold.
Ha, we all get it back... in our face!
So, what pleases you is what you must do.
Don't covert the lifestyle of others.
Live a life that is full, I tell you no bull
And you'll realise most of your druthers.

For a true mind is free if it's honest you be.
You'll sleep in soft peace every night.
And enjoy each day past as if it's your last,
And one day you're bound to be right!

SUMMING UP

© Ron Boughton

Around the Margaret River, we were drinking of their wine
And must admit the tastings were all going down quite fine,
But when! the sampling etiquette just floated out the door
Then 'bottoms up!' became the call and 'fill 'em up once more!

Now, in West Oz' near' every second place ends in UP!
So 'Bottoms' UP provoked a thought as wine flowed from the cup
From Amelup to Yuntecup and all ups in between
One wonders is a 'Bottoms' UP anywhere to be seen.

Investigation then revealed the UP bit means 'place of'
Interpretation is required for it's, then a case of!
To join the prefix to the UP to find out what it means
So common phrases thus applied, strewth! visualise the scenes!

Would 'Bottoms' UP describe a place of people showing bums!
Or 'Two' UP be a place of doing simple census sums
And 'Fed' UP may well mean a place that has abundant food
But 'Throw' UP could just mean strong arm and nothing really rude!

If 'Pick Me' UP is where, there's a perpetual beauty crown
'Belt' UP could be where everybody's pants once fell down.
Would 'Cock' UP be a place where only a rooster exists
And could 'Thumbs' UP be a place of just single digit fists!

At 'Stuck' UP there would be no chance of ever leaving there
And 'P-ss' UP in your weirdest dreams, not visit on a dare!
'Front' UP would be a place, where there would be no looking back
And if you'd visit 'Booze' UP, you'd get more than a six pack!

'Wake' UP would be where, there's many a funeral send-off!
And 'Stood' UP be where, at any form of seat they would scoff!
But to see what was at 'Stuff' UP, you'd really have to go
And of how many 'UPs' there is, we'll never really know!

But there is a 'State' of 'Drink' UP that's found on a wine tour
In the West Oz' wine district it can also be a cure!
For if you're down, wearing a frown, let the wine fill your cup
Read the road signs and you'll find, the only way to go is ...UP!!



Corryong Man From Snowy River Festival

Our Bush Festival is a kaleidoscope of bush skills, horse events, utes, re-enactment of Banjo Paterson's poem "Man from Snowy River", art shows, photographic exhibitions, quilt show, music and verse, and it encapsulates and celebrates all which is wonderful about friendship in Australia and it connects traditional bush skills with modern ones celebrating good, old fashioned values.

Friday at 8 am there is always a poets' breakfast on Banjo's Block. For the uninitiated, a poets' breakfast is where poets of all grades get up and have a go! Huge entertainment. Everyone is welcome: Poets on 'L' plates shakily reading from scraps of paper to stars of the poetry world who love to catch up with fellow poets and share their mutual love of rhyming metered verses in the style of Paterson, Lawson, Ogilvie, C. J. Dennis, John Shaw Neilson and of course, that wonderful Bush Poet: Ann Nonymous!

And then it's off to the re-enactment! Up on a Thowgla hillside, the crowd gathers and is entertained by the wonderful local Bonza Blokes Bush Band featuring songs of the area supported by guitar, lagerphone, accordion and a special treat --- a saw. While the Poem is spoken, the colt from Old Regret escapes and the chase is on! Backed by the wonderful music from the film, hairs raise on backs of necks, goose-bumps appear, and the most amazing surge of pride in our country and its legend happens. The audience is totally affected by what they see and feel. The rumble of the horses hooves as they gallop away stirring the emotions of the crowd and the amazing, daring riding of the bloke who chases the colt and "alone and unassisted brought him back" is a sight to behold.

There is just enough time before the Street Parade, for poets to meet at the R. S. L. hall, where 'The Faces on the Wall' are honoured. This concert featured poems and songs of gratitude for the men and women who fought so that we can have the privileged life we have today, such as the freedom to witness an inclusive community Parade traipsing down the main street, witnessed by packed crowds twenty deep. From the littlest line-dancers to the mobs of horses, a bullock dray, local fire brigades, the revving utes, poets and artisans, Light Horsemen, featured Performers, vintage cars.

Only three Competition events this year at the Poetry - The Recital of Banjo's poem won (again) by Rhonda Tallnash, Jack Riley Heritage Awards Women and Men Christa Dwyer and Ted Webber, and One Minute poem (judged by the audience) won by John Watkins, second Christa Dwyer, and local Barbara Klippel won the Lawrie Sheridan Encouragement Award.

Apart from a few shows in the entertainment tent in the arena, most poetry happens in the Lion's Club Hall and the surrounding Banjo's Block which is much quieter than the hurly-burly of the Rec Reserve. Greg Champion, Johnny Huckle, Brenda Joy, Graeme Johnson, Noel Bull, Carol Reffold, Kevin McCarthy, and of course Geoffrey Graham were popular performers in a relaxed atmosphere,

Breakfast, morning tea, lunches, afternoon tea and dinner were catered for by 'Macca's Takeaway' team from a local café. Home cooked, superbly presented, wonderful tasty soups, stews, roasts, cakes and salads were perfect! And very affordable. Georgie and her cute VinBar drinks caravan was a welcome addition too.

All too soon, the weekend is over and the hall is emptied of its decorations, the chairs are stacked up, the stage is shifted out, the gum branches are put by the fire, the floor is swept and it's time to go home.



MFSR Recital James Thomas
3rd Rhonda Tallnash winner
and Tom O'Connor 2nd



2018 JR Heritage Men Ted Webber winner,
Trevor Best 2nd and Col Carrington 3rd

I can't wait to do it all again!
Carol Reffold edited by Jan Lewis



L to R -- Liz Smeaton, Val Curly, Carol Reffold,
Brenda Joy, Bruce Clark, Jan Lewis, Mon Galvin and
Tony Lambides-Turner acting upin the foreground



Poet's Group Shot

ANOTHER GOOD MAN GONE

On Monday 16th April, 2018 poet and sculptor, Jeff Simpson, was found deceased at his home at Severnleigh near Stanthorpe.

Jeff was the younger brother of Bruce Simpson and was a published poet in his own right. While not as prolific as his brother Bruce, Jeff's poetry carried the same air of authenticity as his brother's. He was also a very talented sculptor who created a series of bronze statuettes depicting the life of the Australian ringer.

He worked in Bruce's droving plant bringing big mobs of store bullocks from the Territory and East Kimberlys down to the railheads and fattening properties in Queensland during the 1950s.

Jeff enjoyed some success as an opal miner when the golden age of droving ended in the early 1960s. He drifted into Queensland's Granite Belt in the early '70s where he purchased an orchard property and lived there from then on.

Jeff was the driving force that impelled his brother Bruce to search for the old camp he and his mustering mates located years ago on Glenormiston Station in far western Queensland. There is a strong possibility that this find could have been the explorer Leichhardt's last camp but unfortunately the search was unsuccessful.

He was also one of the dedicated volunteers who helped establish The Drovers Camp Memorial at Carnooweal where many of his bronzes are displayed.

An accomplished horse and cattleman, Jeff wrote a book on Traditional Bush Horsemanship which he felt was in danger of being forgotten by today's recreational riders.

It is with a deep sense of regret that I report the loss of a good man and a good mate.

Jack Drake

Jeffrey Simpson

THIRTY FEET BELOW

The valley's shadows lengthen as I pause to take a rest
And I read again the letter Darcy wrote me from the West.
For Darcy says he's mining where the sandstone ridges run,
And I find myself daydreaming as I laze here in the sun.
Soon I watch a fiery sunset as it sets the sky aglow
In the West where Darcy's gouging some thirty feet below.

Although the orchard stretches with its ordered rows of trees,
With the branches, heavy laden, swaying gently in the breeze.
It seems above the rustle comes an old familiar sound
Of miner's picks on sandstone as they labour underground
Where Darcy's working mullock in the bright electric glow,
While the bucket rattles upward from thirty feet below.

Yes Darcy's opal mining for he's fallen 'neath the spell,
Old-timers could have warned him if only they would tell.
But when the opal fever strikes no victim wants to hear
Of fortunes lost, of fizzer claims, of wrecked and broken gear.
For only those who mine this gem can ever hope to know
The thrill of striking opal when you're thirty feet below.

The darkness slowly deepens and the campfires flare and gleam,
But Darcy goes on working for he's on a colour seam.
Perhaps it is that Lady Luck has guided Darcy's hand
Perhaps blind fate has shown him a hidden colour band.
That indicates a parcel near that waits the final blow -
A fortune may be feet away when thirty feet below.

And as I sit here at my ease my back against a tree
I think I envy Darcy, for I know that he is free
For him the union never comes to seek another rise
No women's lib annoys him with their cries to equalise
The muggings and the murders and the violence seems to grow
It seems a whole lot safer working thirty feet below

The bankers here are telling us that mortgage rates must rise
The treasurer has sternly said we must economise
I know the day must surely come when, cursed by mounting bills
I'll roll the swag and call the dog and head out through the hills
Away across the black-soil plains where western rivers flow
And try my luck like Darcy, working thirty feet below.

Give credit where credit's due!

From the pen of Mal Beveridge

For all you Rugby tragics out there (especially you Murray Hartin) in poetry land I take full credit for Australia's recent win over the All Blacks in the final Bledisloe Cup match.

Despairing over our form, or lack of it, and with the World Cup on the distant horizon I took to pen and published this on my "Poetry Gas" Facebook page before the big game.

Australian Rugby World Cup Anthem

©M M Beveridge 2017

God save Australia!
Keep us from fail-ia
against the All Blacks.

Make us victorious!
At least make them draw with us.
Don't let us look so suss!
God save Australia!

God save the Wallabies
koalas and gum trees
and curse the All Blacks!

Give them all dodgy knees;
warts, boils and vicious fleas.
Same to the Springboks please!
God help the Wallabies!

God save our Rugby team!
Grant us our world cup dream
and curse the Poms!

Give them all runny bums,
(just not in rucks or scrums),
foot rot and poisoned thumbs,
God save our Rugby team.

GO THE WALLABIES!!!!

GRATUITOUS ADVICE FOR LONG JOHN

© Harry Reed

Oh rattle not your grey burnt bones
Forgive the dog, forget your groans
Forgo that wife with heart of stones
No doubt she'll find another

Rest now behind your low cost plaque
Don't live in fear of each dog's bark
It may be wet, it may be stark
Your brick wall has no cover

Her visits now are brief and few
She's found more pleasant things to do
Off cruising on some ocean blue
Cavorting with her lover

While Rover's locked in kennel bare
With nought to do but sit and glare
For life is cruel and life's not fair
Just ask your seasick brother

Good Old Days

© Warren (Waz) Dakin

I really like my poetry but seldom find the time,
To set my thoughts and feelings down in verses that will rhyme
I wish I had the eloquence of Lawson or his clones,
So I could tell the stories of the bushmen I have known.

The tales my father told me of his kinfolks bullock team,
The hours it took to line them up and yoke them, two abeam,
The sweat and blood and swearing just to get them on the move,
And make them pull in unison along the forest groove.

The early years of motor cars, or bikes to be precise,
No helmets, no protective gear and seldom any lights,
One brother on his "Indian" showed very little sense
When speeding just a trifle, he went through a three rail fence.

With no TV to watch and radio was seldom clear,
They made their entertainment with whatever they found near,
The things that they got up to, it's a wonder they weren't shot,
If I had tried to do such things, I know what I'd have got.

While the faithful were at worship, they unsaddled every horse,
Swapped them round then put them on, back to front of course
Or quietly re-hitched a gig assisted by a brother,
With horse on one side the fence, the gig was on the other.

Then fishing meant a five mile walk cross-country to the river,
To spend the night in winter was enough to make you shiver,
Or in summer when the mullet were on top for all to see,
The fishing gear consisted of a cut down .303

And Saturday could mean a local hall may hold a dance,
Transports not problem if you care to take a chance
To leap aboard the rattler as it left the station yard,
Then leave in the same manner, hope the fall is not too hard.

Now they sit and reminisce about the good old days,
But everything looks better through a fifty year old haze,
Back then it took an hour or more to drive to town by car,
Now they'd whine if half an hour didn't take them twice as far.

And I guess it won't be long before I travel on that track,
And regale my kids with stories I recall when I look back,
But I can't escape the feeling and it haunts my mind somehow,
That the good old days for me will be the ones I'm living now.

Ah---Men Ah---Tree

© John Raine

Ashes to ashes. dust to dust.

We recite so often without really knowing-

To return these things is an absolute must

For maintaining the health of the earth and it's crust-

In order to keep the trees growing.

Peter Mace wins the Inaugural Blue the Shearer Award

By Keith McKenry

This year at the National Folk Festival in Canberra the famed Poets' Breakfasts were buzzing with extra excitement, for the Festival had instituted a major new Award for best Original Poem to honour the memory of the greatest of Australia's contemporary bush/folk poets, the late Col Wilson, better known to us all as "Blue the Shearer", who died last year after a long illness. Col was not only a prolific poet – for many years he would present a new topical poem each week, highlighting the foibles of the high and mighty, on ABC radio – but he was also a brilliant one, many of his poems – like his famed "Cross-Eyed Bull", "Grandkids", "The Thong", and "The Wingen Pub" becoming modern classics. There would be few members of the Australian Bush Poets Association who do not have at least one Blue the Shearer poem in their repertoire.

The Award was crafted by Terry Gleeson, himself a past winner of the Festival's long-standing Reciter of the Year Award, and featured an image of the Cross-Eyed Bull, mounted on a handsome timber stand. It is a striking trophy, and the honour of winning is certain to be central to the aspirations of all Australia's bush and/or folk poets. In keeping with its status as an enduring memorial to Col, the Award carries no monetary prize, rather it is the honour of being its Custodian for a year, and having one's name inscribed on its Honour Roll, that makes it a prize beyond value.

The National Folk Festival was honoured, too, when Col's widow Pat Wilson made the journey to Canberra with her daughter Megan and son-in-law Ike, to present the Inaugural Award. The Award was judged by Chris McGinty, himself a recent winner of the Reciter of the Year Award. He had a horrendous task for over the three mornings of the Festival's Poets' Breakfasts there were many splendid original poems, some by well-known Festival poets and some by newcomers venturing in front of the microphone for the first time.

While there were many worthy contenders, in the end Chris decided the winner would be Peter Mace, for his poem "What Price a VC?" It tells the story of Captain Alfred Shout, the most highly decorated soldier in the Gallipoli campaign, who was awarded the Military Cross for his bravery during the initial attack at the beachhead and then the Victoria Cross for heroism during the August offensive at Lone Pine, and how the actioning of his medals in 2006 set a world record for a medal of \$1 million. The anonymous winning bidder was later identified as Kerry Stokes, who then donated the medal to the Australian War Memorial. It is a powerful poem and worthy winner of the Inaugural Blue the Shearer Award



Rogues Gallery: Judge Chris McGinty, John Peel, winner of Reciter of the Year, Peter Mace, Pat Wilson, Keith McKenry, Laurie McDonald.

LETTER FROM A FEMALE CONVICT.

Port Jackson, 14th November, 1788.

I TAKE the first opportunity that has been given us to acquaint you with our disconsolate situation in this solitary waste of the creation. Our passage, you may have heard by the first ships, was tolerably favourable; but the inconveniences since suffered for want of shelter, bedding, &c., are not to be imagined by any stranger. However, we have now two streets, if four rows of the most miserable huts you can possibly conceive of deserve that name. Windows they have none, as from the Governor's house, &c., now nearly finished, no glass could be spared; so that lattices of twigs are made by our people to supply their places. At the extremity of the lines, where since our arrival the dead are buried, there is a place called the church-yard; but we hear, as soon as a sufficient quantity of bricks can be made, a church is to be built, and named St. Philip, after the Governor. Notwithstanding all our presents, the savages still continue to do us all the injury they can, which makes the soldiers' duty very hard, and much dissatisfaction among the officers. I know not how many of our people have been killed. As for the distresses of the women, they are past description, as they are deprived of tea and other things they were indulged in in the voyage by the seamen, and as they are all totally unprovided with clothes, those who have young children are quite wretched. Besides this, though a number of marriages have taken place, several women, who became pregnant on the voyage, and are since left by their partners, who have returned to England, are not likely even here to form any fresh connections. We are comforted with the hopes of a supply of tea from China, and flattered with getting riches when the settlement is complete, and the hemp which the place produces is brought to perfection. Our kingaroo rats are like mutton, but much leaner; and there is a kind of chickweed so much in taste like our spinach that no difference can be discerned. Something like ground ivy is used for tea; but a scarcity of salt and sugar makes our best meals insipid. The separation of several of us to an uninhabited island was like a second transportation. In short, every one is so taken up with their own misfortunes that they have no pity to bestow upon others. All our letters are examined by an officer, but a friend takes this for me privately. The ships sail tomorrow.*

[* The Fishburn and Golden Grove, transports.]

Convict Maid

Traditional Australian song, composer unknown

Ye London maids attend to me,
While I relate my misery.
Through London streets I oft have strayed,
But now I am a Convict Maid.

In innocence I once did live,
In all the joy that peace could give.
But sin my youthful heart betrayed,
And now I am a Convict Maid.

To wed my lover I did try,
To take my master's property.
So all my guilt was soon displayed,
And I became a Convict Maid.

Then I was soon to prison sent,
To wait in fear my punishment.
When at the bar I stood dismayed,
Since doomed to be a Convict Maid.

At length the Judge did me address,
Which filled with pain my aching breast.
To Botany Bay you will be conveyed,
For seven years a Convict Maid.

For seven long years oh how I sighed,
While my poor mother loudly cried.
My lover wept and thus he said,
May God be with my Convict Maid.

To you that here my mournful tale,
I cannot half my grief reveal.
No sorrow yet has been portrayed,
Like that of the poor Convict Maid.

Far from my friends and home so dear,
My punishment is most severe.
My woe is great and I'm afraid,
That I shall die a Convict Maid.

I toil each day in grief and pain,
And sleepless through the night remain.
My constant toils are unrepaid,
And wretched is the Convict Maid.

Oh could I but once more be free,
I'd never again a captive be.
But I would seek some honest trade,
And never become a Convict Maid.



This poem is written about a time when even a small crime could get you a sentence of seven years and shipped off to Australia as a convict. The poem is to "seek some honest trade" or you'll wind up in Botany Bay. Botany Bay has become synonymous with being sent to prison in Australia, despite the penal colony being moved from Botany Bay to Sydney Cove.

Follow Your Dream

© Dave Hill

It was pretty tough growing up in the country
where all the farmers rely on the weather.
But we were lucky we always had football
it brought our whole town together.

I suppose I was nearly 4 years old
when my dad first gave me a ball.
And it wasn't long after I realised
this is the greatest game of all.

I remember my first game of Rugby League.
I brought a tear to my fathers eye.
He watched me sidestep and break a tackle
and go in for my very first try.

I was happy to score my first 4 points.
And I was pleased with that little diversion.
But I was quickly brought back down to earth
after I completely stuffed the conversion.

My mum still recalls that first game too.
She still laughs and shakes her head.
Because after I played my very first game
i wore my jumper and boots to bed.

I saw a stranger as I walked off the field one day.
I'd never seen him at the game before.
But he just walked straight up and told me
that he was pleased with what he saw.

He said "don't worry about that loss today,
it doesn't really matter".
"Because next year you'll wear blue and gold,
I'm a scout for Parramatta".

Well that was the biggest thrill of my life.
It was the best news I've ever had.
I couldn't wait to get off to shower and change
so I could go and tell mum and dad.

Well that first game with the Eels was magic.
Words can't describe that feeling.
When that whistle goes to start the war
and you're beside greats like Peter Sterling.

With 2 minutes left on the clock
we knew Cronulla had it sealed.
But our boys gave it all they could.
We left nothing on that field.

I also met the great Reg Reagan.
He gave me a fair few useful tips.
He taught me how to tackle blokes
while applying squirrel grips.

See you have to think outside the square.
If you don't try you'll never know.
It's like Hoppa, he was never a proctologist
but he still gave it a bloody go.

Well after I'd played a couple of seasons
my ultimate dream came true.
I strung a few good games together
and I was selected for Origin too.

I never went on to play for my country.
And I never wore a premiership ring.
But if I had my time all over again
there's no way I'd change a thing.

It wasn't through lack of determination.
I always gave it that extra push.
But I'm still proud of what I've achieved
since that day I came down from the bush.

So make sure you keep your dreams alive.
And don't give up and say never.
Because I started out exactly like you
with some mates and a piece of leather.



Orange Festival Poetry

Yeoval was the place to be on the 3rd week-end of February. Friday night saw Tom Maxwell do a show at the Bowling Cub and Anne Kirkpatrick had a show at the Yeoval Memorial Hall on Saturday night. Great crowds and Anne did many of Slims songs including the Paterson Poems that were put to music.

On Sunday the Yeoval Banjo Paterson Museum hosted a full day of poetry starting with breakfast at 8am. This event is part of the Annual Orange Banjo Paterson Festival and 10 poets gave the audience a variety of material from original to traditional and contemporary with a few yarns thrown in.

A huge thank you to Mel and Susie for dropping in during their busy schedule showing the audience what a great act they are and why they are in such demand as entertainers. Mel and Susie were this year's feature poets for the Orange Banjo Paterson Festival and were kept busy with competition judging (along with Greg North), school workshops and various other shows around Orange over the ten days.

Other poets to help make the day a great success were Don and Jeanette Clarey from Dubbo, Freda Harvey from Parkes, Andrew Pulsford from Hervey Bay, Ted Webber and Jim Lamb from Young and of course who could forget the 98 year old Les Smith from Moree who has become a regular at the Festival. Les can still give the younger ones a run for their money and will rattle off lengthy poems without a hitch. Good on you Les, we all hope to see you again next year.

Anyone travelling through Central West NSW please put the Banjo Paterson...more than a Poet Museum at Yeoval on your bucket list. There is a lot of Banjo history and memorabilia on display. Hosts Alf and Sharon are dedicated Paterson collectors and are always coming up with new items and run a very nice café and coffee shop. If you want to stay a while there is good camping at the showground with power, water and toilets.

Jim Lamb

Poetry Festival Draws Best Crowd Yet

Elouise Hawkey - Wellington Times

Poetry enthusiasts from around the state swarmed to Yeoval on the weekend to pay tribute to famous Australian bush poet, Banjo Paterson. Around 250 people attended Saturday night's 'Banjo Bash' at the Yeoval Community Hall, with a steady crowd enjoying Sunday's festivities at the town's museum.

The festival was deemed a success by committee member, Alf Cantrell, who said the event continues to attract people from around the state. "There was surprisingly people from everywhere," he said. "Some families were from the Central Coast who had lived in the area before, we had people from Young, Forbes, Parkes, Dubbo, Orange – it was quite across the board, and I would say more than 50 per cent of the people that were here were visitors."

Anne Kirkpatrick kept Saturday night's crowd entertained, while poets from Sydney, the north coast, Lightning Ridge and Wombat recited poetry at Sunday's breakfast.

"We had one man here who was 98 years old and he recited several poems that he had written himself and one of them was as long as The Man From Snowy River – it was an intensive poem and he never bat an eyelid," Mr Cantrell said.

"The concert we had here was by far the biggest. We did a count by half way through the morning and had about 45 people in the yard, after lunch there were still the same but there had been a turnover.

"I was very happy with the weekend, with the numbers and of course the main part of the festival goes on in Orange and will for the rest of the week."





WA Bush Poets & Yarnspinners Association
SILVER QUILL WRITTEN COMPETITION

Conducted in conjunction with WA State Championships

FRIDAY 2nd NOVEMBER – SUNDAY 4th NOVEMBER 2018

TOODYAY WA

Entries Close Friday 5th Oct 2018

Trophy for Overall Winner and Cash Prize Money

W.A. Bush Poets



& Yarnspinners Assn.

Categories

1. Open Serious

2. Open Humorous

The Overall Champion Poet will be judged across categories 1 and 2

3. Novice Only for poets who have never won a Bush Poetry Written Competition

4. Junior 5 – 12 years old

5. Junior 13 – 17 years old

Adults: \$10 per poem. Juniors Free

6. Local The best poem by a resident of the Avon Valley

JUDGES WILL BE ACCREDITED BY ABPA

ENTRY FORM and CONDITIONS of ENTRY can be found on ABPA website

www.abpa.org.au

For further details contact: Rodger Kohn: rodgershirley@bigpond.com

ABPA - Blackened Billy Verse Competition

The iconic ABPA Blackened Billy Verse Competition
for written bush poetry will be held in 2019

Entries will be accepted from

1st August to 23rd November, 2018

Presentation of the trophy and awards will be at
the Tamworth Country Music Festival in January 2019



Entry forms may be downloaded
from the ABPA Website
www.abpa.org.au Events and Results
or obtained from Max Pringle
maxpringle5@bigpond.com
44 Fitzroy Street, Narrabri,
NSW 2390 Ph.
(02) 6792 2229

SOMEBODY'S DARLING

© Milton Taylor

Winner, 2008 'Bush Lantern Award', Bundaberg, Queensland.

With foam flying forth from her nostrils whilst escaping her serpentine course,
The monster disguised as a river had exploded with breathtaking force.
And she visited vengeful destruction on those who would harness her might,
Puny mortals who'd ponded and dammed her, fled her fury in terrified flight.

And the buildings that stood within flood reach, each one cradling an optimist's dream
Soon yielded in hopeless submission to the brown serpent's onrushing stream.
All the symbols of Man's domination like mere matchsticks were carried away
As the playthings of Nature's rebellion and were scattered like toys on the clay.

With the dawn, when her rage had subsided and her damage was clear to assess,
Stood the gold miners, settlers and families in grim postures of hollow distress,
All surveying the shards of ambitions and hopes now encrusted with silt.
Some sorrowed, some shrugged off their turmoil with plans for an empire rebuilt.

And my family responded with sureness which reflected the creed of their roots.
Dour Scots folk observing the chaos, flexed their muscles and laced up their boots
To tackle the muck-laden debris and digested the curse of the rain
With stoic acceptance; determined to chase after rainbows again.

In the process of wreckage inspection, as we searched for a possible use
For flotsam deposits aplenty, (and for kids, a delightful excuse
To live out imagined adventures as a trail-blazing, fear-nothing band)
We found Granddad, crouched over a body face down in alluvial sand.

A young man, no older than twenty, with the brand of an immigrant's face,
Blonde haired and fair skinned, such a pity to be drowned in this desolate place
Far away from the land of his birthing, and Granddad cried, "What has he done?
He must have been somebody's darlin'. He must have been somebody's son."

At the urging of detailed instructions we then carried that beautiful lad
To a spot where he might rest untroubled, where Grandfather whispered, "'tis bad.
So bad that you're here, bonny laddie, and 'tis sad that your family's in pain
But you're safe with me, Somebody's Darlin'; the water won't get you again."

So we laid him to slumber in reverence with those words often used in the kirk,
Then the family resumed reconstruction; rolled their sleeves up and went back to work.
For survival came first in their thinking and the future belonged to the bold,
Not an unknown, unfortunate digger who had perished in searching for gold.

But the old fellow, secretive, silent, had focused the strength of his toil
On a timber slab salvaged he'd crafted and posted down into the soil
At the head of the grave of his foundling, and in language we all understood
Were the simple words, "Somebody's Darling" carved deep in the grain of the wood.

And he tended his little shrine daily, often asking the question of God,
Why the surrogate son he'd adopted should lie closeted under the sod.
Came the day when we found him, just sleeping, so it seemed, lying down at the side
Of the bed of his precious companion; at his sacred spot, Granddad had died.

When the boom times of gold heard their death knell and where little remained there to find,
Like others, we sought greener pastures and we left our failed venture behind.
And the worst thing of all in my leaving were two graves overlooking the glen,
With their poignancy etched in my psyche that years after, still come again.

And when wild tempests waken the serpent and she slithers in search of her prey,
While paying scant heed to men's protests and exacting the price they must pay,
Out of reach, quite secure from the monster as its flanks gouge the sides of the hill,
Is where Somebody's Darling lies sleeping, and old Grandfather tends to him still



Regular Monthly Events

NSW

Illawarra Breakfast Poets meet every Wednesday at 7am at Marco Polo facility at Woonona. Ample parking, 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 Gunster 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.

Wombat Bush Poets meet at 1.30 pm at the Young Hotel for poetry, music and open mic. Last Sunday of even months except December. Contact Ted Webber 0459 707 728

QUEENSLAND

North Pine Bush Poet Group meet from 9am on 1st and 3rd Sunday of every month at The Distillery - North Pine Hotel, Old Petrie Town, Dayboro Rd. Petrie Contact :- Manfred - 0411 160510 or Cay - 07 34083219.

Kuripia Poets - last Sunday of the month 2pm to 4.30pm, Croquet Hall, 91 Codelia St. Sth Brisbane. Contact Marilyn 0458 598 683

Geebung Writers - 9.30 am every 2nd Wednesday of the month at Geebung RSL. Contact Jean (07)32654349

Bundaberg Poets Society Inc. 2nd Saturday of the month. Rum City Silver Band Hall, Targo Street. Contact Jayson (07) 41550778 Edna 0428 574 651 or Sandy (07) 41514631.

Beaudesert Bush Bards meet on the **Second** 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. 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